

## 52. THE ROTHSCHILDS.

AT the time of the French Revolution,<sup>1</sup> there lived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in Germany, a Jewish banker, of limited means, but good reputation, named Moses Rothschild. When the French army invaded Germany, the Prince of Hesse Cassel was obliged to fly from his dominions. As he passed through Frankfort, he requested Moses Rothschild to take charge of a large sum of money and some valuable jewels, which he feared might otherwise fall into the hands of the enemy.

2. The Jew would have declined so great a charge; but the prince was so much at a loss for the means of saving his property, that Moses at length consented. He declined, however, giving a receipt<sup>2</sup> for it, as in such dangerous circumstances he could not be answerable for its being safely restored.

3. The money and jewels, to the value of several hundred thousand pounds, were conveyed to Frankfort; and just as the French entered the town, Mr. Rothschild had succeeded in burying the treasure in a corner of his garden. He made no attempt to conceal his own property, which amounted only to six thousand pounds. The French accordingly took this, without suspecting that he had any larger sum in his possession.

4. Had he, on the contrary, pretended to have no money, they would have certainly searched, as they did in many other cases, and might have found and taken the whole. When they left the town, Mr. Rothschild dug up the prince's money, and began to make use of a small portion of it. He now thrived in his business, and soon gained much wealth of his own.

5. A few years after, when peace came, the Prince of Hesse Cassel returned to his dominions. He was almost afraid to call on the Frankfort banker, for he readily reflected that, if the French had not got the money and jewels, Moses might pretend they had, and thus keep all to himself.

6. To his great astonishment, Mr. Rothschild informed him

<sup>1</sup>Rev o lú'tion, change of government. The French revolution broke out in 1790.—<sup>2</sup>Re cèipt', a paper acknowledging that money or any valuable property has been received; also, the act of receiving.

that the whole of the property was safe, and now ready to be returned, with five per cent.<sup>1</sup> interest on the money. The banker at the same time related by what means he had saved it, and apologized for breaking upon the money, by representing that, to save it, he had had to sacrifice all his own.

7. The prince was so impressed by the fidelity of Mr. Rothschild under his great trust, that he allowed the money to remain in his hands at a small rate of interest. To mark, also, his gratitude, he recommended the Jew to various European sovereigns as a money-lender. Moses was consequently employed in several great transactions for raising loans, by which he realized a vast profit.

8. In time he became immensely rich, and put his three sons into the same kind of business in the three chief capitals of Europe—London, Paris, and Vienna. All of them prospered. They became the wealthiest private men whom the world has ever known. He who lived in London, left at his death thirty-five millions of dollars. The other two have been created bārōns,<sup>2</sup> and are perhaps not less wealthy. Thus a family, whose purse has maintained war and brought about peace, owes all its greatness to one act of honesty under trust. ANON.

## 53. OPPOSITE EXAMPLES.

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,<sup>3</sup> or whose fate he would abhor. Even as we walk the streets, we meet with exhibitions of each extreme.<sup>4</sup>

2. Here, behold a pātriarch,<sup>5</sup> whose stock of vigor<sup>6</sup> threescore

<sup>1</sup>Per cent., by the hundred; for every hundred.—<sup>2</sup>Bār' ons, the lowest order of nobility.—<sup>3</sup>Covet (kúv' et), to desire earnestly; to long for.—<sup>4</sup>Ex trême, the end; the last; each extreme, the first and the last.—<sup>5</sup>Pā' tri arch, the head or chief of a family.—<sup>6</sup>Vig' or, strength.

years and ten<sup>1</sup> seem hardly to have impaired.<sup>2</sup> 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 complexion shows that his blood has never been corrupted; his pure breath, that he has never yielded his digestive<sup>3</sup> apparatus<sup>4</sup> to abuse; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been drugged or stupefied by the poisons of distiller or tobaccoist.

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<sup>5</sup> at the bottom. His organs will reach the goal<sup>6</sup> 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,<sup>7</sup> translated from earth to a better world without the sting of death.

4. But look at an opposite extreme, where an opposite history is recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute<sup>8</sup> man;—the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not taken; in himself a lazar-house<sup>9</sup> of diseases; dead, but, by a heathenish custom of society, not buried! Rogues have had the initial<sup>10</sup> 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<sup>11</sup> or the inebriate, the signatures of infamy are written.

5. How nature brands him with stigma<sup>12</sup> and opprobrium<sup>13</sup>! How she hangs labels all over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example! How

<sup>1</sup> A score is twenty; threescore and ten is seventy.—<sup>2</sup> Impaired, injured; lessened.—<sup>3</sup> Digestive, causing the dissolving of food in the stomach.—<sup>4</sup> Apparatus, things provided as a means to some end.—<sup>5</sup> Lees, dregs; that which settles at the bottom of any liquid.—<sup>6</sup> Goal, the end, or point aimed at.—<sup>7</sup> Enoch, see Bible, Gen. chap. 5, v. 24.—<sup>8</sup> Dissolute, wicked; acting without principle; viciously dissipated.—<sup>9</sup> Lazar-house, a hospital; a house for persons affected with unpleasant and dangerous diseases.—<sup>10</sup> Initial (in fish' al), the beginning or first.—<sup>11</sup> Debauchee (deb o shé'), a rake; drunkard.—<sup>12</sup> Stigma, a mark of disgrace.—<sup>13</sup> Opprobrium, shame; disgrace.

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<sup>3</sup> upon obliterating<sup>3</sup> all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him! How she pours rheum<sup>4</sup> 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,<sup>5</sup> and at the tables of the "Upper Ten;"<sup>6</sup> 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,<sup>7</sup> and redolent<sup>8</sup> with its appropriate perfumes, would be a guest or a companion far less offensive and disgusting.

7. Now let the young man, rejoicing in his manly proportions, and in his comeliness,<sup>9</sup> 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.<sup>10</sup>

H. MANN.

#### 54. LOOK ALOFT.

1. **I**N the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale  
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,—  
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,—  
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

<sup>1</sup> Rép' tile, any thing that creeps; as a snake, a worm, etc.—<sup>2</sup> In tēnt' very attentive or engaged.—<sup>3</sup> Oblit' er' ating, destroying; effacing; removing.—<sup>4</sup> Rheum (rôm), a thin, white fluid, produced by the glands in disease.—<sup>5</sup> Saloons', large and elegant rooms for the reception of company.—<sup>6</sup> Upper Ten, a term applied to the most fashionable and wealthy persons in a city.—<sup>7</sup> Pil' lo ry, a frame to confine criminals by the neck and head for punishment.—<sup>8</sup> Red' o lent, having or sending out a rich scent or odor.—<sup>9</sup> Comeliness (kôm' le nes), grace; beauty.—<sup>10</sup> Configured (kon fig' yerd), disposed into any figure or form.

2. If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,  
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,  
Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds are array'd,  
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never sha' fade.
3. Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,  
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,  
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,  
"Look aloft" to the Sun that is never to set.
4. Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart,—  
Thy friends and companions,—in sorrow depart,  
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb  
To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."
5. And, oh! when Death comes in his terrors, to cast  
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,  
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,  
And a smile in thine eye, "Look aloft," and depart.

J. LAWRENCE.

### 55. THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

THERE lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. It has been prolific<sup>1</sup> in statesmen, warriors, and poets. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully in all battles but its own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos.<sup>2</sup>

2. In this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfill his inscrutable<sup>3</sup> decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase; the common

<sup>1</sup> Prolific, productive; rich; fruitful.—<sup>2</sup> Pathos, feeling; that which excites pity.—<sup>3</sup> Inscrutable (in skrō' ta bl), that can not be found out by human reason; unsearchable.

mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp; and unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets, for a moment, the gloomy history of the past.

3. In battle, in the fullness of his pride and strength, little recks<sup>4</sup> the soldier whether the hissing bullet sing his sudden requiem,<sup>5</sup> or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger, wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; for if he had friends, how could he die of hunger? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him; for his foe, vampire-like,<sup>6</sup> has exhausted his veins.

4. Who will hesitate to give his mite,<sup>4</sup> to avert such awful results? Give, then, generously and freely. Recollect, that in so doing, you are exercising one of the most god-like qualities of your nature, and, at the same time, enjoying one of the greatest luxuries of life. We ought to thank our Maker that he has permitted us to exercise equally with himself, that noblest of even the Divine attributes,<sup>5</sup> benevolence.

5. Go home and look at your families, smiling in rosy health, and then think of the pale, famine-pinched cheeks of the poor children of Ireland; and you will give according to your store, even as a bountiful Providence has given to you—not grudgingly, but with an open hand; for the quality of benevolence, like that of mercy,

"Is not strain'd;<sup>6</sup>

It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;  
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

G. D. PRENTISS.

Recks, cares.—<sup>4</sup> Requiem, a hymn imploring rest for the dead.—<sup>5</sup> Vampire, a fabulous devil or spirit, that was supposed to suck the blood of persons during the night.—<sup>6</sup> Mite, a very small portion or sum.—<sup>7</sup> Attributes, qualities belonging to that which is attributed of ascribed to.—<sup>8</sup> Strained, confined.

## 56. LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.

1. **T**HERE is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;  
Where brighter suns dispense<sup>1</sup> serener<sup>2</sup> light,  
And milder moons imparadise<sup>3</sup> the night;  
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,  
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth.
2. The wandering mā<sup>r</sup>iner, whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;  
In every clime, the magnet<sup>4</sup> of his soul,  
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole:
3. For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,  
The heritage<sup>5</sup> of nature's noblest race,  
There is a spot of earth supremely<sup>6</sup> blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and scepter, pā<sup>g</sup>eantry<sup>7</sup> and pride,  
While, in his sō<sup>f</sup>ten'd looks, benignly<sup>8</sup> blend<sup>9</sup>  
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.
4. Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strews with fresh flowers the nā<sup>r</sup>rōw way of life;  
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye.  
An ā<sup>n</sup>gel-guard of loves and graces lie;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleāsures gambol<sup>10</sup> at her feet.  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?  
Art thou a man? a patriot?<sup>11</sup> look around;

<sup>1</sup> Dis pē<sup>n</sup>se', give; scatter around.—<sup>2</sup> Se rē<sup>n</sup>'er, clearer; more soothing.—<sup>3</sup> Im pā<sup>r</sup>' a dise, make very happy; render like Paradise.—<sup>4</sup> Mā<sup>g</sup>'net, the loadstone: that which attracts.—<sup>5</sup> Hēr' it age, inheritance; portion; an estate devolved by succession.—<sup>6</sup> Su prēmē' ly, in the highest degree.—<sup>7</sup> Pā<sup>g</sup>eantry (pā' jent<sup>r</sup>y), show; finery.—<sup>8</sup> Be nign' ly, kindly.—<sup>9</sup> Blēnd, unite; join.—<sup>10</sup> Gām' bol, play.—<sup>11</sup> Pā' tri ot, lover of one's country.

Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

MONTGOMERY.

## 57. ANECDOTE OF CHIEF-JUSTICE MARSHALL.

**I**T is not lōng since a gentleman was traveling in one of the counties of Virginia, and, about the close of the day, stopped at a public house, to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent<sup>1</sup> intention of becoming his fellow-guest at the same house.

2. As the old man drove up, he observed that both of the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes<sup>2</sup> formed from the bark of a hickory sapling.<sup>3</sup> Our traveler observed further, that he was plainly clad, that his knee-buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded<sup>4</sup> his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeō<sup>m</sup>anry<sup>5</sup> of our land, the courtesies<sup>6</sup> of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern.

3. It was about the same time, that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number—most, if not all of them, of the legal profession. As soon as they became comfortably accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter upon a display of eloquence which he had that day heard at the bar. It was replied by the other, that he had witnessed, the same day, a degree of eloquence no doubt equal, but that it was from the pulpit.

4. Something like a sarcastic<sup>7</sup> rejoinder<sup>8</sup> was made to the eloquence of the pulpit; and a warm and able altercation<sup>9</sup> ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the

<sup>1</sup> Appār' ent, seeming.—<sup>2</sup> Withes, willow twigs; bands of twigs of any green tree.—<sup>3</sup> Sāp' ling, a young tree.—<sup>4</sup> Per vād' ed, passed through; appeared in all parts.—<sup>5</sup> Yeō' man ry, the common people.—<sup>6</sup> Courtesies (kēr' tēsez), acts of civility or politeness.—<sup>7</sup> Sār cās' tic, severely taunting; tending to ridicule or disgrace.—<sup>8</sup> Re join' der, a reply to an answer.—<sup>9</sup> Al ter cā' tion, an angry dispute

subject of discussion.<sup>1</sup> From six o'clock until eleven, the young champions<sup>2</sup> wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability every thing that could be said, *pro* and *con*.<sup>3</sup>

5. During this protracted<sup>4</sup> period, the old gentleman listened with all the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stores of his own mind; or perhaps he was observing, with philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how energies are evolved<sup>5</sup> by repeated action; or, perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation on whom these future destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument, which (characteristic of himself) no art would be "able to elude, and no force to resist." Our traveler remained a spectator, and took no part in what was said.

6. At last, one of the young men, remarking that it was impossible to combat with long and established prejudices,<sup>6</sup> wheeled around, and with some familiarity exclaimed, "Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?" If, said the traveler, a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed.

7. The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made by the old gentleman, for nearly an hour, that he ever heard or read. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced.

8. Hume's sophistry<sup>7</sup> on the subject of miracles<sup>8</sup> was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and force, pathos and energy, that not another word was

<sup>1</sup> Dis cūs' sion, reasoning; conversation in favor of and against an opinion; consideration of the merits.—<sup>2</sup> Chām' pi ons, those who fight, contend, or dispute.—<sup>3</sup> Pro and con, for and against.—<sup>4</sup> Pro trāct' ed, extended: lengthy.—<sup>5</sup> E vōlved, brought out.—<sup>6</sup> Prēj' u dices, opinions formed before knowledge; judgments without reason.—<sup>7</sup> Sōph' istry, false reasoning.—<sup>8</sup> Miracles (mīr' a klz), events or acts beyond, or contrary to, the laws of nature

uttered. An attempt to describe it, said the traveler, would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams.

9. It was now matter of curiosity and inquiry, who the old gentleman was. The traveler concluded that it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard; but no—it was the CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

### 58. WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

THE following beautiful lyric<sup>1</sup> owes its origin<sup>2</sup> to a circumstance which took place near the city of New York. The tree, which belonged to the homestead of a gentleman whose subsequent<sup>3</sup> successes retrieved<sup>4</sup> the misfortunes of early life, was threatened with the ax. As it was about to be cut down for fire-wood, the youngest son of the former owner paid its value, and a bond was executed, by which the present owner of the property pledged that it should stand forever. The author of this piece was present at the bargain, and the gentleman, turning to him, said, "In youth it sheltered me, and I'll protect it now."

The song was set to music by Henry Russel, and sung by him in many cities in Europe. As, on one occasion, he was singing it at Boulogne,<sup>5</sup> an old gentleman among the auditors rose, and asked with much feeling whether the tree was spared. Mr. Russel assured him that it was, and the old gentleman resumed his seat, with great satisfaction, amid the enthusiastic<sup>6</sup> plaudits<sup>7</sup> of the whole assembly.

1. WOODMAN, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it shelter'd me,  
And I'll protect it now.

<sup>1</sup> Lyr' ic, a song; any thing sung with a lyre, or other musical instrument.—<sup>2</sup> Or' i gin, source; the beginning of a thing.—<sup>3</sup> Sūb' se quent, following; after.—<sup>4</sup> Re trievéd', recovered from the effects of; made atonement or amends for.—<sup>5</sup> Boulogne (bō lōn'), a fortified seaport town of France, on the English Channel. A great number of its residents are English.—<sup>6</sup> En thu si ās' tic, warm; filled with admiration.—<sup>7</sup> Plāud' its, applause; marks of strong admiration, or approval

- 'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot:  
There, woodman, let it stand,  
Thy ax shall harm it not!
2. That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea,  
And wouldst thou hew it down!  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
Oh, spare that aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies!
3. When but an idle boy,  
I sought its grateful shade;  
In all their gushing joy,  
Here, too, my sisters play'd.  
My mother kiss'd me here;  
My father press'd my hand—  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let that old oak stand!
4. My heart-strings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend!  
Here shall the wild-bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree, the storm still brave!  
And, woodman, leave the spot;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy ax shall harm it not.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

### 59. DR. FRANKLIN'S CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

NEVER have I known such a fireside companion as Dr. Franklin.—Great as he was, both as a statesman and a philosopher, he never shone in a light more winning than when he was seen in a domestic circle.

2. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him, at the house of a private gentleman, in the back part of Pennsylvania; and we were confined to the house during the whole of that time, by the unintermitting<sup>1</sup> constancy<sup>2</sup> and depth of the snow. But confinement could never be felt where Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and his colloquial<sup>3</sup> powers spread around him a perpetual spring. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine in any thing that came from him. There was nothing<sup>4</sup> which made any demand either upon your allegiance<sup>5</sup> or your admiration.

3. His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch;<sup>6</sup> and his plainness and simplicity put you, at once, at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties.

4. His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious<sup>7</sup> aid. They required only a medium<sup>8</sup> of vision<sup>9</sup> like his pure and simple style, to exhibit to the highest advantage their native radiance<sup>10</sup> and beauty.

5. His cheerfulness was unremitting.<sup>11</sup> It seemed to be as much the effect of the systematic<sup>12</sup> and salutary<sup>13</sup> exercise of the mind, as of its superior organization.<sup>14</sup> His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional coruscations;<sup>15</sup> but, without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse.

6. Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, his faculties in full play, and the full orbit<sup>16</sup> of his genius forever clear and unclouded. And then the stores of his mind were

<sup>1</sup> Un in ter mit' ting, ceaseless; without stopping.—<sup>2</sup> Cōn' stan' cy, permanent state; unalterable continuance.—<sup>3</sup> Col lō' qui al, conversational; relating to conversation.—<sup>4</sup> Nothing (nūth' ing).—<sup>5</sup> Al le' gi ance, acknowledgment of authority; fidelity to rulers.—<sup>6</sup> Pā' tri arch, the father and ruler of a family.—<sup>7</sup> Adventitious (ad ven' tish' us), coming from abroad; added.—<sup>8</sup> Mē' di um, means; that which stands in the middle between things.—<sup>9</sup> Vision (viz' un), sight.—<sup>10</sup> Rā' di ance, brilliancy; great brightness.—<sup>11</sup> Un re mit' ting, ceaseless; constant.—<sup>12</sup> Sys tem āt' ic, orderly; regular; according to a fixed plan.—<sup>13</sup> Sāl' u ta ry, useful; healthful.—<sup>14</sup> Or gan i zā' tion, structure; the parts of which a thing is formed.—<sup>15</sup> Cor us cā' tions, shinings; quick flashings of light.—<sup>16</sup> Orb' it, circle in which something moves.

inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant, that nothing had escaped his observation, and a judgment so solid, that every incident was turned to advantage.

7. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been all his life a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials, which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he had added a hundred-fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

WM. WIRT.

#### 60. TERRIFIC SCENE AT THE GREAT NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

THERE are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch<sup>2</sup> of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting buttments<sup>3</sup> "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers<sup>4</sup> is full of stars, although it is mid-day.

2. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular<sup>5</sup> bulwarks<sup>6</sup> of limestone, to the key<sup>7</sup> rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously<sup>8</sup> uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth.

3. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to

<sup>1</sup> Exquisite (èks'kwe zít), highly finished; nice; perfect.—<sup>2</sup> Arch, a curve line or part of a circle; any work in that form, or covered by an arch.—<sup>3</sup> Buttments, masses of rock or stone which support the ends of a bridge.—<sup>4</sup> Piers, columns of rock or stone for the support of an arch or bridge.—<sup>5</sup> Perpendicular, upright; inclining to neither side.—<sup>6</sup> Bulwark, a fortification; that which secures against an enemy; protection.—<sup>7</sup> Key of an arch, is the top stone against which the sides rest.—<sup>8</sup> Unconsciously (un'kôn'shus ly), without knowledge; not thinking.

look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone buttments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men, who have been there before them.

4. They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander,<sup>2</sup> Caesar,<sup>3</sup> and Bonaparte<sup>4</sup> shall rot in oblivion.<sup>5</sup> It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors.<sup>6</sup>

5. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag,<sup>7</sup> he cuts a niche<sup>8</sup> into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those niches, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled<sup>9</sup> in that mighty wall.

6. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep,

<sup>1</sup> Phys'ical, natural; bodily.—<sup>2</sup> Alexander the Great, son of Philip, king of Macedonia, one of the states of Greece, was born in the autumn B. C. 356. He made so many conquests, that he was styled the Conqueror of the world. He died in May or June, B. C. 323.—<sup>3</sup> Caius Julius Caesar, the dictator of Rome, a great warrior, statesman, and man of letters, was born on the 12th of July, B. C. 100. On the 15th of March he perished by the hands of assassins in the senate-house, in the fiftieth year of his age.—<sup>4</sup> Napoleon Bonaparte, "Emperor of the French," a great warrior and statesman, was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 5th of February, 1768, and died May 5th, 1821.—<sup>5</sup> Obliv'ion, forgetfulness.—<sup>6</sup> Predecessors, forefathers; those who go before us.—<sup>7</sup> Jutting crag, piece of rock projecting or extending out.—<sup>8</sup> Niche, a cavity or hollow place.—<sup>9</sup> Chronicled, recorded; written.

into that flinty album.<sup>1</sup> His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration<sup>2</sup> in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear.

7. He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss<sup>3</sup> awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft.<sup>4</sup> He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below.

8. What a moment! What a meager chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma,<sup>5</sup> and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert<sup>6</sup> his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates<sup>7</sup> his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.<sup>8</sup>

9. Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe.<sup>9</sup> The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones

Al' bum, a book of blank leaves; a white spot.—<sup>2</sup> Aspi'ra'tion, a breathing after; an ardent wish.—<sup>3</sup> A byss', a very deep and dark place; a bottomless pit.—<sup>4</sup> Haft, handle.—<sup>5</sup> Di'lem'ma, a difficult position; a doubtful choice.—<sup>6</sup> Avert', prevent.—<sup>7</sup> Antic'i pate, to take beforehand; foresee.—<sup>8</sup> Hearth-stone.—<sup>9</sup> Catastrophe, a final end; misfortune.

of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair; "William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Keep your eye toward the top!" The boy didn't look down.

10. His eye is fixed like a flint toward heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes<sup>1</sup> his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

11. The sun is now half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration<sup>2</sup> of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds, perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands, on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him.

12. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging<sup>3</sup> painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready, in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet.

13. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell

<sup>1</sup> Econ'omizes, uses sparingly.—<sup>2</sup> Inspira'tion, act of breathing in; a highly exciting influence.—<sup>3</sup> Emerg'ing, coming out.

through the channel below, and all is as still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off! he is reeling—trembling—toppling—over into eternity!

14. Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above. The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed<sup>1</sup> rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, God, and Mother! whispered on his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of this last shallow niche.

15. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

ELIHU BURRITT.

### 61. THE SAILOR'S SONG.

1. THE sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;  
Or like a cradled creature lies.
2. I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be;  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go;  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

<sup>1</sup>Noosed, having a loop.

3. I love, oh, *how* I love to ride  
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.
4. I never was on the dull, tame shore,  
But I loved the great sea more and more,  
And backward flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;  
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me;  
For I was born on the open sea!
5. The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born;  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;  
And never was heard such an outcry wild  
As welcom'd to life the ocean-child!
6. I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,  
With wealth to spend and a power to range,  
But never have sought nor sigh'd for change;  
And Death, whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

PROCTER.

### 62. THE LANDSMAN'S SONG.

1. OH, who would be bound to the barren sea,  
If he could dwell on land—  
Where his step is ever both firm and free,  
Where flowers arise, like sweet girls' eyes,  
And rivulets sing, like birds in spring?—  
For me—I will take my stand  
On land, on land!  
Forever and ever on solid land!