

8. "Again, how many years of my life were devoted to the acquisition of those *languages*, by the means of which I might explore the records of remote ages, and become familiar with the learning and literature of other times. And what have I gathered from these, but the mortifying fact, that man has ever been struggling with his own im'potence,¹ and vainly endeavoring to overleap the bounds which limit his anxious inquiries?"

9. "Alas! then, what have I gained by my laborious researches, but a humbling conviction² of my weakness and ignorance? How little has man, at his best estate, of which to boast! What folly in him to glory in his contracted powers, or to value himself upon his imperfect acquisitions!"

JANE TAYLOR.

79. THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

1. WHO is it that mourns for the days that are gone,
When a noble could do as he liked with his own?
When his serfs,³ with their burdens well fill'd on their backs,
Never dared to complain of the weight of a tax?
When his word was a statute,⁴ his nod was a law,
And for aught but his "order" he cared not a straw?
When each had his dungeon and rack⁵ for the poor,
And a gibbet⁶ to hang a refractory⁷ boor?
- 2 They were days when a man with a thought in his pate
Was a man that was born for the popular hate;
And if 'twere a thought that was good for his kind,
The man was too vile to be left unconfined;
The days when obedience, in right or in wrong,
Was always the sermon and always the song;
When the people, like cattle, were pound'⁸ or driven,
And to scourge⁹ them was thought a king's license from heaven.

¹ Im'po tence, weakness; want of power.—² Con vic' tion, settled opinion; belief.—³ Sêrfs, servants or slaves.—⁴ Stât' ute, a special law.—⁵ Râck, an instrument of torture.—⁶ Gîb' bet, a gallows on which a criminal is hanged.—⁷ Re frâct' o ry, stubborn; resisting authority; ungovernable.—⁸ Pound' ed, put into a pound, an inclosure for stray cattle; confined.—⁹ Scourge (skêrj) beat; whip.

3. They were days when the sword¹ settled questions of right,
And Falsehood was first to monopolize² Might;
When the fighter of battles was always adored,
And the greater the tyrant, the greater the lord;
When the king, who by myriads³ could number his slain,
Was consider'd by far the most worthy to reign;
When the fate of the multitude hung on his breath—
A göd in his life, and a saint in his death.
4. They were days when the headsman⁴ was always prepared—
The block ever ready—the ax ever bared;
When a corpse on the gibbet aye⁵ swung to and fro,
And the fire at the stake never smolder'd⁶ too low;
When famine and age made a woman a witch,
To be roasted alive, or be drown'd in a ditch;
When difference of creed was the vilest of crime,
And martyrs' were burn'd half a score at a time.
5. They were days when the gallows⁸ stood black in the way,
The larger the town, the more plentiful they;
When Law never dream'd it was good to relent,
Or thought it less wisdom to kill than prevent;
When Justice herself, taking Law for her guide,
Was never appeased⁹ till a victim had died;
And the stealer of sheep, and the slayer of men,
Were strung up together—again and again.
6. They were days when the crowd had no freedom of speech,
And reading and writing were out of its reach;
When ignorance, stolid¹⁰ and dense, was its doom,
And bigotry swâfhd'¹¹ it from cradle to tomb;
But the Present, though clouds o'er her countenance roll,
Has a light in her eyes, and a hope in her soul.
And we are too wise, like the bigots, to mourn
For the darkness of days that shall never return. C. MACKAY.

¹ Sword (sôrd).—² Mo nôp' o lize, to get entire possession of.—³ Myr' i-nd, ten thousand; any great number.—⁴ Hêads' man, an executioner; one who cuts off heads.—⁵ Aye (â), always; forever.—⁶ Smôl' der, burn and smoke without flame or vent.—⁷ Mâr' tyrs, witnesses, who sacrificed their lives for the truth.—⁸ Gallows (gâl' lus).—⁹ Ap pèased', satisfied.—¹⁰ Stôl' id, stupid; dull; heavy.—¹¹ Swâfhd', wrapped · bound.

80. THE JOURNEY OF A DAY—A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary¹ early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostān'. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contēmp'lated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

2. Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian,² and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forgēt whither he was traveling, but found a nārrōw way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased, that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the reward of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk, for a time, without the least remission³ of his ardor, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches.

3. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fount-

¹ Car a vān' sa ry, an inn or public-house, where caravans rest at night.—² Me rid' i an, mid-day; the highest point.— Remission (re mīsh un), cessation; stopping.

ains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track, but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders,¹ in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

4. Having thus calmed his solicitude,² he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade,³ and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river, that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region, with innumerable circumvolutions.⁴ In these amusements the hours passed away unaccounted, his deviations⁵ had perplexed his memory, and he knew not toward what point to travel. He stood pensive⁶ and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrōng, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past.

5. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his dānger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness was lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

6. He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue, where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself upon the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity,

¹ Me ān' ders, turnings.—² So lic' i tūde, anxiety; uneasiness of mind.—
Cas cāde', waterfall.—³ Cir cum vo lū' tion, a turning or rolling round.—
De vi ā' tion, going out of the way; wandering.—⁴ Pēn' sive, seriously
reflecting; sad and thoughtful

and pressed on with his saber in his hand; for the leasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration: all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him;—the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

7. Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear but labor began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down, in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper.² He advanced toward the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

8. When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.³

9. "Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gayety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the straight road of piety, toward the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavor to find some mitigation⁴ of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch.

10. "We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance⁵ sub-

¹ Ex pi ra' tion, act of breathing out; death.—² Ta' per, a small wax candle or light.—³ Pal li a' tion, excuse.—⁴ Mit i ga' tion, softening; making easier or milder.—⁵ Vig' i lance, watchfulness.

sides;¹ we are then willing to inquire whether another advance can not be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we for awhile keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace² our disquiet with sensual³ gratifications.

11. "By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate⁴ object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths⁵ of inconstancy,⁶ till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue.

12. "Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence;⁷ and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life." DR. JOHNSON.

81. INDIAN SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.

IT is now the early advance of autumn. What can be more beautiful or more attractive than this season in New England? The sultry heat of summer has passed away, and a delicious

¹ Sub sides', settles down; rests; ceases.—² Sol' ace, console; comfort.—³ Sensual (sen'shu al), lewd; pleasing to the senses.—⁴ Ad'e quate, worthy; equal.—⁵ Lab' y rinths, places full of windings.—⁶ In-con'stan cy, unsteadiness.—⁷ Om níp' o tence, almighty power; God.

coolness at evening succeeds the genial¹ warmth of the day, The labors of the husbandman approach their natural termination,² and he gladdens with the near prospect of his promised reward.

2. The earth swells with the increase of vegetation. The fields wave with their yellow and luxuriant³ harvests. The trees put forth the darkest foliage,⁴ half shading and half revealing their ripened fruits, to tempt the appetite of man, and proclaim the goodness of his Creator. Even in scenes of another sort, where Nature reigns alone in her own majesty, there is much to awaken religious enthusiasm.⁵

3. As yet, the forests stand clothed in their dress of undecayed magnificence.⁶ The winds, that rustle through their tops, scarcely disturb the silence of the shades below. The mountains and the valleys glow in warm green, of lively russet.⁷ The rivulets flow on with a noiseless current, reflecting back the images of many a glossy insect, that dips his wings in their cooling waters. The mornings and evenings are still vocal⁸ with the notes of a thousand warblers, that plume⁹ their wings for a later flight.

4. Above all, the clear blue sky, the long and sunny calms, the scarcely whispering breezes, the brilliant sunsets, lit up with all the wondrous magnificence of light, and shade, and color, and slowly settling down into a pure and transparent¹⁰ twilight. These, these are days and scenes which even the cold can not behold without emotion, but on which the meditative¹¹ and pious gaze with profound admiration; for they breathe of holier and happier regions beyond the grave.

JOSEPH STORY.

¹ Gé' ni al, contributing to production; gay; merry; enlivening.—

² Term in á' tion, a coming to an end; result.—³ Luxuriant (lug zá' rant), exuberant in growth; very abundant.—⁴ Fò' li age, leaves of trees; a cluster of leaves.—⁵ Enthusiasm (en thù' ze azm), an ardent or burning zeal with regard to some object or pursuit.—⁶ Mag níf' i cence, grandeur of appearance; display.—⁷ Rús' set, a reddish brown color.—

Vó' cal, having a voice; uttering sounds.—⁸ Plúme, dress the feathers.—⁹ Trans pá' ent, clear, so as to be seen through.—¹⁰ Méd' i ta tive, given to meditation; thoughtful.

52. A PARENTAL ODE TO MY INFANT SON.

1. THOU happy, happy elf!¹
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny² image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear)—
Thou mērry, laughing sprite!³ with spirits feather light,
Untouch'd by sōrrōw, and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)
2. Thou little tricky Puck,⁴
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strōng and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)
3. Thou cherub—but of earth!
Fit playfellow for fays⁵ by moonlight pale,
In harmless spōrt and mirth,
(The dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium⁶ ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror' with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from nature's mint,⁷
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

¹ Elf, a fairy; a fancied wandering spirit.—² Tí' ny, small.—³ Sprite, spirit.—⁴ Púck, Robin Good-Fellow, and Friar Rush, were names applied many years ago to a mischievous little fairy, or wanderer of the night. Shakspeare, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," has beautifully depicted his character and attributes.—⁵ Fays, fairies.—⁶ Elysium (e liz' e um), a place of delight, as the ancients believed, for happy souls after death; any delightful place.—⁷ Mlr' ror, looking-glass.—⁸ Mnt, a place where money is coined.

4. Thou young domestic dove!
 (He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
 Dear nursling of the hymen¹'al' nest!
 (Are those t^orn clothes his best?)
 Little epitome² of man!
 (He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
 Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
 (He's got a knife!)
 Thou enviable being!
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on, my elfin John!
5. T^oss the light ball—bestride the stick,
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
 With fancies buoyant³ as the thistle down,
 Prompting the face grotesque,⁴ and antic brisk,
 With many a lamb-like frisk,
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown.)
6. Thou pretty opening rose!
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
 Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
 (I wish that wind^ow had an iron bar!)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
 (I'll tell you what, my love,
 I can not write unless he's sent above!)

THOMAS HOOD

83. THE MISER.

Lovegold. Where have you been? I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom do you want, sir,—your coachman or your cook? for I am b^oth one and t'^other.

Love. I want my cook.

¹ Hy men ^o' al, relating to marriage.—² Epit' o me, an abridgment; a small copy.—³ Buoyant (bw^o'l' ant), light; bearing up.—⁴ Grotesque (gro t^osk'), wildly formed; laughable; odd.

James. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of horses were starved; but your cook, sir, shall wait upon you in an instant. (*Puts off his coachman's great-coat, and appears as a cook.*) Now, sir, I am ready for your commands.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half year; a dinner, indeed, now and then; but for a supper I'm almost afraid, for want of practice, my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, and see that you provide a good supper.

James. That may be done with a good deal of money, sir.

Love. Is the mischief in you? Always money! Can you say nothing else but money, money, money? My children, my servants, my relations, can pronounce nothing but money.

James. Well, sir; but how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dressed but for eight; for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, sir, at one end, a handsome soup; at the other, a fine Westphalia¹ ham and chickens; on one side, a fillet² of veal; on the other, a turkey, or rather a bustard,³ which may be had for about a guinea⁴—

Love. Zounds! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen?

James. Then a ragout⁵—

Love. I'll have no ragout. Would you burst the good people, you d^og?

James. Then pray, sir, say what will you have?

Love. Why, see and provide something to cloy⁶ their stomachs: let there be two good dishes of thin soup; a large suet-pudding, some dainty, fat pork-pie, very fat; a fine, small lean

¹ Westphalia (West f^o' le a), a province of Prussia in which horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs are numerous, and the last named furnish the celebrated Westphalian hams.—² Fil' let, the fleshy part of the thigh.—³ B^us' tard, a large bird.—⁴ Gu'n' ea, a former English gold coin, worth somewhat more than five dollars.—⁵ Ragout (r^o' g^o'), a highly seasoned dish or food—Cloy, to overload; to glut; to satisfy; to fill to loathing.

breast of mutton, and a large dish with two artichokes. There, that's plenty and variety.

James. Oh, dear—

Love. Plenty and variety.

James. But, sir, you must have some poultry.¹

Love. No; I'll have none.

James. Indeed, sir, you should.

Love. Well, then,—kill the old hen, for she has done laying,

James. Mercy! sir, how the folks will talk of it; indeed, people say enough of you already.

Love. Eh! why, what do the people say, pray?

James. Oh, sir, if I could be assured you would not be angry.

Love. Not at all; for I'm always glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Why, sir, since you will have it, then, they make a jest of you everywhere; nay, of your servants, on your account. One says, you pick a quarrel with them quarterly, in order to find an excuse to pay them no wages.

Love. Poh! poh!

James. Another says, you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses.

Love. That must be a lie; for I never allow them any.

James. In a word, you are the by-word everywhere; and you are never mentioned, but by the names of covetous, stingy, scraping, old—

Love. Get along, you impudent villain!

James. Nay, sir, you said you wouldn't be angry.

Love. Get out, you dog! you—

HENRY FIELDING.

84. MOUNT VERNON IN 1759.

IN his letter from Mount Vernon,² Washington writes: "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat, with an agreeable partner, for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement, than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world."

¹ Poul try, fowls; hens; geese; turkeys, &c.—² Mount Vêr' non, Virginia, the former residence of Washington, on the west side of the Potomac, eight miles below Alexandria. It contains the mansion and tomb of the "Father of his Country."

2. This was no Utopian¹ dream, transiently² indulged amid the charms of novelty. It was a deliberate purpose with him, the result of innate³ and enduring inclination. Throughout the whole course of his career, agricultural life appears to have been his *beau idéal*⁴ of existence, which haunted his thoughts even amid the stern duties of the field, and to which he recurred with unflinching interest, whenever enabled to indulge his natural bias.⁵

3. Mount Vernon was his harbor of repose, where he repeatedly furled his sail, and fancied himself anchored for life. No impulse of ambition tempted him thence; nothing but the call of his country, and his devotion to the public good. The place was endeared to him by the remembrance of his brother Lawrence, and of the happy days he had passed here, with that brother, in boyhood; but it was a delightful place in itself, and well calculated to inspire the rural feeling.

4. The mansion was beautifully situated on a swelling height, crowned with wood, and commanding a magnificent⁶ view up and down the Potomac. The grounds immediately about it were laid out somewhat in the English taste. The estate was apportioned into separate farms, devoted to different kinds of culture,⁷ each having its allotted laborers. Much, however, was still covered with wild-woods, seamed with deep dells and runs of water, and indented with inlets—haunts of deer, and lurking-places of foxes.

5. The whole woody region along the Potomac, from Mount Vernon to Belvoir, and far beyond, with its range of forests and hills, and picturesque⁸ promontories,⁹ afforded sport of various kinds, and was a noble hunting-ground. Washington had hunted through it with old Lord Fairfax in his stripling¹⁰ days:

¹ U'tô' pi an, ideal; fanciful; having no real existence. Utopia is a name given by Sir Thomas More to a fancied island, in which every thing was perfection. The term is derived from two Greek words, meaning "no place."—² Transiently (trân' shent li), for a short time; soon passing away.—³ In nâte', born in a person.—⁴ Beau idéal (bô i dè' al), ideal beauty; a model of excellence in the mind or fancy.—⁵ Bi' as, inclination.—⁶ Mag nif' i cent, imposing; grand in appearance.—⁷ Culture (kult' yer), cultivation; manner of improving.—⁸ Picturesque (pikt- yer êsk'), presenting that peculiar kind of beauty which is agreeable in a picture.—⁹ Prôm' on to ries, high lands extending into the sea; headlands.—¹⁰ Strîp' ling, boyish.

we do not wonder that his feelings throughout life incessantly reverted to it.

6. "No estate in United Amērica," observes he, in one of his letters, "is more pleasantly situated. In a high and healthy country; in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold; on one of the finest rivers in the world,—a river well stocked with various kinds of fish, at all seasons of the year, and in the spring with shad, herring, bass, carp, sturgeon, &c., in great abundance. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tide-water; several valuable fisheries appertain² to it: the whole shore, in fact, is one entire fishery."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

85. THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

1. **L**O, now the cannon thundering to the sky,
The thickening fumes³ that scent the heated air,
Recall the camp, and spread before mine eye
The pitch of battle and the triumph there.
2. The summon'd plowman grasps the ready gun,
And swiftly strides across the furrow's sod;
The smith, ere half the heated shoe is done,
Swings on in haste, and rides the steed unshod.
3. The mason flings his glittering trowel by,
And leaves behind the pale and weeping few
The miller's wheel above the stream hangs dry,
While o'er the hill he waves the swift adieu.
4. Lo, all the air is throbbing to the drum;
In every highway sounds the shrilly fife;
And flashing guns proclaim afar they come,
Where hurried banners lead the way to strife.
5. Though rude the music, and the arms are rude,
And rustic garments fill the motley⁴ line,

¹ Tide, the flowing of the sea.—² Ap per tain', belong.—³ Fumes, vapors; smoke.—⁴ Mōt' ley, made up of various kinds of colors.

- Yet noble hearts, with noble hopes imbued,¹
Thrill through the ranks with energy divine;—
6. Thrill through the ranks until those sounds become
Celestial² melodies from Freedom's lips!
These arms an engine³ to strike despots⁴ dumb,
And leave oppression howling in eclipse.⁵
 7. Then comes the struggle, raging loud and long—
The seven years' battle with the banded foes—
The tyrant, and the savage, and the strong
X Grim⁶ arm of want with all its direful woes.
 8. Half clad and barefoot, bleeding where they tread,
Where hunger and disease allied⁷ consort,⁸
The pale survivors stand among their dead,
And brave the winter in their snow-wall'd fort.
 9. But heavier than the storms which fold the earth,
Than all the ills which winter's hand commits,
The bitter thought that at the sacred hearth
Of unprotected homes some horror sits.
 10. But Gōd is just; and they who suffer most,
Win most; for tardy⁹ triumph comes at last!
The patriot, bravely dying at his post,
Hath rivaled all the Cæsars¹⁰ of the past.
 11. Right conquers wrong, and glory follows pain,
The cause of Freedom vindicated¹¹ stands;
And Heaven consents; while, staring o'er the main,
Old Europe greets us with approving hands.
 12. If now a film¹² o'er-swim my agèd gaze,
Or if a tremor in my voice appear,

¹ Im bue'd, stained; filled.—² Celès' tial, heavenly.—³ Engine (èn' jln), an instrument of action; means.—⁴ Dēs' pots, tyrants; oppressors.—⁵ Eclipse', obscuration; darkness.—⁶ Grim, fierce; fearful; frightful.—⁷ Allied', confederated; united by treaty.—⁸ Con sort', join together; appear.—⁹ Tār' dy, slow; late.—¹⁰ Cæsars (sè' zarz), here relates to Julius Cæsar, a Roman warrior, statesman, and man of letters, who was one of the most remarkable men of any age.—¹¹ Vin' di cāt ed, avenged; defended; proved to be right.—¹² Film, a thin skin on the eye.

It is the memory of those glorious days
Which moves my failing frame and starts the tear.

13. Oh, on this sacred spot again to rest,
Where pass'd the patriots, ere this old heart faints!
Then I depart, with a contented breast,
Where they are walking crown'd among the saints

14. Here on these steps, made holy by their tread,
I list their kindling voices as of yore;
And hear that bell, now hanging speechless, dead,
Which rung for Freedom, broke, and rung no more.

15. Broke with the welcome tidings on its tongue,
Broke, like a heart, with joy's excessive note,
'Tis well no cause less glorious e'er hath rung
In silver music from its hallow'd throat.

T. BUCHANAN REAP.

86. AGRICULTURE.¹

BUT, sir, to come to more practical, and you will probably think more appropriate topics, I will endeavor to show you that I am no enemy to new discoveries in agriculture² or any thing else. So far from it, I am going to communicate to you a new discovery of my own, which, if I do not greatly overrate its importance, is as novel, as brilliant, and as auspicious³ of great results, as the celebrated discovery of Dr. Franklin; *not* the identity⁴ of the electric fluid and lightning—I don't refer to that; but his other famous discovery; that the sun rises several hours before noon; that he begins to shine as soon as he rises; and that the solar ray is a cheaper light for the inhabitants of large cities, than the candles, and oil, and wax tapers, which they are in the habit of preferring to it.

2. I say, sir, my discovery is somewhat of the same kind; and

¹ Extract of a speech before the U. S. Agricultural Society, held at Boston, Oct. 1855.—² Agriculture (äg'rikült'yer), the cultivation of land; farming.—³ Auspicious (äs'plish'us), favorable; giving fair promises of success.—⁴ I dên'ti ty, sameness.

I really think full as important. I have been upon the track of it for several years; ever since the glitter of a few metallic particles in the gravel washed out of Capt. Sutter's mill-race¹ first led to the discovery of the gold diggings of California; which for some time past have been pouring into the country fifty or sixty millions of dollars annually.

3. My discovery, sir, is nothing short of this—that we have no need to go or send to California for gold, inasmuch as we have gold diggings on this side of the continent much more productive, and consequently much more valuable, than theirs. I do not of course refer to the mines of North Carolina or Georgia, which have been worked with some success for several years, but which, compared with California, are of no great moment.

4. I refer to a much broader vein of auriferous² earth, which runs wholly through the States on this side of the Rocky Mountains, which we have been working unconsciously for many years, without recognizing its transcendent³ importance; and which it is actually estimated will yield, the present year, ten or fifteen times as much as the California diggings, taking their produce at sixty millions of dollars.

5. Then, sir, this gold of ours not only exceeds the California in the annual yield of the diggings, but in several other respects. It certainly requires labor, but not nearly as much labor to get it out. Our diggings may be depended on with far greater confidence, for the average⁴ yield on a given superficies.⁵ A certain quantity of moisture is no doubt necessary with us, as with them, but you are not required, as you are in the *placers*⁶ of California, to stand up to your middle in water all day, rocking a cradle filled with gravel and gold-dust. The cradles we rock are filled with something better.

6. Another signal advantage of our gold over the California gold is, that after being pulverized⁷ and moistened, and subjected to the action of moderate heat, it becomes a grateful and nutri-

¹ Mill' race, the current of water which turns the wheel of a mill.—

² Aurif' er ous, bearing or producing gold.—³ Trans cend' ent, surpassing; very great.—⁴ Av' er age, general proportion.—⁵ Superficies (super fish' ez), surface; outward part.—⁶ Placer (plä sâr'), a spot from which gold is dug or taken out.—⁷ Pul' ver ized, converted into powder or fine dust.

tious¹ article of food; whereas no man, not even the long-eared King of Phrygia² himself, who wished that every thing he touched might become gold—could masticate³ a thimble-full of the California dust, cold or hot, to save him from starvation.

7. Then, sir, we get our Atlantic gold on a good deal more favorable terms than we get the California. It is probable, nay, it is certain, that, for every million dollars' worth of dust that we have received from San Francisco, we send out a full million's worth in produce, in manufactures, in notions generally, and in freight;⁴ but the gold which is raised from the diggings this side, yields, with good management, a vast increase on the outlay, some thirty fold, some sixty, some a hundred.

8. But, besides all this, there are two discriminating⁵ circumstances of a most peculiar character, in which our gold differs from that of California, greatly to the advantage of ours. The first is this: On the Sacramento and Feather rivers, throughout the *placers*, in all the wet diggings and the dry diggings, and in all the deposits of auriferous quartz,⁶ you can get but one solitary exhaustive crop from one locality; and, in getting that, you spoil it for any further use. The soil is dug over, worked over, washed over, ground over, sifted over—in short, turned into an abomination of desolation, which all the guano⁷ of the Chincha Islands would not restore to fertility.

9. You can never get from it a second yield of gold, nor any thing else, unless, perhaps, a crop of mullein or stramonium.⁸ The Atlantic diggings, on the contrary, with good management, will yield a fresh crop of the gold every four years, and remain in the interval in condition for a succession of several other good things of nearly equal value.

10. The other discriminating circumstance is of still more astonishing nature. The grains of the California gold are dead,

¹ Nutritious (nu trish' us), nourishing; promoting growth.—² Long-eared King of Phrygia, Midas, who is represented as having the ears of an ass, and the power to change every thing that he touched into gold.—³ Masticate (mas' ti cate), chew.—⁴ Freight (frát), the lading of a ship, wagon, &c.; the price of transporting goods.—⁵ Discriminating (dis crim' i ná ting), distinguishing.—⁶ Quartz (kwártz), a kind of rock, or rather an ingredient of rocks.—⁷ Guano (gwá' no), a rich manure; the dung of sea-fowls, &c.—⁸ Stramonium, the thorn-apple, of much use in medicine.

morganic¹ masses. How they got into the gravel; between what mountain mill-stones, whirled by elemental² storm-winds on the bosom of oceanic³ torrents, the auriferous ledges were ground to powder; by what Titanic⁴ hands the coveted grains were sown broadcast in the *placers*, human science can but faintly conjecture. We only know that those grains have within them no principle of growth or reproduction, and that when that crop was put in, Chaos⁵ must have broken up the soil.

11. How different the grains of our Atlantic gold,⁶ sown by the prudent hand of man, in the kindly alternation of seed-time and harvest; each curiously, mysteriously organized; hard, horny, seeming lifeless on the outside, but wrapping up in the interior a seminal germ,⁷ a living principle! Drop a grain of California gold into the ground, and there it will lie unchanged to the end of time, the clods on which it falls not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of our gold, of our blessed gold, into the ground, and lo! a mystery. In a few days it softens, it swells, it shoots upward, it is a living thing.

12. It is yellow itself, but it sends up a delicate spire, which comes peeping, emerald green, through the soil; it expands to a vigorous stalk; revels in the air and sunshine; arrays itself, more glorious than Solomon, in its broad, fluttering, leafy robes, whose sound, as the west wind whispers through them, falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear as the rustle of his sweetheart's garment; still towers aloft, spins its verdant skeins of vegetable floss,⁸ displays its dancing tassels, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three magnificent batons⁹ like this (an ear of Indian corn), each of which is studded

¹ Inorganic (in or gán' ic), having no organs; not found with the organs or instruments of life.—² Elemental (E le mēt' al), relating to the elements, here meaning earth, air, fire, and water.—³ Oceanic (o she án' ik), pertaining to the ocean.—⁴ Titanic (Ti tan' ic), gigantic. The Titanes or Titans was a name applied by the ancients to the sons of Cælus and Terra, figurative names for the heavens and the earth. They were of gigantic size and strength.—⁵ Chaos (ká' os) was the name of one of the oldest of the heathen gods. The proper meaning of the term is that confused mass of matter which existed before the creation of the world.—⁶ Atlantic gold, it will be seen that the author means by the term, Indian corn, or maize.—⁷ Seminal germ, the germ or growing principle of the seed.—⁸ Floss, a downy or silky substance.—⁹ Baton (bá tóng'), a staff; a badge of honor.