

6. When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command, in course, is to ground their fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

7. When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when, on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit), they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out, Recover your fans. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

8. The fluttering of the fan is the last, and indeed the masterpiece of the whole exercise; but if a lady does not misspend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days¹ and the hot time of the summer for the teaching of this part of the exercise; for as soon as ever I pronounce, Flutter your fans, the place is filled with so many zephyrs² and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

9. There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious,³ there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at

¹ Dog-days, the days when Sirius, or the dog-star, rises and sets with the sun. The dog-days commence the latter part of July, and end the beginning of September.—² Zephyrs (zēf' erz), breezes; light winds, and particularly the west wind.—³ Tedious.

a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude¹ or coquette,² according to the nature of the person who bears it.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

140. ANON.

OF Anon but little is known, though his works are excessively numerous. He has dabbled in every thing. Prose and poetry are alike familiar to his pen. One moment he will be up the highest flights of philosophy, and the next he will be down in some kitchen-garden of literature, culling an enormous gooseberry, to present it to the columns of some provincial newspaper. His contributions are scattered wherever the English language is read. Open any volume of miscellanies³ at any place you will, and you are sure to fall upon some choice little bit signed by "Anon."

2. What a mind his must have been! It took in every thing, like a pawnbroker's shop. Nothing was too trifling for its grasp. Now he was hanging on to the trunk of an elephant, and explaining to you how it was more elastic than a pair of india-rubber braces; and next he would be constructing a suspension bridge with a series of monkeys' tails, tying them together as they do pocket-handkerchiefs in the gallery of a theater when they want to fish up a bonnet that has fallen into the pit.

3. Anon is one of our greatest authors. If all the things which are signed with Anon's name were collected on rows of shelves, he would require a British Museum all to himself. And yet of this great man so little is known that we are not even acquainted with his Christian name. There is no certificate of baptism, no moldy tombstone, no musty washing-bill in the world on which we can hook the smallest line of speculation, whether it was John, or James, or Joshua, or Tom, or Dick, or Billy Anon. Shame that a man should write so much, and yet be known so little. Oblivion⁴ uses its snuffers sometimes very unjustly.

¹ Prude (prōd), a woman too scrupulously exact, or affectedly stiff in her manners.—² Coquette (ko kēt'), a vain, trifling girl, desirous of attracting lovers and then rejecting them.—³ Miscellanies, promiscuous articles; mixtures of several kinds.—⁴ Oblivion, forgetfulness.

4. On second thoughts, perhaps it is as well that the works of Anon were not collected together. His reputation for consistency¹ would not probably be increased by the collection. It would be found that frequently he had contradicted himself—that in many instances when he had been warmly upholding the Christian white of a question, he had afterward turned round, and maintained with equal warmth the Pagan² black of it. He might often be discovered on both sides of a truth jumping boldly from the right side over to the wrong, and flinging big stones at any one who dared to assail him in either position.

5. Such double-sidedness would not be pretty, and yet we should be lenient³ to such inconsistencies. With one who had written so many thousand volumes, who had twirled his thoughts as with a mop on every possible subject, how was it possible to expect any thing like consistency? How was it likely that he could recollect every little atom out of the innumerable⁴ atoms his pen had heaped up?

6. Anon ought to have been rich, but he lived in an age when piracy⁵ was the fashion, and when booksellers walked about, as it were, like Indian chiefs, with the skulls of the authors they had slain hung round their necks. No wonder, therefore, that we know nothing of the wealth of Anon. Doubtless he died in a garret, like many other kindred spirits, Death being the only score out of the many knocking at his door that he could pay.

7. But to his immortal credit, let it be said, he has filled more libraries than the most generous patrons of literature. The volumes that formed the fuel of the barbarians' bonfire at Alexandria⁶ would be but a small book-stall by the side of the folios,⁷

¹ Con sist' en cy, a standing together; agreement.—² Pá gan, after the manner of pagans, of those who worship false gods; idolatrous.—³ Lén i ent, mild; gentle; forgiving.—⁴ In nú mer a ble, that can not be numbered.—⁵ Pí ra cy, robbery on the high seas; robbing another of his writings.—⁶ Al ex á n' dri a, founded by Alexander the Great, in the year 332 B. C., a celebrated city and seaport of Egypt. Its library surpassed all others of which the ancients could boast, numbering 700,000 volumes, a part of which was destroyed by fire during the war with Julius Caesar; and the remainder by Caliph Omar, in the year 640.—⁷ Fól i o, a book of two leaves to a sheet.

quartos,¹ octavos,² and duodecimos,³ he has pyramidized⁴ on our book-shelves. Look through any catalogue you will, and you will find that a large proportion of the works in it have been contributed by Anon. The only author who can in the least compete with him in fecundity⁵ is Ibid. PUNCH

141. THE NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous⁶ occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments.⁷ Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction.

2. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they can not compass⁸ it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they can not reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous,⁹ original, native force.

3. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and

¹ Quár' to, a printed book next in size to a folio; so called because originally there were four leaves to each sheet.—² Octá' vo, a book of a size next below a quarto, much taller than it is broad; so called because originally it had eight leaves to a sheet.—³ Du o déc' i mo, a book shaped like an octavo, and next smaller in size. Originally it had twelve leaves to a sheet, and hence the name.—⁴ Pyr' a mid ized, piled up in pyramids.—⁵ Fe cún' di ty, fruitfulness.—⁶ Mo mént' ous, very important.—⁷ Endow' ments, gifts, qualities, or faculties, bestowed by the Creator; that which is bestowed, or settled on.—⁸ Compass (kám' pas), surround; secure; gain.—⁹ Spon tá' ne ous, arising from internal feeling; voluntary; springing up of itself.

their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric¹ is vain, and all elaborate² oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

4. Then, patriotism³ is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception,⁴ out-running the deductions⁵ or logic,⁶ the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, god-like action.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

142. ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

1. "MAKE way for liberty!" he cried;
Made way for liberty, and died!
It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates⁷ the oppressor's power!
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she can not yield,—
She must not fall: her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
- 2 Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host,⁸
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.
It did depend on one indeed:
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.

¹ Rhét'oric, the science of oratory; the art of speaking with propriety, elegance, and force.—² Eláb'orate, wrought out with great labor; highly finished.—³ Pá'triotism, love of one's country.—⁴ Con cêp'tion, apprehension; idea.—⁵ De dúc'tions, inferences drawn from assertions; conclusions.—⁶ Lóg'ic, the art of thinking and reasoning justly.—⁷ Anni'hilâte, to reduce to nothing; to destroy.—⁸ Hòst, an army; a great number.

- 3 Unmark'd he stood amid the throng,
In rumination¹ deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate² the rising storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
4. But 'twas no sooner thought than done!
The field was in a moment won:—
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
"Make way for liberty!" he cried—
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bow'd among them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.
5. Swift to the breach his cômrades fly—
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx³ dart,
As rush'd the spears through Arnold's heart,
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scatter'd all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

143. FEELINGS EXCITED BY A LONG VOYAGE.

TO an Amêrican visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you

¹ Rumination (rô miná'shun), meditation; thinking over and over again.—² An tíc'i pàte, foresee, or expect.—³ Phál'anx, a square body of soldiers, close and compact.

lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

2. I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes.

3. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing,¹ or climb to the main-top² on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own, or to watch the gentle undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

4. There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a specter through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and those wild phantasms³ that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

5. Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile⁴ regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffused the light of

Quar' ter-rail' ing, the railing on the sides of a ship, extending from the main-mast to the stern.—² Main'-top, top of the main-mast.—³ Phantasm (fân' tazm), something imagined; an idea or notion.—⁴ Stér' ile, barren; unfruitful.

knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

6. We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony¹ of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves.

7. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, are the crew? Their struggle has long been over;—they have gone down amid the roar of the tempest;—their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence—oblivion,² like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

8. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, and the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more.”

9. The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity³ of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp, in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

¹ Mo nô't' o ny, sameness.—² Ob'lv' i on, forgetfulness.—³ Se rên' i ty, clearness; calmness.

144. FEELINGS EXCITED BY A LONG VOYAGE—CONCLUDED.

“AS I was once sailing,” said he, “in a fine stout ship across the banks of New’foundland,¹ one of the heavy fogs that prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for me to see far ahead, even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of our ship. I kept lights at the masthead, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks.

2. “The wind was blowing a smacking² breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of ‘a sail ahead!’ but it was scarcely uttered till we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside toward us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships.³ The force, the size, and weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course.

3. “As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they had just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack was anchored. We cruised⁴ about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo’ of any survivors; but all was silent—we never heard nor saw any thing of them more!”

4. It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of “land!” was given from the masthead. I question whether Columbus, when he discovered the new world, felt a more delicious throng of sensations than rush into an American’s bosom when

¹ Newfoundland (nú’fónd land’).—² Smáck’ing, strong; powerful; noisy.—³ A míd’-ships, the middle part of the vessel.—⁴ Cruised (krózd), sailed.

he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with every thing of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

5. From that time until the period of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants round the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey² I reconnoitered the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plots. I saw the moldering ruins of an abbey³ overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighboring hill—all were characteristic of England.

6. The tide and wind were so favorable that the ship was enabled to come at once at the pier. It was thronged with people; some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship belonged. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded to him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognize each other.

7. But I particularly noted one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanor. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor, who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck, in the shade; but of late his illness had

¹ Téem’ing, bringing forth in abundance.—² Mèr’sey, the river on which Liverpool is situated.—³ Ab’bey, monastery; a residence of monks or nuns.

so increased that he had taken to his hammock,¹ and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died.

8. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, and so ghastly, that it is no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognize him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features, it read at once a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek and stood wringing them in silent agony.

9. All now was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

145. LINES TO A CHILD ON HIS VOYAGE TO FRANCE TO MEET HIS FATHER.

1. **L**O, how impatiently upon the tide
The proud ship tosses eager to be free.
Her flag streams wildly, and her fluttering sails
Pant to be on their flight. A few hours more,
And she will move in stately grandeur on,
Cleaving her path majestic through the flood,
As if she were a goddess of the deep.
Oh, 'tis a thought sublime, that man can force
A path upon the waste, can find a way
Where all is trackless, and compel the winds,
Those freest agents of Almighty power,
To lend their untamed wings, and bear him on
To distant climes.

2. Thou, William, still art young,
And dost not see the wonder. Thou wilt tread
The buoyant² deck, and look upon the flood,

¹ Hammock, a swinging bed.—² Buoyant (bwá' ant), floating light; lifted up.

Unconscious of the high sublimity,
As 'twere a common thing—thy soul unaw'd,
Thy childish sports uncheck'd: while thinking *man*
Shrinks back into himself—himself so mean
'Mid things so vast,—and, rapt in deepest awe,
Bends to the might of that mysterious Power,
Who holds the waters in his hand, and guides
The ungovernable winds. 'Tis not in man
To look unmoved upon that heaving waste,
Which, from horizon to horizon spread,
Meets the o'er-arching heavens on every side,
Blending¹ their hues in distant faintness there.

3. 'Tis wonderful!—and yet, my boy, just such
Is life. Life is a sea as fathomless,²
As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes
As calm and beautiful. The light of Heaven
Smiles on it, and 'tis deck'd with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon, dark clouds
Arise, contending winds of fate go forth,
And hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.

4. And thou must sail upon this sea, a long,
Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck,
The foolish *must*. Oh! then, be early wise!
Learn from the mariner his skillful art
To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
And dare the threatening storm, and trace a path
'Mid countless dangers, to the destined port
Unerringly secure. Oh! learn from him
To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
To guard thy sail from Passion's sudden blasts,
And make Religion thy magnetic guide,
Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
Points to the light that changes not, in Heaven.

5. Farewell—Heaven smile propitious³ on thy course,

¹ Blend'ing, joining; mingling.—² Fathomless, too deep to be measured; that which can not be understood.—³ Propitious (f'ro pish us), highly favorable to success.

And favoring breezes waft thee to the arms
Of love paternal. Yes, and more than this—
Blest be thy passage o'er the changing sea
Of life; the clouds be few that intercept
The light of joy; the waves roll gently on
Beneath thy bark of hope, and bear thee safe
To meet in peace thine other Father,—God.

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE.

146. CRIME ITS OWN DETECTER.

AGAINST the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I can not have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium,¹ how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination,² may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

2. Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary³ case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent⁴ anywhere—certainly none in our New England history. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly⁵ murder, for mere pay. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet—the first sound slumbers of the night hold him in their soft, but strong embrace.

3. The assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment; with noiseless foot, he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on

¹ Op prô' bri um, reproach with contempt or disdain; disgrace.—² Assas sin à' tion, the act of murdering by secret assault, or by sudden violence.—³ Extraordinary (eks trâr' de na rî), uncommon; remarkable.—⁴ Prêc' e dent, something that may serve for a rule in after cases of a like nature; some instance of a like kind.—⁵ Bâtch' er ly, cruel; bloody.

its hinges; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer; and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

4. It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon.¹ He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard!² To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished! The deed is done! He retreats—retraces his steps to the window, passes through as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him; the secret is his own, and he is safe!

5. Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe; "murder will out."

6. True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intently dwell on the scene; shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

7. Meantime the guilty soul can not keep its own secret, It is false to itself—or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of

¹ Bludgeon (blûd' jun), a short stick, with one end loaded, and heavier than the other; a thick stick or club.—² Poniard (pôn' yard), a small dagger.

conscience to be true to itself—it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant; it finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth.

8. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master; it betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed; it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but in suicide, and suicide is confession.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

147. THE GREEK EMIGRANT'S SONG.

1. NOW launch the boat upon the wave—
The wind is blowing off the shore—
I will not live a cowering slave,
In these polluted islands more.
Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
There is a better home for me.
- 2 The wind is blowing off the shore,
And out to sea the streamers fly.
My music is the dashing roar,
My canopy² the stainless sky:
It bends above, so fair a blue,
That heaven seems opening to my view.

¹ S' i cide, self-murder.—² C' an' o py, covering overhead.

3. I will not live a cowering slave,
Though all the charms of life may shine
Around me, and the land, the wave,
And sky, be drawn in tints divine:
Give lowering¹ skies and rocks to me,
If there my spirit can be free.
4. Sweeter than spicy gales, that blow
From orange-groves with wooing breath,
The winds may from these islands flow;
But 'tis an atmosphere of death:
The lotus² which transform'd the brave
And haughty to a willing slave.
5. Softer than Minder's winding stream,
The wave may ripple on this coast,
And, brighter than the morning beam,
In golden swell be round it toss'd—
Give me a rude and stormy shore,
So power can never threaten more.
6. Brighter than all the tales they tell
Of Eastern pomp and pageantry,³
Our sunset skies in glory swell,
Hung round with glowing tapestry⁴—
The horrors of a winter storm
Swell brighter o'er a freeman's form.
7. The spring may here with autumn twine,
And both combined may rule the year,
And fresh-blown flowers, and racy wine
In frosted clusters, still be near—
Dearer the wild and snowy hills
Where hale and ruddy Freedom smiles.

¹ Low' ering, dark; gloomy; frowning.—² Ló' tus, a class of plants the fruit or seeds of which are eaten.—³ Pageantry (pá' jent ri), something for vain outward display or appearance.—⁴ Táp' es try, a kind of woven hangings for rooms, often enriched with gold and silver, representing figures of men, animals, landscapes, &c.

8. Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
 And ocean's stormy vastness o'er,
 There is a better home for me;
 A welcomer and dearer shore:
 There hands, and hearts, and souls are twined,
 And free the man, and free the mind.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

148. FROM THE TRAGEDY OF KING JOHN.

King John instigates Hubert to assassinate Arthur Plantagenet, nephew of the king, and rightful heir of the crown of England, usurped by John. |

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
 We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh²
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love:
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary³ oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherishèd.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
 But I will fit it with some better time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hubert. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
 But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say,—But, let it go:
 The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton,⁴ and too full of gauds,⁵
 To give me audience.⁶—

If the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night:

¹ Trág' e dy, a poem prepared for the stage, representing some action having a fatal end; an event in which human lives are lost by human violence.—² Wall of flesh, the body.—³ Vól' un ta ry, willing.—⁴ Wan ton (wón' tun), sportive; frolicsome.—⁵ Gáuds, showy things to attract attention; ornaments.—⁶ Aud' i ence, act of hearing a hearing.

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
 And thou possessèd with a thousand wröngs;
 Or, if that surly spirit, melancholy,¹
 Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,—
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle mērriment
 (A passion hateful to my purposes);
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of broad-eyed watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:—
 But ah, I will not:—yet I love thee well;
 And, by my tröth,² I think thou lov'st me well.

Hubert. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct³ to my act,
 By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?—
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a vëry serpent in my way;
 And wheresoc'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me:—Dost thou understand me?—
 Thou art his keeper.

Hubert. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death!

Hubert. My lord?

K. John. A grave!

Hubert. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry, now:—Hubert, I love thee—
 Well. I'll not say what I intend for thee:
 Remember!—

¹ Melancholy (mél' an kól'l), gloom of mind; depression of spirits.—
 Tröth, truth; belief.—² Ad' junct, joined to, or united with