

- 7 Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has Gōd wifh equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?¹
8. True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!
Nor place—uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, wifh thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of bōth—a noble mind.
9. Wifh this, and passions under ban,²
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer³ of any man.
Look up, then—that thy little span
Of life may be well trod! WM. D. GALLAHER.

100. THE TRUE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

FROM the foundation of the world there has been a tendency to look down upon labor, and upon those who live by it, wifh contempt, as though it were something mean and ignoble. This is one of those vulgar prejudices which have arisen from considering every thing vulgar that was peculiar to the multitude. Because the multitude have been suffered to remain too lōng rude and ignorant, every thing associated⁴ wifh their condition has been confounded wifh the circumstances of this condition.

2. The multitude were, in their rudeness and ignorance, mean in the public estimation, and the labor of their hands was held to be mean too. Nay, it has been said that labor is the result of God's primary curse, pronounced on man for his disobedience. But that is a great mistake. God told Adam that the ground was cursed for his sake; but not that his labor was cursed. He

¹ En dow', bestow; give.—² Bān, curse; restraint.—³ Pēer, equal; a person of the same rank.—⁴ Associated (as sō shāt ed), joined wifh • made a companion

told him that in the sweat of his face he should eat his bread till he returned to the ground. But so far from labor partaking of the curse, it was given him as the means of triumphing over the curse. The ground was to produce thorns and thistles, but labor was to extirpate¹ these thorns and thistles, and to cover the face of the earth wifh fruit-trees and bounteous harvests.

3. And labor has done this: labor has already converted the earth, so far as its surface is concerned, from a wilderness into a paradise.² Man eats his bread in the sweat of his face, but is there any bread so sweet as that, when he has only nature to contend wifh, and not the false arrangements of his fellow-men? So far is labor from being a curse—so far is it from being a disgrace—it is the vērý principle which, like the winds of the air, or the agitation of the sea, keeps the world in health. It is the very life-blood of society, stirring in all its veins, and diffusing vigor and enjoyment through the whōle system.

4. Without man's labor, Gōd had created the world in vain! Without our labor, all life, except that of the rudest and most savage kind, must perish. Arts, civilization, refinement, and religion must perish. Labor is the grand pedestal³ of God's blessings upon earth; it is more—like man and the world itself—it is the offspring and the work of God.

5. All honor then to labor, the offspring of Deity; the most āncient of āncients, sent fōrth by the Almighty into these nēfher⁴ worlds as the most noble of nobles! Honor to that divine principle which has filled the earth wifh all the comforts, and joys, and af'fluēce⁵ that it possesses, and is undoubtedly the instrument of happiness wherever life is found.

6. Without labor, what is there? Without it, there were no world itself. Whatever we see or perceive—in heaven or on the earth—is the prōd'uct of labor. The sky above us, the ground beneath us, the air we breathe, the sun, the moon, the stars—what are they? The product of labor. They are the labors of the Omnīp'otent, and all our labors are but a continuance of His. Our work is a divine work. We carry on what God began.

¹ Extirpate (eks tēr' pāt), root out; destroy.—² Pār' a dīse, a place of great happiness.—³ Pēd' es tal, base or foundation on which any thing rests.—⁴ Nēfh'er, lower.—⁵ Af' flu ēnce, abundance; riches.

7. What a glorious spectacle is that of the labor of man upon the earth! It includes every thing in it that is glorious. Look round, my friends, and tell me what you see that is worth seeing that is not the work of your hands, and of the hands of your fellows—the multitude of all ages?

8. What is it that felled¹ the ancient forests and cleared vast morasses² of other ages? That makes green fields smile in the sun, and corn, rustling in the breezes of heaven, whisper of plenty and domestic joy? What raised first the hut, and then the cottage, and then the palace? What filled all these with food and furniture—with food simple and also costly; with furniture of infinite variety, from the three-legged stool to the most magnificent cabinet³ and the regal⁴ throne? What made glass, and dyed it with all the hues of rainbows or of summer sunsets? What constructed presses and books, and filled up the walls of libraries, every inch of which contained a mass of latent⁵ light hoarded for the use of ages?

9. What took the hint from the split walnut-shell which some boy floated on the brook, and set on the flood first the boat, and then the ship, and has scattered these glorious children of man, the water-walking ships, over all the oceans of the world, and filled them with the prod'uce of all lands, and the machinery of profoundest inventions? What has made the wide sea like a great city street, where merchants are going to and fro full of eager thoughts of self-accumulation, but not the less full of international⁶ blessings?

10. What has made the land like one great garden, laid down its roads that run like veins to every portion of the system of life, cut its canals, cast up its lines of railways, and driven along them, in fire and vapor, the awful but beneficial dragons of modern enterprise? What has piled up all our cities with their glittering and exhaustless wealth, their splendid utensils,⁷ their paintings, their mechanic wonders, all serving domestic life, and

¹ Felled', overthrew; caused to fall.—² Mo rass'es, marshes; low, wet pieces of ground.—³ Cab'in et, a piece of furniture consisting of a chest, drawers, and doors; a private room.—⁴ Re'gal, belonging to a king.—⁵ La tent, concealed; hidden; out of sight.—⁶ International (in ternash'un al), between nations; relating to two or more nations.—⁷ Utensil, any article of which use is made; tools, &c.

its beloved fireside delights. Labor! labor! labor! It is labor, and your labor, men of the multitude, that has done it all!

11. True, the wise ones tell us that it is intellect¹ that has done it. And all honor to intellect! It is not I nor you, fellow-workers, who will attempt to rob the royal power of intellect of one iota² of his renown. Intellect is also a glorious gift of the Divinity—a divine principle in the earth. We set intellect at the head of labor, and bid it lead the way to all wonders and discoveries; but we know that intellect can not go alone. Intellect can not separate itself from labor.

12. Intellect has also its labor; and in its most ab'stract³ and ethereal⁴ form can not develop itself without the co-operation of its twin-brother labor. When intellect exerts itself—when it thinks, and invents, and discovers—it then labors. Through the medium of labor it does all that it does; and upon labor it is perfectly dependent to carry out all its mechanical operations. Intellect is the head—labor the right hand. Take away the hand, and the head is a magazine⁵ of knowledge and fire that is sealed up in eternal darkness. Such are the relationships of labor and intellect.

HOWITT.

101. LABOR.

- LABOR is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens⁶ that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on the pillow,
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute⁷ will!
- Labor is health! Lo the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping;

¹ Intellect, the faculty of thinking; the understanding.—² Iota (i ô-ta), a very small quantity.—³ Ab'stract, pure; separate; alone.—⁴ Ethereal, composed of ether; very thin; heavenly.—⁵ Magazine (mag a zên'), a store-house.—⁶ Siren, a fabled goddess of ancient mythology, who enticed men by singing, and then devoured them; hence, an enticing woman.—⁷ Resolute (rez' o lût), determined; firm to one's purpose.

How his strong arm, in its stalwart¹ pride sweeping,
Free as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth,
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon² floweth,
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth,
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

3. Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee
Bravely fling off the gold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee,
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!³
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

4. Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us:
Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting,⁴ goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

5. "Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing,
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing.
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower,
From the small insect, the rich coral⁵ bower:
Only man in the plan shrinks from his part.

¹ Stalwart (stól' wort), brave; strong.—² Co cōon', the silken ball in which the silk-worm confines itself before its change. It is composed of silk threads, which, being unwound, form the silk which is manufactured.—³ Clōd, a lump of earth.—⁴ Un in ter mit' ting ceaseless; without stopping.—⁵ Cōr'al, a hard substance like shell (carbonate of lime), which is made by very minute creatures, and forms their habitation. It is sometimes red, but more abundant in white. It appears to grow, or rather is formed, by the little creatures, in the

6. Labor is life!—'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth:
Keep the watch wound for the dark rust assaileth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Plav the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!
Osgood.

102. ESCAPE FROM A PANTHER.

ELIZABETH TEMPLE and Louisa¹ had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course, under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm; and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating² coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in their ascent'. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk; and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

2. In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice,³ catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego,⁴ or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly startled, and exclaimed—"Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its par'ents?"⁵

3. "Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer, starving on the

shape of branches of trees, and when alive they appear like flowers on the branches. These little creatures sometimes commence a structure in the ocean, which by degrees becomes an island. The history of the coral insect is exceedingly interesting.—¹ Louisa (lō ð' za).—² In vlg' o rāting, giving strength.—³ Prêc' i pice, a very steep descent of land or rock.—⁴ Ot sê' go, a beautiful lake in the central part of the State of New York.—⁵ Pār' ents.

hill." Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried—"Look at the dog!"

4. The advanced age of Brave had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery or to add to their bouquets,¹ the mastiff² would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well-known his good qualities.

5. "Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?" At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking. "What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

6. Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed³ motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity,⁴ and threatening instant destruction. "Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm

¹ Bouquet (bō kā'), a bunch of flowers.—² Mās' tiff, a large kind of dog, remarkable for strength and courage.—³ Convulsed', drawn or contracted with shaking.—⁴ Ma llg' ni ty, extreme enmity or hatred.

of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

7. There was not a single feeling in the temperament¹ of Elizabeth Temple, that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate² Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration,³ and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice. "Courage, Brave!" she cried—her own tones beginning to tremble—"courage, courage, good Brave!"

8. A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant but vicious creature approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

9. All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches,⁴ and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles; but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

10. Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form

¹ Tēm' per a ment, disposition; constitution.—² In an' i mate, without life or spirit; inactive; spiritless.—³ Res pi rā' tion, breathing.—⁴ Hāunch' es, the hips; the hinder part.

of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued, on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result.

11. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye.

12. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage he was only the vestige² of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary³ and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog—who was making a desperate, but fruitless dash at her—from which she alighted, in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort.

13. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay, prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed; but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed,⁴ and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

¹ Cōn' flict, battle; fight.—² Vēs' tige, footstep; mark or remains—
Wār' y, cautious; careful.—⁴ Col lapsed', closed by falling together.

14. Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.

15. Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer; but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched¹ to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination; and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

16. "Hist! hist!" said a low voice; "stoop lower, gall; your bunnet hides the creator's head." It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order that caused the head of our hēr'oine² to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her; and he called aloud—"Come in, Hector; come in, you old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

17. Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

Blanched (blāncht), whitened; made pale.—² Hēr' o'ine, a female hero; a female who is the principal character or person in a story.

103. SPRING.

1. COME, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come.
O Thomson,¹ void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?²
There's no such season.
- 2 The Spring! I shrnk and shudder at her name!
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter!
And suffer from her *blows* as if they came
From Spring the Fighter.
3. Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,
And be her tuneful laureates³ and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*
Pour'd down their shoulders!
4. Let others eulogize⁴ her floral⁵ shows;
From me they can not win a single stanza.
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's
The Influenza.⁷
5. Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at!
6. Fair is the vernal⁸ quarter of the year!
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear
With other sowings!

¹James Thomson, author of "The Seasons," and "The Castle of Indolence," born in 1700, and died in 1748.—²Hum. humbug; deceive.—
³Laureates, persons honored with a laurel. The Poet Laureate of England is an officer of the king's household, whose business it is to compose an ode annually on the king's birth-day, and the new year.—
⁴Eulogize (yū' lō' jiz), to commend; to praise highly.—⁵Floral, pertaining to flowers.—⁶Stanza, several lines in a poem or hymn, having a certain arrangement that is repeated again and again.—⁷Influenza, a catarrh, or cold in the head, which has become epidemic, or diffused among the people.—⁸Vernal, belonging to the spring.

7. For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a genial inspiration;¹
Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chubb,² defy
An inflammation.
8. Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables:
Oh! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,
Stiff as a table's?
9. I limp in agony—I wheeze and cough;
And quake with Ague, that great Agitator;
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
My Respirator.³
10. What wonder if in May itself I lack
A peg for laudatory⁴ verse to hang on?
Spring, mild and gentle!—yes, a Spring-heel'd Jack
To those he sprang on.
11. In short, whatever panegyrics⁵ lie
In fulsome⁶ odes too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted!

THOMAS HOOD.

104. A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA.¹

LET us quarrel, American kinsmen. Let us plunge into war
We have been friends too long. We have too highly pro-
moted each other's wealth and prosperity. We are too plethoric,⁸
we want depletion;⁹ to which end let us cut one another's throats.

¹In spir' tion, act of drawing in the breath; a highly exciting influence.—²Chubb, a maker of locks and chests supposed to be fire-proof.—
³Respirator, an instrument covering the mouth with net-work, to keep out the cold air.—⁴Laudatory, containing praise; tending to praise.—⁵Panegyrics (pan' e' jir' iks), formal praises.—⁶Fulsome, gross; nauseous; disgusting.—⁷This Lesson is a striking instance of what rhetoricians call Irony, in which the meaning is exactly the reverse of what the words express, and the style of reading it is very peculiar: see the Circumflex, pages 27 and 34.—⁸Plethoric, tall, as of blood; fleshy; fat.—⁹Depl' tion, act of emptying; bleeding or blood-letting

2. Let us sink, burn, kill, and destroy—with mutual energy—sink each other's shipping, burn each other's arsenals,¹ destroy each other's property at large. We will bombard² your towns, and you shall bombard ours—if you can. Yet us ruin each other's commerce as much as possible, and that will be a considerable some.

3. Let our banks break while we smite and slay one another; let our commercial houses smash right and left in the United States and the United Kingdom. Let us maim and mutilate³ one another; let us make of each other miserable objects, cripples, halt,⁴ and blind, adapted for the town's end, to beg during life.

4. Come, let us render the wives of each other widows, and the mothers childless, and cause them to weep rivers of tears, amounting to an important quantity of "water privilege."⁵

5. The bowl of wrath, the devil's punch-bowl, filled high, filled high as possible, share we with one another. This, with shot and bayonets, will be good in your insides and in my inside—in the insides of all of us brethren.

6. Oh, how good it is—oh, how pleasant it is, for brethren to engage in interné'cine⁶ strife! What a glorious spectacle we Christian Anglo-Saxons, engaged in the work of mutual destruction—in the reciprocation⁷ of savage outrages—shall present to the despots and the fiends!

7. How many dollars will you spend? How many pounds sterling shall we? How much capital we shall sink on either side—on land as well as in the sea! How much we shall have to show for it in corpses and wooden legs!—never ask what other return we may expect for the investment.⁸

8. So, then, Américan kinsmen, let us fight; let us murder

¹ Ar'se nals, places where warlike implements are made or kept; store-houses for guns, powder, shot, etc.—Bombard (bum bárd'), attack with bombs, or large iron shells filled with powder, thrown from mortars or cannon.—² Mú'ti láte, to cut off, as a limb.—³ Hált, lame.—⁴ Water privilege, the advantage of a water-fall in streams sufficient to raise water for driving water-wheels.—⁵ In ter nè' cine, mutually destroying; deadly.—⁶ Re cip ro ca' tion, interchange; giving and receiving in return.—⁷ In vés't' ment, property or money placed at interest, or in such a position that it will increase.

and ruin each other. Let demagogues¹ come hot from their conclave² of evil spirits, "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war," and do you be mad enough to be those mad dogs, and permit yourselves to be hounded³ upon us by them. PUNCA.

105. WAR.

WAR is the work, the element, or rather the spórt and triumph of Death, who glories not only in the extent of his conquest,⁴ but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the agèd, who at the best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here they are the vigorous and the ströng.

2. It is remarked by the most ancient of poets, that in peace children bury their parents, in war parents bury their children: nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely, indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorröw, which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects. Parents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair; the agèd parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, every thing but the capacity of suffering; her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. It is Rachel, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

3. But, to confine our attention to the number of the slain would give us a very inadequate⁵ idea of the ravages of the sword.⁶ The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered, apart from the religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt⁷ from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are liable. We can not see an individual expire, though a stranger or an enemy, without being

¹ Dém'a gogue, a leader of the people; a man who seeks to flatter and delude the people to his own interests, by appeals to their selfishness.—² Cón' cláve, a secret assembly.—³ Hound' ed, set on the chase.—⁴ Conquest (kóng' kwest), that which is conquered or subdued.—⁵ In ád' e-quate, not just; incomplete; defective.—⁶ Sword (sórd).—⁷ Exempt (egz emt') free; not subject to.

sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment; every other emotion gives way to pity and terror.

4. In these last extremities we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene then must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amid the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe!

5. If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles¹ for the wounded and the sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities² of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death! Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust?

6. We must remember, however, that as a very small proportion of a military life is spent in actual combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are consumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword; confined to a scanty or unwholesome diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and perpetual alarms; their life is a continual scene of hardships and dangers. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion³ spreads among their ranks, till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

7. We have hitherto adverted to the sufferings of those only who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into

¹ Re cêp' ta cles, houses; any thing capable of receiving or holding.—
² As si dû' i ties, daily or constant attentions.—³ Con tâ' gion, a malignant disease; any disease which spreads or communicates by touch.

our account the situation of the countries which are the scene of hostilities. How dreadful to hold every thing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon¹ dependent on the sword! How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues² of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except so far as it is dimly deciphered³ in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power!

8. Conceive, but for a moment, the consternation⁴ which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in our own neighborhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors?

9. Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine⁵ and pestilence⁶ follow the steps of desolation.⁷ There the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves, but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil! In another part you witness opulent⁸ cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged,⁹ and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre¹⁰ and ruin!

ROBERT HALL.

¹ Bôon, gift.—² Issues (ish'shùz), passages; outlets.—³ De cî' phered, read; found out; explained.—⁴ Con ster nâ' tion, excessive fear; dejection.—⁵ Fâm' ine, want of sufficient food.—⁶ Pês' ti lence, diseases that are communicated by contact or near approach; diseases that are catching.—⁷ Des o lâ' tion, act of laying waste; destruction.—⁸ Op' u lent, wealthy; rich.—⁹ Pil' laged, robbed; plundered.—¹⁰ Massacre (mâs' a ker), slaughter; destruction; murder.