NATIONAL SERIES.—No. IV.

THE

NATIONAL

FOURTH READER

CONTAINING

A COURSE OF INSTRUCTION IN ELOCUTION;

EXERCISES IN

READING AND DECLAMATION,

AND

COPIOUS NOTES, GIVING THE PRONUNCIATION AND DEFINITIONS OF WORDS, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF PERSONS WHOSE NAMES OCCUR IN THE READING LESSONS, AND THE EXPLANATION OF CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL ALLUSIONS.

By RICHARD G. PARKER, A.M.

AND

J. MADISON WATSON.

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PREFACE.

THE opportunities presented in this volume for the practice of all the characteristics of a good reader are many and important, and the selections themselves, made as they are from so great a number of authors whose works are well known and highly estimated, while they subserve the purpose for which they have been arranged, can not fail to inform the understanding, improve the taste, and cultivate the heart.

In Part First, the important principles of *Orthoëpy* and *Elocution* are comprehensively and systematically arranged, and accompanied by copious and lucid examples, illustrating their use and application.

In Part Second, while the exercises in reading have been graded in a systematic manner, presenting the simplest pieces first in order, it will also be found that a strict classification has been preserved with regard to the nature of the subjects. Many of the pieces have never before appeared in any reading-books; and, in most of those which are not entirely new, some new feature will be found to give freshness and peculiar adaptation.

It has been our especial aim, while introducing a great variety of the choicest literature of the English language into this work, to reject such pieces as, from the nature

of their subjects, would not be understood by the pupils for whom the book has been prepared.

Great pains have been taken to indicate the pronunciation of all words liable to be mispronounced, *where* they occur; and in notes, placed for convenience *at the bottom of each page*, will be found full explanations of difficult or uncommon words, not only by their appropriate synonyms, but, wherever necessary, by an extended paraphrase. Biographical sketches of noted persons whose names occur in the reading exercises, and explanations of classical allusions, are also given in the notes.

It remains to be stated, that, while this volume appears as a constituent member of a series, it has been so arranged that it may be profitably used either in connection with the members of its own family, by itself, or with any other series of reading-books.

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PART I.

ELOCUTION.

Elocution is the delivery of extemporaneous or written composition. Its more general divisions are Articulation, Syllabication, Accent, Emphasis, Inflection, Modulation, and Pauses.

Section I.—Articulation.

Definitions.

1. Articulation is the *distinct* utterance of the Oral Elements, in syllables and words.

2. Oral Elements are the sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

3. Elements are produced by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.

4. The Principal Organs of Speech are the lips, teeth, tongue, and palate.

5. Voice is produced by the action of the breath upon the larynx.[1]

6. Elements are divided into three classes: *eighteen Tonics*, *fifteen Subtonics*, and *ten Atonics*.

7. Tonics are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

8. Subtonics are tones produced by the voice, *modified* by the organs of speech.

[1] The larynx is the upper part of the trachea, or windpipe.

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7. Tonics are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

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[1] The larynx is the upper part of the trachea, or windpipe.

9. Atonics are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.

10. Vowels are the letters that usually represent the Tonic elements, and form syllables by themselves. They are *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and sometimes *y*.

11. A Diphthong is the union of two vowels in one syllable; as, *oi* in *oil*, *ou* in *our*.

12. A Digraph, or improper diphthong, is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent; as, *oa* in *loaf*.

13. A Triphthong is the union of three vowels in one syllable; as, *eau* in *beau*, *ieu* in *adieu*.

14. Consonants are the letters that usually represent either Subtonic or Atonic elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, viz.: b, c, d, f, g, h, j, k, l, m, n, p, q, r, s, t, v, w, x, y, z; fh Subtonic, th Atonic, ch, sh, wh, ng.

The term Consonant, literally meaning *sounding with*, is applied to these letters and combinations, because they are rarely used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their *elements* may be uttered separately, and without the aid of a vowel.

15. Cognates are letters whose *elements* are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner: thus, *f* is a cognate of *v*; *k* of *g*, &c.

16. Alphabetic Equivalents are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds; thus, *i* is an *equivalent* of *e*, in *pique*.

Table of Oral Elements.[1]

1. Tonics.				2. Subtonics.			
ā or å,	as in	åge,	åte.	*b*,	as in	*babe*,	or*b*.
ă or å,	"	åt,	lånd.	*d*,	"	*did*,	*d*im.
	å,	"	årt,	årm.	*g*,	"	*gag*,	*g*ig.
	å,	"	åll,	båll.	*j*,	"	*j*oin,	*j*oint.
å,[2]	as in	bâre,	câre.	*l*,	"	*l*ake,	*l*ane.
å,[3]	"	åsk,	glâss.	*m*,	"	*m*ild,	*m*ind.
ē or ė,	"	hė,	thèse.	*n*,	"	*n*ame,	*n*ine.
ĕ or ė,	"	ĕlk,	ĕnd.	*ng*,	"	gan*g*,	san*g*.
ė,[4]	"	hėr,	vėrse.				

[1] First require the pupils to utter an element by itself, then to pronounce distinctly the words that follow, uttering the element after each word—thus: åge, å; åte, å: åt, å; lånd, å, &c. Exercise the class upon the above table, till each pupil can utter *consecutively* all the Oral elements. The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line. After each pupil can utter *correctly* all the elements as arranged in the table, numerous class exercises may be formed by prefixing or affixing Subtonics or Atonics to the Tonics, in the following order: Bå, bå, bå, bå, bå, bå; bė, bė, bė; bl, bl; bō, bō, bō; bū, bå, bū; bou: åb, åb, åb, åb, &c. These exercises will be found of great value, to improve the organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the pupil with different combinations of sounds.

[2] The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by *a*, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by *r*.

[3] The *sixth* element represented by *a*, is a sound intermediate between å, as heard in *at*, *ash*, and ä, as in *arm*, *art*.

[4] The third element represented by *e*, is *e* as heard in *end*, modified or softened by *r*. It is also represented by *i*, *o*, *u*, and *y*; as in *bird*, *word*, *burn*, *myrrh*.

ī or i,	as in	īce,	chīld.
ĭ or ĭ,	"	ĭnk,	ĭnch.
ō or ȯ,	"	ȯld,	hȯme.
ŏ or ȯ,	"	ȯn,	bȯnd.
	ȯ,	"	dȯ,	prȯve.
ū or ů,	"	cůbe,	cůre.
ŭ or ů,	"	bůd,	hůsh.
	ů,	"	fůll,	půsh.
	ou,	"	*our*,	h*ou*se.

3. Atonics.			
f,	as in	*f*ame,	*f*ife.
h,	"	*h*ark,	*h*arm.
k,	"	*k*ind,	*k*iss.
p,	"	*p*ipe,	*p*ump.
s,	"	*s*ame,	*s*ense.
t,	"	*t*art,	*t*oast.
th,	"	*th*ank,	you*th*.
ch,	"	*ch*ase,	mar*ch*
sh,	"	*sh*ade,	*sh*ake.
wh,	"	*wh*ale,	*wh*ite.
r,[5]	as in	*r*ake,	ba*r*.
th,	"	th*i*s,	wi*th*.
v,	"	*v*ine,	*v*ice.
w,	"	*w*ake,	*w*ise.
y,	"	*y*ard,	*y*es.
z,	"	*z*est,	ga*z*e.
z,	"	a*z*ure,	glazie*r*

[5] *R* may be trilled before a vowel. In that case, the tip of the tongue is made rapidly to vibrate.

Cognates.

First require the pupil to pronounce distinctly the word containing the Atonic element, then the Subtonic Cognate, uttering the element after each word—thus: li*p*, *p*; or*b*, *b*, &c. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that Cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and only differ in one being an undertone and the other a whisper.

Atonics.		Subtonics.	
li*p*,	*p*.	or*b*,	*b*.
*f*ife,	*f*.	vase,	*v*.
*wh*ite,	*wh*.	*w*ise,	*w*.
*s*ave,	*s*.	*z*eal,	*z*.
*sh*ade,	*sh*.	azure,	z.
*ch*arm,	*ch*.	join,	*j*.
*t*art,	*t*.	*d*id,	*d*.
*th*ing,	*th*.	*th*is,	th.
*k*ink,	*k*.	*g*ig,	*g*.

Alphabetic Equivalents.

1. Tonic Elements.

For à, *aa*, *ai*, *au*, *ay*, *e*, *ee*, *ea*, *ei*, *ey*; as in *A*aron, g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, melee', gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

For å, *ai*, *ua*; as in pl*ai*d, g*ua*ranty.

For å, *au*, *e*, *ea*, *ua*; as in h*au*nt, s*e*rgeant, h*ea*rt, g*ua*rd.

For å, *au*, *æw*, *eo*, *o*, *oa*, *ou*; as in f*au*lt, h*aw*k, G*eo*rge, c*o*rk, br*oa*d, b*ou*ght.

For å, *ai*, *e*, *ea*, *ei*; as in ch*ai*r, th*e*re, sw*ea*r, h*ei*r.

For è, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *eo*, *ey*, *i*, *ie*; as in r*ea*d, d*ee*p, c*ei*l, p*eo*ple, k*ey*, val*i*se, f*ie*ld.

For ê, *a*, *ai*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *eo*, *ie*, *u*, *ue*; as in *a*ny, s*ai*d, s*ay*s, h*ea*d, h*ei*fer, l*eo*pard, fr*ie*nd, b*u*ry, g*ue*ss.

For ê, *ea*, *i*, *o*, *ou*, *u*, *ue*, *y*; as in *ea*rth, g*i*rl, w*o*rd, s*ou*rge, b*u*rn, g*ue*rdon, m*y*rrh.

For ì, *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *oi*, *ui*, *uy*, *y*, *ye*; as in *ai*sle, sl*ei*ght, *eye*, d*ie*, ch*oi*r, g*ui*de, b*uy*, m*y*, r*ye*.

For ì, *ai*, *e*, *ee*, *ie*, *o*, *oi*, *u*, *ui*, *y*; as in capt*ai*n, pr*e*tty, b*ee*n, s*ie*ve, w*o*men, tort*oi*se, b*u*sy, b*ui*ld, h*y*mn.

For ò, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow*; as in h*au*t-boy, b*eau*, y*eo*man, s*ew*, c*oa*l, f*oe*, d*oo*r, s*ou*l, bl*ow*.

For ǒ, *a*, *ou*, *ow*; as in wh*a*t, h*ou*gh, kn*ow*ledge.

For ô, *ew*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *u*, *ui*; as in gr*ew*, sh*oe*, sp*oo*n, s*ou*p, r*u*de, fr*ui*t.

For û, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui*; as in b*eau*ty, f*eu*d, n*ew*, ad*ieu*, v*iew*, h*ue*, j*ui*ce.

For ů, *o*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*; as in l*o*ve, d*oe*s, bl*oo*d, y*ou*ng.

For ů, *o*, *oo*, *ou*; wolf, b*oo*k, c*ou*ld.

For ou, *ow*; as in n*ow*.

For oi (åĭ), *oy*; as in b*oy*.

2. Subtonic and Atonic Elements.

For f, *gh*, *ph*; as in cou*gh*, nym*ph*.

For j, *g*; as in *g*em, *g*in.

For k, *c*, *ch*, *gh*, *q*; as in *c*ole, con*ch*, lou*gh*, eti*q*uette.

For s, *c*; as in *c*ell.

For t, *d*, *th*, *phth*; as in danced, *Th*ames, *phth*isic.

For v, *f*, *ph*; as in o*f*, Step*h*en.

For y, *i*; as in pin*i*on.

For z, *c*, *s*, *x*; as in suffi*c*e, ro*s*e, *x*ebec.

For z, *g*, *s*; as in rou*g*e, o*s*ier.

For ng, *n*; as in an*g*er, ba*n*k.

For ch, *t*; as in fus*t*ian.

For sh, *c*, *ch*, *s*, *ss*, *t*; as in o*c*ean, *ch*aise, *s*ure, a*ss*ure, mar*t*ial.

Spelling by Sounds.

The following words are arranged for an exercise in Spelling, by sounds. The names of the letters are not to be given; but the elements are to be produced separately, and then pronounced in connection, thus: våst, pronounced vast; årm—arm; hôst—host; môv—move, &c. The attention of the pupil should be especially directed to *silent letters*, or those that are not sounded in words where they occur. In the following exercise they appear in *italics*. We would impress it *especially* upon

the teacher, that the best way to secure a distinct and forcible articulation is to give the pupil a daily exercise of this kind.

sàv*e*,	wàv*e*,	fât,	mân,	ârm,	pârt.
hâl*l*,	wârm,	pâr*e*,	târ*e*,	grâs*s*,	vâst.
scèn*e*,	glèb*e*,	têst,	dè*b*t,	hêr,	fêrn.
pîn*e*,	bîd*e*,	lîm*b*,	rîng,	gòld,	hòst.
grôt,	bônd,	môv*e*,	prôv*e*,	mût*e*,	pûr*e*.
dûm*b*,	hûnt,	fûl*l*,	pûsh,	loud,	hous*e*.
blàz*e*,	blând,	glîd*e*,	glîmps*e*,	brâs*s*,	brânch.
drouth,	grând,	grânt,	skûlk,	spârk,	spênd
stârt,	stâr*e*,	flâsh,	flêsh,	plûm,	slid*e*.
frâm*e*,	prînt,	trâmp,	smâsh,	strând,	swârm
vein,	cork,	*h*eir,	said,	girl,	word.
been,	beau,	what,	blood,	wolf,	prow

Errors in Articulation.

Errors in Articulation arise chiefly,

1. From the omission of one or more *elements* in a word; as,

an'	for	an*d*.	swâ'm	for	swâ*r*m.
frien's	"	frien*d*s.	wâ'm	"	wâ*r*m.
fiel's	"	fiel*d*s.	s'rewd	"	s*h*rewd.
wil's	"	wil*d*s.	s'rill	"	s*h*rill.
còl' ly	"	còl*d* ly.	w'irl	"	w*h*irl.
kin' ly	"	kin*d* ly.	w'is per	"	w*h*is per.
blin' ness	"	blin*d* ness.	be in'	"	be in*g*.
fac's	"	fac*t*s.	sing in'	"	sing in*g*
raf's	"	raf*t*s.	chick'n	"	chick *e*n.
sof'ly	"	sof*t*ly.	kitch'n	"	kitch *e*n.
bòl's	"	bòl*t*s.	trav'l	"	trav *e*l.
cen's	"	cen*t*s.	nov'l	"	nov *e*l.
ac cep's	"	ac cep*t*s.	learn'd	"	learn *e*d.
at temp's	"	at temp*t*s.	wing'd	"	wing *e*d.
pòs's	"	pòs*t*s.	his t'ry	"	his t*o* ry.
sto'm	"	sto*r*m.	cor p'ral	"	cor p*o* ral.

lib' ral	for	lib *e*r al.	dàng' rous	for	dàn g*e*r ous.
won d'ring	"	won d*e*r ing.	min' ral	"	min *e*r al.
of' ring	"	of *fe*r ing.	mem' ry	"	mem *o* ry.
av' rice	"	av *a* rice.	bois t'rous	"	bois t*e*r ous

2. From uttering one or more *elements* that should not be sounded; as,

driv *e*n	for	driv'n.	tòk *e*n	for	tòk'n.
êv *e*n	"	êv'n.	shâk *e*n	"	shâk'n.
heav *e*n	"	heav'n.	driv *e*l	"	driv'l.
tàk *e*n	"	tàk'n.	grov *e*l	"	grov'l.
sick *e*n	"	sick'n.	rav *e*l	"	rav'l.
brok *e*n	"	brok'n.	shov *e*l	"	shov'l.
sev *e*n	"	sev'n.	shriv *e*l	"	shriv'l.
sof*t* en	"	sof'n.	sniv *e*l	"	sniv'l.

3. From substituting one *element* for another; as,

sêt	for	sît.	cârse	for	course (còrs).
sênce	"	sînce.	re pârt	"	re pôrt.
shêt	"	shût.	trôf fy	"	trò phy.
gît	"	gêt.	pâ rent	"	pâr ent.
for gît	"	for gêt.	bûn net	"	bôn net.
hêrth	"	hearth (hârth).	chil drun	"	chil dren
bên	"	been (bîn).	sûl lar	"	cêl lar.
a gàn	"	a gain (agên).	mel l*e*r	"	mel lò*w*.
a gànst	"	a gainst (agênst).	pil l*e*r	"	pil lò*w*.
câre,	"	câre.	wil l*e*r	"	wil lò*w*.
dânce	"	dânce.	yel l*e*r	"	yel lò*w*.
pâst	"	pâst.	mo m*u*nt	"	mo m*e*nt.
âsk	"	âsk.	treat m*u*nt	"	treat m*e*nt.
lâst	"	lâst.	harm l*i*ss	"	harm l*e*ss.
grâss	"	grâss.	home l*i*ss	"	home l*e*ss.
drâft	"	drâft.	kind n*i*ss	"	kind n*e*ss.
stâff	"	stâff.	harsh n*i*ss	"	harsh n*e*ss.

Exercises in Articulation.

For a further exercise in Articulation, let the pupils, separately and in concert, read each of the following sentences several times, uttering the Elements in *italics* with *force* and *distinctness*.

1. He accep*ts* the ŏffice, an*d* attemp*ts* by his ac*ts* to conceal his fau*lts*.
2. The bo*ld*, *bl*ustering boys *br*oke bo*lts* an*d* bar*s*.
3. He tro*d* bol*d*ly the ha*lls* of his ance*s*tors.
4. These ac*ts* of gover*n*ment will result in a general an*d* grea*t* incre*a*se of *cr*ime.
5. There are ra*gs*, fi*gs*, an*d* dru*gs* in these ba*gs*.
6. He was a*tt*acke*d* with spas*ms* an*d* *d*ie*d* misera*bly* by the roa*d* si*de*.
7. He lŏn*gs* to sli*ng* the tŏn*gs* with all his stren*g*th.
8. Rega*rd*less of trou*bl's* and wrŏn*gs*, he cur*b'd* the an*g*er of that distur*b'd* ra*bble*.
9. He rea*ds* the ac*ts* of the gover*n*ment, and expec*ts* to learn the fac*ts* in the case.
10. If he reflec*t*, he will ta*k*e *prŏmpt* mea*n*s to secure their clu*bs* an*d* save his ri*bs*.
11. Dea*th* ravage*d* for mon*ths* *th*roughou*t* the whŏle le*ngth* and brea*dth* of the la*nd*.
12. For the hundred*th* time, he spo*k*e of le*ngths*, brea*dths*, wi*dths*, an*d* de*pths*.
13. *Wh*ispers of *r*evenge passe*d* silen*t*ly a*r*oun*d* a*m*on*g* the troo*ps*.
14. He lau*ghs*, an*d* qua*ffs* his ale, know*ing* that the ra*fts* and ski*ffs* are on the ree*fs* near the cli*ffs*.
15. What thou would*st highly* that thou would*st holily*.
16. Your fal*s*e friend*s* ai*m*, by ste*alth*, to secure the wea*lth* for *which* you de*lv'd*, and lŏst your hea*lth*.
17. As the water gu*sh'd* fo*r*th, he wi*sh'd* he had pu*sh'd* the dŏ*g* from the pa*th*, and hu*sh'd* the chil*d*.
18. Her fau*lts* were ag*g*ravate*d*, and held up to universal scorn an*d* re*p*roach.
19. The ra*gg*ed *m*adman, in his ram*bl*e, di*d* *m*adly ransac*k* every *p*an*t*ry in the pari*sh*.

20. Direc*t*ly a*f*te*r* these accide*nts*, *n*umerous *attempts* were made to emi*gr*a*te*.
21. The peevi*sh*, *f*ee*bl*e *fr*eeman *f*ee*bly* fou*gh*t for *fr*eedom.
22. It will pai*n* *n*obody, if the sa*d* *d*angler regai*n* *n*either *r*ope.
23. Fame, *f*ortune, and *fr*iend*s* *f*avor the *f*air.
24. *Th*eodore *Th*ick*th*ŏng *thr*ust *thr*ee *th*ousand *th*istles *thr*ough the *thi*ck of his *th*umb.
25. Beneath the booth, I found baths, laths, cloths, moths, paths, sheaths, and wreaths.
26. Prithee, blīthe you*th*, do not mouth your words when you wreathe your face with smiles.
27. The bes*t* defende*r*s of liberty do not commo*nly* vociferate mos*t* loud*ly* in i*ts* *pr*aise.
28. That fellō*w* sho*t* a minnō*w* on a willō*w*, in the nărrō*w* meado*w*, near the yēllō*w* house.
29. The *r*iva*l* *r*obbers *r*ode *r*ound and *r*ound the *r*ough and *r*ugged *r*ocks that *r*ear their *h*oary *h*eads *h*igh in the ai*r*.
30. Amids*t* the mis*ts* and cold*est* frŏs*ts*, with bare*st* wris*ts* and stoute*st* boas*ts*, he *thr*us*ts* his fis*ts* agains*t* (agēnst) the pos*ts*, and still insis*ts* he sees the ghos*ts*.
31. The *th*oughtless, helpless, homeless girl did not resen*t* his rudeness and harshness.
32. That blessèd and learnèd man says that that wingèd thi*ng* is stripèd or streakèd.
33. For thee are the *ch*aplet*s* of *ch*ainless *ch*arity and the *ch*alice of *ch*ild*l*ike *ch*eerfulness. *Ch*ange can not *ch*ange thee: from *ch*ildhood to the *ch*ar*n*el-house, from our fir*st* *ch*ildi*sh* *ch*irpings to the *ch*ills of the *ch*urch-yard, thou art our *ch*ēery, *ch*angeless *ch*ieftaïness.
34. *Wh*at *wh*im led *Wh*ite *Wh*itney to *wh*ittle, *wh*istle, *wh*isper, and *wh*imper near the *wh*arf, *wh*ere a flounderi*ng* *wh*ale might *wh*eel and *wh*irl?
35. With hŏrrid *h*owls, he *h*eave*d* the *h*eaven*s* above.
36. He has prin*ts* of a*n* ice-house, a*n* ocean, and was*tes* and deser*ts*.
37. Thou laid'*st* down and slept'*st*.
38. As thou found'*st*, so thou kee*p'st* me.
39. He said ceaseth, approacheth, rejoiceth; fall'*n*, hurl'*st*,

curv'*st*; barb'*dst*, swerv'*dst*, muzzl'*dst*; hard'*n'dst*, black'*n dst*, mangl'*dst*.

40. She au*thor*ita*tive*ly *led* us, and *d*isintere*sted*ly *l*abored for us, and we unhe*sitat*ingly admitted her reasona*ble*ness.

41. A storm arise*th* on the sea. A model vessel is *strug*gling amids*t* the war of element*s*, quivering and *sh*ivering, *sh*rinking and battling like a thinking being. The merciless, racking *wh*irlwinds, like *fr*ightful fiends, how*l*, and moan, and send *sh*arp, *sh*rill, *shrieks thr*ough the creaking cordage, snapping the *sheets* and mas*ts*. The *st*urdy sailors *st*and to their tas*ks*, and weather the severe*st* storm of the season.

Section II.—Syllabication.

1. A Syllable is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. A Monosyllable is a word of *one* syllable; as, *home*.

3. A Dissyllable is a word of *two* syllables; as, *home-less*.

4. A Trisyllable is a word of *three* syllables; as, *con-fine-ment*.

5. A Polysyllable is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *in-no-cen-cy*, *un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty*.

6. The Ultimate is the *last* syllable of a word; as *ful*, in peace-*ful*.

7. The Penult, or penultimate, is the last syllable but *one* of a word, as *māk*, in peace-*mak*-er.

8. The Antepenult, or antepenultimate, is the last syllable but *two* of a word; as *peace*, in *peace*-mak-er.

9. The Preantepenult, or preantepenultimate, is the last syllable but *three* of a word; as *mat*, in *mat*-ri-mo-ny.

Formation of Syllables.

In combining the oral elements into syllables, the following rules should be carefully observed:

1st. The elements of consonants that commence words should be uttered distinctly, but should not be much prolonged.[1]

2d. Elements that are represented by final consonants should be dwelt upon, and uttered with great distinctness.

3d. In uttering the elements that are represented by the final consonants *b*, *p*, *d*, *t*, *g*, and *k*, the organs of speech should not remain closed at the several *pauses* of discourse, but should be smartly separated by a kind of *echo;* as, I took down my hat-*t*, and put it upon my head-*d*.

4th. Unaccented syllables should be pronounced as distinctly as those which are accented: they should merely have less force of voice and less prolongation.

Very many of the prevailing faults of articulation result from a neglect of these rules, especially the second and the last. He who gives a full and definite sound to final consonants and to unaccented vowels, if he does it without stiffness or formality, can hardly fail to articulate well.

In the following lesson, let the pupils give the number and names of the syllables, in words of more than one syllable, and tell what rule for the formation of syllables each letter that appears in italics is designed to illustrate.

Economy and Avarice.

1. In a little village a few *k*ind-hearted citizens once went round from house to house, to procure contributions for a number of the poor inhabitants.

2. Early one morning, they came to the estate of a wealthy farmer. They found him standing before the stable, and heard, as they drew near, that he was scolding one of his men, because he had left the ropes, with which they tied their horses, in the rain all night, instead of putting them away in a dry place.

3. "Ah! we shall gĕt vĕry little here," said one to the other;

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[1] On this point, Dr. Rush mentions the error of a distinguished actor, who, in order to give force to his articulation, dwelt on the initial letters, as marked in the following lines:

"Canst thou not *m*-inister to a *m*-ind diseased,
Pl-uck from the *m*-emory a *r*-ooted sorrow?"

Such mouthing defeats its object.

"that man is very close." "We will at least try," said another, and they approached.

4. The gentleman received the strangers in a friendly manner, and as he was taking them into the house, they made known to him the object of their visit. How great was their astonishment to find, that he willingly gave them a large present in money, and, besides that, promised to give them the same amount every year, at about the same period!

5. The citizens were so grateful for this gift, that they felt it their duty to confess to the benevolent man, that his generosity was altogether unexpected, as the scolding, which he gave one of his men on account of a mere trifle, had induced them to suppose that he must be very close.

6. "My dear friends," was his answer, "the reason why I am so fortunate as to be able to be benevolent, is, because I have at all times been careful of what I have."

7. Do not be ashamed of economy, and do not imagine that it is avarice: of real avarice you should always be ashamed. Again, never refuse to be benevolent, because you falsely consider that benevolence is extravagance. But be benevolent in the right place, and therefore, in dispensing your favors, always do it with care and observation.

Section III.—Accent.

1. Accent is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. A mark like this ′ is often used to show which syllable is accented; as, read′ing, eat′ing, re ward′, com pel′, mis′chiev ous, vi o lin′, fire′-eat′er.

3. In many trisyllables and polysyllables, of two syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The more forcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible, *secondary*.

4. A mark like this ‵ is sometimes used to indicate secondary accent; as, ed‵u ca′tion, ed′u cate‵, mul‵ti pli ca′tion.

In words of more than one syllable, let the pupils tell on what syllables primary and secondary accents fall, in the following

Examples.

1. When the weary seaman, on the dreary deep, sees a beacon gleaming on the seashore, he is eager for the seaside.
2. If the marine force besiege the fort, we will march to its relief, when your friends can make a sortie and retrieve their loss.
3. The brigadier, cavalier, chevalier, grenadier, and volunteer were armed cap-a-pie.
4. On that momentous occasion, the majestic polemic made a pathetic speech for the prevention of oppression.
5. If you make an amicable arrangement with your adversary, he will be an admirable ac′cessary to the felony.
6. The aristocratic ecclesiastic addressed the people of that municipality in enthusiastic strains.
7. Impenetrability and indestructibility are two essential properties of matter.
8. The incommunicability and incomprehensibility of the ways of Providence are no obstacles to the eye of faith.

Words Distinguished by Accent.

Many words, or parts of speech, having the same form, are distinguished by accent alone. Nouns and adjectives are often thus distinguished from verbs.

Examples.

1. Why does your *ab′sent* friend *absent′* himself?
2. Did he *abstract′* an *ab′stract* of your speech from the desk?
3. Note the mark of *ac′cent*, and *accent′* the right syllable.
4. Buy some *cem′ent*, and *cement′* the glass.
5. *Desert′* us not in the *des′ert*.
6. If that *proj′ect* fail, he will *project′* another.
7. My *in′crease* is taken to *increase′* your wealth.
8. *Perfume′* the room with rich *per′fume*.

Accent Changed by Contrast.

The ordinary accent of words is sometimes changed by a contrast in sense, or to express opposition of thought.

EXAMPLES.

1. He must *in'*crease, but I must *de'*crease.

2. He did not say a new *ad'*dition, but a new *e'*dition.

3. Consider well what you have done, and what you have left *un'*done.

4. I said that she will *sus'*pect the truth of the story, not that she will *ex'*pect it.

5. He that *de'*scended is also the same that *as'*cended.

6. This corruptible must put on *in'*corruption; and this mortal must put on *im'*mortality.

SECTION IV.—EMPHASIS.

1. EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence.

2. To give a word emphasis, means to pronounce it in a loud or *forcible* manner. Intense emphasis may often be expressed, even by a whisper.

3. Emphatic words are often printed in *italics;* those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

4. By the proper use of emphasis, we are enabled to impart animation and interest to conversation and reading. Its importance can not be over-estimated, as the meaning of a sentence often depends upon the proper placing of the emphasis. If readers have a desire to produce an impression on hearers, and read what they *understand* and FEEL, they will generally place emphasis on the right words. Pupils, however, should be required to observe carefully the following

RULES FOR THE USE OF EMPHASIS.

1. Words and phrases peculiarly significant, or important in meaning, are emphatic; as, *Whence* and *what* art thou, execrable shape! My first reason for the adoption of this measure is, *the people demand it;* my second reason is, THE PEOPLE DEMAND IT.

2. Words and phrases that contrast, or point out a difference,

are emphatic; as, I did not say a *better* soldier, but an *elder. Take courage!* let your motto be, "*Ever onward*," not "*Never constant.*"

3. The repetition of an emphatic word usually requires an *increased* force of utterance; as, *You* injured my child, YOU, sir.

4. A *succession* of important words usually requires a gradual increase of emphatic force, though emphasis sometimes falls on the last word of a series only; as, His *disappointment*, his ANGUISH, his DEATH, were caused by your carelessness. These misfortunes are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the *weak*, as to the rich, the wise, and the *powerful.*

Require pupils to tell which of the preceding rules is illustrated by each of the following

EXAMPLES.

1. Speak *little* and *well*, if you wish to be considered as possessing mĕrit.

2. *Boisterous* in speech, in action *prŏmpt* and *bold.*

3. He buys, he *sells*,—he STEALS, he KILLS for gold.

4. But here I stand for *right*, for ROMAN right.

5. I shall know but *one* country. I was *born* an Amĕrican; I *live* an Amĕrican; I shall *die* an Amĕrican.

6. I shall sing the praises of *October*, as the *loveliest* of months.

7. A good man loves HIMSELF too well to *lose* an estate by gaming, and his NEIGHBOR too well to *win* one.

8. The GOOD man is *honored*, but the EVIL man is *despised.*

9. The *young* are slaves to *novelty:* the *old*, to *custom:* the *middle-aged*, to *both:* the *dead*, to *nēither.*

10. The *wicked* flee when no man *pursueth;* but the *righteous* are bold as a lion.

11. *They come! to arms!* TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

12. None but the *brave*, none but the BRAVE, none but the BRAVE deserve the fair.

13. A *day*, an HOUR, of *virtuous liberty*, is worth a whŏle ETERNITY in bondage.

14. It is my *living* sentiment, and, by the blessing of Gŏd, it shall be my *dying* sentiment—independence NOW, and independence FOREVER.

15. The *thunders of heaven* are sometimes heard to *roll* in the *voice of a united people.*

16. Let us fight for *our country*, OUR WHŌLE COUNTRY, and NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY.

17. Son of night, RETIRE; call thy winds and *fly.* WHY dost thou come to my presence with thy shadowy arms? Do I FEAR thy *gloomy form*, dismal spirit of Loda? WEAK is thy shield of clouds; FEEBLE is that meteor, thy *sword.*

18. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I *pronounce* it to you: trippingly on the tongue; but if you *mouth* it, as *many* of our players do, I had as lief the town-*crier* spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand *thus*, but use all *gently*; for in the very torrent, *tempest*, and (as I may say) WHIRLWIND of your passion, you must acquire and begĕt a *temperance* that will give it *smoothness.*

19. O, now you *weep*; and I perceive you feel the dint of PITY: these are *gracious* drops. *Kind souls! What*, weep you when you but behold our Cæsar's VESTURE wounded? Look ye here! Here is HIMSELF, MARRED, as you see, by TRAITORS.

20. As Cæsar *loved* me, I *weep* for him: as he was *fortunate*, I *rejoice* at it: as he was *valiant*, I *honor* him; but as he was AMBITIOUS, I *slew him.* There is *tears* for his love, *joy* for his fortune, *honor* for his valor, and DEATH for his *ambition.*

SECTION V.—INFLECTIONS.

1. INFLECTIONS are the bends or slides of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

There are three inflections or slides of the voice: the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX. A mark inclining to the right ′ is sometimes used to indicate the Rising Inflection; a mark inclining to the left, ‵ the Falling Inflection. When the Circumflex commences with a *rising* and ends with a *falling* slide of the voice, it is indicated thus, ^; but when it commences with a *falling* and ends with a *rising* slide, it is indicated thus, ˅, which the pupil will perceive is the same mark inverted.

Though each of the above marks always indicates an inflection of the same *kind*, yet the slides differ greatly in the *degree*, or *extent of their rise or fall.* In some the voice has a very slight, and in others, a very marked upward or downward movement, depending on the *nature* of what is expressed. We do not give *definite* rules touching these shades of difference in the *degree* of inflection, as they would rather perplex than aid the learner. In a few examples, however, this difference is indicated by the use of *italics* and CAPITAL LETTERS.

2. THE RISING INFLECTION is the upward bend or slide of the voice; as, Do you love your *home*′?

3. THE FALLING INFLECTION is the downward bend or slide of the voice; as, When will you go *home*‵?

The *rising* inflection carries the voice upwards *from the general pitch*, and suspends it on the highest tone required; while the *falling* inflection commences *above* the *general pitch*, and falls down to it; as, Did you say ball′ or fall‵? At the end, or final close, of a declarative sentence, when the falling slide commences on the *general pitch*, and falls below the key, it is sometimes called the *Cadence*, or falling slide of termination; as, God is *Love*.

4. THE CIRCUMFLEX is the union of the two inflections of the voice on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*, or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, thus producing a slight wave of the voice; as, Mother, *yŏu* have *mў* father much offended.

Inflection, or the slide, is one of the most important divisions of elocution, because all speech is made up of slides, and because the right or wrong formation of these gives a pervading character to the whole delivery. It is to the graceful formation of the slides that we are chiefly indebted for that easy and refined utterance which prevails in polished society; while the coarse and rustic tones of the vulgar are commonly owing to some early and erroneous habit in this respect. Most of the schoolboy

15. The *thunders of heaven* are sometimes heard to *roll* in the *voice of a united people.*

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faults in delivery, such as drawling, whining, and a monotonous singing sound, result from a wrong formation of the slide, and may be anticipated or corrected by a proper course of practice on this element of speech.

A slide consists of two parts, viz.: the *opening sound*, and the *vanish*, or gradual diminution of force, until the sound is lost in silence. Three things are necessary to the perfect formation of a slide.

1st, The opening sound must be struck with a *full* and *lively* impulse of voice.

2d. The diminution of force must be regular and equable—not more rapid in one part than another, but naturally and gracefully declining to the last.

3d. The final *vanish* must be delicately formed, without being abrupt on the one hand, or too much prolonged on the other.

Thus, a *full opening*, a *gradual decrease*, and a *delicate termination* are requisite to the perfect formation of a slide.

Let the pupils pronounce the following words with contrasted inflections, using great pains to form the slides in the manner just indicated:

1. Call′, call‵; far′, far‵; fame′, fame‵; shame′, shame‵; air′ air‵; scene′, scene‵; mile′, mile‵; pile′, pile‵.

2. Roam′, roam‵; tool′, tool‵; school′, school‵; pure′, pure‵; mule′, mule‵; join′, join‵; our′, our‵.

3. Land′, land‵; barb′, barb‵; made′, made‵; tribe′, tribe‵; road′, road‵; mood′, mood‵; tube′, tube‵; loud′, loud‵.

4. Will′, will‵; right′, right‵; hope′, hope‵; love′, love‵; prosper′, prosper‵; higher′, higher‵; safety′, safety‵; power′, power‵; talents′, talents‵; wisdom′, wisdom‵; virtue′, virtue‵.

Rules for the Use of Inflections.

1. Direct questions, or those that can be answered by *yes*, or *no*, usually require the *rising* inflection; but their answers, the *falling*.

Examples.

1. Do you love that laughing child′? I do‵.

2. Are those purple plums and red-cheeked peaches ripe′? Yes‵.

3 May I eat some of the sweet grapes that hang in clusters by the wall′? Yes‵.

4. Has any one sailed around the earth′? Yes‵, Captain Cook‵

5. Will you forsake us′? and will you favor us no more′?

6. Is not this the carpenter's son′? and is not his mother called Mary′? and his brethren, James′, and Joses′, and Simon′, and Judas′? and his sisters, are they not all with us′?

Exceptions.—The *falling* inflection is required when the direct question becomes an earnest appeal, and the answer is anticipated; and when a direct question, not at first understood, is repeated with marked emphasis.

Examples.

1. *Are*‵ you, my dear sir, willing to forgive‵?

2. James, *can*‵ you ever forget the kindness of your mother‵?

3. *Was*‵ the lady that first visited us as beautiful as the one that just left the house‵?

4. *Will*‵ her love survive your neglect‵? and *may*‵ not you expect the sneers, both of your wife‵, and of her parents‵?

5. Do you reside in the city′? What did you say, sir′? Do you reside in the *city*‵?

6. Do you think peace and honor sweet words′? I beg your pardon, sir. Do you think peace and honor sweet *words*‵?

2. Indirect questions, or those that can not be answered by *yes*, or *no*, usually require the *falling* inflection, and their answers the same.

Examples.

1. Who can reward you for your kindness‵?

2. Who will pay for those beautiful flowers‵? My mother‵.

3. Where can you see such rivers and lakes‵? In America‵

4. Whose watch is this‵? and what do you suppose it might be bought for‵?

5. Whither have you led me‵? and to whom do these beautiful creatures belong‵?

6. Who said, "A wise man is never less alone than when he is alone`?" Swift`.

EXCEPTIONS.—The *rising* inflection is required when an indirect question is used to ask a repetition of what was not at first understood; and when the *answers* to questions, whether direct or indirect, are given in an indifferent or careless manner.

EXAMPLES.

1. *What* bird did you say that is'?
2. *Whither* did you say you would lead me'?
3. Where did you find those young birds`? In the meadow`. *Where* did you say'?
4. Shall I send James and Henry to visit you'? As you please'.
5. Will you be displeased if your friends desert you'? Not much'.
6. How many scholars did you see in the yard`? Some fifteen or twenty'.

3. Questions, words, and clauses, connected by the disjunctive *or*, usually require the rising inflection before, and the falling after it; though, when *or* is used *conjunctively*, it takes the rising inflection *after*, as well as *before* it.

EXAMPLES.

1. Did you do that kind act on the Sabbath day', or on Monday`?
2. Does that beautiful lady deserve praise', or blame`?
3. It was large' or small`, ripe' or unripe`, sweet' or sour`.
4. You saw an old' man or a young` man, a tall' man or a short` man.
5. Can youth', or health', or strength', or honor', or pleasure' satisfy the soul'?
6. Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea'? or hast thou walked in search of the depths'? Hast thou an arm like God'? or canst thou thunder like him'?

4. When words or clauses are contrasted or compared, the first part usually has the *rising*, and the last the *falling* inflection; though, when one side of the contrast is *affirmed*, and the other *denied*, generally the latter has the *rising* inflection, in whatever order they occur.

EXAMPLES.

1. I have seen the effects of love' and hatred`, joy' and grief` hope' and despair`.
2. A wise' son maketh a glad father'; but a foolish` son is the heaviness of his mother`.
3. Men's words' are like leaves`, and their deeds' like fruits`.
4. We should judge of others, not by our' light, but by their own`.
5. The first object of a true zeal is that we may do right`, not that we may prosper'.
6. The supreme law of a State is not its safety', its power', its prosperity': there is a *higher* law, even Virtue`, Rectitude`, the Will of God`.

5. Familiar address, and the pause of suspension, denoting condition, supposition, or incompleteness, usually require the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Officers', soldiers', friends', Americans', our country must be free.
2. If thine enemy hunger', give him bread to eat; if he thirst', give him water to drink.
3. To sit up late at night', to use intoxicating drinks', and to indulge evil passions', are things not permitted in this school.
4. Consider (and may the consideration sink deep into you heart!) the fatal consequences of a wicked life.
5. The sun being risen', and the discourse being ended', we resumed our march.
6. His adventures', his toils', his privations', his sufferings, his hair-breadth escapes', and his struggles for victory and liberty', are all remembered.

6. The language of concession, politeness, admiration, entreaty, and tender emotions, usually requires the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Your remark is true′: the manners of this country have not all the desirable ease and freedom′. We are improving, however, in this respect.

2. My dear sir′, we ought not to be discouraged at the fickleness of fortune′.

3. O noble friend′! Thy self-denial is wonderful′! thy deeds of charity are innumerable′! Never will I forget thee′!

4. Then Judah came near unto him, and said′, O my lord′, let thy servant′, I pray thee′, speak a word in my lord's ears′, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant′, for thou art even as Pharaoh‵.

5. O my son Absalom′! my son′, my son Absalom′! Would God I had died for thee′, Absalom′, my son′, my son′!

7. The end of a sentence that expresses completeness, conclusion, or result, usually requires the falling slide of termination, which commences on the general pitch and falls below it; as, The rose is beautiful.

EXAMPLES.

1. That industrious scholar has finished his task.

2. The great end of society is to give free scope to the exertions of all.

3. The idea of right can never be effaced from the human mind.

8. At each complete termination of thought, before the close of a sentence, the *falling* inflection is usually required; though, when several pauses occur, the last but one generally has the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Every human being has the idea of duty‵; and to unfold this idea, is the end for which life was given him.

2. The rocks crumble‵; the trees fall‵; the leaves fade′, and the grass withers.

3. The tears of the sufferers are already dried‵, their rage is hushed‵, their complaints are silenced′, and they no lŏnger claim our pity.

9. The language of command, rebuke, contempt, exclamation, and terror, usually requires the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Go to the *ant*‵, thou sluggard, consider *her* ways, and be wise‵.

2. *Awake*‵*!* ye sons of Spain. *Awake*‵*!* *Advance*‵*!*

3. If ye are *men*, follow me‵! Strike down yŏn guard‵,—gain the mountain passes‵,—and then do bloody work‵.

4. Thou slave‵, thou wretch‵, thou coward‵! Away‵ from my sight‵!

5. Mercy‵ on me! breathe it not aloud‵, the wild winds must not hear‵ it,—'tis a foul murder‵.

6. What a piece of work is man‵! what a subject of contradiction‵! how noble‵! how mean‵! the glory and the scandal of the universe‵.

10. The last member of a *commencing* series, and the last but one of a *concluding* series, usually require the rising inflection; and all others the *falling*.

EXAMPLES.

1. In eloquence, we see sublimity‵, beauty‵, genius‵, and power′, in their noblest exercise‵.

2. It is this depth‵, this weight‵, this elevation of principle‵ this purity of motive′, which makes them the admiration of the world‵.

3. But the fruit of the Spirit is love‵, joy‵, peace‵, lŏng-suffering‵, gentleness‵, goodness‵, faith‵, meekness′, temperance‵.

4. In most armies the ranks are filled with the depraved‵, the desperate‵, the cruel‵, the bloody′, and the rapācious‵.

5. The youth lŏngs to be at age\, then to be a man of business\, then to make up an estate\, then to arrive at honors′, and then to retire\

11. Emphatic *repetition*, and the pointed enumeration of *particulars*, require the *falling* inflection.

The stress of voice should be gradually increased on each repetition, or succession of particulars. The preceding rule with regard to a commencing and a concluding series, should be duly observed.

EXAMPLES.

1. If I were an American, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, *I never would lay down my arms—never\!* NEVER\! NEVER\!

2. His first cry was, *Gŏd and liberty*. His second cry was, GOD AND LIBERTY\. His third cry was, GOD AND LIBERTY\.

3. He aspired to be the highest\; above the people\, above the laws\, above his country′, above surrounding nations\.

4. They, through faith, subdued kingdoms\, wrought righteousness\, obtained promises\, stopped the mouth of lions\, quenched the violence of fire\, escaped the edge of the sword\, out of weakness were made strŏng\, waxed valiant in fight′, turned to flight the armies of the aliens\.

12. THE CIRCUMFLEX is used in language of irony, sarcasm, derision, condition, and contrast.

EXAMPLES.

1 He is a râre pattern of humanity.

2. One may be wĭse, though he be poôr.

3. No doubt yĕ are the pêople, and wisdom shall die with yoû.

4. Thĕy follow an adventurer whom they fêar; wê serve a monarch whom we lôve.

5. "'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye\!"
"*Grĕen\!*" cries the other, in a fury;
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyês\?"

SECTION VI.—MODULATION.

MODULATION is the act of varying the voice in reading and speaking. Among its more important divisions are PITCH, FORCE, QUALITY, and RATE.

PITCH.

1. PITCH refers to the *key-note* of the voice—its general degree of elevation or depression, in reading and speaking. We mark three general distinctions of Pitch: HIGH, MODERATE, and LOW.

2. THE HIGH PITCH is that which is heard in calling to a person at a distance. It is used in expressing elevated and joyous feelings; as,

Go ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;
Shout "Freedom\!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.

3. THE MODERATE PITCH is that which is heard in common conversation. It is used in expressing ordinary thought and moderate emotion; as,

The morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know any thing about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day that comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast.

4. THE LOW PITCH is that which is heard when the voice falls below the common speaking key. It is used in expressing emotions of reverence, awe, and sublimity; as,

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark\! on the winds
The bells' deep tones are swelling;—'tis the knell
Of the departed year.

Exercise on Pitch.

Select a sentence, and deliver it on as low a key as possible; then repeat it, gradually elevating the pitch, until the top of the voice shall have been reached; when the exercise may be reversed. So valuable is this exercise, that it should be repeated as ŏften as possible.

Force.

1. Force is the volume or loudness of voice, used on the same key or pitch, when reading or speaking.

Though the degrees of force are numerous, varying from a sŏft whisper to a shout, yet they may be considered as three: Loud, Moderate, and Gentle.

2. Loud Force is used in strong but suppressed passions, and vehement emotions; as,

How like a *fawning pŭblican* he looks!
I *hate* him, for that he is a *Christian.*
If I but cătch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ăncient grudge I bear him.

3. Moderate Force, or a medium degree of loudness, is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; as,

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrŏng; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yĕsterday.

4. Gentle Force, or a slight degree of loudness, is used to express caution, fear, secrecy, and tender emotions; as,

Heard ye the whisper of the breeze,
As sŏftly it murmured by,
Amid the shadowy fŏrest trees?
It tells, with meaning sigh,
Of the bowers of bliss on that viewless shore
Where the weary spirit shall sin no more.

Exercise on Force.

Select a sentence, and deliver it on a given key, with voice just sufficient to be heard: then gradually increase the quantity, until the whole power of the voice is brought into play. Reverse the process, without change of key, ending with a whisper. This exercise is so valuable that it can not be too frequently epeated.

Quality.

1. Quality has reference to the kind of tone used in reading and speaking. They are the Pure Tone, the Orotund, the Aspirated, and the Guttural.

2. The Pure Tone is a clear, smooth, round, flowing sound, accompanied with moderate pitch; and is used to express peace, cheerfulness, joy, and love; as,

Methinks I love all common things;
The common air, the common flower;
The dear, kind, common thought, that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?

3. The Orotund is the pure tone deepened, enlarged and intensified. It is used in all energetic and vehement forms of expression, and in giving utterance to grand and sublime emotions; as,

Strike, till the last armed foe *expires;*
Strike, for your *altars* and your fires;
STRIKE, for the green graves of your sires;
Gŏd and your *native land.*

4. The Aspirated is an expulsion of the breath more or less strong, the words being spoken in a whisper. It is used to express amazement, fear, terror, horror, revenge, and remorse; as,

How ill this taper burns!
Ha! who comes here?
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;
My blood grows *chilly*, and I *freeze with horror.*

5. The Guttural is a deep under-tone, used to express hatred, contempt, and loathing. It occurs on the emphatic words; as,

Thou *slave*, thou *wretch*, thou *coward!*
Thou cold-blooded *slave!*
Thou wear a lion's hide?
Doff it, for *shame*, and hang
A *calf-skin* on those recreant limbs.

Rate.

1. Rate refers to movement, and is Quick, Moderate, or Slow.

2. Quick Rate is used to express joy, mirth, confusion, violent anger, and sudden fear; as,

Away! away! our fires stream bright
Along the frozen river,
And their ārrōwy sparkles of brilliant light
On the fōrest branches quiver.

And there was mounting in hot haste,
The steed, the must'ring squadron, and the clatt'ring car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

3. Moderate Rate is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; in cheerfulness, and the gentler forms of the emotions; as,

When the sun walks upon the blue sea-waters,
Smiling the shadōws from yŏn purple hills,
We pace this shore,—I and my brother here,
Good Gerald. We arise with the shrill lark,
And bōth unbind our brows from sullen dreams,

And then doth my dear brother, who hath worn
His cheek all pallid with perpetual thought,
Enrich me with sweet words; and ōft a smile
Will stray amidst his lessons, as he marks
New wonder paint my cheek, or fondly reads,
Upon the burning page of my black eyes,
The truth reflected which he casts on me.

4. Slow Rate is used to express grandeur, vastness, pathos, solemnity, adoration, horror, and consternation; as,

O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Exercise on Rate.

Select a sentence, and deliver it as slow as may be possible, without drawling. Repeat the sentence with a slight increase of rate, until you shall have reached a rapidity of utterance at which distinct articulation ceases. Having done this, reverse the process, repeating slower and slower. This exercise will enable pupils to acquire the ability to increase and diminish rate at pleasure, which is one of the most important elements of good reading and speaking.

Section VII.—Pauses.

Pauses are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give effect to expression. They are often more eloquent than words.

Pauses differ greatly in their frequency and their length, according to the nature of the subject. In lively conversation, and rapid argument, they are comparatively few and short. In serious, dignified, and pathetic speaking, they are far more numerous and more prolonged.

The pause is marked thus ⌙, in the following illustrations and exercises.

Rules for the Use of Pauses.

1. A pause is required after a *compound nominative* in all cases; and after a nominative consisting of a single word, when it is either *emphatic*, or is the leading subject of discourse; as,

Joy and sŏrrŏw ⌙ move him not. No people ⌙ can claim him. No country ⌙ can appropriate him.

2. A pause is required after words which are in *apposition with*, or *opposition to*, each other; as,

Solomon ⌙ the son of David ⌙ was king of Israel. False delicacy is affectation ⌙ not politeness.

3. A pause is required after *but*, *hence*, and other words denoting a marked transition, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence; as,

But ⌙ it was reserved for Arnold ⌙ to blend all these bad qualities into one. Hence ⌙ Solomon calls the fear of the Lord ⌙ the beginning of wisdom.

4. A pause is required before *that*, when a conjunction or relative, and the relatives *who*, *which*, *what;* together with *when*, *whence*, and other adverbs of time and place, which involve the idea of a relative; as,

He went to school ⌙ that he might become wise. This is the man ⌙ that loves me. We were present ⌙ when La Fayette embarked at Havre for New York.

5. A pause is required before the *infinitive mood*, when governed by another verb, or when separated by an intervening clause from the word which governs it; as,

He has gŏne ⌙ to convey the news. He smote me with a rod ⌙ to please my enemy.

6. In cases of *ellipsis*, a pause is required where one or more words are omitted; as,

So goes the world; if ⌙ wealthy, you may call this ⌙ friend, that ⌙ brother.

7. Pauses are used to set off *qualifying clauses* by themselves; to separate *qualifying terms* from each other, when a number of them refer to the same word; and when an adjective follows its noun; as,

The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and ⌙ *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks* ⌙ seems ⌙ *with continuous laughter* ⌙ to rejoice in its own being. He had a mind ⌙ deep ⌙ active ⌙ well stored with knowledge.

These rules, though important if properly applied, are by no means complete; nor can any be invented which shall meet all the cases that arise in the complicated relations of thought. A good reader or speaker pauses, on an average, at every fifth or sixth word, and in many cases much more frequently. His only guide, in many instances, is a discriminating taste in grouping ideas, and separating by pauses those which are less intimately allied. In doing this, he will often use what may be called

Suspensive Quantity.

Suspensive Quantity means prolonging the end of a word, without actually pausing after it; and thus suspending, without wholly interrupting the progress of sound.

The prolongation on the last syllable of a word, or Suspensive Quantity, is indicated thus ‾, in the following examples. It is used chiefly for three purposes:

1st. To prevent too frequent a recurrence of pauses; as,

Her lover ¯ sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief ¯ is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows ¯ flee—she checks their base career;
The foe ¯ retires—she heads the rallying host.

2d. To produce a slighter disjunction than would b made by a pause; and thus at once to separate and unite; as,

Would you kill ¯ your friend and benefactor? Would you practice hypocrisy ¯ and smile in his face, while your conspiracy is ripening?

3d. To break up the current of sound into small portions, which can be easily managed by the speaker, without the abruptness which would result from pausing wherever this relief was needed; and to give ease in speaking; as,

That lame ¯ man, by the field ¯ tent, is untainted ¯ with the crime of blood, and free ¯ from any stain of treason.

Rule.

Whenever a preposition is followed by as many as three or four words which depend upon it, the word preceding the preposition will either have suspensive quantity, or else a pause; as,

He is the pride ¯ of the whole country.

Most of the rules given above, and especially those respecting the emphatic nominative and contrasted words, are illustrated by the following

Exercise.

1. It matters very little ⏑ what immediate ¯ spot ⏑ may have been the birth-place ¯ of such a man as Washington. *No* people ⏑ can claim ⏑⏑ no country ⏑ can appropriate him. The

boon ¯ of Providence to the human race ⏑ his fame ⏑ is eternity ⏑⏑ and his dwelling-place ⏑ creation.

2. Though it was the defeat ⏑ of our arms ⏑ and the disgrace ⏑ of our policy ⏑⏑ I almost bless ¯ the convulsion ⏑ in which he had his ŏrigin. If the heavens thundered ⏑ and the earth ¯ rocked ⏑⏑ yet, ⏑ when the storm passed, ⏑ how pure ¯ was the climate ⏑ that it cleared ⏑⏑ how bright ⏑ in the brow of the firmament ⏑ was the planet ⏑ which it revealed to us!

3. In the production of Washington ⏑ it does really appear ⏑ as if nature ⏑ was endeavoring to improve ¯ upon herself ⏑⏑ and that all the virtues ¯ of the ăncient world ⏑ were but so many *studies* ⏑ preparatory ¯ to the pātriot of the new. Individual ¯ instances ⏑ no doubt there were ⏑ splendid exemplifications ⏑ of some single qualification. Cæsar ⏑ was merciful ⏑⏑ Scipio ⏑ was continent ⏑⏑ Hannibal ⏑ was patient. But ⏑ it was reserved for Washington ⏑ to blend ¯ them all in one ⏑⏑ and like the lovely master-piece ¯ of the Grecian artist ⏑ to exhibit ⏑ in one glow ¯ of associated beauty ⏑ the pride ¯ of every model ⏑ and the perfection ¯ of every master.

4. As a general ⏑⏑ he marshaled the peasant ⏑ into a veteran ⏑⏑ and supplied by discipline ⏑ the absence of experience. As a statesman ⏑⏑ he enlarged the policy ¯ of the cabinet ⏑ into the most comprehensive system ¯ of general advantage. And such ⏑ was the wisdom ¯ of his views ⏑ and the philosophy ¯ of his counsels ⏑⏑ that to the soldier ⏑ and the statesman ⏑ he almost added ⏑ the character of the sage.

5. A conqueror ⏑ he was untainted ¯ with the crime of blood ⏑⏑ a revolutionist ⏑ he was free ¯ from any stain of treason ⏑ for aggression ¯ commenced the contest ⏑ and his country ¯ called him to the field. Liberty ⏑ unsheathed his sword ⏑⏑ necessity ⏑ stained ⏑⏑ victory ⏑ returned it.

6. If he had paused *here* ⏑ history might have doubted ⏑ what station ¯ to assign him ⏑⏑ whether at the head of her citizens ⏑ or her soldiers ⏑⏑ her heroes ⏑ or her pātriots. But the last ¯ glorious ¯ act ⏑ *crowns* ¯ his career ⏑ and banishes ¯ all

hesitation. Who ⏑ like Washington ⏑ after having emanci pated ¯ a hemisphere ⏑ resigned ¯ its crown ⏑ ⏑ and preferred the retirement of domestic life ⏑ to the adoration of a land ⏑ he might almost be said to have created?

7. How ¯ shall we rank thee ⏑ upon glory's ¯ page,
Thou *more* ¯ than *soldier* ⏑ and just *less* ¯ than *sage!*
All thou *hast* ¯ been ⏑ reflects less ¯ praise ⏑ on thee,
Far ¯ less ⏑ than all thou hast forborne ¯ to be.

Observation to Teachers.

In order to form finished readers, it will be necessary, after pupils have thoroughly mastered Part First, for them frequently to review the more important elements of elocution. In Part Second, they should be required to study each reading lesson, and learn the definitions and pronunciation of the words given at the bottom of the pages, before attempting to read. The judgment and taste of the pupils should constantly be called into exercise, by requiring them to determine what principle, or principles, of elocution, each reading lesson is best adapted to illustrate.

KEY

TO THE SOUNDS OF MARKED LETTERS.

âge or āge, ât or ăt, ârt, âll, bâre, âsk; wè or wē, ĕnd or ēnd, hêr; ïce or īce, în or ĭn; ôld or ōld, ôn or ŏn, dȯ· nûte or mūte, ûp or ŭp, fûll; ṫhis; azure; reäl; agèd.

THE

NATIONAL FOURTH READER.

PART II.

Exercises in Reading.

1. Spring.

THE old chroniclers[1] made the year begin in the season of frŏsts; and they have launched us upon the cŭrrent[2] of the months, from the snowy banks of January. I love better to count time from spring to spring; it seems to me far more cheerful, to reckon the year by blossoms, than by blight.

2. Bernardin de St. Pierre,[3] in his sweet story of Virginia, makes the bloom of the cōcōa-tree, or the growth of the banana,[4] a yearly and a loved monitor[5] of the passage of her life. How cold and cheerless in the comparison, would be the icy chronology[6] of the North;——So many years have I seen the lakes locked, and the foliage die!

3. The budding and blooming of spring, seem to belŏng properly to the opening of the months. It is the season of the quickest expansion,[7] of the warmest blood, of the readiest growth; it is the boy-age of the year. The birds sing in chŏrus in the spring—just as children prattle; the brooks run full—like the overflow of young hearts; the showers drop easily—as young

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[1] Chrŏn′ i clers, historians.—[2] Cŭr′ rent, a regular flow, or onward movement; progress.—[3] James H. Bernardin de St. Pierre, the celebrated author of "Paul and Virginia," lived between 1737 and 1813.—[4] Ba-nä′ na, a tall West India plant, and its fruit, which is valued for food.—[5] Mŏn′ i tor, an adviser.—[6] Chro nŏl′ o gy, the method of computing time, and ascertaining the dates of events.—[7] Ex pän′ sion, spreading out, like the opening of the leaves of a flower.

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tears flow; and the whōle sky is as capricious as the mind of a boy.

4. Between tears and smiles, the year, like the child, struggles into the warmth of life. The old year,—say what the chronologists will,—lingers upon the vĕry lap of spring; and is only fairly gōne, when the blossoms of April have strewn[2] their pall[3] of glory upon his tomb, and the blue-birds have chanted his requiem.[4]

5. It always seems to me as if an accĕss[5] of life came with the melting of the winter's snows; and as if every rootlet of grass that lifted its first green blade from the matted debris[6] of the old year's decay, bore my spirit upon it, nearer to the largess[7] of Heaven.

6. I love to trace the break of spring, step by step: I love even those lōng rain-storms that sap the icy fortresses of the lingering winter,—that melt the snows upon the hills, and swell the mountain-brooks;—that make the pools heave up their glassy cēre'ments[8] of ice, and hūrry down the crashing fragments into the wastes of ocean. I love the gentle thaws that you can trace, day by day, by the stained snow-banks, shrinking from the grass; and by the gentle drip of the cottage-eaves.

7. I love to search out the sunny slopes by a southern wall, where the reflected sun does double duty to the earth, and where the frail anĕm'one,[9] or the faint blush of the ar'bute,[10] in the midst of the bleak March atmosphere, will touch your heart, like a hope of Heaven, in a field of graves! Later come these sōft, smoky days, when the patches of winter grain show green under the shelter of leafless woods, and the last snow-drifts, reduced to shrunken skeletons[11] of ice, lie upon the slope of northern hills, leaking away their life.

8. Then, the grass at your door grows into the color of the

Capricious (ka prish' us), apt to change one's mind often and suddenly; changeable.—[2] Strewn (strōn), scattered.—[3] Pāll, a covering.—[4] Requiem (rē' kwe em), a song for the dead.—[5] Ac cĕss', increase.—[6] Debris (dā brē'), ruins; fragments; pieces worn off.—[7] Lār' gess, bounty; free gift.—[8] Cēre' ments, cloths dipped in wax, in which dead bodies were buried; coverings.—[9] A nĕm' o ne, the wind-flower.—[10] Ar' būte, the strawberry-tree, not the common strawberry.—[11] Skĕl' e tons, frames, or parts of a thing that support the rest; bones without flesh.

sprouting grain, and the buds upon the līlacs swell and burst. The peaches bloom upon the wall, and the plums wear bodices[1] of white. The sparkling ōriōle picks string for his hammock[2] on the sycamore, and the spărrōws twitter in pairs. The old elms throw down their dingy flowers, and color their spray with green; and the brooks, where you throw your worm or the minnow,[3] float down whōle fleets of the crimson blossoms of the maple.

9. Finally, the oaks step into the opening quadrille[4] of spring, with grayish tufts of a modest verdure, which, by and by, will be lōng and glōssy leaves. The dŏg-wood pitches his broad white tent, in the edge of the fōrest; the dandelions lie alŏng the hillocks, like stars in a sky of green; and the wild cherry growing in all the hedge-rows, without other culture than Gōd's, lifts up to Him, thankfully, its tremulous white fingers.

10. Amid all this, come the rich rains of spring. The affections of a boy grow up with tears to water them; and the year blooms with showers. But the clouds hover over an April sky, timidly —like shadōws upon innocence. The showers come gently, and drop daintily to the earth,—with now and then a glimpse of sunshine to make the drops bright—like so many tears of joy. The rain of winter is cold, and it comes in bitter scuds that blind you; but the rain of April steals upon you coyly, half reluctantly,—yet lovingly—like the steps of a bride to the altar.

11. It does not gāther like the storm-clouds of winter, gray and heavy alŏng the horī'zon,[5] and creep with subtle[6] and insensible approaches to the vĕry zenith;[7] but there are a score[8] of white-wingĕd swimmers afloat, that your eye has chased, as you lay fatigued with the delicious languor of an April sun;—nor have you scarce noticed that a little bĕvy[9] of those floating clouds had grouped togĕther in a somber[10] company.

12. But presently, you see acrōss the fields, the dark gray streaks stretching like lines of mists, from the green bosom of

[1] Bŏd'i ces, corsets; stays.—[2] Hām' mock, bed; nest.—[3] Min' nŏw, a very small fresh-water fish, used for bait.—[4] Qua drille', a dance.—[5] Horī' zon, the line where the sky and earth appear to meet.—[6] Subtle (sŭt' tl), sly; artful; cunning.—[7] Zē' nith, the point in the sky directly overhead.—[8] Scōre, twenty; any indefinite number.—[9] Bĕv' y, company.—[10] Sōm' ber, dark; gloomy.

the valley, to that spot of sky where the company of clouds is loitering; and with an easy shifting of the helm,[1] the fleet of swimmers come drifting over you, and drop their burden into the dancing pools, and make the flowers glisten, and the eaves drip with their crystal bounty. The cattle linger still, cropping the new-come grass; and childhood laughs joyously at the warm rain;—or under the cottage roof, cătches, with eager ear, the patter of its fall. D. G. Mitchell.

2. The Awakening Year.

1. THE blue-birds and the violets
Are with us once again,
And promises of summer spot[2]
The hill-side and the plain.

2. The clouds around the mountain tops
Are riding on the breeze,
Their trailing ăzure[3] trains of mist
Are tangled in the trees.

3. The snow-drifts, which have lain so lŏng,
Haunting[4] the hidden nooks,
Like guilty ghosts[5] have slipp'd away,
Unseen, into the brooks.

4. The streams are fed with generous rains,
They drink the way-side springs,
And flutter down from crag to crag,
Upon their foamy wings.

5. Through all the lŏng wet nights they brawl,[6]
By mountain homes remote,
Till woodmen in their sleep behold
Their ample rafts afloat.

[1] Hêlm, an instrument for steering a boat; here means direction given to the clouds.—[2] Spŏt, mark.—[3] Azure (ăz'ẽr), light-blue; sky-colored.—[4] Hăunt'ing, intruding on; disturbing; frequenting, as an apparition or spirit.—[5] Ghŏst, apparition; the soul of a person who is dead.—[6] Brâwl, make a great noise.

6. The lazy wheel that hung so dry
Above the idle stream,
Whirls wildly in the misty dark,
And through the miller's dream.

7. Loud tŏrrent unto tŏrrent calls,
Till at the mountain's feet,
Flashing afar their spectral[1] light,
The noisy waters meet.

8. They meet, and through the lowlands sweep,
Toward briny bay and lake,
Proclaiming to the distant towns
"The country is awake!" T. B. Read.

3. Birds of Spring.

THOSE who have passed the winter in the country, are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications[2] of Spring; and of these, none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds.

2. The appearance of the blue-bird, so poetically yet truly described by Wilson, gladdens the whole landscape. You hear his sŏft warble in every field. He sociably approaches your habitation, and takes up his residence in your vicinity.[3]

3. The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the Boblincon, or Boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at this choice portion of the year, which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May so ŏften given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June.

4. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight[4] the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of

[1] Spĕc'tral, pertaining to the appearance of a person who is dead; ghostly.—[2] In di cā'tion, mark; sign.—[3] Vi cin'i ty, neighborhood.—[4] Blight, injure or destroy.

summer. But in this gēnial[1] interval nature is in all her freshness and fragrance:[2] "the rains are over and gōne, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle[3] is heard in the land."

5. The trees are now in their fullest fōliage[4] and brightest verdure;[5] the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the aurel; the air is perfumed by the sweet-brier and the wild-rose; he meadows are enameled[6] with clover-blossoms; while the oung apple, the peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

6. This is the chosen season of revelry[7] of the boblink. He comes amidst the pŏmp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility[8] and enjoyment, all sŏng and sunshine. He is to be found in the sŏft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest mĕadōws; and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some lŏng, flaunting[9] weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours fŏrth a succession of rich, tinkling notes; crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the sky-lark, and possessing the same rapturous[10] character.

7. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his sŏng as soon as he is upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy[11] at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursŭit of his paramour;[12] always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication[13] and delight.

8. Of all the birds of our groves and mĕadōws, the boblink was the envy of my boyhood. He crŏssed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural[14] feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be

[1] Gē' ni al, favorable; natural.—[2] Frā' grance, sweetness of smell.—[3] Turtle (tĕr' tl), here means a dove or pigeon.—[4] Fō' li age, leaves.—[5] Vĕrd' ure, greenness.—[6] En ăm' eled, ornamented; appearing like glass.—[7] Rĕv' el ry, extreme animal enjoyment; noisy feasting.—[8] Sen si bĭl' i ty, state of being easily affected; delicacy of feeling.—[9] Flăunt' ing, spreading out loosely.—[10] Răpt' ur ous, full of joy.—[11] Ec' sta sy, excessive or overpowering delight.—[12] Pār' a mour, partner in love.—[13] In tox i cā' tion, drunkenness; an extreme elevation of spirits.—[14] Rural (rū' ral), belonging to or suiting the country.

mewed up, during the līvelŏng day, in that purgatory[1] of boyhood, a school-room, it seemed as if the little varlet[2] möcked at me, as he flew by in full sŏng, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no tasks, no hateful school; nothing[3] but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather!

9. Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary,[4] which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my school-boy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shōwn him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of mūsic, and sŏng, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement.[5] While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the vĕry school-boy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference.

10. As the year advances, as the clover-blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, his notes cease to vibrate[6] on the ear. He gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, dŏffs his poetical and professional suit of black, assumes a russet or rather dusty garb,[7] and enters into the grŏss enjoyments of common, vulgar birds. He becomes a bon vivant,[8] a mere gormand;[9] thinking of nothing but good cheer, and gormandizing[10] on the seeds of the lŏng grasses on which he lately swung, and chanted so musically.

11. He begins to think there is nothing like "the joys of the table," if I may be allowed to apply that convivial[11] phrase to his indulgences. He now grows discontented with plain, everyday fare, and sets out on a gastronŏm'ical[12] tour, in search of fŏreign luxuries. He is to be found in myriads among the reeds

[1] Pur' ga to ry, place of punishment.—[2] Vār' let, a saucy fellow; here means the Boblink.—[3] Nothing (nŭth' ing).—[4] Vo lŭpt' u a ry, a seeker of pleasure alone.—[5] Re fīne' ment, high state of cultivation.—[6] Vī' brāte, move backward and forward; quiver.—[7] Gārb, dress.—[8] Bon vivant (bŏng' vē văng'), a good liver.—[9] Gor' mand, a glutton.—[10] Gor' mandīz ing, eating greedily.—[11] Con vīv' i al, relating to a feast; jovial; gay.—[12] Gas tro nŏm' ic al, relating to the stomach; seeking something to gratify appetite.

of the Delaware, banqueting on their seeds; grows corpulent[1] with good feeding, and soon acquires the unlucky renown of the ŏr'tolan.[2] Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! the rusty firelocks of the country are cracking on every side; he sees his companions falling by thousands around him; he is the *reed-bird*, the much sought for tid-bit[3] of the Pennsylvanian epicure.[4]

12. Does he take warning, and reform? Not he! He wings his flight still further south, in search of other luxuries. We hear of him gorging himself in the rice-swamps; filling himself with rice almost to bursting; he can hardly fly for corpulency. Last stage of his career, we hear of him spitted by dozens, and served up on the table of the gormand, the most vaunted[5] of southern dainties, the *rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

13. Such is the story of the once musical and admired, but finally sensual and persecuted Boblink. It contains a mŏral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual[6] pursuits, which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity, during the early part of his career; but to eschew[7] all tendency to that grŏss and dissipated indulgence, which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end. W. Irving.

[1] Cor' pu lent, fat; large.—[2] Or' to lan, a small bird found in the southern part of Europe, and particularly in the Island of Cyprus, esteemed as a great delicacy as food.—[3] Tid-bit, a delicate morsel.—[4] Ep' i-cure, one given to luxury and pleasure.—[5] Vaunt' ed, boasted.—[6] In tellĕct' u al, relating to the mind.—[7] Es chew', avoid.—[8] Hăr' mo nies, musical strains, or sounds, differing in pitch and quality, so blended as to produce concord.—[9] Cŏps' es, woods of small growth.

4. The Notes of the Birds.

1. WELL do I love those various harmonies[8]
That ring so gayly in Spring's budding woods,
And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,
And lonely copses,[9] of the Summer-time,
And in red Autumn's ancient solitudes.

2. If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weigh'd down

With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mourn'st the lŏss
Of brĕthren gŏne to that far distant land
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike;
Then turn into the peaceful woods and hear
The thrilling music of the fŏrest-birds.

3. How rich the varied choir![1] The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hŏllŏws, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellŏw plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia[2] hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half-hid
Amid the lowly dŏgwood's snowy flowers;
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill sounding and unsteady cry.

4. With the sweet airs of Spring the robin comes;
And in her simple sŏng there seems to gush
A strain of sŏrrŏw when she visiteth
Her last year's wither'd nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemm'd hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

5. In the last days of Autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yĕllŏw in the harvest-field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bĕarded wheat in sheaves, then peals abroad
The blackbird's mĕrry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer! thy mellŏw burst of sŏng
Float from thy watch-place on the mŏssy tree,
Close at the corn-field edge.

6. Lone whip-poor-will,[3]
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,

[1] Choir (kwir), a company of singers.—[2] Kăl' mi a, a kind of evergreen shrub, having beautiful white or pink flowers; sometimes incorrectly called *laurel*, and also *ivy-bush*.—[3] Whip-poor-will, a bird like the night-hawk.

Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
Thy hollōw dirge,[1] like some reclūse[2] who takes
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
And lifts his anthem[3] when the world is still:
And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man
And to the herds deep slumbers, and sweet dews
To the red roses and the herbs, doth find
No eye, save thine, a watcher in her halls.
I hear thee ōft at midnight, when the thrush
And the green roving linnet are at rest,
And the blīthe,[4] twittering swallōws have lōng ceased
Their noisy note, and folded up their wings.

7. Far up some brook's still course, whose cūrrent streams
The fōrest's blacken'd roots, and whose green marge[5]
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely hĕron[6] sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath-silence of the wilderness;
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stain'd rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

8. Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,[7]
Gray watcher of the waters! Thou art king
Of the blue lake; and all the wingèd kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookèst down,
And seest the shining fishes as they glide;
And, poising[8] thy gray wing, thy glŏssy bēak
Swift as an ărrōw strikes its roving prey.
Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,
Dart, like a specter[9] of the night, and hear

[1] Dirge, a mournful song.—[2] Re clūse', a person who lives in retirement, or apart from others.—[3] An' them, a sacred song.—[4] Blīthe, joyful; gay; sprightly.—[5] Mārge, edge.—[6] Hĕr' on, a long legged and necked fowl that lives on fish.—[7] Bōom, a peculiar noise made by the eagle.—[8] Pois ing, balancing.—[9] Spĕc' ter, a ghost; the appearance of a person who is dead

Thy strānge, bewildering call, like the wild scrēam
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

9. And now, wouldst thou, O man! delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations? Then pass fōrth,
And find them midst those many-colored birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plūmage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the mūsic of the lūte,[1]
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip.

ISAAC MCLELLAN, JR.

5. Daniel Webster at School.

WHEN Webster first entered Phillips Academy, at Exeter, he was made, in consequence of his unpolished,[2] country-like appearance, and because he was placed at the foot of the class, the butt[3] of ridicule[4] by some of the scholars. This treatment touched his keen sensibility,[5] and he spoke of it with regret to his friends where he boarded. They informed him that the place assigned him in the class was according to the standing regulations of the school, and that by diligence he might rise above it. They also advised him to take no notice of the laughter of the city boys, for after awhile they would become weary of it, and would cease.

2. The assistant tutor, Mr. Emery, was informed of the treatment which Webster received. He, therefore, treated him with special consideration, told him to care for nothing but his books, and predicted[6] that all would end well. This kindness had the desired effect. Webster applied himself with increased diligence, and with signal success. He soon met with his reward, which made those who had laughed at him hang their heads with shame.

[1] Lūte, a musical instrument with strings.—[2] Un pŏl' ished, rude; not refined in manners.—[3] Bŭtt, the object at which a thing is directed.—[4] Rĭd' i cūle, wit that exposes the object of it to laughter and contempt.—[5] Sen si bĭl' i ty, quickness of feeling.—[6] Pre dĭct' ed, foretold.

3. At the end of the first quarter, the assistant tutor called up the class in their usual order. He then walked to the foot of the class, took Webster by the arm, and marched him, in front of the class, to the head, where, as he placed him, he said, "There, sir, that is your proper place." This practical rebuke[1] made those who had delighted to ridicule the country boy feel mortified and chagrined.[2] He had outstripped them.

4. This incident greatly stimulated[3] the successful student. He applied himself with his accustomed industry, and looked forward with some degree of solicitude[4] to the end of the second term, to see whether he would be able to retain his relative[5] rank in the class. Weeks slowly passed away; the end of the term arrived, and the class was again summoned to be newly arranged, according to their scholarship and deportment, as evinced[6] during the preceding[7] term! While they were all standing in silence and suspense,[8] Mr. Emery, their teacher, said, fixing his eye at the same time upon the country boy: "Daniel Webster, gather up your books and take down your cap." Not understanding the design of such an order, Daniel complied with troubled feelings. He knew not but he was about to be expelled from school for his dullness.

5. His teacher perceived the expression of sadness upon his countenance, but soon dispelled[9] it by saying: "Now, sir, you will please pass into another room, and *join a higher class;* and you, young gentlemen," addressing the other scholars, "will take an affectionate leave of your classmate, for *you will never see him again!*" As if he had said, "This rustic lad, whom you have made the butt of ridicule, has already so far outstripped you in his studies, that, from your stand-point, he is dwarfed[10] in the distance, and will soon be out of sight entirely. He has developed[11] a capacity for study which will prevent you from ever overtaking him. As a classmate, you will never see him again."

[1] Re bûke', reproof for faults; check or restraint.—[2] Chagrined (shagrined'), put to shame; vexed.—[3] Stĭm' u lāt ed, excited, or roused to action.—[4] So lic' i tūde, anxious care.—[5] Rĕl' a tive, considered by comparing with others.—[6] E vĭnced', shown; proved.—[7] Pre cēd' ing, going before; previous.—[8] Sus pĕnse', state of uncertainty; doubt.—[9] Dispĕlled', drove away.—[10] Dwârfed, made small.—[11] De vĕl' oped, shown unfolded.

6. It would be interesting to know who those city boys were who made the young rustic an object of spōrt. What have they come to? What have they accomplished? Who has heard of the fame of their attainments? Scholars should be careful how they laugh at a classmate because of his unpolished manners or coarse raiment. Under that rough exterior[1] may be concealed talents that will move a nation and dazzle a world, when they in their turn might justly be made a laughing-stock on account of their inefficiency.[2] BANVARD.

6. Wish for no Man's Money.

THE health, and strength, and freshness, and sweet sleep of youth, are yours. Young Love, by day and night, encircles you. Hearts unsoiled by the deep sin of covetousness[3] beat fondly with your own. None—ghoul-like[4]—listen for the death-tick in your chămber. Your shoes have value in men's eyes, only when you tread in them. The smiles no wealth can purchase greet you, living; and tears that rarely drop on rosewood cŏffins, will fall from pitying eyes upon you, dying.

2. Be wise in being content with competency.[5] You have, to eat, to drink, to wear, enough? then have you all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously?[6] He shortens life—increases pains and aches—impairs his health thereby. What if his raiments be more cŏstly? God loves him none the more, and man's respect in such regard comes ever mingled with his envy.

3. Nature is yours in all her glory: her ever-varying and forever beautiful face smiles peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers, and rocks, and streams, and holy places, know no desecration[7] in the step of poverty; but welcome ever to their wealth of beauty—rich and poor alike.

[1] Ex tē ri or, outside.—[2] In ef fĭ' cien cy, inability; want of power to produce the effect.—[3] Covetousness (kŭv' et yus nes), an excessive desire for gain.—[4] *Ghoul-like*, a ghoul was an imaginary evil being, among the Eastern nations, that was supposed to feed upon the dead.—[5] Cŏm'-pe ten cy, sufficiency for some end or duty.—[6] Sŭmpt' u ous ly, at great cost.—[7] Des e crā' tion, turning from its sacred character; misusing.

4. Be content! The robin chirps as gayly as the gorgeous bird of Paradise. Less gaudy[2] is his plumage, less splendid his surroundings. Yet no joy that cheers the Eastern beauty, but comes upon his barren hills to bless the nest that robin builds. His flight's as strŏng, his note as gay; and in his humble home the light of happiness shines all as bright, because no cloud of envy dims it.

5. Let us, then, labor and be strŏng, in the best use of that we have; wasting no golden hours in idle wishes for things that burden those who own them, and could not bless us if we had them, as the gifts already bestowed by a Wisdom that never errs. Being content, the poorest man is rich: while he who counts his millions, hath little joy if he be otherwise.

7. Lad and his Neighbor.

"I HAD," said William Lad, the apŏstle[3] of peace, "a fine field of grain, growing upon an out-farm, at some distance from the homestead.[4] Whenever I rode by I saw my neighbor Pulcifer's sheep in the lot, destroying my hopes of a harvest. These sheep were of the gaunt,[5] long-legged kind, active as spaniels; they would spring over the highest fence, and no partition wall could keep them out.

2. "I complained to neighbor Pulcifer about them, sent him frequent messages, but all without avail. Perhaps they would be kept out for a day or two; but the legs of his sheep were lŏng, and my grain more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again—the sheep were still there; I became angry, and told my men to set the dŏgs on them; and, if that would not do, I would pay them, if they would shoot the sheep.

3. "I rode away much agitated; for I was not so much of a peace man then as I am now, and I felt literally[6] full of fight.

[1] Gor'geous, splendid; having bright colors.—[2] Gâud'y, showy.—[3] Apostle (a pŏs'sl), a person sent; one engaged in spreading any doctrine or belief.—[4] Hŏme'stead, the place of a mansion-house.—[5] Gâunt, tall and thin: slender; lean.—[6] Lit'er al ly, strictly; exactly to the letter.

All at once, a light flashed in upon me. I asked myself, 'Would it not be well for you to try in your own conduct the peace principle you are teaching to others?' I thought it all over, and settled down in my mind as to the best course to be pursued. The next day I rode over to see neighbor Pulcifer. I found him chopping wood at his door.

4. "'Good morning, neighbor!' No answer. 'Good morning!' I repeated. He gave a kind of grunt without looking up. 'I came,' continued I, 'to see about the sheep.' At this, he threw down his axe and exclaimed, in an angry manner: 'Now aren't you a pretty[1] neighbor, to tell your men to kill my sheep? I heard of it; a rich man, like you, to shoot a poor man's sheep!'

5. "'I was wrŏng, neighbor,' said I; but it won't do to let your sheep eat up all that grain; so I came over to say, that I would take your sheep to my homestead pasture, and put them in with mine; and in the fall you shall take them back, and if any one is missing, you may take your pick out of my whŏle flock.'

6. "Pulcifer looked confounded; he did not know how to take me. At last he stammered out: 'Now, 'Squire, are you in earnest?' 'Certainly I am,' I answered; 'it is better for me to feed your sheep in my pasture on grass, than to feed them here on grain; and I see the fence can't keep them out.'

7. "After a moment's silence, 'The sheep shan't trouble you any more,' exclaimed Pulcifer. 'I will fetter them all. But I'll let you know that, when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot, too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind, too.'

8. "The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. And, my friends," he would continue, addressing the audience, "remember that when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they will talk of injuring you. When nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready, too. Love will begĕt love; a wish to be at peace will keep you in peace. You can overcome evil with good. There is no other way."

[1] Pretty (prĭt'ty).—[2] Trĕs'passed, passed over the boundary line of another's land

8. The Boy.

1. THERE'S something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his uncheck'd, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepress'd[1] by sadness,—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

2. And yet, it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most,
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echo'd in the hall,
His merry laugh like music trill,
And I in sadness hear it all,—
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now,—

3. But when, amid the earnest game,
He stops, as if he music heard,
And, heedless of his shouted name
As of the carol[2] of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air,
As if some dream were passing there;—
'Tis then that on his face I look—
His beautiful but thoughtful face—
And, like a long-forgotten book,
Its sweet familiar meanings trace,—

4. Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on those golden wings,
Which time has fetter'd now;

[1] Un re prĕssed', not subdued.—[2] Căr' ol, a song of joy

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

5 'Tis strange how thoughts upon a child
Will, like a presence, sometimes press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess[1]—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor straining high—
How in his heart will spring
A feeling whose mysterious[2] thrall[3]
Is strŏnger, sweeter far than all!
And on its silent wing,
How, with the clouds, he'll float away,
As wandering and as lŏst as they!

N. P. Willis.

9. Peter of Cortona.

A LITTLE shepherd, about twelve years old, one day abandoned[4] the flock which had been committed to his care, and set off for Florence,[5] where he knew no one but a lad of his own age, almost as poor as himself, and who, like him, had left the village of Cortona,[6] to become a scullion[7] in the kitchen of the Cardinal Sachetti. A far nobler object conducted Peter to Florence. He knew that that city contained an academy of fine arts, a school of painting, and the little shepherd was ambitious of being a painter.

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

[1] Ex cĕss', more than what is necessary; overflowing.—[2] Mys tĕ' ri-ous, secret; not easily understood.—[3] Thrăll, bondage, slavery.—[4] A băn' doned, forsook.—[5] Flŏr' ence, a noted city in Italy, capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany.—[6] Cor tō' na, a town of Tuscany.—[7] Scŭl' lion, the lowest order of servants.

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

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

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

5. "I believe you," replied the little scullion; "and might give myself a fit of indigestion[1] every day, if I were so disposed." "In that case," replied Peter, "I see we may manage vĕry well. As you have too much, and I have not enough, you can find food, and I shall find appetite, and we shall gĕt on very well togĕther."

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

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

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

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

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

[1] In di gĕs' tion, inability to digest food; want of due preparation in the stomach.

11. Peter resigned himself to his fate. The walls of his garret were white; Thomas supplied the young artist with more charcoal than he could use for his sketches, and Peter set vigorously to work to draw on the walls. We know not by what means little Thomas succeeded in procuring a small piece of money; but the child had too good a heart to be wanting in honesty, therefore we must believe that the little scullion had legitimately[1] obtained the half-pistŏle[2] which he one day triumphantly brought to his companion.

12. What joy was there, then! The artist could now have pencils and paper. He went out at break of day to study the pictures in the churches, the monuments in the public squares, and the views around the city; and in the evening, with an empty stomach, but with a mind well filled with what he had seen, he furtively[3] returned to the garret, where he was always sure to find his dinner ready, and placed by Thomas under the măt'tress, less for the purpose of concealment, than to keep it warm during his friend's absence.

10. Peter of Cortona—concluded.

THE charcoal sketches[4] soon disappeared under more correct designs, for Peter covered with his best drawings the walls of the nărrŏw cell, in which the friendship of a child had afforded him so generous an asy'lum.[5]

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

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

[1] Le gĭt' i mate ly, honestly; in a lawful manner.—[2] Pis tŏle', a gold piece of money, worth about three dollars and sixty cents.—[3] Fur' tive ly, secretly.—[4] Skĕtch' es, drawings.—[5] A sy' lum, a safe retreat or abode.—[6] Architect (ărk' e tekt), one who directs in building houses and other structures

author of them, and the prĕl'ate[1] summoned him into his presence, in order to compliment him on his talents. When poor Thomas became aware that the Cardinal had visited his garret, and that he had seen what he called the smudges of his friend Peter, he believed himself lŏst.

4. "You are no lŏnger one of my scullions," said the Cardinal to him, little thinking that the child had a fellow-lodger. Thomas, mistaking the purport[2] of his words, imagined that his master dismissed him from his kitchen: then the poor little fellow, seeing that his own existence, as well as that of his friend, was much compromised[3] by this act of severe justice, threw himself at his master's feet, saying:

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

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

7. At length, the Cardinal, who was greatly in'terested in the fate of the young artist, succeeded in discovering that, for a fortnight, the charitable monks of an isolated[4] convent had received and detained with them a young draughtsman,[5] from fourteen to fifteen years of age, who had come to ask permission to copy a picture of Raphael's[6] which was in the chapel of the cloister. This child was Peter. He was taken back to the palace of the Cardinal, who, after receiving him with kindness, placed him in the school of one of the best painters in Rome.

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

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

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

11. The Last Leaf.

1 I SAW him once before,
As he pass'd by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

2. They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

3. But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,[1]
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gŏne."

4. The mŏssy marbles[2] rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,[3]
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved[4] for many a year
On the tomb.

5. My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Lŏng ago,—

[1] Wan (wŏn), pale and sickly.—[2] Mar'bles, tombstones.—[3] Blōōm, youth.—[4] Cärved, sculptured; cut out.

That he had a Roman[1] nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

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

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

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

O. W. Holmes.

12. Amusing Anecdote.

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

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

[1] Roman nose, a nose that is slightly curved like the bēak of an eagle, and hence sometimes called an *aquiline* nose.—[2] Breeches (brĭch-ez).—[3] Pa rĭs' e an, an inhabitant of the city of Paris in France: a Frenchman.—[4] Am' ster dam, an important city, the capital of the kingdom and province of Holland

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

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

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

5. About a week after this, our traveler, walking about, saw a vĕry superb burying. He asked whose it was. "*Ik kan niet verstaan,*" replied the person of whom he asked the question. "Ah!" exclaimed he; "poor Mr. Kaniferstane, who had such a noble house, such an angelic wife, and the largest prize in the lottery. He must have quitted this world with great regret; but I thought his happiness was too complete[5] to be of lŏng duration."[6] He then went home, reflecting all the way on the instability[7] of human affairs.

Pro prī' e tor, owner.—[2] Chaise (Shāz), a small town in France.—[3] Quays (kēz), wharfs; moles or piers used for the purpose of loading or unloading vessels.—[4] Ac cĕs' sion, addition.—[5] Com plēte', wanting nothing; full.—[6] Du rā' tion, remaining in a particular state; continuance —[7] In sta bĭl' i ty, changeableness.

13. Life.

1. THE days of Infancy are all a dream,
How fair, but oh! how short they seem—
'Tis Life's sweet opening Spring!

2. The days of Youth advance:
The bounding limb, the ardent glance,
The kindling soul they bring—
It is Life's burning Summer time.

3. Manhood—matured[1] with wisdom's fruit,
Reward of Learning's deep pursuit—
Succeeds, as Autumn follows Summer's prime.

4. And that, and that, alas! goes by;
And what ensues?[2] The languid[3] eye,
The failing frame, the soul o'ercast;
'Tis Winter's sickening, withering blast,
Life's blessèd season—for it is the last.

Robert Southey.

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14. The Two Boys.

1 THERE were two boys, who were brĕd up togĕther,
Shared the same bed, and fed at the same board.
Each tried the other's spōrt, from their first chase,
Young hunters of the butterfly and bee,
To when they followed the fleet hare, and tried
The swiftness of the bird.

2. They lay beside
The silver trout stream, watching as the sun
Play'd on the bubbles: shared each in the store
Of ēither's garden; and togĕther read
Of *him*, the master of the desert isle,
Till a low hut, a gun and a canoe,
Bounded their wishes.

3. Or if ever came
A thought of future days, 'twas but to say

[1] Ma tūred', ripened; perfected in growth or years.—[2] En shes' follows.—[3] Languid (lăng' gwid), weak; dull; drooping.

That they would share each other's lot, and do
Wonders, no doubt. But this was vain; they parted
With promises of lŏng remembrance, words
Whose kindness was the heart's, and those warm tears,
Hidden like shame by the young eyes that shed them,
But which are thought upon in after years
As what we would give worlds to shed once more.

4. They met again,—but different from themselves,—
At least, what each remember'd of themselves:
The one proud as a soldier of his rank,
And of his many battles; and the other
Proud of his Indian[1] wealth, and of the skill
And toil which găther'd it; each with a brow
And heart alike darken'd by years and care.

5. They met with cold words and yet colder looks;
Each was chānged in himself, and yet each thought
The other only changed, himself the same.
And coldness bred dislike; and rivalry[2]
Came like the pestilence[3] o'er some sweet thoughts
That linger'd yet, healthy and beautiful,
Amid dark and unkindly ones. And they,
Whose boyhood had not known one jarring word,
Were străngers in their age: if their eyes met,
'Twas but to look contempt, and when they spoke,
Their speech was wormwood![4]—and this, this is life.

L. Elizabeth Maclean

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15. We were Boys together.

1. WE were boys togĕther,
And never can forgĕt
The school-house on the hēather,[5]
In childhood where we met—

[1] In dian (Ind' yan), relating to India.—[2] Rl' val ry, state of being rivals; opposed to each other.—[3] Pĕs' ti lence, the plague; an infectious disease, or one that is catching.—[4] Wormwood (wĕrm' wŭd), a bitter herb; bitterness.—[5] Hēath' er, heath; a place overgrown with shrubs.

The humble home, to memory dear;
Its sŏrrōws and its joys;
Where woke the transient[1] smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

2. We were youths togĕther,
And castles[2] built in air;
Your heart was like a feather,
And mine weighed down with care.
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys[3]
Foreshadow'd[4] in the primrose time,
When you and I were boys.

3. We're old men togĕther;
The friends we loved of yōre,[5]
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gōne forever more.
How blest to age the impulse[6] given—
The hope time ne'er destroys—
Which led our thoughts from earth[7] to heaven,
When you and I were boys!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

16. ON THE WASTE OF LIFE.

AMERGUS was a gentleman of good estate: he was bred to no business, and could not contrive how to waste his hours agreeably; he had no relish for any of the proper works of life, nor any taste for the improvement of the mind; he spent generally ten hours of the four-and-twenty in bed; he dozed away two or three more on his couch; and as many more were dissolved[8] in good liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humor. Thus he made a shift to wear ŏff ten years of his life since the paternal[9] estate fell into his hands.

[1] Transient (trăn' shent), passing away; fleeting; hasty.—[2] Castles (kăs' slz), houses fortified for defense against enemies.—[3] Al loys', evils mixed with good; base metals mixed with precious ones.—[4] Fore shăd' ŏwed, painted or drawn beforehand.—[5] Yōre, old time.—[6] Im' pulse, force quickly applied.—[7] Earth (ĕrth).—[8] Dissolved (diz zŏlvd'), worn away.—[9] Pa tĕr' nal, belonging to or derived from one's father.

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

3. "About a dozen feathered creatures, small and great, have, one week with another," said he, "given up their lives to prolŏng mine, which, in ten years, amounts to at least six thousand. Fifty sheep have been sacrificed in a year, with half a hecatomb[2] of black-cattle,[3] that I might have the choicest parts ŏffered weekly upon my table. Thus a thousand beasts, out of the flock and the herd, have been slain in ten years' time to feed me, besides what the fŏrest has supplied me with.

4. "Many hundreds of fishes have, in all their variety, been robbed of life for my repast,[4] and of the smaller fry, some thousands. A mĕasure of corn would hardly suffice[5] me fine flour enough for a month's provision, and this arises to above six score bushels; and many hogsheads of wine and other liquors have passed through this body of mine—this wretched strainer of meat and drink! And what have I done all this time for Gŏd and man? What a vast profusion[6] of good things wasted upon a useless life and a worthless liver!

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

6. In short, he carried on his mŏral reflections with so just and severe a fŏrce of reason, as constrained[7] him to change his whōle course of life; to break ŏff his follies at once, and to apply himself to gain some useful knowledge, when he was

[1] Cär' cass, body.—[2] Hĕc' a tomb, the sacrifice of a hundred.—[3] Blăck'-cattle, cows, bulls, and oxen, as distinguished from sheep and goats, which are called small cattle.—[4] Re păst', meat; food.—[5] Suffice (suf fize'), satisfy.—[6] Pro fū' sion, a large quantity.—[7] Con strāined', forced.

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

7. The world, that knew the whōle series[1] of his life, were amazed at the mighty chānge. They beheld him as a wonder of reformation, while he himself confessed and adored the Divine power and mercy which had transformed him from a brute to a man. But this was a single instance, and we may almost venture to write *miracle*[2] upon it. Are there not numbers, in this degenerate[3] age, whose lives thus run to utter waste, without the least tendency[4] to usefulness? DR. FRANKLIN.

17. WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

"PLEASE, sir, don't push so." It was in endeavoring to penetrate[5] the dense[6] crowd that nearly filled the entrance, and blocked up the doorway, after one of our popular lectures, that this exclamation met my attention. It proceeded from a little girl of not more than ten years, who, hemmed by the wall on one side, and the crowd on the other, was vainly endeavoring to extricate[7] herself.

2. The person addressed paid no attention to the entreaty[8] of the little one, but pushed on toward the door. "Look here, sir," said a man whose coarse apparel,[9] sturdy frame, and toil-embrowned hands, contrasted[10] strōngly with the delicately gloved fingers, curling locks, and expensive broadclōth of the former. "Look here, sir, you're jamming that little girl's bōnnet all to smash with those elbows of yours."

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

[1] Sē' ries, course.—[2] Mīr' a cle, something wonderful; beyond the course of nature.—[3] De gĕn' er āte, degraded; corrupt.—[4] Tĕnd' en cy, course toward any thing; desire.—[5] Pĕn' e trāte, pass through.—[6] Dense, thick.—[7] Ex' tri cāte, set free.—[8] En trēat' y, request.—[9] Ap pār' el, dress.—[10] Con-trăst' ed, brought together to show the difference between two things.

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

4. The young gentleman picked himself up, but rather intimidated[1] by the stout fist of the strānger, and rather abashed[2] by the laughter of the crowd, concluded it was about time for him to go home. In polite society the former would be courted and admired, and the latter overlooked and despised. "Who was the gentleman?"

5. On a raw and blustering day last winter, a young girl, with a basket[3] on her arm, entered one of our stores. After making a few purchases she turned to leave. Two gentlemen stood in the doorway, whose appearance indicated[4] that they thought themselves something; whose sŏft sleek coats and delicate hands were apparently[5] of about the same quality as their brain.

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

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

8. Boys, you are all ambitious to become gentlemen. It is all very natural, but remember, that nēither your own nor your par'ents' position in life, your tailor, your boot-black, or your

[1] In tĭm' i dāt ed, made afraid.—[2] A bāshed', put to shame.—[3] Bāsk' et.—[4] In' di cāt ed, showed.—[5] Ap pār' ent ly, in appearance.

barber, can make you one. The true gentleman is the same everywhere; not only at the social[1] party or ball, but in the noisy mill, the busy shop, the crowded assembly, at home or in the street; never oppressing the weak or ridiculing the unfortunate; respectful and attentive to his superiors;[2] pleasant and affable[3] to his equals; careful and tender of the feelings of those whom he may consider beneath him.

18. A Modern Cincinnatus.[4]

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

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

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

4. A messenger was at once dispatched[7] with a carefully prepared letter to inform the general of his election, requesting his acceptance, and hoping he would name the day on which he

Social (sō' shal), made up of companions; relating to society.—[1] Su pē' ri ors, those above us.—[2] Af' fa ble, talking pleasantly; easy to converse with.—[4] Cin cin nā' tus, a celebrated Roman who was called from the plow to direct the affairs of his country and command her armies —[5] Căn' di dātes, persons who seek or are proposed for any office.—[6] In ĕv' it a ble, that can not be avoided.—[7] Dis pătched, sent.

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

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

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

7. But few knew him personally; still there was something commanding about him. He took his seat in a vacant chair; and when the clock in front of the Speaker had struck the hour of twelve, the general rose, and delivered the most masterly speech that had ever been delivered there. The farmer-statesman entirely electrified[2] the assembly. He made an excellent governor. This thing conveys a beautiful idea: here was a farmer elected; he accepted, and from the plow went to the governor's office to preside,[3] in a stormy crisis,[4] over the destiny of a sovereign[5] State. Lŏng live his memory!

Căp' i tol, the building where the legislature meet.—[2] E lĕc' tri fied, suddenly excited; struck with great surprise.—[3] Pre side', to govern; to sit above others.—[4] Crĭ' sis, time when any thing is at its height, and ripe for a change.—[5] Dĕs' ti ny, fate; fortune —[6] Sovereign (sŏv' er in), supreme; obeying no other authority.

19. Clear the Way.

1. MEN of thought! be up, and stirring night and day:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—CLEAR THE WAY!
Men of action, aid and cheer them, as ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness chănging into gray.
Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY

2 Once the welcome light has broken, who shall say
What the unimagined glories of the day?
What the evil that shall perish in its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play.
Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!

3 Lo! a cloud's about to vanish from the day;
And a brazen wrŏng to crumble into clay.
Lo! the right's about to conquer: CLEAR THE WAY!
With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages lŏng have held us for their prey.
Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!

CHARLES MACKAY.

20. Conversation.

NEVER speak any thing for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against Gŏd, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offense against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people can not believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

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

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

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

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[1] E quĭv'o cāte to use expressions or words which may be understood in two ways, so that a lie is actually told under the appearance of truth.—[2] Im pĕr' ti nent, not relating to the subject; rude; intrusive; meddling with what does not belong to us.—[3] Op pō' nent, one with whom we differ.—[4] Sig nĭf' i cant, full of meaning.—[5] Pĕr' ti nent, appropriate to the case; fitted to the end.—[6] Hŭs' band ry, the business of cultivating the earth, raising cattle, and the management of the dairy.

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5. When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious, both in your conversation with them and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their ĕrrors. If any one, whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them; and yĕt (unless he is one of your family acquaintances) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely; by this means you will avoid giving offense, or being abused for too much credulity.

6. If a man, whose integrity[1] you do not very well know, make you great and extraordinary[2] professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool. Beware, also, of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who he thinks will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

7. Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome[3] and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations. Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others. Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations. Forbear scŏffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offenses leave a deep impression; and they ŏften cŏst a man dear.

8. Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing,[4] or

[1] In tĕg' ri ty, uprightness; the highest degree of honesty.—[2] Extraordinary (eks trâr' di na ry), uncommon; remarkable.—[3] Fŭl' some, disgusting; grossly unpleasant.—[4] Mĕn' a cing, threatening.

spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be reproved; but let it be done without reproach or bitterness: otherwise it will lose its due end and use and, instead of reforming the offense, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprover justly open to reproof.

9. If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence, or vĕry gentle words, are the most ĕx'quisite[1] revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sŏrry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for every thing that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.

10. Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of Gŏd or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is "taking the name of God in vain." If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavor to forgĕt them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sŏrrōw, not with derision or reproach.

Sir Mathew Hale.

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21. The Deformed Child.

In my school-boy days, there lived an aged widow near the church-yard. She had an only child. I have often[2] observed that the delicate and the weak receive more than a common share of affection from a mother. Such a feeling was shown

[1] Exquisite (eks' kwe zit), choice; nice, complete.—[2] Often (ôf' fn).

by this widŏw toward her sickly and unshapely boy. There are faces and forms which, once seen, are impressed upon our brain; and they will come, again and again, upon the tablet[1] of our memory in the quiet of night, and even flit around us in our daily walks. Many years have gŏne by since I first saw this boy; and his delicate form, and quiet manner, and his gentle and virtuous conduct, are ŏften before me.

2. I shall never forgĕt,—in the sauciness of youth, and fancying it would give importance to my bluff[2] outside,—*swearing* in his presence. The boy was sitting in a high-backed easy-chair, reading his Bible. He turned round, as if a signal for dying had sounded in his ear, and fixed upon me his clear, gray eye: that look! it made my little heart almost choke me. I gave some foolish excuse for gĕtting out of the cottage; and, as I met a playmate on the road, who jeered[3] me for my blank[4] countenance, I rushed past him, hid myself in an adjoining corn-field, and cried bitterly.

3. I tried to conciliate[5] the widow's son, and show my sŏrrōw for having so far forgotten the innŏcence of boyhood, as to have my Maker's name sounded in an unhăllōwed[6] manner from my lips. My spring flowers he accepted; but, when my back was turned, he flung them away. The toys and books I ŏffered to him were put aside for his Bible. His only occupations were the feeding of a favorite hen, which would come to his chair and look up for the crums that he would let fall, with a noiseless action, from his thin fingers, watching the pendulum and hands of the wooden clock, and reading.

4. Although I could not, at that time, fully appreciate[7] the beauty of a mother's love, still I venerated[8] the widŏw for the unobtrusive,[9] but intense[10] attention she displayed to her son. I never entered her dwelling without seeing her engaged in some kind ŏffices toward him. If the sunbeam came through the

[1] Tăb' let, a little table; something flat on which to write, paint, or draw.—[2] Bluff, blustering.—[3] Jeered, made a mock of; ridiculed.—Blank, want of expression.—[5] Con cil' i ate, to reconcile; to gain by kindness.—[6] Un hăl' lowed, unholy; impure; wicked.—[7] Appreciate (ap prē' shāte), to ascertain the value of a thing.—[8] Vĕn' er āt ed, revered; honored.—[9] Unobtrusive (un ob trō' siv), modest; not forward.—[10] In tĕnse', earnest; devoted.

leaves of the geraniums, placed in the windŏw, with too strŏng a glare, she moved the high-backed chair with as much care as if she had been putting aside a crystal[1] temple. When he slept, she festooned[2] her silk handkerchief around his place of rest. She placed the earliest vīolets upon her mantel-piece for him to look at; and the roughness of her ŏwn meal, and the delicacy of the child's, sufficiently displayed her sacrifices. Easy and satisfied, the widow moved about. I never saw her but once unhappy. She was then walking thoughtfully in her garden. I beheld a tear. I did not dare to intrude upon her grief, and ask her the cause of it; but I found the reason in her cottage; her boy had been spitting blood.

5. I have ŏften envied him these endearments; for I was away from a par'ent who humored me, even when I was stubborn and unkind. My poor mother is in her grave. I have ŏften regretted having been her pet, her favorite; for the coldness of the world makes me wretched; and, perhaps, if I had not drunk at the vĕry spring of a mother's affection, I might have let scorn and cŏn'tumely[3] pass by me as the idle wind. Yĕt I have afterward asked myself, what I, a thoughtless, though not a heartless boy, should have come to, if I had not had such a comforter. I have asked myself this, felt satisfied and grateful, and wished that her spirit might watch around her child, who ŏften met her kindness with passion, and received her gifts as if he expected homage[4] from her.

6. Everybody experiences how quickly school years pass away. My father's residence was not situated in the village where I was educated; so that when I left school I left its scenes also. After several years had passed away, accident took me again to the well-known place. The stable, into which I led my horse, was dear to me; for I had ŏften listened to the echo that danced within it, when the bells were ringing. The face of the landlord was strānge; but I could not forget the in-kneed,[5] red whiskered hostler: he had given me a hearty thrashing as a return for a hearty jest.

[1] Crys' tal, made of glass; resembling glass.—[2] Fes tōoned', arranged like a suspended wreath or garland.—[3] Cŏn' tu mĕly, contemptuous language; haughty rudeness.—[4] Hŏm' āge, act of submission; respect showed by an inferior.—[5] In-kneed, having the knees bent inward.

7. I had reserved a broad piece of silver for the old widōw But I first ran toward the river, and walked upon the mill-bank. I was surprised at the apparent[1] nărrōwness of the stream; and, although the willōws still fringed the margin, and appeared to stoop in homage to the water-lilies, yĕt they were diminutive![2] Every thing was but a miniature[3] of the picture in my mind. It proved to me that my faculties[4] had grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. With something like disappointment, I left the river side, and strolled toward the church. My hand was in my pocket, grasping the broad piece of silver. I imagined to myself the kind look of recognition[5] I should receive. I determined on the way in which I should press the money into the widow's hand. But I felt my nerves slightly tremble, as I thought on the look her son had given, and again might give me.

8. Ah, there is the cottage; but the honeysuckle is older, and it has lōst many of its branches! The door was closed. A pet lamb was fastened to a loose cord under the windōw, and its melancholy blēating was the only sound that disturbed the silence. In former years I used, at once, to pull the string that lifted the wooden latch; but now I deliberately knocked. A strānge female form, with a child in her arms, opened the door. I asked for my old acquaintance. "Alas! poor Alice is in her cŏffin: look, sir, where the shadōw of the spire ends: that is her grave." I relaxed my grasp of my money. "And her deformed boy?" "He, too, is there!" I drew my hand from my pocket.

9. It was a hard task for me to thank the woman, but I did so. I moved to the place where the mother and the child were buried. I stood for some minutes, in silence, beside the mound of grass. I thought of the consumptive lad, and as I did so, the lamb, at the cottage windōw, gave its anxious blēat. And then all the affectionate attentions of my *own* mother arose on my soul, while my lips trembled out: "Mother! dear mother! would that I were as is the widōw's son! would that I were

[1] Ap pår' ent, seeming; clear; plain.—[2] Di mĭn' ū tive, small.—[3] Minature (mĭn' e tŭr), a small likeness; on a small scale.—[4] Fac' ul ties, power of the body or the mind.—[5] Recognition (rek og nĭsh' un), knowing again a thing that has been absent; acknowledgment

sleeping in thy grave! I loved thee, mother! but I would not have thee living now, to view the worldly sŏrrōws of thy ungrateful boy! My first step toward vice was the oath which the deformed child heard me utter."

10. But you, who rest here as quietly as you lived, shall receive the homage of the unworthy. I will protect this hillock from the steps of the heedless wanderer, and from the trampling of the village herd. I will raise up a tabernacle to purity and love. I will do it in secret; and I look not to be rewarded openly.

C. Edwards.

22. Scenes of Childhood.

"I came to the place of my birth, and said, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and echo answered, 'Where are they?'"

1. LONG years had elapsed[1] since I gazed on the scene,
Which my fancy still rōbed in its freshness of green—
The spot where, a school-boy, all thoughtless, I stray'd,
By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the shade.

2. I thought of the friends who had roam'd with me there,
When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so fair—
All scatter'd!—all sunder'd[2] by mountain and wave,
And some in the silent embrace of the grave!

3. I thought of the green banks, that circled around,
With wild-flowers, and sweet-brier, and ĕglantine[3] crown'd;
I thought of the river, all quiet and bright
As the face of the sky on a blue summer night.

4. And I thought of the trees, under which we had stray'd,
Of the broad leafy boughs, with their coolness of shade;
And I hoped, though disfigured, some token to find
Of the names and the carvings impress'd on the rind.

5. All eager, I hasten'd the scene to behold,
Render'd sacred and dear by the feelings of old;

[1] E lăpsed', passed away.—[2] Sŭn' dered, separated.—[3] Eg' lan tine, a species of rose; the sweet-brier; according to Milton, the honeysuckle.

And I deem'd that, unalter'd, my eye should explore
This refuge, this haunt, this Elysium of yōre.

6. 'Twas a dream!—not a token or trace could I view
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew:
Like the shadōws of night at the dawning of day,
"Like a tale that is told," they had vanish'd away.

7. And methought the lone river, that murmur'd alŏng,
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its sŏng,
Since the birds that had nestled and warbled above,
Had all fled from its banks, at the fall of the grove.

8. I paused; and the mŏral came home to my heart:
Behold how of earth all the glories depart!
Our visions are baseless; our hopes but a gleam;
Our staff but a reed; and our life but a dream.

9. Then, oh, let us look—let our prospects allure[2]—
To scenes that can fade not, to realms[3] that endure,
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime
O'er the blightings of chānge, and the ruins of time.

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23. Anecdote of a Dog.

A MAN on horseback, with a fine dŏg, was joined by another horseman; they entered into conversation, and the owner of the dog began to boast of the cleverness of his animal. By way of proof he dismounted, took a shilling from his purse, marked it, and put it under a stone, mounted again, and rode away with his companion. When they had gŏne four or five miles, he told the dog to go back and fetch the shilling.

2. He was perfectly understood by the sensible and willing creature, and in a very short time the dog had found the stone, and endeavored to obtain the shilling. But the stone was large

[1] Elysium (e lĭz' e um), place of delight for happy souls after death, as the ancients thought; abode of the happy.—[2] Al lūre', draw, or entice.—[3] Rēalms, regions; countries.

and heavy, and after trying in vain to turn it over, or to scratch away the hard soil underneath it, he gave up the attempt, sat down beside it, and waited patiently. He had not waited lŏng before two horsemen came up, traveling in the opposite direction to that by which his master had gŏne. When the dŏg saw the travelers approach, he began to scratch and howl, and show the plainest signs of anxiety to overturn the stone.

3. The horseman very naturally thought that underneath the tone there was a rat, or weasel, or some other creature, and one of them dismounted and overturned it; to his great surprise he found a shilling, and never imagining for a moment that this could be the object of the dŏg's anxiety, he put it into his purse, and that into his trowsers' pocket. The dog had now quite recovered his composure; he paid no more attention to the stone, but followed the two strāngers on their journey. In vain they tried to drive him away, and at length, supposing he had lŏst his master, they allowed him to have his own way.

4. In the evening, when they reached the inn, the dog was still with them, lay quietly under the table, and took readily the food they gave him. But when they prepared to go to bed, nothing[1] would satisfy the dog but he must sleep in the same room with the man he seemed to have chosen for his new master, the man who had taken the shilling; he had his own way again, and a mat was provided for him at the foot of the bed.

5. Meantime the other two horsemen had reached their journey's end, and put up for the night. The master of the dŏg had boasted all the way that Peto would soon join them again, and certainly bring the shilling; but as time passed he grew uneasy, and when bedtime arrived he retired with a heavy heart, feeling certain that his dog was killed; for nothing else, he said, could have prevented his return, and he was sure that no one could ever take him alive by force, or entice him away.

6. But Peto, far from being dead, was sleeping very comfortably on his mat at the foot of a strānger's bed; the moment, however, that daylight appeared he was stirring. Whether "boots" opened the door, or whether he made his way through the windōw, which the traveler had opened for air in the hot

[1] Nothing (nŭth' ing).

summer night, certain it is, that when the unfortunate man arose, the dog was gŏne—and his trowsers were gone, too!

7. And now for Peto's master again. He arose disconsolate, met his friend at the breakfast, and sighed while he confessed that his dŏg had not appeared. But in the middle of breakfast, Peto rushed into the room, and with great demonstrations[1] of joy, and evidently[2] in perfect health and high good humor, laid down a pair of trowsers at his master's feet.

8. The whŏle proceeding was at first perfectly incomprehensible,[3] but a light soon broke in upon the gentleman's mind, and turning to his companion, he exclaimed, "In these trowsers we shall find the lŏst shilling." He drew forth a purse as he spoke, and there indeed he found, among other coins, the very shilling he had marked the day before. Some months passed away before an explanation took place, and the unfortunate owner of the trowsers received his property.

24. A Human Being with Nothing to Do.

MOST miserable, worthy of most profound pity, is such a being! The most insignificant[4] object in nature becomes a sŏurce of envy; the birds warble on every tree in ecstasy[5] of joy; the tĭny flower, hidden from all eyes, sends fŏrth its fragrance of full happiness; the mountain stream dashes alŏng with a sparkle and murmur of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonic work.

2. O plant! O stream! worthy of admiration, of worship, to the wretched idler! Here are powers ye never dreamed of—faculties divine,[6] eternal;[7] a head to think, but nothing to concentrate[8] the thoughts; a heart to love, but no object to bathe with the living tide of affection; a hand to do, but no work to be done; talents unexercised, capacities[1] undeveloped,[2] a human life thrown away—wasted as water poured fŏrth in the desert. Birds and flowers, ye are gŏds to such a mŏckery of life!

3. Who can describe the fearful void[3] of such an existence, the yearnings[4] for object, the self-reproach for wasted powers, the weariness of daily life, the loathing of pleasure, of frivolity,[5] and the fearful consciousness of deadening life—of a spiritual paralysis[6] which hinders all response[7] to human interest—when enthusiasm[8] ceases to arouse, and noble deeds no lŏnger call fŏrth the tear of joy; when the world becomes a blank, humanity a far sound, and no life is left but the heavy, benumbing weight of personal hopelessness and desolation.

4. Happier far is the toiling drudge[9] who coins body and soul into the few poor shillings that can only keep his family in a lŏng starvation; he has hope unceasingly to lighten him, a duty to perform, a spark of love within that can not die; and wretched, weary, and unhuman as his life may be, it is of royal worth—it is separated by the immeasurable distance of life and death from the poor wretch who is cursed for having no work to do.

25. Our Native Ships.

1. OUR native ships! in fleet[10] career,[11]
They linger not behind,
Where gallant[12] sails from other lands
Cōurt favoring tide and wĭnd.
With banners on the breeze, they leap
As gayly o'er the foam,
As stately barks from prouder seas,
That lŏng have learn'd to roam.

[1] Dem on strā' tions, marks; proofs.—[2] Ev' i dent ly, easily seen; clearly.—[3] In com pre hĕn' si ble, not understood.—[4] In sig nĭf' i cant, small; mean; contemptible.—[5] Ec' sta sy, highest degree of joy; rapture.—[6] Di vine', heavenly; belonging to God.—[7] E tĕr' nal, without beginning or end; endless.— Con cĕn' trāte, to fix; to bring into a common center

[1] Ca pāc' i ties, those powers by which we are enabled to receive instructions; talents; ability to do or to receive.—[2] Un de vĕl' oped, not brought out; hidden.—[3] Void, emptiness.—[4] Yĕarn' ings, strong desires.—[5] Frĭ vŏl' i ty, lightness; fondness for vain and foolish pursuits.—[6] Pa răl' y sis, loss of power; palsy; inability to move the limbs.—[7] Re spŏnse, answer; interest in a thing.—[8] En thū' si asm, an ardent zeal with respect to some object or pursuit.—[9] Drŭdge, one who labors hard without thought.—[10] Flēet, swift.—[11] Ca rēer', course; way.—[12] Găl' lant, noble; brave; generous.

2. The Indian wave, with luring[1] smiles,
Swept round them bright to-day;
And havens[2] of Atlantic isles
Are opening on their way;
Ere yĕt these evening shadōws close,
Or this frail sŏng is o'er,
Full many a straining mast will rise
To greet a fŏreign shore.

3. High up the lashing northern deep,
Where glimmering watch-lights beam,
Away in beauty where the stars
In tropic[3] brightness gleam,
Where'er the sea-bird wets her bēak,
Or blows the stormy gale,
On to the water's furthest verge[4]
Our ships majestic sail.

4. They dip their keels in every stream
That swells beneath the sky;
And where old ocean's billōws roll,
Their lŏfty pennants[5] fly:
They furl[6] their sheets in threatening clouds
That float across the main,
To link with love earth's distant bays,
In many a golden chain. J. T. Fields.

26. The Author of "Sweet Home."

"As I sit at my windōw here in Washington, watching the cōurse of great men, and the destiny[7] of party, I meet often[8] with strānge contradictions[9] in this eventful life. The most remarkable was that of John Howard Payne, author of

[1] Lūr' ing, winning; enticing; attractive.—[2] Hā' vens, ports; harbors; places where ships may float securely, without danger from storms.—[3] Trŏp' ic, belonging to that portion of the earth where it is always warm.—[4] Vĕrge, edge; border.—[5] Pĕn' nants, flags; banners.—[6] Furl (fûrl), to draw up; to fold and fasten.—[7] Dĕs' ti ny, fate; fortune.—[8] Often (ŏf' fn).—[9] Con tra dic' tions, things opposite.

'Sweet Home.' I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating, that I often spent whōle days in his apartments.

2. "He was an applicant for ŏffice at the time—consul[1] at Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poet subjected to the humiliation of office-seeking! In the evening, we would walk alŏng the street. Once in awhile we would see some family circle so happy, and forming so beautiful a group, that we would stop, and then past silently on.

3. "On such occasions he would give a history of his wanderings, his trials, and all the cares incident[2] to his sensitive[3] nature and poverty. 'How ŏften,' said he, once, 'have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand-organ playing "Sweet Home," without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to lay my head.

4. "'The world has literally[4] sung my sŏng until every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly[5] from ŏffice; and in old age I have to submit to humiliation[6] for bread.' Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a fŏreign land, to be buried by strāngers, and sleep in obscurity.

5. "I met him one day, looking unusually sad. 'Have you got your consulate?' said I. 'Yes, and leave in a week for Tunis; I shall never return.' The last expression was not a political faith. Far from it. Poor Payne! his wish was realized—he died at Tunis. Whether his remains have been brought to this country, I know not. They should be; and, if none others would do it, let the homeless throughout the world give a penny for a monument to Payne. I knew him, and will give my penny for an inscription[7] like the following:—

[1] Cŏn' sul, a person appointed by a government to represent it, or act for it, in a foreign country.—[2] In' ci dent, befalling; happening to.—[3] Sĕn' si tive, easy to feel, or to perceive.—[4] Lĭt' er al ly, strictly; to the letter.—[5] Ruthlessly (rŏth' les ly), without pity or mercy.—[6] Hu mil i ā' tion, act of humbling; state of being abased.—[7] Cŏn' su late, office of a consul.—[8] In scrip' tion, that which is written or marked on something.

"HERE LIES
J. HOWARD PAYNE,
THE AUTHOR OF 'SWEET HOME,'
A WANDERER IN LIFE; HE WHOSE SONGS WERE
SUNG IN EVERY TONGUE, AND FOUND
AN ECHO IN EVERY HEART,
NEVER HAD A HOME.
HE DIED
IN A FOREIGN LAND."

HOME, SWEET HOME.

6. 'Mid plĕasures and palaces though we may roam,
Still, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallŏw[1] it there,
Which, go through the world, you'll not meet with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

7. An exile from home, plĕasure dazzles in vain:
Ah! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing sweetly, that came to my call—
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

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27. THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

WHOEVER has traveled among the Scottish hills and dales, can not have failed to observe the scrupulous[2] fidelity[3] of the inhabitants to the old family Bible. A more honorable trait[4] of character than this can not be found; for all men, whether Christians or infidels,[5] are prŏne to put reliance in those who make the Bible their companion, the well-thumbed pages of which show the confidence their owners repose[6] in it.

[1] Hăl' lŏw, to make sacred, or holy.—[2] Scrupulous (skrō' pu lus), careful; conscientious; faithful.—[3] Fi dĕl' i ty, loyalty; faithfulness.—[4] Trāit, mark; line or feature.—[5] In' fi dels, unbelievers.—[6] Re pōse, place, as in confidence.

2. A few years ago, there dwelt in Ayrshire[1] an ancient couple, possessed of this world's gear[2] sufficient to keep them independent from want or woe, and a canny[3] daughter to bless their gray hair and tottering steps. A gal'lant[4] of a farmer became enamored[5] of the daughter, and she, nothing loth,[6] consented to be his. The match being every way worthy of her, the old folks gave their approval, and as they were desirous to see their child comfortably settled, the two were made one. In a few short years, the scythe of time cut down the old people, and they gave their bodies to the dust, and their souls to the Creator.

3. The young farmer, having heard much of the promised land beyŏnd the sea, gāthered togĕther his property, and, selling such as was useless, packed up what was calculated to be of service to him at his new home. Some neighbors, having the same desire for adventure, sold off their homes and homesteads, and, with the young couple, set sail for America.

4. Possessed of considerable property in the shape of money, this company were not like the generality of emigrants,[7] poor and friendless, but happy, and full of hope of the future. The first thing done after the landing, was the taking out of the old family heir-loom,[8] the Bible, and returning thanks and praise to Him who had guided the vessel to a safe haven.

5. The farmer's object in coming to this country was to purchase a farm and follow his occupation; he therefore[9] spent but little time in the city at which he arrived; and as his fellow-passengers had previously determined on their destination, he bid them farewell, and, with a light heart, turned his face toward the setting sun. Indiăn'a, at this time, was fast becoming settled, and, having heard of its cheap and fertile lands, he determined on settling within its borders.

6. He fixed on a farm on the banks of the Wabash, and

[1] Ayrshire (ār' sher), a county in the southwest part of Scotland, bordering on the sea.—[2] Gēar, goods; furniture.—[3] Can' ny, skillful; dexterous; prudent.—[4] Gāl' lant, a brave, high-spirited man; a wooer; one who is polite to ladies.—[5] En ām' ored, in love with.—[6] Lŏth, unwilling.—[7] Em' i grants, persons who leave their own country, to settle in another.—[8] Heir-loom (ār' lōm), a thing which has long been in the family, or which descends to the heirs.—[9] Therefore (thĕr' for).

having paid cash for one half, gave a mortgage[1] for the balance, payable in one year. Having stocked his farm, and put seed in the ground, he rested from his labor, and patiently awaited the time when he might go fŏrth to reap the harvest; but, alas! no ears of grain gladdened his heart, or rewarded his toil. The fever of the country attacked him, and at the time when the fields are white with the fullness of the laborer's skill, death called him home, and left his disconsolate wife a widōw, and his only child an orphan.

7. We leave this first sŏrrōw, and pass on to witness the struggles of the afflicted widōw a year afterward. The time having arrived when the mortgage was to be paid, she bŏrrōwed the money of a neighbor, who had been very attentive to her husband and herself. Hard and patiently did she toil to repay the sum at the promised time; but all would not do; fortune frowned, and she gave way to her accumulated[2] troubles. Disheartened and distracted, she relinquished her farm and stock for less than she owed her neighbor, who, not satisfied with that, put an execution[3] on her furniture.

8. On the Sabbath previous to the sale, she took courage, and strengthening herself with the knowledge of having wrōnged no one, went to the temple of her heavenly Father, and with a heart filled with humanity and love, poured out her soul to Him "who turneth not away;" and having communed[4] side by side with her neighbor, returned to her desolate home.

9. Here her fortitude had like to have forsaken her, but seeing the old "family Bible," she reverently put it to her lips, and sought for consolation in its pages. Slowly she perused[5] its holy and inspiring verses, and gathered hope from its never-failing promises.

10. The day of sale having arrived, her few goods and chattels[6] were, in due course, knocked ŏff to the highest bidder Unmoved she saw pass from her possession article after article,

[1] Mortgage (mâr' gaj), a pledge given for the repayment of borrowed money.—[2] Ac cŭ' mu lāt ed, heaped up; greatly increased.—[3] Ex e cū'-tion, the warrant by which an officer carries into effect the judgment of a court.—[4] Com mūned', partaken of the sacrament, or Lord's Supper.—[5] Perused (pe rōzd'), read with attention.—[6] Chāt' tels, things which a person owns, excepting lands and buildings.

without a murmur, till the constable[1] held up the old family Bible. This was too much. Tears flowed, and gave silent utterance to a breaking heart. She begged the constable to spare her this memento[2] of her revered and departed par'ents; and the humāne' man of the law would willingly have given it to her, but her inĕx'orable[3] creditor declared every thing should be sold, as he was determined to have all that was due to him.

11. The book was, therefore, put up, and about being disposed of for a few shillings, when she suddenly snatched it, and, declaring she would have some relic[4] of those she loved, cut the slender thread that held the brown linen cover, with the intention of retaining that. The cover fell into her hands, and with it two flat pieces of thin, dirty paper.

12. Surprised at the circumstance, she examined them, and what was her joy and delight to find each to be a bank-note, good for five hundred pounds, on the bank of England! On the back of one, in her mother's handwriting, were the following words: "*When sŏrrōw overtakes you, seek your Bible.*" And on the other, in her father's hand, "*Your Father's ears are never dēaf.*"

13. The sale was immediately stopped, and the family Bible given to its faithful owner. The furniture sold was readily offered to her by those who had purchased it, and she gladly took it back. Having paid ŏff her relentless[5] creditor to the uttermost farthing, and rented a small house, she placed the balance of her money in such a way as to receive interest enough to keep her comfortable, and is now able to enjoy the precepts of the old family Bible without fear or molestation.[6]

28. My Mother's Bible.

1. THIS book is all that's left me now!—
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.

[1] Constable (kŭn' sta bl), an officer of the peace.—[2] Me mĕn' to, memorial; something which causes remembrance.—[3] In ĕx' o ra ble, that can not be moved by prayers or entreaties.—[4] Rĕl' ic, that which remains, or is left after a loss; something kept in remembrance.—[5] Re-lĕnt' less, cruel; having no pity.—[6] Mo les tā' tion, trouble; annoyance.

having paid cash for one half, gave a mortgage[1] for the balance, payable in one year. Having stocked his farm, and put seed in the ground, he rested from his labor, and patiently awaited the time when he might go fŏrth to reap the harvest; but, alas! no ears of grain gladdened his heart, or rewarded his toil. The fever of the country attacked him, and at the time when the fields are white with the fullness of the laborer's skill, death called him home, and left his disconsolate wife a widōw, and his only child an orphan.

7. We leave this first sŏrrōw, and pass on to witness the struggles of the afflicted widōw a year afterward. The time having arrived when the mortgage was to be paid, she bŏrrōwed the money of a neighbor, who had been very attentive to her husband and herself. Hard and patiently did she toil to repay the sum at the promised time; but all would not do; fortune frowned, and she gave way to her accumulated[2] troubles. Disheartened and distracted, she relinquished her farm and stock for less than she owed her neighbor, who, not satisfied with that, put an execution[3] on her furniture.

8. On the Sabbath previous to the sale, she took courage, and strengthening herself with the knowledge of having wrōnged no one, went to the temple of her heavenly Father, and with a heart filled with humanity and love, poured out her soul to Him "who turneth not away;" and having communed[4] side by side with her neighbor, returned to her desolate home.

9. Here her fortitude had like to have forsaken her, but seeing the old "family Bible," she reverently put it to her lips, and sought for consolation in its pages. Slowly she perused[5] its holy and inspiring verses, and gathered hope from its never-failing promises.

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For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd;
She, dying, gave it me.

2. Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these rĕcords bear,
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

3. My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's word to hear!
Her ăngel face—I see it yĕt!
What thrŏnging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

4. Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy[1] I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counselor[2] and guide.
The mines of earth no trĕasures give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die. GEORGE P. MORRIS.

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29. ORNITHOLOGY.[3]

IT is surprising to see how few of all the birds which annually[4] visit us are known by name, and how little their habits are understood. Most natives of New England are acquainted with

[1] Cŏn' stan cy, fidelity; faithfulness; remaining fixed in the same opinion.—[2] Coun' sel or, adviser.—[3] Or ni thŏl' o gy, a description of birds; the science which describes the nature and habits of birds.—[4] An' nu al ly, yearly; every year.

the blue jay, one of the earliest of our visitors, who comes sounding his penny trumpet, as a hĕrald of the spring, and either amuses himself by playing pranks upon other more serious birds, or entertains them by acting, to the life, the part of an angry Frenchman.

2. Every miller and vāgrant[1] fisherman knows the belted kingfisher, who sits for hours upon his favorite dead branch looking, with his calm, bright eye, to the lowest depth of the waters. The robin also makes himself welcome, not only by the tradition[2] of the kindness shown by his Europē'an relation to the children in the wood, but by his hearty whistle, lifted up, as if he knew that all would be thankful to hear that the winter is over and gŏne, and his familiarity with man, whereby he shows his belief, that they who least deserve confidence are sometimes made better by being trusted.

3. The solemn crow, who is willing to repose the same confidence in man, taking only the additional precaution[3] of keeping out of his reach; the bobolink, or rice-bunting, who tells man, in so many words, that he cares nothing about him, not he; the swallow, that takes his quarters in our barns, or the one that passes up and down our chimneys with a noise like thunder; the purple martin, that ŏffers to pay his house-rent by keeping insects from our gardens; the snow-bird, that comes riding from the arctic[4] circle upon the winter storm; and the baltimore, or golden robin, that glances like a flame of fire through the green caverns of foliage,—will almost complete the catalogue of those which are familiarly known to man.

4. We say *familiarly* known, because there are many, which people in general think they know, and which are yet sadly misrepresented. The farmer, for example, accuses the wood pecker of boring his trees, when he only enlarges with his bill the hŏle which the grub had made, and, darting in his lŏng ărrōwy tongue, puts a stop to its mining forever. Many a poor bird, in like manner, after having slain his thousands of insects which were laying waste the orchard and the garden, is sen

[1] Vā' grant, wandering; without a home.—[2] Tra dĭ' tion, a story told from father to son; something handed down from age to age.—[3] Pre cāu' tion, care taken beforehand.—[4] Arc' tic, northern; the arctic circle is a term here used for the cold countries of the north.

tenced to death, as guilty of the vĕry offenses which he has been laboriously preventing.

5. There are few scenes in which justice is so completely reversed, as when we see some idle young knave permitted to go fŏrth with a fowling-piece, to murder creatures, of which it is not too much to say, that they have done more good in the world (it is a bold speech, we confess) than ever he will do evil. Applause is often bestowed for such exploits by fathers, who, in rejoicing ignorance, congratulate[3] themselves on having sons so efficient[4] and useful. We hear complaints annually, from all parts of the United States, that some insect or another is destroying the fruit, and proposing to ŏffer a large reward to any one who will discover a remedy. Lĕst we should be anticipated[5] in our design, we would say that we mean to contend for that prize, and to secure the orchards and gardens by protecting the birds, and ŏffering a handsome bounty for the ears of those who shoot them.

6. Kalm[6] tells us, that the planters in Virginia succeeded, at last, by legislative[7] enactments,[8] in exterminating[9] the little crow, and exulted much on the occasion. But it was not lŏng before their triumph was changed to mourning. They found that the acts had been passed for the benefit of insects, not their own, and they would gladly have ŏffered a larger bounty to bring back the persecuted birds. We shall not plead for the crow, who is fully able to take care of himself; but we must file a protest[10] against the practice of destroying the birds of the garden, for, besides depriving us of the beauty of their appearance and the music of their sŏng, it lets in a flood of insects, whose numbers the birds were commissioned to keep down; and, when we find this evil growing year by year, as most assuredly it will,

[1] Ap plâud' ed, praised.—[2] Ex ploits', deeds; acts of which a person boasts.—[3] Con grât' u lâte, to wish joy.—[4] Ef fi' cient, powerful; able to do.—[5] An tic' i pât ed, taken beforehand; to have some one do a thing before us.—[6] Peter Kalm, a Swedish naturalist, author of "A Naturalist's Tour in North America," lived between 1715 and 1779.—[7] Legislative (lĕd'jis lâ tiv), belonging or relating to the making of laws.—[8] Enact' ment, the passing of a bill into a law.—[9] Ex tĕr' min at ing, destroying; putting an end to.—[10] Prō' test, remonstrance; a prayer against what we do not wish.

there will be little consolation in reflecting, that we have brought it upon ourselves.

7. The sŏng of birds is not much better known than their habits and persons. How many have ever seen the crimson linnet, as he sits playing the flute on the vĕry summit of the lŏftiest tree, sometimes diminishing his strain almost to silence, then pouring it out in bursts of rapture? It is common to say that beauty of plumage and sweetness of sŏng are not found togĕther. It may be true that they are seldom united in the highest perfection; but every child knows, that the clear piping of the baltimore and the varied whistle of the goldfinch are as pleasant to the ear as their fine colors are to the eye; and the brilliant red-bird, which sometimes visits New England, is not more distinguished for the bright scarlet[1] of his dress than for the sweet and bold expression of his song.

8. There is so much that inspires curiosity about the various tribes of birds, that it is difficult to account for this contented ignorance of their ways, in which so many spend their lives. When the snows retreat to the mountains, the friendly voice of the robin, telling us that he is glad to see us again, has a magical[2] effect upon every one; it calls the heart and memory into action, and reminds us of all we love to remember. Here he is again, but he can not tell us where he has been; what regions he has traversed, nor what invisible[3] hand pointed out his path in the sky. If this inquī'ry în'terest us, we begin to look about us in the closing year; we see that, when the leaf grows red, the birds are disappearing,—some assembling in solemn deliberation, to make arrangements for the purpose; others taking French leave, as it is unfitly called, without ceremony or farewell.

N. A. Review.

30. The Stormy Petrel.

1. THIS is the bird that sweeps o'er the sea—
Fearless, and rapid, and strŏng is he;
He never forsakes the billowy roar
To dwell in calm on the tranquil[5] shore,

[1] Scâr'let, bright red.—[2] Mâg' ic al, mysterious; performed by something beyond nature.—[3] In vis' i ble, unseen.—[4] De lib er â' tion, thought; consideration.—[5] Tranquil (trâŋk' wil), quiet; calm; peaceful.

Save when his mate from the tempest's shocks
Protects her young in the splinter'd rocks.

2. Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms;
On the top of the wave you may see their forms
They run and dive, and they whirl and fly,
Where the glittering foam-spray breaks on high,
And against[1] the force of the strŏngest gale,
Like phantom[2] ships, they soar and sail.

3. All over the ocean, far from land,
When the storm-king rises, dark and grand,
The măriner[3] sees the petrel meet
The fathomless[4] waves with steady feet,
And a tireless wing and a dauntless breast,
Without a home or a hope of rest.

4. So, mid the contest and toil of life,
My soul, when the billŏws of rage and strife
Are tŏssing high, and the heavenly blue
Is shrouded by vapors of somber hue—
Like the petrel, wheeling o'er foam and spray,
Onward and upward pursue thy way!

PARK BENJAMIN.

31. THE FALCON.

1. THE falcon[5] is a noble bird,
And when his heart of hearts is stirr'd,
He'll seek the eagle, though he run
Into his chămber near the sun.
Never was there brute or bird,
Whom the woods or mountains heard,
That could force a fear or care
From him, the Ar'ab of the air!

Against (a gĕnst').—[2] Phăn'tom, apparition; a fancied vision.—[3] Măr'iner, seaman; sailor.—[4] Făth'omless that can not be fathomed, or sounded.—[5] Falcon (fâ'kn).

2. To-day he sits upon a wrist,
Whose purple veins a queen has kiss'd,
And on him falls a sterner eye
Than he could face where'er he fly,
Though he scale the summit cold
Of the Grimsel,[1] vast and old—
Though he search yŏn sunless stream,
That threads the fŏrest like a dream

3. Ah! noble soldier! noble bird!
Will your names be ever heard
Ever seen in future story,
Crowning it with deathless glory?
Peace, ho! the master's[2] eye is drawn
Away unto the bursting dawn!
Arise, thou bird of birds, arise,
And seek thy quarry[3] in the skies!

PROCTER.

32. THE SKYLARK.

1. BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome[4] and cumberless,[5]
Sweet be thy matin[6] o'er moorland and lea[7]
Emblem[8] of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

2. Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy,[9] love gave it birth.
Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

Grĭm'sel, a mountain of Switzerland, 7126 feet above the sea.—[2] Măs'ter.—[3] Quarry (kwŏr'ry), here means game flown at by a hawk.—[4] Blithesome (blīth'sum), joyous; cheerful.—[5] Cŭm'berless, without care, trouble, or anxiety.—[6] Măt'in, a morning song.—[7] Lēa, a meadow or pasture; an extensive plain.—[8] Em'blem, mark; sign; representation.—[9] En'ergy, strength; ability to act.

3. O'er fell[1] and fountain sheen,[2]
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds[3] the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar singing away!

4. Then, when the gloaming[4] comes,
Low in the heather[5] blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee! HOGG.

33. A Morning Conversation.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. I wish I knew what was the matter with me this morning. Why do you keep the newspaper all to yourself, my dear?

Mr. Bolingbroke. Here it is for you, my dear; I have finished it.

Mrs. B. I humbly thank you for giving it to me when you have done with it—I hate stale[6] news. Is there any thing in the paper? for I can not be at the trouble of hunting it.

Mr. B. Yes, my dear; there are the marriages of two of our friends.

Mrs. B. Who? who?

Mr. B. Your friend, the widow Nettleby, to her cousin, John Nettleby.

Mrs. B. Mrs. Nettleby! Lord! But why did you tell me?

Mr. B. Because you asked me, my dear.

Mrs. B. Oh, but it is a hundred times pleasanter to read the paragraph one's self. One loses all the plĕasure of the surprise by being told. Well, whose was the other marriage?

[1] Fĕll, a barren or stony hill.—[2] Shēen, light; brightness.—[3] Hĕr' alds, proclaims; announces.—[4] Glōam' ing, twilight.—[5] Hēath' er, small shrubs.—[6] Stāle, old; not new.

Mr. B. Oh, my dear, I will not tell you; I will leave you the plĕasure of the surprise.

Mrs. B. But you see I can not find it. How provoking you are, my dear! Do pray tell it me.

Mr. B. Our friend Mr. Granby.

Mrs. B. Mr. Granby! Dear! Why did not you make me guess? I should have guessed him directly. But why do you call him *our* friend? I am sure he is no friend of mine, nor ever was. I took an aversion[1] to him, as you may remember, the very first day I saw him. I am sure he is no friend of mine.

Mr. B. I am sŏrry for it, my dear; but I hope you will go and see Mrs. Granby.

Mrs. B. Not I, indeed, my dear. Who was she?

Mr. B. Miss Cooke.

Mrs. B. Cooke! But there are so many Cookes—can't you distinguish her any way? Has she no Christian name?

Mr. B. Emma, I think—Yes, Emma.

Mrs. B. Emma Cooke! No; it can not be my friend Emma Cooke; for I am sure she was cut out for an old maid.

Mr. B. This lady seems to me to be cut out for a good wife.

Mrs. B. May be so—I am sure I'll never go to see her. Pray, my dear, how came you to see so much of her?

Mr. B. I have seen vĕry little of her, my dear. I only saw her two or three times before she was married.

Mrs. B. Then, my dear, how could you decide that she was cut out for a good wife? I am sure you could not judge of her by seeing her only two or three times, and before she was married.

Mr. B. Indeed, my love, that is a very just observation.

Mrs. B. I understand that compliment perfectly, and thank you for it, my dear. I must own I can bear any thing better than irony.[2]

Mr. B. Irony! my dear, I was perfectly in earnest.

Mrs. B. Yes, yes; in earnest—so I perceive—I may natu-

[1] A vĕr' sion, dislike.—[2] I' ron y, a kind of ridicule, in which we seemingly adopt or approve what we really reject or condemn, sarcastic praise.

rally be dull of apprehension,[1] but my feelings are quick enough; I comprehend you too well. Yes—it is impossible to judge of a woman before marriage, or to guess what sort of a wife she will make. I presume you speak from experience: you have been disappointed yourself, and repent your choice.

Mr B. My dear, what did I say that was like this? Upon my word, I meant no such thing. I really was not thinking of you in the least.

Mrs. B. No—you never think of me now. I can easily believe that you were not thinking of me in the least.

Mr. B. But I said that, only to prove to you that I could not be thinking ill of you, my dear.

Mrs. B. But I would rather that you thought ill of me, than that you did not think of me at all.

Mr. B. Well, my dear, I will even think ill of you, if that will please you.

Mrs. B. Do you laugh at me? When it comes to this, I am wretched indeed. Never man laughed at the woman he loved. As lŏng as you had the slightest remains of love for me, you could not make me an object of derision:[2] ridicule and love are incompatible;[3] absolutely incompatible. Well, I have done my best, my very best, to make you happy, but in vain. I see I am not *cut out* to be a good wife. Happy, happy Mrs. Granby!

Mr. B. Happy, I hope sincerely, that she will be with my friend; but my happiness must depend on you, my love; so, for my sake, if not for your own, be composed, and do not torment yourself with such fancies.

Mrs. B. I do wonder whether this Mrs. Granby is really that Miss Emma Cooke. I'll go and see her directly; see her I must.

Mr. B. I am heartily glad of it, my dear; for I am sure a visit to his wife will give my friend Granby real plĕasure.

Mrs. B. I promise you, my dear, I do not go to give him pleasure, or you either; but to satisfy my own—*curiosity*.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

[1] Ap pre hĕn' sion, understanding.—[2] Derision (de rĭz' un), laughter; scorn; mockery.—[3] In com pāt' i ble, unable to be joined together; not agreeing with.

34. Archbishop Sharpe and the Robber.

IT was a custom with Archbishop Sharpe, in his journeys, generally to have a saddle-horse attending his carriage, that, in case of feeling fatigued with sitting, he might have the refreshment of a ride. In his advanced age, and a few years before his death, as he was going in this manner to his Episcopal residence, and was a mile or two in advance of his carriage, decently-dressed, good-looking young man, on horseback, came up to him, and, with a trembling hand and faltering tone of voice, presented a pistol to his grace's breast, demanding his money.

2. The archbishop, with great composure, turned round, and, looking steadfastly at him, desired that he would remove that dāngerous wĕapon, and tell him fairly his condition. "Sir, sir," cried the youth, with great agitation, "no words; 'tis not a time for words now; your money, instantly!"

3. "Hear me, young man," said the venerable prĕlate;[2] "come on with me. I, you see, am a vĕry old man, and my life is of little consequence; yours seems far otherwise. I am Sharpe, the Archbishop of York. My carriage and servants are behind: but conceal your perturbation,[3] and tell me who you are, and what money you want, and, on the word of my character, I will not injure you, but prove a friend.

4. "Here, take this (giving him a purse of money); and now tell me how much you want, to make you independent of so dāngerous and destructive a cōurse, as you are now engaged in." "Oh, sir," replied the man, "I detest[4] the business as much as you do; I am—but, but—at home there are creditors[5] who will not wait. Fifty pounds, my lord, would indeed do what no thought or tongue besides my own can feel or express."

5. "Well, sir, I take it at your word; and, upon my honor, if you will compose yourself for a day or two, and then call on me at ——, what I have now given you shall be made up to that sum; trust me, I will not deceive you."

[1] E pĭs' co pal, belonging to a bishop, or overseer.—[2] Prĕl' ate, archbishop.—[3] Per tur bā' tion, troubled state of mind; distress.—[4] De tĕst', hate.—[5] Crĕd' it ors, persons to whom money is due.

6. The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went ŏff and, at the time appointed, actually waited on the archbishop, received the money, and assured his lordship that he hoped his words had left impressions which no inducement could ever efface.[1] Nothing more transpired[2] of him for a year and a half, when, one morning, a person knocked at his grace's gate, and, with a peculiar earnestness of voice and countenance, desired to see him.

7. The archbishop ordered the stränger to be introduced. He had scarcely entered the room, when his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he sunk almost breathless on the floor. On recovering, he requested an audience in private. This being granted, he said, "My lord, you can not have forgotten the circumstance of relieving a highwayman. God and gratitude will never suffer it to be obliterated[3] from my mind. In me, my lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind; but now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior to millions. Oh, my lord, 'tis you that have saved me, body and soul; 'tis you that have saved a much-loved wife, and a little brood of children, whom I loved dearer than my own life.

8. "Here, my lord, are the fifty pounds; but never shall I find language to express what I feel. God is your witness; your deed itself is your glory; and may heaven be your present and everlasting reward." The archbishop was refusing the money, when the gentleman added: "My lord, I was the younger son of a wealthy man. Your grace knew him, I am sure. My name is ——. My marriage alienated[4] the affections of my father, who left me to sŏrrōw and penury.[5]

9. "My distresses—but your grace knows to what they drove me. A month since, my brother died a bachelor, and intestate;[6] his fortune has become mine; and I, spared and preserved by your goodness from an ignominious[7] death, am now the most penitent, the most grateful, and the happiest of human beings.'

PERCY ANECDOTES.

[1] Ef fâce', wear away; wipe off.—[2] Trans pired', happened; took place —[3] Ob lit' er at ed, worn away; removed.—[4] Al' ien at ed, transferred to another; lost.—[5] Pĕn' u ry, poverty; want.—[6] In tĕs' tate, dying without a will.—[7] Ig no min' i ous, disgraceful.

35. The Fisherman of Casco Bay.

AMONG the numerous islands in Casco Bay,[1] there are few, indeed, which at present contain more than a single dwelling; yĕt a century[2] ago, the traveler would have been cheered with the mingled hum of business and of plĕasure; and could have rested beneath many a hŏspitable roof, the ruins of which are now scarcely visible. They were formerly inhabited by fishermen, but, on account of the frequent attacks of the Indians, these huts were abandoned,[3] and, being of slight materials, soon sunk into decay.

2. Near one of these ruins, and not far from Diamond Cove, is the grave of Michael Burn, of whom the following story is related. One evening, as he sat at the door of his hut, listening to the waves which broke on the rocks that surrounded him, his dŏg, which was lying at his feet, suddenly sprang up, and, darting toward a projecting cliff,[4] plunged into the water. The fisherman, presuming from his earnest manner that something uncommon had attracted his attention, hastened to the spot from which the animal had leaped; but the night was too dark to discover either the dog, or the object of his pursuit, and the murmur of the waves prevented his ascertaining what direction he had taken.

3. For a lŏng time, he awaited his return in vain, and, at last, supposing he was engaged in a fruitless chase after some seals,[5] which frequently made their appearance, he retired to rest. Scarcely, however, had he sought his pillōw, when the well-known bark, and a scratching at the door, not only announced his return, but anxiety for his master's presence. He opened the door; the dog whined, pulled him gently, as if wishing him to follōw, and suddenly left him.

4. Having lighted his lantern, he left the hut, the dŏg, by his barking, directing the path; but, on approaching the shore,

[1] Casco Bay, in Cumberland county, Maine, extends east from Portland about 20 miles, and contains upward of 300 islands.—[2] Century (sĕnt' yu ry), a hundred years.—[3] A bân' doned, forsaken.—[4] Clĭff, a high and steep rock.—[5] Sēals, animals that live mostly in the water, and are taken for their skins; there are two general kinds, the hair seal and the fur seal.

judge of his surprise to find by his faithful animal a human being, and to all appearance a corpse. It was evident that the dog had just drawn him from the water, but there were no marks of violence on his person. He opened his waistcoat—the body was still warm; and, filled with the hope of restoring animation,[1] he bore it to his hut. His exertions were not in vain. In a short time, the strānger gave signs of returning life, and by the next morning, he was enabled to converse with his generous preserver.

5. "You probably recollect seeing a vessel near your harbor, yĕsterday," said the strānger. "In that vessel, it was my misfortune to have been a passenger; Heaven grant that my belovèd wife has not likewise fallen a victim to perfidy[2] and ingratitude. I am a native of Amĕrica, but for some years past I have resided in France, where I acquired a considerable fortune. Desirous of spending my last days in the land of my fathers, I converted[3] all my property into money, and embarked in this vessel with my young wife.

6. "I loaded the master and crew with presents, but this only served to increase their rapacity.[4] Although I was aware that they knew of the wealth I had on board, I entertained no fears concerning either my life or property; but last night, their diabolical[5] plans for the destruction of bōth, were put in execution. I was alone on the quarter-deck, when a deep groan causing me to turn, I beheld one of the passengers struck down with an ax, as he was approaching to join me. The ruffians, with hŏrrid yells, rushed forward to secure a second victim; but, though nearly overpowered by my sensations, I was enabled to reach the taffrail,[6] and dropped into the sea.

7. "The darkness of the night, the presumption that I could not reach land, and above all, the work of death, which was still unfinished, prevented pursuit. I made an effort to float, trusting in Providence for my guide. But what was life? The dear woman for whom I wished to live, was deserted at the moment

[1] An i mā' tion, breathing; life.—[2] Pĕr' fi dy, treachery; violation of faith or of trust.—[3] Con vĕrt' ed, exchanged; turned from one thing to another.—[4] Ra păc' i ty, desire of taking from others; undue greediness of gain.—[5] Di a bŏl' ic al, wicked; devilish.—[6] Tăff' rail, the upper part of the stern of a ship; the rail round a ship's stern.

she most needed my assistance. The shrieks of the dying broke upon my ear, and I fancied I could distinguish the voice of my wife, imploring mercy. The thought was agonizing Three times I attempted to regain the ship, but in vain—she was fast receding. At last, regardless of my fate, I murmured at that Being who had upheld me. I desired death, and ceased my exertions, in order to hasten it's approach. From that moment, until I revived in your dwelling, reason left me."

8. The humāne fisherman did all he could to comfort the hapless sufferer. He spoke of the consolations of religion, and reminded him of the submission which he owed to the divine will of that Gŏd, from whose hand he had already received such manifold blessings. "I have no doubt," continued he, "that these men will soon land in this vicinity, to divide their plunder; and let us indulge the hope, that these outcasts of society will yet be brought to justice, and you restored to your affectionate wife."

9. Animated with this idea, the fisherman rose, and approached the windōw, and, as he had supposed, the vessel was distinctly seen standing in for the shōre. Not a moment was to be lōst. Ra'sing the strānger in his arms, he carried him to his skiff, and rowing round a steep bluff of rocks, which screened them from observation, he placed him in a cave, retired and secure. He then hastened to some huts, a few miles distant, informed the inhabitants of the bloody transactions of the past night, and conjūred[1] them, if they were not destitute of courage and humanity, to aid him in boarding the vessel, which was now at anchor.

10. A small but determined band was immediately collected; and, under the direction of the fisherman, they advanced with caution toward his humble dwelling. Providence smiled on their endeavors. They crept to the brow of a crag, beneath which the pirates were seated, dividing the money of the strānger,—and watching for a good opportunity, they sprang upon them. The confusion of guilt, and the effects of intoxication, rendered them an easy conquest.

11. They were carefully secured to await the punishment due

[1] Con jūred', besought earnestly.

to their crimes. The fisherman and his cŏmrădes then rowed ŏff for the vessel, and tears of joy bedewed his weather-beaten face on finding that the wife of his guest had escaped uninjured. When he descended into the cabin, she at first seemed unconscious of his approach, so much had her senses been overpowered by the late scenes of hŏrror. When she was aroused from the stupor[1] in which he had found her, she informed him that she was the only survivor of all those who had taken passage in the vessel. "Alas," exclaimed she, "I regret that my life was spared. Far more dear to me would have been the watery grave of my husband."

12. For some moments, the tears of the wretched woman unmanned our generous fisherman; and when he at length collected himself, he was fearful of informing her too suddenly that her husband was alive, and in perfect safety. At first, he tried to soothe her agitated feelings by telling her that the murderers had no lŏnger the power of doing her any injury; and that, though separated from the one she loved, she should never want a protector while he had an arm to raise in her defense.

13. As she became more calm, he continued, "Perhaps your husband may be still alive. Some of the passengers have been picked up, severely wounded, it is true, but not beyŏnd the hope of recovery." At last, he gradually unfolded the happiness that was in store for her. But with all his caution, nature fainted under the excess of joyful emotion; and he trembled lest all his labors should have been bestowed in vain.

14. The joy of the young couple at their meeting can not be adequately[2] described. Suffice it to say, that after having knelt in prayer to that Being who had, as it were, restored them to life, their first care was the welfare of the fisherman. A sum sufficient to render him independent was immediately bestowed, and the only return which they requested was, that they might retain the faithful dŏg, who had been so instrumental in producing this joyous meeting.

15. But here the fisherman pleaded in his turn. He said, that his reward had been greater than his labors deserved, or his

[1] Stū' por, insensibility; inability to perceive, act, or feel.—[2] Ad' e-quate ly, justly; fitly.

heart required. He hoped they would not charge him with ingratitude; but the dŏg, he said, patting him on the face, had been his only companion during the lŏng and dreary winters he had passed among those rocks—that there was no other living creature whom he could call his friend—and, in fine, rather than part with him, he would return their bounty; preferring his hut, his poverty, and his dog, to wealth and solitude.

16. "Enough has been said," replied the stranger; "you shall not part with him,—and I am sŏrry that I made a request which could give one moment's pain to so good a heart. Take this," added he, presenting a large addition to his former donation; "and if it be more than sufficient for your wants, I know it will be employed—as all wealth ought to be—in alleviating[1] the distresses of your fellŏw-beings."

INDEPENDENT STATESMAN.

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36. THE SON OF SORROW.—A FABLE.

1. ALL lonely, excluded from Heaven,
Sat Sŏrrōw one day on the strand,[2]
And, mournfully buried in thought,
Form'd a figure of clay with her hand.

2. Jove[3] appear'd. "What is this?" he demands:
She replied, "'Tis a figure of clay.
Show thy power on the work of my hand;
Give it life, mighty Father, I pray!"

3. "Let him live!" said the god. "But observe,
As I *lend* him, he mine must remain."
"Not so," Sŏrrōw said, and implored,
"Oh! let me my ŏffspring retain!

4. "'Tis to me his creation he owes."
"Yes," said Jove, "but 'twas I gave him breath."
As he spoke, Earth appears on the scene,
And, observing the image, thus saith:

[1] Al lē' vi āt ing, making lighter or more tolerable.—[2] Strånd, shore.—Jŏve, or Jū' pi ter, the chief of the fabulous gods of the ancients.

to their crimes. The fisherman and his cŏmrădes then rowed ŏff for the vessel, and tears of joy bedewed his weather-beaten face on finding that the wife of his guest had escaped uninjured. When he descended into the cabin, she at first seemed unconscious of his approach, so much had her senses been overpowered by the late scenes of hŏrror. When she was aroused from the stupor[1] in which he had found her, she informed him that she was the only survivor of all those who had taken passage in the vessel. "Alas," exclaimed she, "I regret that my life was spared. Far more dear to me would have been the watery grave of my husband."

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And, observing the image, thus saith:

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5. "From me—from my bosom he's tŏrn,
I demand, then, what's taken from me."
"This strife shall be settled," said Jove;
"Let Saturn[1] decide 'tween the three."

6. This sentence the Judge gave. "To all
He belŏngs, so let no one complain;
The life, Jove, thou gavest him, shalt thou,
With his soul, when he dies, take again.

7. "Thou, Earth, shalt receive back his frame,
At peace in thy lap he'll recline;
But during his whŏle troubled life,
He shall surely, O Sŏrrōw, be thine!

8. "His features thy look shall reflect;
Thy sigh shall be mixed with his breath:
And he ne'er shall be parted from thee
Until he reposes in death!"

MORAL.

9. The sentence of Heaven, then, is this;
And hence man lies under the sod:
Though Sŏrrōw possesses him, living,
He returns bŏth to earth and to God.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

37. Stuart, the Painter.

OF Stuart,[2] the painter, this amusing anecdote is related. He had put up at an inn, and his companions were desirous, by putting roundabout questions, to find out his calling or profession. Stuart answered, with a grave face and serious tone, that

[1] Sât′urn, the father of Jupiter.—[2] Gilbert Stuart was born in Newport, R. I., in 1755, and died in 1828. He lived successively in Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston. His portraits are among the finest specimens of modern art. On a near and sudden view, they appear like mere daubs and blotches of paint, but as the eye rivets its attention upon them, the canvas appears to be actually animated—there seems to be no paint, nothing but living flesh and blood, with the actual features of the person in relief before us. Hence Stuart's portraits are very highly es imated.

he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair. At that time, high-cropped pomatumed[1] hair was all the fashion.

2. "You are a hair-dresser, then?" "What," said he, "do I look like a barber?" "I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are, then?" "Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat."

3. "Oh, you are a valet,[2] then, to some nobleman?" "A valet! Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen." "Oh, you are a tailor?" "A tailor! do I look like a tailor? I assure you, I never handled a goose,[3] other than a roasted one."

4. By this time they were all in a roar. "What are you, then?" said one. "I'll tell you," said Stuart. "Be assured, all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches,[4] and likewise boots and shoes, at your service."

5. "Oh, ho! a boot and shoemaker, after all!" "Guess again, gentlemen. I never handled boot or shoe, but for my own feet and legs; yĕt all I have told you is true." "We may as well give up guessing." "Well, then, I will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide*[5] profession. I get my bread by making faces."

6. He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments[6] of his visage,[7] in a manner such as Samuel Foote[8] or Charles Mathews[9] might have envied. His companions, after loud peals of laughter, each took credit to himself for having suspected that the gentleman belŏnged to the theater, and they all knew he must be a comedian[10] by profession. When, to

[1] Po mā′tumed, pomatum, a kind of scented ointment used on the hair.—[2] Văl′et, a servant who attends on a gentleman's person.—[3] Gŏose, the iron with which the tailor smooths his work.—[4] Breeches (brĭch′ez).—[5] Bō′na fī′de, Latin words, meaning in good faith; truly; actual.—[6] Lĭn′e a ments, features; outlines.—[7] Visage (vĭz′aj), face.—[8] Samuel Foote, an English author, actor, and mimic. Born 1721, died 1777.—[9] Charles Mathews, an English comedian, celebrated as a mimic. Born 1776, died 1837.—[10] Co mē′di an, an actor or player in comedy: that is, a representation on a stage of the lighter passions of mankind, which generally terminates happily. When the story terminates sadly, it is called tragedy, and the player is called a tragedian.

their utter astonishment, he assured them that he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a playhouse, or any similar place of amusement. They all now looked at each other in utter amazement.

7. Before parting, Stuart said to his companions: "Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments is comprised in these few words: *I am a portrait painter.* If you will call at John Palmer's, York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair *à la mode*,[1] supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravat, and make faces for you."

38. The Old Arm-chair.

1. I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell?[2] a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

2. In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd[3] seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,[4]
With truth for my creed[5] and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

3. I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;

[1] À la mode, according to the fashion.—[2] Spell, a charm, consisting of words of hidden power.—[3] Hăl' lowed, holy; sacred.—[4] Be tide' befall; happen.—[5] Crēed, belief; articles of faith.

And I almost worship'd her when she smiled
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

4. 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lāva[1] tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and can not tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

Eliza Cook.

39. Lokman.

LOKMAN, surnamed the Wise, lived in very early times—probably in the days of King David and King Solomon—and his name is still famous in the East as the inventor of many fables and parables,[2] and various stories are told of his wisdom. It was said that he was a native of Ethiopia,[3] and either a tailor, a carpenter, or a shepherd; and that afterward he was a slave in various countries, and was at last sold among the Israelites.

2. One day, as he was seated in the midst of a company who were all listening to him with great respect and attention, a Jew of high rank, looking earnestly at him, asked him whether he was not the same man whom he had seen keeping the sheep of one of his neighbors. Lokman said he was. "And how," said the other, "did you, a poor slave, come to be so famous as a wise man?"

3. "By exactly observing these rules," replied Lokman:

[1] Lä' va, melted matter which flows from a volcano, or burning mountain.—[2] Păr' a ble, a fable, or supposed history, representing something in real life or nature, from which a moral is drawn for instruction.—[3] Ethiopia (e the ō' pe a), the name given by the ancient geographers to the countries in Africa, south of Egypt.

"Always speak the truth without disguise; strictly keep your promises; and do not meddle with what does not concern you." Another time, he said that he had learned his wisdom from the blind, who will believe nothing but what they hold in their hands: meaning that he always examined things, and took great pains to find out the truth.

4. Being once sent, with some other slaves, to fetch fruit, his companions ate a great deal of it, and then said it was he who had eaten it; on which he drank warm water to make himself sick, and thus proved that he had no fruit in his stomach; and the other slaves, being obliged to do the same, were found out.

5. Another story of him is, that, his master having given him a kind of melon, called the cŏloquin'tida, which is one of the bitterest things in the world, Lokman immediately āte it all up, without making faces, or showing the least dislike. His master, quite surprised, said, "How was it possible for you to swallow so nauseous[1] a fruit?" Lokman replied, "I have received so many sweets from you, that it is not wonderful that I should have swallowed the only bitter fruit you ever gave me." His master was so much struck by this generous and grateful answer, that he immediately rewarded him by giving him his liberty.

6. At this day, "to teach Lokman" is a common saying in the East, to express a thing impossible. It is said, too, that he was as good as he was wise; and, indeed, it is the chief part of wisdom to be good. He was particularly remarkable for his love to Gŏd, and his reverence of His holy name. He is reported to have lived to a good old age; and, many centuries after, a tomb in the little town of Ramlah, not far from Jerusalem, was pointed out as Lokman's. AIKIN

40. Lazy People.

YOU may see him, if you are an early riser, setting ŏff, at peep of dawn, on a fishing expedition.[2] He winds through the dreary woods, yawning portentously,[3] and stretching as if

[1] Nauseous (nâ' shus), disgusting; causing sickness of the stomach.—Expedition (eks pe dish' un), a march or voyage; an enterprise.—[3] Por tĕnt' ous ly, showing that something is about to happen.

he were emulous[1] of the height of the hickory-trees. Dexterously swaying his lŏng rod, he follows the little stream till it is lŏst in the bosom of the woodland lake; if unsuccessful from the bank, he seeks the frail skiff, which is the common property of laborious idlers like himself, and, pushing off shore, sits dreaming under the sun's wilting beams, until he has secured a supply for the day. Home again—an irregular meal at any time of day—and he goes to bed with the ague; but he murmurs not, for fishing is not work.

2. Then come the whortleberries; not the little, stunted, seedy things that grow on dry uplands and sandy commons, but the prŏd'uce of towering bushes in the plashy[2] meadow; generous, pŭlpy berries, covered with a fine bloom; the "blaeberry" of Scotland; a delicious fruit, though of humble reputation, and, it must be confessed, somewhat enhanced[3] in value by the scarcity of the more refined productions of the garden. We scorn thee not, O bloom-covered neighbor! but gladly buy whŏle bushels of thy prolific[4] family from the lounging Indian, or the still lazier white man. We must not condemn the gătherers of whortleberries, but it is a melancholy truth that they do not gĕt rich.

3. Baiting for wild bees beguiles the busy shunner of work into many a wearisome tramp, many a night-watch, and many a lŏst day. This is a most fascinating chase, and sometimes excites the vĕry spirit of gambling. The stake seems so small in comparison with the possible prize—and gamblers and honey-seekers think all possible things probable—that some, who are scarcely ever tempted from regular business by any other disguise of idleness, can not withstand a bee-hunt.

4. A man whose arms and ax are all-sufficient to insure a comfortable livelihood for himself and his family, is chopping, perhaps, in a thick wood, where the voices of the locust, the cricket, the grasshopper, and the wild bee, with their kindred, are the only sounds that reach his ear from sunrise till sunset He feels lonely and listless; and, as noon draws on, he ceases from his hot toil, and, seating himself on the tree which has just

[1] Em' u lous, rivaling; desirous to excel.—[2] Plăsh' y, watery.—[3] Enhănced', increased.—[4] Pro lif' ic, fruitful; bringing forth in abundance.

fallen beneath his ax, he takes out his lunch of bread and butter, and, musing as he eats, thinks how hard his life is, and how much better it must be to have bread and butter without working for it.

5. His eye wanders through the thick fŏrest, and follows, with a feeling of envy, the wingèd inhabitants of the trees and flowers, till at length he notes among the singing thrŏng some half-dozen of bees. The lunch is soon dispatched; a honey-tree must be near; and the chopper spends the remainder of the daylight in endeavoring to discover it. But the cunning insects scent the human robber, and will not approach their home until nightfall. So our weary wight plods homeward, laying plans for their destruction.

6. The next morning's sun, as he peeps above the hori'zon, finds the bee-hunter burning honey-comb and old honey near the scene of yĕsterday's inkling.[2] Stealthily does he watch his line of bait, and cautiously does he wait until the first glutton that finds himself sated with the luscious feast sets ŏff in a "bee-line"—"like ărrōw darting from the bow"—blind betrayer of his home, like the human inebriate.[3] This is enough. The spoiler asks no more; and the first moonlight night sees the rich hoard transferred to his cottage, where it sometimes serves, almost unaided, as food for the whōle family, until the last drop is consumed.

7. One hundred and fifty pounds of honey are sometimes found in a single tree, and it must be owned the temptation is great; but the luxury is generally dearly purchased, if the whōle cŏst and consequences be counted. To be content with what supplies the wants of the body for the present moment, is, after all, the characteristic[4] rather of the brute than of the man; and a family accustomed to this view of life, will grow more and more idle and thriftless, until poverty and filth, and even beggary, lose all their terrors. It is almost proverbial among farmers, that bee-hunters are always behindhand.

CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

[1] Ho ri' zon, a line that bounds the sight where the earth and sky appear to meet.—[2] Ink' ling, hint; desire.—[3] In è' bri ate, one intoxicated a drunkard.—[4] Char ac ter is' tic, mark of character.

41. The Worth of Hours.

1. BELIEVE not that your inner eye
Can ever in just mĕasure try
The worth of Hours as they go by;

2. For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them, while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass:

3. But if in earnest care you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

4. Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bow'd and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content:

5. And more,—though free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from plĕasure's charm,—

6. If then a painful sense comes on
Of something whōlly lŏst and gŏne,
Vainly enjoy'd, or vainly done,—

7. Of something from your bĕing's chain
Broke ŏff, nor to be link'd again
By all mere memory can retain,—

8. Upon your heart this truth may rise,—
Nothing[1] that altogĕther dies
Suffices[2] man's just destinies![3]

9. So should we live, that every Hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power;

10. That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed;[4]

[1] Nothing (nŭth' ing).—[2] Suffices (suf fiz' ez), satisfies; to be enough.—[3] Dĕs' ti nies, necessities; final end.—[4] Mēed, a reward; that which is given on account of merit.

11. Esteeming sŏrrōw, whose employ
Is to develop[1] not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy. R. M. Milne.

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42. The Sabbath in New England.

THE observance of the Sabbath began with the Puritans, as it still does with a great portion of their descendants, on Saturday night. At the going down of the sun on Saturday, all temporal[2] affairs were suspended;[4] and so zealously[5] did our fathers maintain the letter, as well as the spirit of the law, that, according to a vulgar tradition in Connecticut, no beer was brewed in the latter part of the week, lest it should presume to work on Sunday.

2. It must be confessed, that the tendency of the age is to laxity;[6] and so rapidly is the whŏlesome strictness of primitive times abating, that, should some antiquary,[7] fifty years hence, in exploring his garret rubbish, chance to cast his eye on our humble pages, he may be surprised to learn, that, even now, the Sabbath is observed, in the interior of New England, with an almost Ju dā'ical[8] severity.

3. On Saturday afternoon an uncommon bustle is apparent. The great class of procrastinators[9] are hurrying to and fro to complete the lagging business of the week. The good mothers, like Burns's mātron, are plying their needles, making "auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;" while the domestics, or help (we prefer the năational descriptive term), are wielding, with might and main, their brooms and *mops*, to make all *tidy* for the Sabbath.

4. As the day declines, the hum of labor dies away, and, after

[1] De vĕl' op, uncover; lay open to view.—[2] Pū'ri tans, those desirous of purer forms of worship; reformers.—[3] Tĕm' po ral, belonging to this life or world, or to the body only.—[4] Sus pĕnd' ed, stopped.—[5] Zĕal' ously, earnestly.—[6] Lăx' i ty, looseness; carelessness of duty.—[7] An' ti qua ry, one who is well acquainted with things that took place in old times.—[8] Ju dā' ic al, pertaining to the Jews. The Jews are noted for the strict manner in which they observe the Sabbath.—[9] Pro crās' ti na tors, persons who delay things to a future time; delayers.

the sun is set, perfect stillness reigns in every well-ordered household, and not a foot-fall is heard in the village street. It can not be denied, that even the most scriptural, missing the excitement of their ordinary occupations, anticipate[1] their usual bedtime. The obvious[2] inference[3] from this fact is skillfully avoided by certain ingenious reasoners, who allege, that the constitution was originally so organized as to require an extra quantity of sleep on every seventh night. We recommend it to the curious to inquire, how this peculiarity was adjusted, when the first day of the week was changed from Saturday to Sunday.

5. The Sabbath morning is as peaceful as the first hallowed day. Not a human sound is heard without the dwellings, and, but for the lōwing of the herds, the crowing of the cocks, and the gossiping of the birds, animal life would seem to be extinct, till, at the bidding of the church-going bell, the old and young issue from their habitations, and, with solemn demeanor,[4] bend their mĕasured steps to the meeting-house;—the families of the minister, the squire, the doctor, the merchant, the modest gentry of the village, and the mechanic and laborer, all arrayed in their best, all meeting on even ground, and all with that consciousness of independence and equality, which breaks down the pride of the rich, and rescues the poor from servility, envy, and discontent.

6. If a morning salutation is reciprocated,[5] it is in a suppressed voice; and if, perchance, nature, in some reckless urchin, burst forth in laughter—"My dear, you forgĕt it's Sunday," is the ever ready reproof. Though every face wears a solemn aspect, yet we once chanced to see even a deacon's muscles relaxed by the wit of a neighbor, and heard him allege, in a half-deprecating, half-laughing voice, "The squire is so droll, that a body must laugh, though it be Sabbath-day."

7. The farmer's ample wagon, and the little one-horse vehicle, bring in all who reside at an inconvenient walking distance,—that is to say, in our riding community, half a mile from the church. It is a pleasing sight, to those who love to note the happy peculiarities of their own land, to see the farmers' daugh

[1] An tĭc' i pāte, take beforehand.—[2] Ob' vi ous, plain; clear.—[3] In' ference, that which follows as certainly or probably true; conclusion.—[4] De mēan' or, manner.—[5] Re cĭp' ro cā ted, given and received by turns

ters, blooming, intelligent, well-bred, pouring out of these homely coaches, with their nice white gowns, prunella shoes, Leghorn hats, fans, and parasols,[1] and the spruce young men, with their plaited ruffles, blue coats, and yĕllōw buttons. The whōle community meet as one religious family, to ŏffer their devotions at the common altar. If there be an outlaw from the society,—a luckless wight, whose vagrant taste has never been subdued,—he may be seen stealing alŏng the margin of some little brook, far away from the condemning observation and troublesome admonitions of his fellōws.

8. Toward the close of the day (or to bŏrrōw a phrase descriptive of his feelings, who first used it), "when the Sabbath begins to *abate*," the children cluster about the windōws. Their eyes wander from their catechism to the western sky, and, though it seems to them as if the sun would never disappear, his broad disk does slowly sink behind the mountain; and, while his last ray still lingers on the eastern summits, mĕrry voices break fŏrth, and the ground resounds with bounding footsteps. The village belle arrays herself for her twilight walk; the boys găther on "the green;" the lads and girls thrŏng to the "singing-school;" while some coy maiden lingers at home, awaiting her expected suitor; and all enter upon the plĕasures of the evening with as keen a relish as if the day had been a preparatory penance.[2]

Miss C. M. Sedgwick.

43. The Country Church.

1. ABOUT the chapel door, in easy groups,
The rustic people wait. Some trim the switch,
While some prognosticate[3] of harvests full,
Or shake the dubious[4] head, with arguments
Based[5] on the winter's frequent snow and thaw,
The heavy rains, and sudden frŏsts severe.

[1] Par a sŏls', a small umbrella to keep off the sun.—[2] Pĕn' ance, punishment.—[3] Prog nŏs' tic āte, to foretell by signs.—[4] Dū' bi ous, doubtful: not clear or plain.—[5] Based, founded.

2. Some, happily but few, deal scandal out,
With look askance[1] pointing their victim. These
Are the rank tares[2] in every field of grain—
These are the nettles stinging unaware—
The briers which wound and trip unheeding feet—
The noxious vines, growing in every grove!
Their touch is deadly, and their passing breath
Poison most venomous![3] Such have I known—
As who has not?—and suffer'd by the contact.
Of these the husbandman takes certain note,
And in the proper season disinters[4]
Their baneful roots; and, to the sun exposed,
The killing light of truth, leaves them to pine
And perish in the noonday!

3. 'Gainst a tree,
With strŏng arms folded o'er a giant chest,
Stands Barton, to the neighborhood chief smith;
His coat, unused to aught save Sunday wear,
Brown too oppressive by the morning walk,
Gangs on the drooping branch: so stands he ŏft
Beside the open door, what time the share
Is whitening at the roaring bellōws' mouth.
There, too, the wheelwright—he, the magistrate[5]—
In small communities a man of mark—
Stands with the smith, and holds such argument
As the unletter'd but observing can;
Their theme[6] some knot of scripture hard to solve.
And 'gainst the neighboring bars two others fan,
Less fit the sacred hour, discussion hot
Of politics; a topic which, inflamed,
Knows no propriety of time or place.

4. There Oakes, the cooper, with rough brawny hand,
Descănts[7] at large, and, with a noisy ardor,
Rattles around his theme as round a cask;

[1] As kănce, sideways; toward one corner of the eye.—[2] Tāres, weeds.—[3] Vĕn' om ous, deadly; mischievous.—[4] Dis in tĕrs', unburies; digs out.—[5] Măg' is trāte, a judge; a justice of the peace.—[6] Thēme, subject.—[7] Des cănts', talks; makes remarks

While Hanson, heavy brow'd, with shoulders bent,
Bent with great lifting of huge stones—for he
A mason and famed builder is—replies
With tongue as sharp and dexterous as his trowel,
And sentences which like his hammer fall,
Bringing the flinty fire at every blow!

5. But soon the approaching parson ends in peace
The wordy combat, and all turn within.
Awhile rough shoes, some with discordant creak,
And voices clearing for the psalm, disturb
The sacred quiet, till, at last, the vail
Of silence wavers, settles, falls; and then
The hymn is given, and all arise and sing.
Then follōws prayer, which from the pastor's heart
Flows unpretending, with few words devout
Of humble thanks and askings; not with lungs
Stentorian,[1] assaulting heaven's high wall,
Compelling grace by virtue of a siege!
This done, with loving care he scans his flock,
And opes the sacred volume at the text.

6. Wide is his brow, and full of honest thought—
Love his vocation, truth is all his stock.
With these he strives to guide, and not perplex
With words sublime and empty, ringing ōft
Most musically hōllōw. All his facts
Are simple, broad, sufficient for a world!
He knows them well, teaching but what he knows.
He never strides through metaphysic[2] mists,
Or takes false greatness because seen through fogs,
Nor leads 'mid brambles of thick argument
Till all admire the wit which brings them through;
Nor e'er essays, in sermon or in prayer,
To share the hearer's thought; nor strives to make

[1] Sten tō' ri an, extremely loud. Stentor was the Greek name of a man having a very loud voice.—[2] Met a phys' ics, the science of the principles and causes of all things existing; the science, or regulated knowedge, of the mind.

The smallest of his congregation lose
One glimpse of heaven, to cast it on the priest.

7. Such simple cōurse, in these ambitious times,
Were worthy imitation; in these days,
When brazen tinsel bears the palm from worth,
And trick and pertness take the sacred desk;
Or some coarse thunderer, arm'd with doctrines new
Aims at our faith a blow to fell an ox—
Swinging his sledge,[1] regardless where it strikes,
Or what demolishes—well pleased to win
By either blows or noise!—A modern seer,
Crying destruction! and, to prove it true,
Walking abroad, for demolition[2] arm'd,
And boldly leveling where he can nōt build!

8. The service done, the congregation rise,
And with a freshness glowing in their hearts,
And quiet strength, the benison[3] of prayer,
And whōlesome admonition, hence depart.
Some, lōth to go, within the graveyard loiter,
Walking among the mounds, or on the tombs,
Hanging, like pictured grief beneath a willōw,
Bathing the inscriptions with their tears; or here,
Finding the earliest vīolet, like a drop
Of heaven's anointing blue upon the dead,
Bless it with mournful plĕasure; or, perchance,
With careful hands, recall the wandering vine,
And teach it where to creep, and where to bear
Its future epitaph of flowers. And there,
Each with a separate grief, and some with tears,
Ponder the sculptured lines of consolation.

T. Buchanan Read.

[1] Slĕdge, a heavy hammer.—[2] Demolition (dem o lĭsh' un), act of overthrowing or destroying; ruin.—[3] Benison (bĕn' ne zn), benediction; a blessing; reward

44. The Cynic.

THE cynic[1] is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant[2] in darkness, and blind to light; mousing for vermin,[3] and never seeing noble game.[4] The cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—*openly* bad, and *secretly* bad.

2. All virtue and generosity and disin'terestedness[5] are merely the *appearance* of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing, except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear[6] them; to send you away sour and morose.[7] His criticisms and innuendoes[8] fall indiscriminately[9] upon every lovely thing, like frŏst upon flowers.

3. "Mr. A," says some one, "is a religious man." He will answer: "*Yes; on Sundays.*" "Mr. B has just joined the church:" "*Certainly: the elections are coming on.*" The minister of the Gŏspel is called an example of diligence: "*It is his trade.*" Such a man is generous:—"*of other men's money.*" This man is obliging:—"*to lull suspicion and cheat you.*" That man is upright:—"*because he is green.*"

4. Thus, his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him, religion is hypocrisy,[10] honesty a preparation for fraud,[11] virtue only want of opportunity, and undeniable purity asceticism.[12] The live-lŏng day he will sit with sneering lip, uttering sharp speeches in the quietest manner, and in

[1] Cyn' ic, a surly, snarling man. The Cynics were a sect of philosophers in ancient Greece, who affected to despise all the refinements of life. The sect was founded by Antisthenes, and supported by Diogenes The name is derived from the Greek word for "*dog*," because they lived more like dogs than men. Hence, any ill-natured person, despising the common courtesies of life, is called *a cynic*.—[2] Vĭg' i lant, watchful.—[3] Vĕr' min, noxious animals, as rats, mice, worms, &c.—[4] Game, animals that are hunted.—[5] Dis ĭn' ter ĕst ed ness, fairness, not favoring one's self.—[6] Sēar, burn; harden.—[7] Mo rōse', sour; peevish.—[8] In nu ĕn' do, a hint carefully given; a sly suggestion.—[9] In dis crĭm' i nate ly, without distinction.—[10] Hy pŏc' ri sy, the putting on of an appearance of virtue, or goodness, which one does not possess.—[11] Fraud, deceit; dishonesty.—[12] As cĕt' i cism, the practice of undue severity and self-denial.

polished phrase transfixing[1] every character which is presented; "*His words are sŏfter than oil, yet are they drawn swords.*"

5. All this, to the young, seems a wonderful knowledge of human nature; they honor a man who appears to have *found out mankind*. *They* begin to indulge themselves in flippant sneers; and with supercilious[2] brow, and impudent tongue, wagging to an empty brain, call to naught the wise, the lŏng-tried, and the venerable.

6. I do believe, that man is corrupt enough; but something of good has survived his wreck; something of evil, religion has restrained, and something partially restored; yĕt, I look upon the human heart as a mountain of fire. I dread its crater.[4] I tremble when I see its lāva[5] roll the fiery stream.

7. Therefore, I am the more glad, if upon the old crust of past eruptions,[6] I can find a single flower springing up. So far from rejecting appearances of virtue in the corrupt heart of a depraved race, I am eager to see their light, as ever mariner was to see a star in a stormy night.

8. Mŏss will grow upon gravestones; the ivy will cling to the moldering pile; the mistletoe[7] springs from the dying branch; and, God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight and grateful to the heart, will yĕt twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart!

H. W. Beecher

45. Epitaph on a Candle.

1. A WICKED[8] one lies buried here,
Who died in a *decline;*
He never rose in rank, I fear,
Though he was born to *shine.*

[1] Trans fix' ing, piercing through; stabbing.—[2] Flip' pant, smooth easily spoken; pert.—[3] Su per cĭl' ious, scowling; proud; haughty.—[4] Crā' ter, the cup, mouth, or hollow top of a volcano.—[5] Lā' va, melted matter from a volcano.—[6] E rŭp' tions, outpourings; burstings out.—Mistletoe (mĭz' zl tō), a plant that grows on trees.—[8] Wick' ed, having a wick. The reader will notice that every stanza of this piece contains a very happy play on words.

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2. He once was *fat*, but now, indeed,
He's thin as any griever;
He died, the doctors all agreed,
Of a most *burning* fever.

3. One thing of him is said with truth,
With which I'm much amused;
It is—that when he stood, forsooth,
A *stick* he always used.

4. Now *winding-sheets*[1] he sometimes made;
But this was not enough,
For, finding it a poorish trade,
He also dealt in *snuff*.

5. If e'er you said, "*Go out*, I pray,"
He much ill nature show'd;
On such occasions, he would say,
"Vy, if I do, *I'm blow'd*."

6. In this his friends do all agree,
Although you'll think I'm joking,
When *going out*, 'tis said that he
Was very fond of *smoking*.

7. Since all religion he despised,
Let these few words suffice,
Before he ever was baptized,
They *dipp'd* him once or twice. PUNCH.

[1] Wind' ing-sheets, melted tallow, that runs down and hardens around a candle.

46. COMPARISON OF WATCHES.

WHEN Griselda thought that her husband had lŏng enough enjoyed his new existence, and that there was dănger of his forgĕtting the taste of sŏrrōw, she changed her tone.—One day, when he had not returned home exactly at the appointed minute,

she received him with a frown; such as would have made even Mars[1] himself recoil,[2] if Mars could have beheld such a frown upon the brow of his Venus.[3]

2. "Dinner has been kept waiting for you this hour, my dear." "I am very sŏrry for it; but why did you wait, my dear? I am really very sorry I am so late, but" (looking at his watch) "it is only half-past six by me."

3. "It is seven by me." They presented their watches to each other; he in an apologetical,[4] she in a reproachful, attitude.[5]

4. "I rather think you are too fast, my dear," said the gentleman. "I am very sure you are too slow, my dear," said the lady.

5. "My watch never loses a minute in the four-and-twenty hours," said he. "Nor mine a second," said she.

6. "I have reason to believe I am right, my love," said the husband, mildly. "Reason!" exclaimed the wife, astonished. "What reason can you possibly have to believe you are right, when I tell you I am mŏrally certain you are wrŏng, my love?"

7. "My only reason for doubting it is, that I set my watch by the sun to-day." "The sun must be wrŏng, then," cried the lady, hastily—"You need not laugh; for I know what I am saying; the variation,[6] the declination,[7] must be allowed for, in computing[8] it with the clock. Now you know perfectly well what I mean, though you will not explain it for me, because you are conscious I am in the right."

8. "Well, my dear, if *you* are conscious of it, that is sufficient. We will not dispute any more about such a trifle. Are they bringing up dinner?" "If they know that you are come in; but I am sure I can not tell whether they do or not.—Pray, my dear Mrs. Nettleby," cried the lady, turning to a female friend, and still holding her watch in hand, "what o'clock is it by you? There is nobody in the world hates disputing about trifles so

[1] Mârs, the god of war.—[2] Re coil', turn back.—[3] Vē' nus, the goddess of love, gracefulness, beauty, and mirth.—[4] A pol o gĕt' ic, by way of excuse.—[5] At' ti tūde, posture; position of the body.—[6] Vâ ri â' tion, here means unequal motion.—[7] Dĕc li nā' tion, the position of the sun at noon, north or south of the equator.—[8] Com pūt' ing, calculating.

much as I do; but I own I do love to convince people that I am in the right."

9. Mrs. Nettleby's watch had stopped. How provoking! Vexed at having no immediate means of convincing people that she was in the right, our hĕroĭne[1] consoled herself by proceeding to criminate[2] her husband, not in this particular instance, where he pleaded guilty, but upon the general charge of being always late for dinner, which he strenuously[3] denied.

10. There is something in the species[4] of reproach which advances thus triumphantly from particulars to generals, peculiarly offensive to every reasonable and susceptible mind; and there is something in the general charge of being always late for dinner, which the punctuality of man's nature can not easily endure, especially if he be hungry. We should humbly advise our female friends to forbear exposing a husband's patience to this trial, or, at least, to temper it with much fondness, else mischief will infallibly[5] ensue.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

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47. TRUE FREEDOM, AND HOW TO GAIN IT.

1. WE want no flag, no flaunting[6] rag,
For LIBERTY to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns,
To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are printed words,
The mind our battle-plain;
We've won such victories before,
And so we shall again.

2. We love no triumphs sprung[7] of force—
They stain her brightest cause:
'Tis not in blood that Liberty
Inscribes her civil laws.

[1] Hĕr' o ĭne, a female hero, or principal character spoken of.—[2] Crĭm'-in āte, accuse.—[3] Strĕn' u ous ly, boldly; firmly.—[4] Spē' cies, kind; sort class.—[5] In fāl' li bly, without fail.—[6] Flâunt' ing, spreading out; gaudy; showy.—[7] Sprung of force, gained by force.

She writes them on the people's heart
In language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

3. We yield to none[1] in earnest love
Of freedom's cause sublime;[2]
We join the cry, "FRATERNITY!"[3]
We keep the march of Time.
And yĕt we grasp nor pike[4] nor spear,
Our victories to obtain;
We've won without their aid before,
And so we shall again.

4. We want no aid of barricade[5]
To show a front to wrŏng;
We have a citadel[6] in truth,
More durable[7] and strŏng.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,
Have never striven in vain;
They've won our battles many a time,
And so they shall again.

5. Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny; but we rely
To see their triumph near.
No widōws' groans shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren stain;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.

CHARLES MACKAY.

[1] None (nŭn).—[2] Sub lĭme', high; lofty; excellent.—[3] Fra tĕr' ni ty, brotherhood.—[4] Pike, a pole with a sharp iron head.—[5] Bar ri cāde'. a strong fortification made in haste, of earth, stone, trees, wagons, or anything that will stop the progress of an enemy.—[6] Cĭt' a del, a fortress or castle, in a city or near it.—[7] Dûr' a ble, lasting.

48. The Cavern by the Sea.

THERE is a cavern in the island of Hoonga, one of the Tonga islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, which can be entered only by diving into the sea, and has no other light than what is reflected from the bottom of the water. A young chief discovered it accidentally while diving after a turtle, and the use which he made of his discovery will probably be sung in more than one Europē'an language, so beautifully is it adapted[1] for a tale in verse.

2. There was a tyrannical governor at Vāvaoo, against whom one of the chiefs formed a plan of insurrection;[2] it was betrayed, and the chief, with all his family and kin,[3] was ordered to be destroyed. He had a beautiful daughter, betrōthed[4] to a chief of high rank, and she also was included in the sentence. The youth who had found the cavern, and kept the secret to himself, loved this damsel. He told her of the dānger to which she and all of her family were exposed, and persuaded her to place her safety in his hands.

3. With her consent, he placed her in his canoe, and described the place of her proposed retreat, as he skillfully plied the oar in the direction of the cavern. Like the rest of her countrywomen, the maid was an expert swimmer. Having reached the spot, they dived into the water, and entered the cavern, a large and commodious apartment, about fifty feet in length, and nearly the same in height, beautifully ornamented with sparry[5] incrustations.

4. Here he brought her the choicest food, the finest clōthing, mats for her bed, and sandal-wood[6] oil to perfūme' herself; here

[1] A dāpt' ed, fitted.—[2] In sur rec' tion, rebellion; an attempt to overthrow a government.—[3] Kin, relations.—[4] Be trōthed', engaged to be married.—[5] Spār' ry, made of spar, a substance frequently found in caverns, and formed by water mixed with lime and other substances, which, trickling very slowly from above, presents the appearance of icicles hanging from the roof; and sometimes, dropping also on the floor, seem like inverted icicles, or icicles *upside down*. These are what are called sparry incrustations. When the incrustation hangs from the ceiling, with the sharp point *downward*, it is called a *stalactite*; when it rises from the floor, with the point *upward*, it is called a *stalagmite*.—[6] Sān' dal-wood, a wood with a very strong and sweet perfume, which grows in the East Indies.

he visited her as ŏften as was consistent with prudence; and here, as may be imagined, this Tonga Leān'der[1] wooed and won the maid, whom, to make the interest complete, he had lŏng loved in secret, when he had no hope. Meantime he prepared, with all his dependents, male and female, to emigrate in secret to the Fiji islands.

5. The intention was so well concealed, that they embarked in safety, and his people asked him, at the point of their departure, if he would not take with him a Tonga wife; and accordingly, to their great astonishment, having steered close to a rock, he desired them to wait while he went into the sea to fetch her, jumped overboard, and, just as they were beginning to be seriously alarmed at his lŏng disappearance, he rose with his mistress from the water. This story is not deficient in that which all such stories should have to be perfectly delightful,—a fortunate conclusion. The party remained at the Fijis till the oppressor died, and then returned to Vāvaoo, where they enjoyed a lŏng and happy life. This is related as an authentic tradition.

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49. The Hippopotamus.

THE British consul[2] at Cairo[3] had frequently intimated[4] to his Highness, the Pasha[5] of Egypt, that a live hippopotamus[6] would be regarded as a vĕry ĭn'teresting and valuable present in England. Now, there were sundry[7] difficulties of a serious nature involved in this business. In the first place, the favorite resort of the hippopotami is a thousand or fifteen hundred miles distant from Cairo; in the second place, the hippopotamus being

[1] Le ān' der, a youth of Abydos, who swam nightly across the Hellespont, to visit his mistress, Hero. He was at last drowned one stormy night, as he was making his accustomed visit. The Hellespont is what is now called the Dardanelles, a narrow strait between Europe and Asiatic Turkey.—[2] Cŏn' sul, an officer appointed by a government to protect its citizens in a fŏreign country.—[3] Cairo (kī' ro), the capital city of Egypt.—[4] In' ti māt ed, suggested; told in a modest or del'cate way.—[5] Pa shā', the governor.—[6] Hip po pŏt' a mus, literally means a river-horse, but it will be seen from the following description that the animal has no point of resemblance to a horse.—[7] Sŭn' dry, various.

amphibious,[1] is not easily approached; when he is envi'roned, he is a tremendous antagonist,[2] by reason of his great strength, enormous weight, his wrathfulness when excited, and, we may add, his prodigious mouth, with its huge tusks. We are speaking of the *male* hippopotamus. He is often slain by a number of rifle-balls (he only makes a comic grin of scorn at a few), and laid low from a distance; but as to being taken alive, that is a triumph which has scarcely ever been permitted to mortal man of modern times.

2. "So, Consul," said the Pasha, abruptly, one day, when Mr Murray was dining with him, "so, you want a hippopotamus?" "Very much, your Highness." "And you think that such an animal would be an acceptable present to your queen and country?"

3. "He would be accounted a great rarity,"[3] said the consul; "our naturalists would receive him with open arms—figuratively speaking—and the public would crowd to pay their respects to him." Abbas Pasha laughed at this pleasantry of the consul. "Well," said he, "we will inquire about this matter." He half turned his head over one shoulder to his attendants: "Send here the governor of Nubia!" The attendants thus ordered made their salam[5] and retired.

4. Anybody, not previously aware of the easy habits of a despotic sovereign,[6] would naturally conclude that the governor of Nubia was, at this time, in Cairo, and at no great distance from the royal abode. But it was not so. The governor of Nubia was simply there—at home—smoking his pipe in Nubia. This brief and unadorned order, therefore, involved a post-haste messenger on a dromedary[7] across the desert, with a boat up the Nile, and then more dromedaries, and then another boat, and again a dromedary, till the Pasha's mandate was delivered.

[1] Am phĭb' i ous, living both on land and in water.—[2] En vĭ' roned, surrounded.—[3] An tăg' o nist, one who combats another; enemy; foe.—Răr' i ty, a thing very uncommon.—[5] Sa lăm', a kind of bow, or mark of respect, practiced in Eastern countries. The head is bowed down and both arms raised above the head, with the hands brought together —[6] Sovereign (sŭv' er in), one who possesses the highest authority; a despotic sovereign is one who has absolute or entire authority.—[7] Dromedary (drŭm' e da ry), a camel with one bunch.

5. We next behold the governor of Nubia, in full official trim,[1] proceeding post-haste with his suite[2] across the desert, and down the Nile, traveling day and night, until finally he is announced to the Pasha, and admitted to his presence. "Governor," says the Pasha, "have you hippopotami in your country?" "We have, your Highness." Abbas Pasha reflected a moment, then said—"Send to me the commander[3] of the Nubian army. Now go!"

6. This was the whole dialogue. The governor made his salam, and retired. With the same haste and ceremony, so far as the two things can be combined, he returned to Nubia by boat, and dromedary, and horse, and covered litter;[4] and the same hour found the commander of the army of Nubia galloping across the desert with his attendants, in obedience to the royal mandate.

7. The Pasha, knowing that all means of speed will be used, and what those means will be, together with the nature of the route, is able to calculate to a day when the commander ought to arrive, and, therefore, *must* arrive,—at his peril, otherwise. The British consul is invited to dine with his Highness on this day.

8. Duly, as expected, the commander of the Nubian army arrives, and is announced, just as the repast[5] is concluded. He is forthwith ushered into the presence of the sublime beard and turban. Coffee and pipes are served. The commander makes his grand salam, shutting his eyes before the royal pipe.

9. "Commander," says the Pasha, without taking his pipe from his mouth, "I hear that you have hippopotami in your country." "It is true, your Highness; but—" "Bring me a live hippopotamus—a young one. Now go!"

10. This was actually the dialogue which took place on the occasion—and the whole of it. The commander of the Nubian forces made his grand salam, retired, and returned as he came "big" with the importance of his errand, but also not without considerable anxiety for its result.

[1] Official (ŏf fĭsh' al) trim, in the dress of his office.—[2] Suite (swēt), a train of followers; company.—[3] Com mănd' er.—[4] Lĭt' ter, a sort of couch resting on poles, carried by men or horses.—[5] Re pāst', meal; feast.

11. Arriving at Dongola,[1] the commander summoned his chief ŏfficers and captains of the Nubian hosts to a council of war ŏn the subject of the hippopotamus hunt, on the result of which, he intimated, several heads were at stake, besides his own. A similar communication was speedily forwarded to the chief officers of the right wing of the army, quartered in their tents at Sennaar.[2] The picked men of all the forces having been selected, the two parties met in boats at an appointed village on the banks of the Nile, and there concerted their mĕasures for the expedition.

50. The Hippopotamus—continued.

THE commander divided the chosen body into several parties, and away they sped up the Nile. They followed the cōurse of the river, beyŏnd the point where it branches ŏff into the Blue Nile and the White Nile. Good fortune at length befell one of the parties; but this cŏst much time, and many unsuccessful efforts—now pursuing a huge savage river-horse, with rifle-balls and flying darts; now pursued by him in turn, with foaming jaws and gnashing tusks—all of which may readily be conjectured, from the fact that they did not fall in with their prize till they had reached a distance, up the White Nile, of one thousand five hundred miles above Cairo. In the doublings and redoublings of attack and retreat, of pursuit and flight, and renewed assault, they must, of course, have traversed in all at least two thousand miles.

2. Something pathetic[3] attaches to the death of the mother of "our hero," something which touches our common nature. A large female hippopot'amus being wounded, was in full flight up the river; but presently a ball or two reached a mortal part, and then the maternal instinct made the animal pause. She fled no more, but turned aside, and made toward a heap of brushwood and water-bushes that grew on the banks of the river, in order, as the event showed, to die beside her young one. She was unable to proceed so far, and sank dying beneath the water.

[1] Dongola (dŏng' go lå), a province of Upper Nubia.—[2] Sennaar (sĕn-när'), a State in northeast Africa, forming a part of Nubia.—[3] Pa thĕt'-ic, feeling; compassionate.

3. The action, however, had been so evidently caused by some strŏng impulse and attraction in that direction, that the party instantly proceeded to the clump of water-bushes. Nobody moved—not a green flag stirred; not a sprig trembled; but directly they entered, out burst a burly young hippopotamus-calf, and plunged head-foremost down the river-banks. He had all but escaped, when, amid the excitement and confusion of the picked men, one of them, who had "more character" than the rest, made a blow at the slippery prize with his boat-hook, and literally brought him up by burying the hook in his fat black flank. Two other hunters, next to him in presence of mind and energy, threw their arms around the great barrel-bellied infant, and hoisted him into the boat, which nearly cap-sized[1] with the weight and struggle.

4. In this one circumstance of a hippopot'amus being ordered by his Highness Abbas Pasha, has been pleasantly shown the ease and brevity with which matters are managed by a despotic[2] government. We complain at home—and with how much reason everybody knows too well—of the injurious and provok-ing slowness of all good legislative acts; but here we have a beautiful little instance, or series of little instances, of going rather too fast. Things are settled instantly in the East by a royal mandate,[3] from the strangling of a whŏle seraglio,[4] to the suckling of a young hippopotamus.

5. Returning down the Nile with their unwieldy prize, for whose wounded flank[5] the best surgical[6] attendance the country afforded was of course procured, it soon became a matter of immense importance and profound consultation as to how and on what the innocent young monster should be fed. He would not

[1] Cap sized', upset.—[2] Des pŏt'ic, absolute; supreme; without control.—[3] Măn' date, command.—[4] Seraglio (se räl' yō), the palace of the Sultan in which are kept the females of his household; here means the women that occupy the seraglio.—[5] Flănk, the fleshy or muscular part of the side of an animal.—[6] Surgical (sĕr' ji kal), relating to a surgeon, a part of whose business is the curing of wounds. A physician gives medicine; a surgeon attends to outward remedies.

touch flesh of any kind; he did not seem to relish fruit; and he evidently did not, at present, understand grass. A live fish was put into his mouth, but he instantly gave a great gape, and allowed it to flap its way out again, and fall into the water.

6. Before lŏng, however, the party reached a village. The commander of the army saw what to do. He ordered his men to seize all the cows in the village, and milk them. This was found very acceptable to their in'teresting charge, who presently dispatched a quantity that alarmed them, lest they should be unable to keep up the due balance of supply and demand. The surplus[1] milk, however, they carried away in gourds and earthen vessels. But they found it would not keep: it became sour butter, and melted into oil. They were, therefore, compelled, after a milking, to carry ŏff with them one of the best cows.

7. In this way, they returned fifteen hundred miles down the Nile, stopping at every village on their way—seizing all the cows and milking them dry. By these means, they managed to supply the "table" of the illustrious captive, whose capacities in disposing of the beverage appeared to increase daily.

51. The Hippopotamus—concluded.

THE hunting division of the army, headed by the commander-in-chief, arrived at Cairo with their prize on the 14th of November, 1849. The journey down the Nile, from the place where he was captured, viz., the White Nile, had occupied between five and six months. This, therefore, with a few additional days, may be regarded as the age of our hippopotamus on reaching Cairo. The color of his skin, at that time, was for the most part of a dull reddish tone, vĕry like that (to compare great things with small) of a naked, new-born mouse.

2. The commander hastened to the palace to report his arrival with the prize to his royal master, into the charge of whose ŏfficers he most gladly resigned it. His Highness, having been informed of the little affair of the succession of "cows," deter

[1] Surplus (sĕr' plŭs), what is not wanted. or used.

mined to place the vivācious,[1] unweaned "infant prodigy"[2] in the hands of the British consul without a moment's delay. The announcement was accordingly made with oriental[3] formality by the chief ŏfficer of Abbas Pasha's palace, to whom the Honorable Mr. Murray made a suitable present in return for the good tidings.

3. A lieutenant of the Nubian army, with a party of soldiers, arrived shortly after, bringing with them the animal, whose renown had already filled the whŏle city. He excited full as much curiosity in Cairo, as he has since done here, being quite as great a rarity. This will be easily intelligible when the difficulties of the capture and the immense distance of the journey are taken into consideration, with all the contingencies[4] of men, boats, provisions, cows, and other necessary expenses.

4. The overjoyed consul had already made all his preparations for receiving the illustrious stränger. He had, in the first place, secured the services of Hamet Safi Cannana, well known for his experience and skill in the care and management of animals. A commodious apartment had then been fitted up in the court-yard of the consul's house, with one door leading out to a bath. As the winter would have to be passed in Cairo, proper means were employed for making this a tepid or warm bath. Here then our hippopotamus lived, "the observed of all observers," drinking so many gallons of milk a day (never less than twenty or thirty quarts) that he soon produced a scarcity of that article in Cairo.

5. Meanwhile active preparations were making for his arrival in Alexandria, to be shipped on board the Ripon steamer. The vessel was furnished with a house on the main-deck, opening by steps down into a tank[5] in the hold, containing four hundred gallons of water. It had been built and fitted up at Southampton from a plan furnished by Mr. Mitchell, Secretary of the Zoölogical[6] Gardens in the Regent's Park, to whose energies and

[1] Vi vā' cious, full of life.—[2] Prŏd' i gy, something very remarkable and uncommon.—[3] O ri ĕnt' al, eastern.—[4] Con tĭn' gen cies, events that happen or are about to happen.—[5] Tănk, a large basin or cistern for holding water.—[6] Zo o lŏg' ic al Gardens, are those in which all kinds of curious and rare animals are kept.

foresight we are indebted for the safe possession of this grotesque, good-tempered, and unique[2] monster. The tank, by various arrangements, they contrived to fill with *fresh* water every other day. A large quantity was taken on board in casks; a fresh supply at Malta; and, besides this, which was by no means enough, they made use of the condensed[3] water of the engines, which amounted to upward of three hundred gallons per day.

6. As there are some hippopotami who enjoy the sea on certain coasts of the world, it is not improbable but our friend would soon have become used to sea-water; but Mr. Mitchell was determined to run no risks, prudently considering that, in the first place, the strength of the salt water, to one whose mother had been accustomed, and her ancestors for generations, to the mild streams of Nilus, might disagree with "young pickle;" and secondly, if he chanced to like it amazingly, how would he bear the change when he arrived at his mansion in the Regent's Park. Fresh water, therefore, was provided for his bath every other day throughout the voyage.

7. The British consul began to prepare for the departure of his noble guest at the end of April; and in the early part of May, the consul took an affectionate leave of him, and would have embraced him, but that the extraordinary girth of his body rendered such a demonstra'tion impossible.

8. During the voyage, "our fat friend" attached himself strŏngly to his attendant and interpreter, Hamet; indeed, the devotion to his person which this assiduous[4] and thoughtful person had manifested from his first promotion to the office, had been of a kind to secure such a result from any one at all accessible to kindly affections. Hamet had commenced by sleeping side by side with his charge in the house at Cairo, and adopted the same arrangement for the night during the first week of the voyage to England.

9. Finding, however, as the weather grew warmer, and the hippopotamus bigger and bigger, that this was attended with some inconvenience, Hamet had a hammock slung from the

[1] Grotesque (gro tĕsk'), singular, or odd in shape.—[2] Unique (yu nēk), the only one of its kind; unequaled.—[3] Con dĕnsed', made thick or close. Steam may be *condensed* into water by cold.—[4] As sĭd' u ous, constant faithful.

beams immediately over the place where he used to sleep—in fact, just over his side of the bed—by which means he was raised two or three feet above his usual position. Into this hammock got Hamet, and having assured the hippopotamus, bŏth by his voice, and by extending one arm over the side so as to touch him, that he was there as usual at his side, and "all was right," he presently fell asleep.

10. How lŏng he slept, Hamet does not know, but he was awoke by the sensation of a jerk and a hoist, and found himself lying on the bed in his old place, close beside our fat friend. Hamet tried the experiment once more; but the same thing again occurred. No sooner was he asleep than the hippopotamus got up—raised his broad nose beneath the heaviest part of the hammock that swung lowest, and by an easy and adroit[1] toss, pitched Hamet clean out. After this, Hamet, acting on his rule of never thwarting[2] his charge in any thing reasonable, abandoned the attempt of a separate bed, and took up his nightly quarters by his side as before.

11. As for the voyage, it was passed pleasantly enough by the most important of the illustrious străngers on board. Two cows and ten goats had been taken on board for his sole use and service; these, however, not being found sufficient for a "growing youth," the ship's cow was confiscated[3] for the use of his table; and this addition, together with we forgĕt how many dozen sacks of Indian corn-meal, enabled him to reach our shores in excellent health and spirits.

12. A word as to the title of "river-horse," when taken in conjunction with his personal appearance, his habits, and his diet. The hippopotamus has nothing in common with the horse; he seems to us rather an aquatic[4] pig, or a four-footed land-porpoise. In fact, he appears to partake of the wild-boar, the bull, and the porpoise—the latter predominating at present; but when he gets his tusks, we much fear there will be an alteration in his manners for the worse. As to his eventual size, th prospect is alarming. He is at present only seven months old, and he will continue growing till he is fifteen years of age.

[1] A droit', skillful.—[2] Thwârt' ing, opposing.—[3] Con fĭs' cāt ed, taken away.—[4] A quāt' ic, belonging to the water.

52. The Rothschilds.

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

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

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

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

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

6. To his great astonishment, Mr. Rothschild informed him that the whole of the property was safe, and now ready to be returned, with five per cent.[1] interest on the money. The banker at the same time related by what means he had saved it, and apologized for breaking upon the money, by representing that, to save it, he had had to sacrifice all his own.

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

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

[1] Rev o lu' tion, change of government. The French revolution broke out in 1790.—[2] Re ceipt', a paper acknowledging that money or any valuable property has been received; also, the act of receiving.

53. Opposite Examples.

I ASK the young man who is just forming his habits of life, or just beginning to indulge those habitual trains of thought, out of which habits grow, to look around him, and mark the examples whose fortune he would covet,[3] or whose fate he would abhor. Even as we walk the streets, we meet with exhibitions of each extreme.[4]

2. Here, behold a patriarch,[5] whose stock of vigor[6] threescore

[1] Per cent., by the hundred; for every hundred.—[2] Bar' ons, the lowest order of nobility.—[3] Covet (kuv' et), to desire earnestly; to long for.—Ex treme,' the end; the last; each extreme, the first and the last.—[5] Pa' tri arch, the head or chief of a family.—[6] Vig' or, strength.

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years and ten[1] seem hardly to have impaired.[2] His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs, and undimmed senses, are so many certificates of good conduct; or, rather, so many jewels and orders of nobility with which nature has honored him for his fidelity to her laws. His fair complexion shows that his blood has never been corrupted; his pure breath, that he has never yielded his digestive[3] apparātus[4] to abuse; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been drugged or stupefied by the poisons of distiller or tobacconist.

3. Enjoying his appetites to the highest, he has preserved the power of enjoying them. As he drains the cup of life, there are no lees[5] at the bottom. His organs will reach the gōal[6] of existence togĕther. Painlessly as a candle burns down in its socket, so will he expire; and a little imagination would convert him into another Enoch,[7] translated from earth to a better world without the sting of death.

4. But look at an opposite extreme, where an opposite history is recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute[8] man;—the vigor of life exhausted, and yĕt the first steps in an honorable career not taken; in himself a lāzar-house[9] of diseases; dead, but, by a heathenish custom of society, not buried! Rogues have had the initial[10] letter of their title burnt into the palms of their hands; even for murder, Cain was only branded on the fŏrehead; but over the whŏle person of the debauchee[11] or the inebriate, the signatures of infamy are written.

5. How nature brands him with stigma[12] and opprobrium![13] How she hangs lābels all over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example! How

[1] A score is twenty; threescore and ten is seventy.—[2] Im pāired′, injured; lessened.—[3] Di gĕst′ ive, causing the dissolving of food in the stomach.—[4] Ap pa rā′ tus, things provided as a means to some end.—[5] Lēes, dregs; that which settles at the bottom of any liquid.—[6] Gōal, the end, or point aimed at.—[7] E′ noch, see Bible, Gen. chap. 5, v. 24.—[8] Dis′ so lūte, wicked; acting without principle; viciously dissipated.—[9] Lā′ zar-house, a hospital; a house for persons affected with unpleasant and dangerous diseases.—[10] Initial (in ĭsh′ al), the beginning or first.—[11] Debauchee (deb o shē′), a rake; drunkard.—[12] Stĭg′ ma, a mark of disgrace.—[13] Op prŏ′ bri um, shame; disgrace.

she loosens all his joints, sends trēmors alŏng his muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon all-fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's[1] crawling! How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent[2] upon obliterating[3] all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him! How she pours rheum[4] over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks, as with a trumpet, from every pore of his body, "Behold a Beast!"

6. Such a man may be seen in the streets of our cities every day; if rich enough, he may be found in the saloons,[5] and at the tables of the "Upper Ten;"[6] but surely, to every man of purity and honor, to every man whose wisdom, as well as whose heart, is unblemished, the wretch who comes cropped and bleeding from the pillory,[7] and redolent[8] with its appropriate perfumes, would be a guest or a companion far less offensive and disgusting.

7. Now let the young man, rejoicing in his manly proportions, and in his comeliness,[9] look on *this* picture, and on *this*, and then say, after the likeness of which model he intends his own erect stature and sublime countenance shall be configured.[10]

H. Mann.

54. Look Aloft.

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

[1] Rĕp′ tile, any thing that creeps; as a snake, a worm, etc.—[2] In tĕnt′ very attentive or engaged.—[3] Ob lit′ er āt ing, destroying; effacing; removing.—[4] Rheum (rōm), a thin, white fluid, produced by the glands in disease.—[5] Sa lōons′, large and elegant rooms for the reception of company.—[6] Upper Ten, a term applied to the most fashionable and wealthy persons in a city.—[7] Pll′ lo ry, a frame to confine criminals by the neck and head for punishment.—[8] Rĕd′ o lent, having or sending out a rich scent or odor.—[9] Comeliness (kŭm′ le nes), grace; beauty.—[10] Configured (kon fig′ yerd), disposed into any figure or form.

2. If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sŏrrōws, like clouds are array'd,
"Look alōft" to the friendship which never shal fade.

3. Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look alōft" to the Sun that is never to set.

4. Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart,—
Thy friends and companions,—in sŏrrōw depart,
"Look alōft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb
To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

5. And, oh! when Death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "Look aloft," and depart.

J. Lawrence.

55. The Famine in Ireland.

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

2. In this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfill his inscrutable[3] decrees. The earth has failed to give her in'crease; the common

[1] Pro lif' ic, productive; rich; fruitful.—[2] Pā' thos, feeling; that which excites pity.—[3] Inscrutable (in skrō' ta bl), that can not be found out by human reason; unsearchable.

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

3. In battle, in the fullness of his pride and strength, little recks[1] the soldier whether the hissing bullet sing his sudden requiem,[2] or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger, wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; for if he had friends, how could he die of hunger? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him; for his foe, vampire-like,[3] has exhausted his veins.

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

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

"Is not strain'd;[6]
It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

G. D. Prentiss.

[1] Recks, cares.—[2] Rĕ' qui em, a hymn imploring rest for the dead.—[3] Văm' pire, a fabulous devil or spirit, that was supposed to suck the blood of persons during the night.—[4] Mite, a very small portion or sum.—[5] At tri bŭtes, qualities belonging to that which is attributed of ascribed to.—[6] Strāined, confined.

56. Love of Country and of Home.

1. THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense[1] serener[2] light,
And milder moons imparadise[3] the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth.

2. The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet[4] of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole:

3. For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage[5] of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely[6] blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry[7] and pride,
While, in his soften'd looks, benignly[8] blend[9]
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.

4. Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol[10] at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot?[11] look around;

[1] Dis pense', give; scatter around.—[2] Se rēn' er, clearer; more soothing.—[3] Im păr' a dise, make very happy; render like Paradise.—[4] Măg'net, the loadstone; that which attracts.— Hĕr' it age, inheritance; portion; an estate devolved by succession.—[6] Su prēme' ly, in the highest degree.—[7] Pageantry (păj' ent ry), show; finery.—[8] Be nign' ly, kindly.—[9] Blĕnd, unite; join.—[10] Găm' bol, play.—[11] Pā' tri ot, lover of one's country.

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

MONTGOMERY.

57. Anecdote of Chief-Justice Marshall.

IT is not lŏng sĭnce a gentleman was traveling in one of the counties of Virginia, and, about the close of the day, stopped at a public house, to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent[1] intention of becoming his fellow-guest at the same house.

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

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

4. Something like a sarcastic[7] rejoinder[8] was made to th eloquence of the pulpit; and a warm and able altercation[9] en sued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the

[1] Ap păr' ent, seeming.— Withes, willow twigs; bands of twigs of any green tree. — [2] Săp' ling, a young tree. — [4] Per vād' ed, passed through; appeared in all parts.— Yeō' man ry, the common people.— [6] Courtesies (kĕr' te sez), acts of civility or politeness.— Sar cās' tic, severely taunting; tending to ridicule or disgrace.—[8] Re join' der, a reply to an answer.—[9] Al ter cā' tion, an angry dispute

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

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

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

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

8. Hume's sŏphistry[7] on the subject of mīracles[8] was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been by Campbell. And in the whŏle lecture there was so much simplicity and force, pāthos and energy, that not another word was

[1] Dis cŭs' sion, reasoning; conversation in favor of and against an opinion; consideration of the merits.—[2] Chăm' pi ons, those who fight, contend, or dispute.—[3] Pro and con, for and against.—[4] Pro trăct' ed, extended; lengthy.—[5] E vŏlved', brought out.—[6] Prĕj' u dic es, opinions formed before knowledge; judgments without reason.—[7] Sŏph' istry, false reasoning.—[8] Miracles (mĭr' a klz), events or acts beyond, or contrary to, the laws of nature

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

9. It was now matter of curiosity and inqui'ry, who the old gentleman was. The traveler concluded that it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard; but no—it was the Chief-Justice of the United States.

58. Woodman, Spare that Tree.

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

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

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

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

'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot:
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

2. That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down!
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that agèd oak,
Now towering to the skies!

3. When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters play'd.
My mother kiss'd me here;
My father press'd my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

4. My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

59. Dr. Franklin's Conversational Powers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

7. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been all his life a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials, which he had gathered from books, with such ĕx'quisite[1] skill and felicity, that he had added a hundred-fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

WM. WIRT.

60. Terrific Scene at the Great Natural Bridge, Virginia.

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

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

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

4. They are all satisfied with this feat of physical[1] exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander,[2] Cæsar,[3] and Bonaparte[4] shall rot in oblivion.[5] It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors.[6]

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

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

[1] Exquisite (ĕks' kwe zit), highly finished; nice; perfect.—[2] Arch, a curve line or part of a circle; any work in that form, or covered by an arch.—[3] Bût' ments, masses of rock or stone which support the ends of a bridge.—[4] Pièrs, columns of rock or stone for the support of an arch or bridge.—[5] Pêr pen dĭc' u lar, upright; inclining to neither side.—[6] Bûl' wark, a fortification; that which secures against an enemy; protection.—[7] Key of an arch, is the top stone against which the sides rest.—[8] Unconsciously (un kŏn' shus ly), without knowledge; not thinking.

[1] Phys' ic al, natural; bodily.—[2] Alexander the Great, son of Philip, king of Macedonia, one of the states of Greece, was born in the autumn B. C. 356. He made so many conquests, that he was styled the Conqueror of the world. He died in May or June, B. C. 323.—[3] Caius Julius Cæsar, the dictator of Rome, a great warrior, statesman, and man of letters, was born on the 12th of July, B. C. 100. On the 15th of March he perished by the hands of assassins in the senate-house, in the fiftieth year of his age.—[4] Napoleon Bonaparte, "Emperor of the French," a great warrior and statesman, was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 5th of February, 1768, and died May 5th, 1821.—[5] Ob liv' i on, forgetfulness.—[6] Pred e cĕs' sors, forefathers; those who go before us.—[7] Jŭt' ting crăg, piece of rock projecting or extending out.—[8] Niche, a cavity or hollow place.—[9] Chrŏn' i cled, recorded; written.

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

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

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

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

Al' bum, a book of blank leaves; a white spot.—[2] As pi rā' tion, a breathing after; an ardent wish.—[3] A byss', a very deep and dark place; a bottomless pit.—[4] Haft, handle.—[5] Di lĕm' ma, a difficult position; a doubtful choice.—[6] A vert', prevent.—[7] An tic' i pate, to take beforehand; foresee.—[8] Hearth-stone.—[9] Ca tas' tro phe, a final end; misfortune.

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

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

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

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

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

[1] E cŏn' o mīz es, uses savingly.—[2] In spi rā' tion, act of breathing in; a highly exciting influence.—[3] E mĕrg' ing, coming out.

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

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

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

ELIHU BURRITT.

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61. The Sailor's Song.

1. THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

2. I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

[1] Noosed, having a loop.

3. I love, oh, *how* I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

4. I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

5. The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcom'd to life the ocean-child!

6. I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sigh'd for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

PROCTER.

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62. The Landsman's Song.

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

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

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If he could dwell on land—
Where his step is ever both firm and free,
Where flowers arise, like sweet girls' eyes,
And rivulets sing, like birds in spring?—
For me—I will take my stand
On land, on land!
Forever and ever on solid land!

2. I've sail'd on the riotous, roaring sea,
With an undaunted band:
Yĕt my village home more pleaseth me,
With its valleys gay, where maidens stray,
And its grassy mead, where the white flocks feed—
And so—I will take my stand,
On land, on land!
Forever and ever on solid land!

3. Some say they could die on the salt, salt sea!
(But have they been loved on land?)
Some rave of the ocean in drunken glee—
Of the music born on a gusty morn,
When the tempest is waking, and billōws are breaking,
And lightning flashing, and the thick rain dashing,
And the winds and the thunders shout fŏrth the sea wonders—
Such things may give joy to a dreaming boy—
But for *me*,—I will take my stand
On land, on land!
Forever and ever on solid land!

PROCTER.

63. Golden Rules of David Copperfield.

I FEEL as if it were not for me to record, even though this manuscript[1] is intended for no eyes but mine, how hard I worked at that tremendous[2] short-hand, and all improvement appertaining[3] to it, in my sense of responsibility[4] to Dora and her aunt. I will only add, to what I have already written of my perseverance at this time of my life, and of a patient and continuous[5] energy which then began to be matured within me, and which I know to be the strŏng part of my character, if it

[1] Măn' u script, any thing written with the hand.—[2] Tre mĕn' dous, terrible; dreadful.—[3] Ap per tăin' ing, belonging.—[4] Re spon si bĭl' i ty, the state of being answerable; obligation to provide for, or pay.—[5] Con tĭn' u ous, closely joined; not interrupted.

have any strength at all, that there, on looking back, I find the source of my success.

2. I have been very fortunate in worldly matters; many men have worked much harder, and not succeeded half so well; but I never could have done what I have done, without the habits of punctuality, order, and diligence, without the determination to concentrate[1] myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed. Heaven knows I write this in no spirit of self-laudation.[2]

3. The man who reviews his life, as I do mine, in going on here, from page to page, had need to have been a good man, indeed, if he would be spared the sharp consciousness of many talents neglected, many opportunities wasted, many erratic[3] and perverted[4] feelings constantly at war within his breast, and defeating him. I do not hold one natural gift, I dare say, that I have not abused. My meaning simply is, that whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; that, in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest.

4. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity[5] from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfillment on this earth. Some happy talent, and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount; but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute[6] for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand to any thing, on which I could throw my whŏle self; and never to affect depreciation[7] of my work, whatever it was; I find, now, to have been my GOLDEN RULES.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[1] Con cĕn' trāte, bring all one's powers together.—[2] Sĕlf-lau dā' tion, self-praise.—[3] Er răt' ic, wandering; roving.—[4] Per vĕrt' ed, turned the wrong way.—[5] Im mū' ni ty, freedom from.—[6] Sŭb' sti tūte, a thing put in the place of another.—[7] Depreciation (de pre she ā' shun), the act of lessening or crying down price or value.

64. Cruelty to Animals.

1. I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sen se
(Yet wanting sensibility),[1] the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent[2] step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

2. The creeping vermin, loathsome[3] to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, the ăl'cove,[4]
The chămber, or refectory,[5] may die;
A necessary act incurs no blame.

3. Not so, when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offense, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field.
There they are privileged; and he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrŏng,
Disturbs the economy[6] of Nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode

4. The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount,[7] and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sovereign[8] wisdom made them all.

[1] Sen si bil' i ty, delicacy of feeling; the condition in which the better feelings of the heart are easily moved.—[2] In ad vert' ent, careless; done without paying attention.—[3] Lo*a*th' some, disgusting; sickening.—[4] Al' cove, a recess of a library, or a room; any shady recess.—[5] Re fec'-to ry, a room where refreshment is taken.—[6] E con' o my, prudent arrangements, or plans.—[7] Par' a mount, superior to all others.—Sovereign (sŭv' er in), superior; unbounded.

5. Ye, therefore,[1] who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonor'd, and defiled in most,
By budding ills that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.

6. Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn!

Wm. Cowper

65. Sensibility.

1. SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles[2] springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please,
Oh let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offense.

2. To spread large bounties, though we wish in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; yet liberal[3] still,
God gives its counterpoise[4] to every ill;
Nor let us murmur at our stinted[5] powers,
When kindness, love, and concord[6] may be ours.

3. The gift of ministering to others' ease,
To all her sons impartial Heaven decrees;

[1] Therefore (thĕr' fôr).—[2] Foi' bles, weak faults; failings.—[3] Lĭb' er al, free; generous.—[4] Coun' ter poise, that which compensates or balances.—[5] Stint' ed, restrained; kept small.—[6] Concord (kŏng' kârd), agreement; union.

The gentle ŏffices of patient love,
Beyŏnd al. flattery, and all price above;
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word suppress'd, the taunting thought:
Subduing and subdued the petty strife,
Which clouds the color of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate[1] of little things;
On these small cares of daughter, wife, and friend,
The almost sacred joys of *Home* depend:
There, Sensibility,[2] thou best mayst reign,
Home is thy true, legitimate[3] domain.[4]

HANNAH MORE.

66. The Story of Parnell's Hermit.

A DEVOUT[5] hermit[6] lived in a cave, near which a shepherd folded his flock. Many of the sheep being stolen, the shepherd was unjustly killed by his master,[7] as being concerned in the theft. The hermit, seeing an innocent man put to death, began to suspect[8] the existence of a Divine Providence, and resolved no lŏnger to perplex himself with the useless severities of religion, but to mix in the world.

2. In traveling from his retirement, he was met by an ăngel in the figure of a man, who said, "I am an angel, and am sent by Gŏd to be your companion on the road." They entered a city, and begged for lodging at the house of a knight, who entertained them at a splendid supper. In the night, the angel rose from his bed and strangled the knight's only child, who was asleep in the cradle. The hermit was astonished at this barbarous return for so much hospitality,[9] but was afraid to make any remonstrance[10] to his companion. Next morning they went

Ag' gre gāte, the sum or amount.—[2] Sen si bil' i ty, that feeling which leads us to perceive and feel the troubles and misfortunes of others.—[3] Le gĭt' i mate, rightful; lawful.—[4] Do mān', dominion; empire; territory over which one's authority extends.—[5] De vout', pious; prayerful.—[6] Hĕr' mit, one who lives alone in a retired place.—[7] Mās' ter.—[8] Suspĕct', doubt.—[9] Hos pi tăl' i ty, kindness to guests or strangers.—[10] Remŏn' strance, reason against a thing.

to another city. Here they were liberally received in the house of an opulent[1] citizen; but in the night the angel rose, and stole a golden cup of inestimable[2] value. The hermit now concluded that his companion was a bad angel.

3. In traveling forward the next morning, they passed over a bridge, about the middle of which they met a poor man, of whom the ăngel asked the way to the next city. Having received the desired information, the angel pushed the poor man into the water, where he was immediately drowned. In the evening they arrived at the house of a rich man, and begging for a lodging, were ordered to sleep in a shed with the cattle. In the morning the angel gave the rich man the cup which he had stolen.

4. The hermit, amazed that the cup which was stolen from their friend and benefactor[3] should be given to one who refused them a lodging, began to be now convinced that his companion was a devil; and begged to go on alone. But the ăngel said, "Hear me, and depart. When you lived in your hermitage, a shepherd was killed by his master. He was innocent of the supposed offense; but had he not been then killed, he would have committed crimes in which he would have died impenitent.[4] His master endeavors to atone[5] for the murder, by dedicating the remainder of his days to alms and deeds of charity.

5. "I strangled the child of the knight. But know, that the father was so intent on heaping up riches for his child, as to neglect those acts of public munificence[6] for which he was before so distinguished, and to which he has now returned. I stole the golden cup of the hospitable citizen. But know, that from a life of the strictest temperance, he became, in consequence of possessing this cup, a perpetual drunkard, and is now the most abstemious[7] of men.

6. "I threw the poor man into the water. He was then honest and religious. But know, had he walked one half of a mile

[1] Op' u lent, rich.—[2] In ĕs' ti ma ble, that can not be estimated or valued; beyond price.—[3] Ben e făc' tor, one who shows kindness, or does good to another.—[4] Im pĕn' i tent, without sorrow for crime.—[5] A tōne', to make amends.—[6] Mu nĭf' i cence, generosity; giving largely.—[7] Ab stē'mi ous, sparing in food or strong drink.

further, he would have murdered a man in a state of mortal sin. I gave the golden cup to the rich man, who refused to take us within his roof. He has therefore received his reward in this world, and in the next will suffer for his inhospitality." The hermit fell prostrate at the ăngel's feet, and, requesting forgiveness, returned to his hermitage, fully convinced of the wisdom and justice of God's government. WARTON

67. To a Waterfowl.

1. WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,[1]
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

2. Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrŏng,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats alŏng.

3. Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

4. There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way alŏng that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable[2] air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

[1] The poet has sacrificed rhetorical rule to poetical beauty in the second line of this exquisitely beautiful piece. Rhetoricians might, perhaps, ask how the "*heavens*" could *glow* with *a step*. But the true poet (and if ever there was a true poet, William Cullen Bryant is one) looks deeper than rhetorical rule. The picture here presented of *Day* impressing his gorgeous colors, even with his very *footsteps*, on the heavens, is more grand and suggestive than any other expression he could have used.—[2] Il lim'it a ble, without limit; boundless.

5. All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

6. And soon that toil shall end:
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows: reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

7. Thou'rt gŏne! the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

8. He who, from zone to zone,[1]
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the lŏng way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright. W. C. BRYANT.

68. Passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge.

THE passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge, is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous[2] scenes in nature. You stand on a vĕry high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah,[3] having ranged alŏng the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction,[4] they rush togĕther against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass ŏff to the sea.

2. The first glance at this scene hŭrries our senses into the opinion that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterward; that, in this place, particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean

[1] Zone to zone, from one part of the earth to another.—[2] Stu pĕn'dous, grand; amazing.—[3] Shen an dō'ah, a river in Virginia, which unites with the Potomac at Harpers Ferry, just above its passage through the mountain.—[4] Jŭnc' tion, joining; union.

which filled the whōle valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disrupture[1] and avulsion[2] from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate[3] the impression.

3. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture is of a different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground.[4] It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For, the mountain being cloven[5] asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small cătch of smooth blue hori'zon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring round, to pass through the breach, and participate of the calm below.

4. Here the eye ultimately[6] composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You crŏss the Potomac above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices' hanging in fragments[8] over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown, and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage acrŏss the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its center. THOMAS JEFFERSON.

69. PERPETUAL ADORATION.

1 THE turf[9] shall be my fragrant shrine;[10]
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine
My censer's[11] breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

Disrŭp'ture, a breaking asunder.—[2] A vŭl sion, tearing away.—[3] Cor rŏb o rate, strengthen.—[4] Fōre ground, the front part, or most conspicuous part of a picture or painting.—[5] Cloven (klō' vn), divided; split.—[6] Ul' ti mate ly, finally; at last.—[7] Prĕc' i pic es, steep descents of rock or land.—[8] Frăg' ments, pieces broke off.—[9] Turf (tĕrf).—[10] Shrine, altar; a case or box in which sacred things are kept.—[11] Cĕn' ser, a vessel in which incense is burnt.

2. My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves;
Or, when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of thee.

3. I'll seek, by day, some glade[1] unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.[2]

4. Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

5. I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track!
Thy mercy, in the azure[3] hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

6. There's nothing[4] bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity![5]

7. There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love;
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

THOMAS MOORE.

70. WINDOWS.

WE have a special doctrine of windōws. They are designed to let the light in, and equally to let the sight out; and this last function[6] is, in the country, of prime importance. For

[1] Glāde, an open place in a wood or forest.—[2] Rīte, a ceremony; religious observance.—[3] Azure (ăz' er), sky-blue.—[4] Nothing (nŭth' ing).—[5] Dē' i ty, Godhead; divinity.—[6] Fŭnc' tion, ŏffice; employment.

a window is but another name for a stately picture. There are no such landscapes on canvas as those which you see through glass. There are no painted windōws like those which trees and lawns[1] paint standing in upon them, with all the glory of Gŏd resting on them!

2 Our common, small, frequent windōws in country dwellings are contemptible. We love rather the generous old English windōws, large as the whōle side of a room, many-angled, or circular; but, of whatever shape, they should be recessed—glorious nooks of light, the very antitheses[2] of those shady coverts[3] which we search out in fōrests, in hot summer days.

3. These little chāmbers of light, into which a group may gāther, and be bōth in-doors and out of doors at the same time; where, in storms or in winter, we may have full access to the elements without chill, wet, or exposure,—these are the glory of a dwelling. The great trĕasures of a dwelling are, the child's cradle, the grandmother's chair, the hearth[4] and old-fashioned fireplace, the table, and the windōw.

4. Bedrooms should face the east, and let in the full flush of morning light. There is a positive plĕasure in a golden bath[5] of early morning light. Your room is filled and glorified. You awake in the vĕry spirit of light. It creeps upon you, and suffuses[6] your soul, pierces your sensibility, irradiates[7] the thoughts, and warms and cheers the whōle day

5. It is sweet to awake and find your thoughts moving to the gentle mĕasures of sŏft music; but we think it full as sweet to float into morning consciousness upon a flood of golden light, silent though it be! What can be more delicious than a summer morning, dawning through your open windōws, to the sound of innumerable birds, while the shadōws of branches and leaves sway to and fro alōng the wall, or spread new patterns on the floor, wavering with perpetual change! H. W. Beecher.

[1] Lāwns, open spaces between woods.—[2] An tĭth' e sis, the opposite to a thing.—[3] Coverts (kŭv' erts), covered places; shelters.—[4] Hearth.—[5] Bath.—[6] Suffuses (suf fūz' ez), overspreads; covers.—[7] Ir rā' di ates, brightens; fills with light

71. Recreation.

THE Amĕricans, as a people, at least the professional[1] and mercantile[2] classes, and the other inhabitants of large towns, have too little considered the importance of healthful, generous recreation. They have not learned the lesson contained in the vĕry word, which teaches that the worn-out man is *re-creā'ted*, made over again, by the seasonable relaxation of the strained faculties.

2. The Father of History[3] tells us of an old king of Egypt, Amasis by name, who used to gĕt up early in the morning, dispatch the business and issue the orders of the day, and spend the rest of the time with his friends, in conviviality[4] and amusement. Some of the agĕd counselors were scandalized,[5] and strove by remonstrance to make him give up this mode of life. "But no," said he, "as the bow always bent will at last break, so the man forever on the strain of thought and action, will at last go mad or break down."

3. Thrown upon a new continent, eager to do the work of twenty centuries[6] in two, the Anglo-American[7] population has overworked, and is daily overworking itself. From morning to night, from Jănuary to December, brain and hands, eyes and fingers, the powers of the body and the powers of the mind, are kept in spasmodic,[8] merciless activity.

4. There is no lack of a few tasteless and soulless dissipations, which are called amusements; but noble, athletic[9] sports, manly out-door exercises, which strengthen the mind by strengthening the body, are too little cultivated in town or country.

Edward Everett.

[1] Professional (pro fĕsh' un al), relating to employment that requires learning in distinction from a trade.—[2] Mĕr' can tile, relating to merchandise, or the sale of goods; trading.—[3] He rŏd' o tus, called the "Father of History," a native of Halicarnassus, a Dorian city in Asia Minor, was born B. C. 484.—[4] Con viv i ăl' i ty, festive mirth; eating and drinking.—[5] Scăn' dal ized, offended by a supposed criminal action.—[6] Century (sĕnt' yu rĭ), the period of a hundred years.—[7] An' glo-A mĕr' i can (ăng' glo), relating to the descendants of Englishmen in America.—[8] Spasmodic (spaz mŏd' ik), consisting in spasms; relating to the motion of the muscles, without regard to the will.—[9] Ath lĕt' ic, belonging to the exercise of strength of body, as jumping, wrestling, &c.

72. The Study of History.

Teacher. I hear that you have made great prŏgress in history and that you have at home a vĕry able instructress in it.

Pupil. Yĕs, that is the case; our governess knows all history, and I have profited much from her instruction.

T. But what have you learned? Tell me.

P. All history.

T. But what is *all history?*

P. (*Hesitating.*) All history? Why it is—it is—what is in books.

T. Well, I have here many books on history, as Herodotus, Livy,[1] Tacitus,[2] and others; I suppose you know those authors.

P. No, I do not; but I know the facts related in history.

T. I dare say you do; I see, however, that, out of your knowledge of *all history*, we must deduct a knowledge of the authors who have written it. But perhaps that governess of yours has informed you who Homer, Hesiod,[3] Plato[4] and the other poets and philosophers were?

P. I don't think she has; for, if she had, I should have remembered it.

T. Well, we must then make one further deduction[5] from your knowledge of *all history;* and that is, the history of the poets and philosophers.

P. Why, I said just now that I did not learn those things; I learned matters of fact and events.

T. But those *things*, as you call them, were *men;* however, I now understand you: the knowledge you acquired was a knowledge of *things*, but not of *men;* as, for instance, you learned that the city of Rome was built, but you did not learn any thing of the men that built it.

P. True, true. (*As if repeating by rote.*) Rome was built

[1] Livy, an illustrious Roman historian, was born in Italy, B. C. 59. He died in the seventy-seventh year of his age, A. D. 18.—[2] Caius Cornelius Tacitus, a noted Roman historian, born in A. D. 58, or 59. The time of his death is unknown.—[3] Homer and Hesiod were two of the earliest of the Greek poets.—[4] Plato was one of the Greek philosophers.—[5] De dŭc' tion, taking away; lessening.

by Romulus and Remus, twin brothers, the sons of Rhea Sylvia and Mars; they were exposed, while infants, by king Amulius, and afterward a shepherd brought them up and educated them.

T. Enough, enough, my good little friend; you have shown me now what you understand by the history of men and things. But, pray, tell me what other men and things you were instructed in; for instance, tell me who and what Sylla was.

P. He was a tyrant of Rome.

T. Was the term *tyrant* the name of an ŏfficer?

P. Indeed, I do not know; but Sylla is certainly called, in history, a *tyrant.*

T. But did you not learn that he was *dictator*,[1] and what the authŏrity and duties of that ŏfficer were? and the authority of the consuls,[2] tribunes[3] of the people, and other magistrates among the Romans?

P. No, I did not; for those things are hard, and are not so entertaining as great exploits, and would have taken up too much time.

T. As to that, you will perhaps be better able to judge hereafter. Well, then, from your knowledge of *all history*, we must strike ŏff all knowledge of the ŏffices of the Roman magistrates.

P. Ah! but we took more plĕasure in reading about wars and exploits.

T. Well, did you ever hear of Carthage, and the wars carried on against her?

P. Oh, yes; there were three Carthaginian wars.

T. Tell me, then, which party was victorious.

P. The Romans.

T. But were they victorious at the beginning?

P. Oh, no (*as if repeating by rote*); they were beaten in four battles, by Hannibal:[4] at Ticinium, Trebia, the Thrasymene lake, and Cannæ.

[1] Dic tā' tor, an officer of unlimited power, created only in times of great difficulty and danger.—[2] Cŏn' suls were the chief officers of the government of Rome after the expulsion of the kings.—[3] Trĭb' unes were officers appointed to look after the interests of the common people.—[4] Hăn' ni bal, one of the most illustrious ancient generals, was born at Carthage B. C. 247, and died B. C. 183, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

T. Did your governess tell you the *causes* of these defeats of the Romans?

P. No, she did not tell us the causes, but the matters of fact.

T. Perhaps you understand yourself the causes why the Romans finally retrieved their affairs?

P. To be sure I do: the cause was their bravery.

T. But were they not brave also at the beginning of those wars?

P. Certainly they were.

T. Then their bravery was the cause of their being conquered, and being conquerors?

P. Why—why—I don't know as to that; but I know I never was asked such hard questions before.

T. Well, well; I will ask you something easier. Is it to be supposed that the Romans would have come off victorious in that war, if the powerful sovereigns of that age had united their forces with the Carthaginians?

P. (*With an air of surprise.*) What sovereigns do you mean?

T. Why, do you not know, that in that age there were in Macedonia, Asia, Syria, and Egypt, all those powerful kings who were the successors[1] of Alexander the Great?

P. Oh, yes, I know that; but we used to take up their history in another chapter. I never thought of their living at the time of the second Punic war.

T. Do you not perceive, then, that their mutual rivalry was the cause why they did not unite their forces with the Carthaginians to oppose the Romans, in consequence of which, those same kings were afterward conquered, one by one, by the Romans?

P. I perceive it now, since you have told me of it; and I derive much gratification from your remark.

T. It is indeed true, that the perception of the *causes* of things is not only gratifying, but useful. However, we must still go on to make further deductions from your stock of *all history;* we must deduct the knowledge of *causes.*

[1] Suc cĕss' or, one who takes the place which another has left, and sustains the like part and character.

P. I can not deny that, to be sure; but I am positive that, with the exceptions you have now made, we learned every thing else in history.

73. The Study of History—concluded.

Teacher. Well, tell me about some of the other things that you learned; tell me what is the beginning of history.

Pupil. The creation of the world.

T. But I meant to ask you about men, and the affairs of men.

P. (*As if repeating by rote.*) The first human beings were Adam and Eve, whom God created on the sixth day, after his own image, and placed in paradise, from which they were afterward expelled, and—

T. Don't go any further, I beg of you; I see you have got some little book well by heart; but tell me now, generally, about what men and things, subsequent[1] to those, were you instructed by your governess?

P. About the posterity of Adam, the pātriarchs before and after the flood, and all about the Jewish nation, to the time of their overthrow.

T. But what makes you think that those things you learned are true?

P. Because they are delivered to us by divine inspiration[2] in the holy Scriptures.

T. But did you find the *Roman* history, and other things that you have learned, all in the holy Scriptures?

P. Certainly not.

T. But yĕt you believe them?

P. Believe them! why not? They are related in other books that are worthy of credit.

T. Pray, what books are those?

P. Our governess had two: one, a small book, that we learned to recite; the other, a large work, in several volumes, from which she sometimes read to us.

[1] Sŭb' se quent, following; coming after.—[2] In spi rā' tion, act of breathing into a thing. Divine inspiration is the knowledge given by God to men.

T. Did your governess tell you the *causes* of these defeats of the Romans?

P. No, she did not tell us the causes, but the matters of fact.

T. Perhaps you understand yourself the causes why the Romans finally retrieved their affairs?

P. To be sure I do: the cause was their bravery.

T. But were they not brave also at the beginning of those wars?

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P. (*With an air of surprise.*) What sovereigns do you mean?

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P. Oh, yes, I know that; but we used to take up their history in another chapter. I never thought of their living at the time of the second Punic war.

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P. I perceive it now, since you have told me of it; and I derive much gratification from your remark.

T. It is indeed true, that the perception of the *causes* of things is not only gratifying, but useful. However, we must still go on to make further deductions from your stock of *all history;* we must deduct the knowledge of *causes.*

[1] Suc cĕss' or, one who takes the place which another has left, and sustains the like part and character.

P. I can not deny that, to be sure; but I am positive that, with the exceptions you have now made, we learned every thing else in history.

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T. But what makes you think that those things you learned are true?

P. Because they are delivered to us by divine inspiration[2] in the holy Scriptures.

T. But did you find the *Roman* history, and other things that you have learned, all in the holy Scriptures?

P. Certainly not.

T. But yĕt you believe them?

P. Believe them! why not? They are related in other books that are worthy of credit.

T. Pray, what books are those?

P. Our governess had two: one, a small book, that we learned to recite; the other, a large work, in several volumes, from which she sometimes read to us.

[1] Sŭb' se quent, following; coming after.—[2] In spi rā' tion, act of breathing into a thing. Divine inspiration is the knowledge given by God to men.

T. But were the authors of those books witnesses of the events which they relate?

P. Oh, no; they lived either in our day, or within the memory of our fathers.

T. Where did they gĕt their knowledge of the things mentioned in their books?

P. From other books that are worthy of credit.

T. Do you know those other books?

P. No, I do not.

T. How can you venture, then, to assert that those books are worthy of credit, when you do not know them?

P. I believe what our governess tells us.

T. Pray, how many years old are you?

P. Fifteen.

T. Upon my word! You are now almost grown up, and your governess still treats you like a little child!

P. How so?

T. Why, because she teaches you history just as we tell stories to little children. But do you think the history she teaches you is true; or is it a matter of indifference[1] to you, whether you are instructed in the truth or in fables?

P. Indeed, it is far from being indifferent to me; and I am sure that every thing she teaches us is true.

T. Well, if you know that to be the case, then you must know the manner in which you distinguish truth from falsehood.

P. No, I can not say that; but I believe what the governess tells us, because she is a woman of truth.

T. But see how inconsistent[2] you are! One while you say you *know* these things; then you say you *do not know;* and then, again, you say you *believe* in your governess!

P. I can not answer you so easily as I can her; for she, somehow or other, asks me in an easier way.

T. Well, I will ask you something easier. What is history designed to tell us, truth or falsehood?

P. The truth, certainly.

T. Can anybody, then, either teach or be taught history

[1] In dif fer ence, state in which there is no difference; carelessness.—In con sist' ent, not agreeing with; not uniform.

properly, without knowing how to distinguish truth from falsehood?

P. Why—I don't know—

T. You don't know! Do you know this, then, whether history is studied for the sake of any utility[1] to be derived from it?

P. I suppose great utility is to be derived from it.

T. What are the advantages of it?

P Indeed, I do not know.

T. But did not your governess tell you that much of our knowledge is founded upon histŏrical facts? and that we are enabled by history to understand better and more readily other parts of human knowledge? and that it is particularly useful in furnishing examples for the government of life, bŏth in private and in public?

P. No, she did not tell us that; but I think what you tell me seems reasonable.

T. Well, then, answer me one question more:—if any man should go on heaping togĕther money of every sort, and should pay no attention to see if his pieces of coin were good or bad, and should thus become possessed of much counterfeit[2] money, would he not be under a very great disadvantage, when it should become necessary to make use of his money, and he should find it to be counterfeit?

P. He certainly would.

T. Again; we have just said that history is the foundation of knowledge: now, do you think it is of no consequence to a building, whether its foundations are solid and firm, or weak and slender?

P. Most certainly, it is of great consequence.

T. You see, by this time, my little friend, what sort of a foundation *you* have in the history that you have learned. You imagined that you understood all history; you now see how many deductions must be made from your knowledge. You have heard nothing of the historians themselves; nothing of the philosophers and poets; nothing of magistrates and other officers; and, as I perceive, nothing of various other things relat-

[1] U til' i ty, usefulness.—[2] Coun' ter feit, made to appear like a good thing, to pass for it; worthless.

ing to peace and war, times and places; nothing of causes; and, in short, nothing respecting the manner of discerning truth from falsehood: now, when all these things are taken away from your stock of *all history*, what is there remaining?

P. I now begin to understand, and I am sŏrry for the labor I have spent in my history—

T. No, take courage; for now you may promise yourself that you will know something, because you are sensible how much there is that you do not know; and that you are in need of something more substantial[1] and efficacious,[2] which shall qualify you for a more perfect knowledge of things and causes; enable you to judge of truth and falsehood; and, in short, make you acquainted with the history of history itself; that is, that you may know what writers have treated of the subjects of history, and of what credit and authŏrity those writers are.

P. Your remarks are vĕry just; and I beg of you to furnish me with some little book, from which I can learn all this in a short time.

T. My young friend, I see you think that all these things can be learned from a little book, like that which you used to recite to your governess. Now, I do not mean to say that you ought to be sŏrry for your own labor, or that of your governess; because what you have thus acquired and fixed in your memory, though a puerile[3] exercise, will not be without use; but henceforward you must exercise your judgment, and pursue a liberal[4] and exact[5] course of study. This, however, is not to be acquired at once, or by the use of any little book, but by understanding the various books relating to the subject, and by diligently attending on the instruction of those who teach history according to these principles.

RUHNKEN.

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74. Seasons of Prayer.

1. TO prayer,[6] to prayer!—for the morning breaks,
And earth[7] in her Maker's smile awakes.

[1] Sub stăn' tial, solid; real.—[2] Ef fi că' cious, producing an effect.—[3] Pū'er ile, boyish; weak.—[4] Lĭb' er al, ample; large and free.—[5] Exact (ĕgz akt'), closely correct or regular.—[6] Prayer (prâr).—[7] Earth (ĕrth).

His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air,[1]
Send up the incense[2] of grateful prayer.

2. To prayer!—for the glorious sun is gŏne,
And the găthering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from Gŏd's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian[3] of night.

3. To prayer!—for the day that God has bless'd
Comes tranquilly[4] on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted[5] powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallow'd[6] hours.

4. There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
O hour of bliss![7] when the heart o'erflows
With rapture[8] a mother only knows.
Let it gush fŏrth in words of fervent[9] prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

5. There are smiles and tears in that găthering band,
Where the heart is pledged[10] with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

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[1] Air (âr).—[2] In' cense, the burning of some sweet-smelling substance, practiced in the worship of the gods of antiquity, and to the true God, under the Jewish dispensation. It is still practiced in the Romish Church, and the term is still in use to express any act of devotion.—[3] Guardian (gär' de an), keeper; protector; here means, God.—[4] Trăn'-quil ly, calmly; without noise or commotion.—[5] Exalted (egz ălt' ed), very high; superior,—[6] Hăl' lowed, sacred; made holy.—[7] Bliss, happiness in the highest degree.—[8] Răpt' ure, excessive pleasure; delight —[9] Fĕr' vent, earnest; warm.—[10] Plĕdged, engaged; given.

6. Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish[1] are thick on his brow,—
Oh, what is earth and its plĕasures now!
And what shall assuage[2] his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

7. Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are Gŏd's, his last words prayer.

8. The voice of prayer at the sa̅ble[3] bier![4]
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to Gŏd who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where he shall reign,
Who whisper'd, "Thy brother shall rise again."

9. The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,
Where no sŏrrōw shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous sŏng they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

10. Awake! awake! and gird up thy strength,
To join that holy band at length.
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise;
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is a life of heaven.

HENRY WARE, JR.

[1] Anguish (ăng' gwish), bitter pain; sorrow.—[2] Assuage (as swāj'), soften; lessen; soothe.—[3] Sā' ble, dark; black.—[4] Bi̇̆r, a carriage, or a frame for carrying the dead to the grave.

75. Confessions of a Bashful Man.

YOU must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion,[1] and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme sensibility to shame, that, on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks. Having been sent to the university,[2] the consciousness of my unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamored[3] of a college life. But from that peaceful retreat I was called by the deaths of my father and of a rich uncle, who left me a fortune of thirty thousand pounds.

2. I now purchased an estate in the country; and my company was much courted by the surrounding families, especially by such as had marriageable daughters. Though I wished to accept their ŏffered friendship, I was fŏrced repeatedly to excuse myself, under the pretence of not being quite settled. Often, when I have ridden or walked with full intention of returning their visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have returned homeward, resolving to try again the next day. Determined, however, at length to conquer my timidity, I accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial[4] welcome.

3. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a bă̇ronet,[5] with an estate joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living, with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have, for some time past, taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious[6] use in teaching me the equilibrium[7] of my body, and the due adjustment of the center of gravity[8] to the five positions.[9]

[1] Complexion (kom plĕk' shun), color of the face or skin.—[2] U ni vĕr si ty, a school in which are taught all branches of learning.—[3] En ăm'- ored, having love for.—[4] Cor' di al, hearty; warm; sincere.—[5] Bă̇r' on et, a title of honor between knight and baron.—[6] Prodigious (pro dĭd' jus), very great; wonderful.—[7] E qui lĭb' ri um, balancing; a condition in which all the parts balance each.—[8] Center of gravity, the point around which all the parts balance.—[9] Positions (po zĭsh' unz), the manners of standing directed by the dancing-master, which are five in number.

4. Having acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the bäronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity;[1] but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory,[2] when unsupported by habitual practice!

5. As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery-servants,[3] who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned up all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nō'menclator[4] of the family.

6. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress. The bäronet's politeness, by degrees, dissipated[5] my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good-breeding could enable him to suppress[6] his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

7. The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness,[7] till, at length, I ventured to join the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics,[8] in which the bäronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own.

8. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon[9] in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of

[1] In tre pid' i ty, fearlessness; without trembling.—[2] The' o ry, plan; general principles; foundation of an opinion.—[3] Llv' er y-sĕrv' ants, servants distinguished by their *dress*.—[4] Nō' men clā tor, one who announces names.—[5] ! Is' si pāt ed, scattered; removed.—[6] Sup prĕss', check; stifle; conceal.—[7] Shēep' ish ness, awkwardness; timidity.—[8] Clās' sics, authors or works of the first rank.—[9] Xenophon (zĕn' o fon), a celebrated Greek historian and general; writings of Xenophon.

such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I supposed, willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book; which made me more eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedgwood[1] inkstand on the table under it.

9. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its prŏg'ress with my cāmbric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up; and I, with joy, perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

76. Confessions of a Bashful Man—concluded.

IN walking through the hall, and suite[2] of apartments, to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes.

2. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whŏle scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk dress was not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation; and for some minutes I seemed to be in a boiling caldron;[4] but

[1] Wĕdg' wood, a kind of pottery, which takes its name from the inventor, Mr. Wedgwood.—[2] Suite (swēt), a set; number of things used together.—[3] Fo men tā' tion, a bathing with fluids.—[4] Cāl' dron, a large kettle or boiler.

recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, amid the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

3. I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course,[1] or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me; spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar: rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

4. I had a piece of rich, sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate.

5. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness; but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel?

6. Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy; with which I filled my mouth, already flayed[2] and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate[3] as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the liquor squirted through my fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas rĕp′rimand[4] the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yĕt complete.

7. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did,

[1] Course, the dishes set on the table at one time.—[2] Flayed, skinned; having the skin taken off.—[3] Pal′ate, the roof, or upper part of the mouth.—[4] Rep′ri mand, to censure; blame severely.

I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The bāronet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace which the most poignant[1] sense of guilt could not have excited. ANON

77. CONTRASTED SOLILOQUIES.[2]

"WELL," exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, "my education is at last finished!—indeed, it would be strānge, if, after five years' hard application, any thing were left incomplete. Happily, *that* is all over now; and I have nothing to do, but to exercise my various accomplishments.[3]

2. "Let me see!—As to *French*, I am mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. *Italian* I can read with ease, and pronounce vĕry well; as well, at least, as any of my friends; and that is all one need wish for in Italian. *Music* I have learned till I am perfectly sick of it. But, now that we have a grand piano,[4] it will be delightful to play when we have company; I must still continue to practice a little,—the only thing, I think, that I need now improve myself in. And then there are my Italian sŏngs! which everybody allows I sing with taste; and as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particulary glad that I can.

3. "My *drawings* are universally admired,—especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful, certainly: besides this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments. And then my *dancing* and *waltzing*,—in which our master himself owned that he could take me no further;—just the figure for it, certainly; it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

[1] Poign′ant, severe; pointed.—[2] So lil′o quies, words spoken alone or to one's self.—[3] Ac cŏm′ plish ments, acquirements which add ornament or grace; what one has learnt.—[4] Grand piano (pe ă′ no), differs from a common piano in having three strings to each note, while the common piano has but two.

4. "As to *common* things, *geography*, and *history*, and *poetry*, and *philosophy*,—thank my stars, I have got through them all! so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed.—Well, to be sure, how much I have fagged through!—the only wonder is, that one head can contain it all!"

78. Contrasted Soliloquies—concluded.

"ALAS!" exclaimed a silver-headed sage, "how nărrōw is the utmost extent of human science!—how circumscribed[1] the sphere of intellectual[2] exertion! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge; but how little do I know! The further I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature, the more I am bewildered and benighted. Beyŏnd a certain limit, all is but confusion or conjecture;[3] so that the advantage of the learnèd over the ignorant, consists greatly in having ascertained how little is to be known.

2. "It is true that I can mĕasure the sun, and compute[4] the distances of the planets; I can calculate their periodical[5] movements, and even ascertain the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions; but with regard to their construction, and the beings which inhabit them, what do I know more than the clown?

3. "Delighting to examine the economy of nature in our own world, I have analyzed[6] the elements; and have given names to their component[7] parts. And yĕt, should I not be as much at a lŏss to explain the burning of fire, or to account for the liquid quality of water, as the vulgar, who use and enjoy them without thought or examination?

4. "I remark that all bodies, unsupported, fall to the ground; and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation. But what have I gained here more than a term? Does it convey to my mind any idea of the nature of that mysterious and

[1] Cir cum scribed', confined; limited.—[2] In tel lĕct' u al, relating to the mind.—[3] Con jĕct' ure, an opinion without proof; supposition.—[4] Compūte', calculate.—[5] Pe ri ŏd' ic al, at stated periods or intervals.—[6] An a lyzed', separated into parts.—[7] Com pō' nent, composing; making up.

invisible chain, which draws all things to a common centre? I observe the effect, I give a name to the cause; but can I explain or comprehend it?

5. "Pursuing the track of the naturalist,[1] I have learned to distinguish the *animal*, *vegetable*, and *mineral* kingdoms; and to divide these into their distinct tribes and families: but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives its vitality?[2] Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the ĕx' quisite[3] pencil that paints and fringes the flower of the field? Have I ever detected the secret that gives their brilliant dye to the ruby and the emerald, or the art that enamels the delicate shell?

6. "I observe the sagăcity of animals; I call it *instinct*, and speculate[4] upon its various degrees of approximation[5] to the reason of man. But, after all, I know as little of the cogitations[6] of the brute, as he does of mine. When I see a flight of birds overhead, performing their evolutions,[7] or steering their course to some distant settlement, their signals and cries are as unintelligible to me, as are the learnèd languages to the unlettered rustic: I understand as little of their policy and laws, as they do of Blackstone's Commentaries.[8]

7. "But, leaving the material creation, my thoughts have ŏften ascended to lŏftier subjects, and indulged in *metaphysical*[9] speculation. And here, while I easily perceive in myself the two distinct qualities of matter and mind, I am baffled in every attempt to comprehend their mutual dependence and mysterious connection. When my hand moves in obedience to my will, have I the most distant conception of the manner in which the volition[10] is either communicated or understood? Thus, in the exercise of one of the most simple and ordinary actions, I am perplexed and confounded, if I attempt to account for it.

[1] Năt' u ral ist, one who studies nature.—[2] Vi tăl' i ty, power of maintaining life.—[3] Exquisite (ĕks' kwe zit), very fine or delicate.—[4] Spĕc' ulāte, think; reflect.—[5] Ap prox i mā' tion, nearness; growing near.—Cog i tā tions, thoughts.—[7] Ev o lū' tions, motions that change their positions with regard to each other.—[8] Blackstone wrote a work called "Commentaries on the English Law."—[9] Met a phys' ic al, beyond nature; intellectual; relating to the science of the mind.—[10] Volition (vo lĭsh' un), act of willing; act of forming a purpose or making a choice.

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 rĕcords of remote ages, and become familiar with the learning and literature of other times. And what have I găthered from these, but the mortifying fact, that man has ever been struggling with his own ĭm'potence,[1] and vainly endeavoring to overleap the bounds which limit his anxious ĭn'quiries?

9. "Alas! then, what have I gained by my laborious researches, but a humbling conviction[2] 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 gŏne,
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 rack[5] for the poor,
And a gibbet[6] to hang a refractory[7] 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 wrŏng,
Was always the sermon and always the sŏng;
When the people, like cattle, were pounded[8] or driven,
And to scourge[9] them was thought a king's license from heaven.

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

3. They were days when the sword[1] settled questions of right,
And Falsehood was first to monopolize[2] Might;
When the fighter of battles was always adored,
And the greater the tyrant, the greater the lord;
When the king, who by myriads[3] 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 gŏd in his life, and a saint in his death.

4. They were days when the headsman[4] was always prepared—
The block ever ready—the ax ever bared;
When a corpse on the gibbet aye[5] swung to and fro,
And the fire at the stake never smolder'd[6] 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[7] were burn'd half a score at a time.

5. They were days when the gallows[8] 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 appeased[9] till a victim had died;
And the stealer of sheep, and the slayer of men,
Were strung up togĕther—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, stolid[10] and dense, was its doom,
And bigotry swăthed[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 nŏp' o lize, to get entire possession of.—[3] Myr' iad, ten thousand; any great number.—[4] Hĕads' man, an executioner; one who cuts off heads.—[5] Aye (ā), always; forever.—[6] Smŏl' der, burn and smoke without flame or vent.—[7] Mär' tyrs, witnesses, who sacrificed their lives for the truth.—[8] Gallows (găl' lus).—[9] Ap pēased', satisfied.—[10] Stŏl' id, stupid; dull; heavy.—[11] Swăthed', wrapped · bound.

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80. The Journey of a Day—A Picture of Human Life

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary[1] early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostăn'. 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 alŏng, his ears were delighted with the morning sŏng 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 contĕm'plāted 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, forgĕt whither he was traveling, but found a nărrōw 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 plĕasure 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 remission[3] 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 văn' sa ry, an inn or public-house, where caravans rest at night. —[2] Me rid' i an, mid-day; the highest point.— Remission (re mĭsh un), cessation; stopping.

ains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were lŏnger safe to forsake the known and common track, but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest vĭolence, 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 cascāde,[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 deviations[5] had perplexed his memory, and he knew not toward what point to travel. He stood pensive[6] and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrŏng, 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 gāthered 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 lŏst when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prŏmpted 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 ăn' ders, turnings.—[2] So lĭc' i tūde, anxiety; uneasiness of mind.— Cas cāde', waterfall.—[4] Cir cum vo lū' tion, a turning or rolling round.— De vi ā' tion, going out of the way; wandering.—[6] Pĕn' sive, seriously reflecting; sad and thoughtful

and pressed on with his saber in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration:[1] all the hŏrrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him;—the winds roared in the woods, and the tŏrrents 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 occŭrrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.[3]

9. "Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dāngers 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 mitigation[4] of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigor, and resolve no lŏnger 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 sŏftens, and vigilance[5] sub-

[1] Ex pi rā' tion, act of breathing out; death.—[2] Tā' per, a small wax candle or light.—[3] Pal li ā' tion, excuse.—[4] Mit i gā' tion, softening; making easier or milder.—[5] Vĭg' 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 plĕasure. 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 sŏlace[2] our disquiet with sensual[3] gratifications.

11. "By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate[4] object of rătional desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths[5] 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 hŏrror, with sŏrrōw, with repentance; and wish, but too ŏften 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 yĕt 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 dānger 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] Sŏl' ace, console; comfort.—[3] Sensual (sĕn' shu al), lewd; pleasing to the senses.—[4] Ad' e quāte, worthy; equal.—[5] Lăb' y rinths, places full of windings.—[6] Incŏn' stan cy, unsteadiness.—[7] Om nĭp' o tence, almighty power; God.

coolness at evening succeeds the genial[1] 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 yĕllōw and luxuriant[3] harvests. The trees put fōrth 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 yĕt, the fōrests 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 cŭrrent, reflecting back the images of many a glōssy insect, that dips his wings in their cooling waters. The mornings and evenings are still vocal[8] with the notes of a thousand warblers, that plume[9] their wings for a later flight.

4. Above all, the clear blue sky, the lōng 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 transparent[10] twilight. These, these are days and scenes which even the cold can not behold without emotion, but on which the meditative[11] and pious gaze with profound admiration; for they breathe of holier and happier regions beyŏnd the grave.

JOSEPH STORY.

[1] Gĕ' ni al, contributing to production; gay; merry; enlivening.—[2] Term in ā' tion, a coming to an end; result.—[3] Luxuriant (lug zhū' re ant), exuberant in growth; very abundant.—[4] Fō' li age, leaves of trees; a cluster of leaves.—[5] Enthusiasm (en thū' ze azm), an ardent or burning zeal with regard to some object or pursuit.—[6] Mag nĭf' i cence, grandeur of appearance; display.—[7] Rŭs' set, a reddish brown color.—Vō' cal, having a voice; uttering sounds.—[9] Plūme, dress the feathers.—[10] Trans pār' ent, clear, so as to be seen through.—[11] Mĕd' i ta tive, given to meditation; thoughtful.

82. A Parental Ode to my Infant Son.

1. THOU happy, happy elf![1]
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tīny[2] image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear)—
Thou mĕrry, laughing sprite![3] with spirits feather light,
Untouch'd by sŏrrōw, and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)—

2. Thou little tricksy 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 strŏng 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 fāys[5] 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 Elysium[6] ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror[7] with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from nature's mint,[8]
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

[1] Elf, a fairy; a fancied wandering spirit.—[2] Ti' ny, small.—[3] Sprite, spirit.—[4] Pŭck, 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] Fāys, fairies.—[6] Elysium (e lĭz' e um), a place of delight, as the ancients believed, for happy souls after death; any delightful place.—[7] Mĭr' ror, looking-glass.—[8] Mint, a place where money is coined.

4. Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug ŏff with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymenē'al[1] nest!
(Are those tŏrn clothes his best?)
Little epitome[2] 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. Tŏss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant[3] as the thistle down,
Prŏmpting 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 windōw 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 bōth one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook.

[1] Hy men ē'al, relating to marriage.—[2] E plt' o me, an abridgment: a small copy.—[3] Buoyant (bwâl' ant), light; bearing up.—[4] Grotesque (gro tĕsk'), 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 ŏff 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 ŏff 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 Westphalia[1] ham and chickens; on one side, a fillet[2] of veal; on the other, a turkey, or rather a bustard,[3] which may be had for about a guinea[4]—

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

James. Then a ragout[5]—

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

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

Love. Why, see and provide something to cloy[6] 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 fā'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] Bŭs'tard, a large bird.—[4] Guin'ea, a former English gold coin, worth somewhat more than five dollars.—[5] Ragout (rā gō') 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] Pōul try, fowls; hens; geese; turkeys, &c.—[2] Mount Vĕr' 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 Utopian[1] dream, transiently[2] indulged amid the charms of novelty. It was a deliberate purpose with him, the result of innate[3] and enduring inclination. Throughout the whōle cōurse of his career, agricultural life appears to have been his *beau ideal*[4] of existence, which haunted his thoughts even amid the stern duties of the field, and to which he recurred with unflagging 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 magnificent[6] 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 whōle woody region alōng the Potomac, from Mount Vernon to Belvoir, and far beyŏnd, with its rānge of fōrests and hills, and picturesque[8] promontories,[9] afforded sport of vārious kinds, and was a noble hunting-ground. Washington had hunted through it with old Lord Fairfax in his stripling[10] days:

[1] U tō' 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 (trăn' shent li), for a short time; soon passing away.—[3] In nāte', born in a person.—[4] Beau ideal (bō i dē' al), ideal beauty; a model of excellence in the mind or fancy.—[5] Bī' as, inclination.—[6] Mag nĭf' i cent, imposing; grand in appearance.—[7] Culture (kŭlt' yer), cultivation; manner of improving.—[8] Picturesque (pikt-yer ĕsk'), presenting that peculiar kind of beauty which is agreeable in a picture.—[9] Prŏm' on to ries, high lands extending into the sea; headlands.—[10] Strĭp' ling, boyish.

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

6. "No estate in United Amĕrica," 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[1]-water; several valuable fisheries appertain[2] to it: the whŏle shore, in fact, is one entire fishery."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

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85. The Revolutionary War.

1. LO, now the cannon thundering to the sky,
The thickening fumes[3] 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 acrŏss 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 motley[4] line,

[1] Tide, the flowing of the sea.—[2] Ap per tain', belong.—[3] Fumes, vapors; smoke.—[4] Mŏt' 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
Celestial[2] melodies from Freedom's lips!
These arms an engine[3] to strike despots[4] dumb,
And leave oppression howling in eclipse.[5]

7. Then comes the struggle, raging loud and lŏng—
The seven years' battle with the banded foes—
The tyrant, and the savage, and the strŏng
Grim[6] arm of want with all its direful woes.

8. Half clad and barefoot, bleeding where they tread,
Where hunger and disease allied[7] 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 hŏrror sits.

10. But Gŏd is just; and they who suffer mŏst,
Win most; for tardy[9] triumph comes at last!
The pātriot, bravely dying at his post,
Hath rivaled all the Cæsars[10] of the past.

11. Right conquers wrŏng, and glory follŏws pain,
The cause of Freedom vindicated[11] stands;
And Heaven consents; while, staring o'er the main,
Old Europe greets us with approving hands.

12. If now a film[12] o'er-swim my agèd gaze,
Or if a tremor in my voice appear,

[1] Im bŭed', stained; filled.—[2] Ce lĕs' tial, heavenly.—[3] Engine (ĕn' jin), an instrument of action; means.—[4] Dĕs' pots, tyrants; oppressors.—[5] E clipse', obscuration; darkness.—[6] Grim, fierce; fearful; frightful.—[7] Al lied', confederated; united by treaty.—[8] Con sort', join together; appear.—[9] Tär' 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 cat 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 pātriots, 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 Read.

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 agriculture[2] 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 auspicious[3] of great results, as the celebrated discovery of Dr. Franklin; *not* the identity[4] 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 (ăg' ri kŭlt yer), the cultivation of land; farming.—[3] Auspicious (ăs plish' us), favorable; giving fair promises of success.—[4] I dĕn' 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-race[1] 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 auriferous[2] 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 transcendent[3] importance; and which it is actually estimated will yield, the present year, ten or fifteen times as much as the California diggings, taking their prŏduce 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 gĕt it out. Our diggings may be depended on with far greater confidence, for the ăverage[4] 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 pulverized[7] and moistened, and subjected to the action of moderate heat, it becomes a grateful and nutri-

[1] Mĭll' rāce, the current of water which turns the wheel of a mill.—[2] Au rĭf' er ous, bearing or producing gold.—[3] Trans cĕnd' ent, surpassing; very great.—[4] Av' er age, general proportion.—[5] Superficies (super fĭsh' ez), surface; outward part.—[6] Placer (plă sär'), a spot from which gold is dug or taken out.—[7] Pŭl' ver ized, converted into powder or fine dust.

tious[1] article of food; whereas no man, not even the lŏng-eared King of Phrygia[2] himself, who wished that every thing he touched might become gold—could masticate[3] a thimble-full of the California dust, cold or hot, to save him from starvation.

7. Then, sir, we gĕt 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 prŏduce, 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 discriminating[5] 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 gĕt 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 guano[7] of the Chincha Islands would not restore to fertility.

9. You can never gĕt from it a second yield of gold, nor any thing else, unless, perhaps, a crop of mullen 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 trĭsh' 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] Mās' ti cāte, chew.—[4] Freight (frāt), the lading of a ship, wagon, &c.; the price of transporting goods.—[5] Dis crĭm' i nā ting, distinguishing.—[6] Quartz (kwārtz), a kind of rock, or rather an ingredient of rocks.—[7] Guano (gwā'no), a rich manure; the dung of sea-fowls, &c.—[8] Stra mō' ni um, the thorn-apple, of much use in medicine.

morganic[1] masses. How they got into the gravel; between what mountain mill-stones, whirled by elemental[2] storm-winds on the bosom of ocean'ic[3] tŏrrents, the auriferous ledges were ground to powder; by what Titanic[4] 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, Chaos[5] 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 alternā'tion 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 sŏftens, it swells, it shoots upward, it is a living thing.

12. It is yĕllōw 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 alŏft, spins its verdant skeins of vegetable flŏss,[8] displays its dancing tassels, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three magnificent batons[9] like this (an ear of Indian corn), each of which is studded

[1] In or găn' ic, having no organs; not found with the organs or instruments of life.—[2] El e mĕnt' al, relating to the elements, here meaning earth, air, fire, and water.—[3] Oceanic (o she ăn' ik), pertaining to the ocean.—[4] Ti tan' ic, gigantic. The Titanes or Titans was a name applied by the ancients to the sons of Cœlus and Terra, figurative names for the *heavens* and the *earth*. They were of gigantic size and strength.—[5] Chaos (kā' 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 maze.—Sĕm' i nal gĕrm, the germ or growing principle of the seed.—[8] Flŏss, a downy or silky substance.—[9] Baton (bă tŏng'), a staff; a badge of honor.

with hundreds of grains of gold, every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain, every one instinct with the same marvelous reproductive powers.

13. There are seven hundred and twenty grains on the ear which I hold in my hand. I presume there were two or three such ears on the stock. This would give us 1440, perhaps 2160 grains as the prŏduce of one. They would yield, next season, if they were all successfully planted, 4200, perhaps 6300 ears. Who does not see that, with this stupendous progression, the prŏduce of one grain in a few years might feed all mankind? And yĕt, with this visible creation annually springing and ripening around us, there are men who doubt, who deny the existence of God. Gold from the Sacramento River, sir! There is a săc'rament in this ear of corn enough to bring an ātheist[2] to his knees.

87. Agriculture—concluded.

BUT it will be urged, perhaps, sir, in behalf of the California gold, that, though one crop only of gold can be găthered from the same spot, yet, once gathered, it lasts to the end of time; while our vegetable gold is produced only to be consumed, and, when consumed, is gŏne forever. But this, Mr. President, would be a most egregious error bŏth ways.

2. It is true the California gold will last forever unchanged, if its owner chooses; but, while it so lasts, it is of no use; no, not as much as its value in pig-iron,[3] which makes the best of ballast;[4] whereas gold, while it is gold, is good for little or nothing. You can neither eat it, nor drink it, nor smoke it. You can neither wear it, nor burn it as fuel, nor build a house with it; it is really useless till you exchange it for consumable, perishable goods; and the more plentiful it is, the less its exchangeable value.

[1] Săc ra ment, an oath or vow; a holy rite; the Lord's Supper.—[2] A' the ist, one who denies or disbelieves the existence of a Supreme Being.—[3] Pĭg'-iron (ĭ' urn), masses of iron not manufactured.—[4] Băl' last, weight put into the hold of vessels, when not loaded, to make them float steadily.

3. Far different the case with our Atlantic gold; it does not perish when consumed, but, by a nobler alchemy[1] than that of Paracelsus,[2] is transmuted in consumption to a higher life. "Perish in consumption," did the old miser say? "Thou fool that which thou sowest is not quickened *except* it die." The burning pen of inspiration, ranging heaven and earth for a similitude,[3] to convey to our poor minds some not inadequate idea of the mighty doctrine of the resurrection, can find no symbol so expressive as "bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some other grain." To-day a senseless plant, to-morrow it is human bone and muscle, vein and artery, sinew and nerve; beating pulse, heaving lungs, toiling, ah, sometimes, overtoiling brain.

4. Last June, it sucked from the cold breast of the earth the watery nourishment of its distending sap-vessels; and now it clothes the manly form with warm, cordial flesh; quivers and thrills with the fivefold mystery of sense;[4] purveys and ministers to the higher mystery of thought. Heaped up in your grăn'aries this week, the next it will strike in the stalwart[5] arm, and glow in the blushing cheek, and flash in the beaming eye; till we learn at last to realize that the slender stalk, which we have seen shaken by the summer breeze, bending in the cornfield under the yĕllōw burden of harvest, is indeed the "staff of life," which, since the world began, has supported the toiling and struggling myriads of humanity on the mighty pilgrimage of being.

5. Yes, sir, to drop the allegory,[6] and speak without a figure, it is this noble agriculture, for the promotion of which this great company is assembled from so many parts of the Union, which feeds the human race, and all the humbler orders of animated

[1] Al'che my, chemistry, as practiced in former times; or the proposed, but imaginary art of the changing of base metals into gold, and of finding some universal remedy for all diseases.—[2] Par a cĕl' sus, one of the early alchemists, was born about the year 1493, near Zurich, a city in the northern part of Switzerland. He is considered as the founder of the modern science of medicine. He died in 1541, in his forty-eighth year.—[3] Sĭ mĭl' i tūde, likeness; comparison.—[4] Fivefold mystery of sense, the senses, hearing, seeing, smelling, touching, and tasting.—[5] Stalwart (stôl' wort), brave; bold; strong.—[6] Al' le go ry, a story in which the apparent meaning is not the real one, but is intended to declare some important truth with greater force and spirit.

nature dependent on man. With the exception of what is yielded by the fisheries and the chase (a limited, though certainly not an insignificant, source of supply), agriculture is the steward which spreads the daily table of mankind.

6. Twenty-seven millions of human beings, by accurate computation, awoke this very morning, in the United States, all requiring their "daily bread," whether they had the grace to pray for it or not, and, under Providence, all looking to the agriculture of the country for that daily bread, and the food of the domestic animals depending on them; a demand, perhaps, as great as their own. Mr. President, it is the daily duty of you farmers to satisfy this gigantic appetite; to fill the mouths of these hungry millions—of these starving millions, I might say, for if, by any catastrophe,[1] the supply were cut off for a few days, the life of the country—human and brute—would be extinct.

7. How nobly this great duty is performed by the agriculture of the country, I need not say at this board, especially as the subject has been discussed by the gentleman who preceded me. The wheat crop of the United States the present year, is variously estimated at from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five millions of bushels; the oat crop at four hundred millions of bushels; the Indian corn, our precious vegetable gold, at one thousand millions of bushels! a bushel, at least, for every human being on the face of the globe.

8. Of the other cereal,[2] and of the leguminous[3] crops, I have seen no estimate. Even the humble article of hay,—this poor timothy,[4] herds' grass, and red-top, which, not rising to the dignity of the food of man, serves only for the subsistence of the mute partners of his toil,—the hay crop of the United States is probably but little, if any, inferior in value to the whole crop of cotton, which the glowing imagination of the South sometimes regards as the great bond which binds the civilized nations of the earth together. EDWARD EVERETT.

[1] Catastrophe (ka tăs' tro fe), unfortunate event; calamity; disaster —[2] Cē re al, relating to grain that is good for food.—[3] Le gū' min ous, peas, beans, and other vegetables that grow in pods.—[4] Tĭm' o thy, a name applied to an excellent kind of grass.

88. MEMORY.

1. 'TIS sweet to remember! I would not forego
The charm which the past o'er the present can throw,
For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave
In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.
We know not the future—the past we have *felt*—
Its cherish'd enjoyments the bosom can melt;
Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the mŏrrōw fall cold on the soul.

2. 'Tis sweet to remember! when storms are abroad,
To see in the rainbow the promise of God;
The day may be darken'd, but far in the west,
In vermilion[1] and gold, sinks the sun to his rest;
With smiles like the morning he passeth away—
Thus the beams of delight on the spirit can play,
When in calm reminiscence[2] we gather the flowers,
Which love scatter'd round us in happier hours.

3. 'Tis sweet to remember! When friends are unkind,
When their coldness and carelessness shadōw the mind:
Then, to draw back the vail which envelops a land
Where delectable[3] prospects in beauty expand;
To smell the green fields, the fresh waters to hear
Whose once fairy music enchanted the ear;
To drink in the smiles that delighted us then,
To list the fond voices of childhood again;—
Oh, this the sad heart, like a reed that is bruised,
Binds up, when the banquet[4] of hope is refused.

4. 'Tis sweet to remember! And naught can destroy
The balm-breathing comfort, the glory, the joy,
Which spring from that fountain to gladden our way,
When the changeful and faithless desert or betray.
I would not forgĕt!—though my thoughts should be dark,

[1] Vermilion (ver mĭl' yun), bright red.—[2] Rem i nĭs' cence, memory; remembrance.—[3] De lĕct' a ble, delightful; very pleasing.— Banquet (băng' kwet), a rich feast; an entertainment.

O'er the ocean of life I look back from my bark,
And I see the lōst Eden, where once I was blest,
A type and a promise of heavenly rest. W. J. Clarke

89. Memory and Hope.

HOPE is the leading-string of youth; memory the staff[1] of age. Yĕt, for a lōng time, they were at variance,[2] and scarcely ever associated togĕther. Memory was almost always grave, nay, sad and melancholy. She delighted in silence and repose, amid rocks and waterfalls; and whenever she raised her eyes from the ground, it was only to look back over her shoulder.

2. Hope was a smiling, dancing,[3] rosy boy, with sparkling eyes, and it was impossible to look upon him without being inspired by his gay and sprightly buoyancy.[4] Wherever he went, he diffused gladness and joy around him; the eyes of the young sparkled brighter than ever at his approach; old age, as it cast[5] its dim glances at the blue vault[6] of heaven, seemed inspired with new vigor; the flowers looked more gay, the grass[7] more green, the birds sung more cheerily, and all nature seemed to sympathize[8] in his gladness. Memory was of mortal birth, but Hope partook of immortality.[9]

3. One day they chanced[10] to meet, and Memory reproached Hope with being a deceiver. She charged him with deluding mankind with visionary,[11] impracticable schemes, and exciting expectations that led only to disappointment and regret; with being the *ignis fatuus*[12] of youth, and the scourge of old age. But Hope cast back upon her the charge of deceit, and maintained that the pictures of the past[13] were as much exaggerated by Memory, as were the anticipations of Hope. He declared that she looked at objects at a great distance in the past, he in the future, and that this distance magnified every thing. "Let

[1] Stăff.—[2] Vă' ri ance, dispute; difference; quarrel.—[3] Dăn' cing.—Buoyancy (bwăl' an cy), lightness; flow of spirits.—[5] Cast.—[6] Vault, a continued arch or circle.—[7] Grăss.—[8] Sym' pa thize, join in the same feelings.—[9] Im mor tăl' i ty, perpetual life.—[10] Chanced (chanst).—[11] Visionary (viz' un a ry), dreamy; impracticable.—[12] Ig' nis făt' u us, a deceitful fire; any thing that deceives.—[13] Past.

us make the circuit of the world," said he, "and try the experiment." Memory reluctantly consented, and they went their way togĕther.

4. The first person they met was a schoolboy, lounging lazily alōng, and stopping every moment to gaze around, as if unwilling to proceed on his way. By and by, he sat down and burst into tears. "Whither so *fast*,[1] my good lad?" asked[2] Hope, jeeringly. "I am going to school," replied the lad, "to study, when I would rather, a thousand times, be ăt play; and sit on a bench with a book in my hand, while I lōng to be spōrting in the fields. But never mind, I shall be a man soon, and then I shall be as free as the air." Saying this, he skipped away mĕrrily, in the hope of soon being a man. "It is thus you play upon the inexperience of youth," said Memory, reproachfully.

5. Passing[3] onward, they met a beautiful girl, pacing slowly and with a melancholy air, behind a party of gay young men and maidens, who walked arm in arm with each other, and were flirting and exchanging all those little harmless courtesies,[4] which nature prŏmpts on such occasions. They were all gayly dressed in silks and ribbons; but the little girl had on a simple frock, a homely[5] apron, and clumsy, thick-soled shoes. "Why do you not join yŏnder group," asked Hope, "and partake in their gayety, my pretty little girl?" "Alas!"[6] replied she, "they take no notice of me. They call me a child. But I shall soon be a woman, and then I shall be so happy!" Inspired by this hope, she quickened her pace, and soon was seen dancing alōng mĕrrily with the rest.

6. In this manner they wended their way, from nation to nation, and clime to clime, until they had made the circuit of the universe. Wherever they came, they found the human race, who at this time were all young (it being not many years since the first creation of mankind), repining[7] at the present, and looking forward to a riper age for happiness. All anticipated some future good, and Memory had scarce any thing to do but cast looks of reproach at her young companion. "Let us return

[1] Fast.—[2] Asked (ăskt).—[3] Pass' ing.—[4] Courtesies (kŭr' te sez), civilities.—[5] Hōme' ly, plain; coarse.—[6] A lăs'.—[7] Re pin' ing, sorrowing; expressing regret or disappointment.

home," said she, "to that delightful spot where I first drew my breath. I lŏng to repose among its beautiful bowers; to listen to the brooks that murmured a thousand times more musically; to the birds that sung a thousand times more sweetly; and to the echoes that were sŏfter than any I have since heard. Ah! there is nothing on earth so enchanting[1] as the scenes of my early youth!" Hope indulged himself in a sly, significant smile, and they proceeded on their return home.

7. As they journeyed but slowly, many years elapsed ere they approached the spot from which they had departed. It so happened, one day, that they met an old man, bending under the weight of years, and walking with trembling steps, leaning on his staff. Memory at once rĕc'ognized him as the youth they had seen going to school, on their first onset in the tour of the world. As they came nearer, the old man reclined on his staff, and looking at Hope, who, being immortal, was still a blithe,[2] young boy, sighed, as if his heart was breaking.

8. "What aileth thee, old man?" asked the youth. "What aileth me?" he replied, in a feeble, faltering voice. "What should ail me, but old age? I have outlived my health and strength; I have survived all that was near and dear; I have seen all that I loved, or that loved me, struck down to the earth like dead leaves in autumn, and now I stand like an old tree, withering, alone in the world, without roots, without branches, and without verdure. I have only just enough of sensation to know that I am miserable; and the recollection of the happiness of my youthful days, when, careless, and full of blissful anticipations, I was a laughing, mĕrry boy, only adds to the miseries I now endure."

9. "Behold," said Memory, "the consequence of thy deceptions," and she looked reproachfully at her companion. "Behold!" replied Hope, "the deception practiced by thyself. Thou persuadest him that he was happy in his youth. Dost thou remember the boy we met when we first set out togĕther, who was weeping on his way to school, and sighed to be a man?" Memory cast down her eyes, and was silent.

[1] En chânt' ing, delighting in the highest degree; captivating.—[2] Blithe, happy; gay; joyous.

10. A little way onward, they came to a miserable cottage, at the door of which was an agèd woman, meanly clad, and shaking with palsy.[1] She sat all alone, her head resting on her bosom, and, as the pair approached, vainly tried to raise it up to look at them. "Good-mŏrrōw, old lady, and all happiness to you," cried Hope, gayly; and the old woman thought it was a lŏng time since she had heard such a cheering salutation.[2] "Happiness!" said she, in a voice that quivered with weakness and infirmity. "Happiness! I have not known it since I was a little girl, without care or sŏrrōw.

11. "Oh, I remember those delightful days, when I thought of nothing but the present moment, nor cared for the future or the past. When I laughed, and played, and sung, from morning till night, and envied no one, and wished to be no other than I was. But those happy times are passed, never to return. Oh, could I but once more return to the days of my childhood!" The old woman sunk back on her seat, and the tears flowed from her hŏllōw eyes. Memory again reproached her companion, but he only asked her if she recollected the little girl they had met a lŏng time ago, who was so miserable because she was so young? Memory knew it well enough, and said not another word.

12. They now approached their home, and Memory was on tiptoe, with the thought of once more enjoying the unequaled beauties of those scenes from which she had been so lŏng separated. But, somehow or other, it seemed that they were sadly changed. Nēither the grass was so green, the flowers so sweet and lovely, nor did the brooks murmur, the echoes answer, nor the birds sing half so enchantingly, as she remembered them in time past. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "how chānged is every thing! I alone am the same." "Every thing is the same, and thou alone art changed," answered Hope. "Thou hast deceived thyself in the past, just as much as I deceive others in the future."

13. "What are you disputing about?" asked an old man, whom

[1] Palsy (pâl' zy), loss of power to move, or to perform any action of mind or body.—[2] Sal u tā' tion, greeting; act of addressing another when meeting him.

they had not observed before, though he was standing close by them. "I have lived almost fourscore and ten years, and my experience may, perhaps, enable me to decide between you." They told him the occasion of their disagreement, and related the history of their journey round the earth. The old man smiled, and, for a few moments, sat buried in thought. He then said to them: "I, too, have lived to see all the hopes of my youth turn into shadōws, clouds, and darkness, and vanish into nothing. I, too, have survived my fortune, my friends, my children; the hilarity[1] of youth, and the blessing of health." "And dost thou not despair?" said Memory. "No: I have still one hope left me." "And what is that?" "The hope of heaven!"

14. Memory turned toward Hope, threw herself into his arms, which opened to receive her, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed: "Forgive me, I have done thee injustice. Let us never again separate from each other." "With all my heart," said Hope, and they continued forever after to travel togĕther hand in hand, through the world. J. K. Paulding

90. Hiawatha's Canoe-building.

1. "GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yĕllōw bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!
"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

[1] Hi lăr' i ty, joyfulness; gayety.

2 Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary fŏrest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;[1]
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing[2] outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer[3] he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripp'd it from the trunk unbroken.

3. "Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strŏng and pliant[4] branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of hŏrror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whisper'd, bending downward.
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hew'd the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he form'd and shaped them,
Like two bended bows togĕther.

4. "Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!

[1] Gird' led, cut a ring round a tree.—[2] Ōōz' ing, flowing out slowly.—[3] Shēer, clean; quite; at once.—[4] Pli' ant, easily bent; limber.

My canoe to bind togĕther,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Larch, with all its fibers,
Shiver'd in the air of morning,
Touch'd his fŏrehead with its tassĕls,
Said, with one lŏng sigh of sŏrrōw,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sew'd[1] the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

5. "Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams togĕther
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Fir-Tree, tall and somber,[2]
Sobb'd through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answer'd wailing, answer'd weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smear'd therewith each seam and fissure,[3]
Made each crevice[4] safe from water.

6. "Give me of your quills, O Hedgehŏg!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollōw tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes look'd at him,
Shot his shining quills, like ărrōws,

[1] Sewed (sōd).—[2] Sŏm'ber, gloomy; dusky.—[3] Fissure (fĭsh'yer), crack; split; opening.—[4] Crē'vice, crack; opening.

Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he găther'd,
All the little shining arrows,
Stain'd them red, and blue, and yĕllōw,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.[1]

7. Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the fŏrest;
And the forest's life was in it
All its mystery and its magic
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple[2] sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yĕllōw leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily. H. W. Longfellow.

91. North American Indians.

NOT many generations[3] ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes[4] civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

2. Here, the wigwam[5]-blaze beamed on the tender and help-

[1] Re splĕn'dent, shining with brilliant luster; bright.—[2] Sŭp'ple, pliant; flexible; easily bent.—[3] Gen er ā'tion, the people living at the same time; an age.—[4] Em bĕl'lish es, adorns; makes beautiful by ornaments.—[5] Wĭg'wam, an Indian hut, or cabin.

less, and the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now, they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy[1] lakes, and now, they paddled the light canoe alŏng your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-sŏng, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

3. Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of Nature knew not the Gŏd of Revelation, but the God of the universe[2] he acknowledged in every thing around.

4. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lŏfty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious sŏurce he bent in humble, though blind adoration.

5. And all this has passed away. Acrŏss the ocean came a pilgrim[3] bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face, a whōle, peculiar people. Art has usurped[4] the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

6. Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors.[5] The Indian of falcon[6] glance and lion bearing, the theme[7] of the touching ballad,[8] the hero of

[1] Sedgy (sĕj' y), overgrown with a narrow flag or coarse grass, called sedge.—[2] U' ni verse, the whole system of created things.—[3] Pĭl' grim, a wanderer; a traveler who has a religious object.—[4] Usurped' (yū zĕrpt'), taken, and retained that which does not belong to us.—[5] Pro gĕn' i tors, forefathers.—[6] Falcon (fâ' kn), like a falcon, a bird of the hawk kind.—[7] Thême, topic or subject on which one writes.—[8] Bâl' lad, a sŏng; generally, a story in verse.

the pathetic tale, is gŏne! and his degraded ŏffspring crawls upon the soil, where *he* walked in majesty, to remind *us* how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

7. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their ărrōws are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

8. Ages hence, the inquisitive[1] white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder[2] on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belŏnged. They will live only in the sŏngs and chronicles[3] of their exterminators.[4] Let these be faithful to their rude virtues, as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate, as a people.

SPRAGUE.

92. They are Passing Away.

1. THEY are passing[5] away, they are passing away—
The joy from our hearts, and the light from our day,
The hope that beguiled[6] us when sŏrrōw was near,
The loved one that dash'd from our eyelids the tear,
The friendships that held o'er our bosoms their sway;
They are passing away, they are passing away.

2. They are passing away, they are passing away—
The cares and the strifes of life's turbulent day,
The waves of despair[8] that roll'd over our soul,
The passions that bow'd not to reason's control,

[1] In quis' i tive, asking many questions; inquiring.—[2] Pŏn der, think deeply; consider carefully; to weigh in the mind.—[3] Chronicles (krŏn'-e klz), stories of the time; histories of events in the order of time in which they occur.—[4] Ex tĕr' min a tors, destroyers; those who root out, or destroy utterly.—[5] Pâss' ing.—[6] Be guiled', amused; caused to pass pleasantly.—[7] Turbulent (tĕr' bu lĕnt), noisy; making disturbance.—[8] De spâir', hopelessness; loss of hope in the mercy of God.

The dark clouds that shrouded religion's kind ray;
They are passing away, they are passing away.

3. Let them go, let them pass, bŏth the sunshine and shower,
The joys that yĕt cheer us, the storms that yet lower:[1]
When their gloom and their light have all faded and past,
There's a home that around us its blessing shall cast,
Where the heart-broken pilgrim no lōnger shall say,
"We are passing away, we are passing away."

R. M. Carlton.

93. Rural Life in Sweden.

THERE is something patriarchal[2] still lingering about rural[3] life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for sōng. Almost primeval[4] simplicity reigns over that northern land,—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene chānges to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are fōrests of fir. Overhead hang the lōng, fan-like branches, trailing with mōss, and heavy with red and blue cones.[5] Under foot is a carpet of yĕllōw leaves; and the air is warm and balmy.

2. On a wooden bridge you crōss a little silver stream, and anon[6] come fōrth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Acrōss the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take ŏff their hats as you pass. You sneeze, and they cry, "Gŏd bless you." The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strown with the fragrant tips of fir boughs.

3. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travelers. The thrifty housewife shows

[1] Lower (lou' er), frown; appear dark, gloomy, and threatening.—[2] Patriarchal (pa tre ārk' al), like the father of a family; ancient.—[3] Rural (rō' ral), relating to the country.—[4] Pri mē' val, belonging to the earliest times; original.—[5] Cōnes, bodies diminishing to a point; the fruit of the pine, fir, etc., that is shaped like a cone.—[6] A nŏn', suddenly; immediately.

you into the best chāmber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible, and brings you her heavy silver spoons,—an heirloom,[1]—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it—or, perhaps, a little pine bark in it.

4. Meanwhile the sturdy[2] husband has brought his horses from the plow, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travelers come and go in uncouth[3] one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths; and hanging around their necks in front a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalecarlian[4] peasant women, traveling homeward, or townward, in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollōw of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

5. Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadside, each in its own little garden of Gethsĕm'ane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the cŏffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadōw of the church spire, with its lōng, tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings,[5] on others,

[1] Heirloom (ār' lōm), any furniture or movable that descends to the heir with the house.—[2] Sturdy (stĕr' dy), hardy; stout.—[3] Un cŏuth', misshapen; awkward; not handsome.—[4] Dā le cār' li a, an old province of Sweden, now comprised in the læn or district of Falun.—[5] Arm ō' ri al bēar'ings, coats-of-arms, or parts of the coats-of-arms. In ancient times, when the soldiers, and especially their commanders, wore armor, the face of the whole person was entirely concealed. In order that the soldiers might recognize their leaders, the commander wore on his shield, or as a crest for the helmet, some device, such as a bird, a beast, a spear, sword, etc. By degrees this custom was reduced to a system, and the king arrogated the right of bestowing on his brave followers the exclusive privilege of wearing certain devices on the shield or the helmet. This was the foundation of the *science of heraldry*, and the origin of coats-of-arms.

only the initials[1] of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages.

6. Nor must I forgĕt the suddenly changing seasons of the northern clime. There is no lŏng and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom, one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pŏmpous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail.

7. The days wane[2] apace. Erelŏng the sun hardly rises above the hori'zon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns alŏng the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

8. And now the northern lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a sŏft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith,[3] east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart[4] the heavens, like a summer sunset.

9. Sŏft, purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pŏmp as this is merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding.

10. And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and

[1] Initials (in-ish als), the first letters of a name; the beginnings.—Wâne, decrease; waste away.—[3] Zĕ'nith, the point in the sky just overhead.—[4] A thwârt', across; through.

the sŏng of nightingales, is come! In every vil'age there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths, and roses, and ri̇bbons, streaming in the wind; and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windōws and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle.

11. Oh, how beautiful is the summer night which is not night, but a sunless, yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadōws, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the lŏng, mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yĕsterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit togĕther, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight!

12. From the church tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a sŏft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer; and four times to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice, he chants—

"Ho! watchman, ho! twelve is the clock!
God keep our town from fire and brand,
And hostile hand! twelve is the clock!"

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night lŏng; and further north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

H. W. Longfellow.

94. Life and Death—A Parable.

1. A MAN through Syria's deserts speeding,
His camel by the halter leading,
The beast grew shy, began to rear,
With gestures wild to plunge and tear;
So fearful was his snort and cry
The driver was obliged to fly.
He ran, and saw a well which lay
By chance before him in the way.

only the initials[1] of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages.

6. Nor must I forgĕt the suddenly changing seasons of the northern clime. There is no lŏng and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom, one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pŏmpous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail.

7. The days wane[2] apace. Erelŏng the sun hardly rises above the hori'zon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns alŏng the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

8. And now the northern lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a sŏft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith,[3] east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart[4] the heavens, like a summer sunset.

9. Sŏft, purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pŏmp as this is merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding.

10. And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and

[1] Initials (in-ish als), the first letters of a name; the beginnings.—Wâne, decrease; waste away.—[3] Zĕ'nith, the point in the sky just overhead.—[4] A thwârt', across; through.

the sŏng of nightingales, is come! In every vil'age there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths, and roses, and ri̇bbons, streaming in the wind; and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windōws and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle.

11. Oh, how beautiful is the summer night which is not night, but a sunless, yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadōws, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the lŏng, mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yĕsterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit togĕther, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight!

12. From the church tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a sŏft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer; and four times to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice, he chants—

"Ho! watchman, ho! twelve is the clock!
God keep our town from fire and brand,
And hostile hand! twelve is the clock!"

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night lŏng; and further north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

H. W. Longfellow.

94. Life and Death—A Parable.

1. A MAN through Syria's deserts speeding,
His camel by the halter leading,
The beast grew shy, began to rear,
With gestures wild to plunge and tear;
So fearful was his snort and cry
The driver was obliged to fly.
He ran, and saw a well which lay
By chance before him in the way.

2. He heard the snorting camel near,
And lŏst all consciousness in fear.
He plunged not in the shaft, but crept,
And hanging 'neath the brink he kept.
A blackberry bush its bed had found
Within the gaping fissures round;
Hereto the driver firmly clung,
While loud his doleful wailings rung.

3. He look'd on high, and lo! he saw
Above his head the camel's jaw,
About to seize him as his prize.
Then in the well he cast his eyes;
A dragon[1] on the ground he saw,
That gaped[2] with fearful, yawning jaw,
His prey there ready to devour,
When it should fall into his power.
Thus hovering between the two,
Another evil met his view.

4. Where in the stony fracture hung
The bush's roots, to which he clung,
He saw two mice within the crack,—
The one was white, the other black.
He saw the black one and the white,
How they the roots alternate[3] bite.
They gnaw'd, and pull'd, and dug around,
And tore from ŏff the roots the ground.
When he the crumbling earth espies,
On high the dragon casts his eyes,
To see how soon, with load and all,
The bush, torn by the roots, would fall.

5. The man with anxious terror quail'd,
Besiĕged, surrounded, and assail'd,
While in this doleful situation,
Look'd round in vain for his salvation.

[1] Drăg' on, a winged serpent.—[2] Gāped, yawned; opened wide the mouth.—[3] Al tĕrn' ate, by turns; one after the other.—[4] Quailed (kwāld), sunk from fear; failed in spirits.

And as around he cast his eyes,
A little nodding branch he spies,
With berries ripe, nor did he feign
His lustful lŏnging to restrain.

6. No more the camel's rage he saw,
Nor in the gulf the dragon's jaw;
No more the mice that gnaw'd the root,
When he beheld the luscious fruit.
He let the camel rage on high,
The dragon watch with lustful eye,
The mice gnaw at the bush's root,
While greedily he seized the fruit.
Right good he deem'd them to appease
His cravings, and he pluck'd at ease;
And thus his fear, his doleful lot,
Were in the juicy sweets forgot.

7. "Who is the fool," methinks I hear
Thee ask, "who thus forgĕts his fear?"
Know then, O friend, that man art thou!
But take the explanation now:—
The dragon lurking on the ground,
Is death's grim yawning[1] gulf profound;
The threatening camel standing there
Is life's anxiety and care:
'Tis you who gasp, 'twixt life and death,
Upon the world's green bush for breath.

8. The two that, gnawing at the tree,
Shall soon the bush, as well as thee,
Deliver to the dragon's might,
The mice, their names are day and night
Conceal'd, the black one gnaws away
From evening to the dawn of day,
The white one gnaws, and undermines,
From morn until the sun declines.

9. And 'midst these hŏrrors and alarms,
Thou lusteth for the berries' charms,

[1] Yâwn' ing, opening

Forgĕtting camel, life's distress,
And dragon death in the abyss,
As well as mice, the night and day,
And dost alone attention pay
To snatching t-rries, as they peep
From out the grave's dark fissures[1] deep.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

95. CHILDREN.

"HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy," says Wordsworth.[2] And who of us that is not too good to be conscious of his own vices, has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child?—who that has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a sinless child? These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man; and tell him in a way, which all else he has read or heard never could, how paltry is all the show of intellect compared with a pure and good heart. He that will humble himself and go to a child for instruction, will come away a wiser man.

2. If children can make us wiser, they surely can make us better. There is no one more to be envied than a good-natured man watching the workings of children's minds, or overlooking their play. Their eagerness, curious about every thing, making out by a quick imagination what they see but a part of—their fanciful combinations and magic inventions, creating out of ordinary circumstances and the common things which surround them, strange events and little ideal[3] worlds, and these all working in mystery to form matured thought, is study enough for the most acute minds, and should teach us, also, not too officiously to regulate what we so little understand.

3. The still musing and deep abstraction[4] in which they sometimes sit, affect us as a playful mockery of older heads. These little philosophers have no foolish system, with all its

[1] Fissures (fish' yerz), openings; cracks.—[2] William Wordsworth, the distinguished English poet, born April 7th, 1770, and died April 23d, 1850.—[3] I dē' al, imaginary.—[4] Ab străc' tion, deep thought, causing disregard or forgetfulness of things around us.

pride and jargon,[1] confusing their brains. Theirs is the natural movement of the soul, intense with new life and busy after truth, working to some purpose, though without a noise.

4. When children are lying about seemingly idle and dull, we, who have become case-hardened by time and satiety,[2] forgĕt that they are all sensation, that their outstretched bodies are drinking in from the common sun and air, that every sound is taken note of by the ear, that every floating shadow and passing form come and touch at the sleepy eye, and that the little circumstances and the material world about them make their best school, and will be the instructors and formers of their characters for life.

5. And it is delightful to look on and see how busily the whole acts, with its countless parts fitted to each other, and moving in harmony.[3] There are none of us who have stolen sŏftly behind a child when laboring in a sunny corner digging a liliputian[4] well, or fencing in a six-inch barn-yard, and listened to his soliloquies and his dialogues with some imaginary being, without our hearts being touched by it. Nor have we observed the flush which crŏssed his face when finding himself betrayed, without seeing in it the delicacy and propriety of the after man.

6. A man may have many vices upon him, and have walked lŏng in a bad course, yet if he has a love of children, and can take plĕasure in their talk and play, there is something still left in him to act upon—something which can love simplicity and truth. I have seen one in whom some low vice had become a habit, make himself the plaything of a set of riotous children with as much delight in his countenance as if nothing but goodness had ever been expressed in it; and have felt as much of kindness and sympathy toward him as I have of revolting toward another who has gŏne through life with all due propriety,

[1] Jär' gon, senseless noise; confused talk.—[2] Sa ti' e ty, excess of gratification, which excites loathing; fullness beyond desire.—[3] Här' mo ny, agreement; just adaptation of parts where all fit together.—[4] Lil i pŭ'-tian, diminutive; small. Dean Swift wrote a work called "Gulliver's Travels," the design of which was to bring into ridicule the extravagant stories of travelers. In this work he describes a place called Liliput where the inhabitants were not more than two or three inches high Hence the word Liliputian.

with a cold and supercilious[1] bearing toward children, which makes them shrinking and still.

7. I have known one like the latter attempt, with uncouth condescension, to court an open-hearted child, who would draw back with an instinctive aversion; and I have felt as if there were a curse upon him. Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked of children. R. H Dana

96. The Votary of Pleasure.

1 I SAW a gallant youth depart
From his early home, o'er the world to roam:
With joyous eye, and bounding heart,
Did he speed alŏng, through the mingled thrŏng?
And he reck'd not of aught that lay in his course,
As he onward moved with the impetuous force
Of a spirit free and unrestrain'd,
That ne'er would rest till his gōal[2] was gain'd.

2. "Whither, O youth," a voice inquired.
With an earnest tone, and a stifled groan,
"Art bound so swift, as thou wast fired
In thy inmost mind with an impulse blind?"
"I am bound for the realm, be it far or near,"
The rover replied, as he check'd his career,
"Where plĕasure is found, and mirth, and glee,
And a ceaseless flow of gayety."

3. I saw that youthful form once more,
When the goal was gain'd, and its end attain'd;
I knew its brief pursuit was o'er,
From its alter'd mien, and its faded sheen.[3]
Ah! the bounding heart, and the joy-beaming eye,
Were succeeded by tears, and the deep-drawn sigh.

[1] Supercilious (su per sĭl' yus), proud; haughty; overbearing.—[2] Gōal end; final purpose.—[3] Shēen, brightness; splendor.

Of beauty, and manly pride, and grace,
There scarcely linger'd a single trace.

4 "Oh, what," the voice inquired again,
"Hath wrought this chānge, so sad and strānge?
Didst thou at length, O youth, obtain,
In its full mĕasure, thy heart's fond trĕasure?
Didst thou gain the realm where the plĕasures of sense
In profusion[1] flow, unrestrain'd and intense?[2]
Didst thou reach the sphere where mirth and glee
Are blended with ceaseless gayety?"

5. "Too soon," exclaim'd the stricken form,
With downcast eye, and a bitter sigh,
"While hope was young, and passion warm,
Did my ardent soul reach the fatal goal.
Ah! my spirit hath been with the giddy throng,
And shared in the revel, the cup, and the sŏng.
But its tone is gŏne; 'tis stricken now;—
The curse of plĕasure is on my brow."

Charles H. Lyon.

97. Judge Not.

MANY years since, two pupils of the University of Warsaw[3] were passing through the street in which stands the column of King Sigismund,[4] round whose pedestal[5] may be seen seated a number of women selling fruit, cakes, and a variety of eatables, to the passers-by. The young men paused to look at a figure, the oddity of which attracted their attention.

2. This was a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age. His coat, once black, was worn threadbare; his broad hat overshadowed a thin, wrinkled face; his form was greatly

[1] Profusion (pro fū' zun), great abundance.—[2] In tĕnse', strained close; violent; earnest.—[3] Wär' saw, the capital of the kingdom of Poland, a dependency of Russia.—[4] Sigismund, the name of three kings of Poland. Sigismund III., surnamed De Vasa, born 1566, and died 1632.—[5] Pĕd' es tal, that on which any thing stands.

emaciated,[1] yet he walked with a firm and rapid step. He stopped at one of the stalls beneath the column, purchased a half-penny worth of bread, ate part of it, and putting the remainder into his pocket, pursued his way toward the palace of the lieutenant of the kingdom, who, in the absence of the Czar,[2] Alexander, exercised royal authority in Poland.

3. "Do you know that man?" asked one student of the other. "I do not; but, judging from his costūme', and mournful countenance, I should guess him to be an undertaker." "Wrŏng, my friend; he is Stanislaus Staszic."

4. "Staszic!" exclaimed the student, looking after the man, who was then entering the palace. "How can a mean, wretched-looking man, who stops in the middle of the street to buy a morsel of bread, be rich and powerful?" "Yĕt, so it is," replied his companion; "under this unpromising exterior[3] is hidden one of our most influential ministers, and one of the most illustrious men of Europe."

5. The man whose appearance contrasted so strŏngly with his social position,[4] who was as powerful as he seemed insignificant, as rich as he appeared poor, owes all his fortune to himself—to his labors, and to his genius. Of low extraction,[5] he left Poland while young, in order to acquire learning. He passed some years in the Universities of Leipsic[6] and Gottingen,[7] continued his studies in the College of France, under Brisson and D'Aubanton; gained the friendship of Buffon;[8] visited the Alps and the Apennines; and finally returned to his native land, stored with rich and varied learning.

[1] Emaciated (e mā' shāt ed), thin; wasted.—[2] Czar (zär), emperor of Russia. This word is probably from Cæsar, a title given to the emperors of Rome.—[3] Ex tē' ri or, outward appearance.—[4] Social position, rank or standing in society.—[5] Extraction (eks trăk' shun), source; birth; origin.—[6] Leipsic (lip' sik), the second city of Saxony, and one of the chief seats of commerce in Germany. The university, founded 1409, with a library of 110,000 volumes, and about 100 professors and private teachers, is attended by above 900 students.—[7] Gottingen (gĕt' ting en), a town of Hanover, capital of the principality of Gottingen. Its university, founded 1734, was, down to 1831, the chief of the German universities, and the number of its students, from 1822 to 1826, averaged 1481, annually. In 1845, it had only 633 students.—[8] Buffon, an eminent naturalist, born in 1707, and died in 1788.

6. He was speedily invited by a nobleman to take charge of the education of his son. Afterward, the Government wished to profit by his talents; and Staszic, from grade to grade, was raised to the highest posts, and the greatest dignities. His economical habits made him rich. Five hundred serfs cultivated his lands, and he possessed large sums of money placed at interest.

7. When did any man ever rise vĕry far above the rank in which he was born, without presenting a mark for envy and detraction[1] to aim their ărrōws against? Mediocrity[2] always avenges itself by calumny,[3] and so Staszic found it; for the good folks of Warsaw were quite ready to attribute all his actions to sinister[4] motives. A group of idlers had paused close to where the students were standing. All looked at the minister, and every one had something to say against him.

8. "Who would ever think," cried a noble, whose gray mustache[5] and old-fashioned costume[6] recalled the era of King Sigismund, "that *he* could be a minister of State? Formerly, when a palatine[7] traversed the capital, a troop of horsemen bŏth preceded and followed him. Soldiers dispersed the crowds that pressed to look at him. But what respect can be felt for an old miser, who has not the heart to afford himself a coach, and who eats a piece of bread in the streets, just as a beggar would do?"

9. "His heart," said a priest, "is as hard as the iron chest in which he keeps his gold; a poor man might die of hunger at his door, before he would give him alms." "He has worn the same coat for the last ten years," remarked another. "He sits on the ground, for fear of wearing out his chairs," chimed in a saucy-looking lad, and every one joined in a mŏcking laugh.

10. A young pupil of one of the public schools had listened in indignant[8] silence to these speeches, which cut him to the heart; and at length, unable to restrain himself, he turned toward the priest, and said: "A man distinguished for his gen-

[1] De trăc' tion, abuse; taking from the merits of another.— Me diŏc' ri ty, a middle state; moderate degree of talents.—[3] Căl' um ny, detraction; abuse; scandal.—[4] Sĭn' is ter, left-handed; evil, corrupt.—Mustache (mus tăsh'), long hair on the upper lip.—[6] Cos tūme', dress.—[7] Păl' a tine, a minister; one invested with royal privileges.—[8] In dig nant, affected with anger and disdain.

ercsity ought to be spoken of with more respect. What does it signify to us how he dresses, or what he eats, if he makes a noble use of his fortune?"

11. "Pray, what use does he make of it?" "The Academy of Sciences wanted a place for a library, and had not funds to hire one. Who bestowed on them a magnificent palace? Was t not Staszic?" "Oh, yes! because he is as greedy of praise as of gold," was the reply. "Poland esteems as her chief glory the man who discovered the laws of the sidereal[1] movement. Who was it that raised to him a monument worthy of his renown—calling the chisel of Canova[2] to honor the memory of Copernicus?"[3]

12. "It was Staszic," replied the priest; "and for that all Europe honors the generous senator. But, my young friend, it is not the light of the noon-day sun that ought to illumine Christian charity. If you want really to know a man, watch the daily course of his private life.

13. "This ostentatious[4] miser, in the books which he publishes, groans over the lot of the peasantry, and in his vast domains he employs five hundred miserable serfs. Go some morning to his house; there you will find a poor woman beseeching with tears a cold proud man, who repulses her. That man is Staszic; that woman his sister. Ought not the haughty giver of palaces, the builder of pompous statues, rather to employ himself in protecting his oppressed serfs, and relieving his destitute relatives?"

98. Judge Not—concluded.

THE young man began to reply, but no one would listen to him. Sad and dejected at hearing one who had been to him a true and generous friend so spoken of, he went to his humble lodging.

[1] Si dē' re al, relating to the stars.—[2] Antonio Canova, one of the most distinguished sculptors of modern times, was born in 1757, and died in 1822, at Venice.—[3] Copernicus, a most distinguished astronomer, who revived the true system of the motion of the heavenly bodies, according to the theory of Pythagoras. He was born February 19th, 1473, and died in 1543.—[4] Os ten tā' tious, showy; making a display.

2. Next morning, he repaired at an early hour to the dwelling of his benefactor. There he met a woman weeping, and lamenting the inhumanity of her brother. This confirmation of what the priest had said, inspired the young man with a fixed determination. It was Staszic who had placed him at college, and supplied him with the means of continuing there. Now, he would reject his gifts; he would not accept benefits from a man who could look unmoved at his own sister's tears.

3. The learnèd minister, seeing his favorite pupil enter, did not desist from his occupation, but, continuing to write, said to him: "Well, Adolphe, what can I do for you to-day? If you want books, take them out of my library; or instruments, order them, and send me the bill. Speak to me freely, and tell me if you want any thing."

4. "On the contrary, sir, I come to thank you for your past kindness, and to say that I must in future decline receiving your gifts." "You have, then, become rich?" "I am as poor as ever." "And your college?" "I must leave it." "Impossible!" cried Staszic, standing up, and fixing his penetrating eyes on his visitor. "You are the most promising of all our pupils; it must not be!"

5. In vain the young student tried to conceal the motive of his conduct; Staszic insisted on hearing it. "You wish," said Adolphe, "to heap favors on me at the expense of your suffering family."

6. The powerful minister could not conceal his emotion; his eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the young man's hand warmly, as he said: "Dear boy, always take heed to this counsel—'JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME.' Ere the end of life arrives, the purest virtue may be soiled by vice, and the bitterest calumny proved to be unfounded. My conduct is in truth an enigma,[1] which I can not now solve—it is the secret of my life."

7. Seeing the young man still hesitate, he added: "Keep an account of the money I give you; consider it as a loan; and when, some day, through labor and study, you find yourself rich, pay the debt by educating a poor, deserving student. As for me, wait for my death, before you judge my life."

[1] Ē nig' ma, a riddle; something mysterious.

8. During fifty years, Stanislaus Staszic allowed malice to blacken his actions. He knew the time would come when all Poland would do him justice. On the 20th of January, 1826, thirty thousand mourning Poles flocked around his bier, and sought to touch the pall, as though it were some holy, precious relic.[1] The Russian army could not comprehend the reason of the homage thus paid by the people of Warsaw to this illustrious man.

9. His last testament[2] fully explained the reason of his apparent avarice.[3] His vast estates were divided into five hundred portions, each to become the property of a free peasant, his former serf. A school, on an admirable plan, and very extended scale, was to be established for the instruction of the peasants' children in different trades.

10. A reserved fund was provided for the succor[4] of the sick and aged. A small yearly tax, to be paid by the liberated[5] serfs, was destined for purchasing by degrees the freedom of their neighbors, condemned, as they had been, to hard and thankless toil.

11. After having thus provided for his peasants, Staszic bequeathed six hundred thousand flŏrins[6] for founding a model hospital; and he left a considerable sum toward educating poor and studious youths. As for his sister, she inherited only the same allowance which he had given her yearly, during his life; for she was a person of careless and extravagant habits, who dissipated foolishly all the money she received.

12. A strange fate was that of Stanislaus Staszic. A martyr[7] to calumny during his life, after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.

[1] Rĕl' ic, remains; something esteemed holy.—[2] Tĕst' a ment, will; a writing in which a person declares how he wishes his property disposed of after his death.—[3] Av' a rice, excessive love of money, or gain.—[4] Succor (sŭk' kor), help; assistance; aid.—[5] Lĭb' er a ted, made free.—[6] Flŏr' ins, coins first made at Florence. The silver florin was valued at from 23 to 54 cents. The gold florin was of the value of about a dollar and a half.—[7] Mär' tyr, one who is put to death, or suffers, because he does what he thinks is right, or adheres to what he believes to be the truth.

99. The Laborer.

1. STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy Gŏd!—who more?
A soul as dauntless[1] 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure as breast e'er wore.

2. What then?—Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the thrŏng.

3. Who is thine enemy?—the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step, and averted[2] eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

4. If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast[3]
The light leaf from the tree.

5. No:—uncurb'd passions—low desires—
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires[4]
Forever, till thus check'd:

6. These are thine enemies—thy worst:
They chain thee to the lowly lot—
Thy labor and thy life accurst.
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
And lŏnger suffer not!

[1] Dăunt' less, bold; fearless.—[2] A vĕrt' ed, turned aside or away.—Blăst, a gust of wind.—[4] As pīres', longs after; desires eagerly to reach.

7 Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has Gŏd with 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, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of bŏth—a noble mind.

9. With this, and passions under ban,[2]
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer[3] 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, with 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 lŏng rude and ignorant, every thing associated[4] with their condition has been confounded with 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 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 extir'pate[1] these thorns and thistles, and to cover the face of the earth with 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 with, 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 vĕry 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 whŏle system.

4. Without man's labor, Gŏd 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 pedestal[3] of God's blessings upon earth; it is more—like man and the world itself—it is the ŏffspring and the work of God.

5. All honor then to labor, the ŏffspring of Deity; the most ăncient of ancients, sent fŏrth by the Almighty into these nĕther[4] worlds as the most noble of nobles! Honor to that divine principle which has filled the earth with all the comforts, and joys, and af'fluence[5] 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 prŏd'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 Omnĭp'otent, and all our labors are but a continuance of His. Our work is a divine work. We carry on what God began.

[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 with made a companion

[1] Extirpate (eks tĕr' pāt), root out; destroy.—[2] Pār' a dise, a place of great happiness.—[3] Pĕd' es tal, base or foundation on which any thing rests.—[4] Nĕth' er, lower.—[5] Af' flu ence, abundance; riches.

7 Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has Gŏd with 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, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of bŏth—a noble mind.

9. With this, and passions under ban,[2]
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer[3] 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, with 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 lŏng rude and ignorant, every thing associated[4] with their condition has been confounded with the circumstances of this condition.

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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 fellōws—the multitude of all ages?

8. What is it that felled[1] the ancient fōrests and cleared vast morasses[2] 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 cōstly; with furniture of infinite variety, from the three-leggèd stool to the most magnificent cabinet[3] and the regal[4] 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 latent[5] 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 prŏd'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 international[6] blessings?

10. What has made the land like one great garden, laid down its roads that run like veins to every pōrtion of the system of life, cut its canals, cast up its lines of railways, and driven alōng 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] Fĕlled', overthrew; caused to fall.—[2] Mo rŏss' es, marshes; low, wet pieces of ground.—[3] Căb' in et, a piece of furniture consisting of a chest, drawers, and doors; a private room.—[4] Rē' gal, belonging to a king.—[5] Lā tent, concealed; hidden; out of sight.—[6] International (in ter năsh' un al), between nations; relating to two or more nations.—[7] U tĕn'sil, any article of which use is made; tools, &c.

its belovèd 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 intellect[1] 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 iota[2] of his renown. Intellect is also a glōrious 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 ăb'stract[3] and ethereal[4] 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 magazine[5] of knowledge and fire that is sealed up in eternal darkness. Such are the relationships of labor and intellect.

HOWITT.

101. LABOR.

1. LABOR is rest—from the sŏrrōws that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-prŏmptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens[6] that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on the pillōw,
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billōw;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willōw!
Work with a stout heart and resolute[7] will!

2. Labor is health! Lo the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping;

[1] In' tel lect, the faculty of thinking; the understanding.—[2] Iota (ī ō'ta), a very small quantity.—[3] Ab'stract, pure; separate; alone.—[4] E thē're al, composed of ether; very thin; heavenly.—[5] Magazine (mag a zēn'), a store-house.—[6] Sī' ren, a fabled goddess of ancient mythology, who enticed men by singing, and then devoured them; hence, an enticing woman.—[7] Resolute (rĕz' o lūt), determined; firm to one's purpose.

How his strŏng arm, in its stalwart[1] 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 cocoon[2] floweth,
From the fine acorn the strong fŏrest bloweth,
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

3. Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee
Bravely fling ŏff the gold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to yŏn pure heaven smiling beyŏnd 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 Gŏd.

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 sŏft breathing flower,
From the small insect, the rich cŏral[5] bower:
Only man in the plan shrinks from his part.

[1] Stalwart (stôl′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] Clŏd, a lump of earth.—[4] Un in ter mĭt′ ting, ceaseless; without stopping.—[5] Cŏr′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 Louisa[1] 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 fŏrest, as they found its invigorating[2] 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 fŏrth some simple expression of admiration.

2. In this manner they proceeded alŏng the margin of the precipice,[3] cătching occasional glimpses of the plăcid 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 cŏral insect is exceedingly interesting.—[1] Louisa (lō ē′za).—[2] In vĭg′-o rāt ing, giving strength.—[3] Prĕc′ i pice, a very steep descent of land or rock.—[4] Ot sē′go, a beautiful lake in the central part of the State of New York.—[5] Pâr′ents.

hill." Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the fŏrest, 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 dŏg!"

4. The advanced age of Brave had lŏng before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery or to add to their bouquets,[1] the mastiff[2] 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, fellŏw?" 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, convulsed[3] 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 hŏrrid 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] Con vŭlsed', drawn or contracted with shaking.—[4] Ma lĭg' 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 temperament[1] of Elizabeth Temple, that could prŏmpt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate[2] 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 dŏg, 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 ferŏcity 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 bŏth dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more hŏrrid 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] Tĕm' per a ment, disposition; constitution.—[2] In ăn' i mate, without life or spirit; inactive; spiritless [3] Res pi rā' tion, breathing.—[4] Hăunch' 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[1] 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 hŏrrid, 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 fŏrest, 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 ŏff his furious foe like a fĕather, 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 vestige[2] of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary[3] and furious beast far beyŏnd 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 agĕd 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] Cŏn' flict, battle; fight.—[2] Vĕs' tige, footstep; mark or remains.—Wâr' y, cautious; careful.—[4] Col lâpsed', closed by falling together.

14. Elizabeth now lay whōlly 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 blanched[1] to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with hŏrror. 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 mŏck the organs than to meet her ears.

16. "Hist! hist!" said a low voice; "stoop lower, gall; your bunnet hides the creater's head." It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order that caused the head of our hĕr'oine[2] 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 vĭolent 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.

[1] Blanched (blânchd), whitened; made pale.—[2] Hĕr' 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 shrink 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 laureates[3] and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*
Pour'd down their shoulders!

4. Let others eulogize[4] her floral[5] 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 vernal[8] quarter of the year!
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear
With other sowings!

[1] James Thomson, author of "The Seasons," and "The Castle of Indolence," born in 1700, and died in 1748.—[2] Hŭm. humbug; deceive.—[3] Lâu' re ates, 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.—[4] Eulogize (yŭ' lo jiz), to commend; to praise highly.—[5] Flō' ral, pertaining to flowers.—[6] Stăn' za, several lines in a poem or hymn, having a certain arrangement that is repeated again and again.—[7] In flu ĕn' za, a catarrh, or *cold in the head*, which has become epidemic, or diffused among the people.—[8] Vĕr' nal, 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 ŏff
My Respirator.[3]

10. What wonder if in May itself I lack
A peg for laudatory[4] verse to hang on?
Spring, mild and gentle!—yes, a Spring-heel'd Jack
To those he sprang on.

11. In short, whatever panegyrics[5] lie
In fulsome[6] 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.[7]

LET us quarrel, Amĕrican kinsmen. Let us plunge into war. We have been friends too lŏng. We have too highly promoted 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.

[1] In spi rā' tion, act of drawing in the breath; a highly exciting influence.—[2] Chŭbb, a maker of locks and chests supposed to be fire-proof.—[3] Res pi rā' tor, an instrument covering the mouth with net-work, to keep out the cold air.—[4] Lâud' a to ry, containing praise; tending to praise.—[5] Panegyrics (pan e jĭr' iks), formal praises.—[6] Fŭl' some, gross; nauseous; disgusting.—[7] This 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.—[8] Plĕth' o ric, full, as of blood; fleshy; fat.—[9] De plē' 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 bombard[2] 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 mutilate[3] 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 widōws, 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 interne'cine[6] strife! What a glorious spectacle we Christian Anglo-Saxons, engaged in the work of mutual destruction—in the reciprocation[7] 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 ēither 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, Amĕrican kinsmen, let us fight; let us murder

[1] Ar' se nals, places where warlike implements are made or kept; storehouses for guns, powder, shot, etc.—[2] Bombard (bum bārd'), attack with bombs, or large iron shells filled with powder, thrown from mortars or cannon.—[3] Mū' ti lāte, to cut off, as a limb.—[4] Hălt, lame.—[5] Water privilege, the advantage of a water-fall in streams sufficient to raise water for driving water-wheels.—[6] In ter nē' cine, mutually destroying; deadly.—[7] Re cip ro ca' tion, interchange; giving and receiving in return.—[8] In vĕst' ment, property or money placed at interest, or in such a position that it will increase.

and ruin each other. Let demagogues[1] come hot from their conclave[2] of evil spirits, "cry havoc, and let slip the dŏgs of war," and do you be mad enough to be those mad dogs, and permit yourselves to be hounded[3] upon us by them. PUNCH.

105. WAR.

WAR is the work, the element, or rather the spōrt 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 strŏng.

2. It is remarked by the most ăncient 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 sŏrrōw, 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 inadequate[5] 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 exempt[7] 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] Dĕm' a gŏgue, 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] Cŏn' clāve, a secret assembly.—[3] Hound' ed, set on the chase.—[4] Conquest (kŏng' kwest), that which is conquered or subdued.—[5] In ăd' equate, not just; incomplete; defective.—[6] Sword (sōrd).—[7] Exempt (egz emt') free; not subject to.

sensibly moved, and prŏmpted 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 prolŏngation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles[1] 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 assiduities[2] of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near to soothe their sŏrrōws, 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 vĕry 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 sōurce 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 dāngers. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hŏspitals and prisons, contagion[3] 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 cĕp′ ta cles, houses; any thing capable of receiving or holding.—[2] As si dŭ′ i ties, daily or constant attentions.—[3] Con tā′ 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 boon[1] dependent on the sword! How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues[2] 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 deciphered[3] in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power!

8. Conceive, but for a moment, the consternation[4] 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 hŏrrors?

9. Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine[5] and pestilence[6] 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 opulent[8] 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 massacre[10] and ruin!

ROBERT HALL.

[1] Bōon, gift.—[2] Issues (ĭsh′ shūz), passages; outlets.—[3] De cĭ′ phered, read; found out; explained.—[4] Con ster nā′ tion, excessive fear; dejection.—[5] Făm′ ine, want of sufficient food.—[6] Pĕs′ ti lence, diseases that are communicated by contact or near approach; diseases that are catching.—[7] Des o lā′ tion, act of laying waste; destruction.—[8] Op′ u lent, wealthy; rich.—[9] Pĭl′ laged, robbed; plundered.—[10] Massacre (măs′ a-ker), slaughter; destruction; murder.

106. Battle Fields, or Vultures' Shambles.

AS I was sitting within a hollōw rock, and watching my sheep that fed in the valley, I heard two vultures crying to each other on the summit of the cliff. Bōth voices were earnest and deliberate. My curiosity prevailed over my care of the flock. I climbed slowly and silently from crag to crag, concealed among the shrubs, till I found a cavity where I might sit and listen without suffering or giving disturbance. I soon perceived that my labor would be well repaid; for an old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence,[1] with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing, by her last lecture, for their final dismission to the mountains and the skies.

2. "My children," said the old vulture, "you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your eyes. You have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl; you have seen me seize the leveret[2] in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food: I have ŏften regaled you with the flesh of man."

3. "Tell us," said the young vultures, "where man may be found, and how he may be known. His flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture! Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest?" "He is too bulky,"[3] said the mother. "When we find a man, we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground."

4. "Since man is so big," said the young ones, "how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear. By what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenseless than a sheep?" "We have not the strength of man," returned the mother, "and the vulture would seldom feed upon his flesh, had not nature, that devoted him to our nourishment, infused into him a strānge ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth.

[1] Prŏm'i nence, a point jutting or standing out from the surface of something.—[2] Lĕv er et, a hare in its first year.—[3] Bŭlk'y, large; heavy

5. "Two herds of men," continued she, "will ŏften meet, and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise, and see fire, with flashes alŏng the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another; you will then find the ground smoking with blood, and covered with carcasses, of which many are mangled, for the convenience of the vulture."

6. "But when men have killed their prey," said a young vulture, "why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it, till he is satisfied himself. Is not man a kind of wolf?" "Man," said the mother, "is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him the greatest benefactor to our species."

7. "If men kill our prey, and lay it in our way," said the young one, "what need shall we have of laboring for ourselves?" "Because man will, sometimes," replied the mother, "remain for a lŏng time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close togĕther, like a flock of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel[1] in human blood."

8. "But still," said the young one, "I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I could not eat." "My child," said the mother, "this is a question which I can not answer, though I am reckoned the most subtle[2] bird of the mountain. When I was young, I used frequently to visit the eyry[3] of an old vulture, who dwelt upon the Carpathian[4] rocks. He had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strŏngest wing can fly, between the rising and setting of the summer sun; and he had fed year after year on the vitals[5] of men. His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables, with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed togĕther by the

[1] Rĕv'el, to feast with noisy merriment.—[2] Subtle (sŭt'tl), sly; artful; cunning.—[3] Eyry (ār'e), a place where eagles or other birds of prey build their nests.—[4] Carpathian (kar pā'the an), a range of mountains in Europe, principally in Austria.—[5] Vitals (vī'talz), parts of an animal body necessary to life.

storm, that swine may fatten on the falling acorns, so men are, by some unaccountable power, driven one against another till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed.

9. "Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these cā'terers[1] of ours; and those that hover more closely around them, pretend that there is in every herd one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with carnage.[2] What it is that entitles him to such preëminence,[3] we know not. He is seldom the biggest or the swiftest; but such are his eagerness and diligence in providing and preparing food for us, that we think the leader of such human herds is entitled to our warmest gratitude, and should be styled, THE FRIEND OF THE VULTURES!"

DR. JOHNSON.

107. THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

1. "WHAT dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking? comes the wish'd-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."

2. "The stars are clear above me, scarcely one
Has dimm'd its rays in reverence[4] to the sun;
But yĕt I see on the horī'zon's verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."[5]

3. "And is that all, O watcher on the tower?
Look fŏrth again; it must be near the hour.
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain cōpes,[6]
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?"

4. "A mist envelops them; I can not trace
Their outline; but the day comes on apace.[7]
The clouds roll up in gold and amber[8] flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks."

[1] Cā'ter ers, those who provide food.—[2] Carnage (kār'naj), slaughter; great destruction of lives.—[3] Pre ĕm'i nence, superiority; the condition of being first in place or rank.—[4] Rĕv'er ence, fear mingled with respect and affection.—[5] Surge (sĕrj), to swell; to run high like waves.—[6] Cōpe, a cover; a hood; a priest's cloak.—[7] A pāce', quickly; fast.—[8] Am'ber, of the color of amber, which is yellowish.

5. "We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;
But look again; and tell us, hour by hour,
All thou beholdest; many of us die
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!"

6. "I hope, but can not tell. I hear a sŏng,
Vivid[1] as day itself, and clear and strŏng,
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic[2] tune."

7. "What doth he say—O watcher on the tower?
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music? *Is* his chant sublime,
Fill'd with the glories of the future time?"

8. "He prophesies;—his heart is full;—his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day—
A day not cloudless, nor devoid[3] of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."

9. "We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strŏng,
And Right shall rule supreme, and vanquish Wrŏng?"

10. "He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace,
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfetter'd as its Gŏd design'd."

11. "Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it:—tell us, yĕt again,
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?"

12. "It breaks—it comes—the misty shadōws fly:—
A rosy radiance[4] gleams upon the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;
THE PLAIN IS YET IN SHADE, BUT DAY IS NEAR."

CHARLES MACKAY.

[1] Vĭv'id, bright; lively; glowing; alive.—[2] Se rāph'ic, pertaining to a seraph, or angel of the highest ordĕr; sublime; pure.—[3] De void', destitute; free from.—[4] Rā'di ance, brightness shooting in rays; vivid brightness; luster.

108. The Golden Age of New York.

I WILL not grieve the patience of my readers by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New Amsterdam.[1] Their own imaginations will doubtless present to them the good burghers,[2] like so many pains-taking and persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labors—they will behold the prosperous transformation from the rude log-hut to the stately Dutch mansion, with brick front, glazed windows, and tiled[3] roof—from the tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage-garden; and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous[4] burgomaster.[5] In a word, they will picture to themselves the steady, silent, and undeviating march to prosperity, incident[6] to a city destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a fat government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hŭrry.

2. The sage council, not being able to determine upon any plan for building of their city—the cows, in a laudable[7] fit of pātriotism,[8] took it under their peculiar charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque[9] turns and labyrinths[10] which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

3. The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable-end, which was of small black and yĕllōw Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best foot foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windōws on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated, by iron figures on the front, and on the

[1] New Amsterdam, the name given by the Dutch to New York.—[2] Burghers (bĕrg′ erz), citizens; the inhabitants of a borough, or incorporated town.—[3] Tiled, covered with tiles, or plates of baked clay.—[4] Pŏn′ der ous, weighty; heavy.—[5] Burgomaster (bĕrg′ o mȧs ter), a magistrate in Holland.—[6] In′ ci dent, falling upon; happening to.—[7] Lȧ̂d′ a ble, worthy of praise.—[8] Pȧ̂′ tri ot ism, love of one's country.—[9] Picturesque (pikt yer ĕsk′), showing that peculiar kind of beauty which is agreeable in a picture.—[10] Lȧ̂b′ y rinth, a place full of windings.

top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret, which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind;—the most stanch[1] and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

4. In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for clĕanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife—a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dŏg, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was ŏfttimes worn out, by the very precautions taken for its preservation.

5. The whōle house was constantly in a state of inundation,[2] under the discipline of mops, and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious[3] animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his own townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; but this I look upon to be a mere spōrt of fancy, or what is worse, a willful misrepresentation.

6. The grand parlor was the place where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering on their stocking-feet. After scrubbing

[1] Stânch, sound; true.—[2] In un dȧ′ tion, an overflow of water.—[3] Amphibious (am fĭb′ e us), living in two ways, both in and out of water; of a mixed nature.

the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhŏm'boids,[1] with a broom —after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place— the windōw-shutters were again closed, to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

7. As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval[2] simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fire-places were of truly patriarchal[3] magnitude, where the whŏle family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the vĕry cat and dŏg, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner.

8. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking on the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours togĕther; the good woman on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth,[4] listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the ŏracle[5] of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak fŏrth for a lōng winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghŏsts, horses without heads, and hair-breadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

9. In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sun-down. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable[6] symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness, at being surprised, by a visit from a neighbor, on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly

[1] Rhŏm' boids, figures having four equal sides, but not equal angles.— [2] Pri mē' val, original; primitive; first.—[3] Patriarchal (pa tre ārk' al), relating to a patriarch, or the father and ruler of a family.—[4] Hearth.— Oracle (ŏr' a kl), a wise person; any person or place whose opinion is consulted with religious reverence.—[6] In con tĕst' a ble, that can not be disputed.

averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

10. These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or nobility, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might gĕt home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy.

11. The company, being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon[1] in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in the city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

12. The tea was served out of a majestic delf[2] teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux[3] distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot, from a huge copper tea-kĕttle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies[4] of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately[5] nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was, to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

[1] Salmon (săm' mun).—[2] Dĕlf, earthen; a kind of ware made in imitation of china at Delft, properly called delft-ware.—[3] Beaux (bōz).— [4] Macaronies (mak a rō' nez), finical fellows, or those that are affectedly nice or showy; fops.—[5] Al tĕrn' ate ly, by turns; one after another.

13. At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting[1]—no gambling of old ladies nor hoyden[2] chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely[3] in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, Yes, sir, or Yes, madam, to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lŏst in contemplation of the blue and white tiles, with which the fire-places were decorated.

14. The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them at the door.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[1] Coquetting (ko kĕt′ ing), treating with insincere marks of affection; trifling in love.—[2] Hoy′ den, rude; bold; rough.—[3] De mūre′ ly, solemnly: with downcast eyes.—[4] Loch (lŏk), lake.—[5] Un tĕn′ ant ed, unoccupied; uninhabited.—[6] Shĕal′ ing, a Scotch hut; any humble dwelling.

109. LILIAS GRIEVE.

THERE were fear and melancholy in the glens and valleys that lay stretching around, or down upon St. Mary's Loch;[4] for it was a time of religious persecution. Many a sweet cottage stood untenanted[5] on the hill-side and in the hollōw; some had felt the fire, and had been consumed; and violent hands had torn ŏff the turf roof from the green shealing[6] of the shepherd. In the wide and deep silence and solitariness of the mountains, it seemed as if human life were nearly extinct. Caverns and clefts, in which the fox had kenneled, were now the shelter of Christian souls; and when a lonely figure crept stealingly from one hiding-place to another, on a visit of love to some hunted brother in faith, the crows would hover over him, and the hawk shriek at human steps, now rare in the desert.

2. When the babe was born, there might be none near to baptize it; or the minister, driven from his kĭrk,[1] perhaps, poured the sācrament′al water upon its face, from some pool in the glen, whose rocks guarded the persecuted family from the oppressor. Bridals[2] now were unfrequent, and in the solemn sadness of love. Many died before their time, of minds sunken, and of broken hearts. White hair was on heads lŏng before they were old; and the silver locks of ancient men were ŏften ruefully[3] soiled in the dust, and stained with their martyred blood.

3. But this is the dark side of the picture; for even in their caves, were these people happy. Their children were with them, even like the wild-flowers that blossomed all about the entrances of their dens. And when the voice of psalms rose up from the profound silence of the solitary place of rocks, the ear of Gŏd was open, and they knew that their prayers and praises were heard in heaven. If a child was born, it belŏnged unto the faithful; if an old man died, it was in the religion of his forefathers. The hidden powers of their souls were brought fŏrth into the light, and they knew the strength that was in them for these days of trial. The thoughtless became sedate; the wild were tamed; the unfeeling made compassionate; hard hearts were sŏftened, and the wicked saw the error of their ways.

4. All deep passion purifies and strengthens the soul; and so was it now. Now was shown, and put to the proof, the stern, austere,[4] impenetrable[5] strength of men, that would nēither bend nor break; the calm, serene determination of mātrons, who, with meek eyes and unblanched[6] cheeks, met the scowl of the murderer; the silent beauty of maidens, who with smiles received their death; and the mysterious courage of children, who, in the inspiration of innocent and spotless nature, kneeled down among the dewdrops on the greensward,[7] and died fearlessly

[1] Kirk (kĕrk), church; meeting-house.—[2] Brĭd′ als, marriages.—[3] Rue-fully (rō′ ful ly), sadly; mournfully.—[4] Austere (ās tēr′), severe; harsh.—[5] Im pĕn′ e tra ble, not to be affected or moved.—[6] Unblanched (un blănch′), not whitened; not made pale with fear.—[7] Green′ swārd, the grassy surface of the land; turf.

by their parents' sides. Arrested were they at their work, or in their play; and, with no other bandage over their eyes, but haply some clustering ringlet of their sunny hair, did many a sweet creature of twelve summers ask just to be allowed to say her prayers, and then go, unappalled, from her cottage door to the breast of her Redeemer.

5. In those days, had old Samuel Grieve and his spouse suffered sorely for their faith. But they left not their own house willing to die there, or to be slaughtered, whenever Gŏd should so appoint. They were now childless; but a little granddaughter about ten years old lived with them, and she was an orphan. The thought of death was so familiar to her, that, although sometimes it gave a slight quaking throb to her heart in its glee, yet it scarcely impaired[1] the natural joyfulness of her girlhood; and ŏften, unconsciously, after the gravest or the saddest talk with her old parents, would she glide ŏff, with a lightsome step, a blithe face, and a voice humming sweetly some cheerful tune. The old people looked often upon her in her happiness, till their dim eyes filled with tears; while the grandmother said, "If this nest were to be destroyed at last, and our heads in the mold, who would feed this young bird in the wild, and where would she find shelter in which to fold her bonny[2] wings?"

6. Lilias Grieve was the shepherdess of a small flock, among the green pasturage at the head of St. Mary's Loch, and up the hill-side, and over into some of the little neighboring glens. Sometimes she sat in that beautiful church-yard, with her sheep lying scattered around her upon the quiet graves, where, on still, sunny days, she could see their shadōws in the water in the loch, and herself sitting close to the low walls of the house of God. She had no one to speak to, but her Bible to read; and day after day, the rising sun beheld her in growing beauty, and innocence that could not fade, happy and silent as a fairy upon the knoll, with the blue heavens over her head, and the blue lake smiling at her feet.

7. "My fairy" was the name she bore by the cottage fire, where the old people were gladdened by her glee, and turned

[1] Im pāired', injured: lessened.—[2] Mōld, the ground.—[3] Bŏn'ny, handsome; merry.

away from all melancholy thoughts. And it was a name that suited sweet Lilias well; for she was clothed in a garb of green, and ŏften, in her joy, the green, graceful plants, that grew among the hills, were wreathed around her hair. So was she dressed one Sabbath day, watching her flock at a considerable distance from home, and singing to herself a psalm in the solitary moor; when, in a moment, a party of soldiers were upon a mount, on the opposite side of a nărrōw dell.

8. Lilias was invisible as a green linnet upon the grass; but her sweet voice had betrayed her, and then one of the soldiers caught the wild gleam of her eyes; and, as she sprung frightened to her feet, he called out, "A roe! a roe! See how she bounds alŏng the bent!" and the ruffian took aim at the child with his musket, half in spōrt, half in ferocity. Lilias kept appearing and disappearing, while she flew, as on wings, acrŏss a piece of black hĕathery mŏss, full of pits and hollōws; and still the soldier kept his musket at its aim.

9. His cŏmrādes called to him to hold his hand, and not shoot a poor, little, innocent child; but he at length fired, and the bullet was heard to whiz past her fern-crowned head, and to strike a bank which she was about to ascend. The child paused for a moment, and looked back, and then bounded away over the smooth turf; till, like a cushat,[1] she dropped into a little birchen glen, and disappeared. Not a sound of her feet was heard; she seemed to have sunk into the ground; and the soldier stood, without any effort to follow her, gazing through the smoke toward the spot where she had vanished.

10. A sudden superstition[2] assailed the hearts of the party, as they sat down togĕther upon a hedge of stone. "Saw you her face, Riddle, as my ball went whizzing past her ear? If she be not one of those hill fairies, she had been dead as a herring; but I believe the bullet glanced ŏff her yĕllōw hair as against a buckler."[3] "It was the act of a gallows-rogue to fire upon the creature, fairy or not fairy; and you deserve the weight of this hand, the hand of an Englishman, you brute, for your cruelty."

[1] Cŭsh'at, a ring-dove or wild pigeon.—[2] Superstition (su per stĭsh' un), a false belief in some remarkable or uncommon appearance or event.—[3] Bŭck' ler, a shield; any thing *buckled* on to defend the person from spears, arrows, or blows.

And up rose the speaker to put his threat into execution, when the other retreated some distance, and began to load his musket; but the Englishman was upon him, and with a Cumberland[1] gripe and trip, laid him upon the hard ground with a force that drove the breath out of his body, and left him stunned, and almost insensible.

11. The fallen ruffian now arose somewhat humbled, and sullenly sat down among the rest. "Why," quoth Allen Sleigh, "I wager[2] you a week's pay, you don't venture fifty yards, without your musket, down yonder shingle[3] where the fairy disappeared;" and, the wager being accepted, the half-drunken fellow rushed on toward the head of the glen, and was heard crashing away through the shrubs. In a few minutes he returned, declaring with an oath, that he had seen her at the mouth of a cave, where no human foot could reach, standing with her hair all on fire, and an angry countenance; and that he had tumbled backward into the burn,[4] and been nearly drowned.

12. "Drowned?" cried Allen Sleigh. "Aye, drowned; why not? A hundred yards down that glen the pools are as black as pitch, and the water roars like thunder; drowned! why not, you English son of a deer-stealer?" "Why not? because, who was ever drowned that was born to be hanged?" And that jest created universal laughter, as it is always sure to do, often as it may be repeated, in a company of ruffians; such is felt to be its perfect truth, and unanswerable simplicity.

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110. Lilias Grieve—concluded.

AFTER an hour's quarreling, and gibing,[5] and mutiny,[6] this disorderly band of soldiers proceeded on their way down into the head of Yarrow, and there saw, in the solitude, the house of Samuel Grieve. Thither they proceeded to get some refresh-

[1] Cŭm′ber land, the most northwest county of England.— Wager (wā′jer), to bet.—[3] Shingle (shĭng′gl), a stony place.—[4] Burn (bĕrn), a brook or small stream.—[5] Gibing (jīb′ing), using reproachful words; ridiculing.—[6] Mū′ti ny, disobedience of orders; opposition to the authority of their commander.

ment, and ripe for any outrage that any occasion might suggest. The old man and his wife, hearing a tumult of many voices and many feet, came out, and were immediately saluted with many opprobrious[1] epithets.[2] The hut was soon rifled[3] of any small articles of wearing apparel; and Samuel, without emotion, set before them whatever provisions he had—butter, cheese, bread, and milk—and hoped they would not be too hard upon old people, who were desirous of dying, as they had lived, in peace.

2. Thankful were they both, in their parental hearts, that their little Lilias was among the hills; and the old man trusted that if she returned before the soldiers were gone, she would see, from some distance, their muskets on the green before the door, and hide herself among the brake.[4] The soldiers devoured their repast with many oaths, and much hideous and obscene[5] language, which it was sore against the old man's soul to hear in his own hut; but he said nothing, for that would have been willfully to sacrifice his life.

3. At last, one of the party ordered him to return thanks, in words im′pious,[6] and full of blas′phemy;[7] which Samuel calmly refused to do, beseeching them, at the same time, for the sake of their own souls, not so to offend their great and bountiful Preserver. "Confound the old canting[8] Covenanter;[9] I will prick him with my bayonet, if he won't say grace!" and the blood trickled down the old man's cheek, from a slight wound on his forehead. The sight of it seemed to awaken the dormant[10] bloodthirstiness in the tiger heart of the soldier, who now swore, if the old man did not instantly repeat the words after him, he would shoot him dead.

4. And, as if cruelty were contagious,[11] almost the whole party agreed that the demand was but reasonable, and that the old

[1] Op prō′bri ous, reproachful; insulting; abusive.—[2] Ep′i thets, expressions; names.—[3] Rī′fled, robbed.—[4] Brāke, fern; a thicket.—[5] Obscēne′, indecent.—[6] Im′pi ous, irreverent toward God; profane; wicked.—[7] Blās′phe my, evil speaking against God.—[8] Cānt′ing, whining; using set terms.—[9] Covenanter (kŭv′e nant er), a subscriber to the Scotch national covenant, or solemn agreement to walk together according to the precepts of the Gospel.—[10] Dor′mant, hidden; sleeping; concealed.—[11] Contagious (kon tā′jus), catching.

nypocritical[1] knave must preach or perish. "Here is a great musty Bible," cried one of them. "If he won't speak, I will gag him with a vengeance. Here, old Mr. Peden the prophet, let me cram a few chapters of St. Luke down your maw.[2] St. Luke was a physician, I believe. Well, here is a dose of him. Open your jaws." And, with these words, he tore a handful of leaves out of the Bible, and advanced toward the old man, from whose face his terrified wife was now wiping off the blood.

5. Samuel Grieve was nearly fourscore; but his sinews were not yet relaxed, and, in his younger days, he had been a man of great strength. When, therefore, the soldier grasped him by the neck, the sense of receiving an indignity from such a slave made his blood boil, and, as if his youth had been renewed, the gray-headed man, with one blow, felled the ruffian to the floor.

6. That blow sealed his doom. There was a fierce tumult and yelling of wrathful voices, and Samuel Grieve was led out to die. He had witnessed such butchery of others, and felt that the hour of his martyrdom was come. "As thou didst reprove Simon Peter in the garden, when he smote the high priest's servant, and saidst, 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' so now, O my Redeemer, do thou pardon me, thy frail and erring follower, and enable me to drink this cup!" With these words, the old man knelt down unbidden, and, after one solemn look to heaven, closed his eyes, and folded his hands across his breast.

7. His wife now came forward, and knelt down beside the old man. "Let us die together, Samuel; but oh! what will become of our dear Lilias?" "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," said her husband, opening not his eyes, but taking her hand into his: "Sarah, be not afraid." "O Samuel, I remember, at this moment, these words of Jesus, which you this morning read: 'Forgive them, Father; they know not what they do.'" "We are all sinners together," said Samuel, with a loud voice; "we two old gray-headed people, on our knees, and about to die, both forgive you all, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. We are ready, be merciful, and do not mangle us. Sarah, be not afraid."

[1] Hyp o crit' i cal, marked by hypocrisy, or putting on an appearance of virtue which one does not possess.—[2] Maw, stomach, properly of beasts, and used only in contempt when applied to the human species.

8. It seemed that an angel was sent down from heaven, to save the lives of these two old gray-headed folks. With hair floating in sunny light, and seemingly wreathed with flowers of heavenly azure; with eyes beaming luster, and yet streaming tears; with white arms extended in their beauty, and motion gentle and gliding as the sunshine when a cloud is rolled away; came on, over the meadow before the hut, the same green-robed creature that had startled the soldiers with her singing in the moor; and, crying loudly, but still sweetly, "God sent me hither to save their lives," she fell down beside them as they knelt together; and then, lifting up her head from the turf, fixed her beautiful face, instinct with fear, love, hope, and the spirit of prayer, upon the eyes of the men about to shed that innocent blood.

9. They all stood heart-stricken; and the executioners flung down their muskets upon the greensward. "God bless you, kind, good soldiers, for this!" exclaimed the child, now weeping and sobbing with joy. "Ay, ay, you will be happy to-night, when you lie down to sleep. If you have any little daughters or sisters like me, God will love them for your mercy to us, and nothing, till you return home, will hurt a hair of their heads. Oh! I see now that soldiers are not so cruel as we say!" "Lilias, your grandfather speaks unto you; his last words are, 'Leave us, leave us; for they are going to put us to death.' Soldiers, kill not this little child, or the waters of the loch will rise up and drown the sons of perdition.[1] Lilias, give us each a kiss, and then go into the house."

10. The soldiers conversed together for a few minutes, and seemed now like men themselves condemned to die. Shame and remorse for their coward cruelty smote them to the heart; and they bade them that were still kneeling, to rise up and go their ways; then, forming themselves into regular order, one gave the word of command, and, marching off, they soon disappeared. The old man, his wife, and little Lilias, continued for some time on their knees in prayer, and then all three went into the hut; the child between them, and a withered hand of each laid upon its beautiful and its fearless head. J. Wilson.

[1] Perdition (per dish' un), destruction.

111. The Hermit.

1. AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgĕtfulness prove;
When naught but the tŏrrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's sŏng in the grove;
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rang symphonious,[1] a hermit began;
No more with himself, or with nature, at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

2. "Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe?
Why, lone Philomela,[2] that languishing fall,[3]
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sŏrrōw no lŏnger thy bosom inthrall,
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay;
Mourn, sweetest complainer; man calls thee to mourn.
Oh, soothe him, whose plĕasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

3. "Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent[5] displays;
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shŏne, and the planets were lōst in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again:
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

4. "'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo[6] blossom will save;

[1] Sym phŏ' ni ous, agreeing in sound; harmonious.— Phi lo mē' la, the nightingale.—[3] Languishing (lăng' gwish ing) fall, sad note.—[4] In thrăll', enslave; reduce to bondage.—[5] Crĕs' cent, the increasing or new moon, which, when receding from the sun, shows a curving rim of light; the figure or likeness of the new moon.—[6] Em' bry o, in an unformed state; a state not completed or finished.

But when shall spring visit the moldering urn?
Oh, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?

5. "'Twas thus, by the light of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont[1] to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sŏrrōw behind.
'Oh, pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,
'Thy creature, that fain[2] would not wander from thee.'
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free!'

6. "And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No lŏnger I roam in conjecture forlorn:
So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence[3] of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb!"

Dr. James Beattie.

The Knight, the Hermit, and the Man.

112. The Knight.—Part First.

SIR GUY DE MONTFORT was as brave a knight[4] as ever laid lance in rest or swung his glittering battle-ax. He possessed many noble and generous qualities, but they were obscured, alas! by the strange thirst for human blood that marked

[1] Wont (wŭnt), to be used; accustomed.—[2] Făin, willingly.—[3] Ef fŭl' gence, splendor; light.—[4] Knight (nīt), a champion; a soldier on horseback endowed with peculiar privileges. The laws and usages to which knights were subjected during the feudal ages, formed the institution called chivalry. The business of a knight was to travel in search of adventure, to redress wrongs, and particularly to protect the ladies. He was clad in armor, and wore a sword, a spear, and a battle-ax. The invention and application of gunpowder have rendered the defensive armor of the knight of little avail; and chivalry, as an institution, has fallen into decay. The term knight is now applied to one of the lowest orders of the English nobility.

the age in which he lived—an age when "Love your friends and *hate* your enemies" had taken the place of "But I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

2. Ten knights as brave as Sir Guy, and possessing as many noble and generous qualities, had fallen beneath his superior strength and skill in arms; and for this the bright eyes of beauty looked admiringly upon him—fair lips smiled when he appeared, and minstrels' sang of his prowess, in lady's bower and festive hall.

3. At a great tournament,[2] given in honor of the marriage of the king's daughter, Sir Guy sent forth his challenge to single and deadly combat, but, for two days, no one accepted this challenge, although it was three times proclaimed by the herald.[3] On the third day, a young and strange knight rode, with vĭsor[4] down, into the lists,[5] and accepted the challenge. His slender form, his carriage, and all that appertained to him, showed him to be no match for Guy de Montfort—and so it proved. They met—and Sir Guy's lance, at the first tilt, penetrated the corselet[6] of the brave young knight and entered his heart. As he rolled upon the ground his casque[7] flew off, and a shower of sunny curls fell over his fair young face and neck.

4. Soon the strange news went thrilling from heart to heart, that the youthful knight who had kissed the dust beneath the sharp steel of De Montfort, was a maiden! and none other than the beautiful, high-spirited Agnes St. Bertrand, whose father Sir Guy had killed, but a few months before, in a combat to which he had challenged him. By order of the king the tournament was suspended, and rampant[8] knights and ladies gay went back to their homes, in soberer mood than when they came forth.

Mĭn'strels, poets; bards; singers.—[2] Tournament (tûrn'a ment), a military sport or exercise on horseback; a mock fight.—[3] Hĕr'ald, an officer whose business was to make a solemn declaration, or challenge, or give public information.—[4] Visor (vĭz'or), that part of the helmet which covers the face; it was perforated or pierced with holes for the eyes, nose, and mouth.—[5] Lists, ground inclosed for a race, or field of combat.—[6] Corse'let, light armor for the fore-part of the body.—Casque (kåsk), helmet; armor for the head.—[8] Rămp'ant, wanton beyond restraint.

5. Alone in his castle, with the grim faces of his ancestors looking down upon him from the wall, Sir Guy paced to and fro with hurried steps. The Angel of Mercy was nearer to him than she had been for years, and her whispers were distinctly heard. Glōry and fame were forgotten by the knight—for self was forgotten.

6. The question—a strange question for him—"What good?" arose in his mind. He had killed St. Bertrand—but why? To add another leaf to his laurels as a brave knight. But was this leaf worth its cŏst—the broken heart of the fairest and loveliest maiden in the land? nay, more—the life-drops from that broken heart?

7. For the first time the flush of triumph was chilled by a remembrance of what the triumph had cŏst him. Then came a shudder, as he thought of the lovely widōw who drooped in Arto Castle—of the wild pang that snapped the heart-strings of De Cressy's bride, when she saw the battle-ax go crashing into her husband's brain—of the beautiful betrŏthed of Sir Gilbert de Marion, now a shrieking mäniac[1]—of Agnes St. Bertrand!

8. As these sad images came up before the knight, his pace grew more rapid, and his brows, upon which large beads of sweat were standing, were clasped between his hands with a gesture of agony. "And what for all this?" he murmured. "What for all this? Am I braver or better for such bloody work?"

9. Through the lŏng night he paced the hall of his castle; but with daydawn he rode forth alone. The sun arose and set; the seasons came and went; years passed; but the knight returned not.

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113. The Hermit.—Part Second.

FAR from the busy scenes of life dwelt a pious recluse,[2] who, in prayer, fasting, and vărious forms of penance, sought to find repose for his troubled conscience. His food was pulse, and his drink the pure water that went sparkling in the sunlight past his hermit-cell in the wilderness. Now and then a traveler

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[1] Mā'ni ac, an insane person.—[2] Re clūse', a religious devotee; one shut out from society.

who had lŏst his way, or an eager hunter in pursuit of game, met this lonely man in his deep seclusion.[1] To such he spoke eloquently of the vanities of life and of the wisdom of those who, renouncing these vanities, devote themselves to God; and they left him, believing the hermit to be a wise and happy man.

2. But they erred. Neither prayer nor penance filled the aching void that was in his bosom. If he were happy, it was happiness for which none need have felt an envious wish; if h were wise, his wisdom partook more of the selfishness of this world than of the holy benevolence of the next.

3. The days came and went; the seasons changed; years passed; and still the hermit's prayers went up at morning, and the setting sun looked upon his kneeling form. His body was bent, though not with age; his lōng hair whitened, but not with the snows of many winters. Yet all availed not. The solitary one found not in prayer and penance[2] that peace which passeth all understanding.

4. One night he dreamed in his cell that the Angel of Mercy came to him, and said: "It is in vain—all in vain! Art thou not a man, to whom power has been given to do good to thy fellow-man? Is the bird on the tree, the beast in his lair, the worm that crawls upon the earth, thy fellōw? Not by prayer not by meditation, not by penance, is man purified; not for these are his iniquities washed out. 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' These are the divine words thou hast not yet learned. Thou callest thyself God's servant; but where is thy work? I see it not. Where are the hungry thou hast fed?—the naked thou hast clothed?—the sick and the prisoner who have been visited by thee? They are not here in the wilderness!"

5. The ān̆gel departed, and the hermit awoke. It was midnight. From the bending heavens beamed down myriads[3] of beautiful stars. The dark and solemn woods were still as death, and there was no sound on the air save the clear music of the singing rill, as it went on happily with its work, even in the darkness.

[1] Seclusion (se klū' zun), retirement; solitude; the state of being separate or alone.—[2] Pĕn' ance, suffering imposed or submitted to as an atonement or a satisfaction for sin.—[3] Myr' i ad, the number of ten thousand; an immense indefinite number.

6. "Where is *my* work?" murmured the hermit, as he stood with his hot brow uncovered in the cool air. "The stars are moving in their cōurses; the trees are spreading fōrth their branches and rising to heaven; and the stream flows on to the ocean; but I, superior to all these—I, gifted with a will, an understanding, and active energies—am doing no work! 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Those blessèd words can not be said of me."

7. Morning came, and the hermit saw the bee at its labor, the bird building its nest, and the worm spinning its silken thread. "And is there no work for *me*, the noblest of all created things?" said he.

8. The hermit knelt in prayer, but found no utterance. Where was his work? He had none to bring but evil work. He had harmed his fellow-men—but where was the good he had done? Prayers and penitential deeds wiped away no tear from the eye of sŏrrōw—fed not the hungry—clothed not the naked.

9. "De Montfort!—it is vain! there must be charity as well as piety!" Thus murmured the hermit, as he arose from his prostrate attitude. When night came, the hermit's cell, far away in the deep, untrodden fōrest, was tenantless.

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114. The Man.—Part Third.

A FEARFUL plague[1] raged in a great city. In the nărrōw streets, where the poor were crowded togĕther, the hot breath of the pestilence withered up hundreds in a day. Those not stricken down, fled, and left the suffering and the dying to their fate. Terror extinguished all human sympathies.

2. In the midst of these dreadful scenes, a man clad in plain garments—a strānger—approached the plague-stricken city. The flying inhabitants warned him of the peril he was about encountering, but he heeded them not. He entered within the walls, and took his way with a firm step to the most infected[2] regions.

3. In the first house that he entered he found a young maiden,

[1] Plāgue, a dreadful disease, causing almost instant death.—[2] In fĕct' ed, visited by disease.

alone, and almost in the agonies of death; and her feeble cry was for something to slāke her burning thirst. He p.aced to her lips a cool draught,[1] of which she drank eagerly; then he sat down to watch by her side. In a little while the hot fever began to abate, and the sufferer slept. Then he lifted her in his arms and bore her beyŏnd the city walls, where the air was purer, and where were those appointed to receive and minister to the sick who were brought fŏrth.

4. Again he went into the deadly atmosphere, and among the sick and the dying; and soon he returned once more with a sleeping infant that he had removed from the infolding arms of its dead mother. There was a calm and holy smile upon the strănger's lips, as he looked into the sweet face of the innocent child ere he resigned it to others; and those who saw that smile said in their hearts—"Vĕrily, he hath his reward."

5. For weeks the plague hovered, with its black wings, over that devoted city—and during the whōle time, this strănger to all the inhabitants passed from house to house, supporting a dying head here, giving drink to such as were almost mad with thirst there, and bearing fŏrth in his arms those for whom there was any hope of life. But when "the pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday" had left the city, he was nowhere to be found.

6. For years the castle of De Montfort was without a lord. Its knightly owner had departed, though to what far country no one knew. At last he returned—not on mailed[2] charger, with corselet, casque, and spear—a boastful knight, with hands crimsoned by his brother's blood,—nor as a pious dĕvotee from his cloister,[3] but, as a *man*, from the city where he had done good deeds amid the dying and the dead. He came to take possession of his stately castle and his broad lands once mōre—not as a knight, but as a man—not to glōry once more in his proud elevation, but to use the gifts with which God had endowed him, in making wiser, better, and happier his fellow-men.

7. He had work to do, and he was faithful in its performance.

[1] Draught (drăft), a portion to drink; that which is drank at once.—[2] Mâiled, clad in armor.—[3] Clois' ter, an inclosure; a place of religious retirement.

He was no lŏnger a knight-errant,[1] seeking for adventure wherever brute courage promised to give him renown; he was no longer an idle hermit, shrinking from his work in the great harvest-fields of life; but he was a *man*, doing valiantly, among his fellow-men, truly noble deeds—not deeds of blood, but deeds of mŏral daring, in an age when the real uses of life were despised by the titled few.

8. There was the bold Knight, the pious Hermit, and the Man; but the MAN was best and greatest of all.

T. S. ARTHUR.

115. NO LIFE PLEASING TO GOD, THAT IS NOT USEFUL TO MAN.

IT pleased our mighty sovereign,[2] Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honor and dominion, to set Mirza, his servant, over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learnèd received honor, and the diligent became rich: Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency,[3] and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head.

2. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused; he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his lēisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sōfa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no lŏnger enjoy the reward. He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply:

3. "May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honored, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country,

[1] Knight-errant (nit-ĕr' rant), a wandering knight.—[2] Sovereign (sŭv'· er in) a supreme or chief ruler.—[3] Com plā' cen cy, pleasure; satisfaction.

fruitful as the gardens of Damascus; and a city glōrious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendor of thy presence. But the lŏngest life is a period scarcely sufficient to prepare for death. All other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets[1] in the path of the traveler, under whose foot they perish forever: and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent[2] as the colors of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forgĕt the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the vail of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty." Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

4. By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon the throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage; he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

5. "Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible[3] fōrce: but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am, as thou art, a rĕptile of the earth; my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages, are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare; but by whom then must the faithful be governed? By those only who have no fear of judgment? by those only whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not consider that they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the Dervis[4] alone the gate of paradise! To all, the life of a Dervis is not possible; to all, therefore, it can not be a duty. Depart

[1] Ĕm' mets, ants.—[2] Ev a nĕs' cent, short-lived; passing quickly away.—[3] Irresistible (ir re zĭst' i bl), that can not be resisted with success.—[4] Dĕr' vis, a priest or monk among the Persians and Turks who leads an austere life.

to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may He who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom."

6. Mĭrza departed; and on the third day, having received no command, he again requested an audience,[1] and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeare more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. "My lord!" said he, "I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cosrou the Iman,[2] who stands now before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with plĕasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadōw of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honors which I so lately wished to resign."

7. The king, who had listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words.

116. No life pleasing to God, that is not useful to Man—concluded.

"TO Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas our mighty lord has honored with dominion, be perpetual health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the ărrōw of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sŏrrōw. But who shall speak before the king when he is troubled; and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee will I relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the Prophet[3] multiply to thee!

[1] Aud' i ence, hearing.—[2] I' man, a Mohammedan priest or prince.—[3] Prŏph' et, here means Mohammed, whom his followers believe to have been a prophet.

2. "Under the instruction of the physician Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the sun has impregnated[1] with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contem'plate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep.

3. "I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth; and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered[2] part of the country. My dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill. I drank the running water from the spring, and ate such fruit and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the Prophet.

4. "One morning after my nocturnal vigil,[3] just as I perceived the hori'zon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept[4] it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descried a fox whose two fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared.

5. "When I awaked, I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself: Cosrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and vanities of

[1] Im prĕg' nāt ed, infused; filled.—[2] Sequestered (se kwĕs' terd), retired; separated; apart from others.—[3] Vigil (vĭj il), watch.—[4] In tercĕpt', come between; hide from view.

life; but thou hast as yĕt only done it in part; thou art still every day busied in the search of food; thy mind is not whōlly at rest; neither is thy trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven also supply thee with food, when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself, is not necessity, but devotion?

6. "I was now so confident of a miraculous[1] supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object. This impatience, however, I labored to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other; I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words:

7. "'Cosrou, I am the āngel, who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox? hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy emulation.[2] To pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou dost good to man as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from mŏral to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.'

8. "At these words, I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my trĕasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the plĕasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now,

[1] Mi răc' u lous, supernatural; wonderful.—[2] Em u lā' tion, effort to equal or surpass; desire of superiority.

therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received.

9. "As the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet. Believe then that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is profane which terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated[1] in a moment. Here thou canst do little more than pile error upon error: there, thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision; and in the mean time emulate the eagle.

10. "Much is in thy power; and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou mayst stimulate those to beneficence,[2] who act from no higher motive than immediate interest; thou canst not produce the principle, but mayst enforce the practice. Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell! May the smile of Him who resides in the heaven of heavens be upon thee; and against thy name, in the volume of His will, may happiness be written."

11. The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know, "that no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind."

HAWKESWORTH.

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117. Address to the Deity.

1 GOD of my life, and Author of my days,
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise,
And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
That hăllow'd name, to harps of seraphs[3] sung:

[1] Ir rā' di āt ed, made splendid; enlightened intellectually.—[2] Be nĕf'-i cence, the practice of doing good; active goodness, kindness, or charity.—[3] Sēr 'aphs, highest rank of angels.

Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
Than vail their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,[1]
Are equal all; for all are nothing here.

2. All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which nature's works through all their parts proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness through my soul:
As by a charm, the waves of grief subside;[2]
Impetuous[3] passion stops her headlŏng tide.
At thy felt presence all emotions[4] cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace;
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pāgeants[5] vanish from my eyes;
Till all my sense is lŏst in infinite,[6]
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

3. But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted[7] yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the drŏss of earth again.
But He, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined;
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

4. His ears are open to the sŏftest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense[8] from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sācrifice I give;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant[9] live;

Sphēre, world; station or rank in life.—[2] Sub sīde', settle down.—Im pĕt' u ous, hasty; 'orcible.—[4] E mō' tions, feelings.—[5] Pageants (pā' jents), splendid shows.—[6] Infinite (ĭn' fe nĭt), that which is without bounds.—[7] Wonted (wŭnt' ed), accustomed; usual.—[8] In' cense, the odors of spices and gums burned in religious rites; acceptable prayers and praises.—[9] Sŭp' pli ant, one who asks a favor.

From each terrestrial[1] bondage set me free;
Still every wish that centers not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

5. If the sŏft hand of winning Plĕasure leads
By living waters, and through flowery meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,—
Oh! teach me to elude[2] each latent[3] snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart, "Beware!"
With caution let me hear the Sīren's[4] voice,
And, doubtful, with a trembling heart rejoice.

6 If, friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,—
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strŏng confidence lay hold on thee:
With equal eye, my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepared to kiss the scepter or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

7. I read his awful name, emblazon'd[5] high,
With golden letters, on the illumined sky;
Nor less the mystic[6] characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree:
In every leaf, that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees.

8. With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy, crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore:
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
Thus shall I rest unmoved by all alarms,

[1] Ter rĕs' tri al, belonging to the earth.—[2] E lūde', escape.—[3] Lā' tent, hidden; concealed.—[4] Sī' ren, a fabled goddess of the ancients who enticed men by singing, and devoured them; hence, an enticing woman.—Em blā' zoned, painted in bright colors.—[6] Mys' tic, not easily understood; used as a sign.

Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent[1] in thee.

9. Then, when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes[2] before my swimming eye;
When, trembling, on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;—
Teach me to quit this transitory[3] scene
With decent triumph, and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having lived to thee, in thee to die.

MRS. BARBAULD.

118. The Universal Prayer.

1. FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

2. Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

3. Yĕt gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

4. What conscience[4] dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This[5] teach me more than hell to shun,
That,[5] more than heaven pursue.

[1] Om nĭp' o tent, all-powerful.—[2] Re cēdes', departs; goes back.—[3] Trăn' si to ry, passing away soon.—[4] Conscience (kŏn' shens), the faculty within us which judges of our conduct with regard to some standard of right or wrong.—[5] When this or that are thus used, *this* means the latter thing spoken of, and *that*, the former. In this stanza, *this* means "*What conscience warns me not to do;*" *that*, what "Conscience dictates to be done."

5. What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For Gŏd is paid when man receives,—
To enjoy is to obey.

6. Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

7. Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

8. If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrŏng, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.

9. Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or ĭm'pious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

10 Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

11. Mean though I am, not whōlly so,
Since quicken'd[1] by thy breath;
Oh, lead me, wheresoe'er I go,—
Through this day's life or death.

12. This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

[1] Quĭck'ened, made alive.

13. To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise! ALEXANDER POPE.

119. An Interview with a Malay.

ONE day a Malāy[1] knocked at my door. What business a Malāy could have to transact among English mountains, I can not conjecture; but possibly he was on his road to a seaport, about forty miles distant. The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl, born and bred among the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic[2] dress of any sort: his turban,[3] therefore, confounded her not a little; and, as it turned out that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any.

2. In this dilemma,[4] the girl recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar[5] ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of dēmon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exŏrcise[6] from the house. I did not immediately go down; but when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate,[7] took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque[8] attitudes exhibited in the ballets[9] at the opera-house,[10] though so ostentatiously[11] complex,[12] had ever done.

[1] Ma lāy', a native of Malacca or Malaya.—[2] Asiatic (ā she ăt' ĭk), relating to Asia.—[3] Turban (tĕr' ban), a head-dress worn in the East.—[4] Dĭ lĕm' ma, perplexing condition; a difficult or doubtful choice.—Lū' nar, belonging to the moon.—[6] Ex' or cise, to expel, as evil spirits to free from evil influences, by calling on some holy name.—[7] E lăb' orate, made with great labor and care.—[8] Statuesque (stăt yu ĕsk'), resembling statues.—[9] Băl lets, dances of a particular kind, accompanied with gestures.—[10] Op' e ra-house, a house in which operas, or musical dramas, are given.—[11] Ostentatiously (os ten tā' shus ly), with vain display.—[12] Cŏm' plex, composed of many parts.

5. What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For Gŏd is paid when man receives,—
To enjoy is to obey.

6. Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
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3. In a cottage-kitchen, but paneled on the wall with dark wood, that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malāy′—his turban and loose trowsers of dingy white relieved upon the dark paneling:[1] he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish, though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity[2] contended with the feelings of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her.

4. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its ĕx′quisite fairness, togĕther with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow[3] and bilious[4] skin of the Malāy′, enameled or veneered with mahogany by marine air; his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half hidden by the ferōcious-looking Malay was a little child from a neighboring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head and gazing upward at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, while with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection.

5. My knowledge of the Oriental[5] tongues is not remarkably extensive, being, indeed, confined to two words—the Ar′abic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium,[6] which I have learned from Anastasius. And as I had nēither a Malāy′ dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the Iliad,[7] considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshiped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbors, for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey.

6. On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whōle, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses, and I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that, if he had traveled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being.

7. I could not think of vĭolating the laws of hospitality by having him surged and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to săcrifice him to some English idol. No, there was clearly no help for it; he took his leave, and for some days I felt anxious; but, as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used to opium, and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite[1] from the pains of wandering.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

[1] Pān′el ing, panel-work; squares, or pieces of any kind placed between other bodies.—[2] In tre pid′i ty, fearlessness.—[3] Săl′lōw, a pale, ickly, yellowish color.—[4] Bilious (bĭl′yus), affected with bile, causing a dark hue through the skin.—[5] O ri ĕnt′al, eastern.—[6] O′pi um, an intoxicating drug obtained from the juice of the poppy. It is principally used to lessen pain; but the Turks, Chinese, and other Eastern nations indulge in its use for its intoxicating effects.—[7] Il′i ad, the Greek poem of Homer, which gives the history of the Trojan war.

120. The Burdens of Mankind.—A Dream.

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates,[2] that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whōle species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace[3] has carried this thought a great deal

[1] Rĕs′pite, interval of rest.—[2] Socrates, an illustrious Greek philosopher, and teacher of youth, was born at Athens, in the year 468 B. C., and, though one of the wisest and most just of all men, suffered the punishment of death for impiety, at the age of seventy.—[3] Horace, a noted Roman poet, born on the 8th of December, B. C. 65; died on the 19th of November, B. C. 8, at the age of fifty seven.

further: he says that the hardships or misfortunes which we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

2. As I was ruminating[1] on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when, on a sudden, I thought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter,[2] that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them togĕther in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of plĕasure, the whōle human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious[3] mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

3. There was a certain lady, of a thin, airy shape, who was vĕry active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical[4] shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

4. There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel[5] very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

5. There were numbers of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was vĕry odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under

[1] Ruminating (rō′ mi nāt ing), musing on, or meditating over and over. —[2] Jupiter, the chief of the fabulous gods of the ancients.—[3] Prodigious (pro dĭd′ jus), very great; fitted to excite wonder.—[4] Chimerical (kĭ mĕr′ ĭk al), fanciful; imaginary.—[5] Fär′ del, bundle; a little pack.

these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came.

6. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones, who stripped themselves of a tawny[1] skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greater part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing toward the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries.

7. There were, likewise, distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication[2] of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the Spleen.[3] But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whōle heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of gĕtting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

8. I took notice in particular of a vĕry profligate fellōw, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

9. When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortness of it,

[1] Tâw′ ny, of a yellowish dark color, like things tanned, or persons sunburnt.—[2] Com pli cā′ tion, entanglement; a number woven or tangled together.—[3] Splēen, melancholy; a disease called "hypochondria," and familiarly, "*blue devils.*"

which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation.[1] The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me, like a mask.

10. It happened, vĕry luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage,[2] which, it seems, was too lŏng for him. It was, indeed, extended to a shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whōle face. We had, bōth of us, an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel[3] of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper.

121. The Burdens of Mankind—concluded.

IN my last paper, I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries, which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw, with unspeakable plĕasure, the whōle species thus delivered from its sŏrrōws; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

2. As we were regarding vĕry attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parceling out the whōle heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hŭrry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion, I shall communicate to the public.

[1] Ag gra vā' tion, a making worse.—[2] Visage (vĭz' aj), face.—[3] Sē' quel, that which follows; a succeeding part.

3. A venerable, gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the bēard, and had liked to have knocked his brains out; so that, meeting the true father, who came toward him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley[1]-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout[2] in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

4. The female world were vĕry busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking[3] a lot of gray hairs for a carbuncle;[4] and another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lŏst reputation; but, on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are, in some mĕasure, suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

5. I could not, for my heart, forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman, mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whōle assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

[1] Gāl' ley, a low, flat-built vessel. A galley-slave is one condemned, for crimes, to labor at the oar on board a galley.—[2] Gout, a very painful disease of the joints.—[3] Trŭck' ing, exchanging; bartering —[4] Carbuncle (kär' bŭnk kl), an inflammatory swelling or tumor.

6. I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the lŏng visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made so grotesque[1] a figure, that, as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my fŏrehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it.

7. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a couple of thick, bandy legs, and two long trap-sticks, that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made so awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it, on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

8. The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whŏle plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of plĕasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such grŏss delusions, was commanded to disappear.

9. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes

[1] Grotesque (gro tĕsk'), wildly formed; odd; ludicrous.

toward heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter; her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sŏrrōws, but, what I thought vĕry remarkable, the whŏle heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterward returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched ŏff with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

10. Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sŏrrōws of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

122. THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

1. SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashion'd country-seat:
Acrŏss its antique[1] portico[2]
Tall poplar-trees their shadōws throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

2. Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crŏsses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sŏrrōwful voice to all who pass,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

[1] Antique (an tēk'), ancient; old-fashioned.—[2] Pŏr' ti co, a piazza, gallery, or covered walk

3. By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes alŏng the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chămber door,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

4. Through days of sŏrrōw and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude[1]
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like Gŏd, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

5. In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality:
His great fires up the chimney roar'd;
The strānger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,[2]
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

6. There groups of mĕrry children play'd,
There youths and maidens dreaming stray'd;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence[3] of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ăncient timepiece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

[1] Vĭcĭs'sĭtude, revolution; regular change or succession.—[2] "Skeleton at the feast." It was customary among the Egyptians to seat a masked or vailed skeleton at their feasts.—[3] Af'fluence, abundance of any thing; wealth; plenty.

7. From that chămber, clothed in white,
The bride came fŏrth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow,
And in the hush that follow'd the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

8. All are scatter'd now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days lŏng since gŏne by,
The ăncient timepiece makes reply,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

9. Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The hŏrolōge[1] of Eternity
Sayèth this incessantly,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

H. W. Longfellow.

123. The Morning.

IT is morning, and a morning sweet, and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphŏrical[2] sense, applied to so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years, lead us to call that period the "morning of life." Of a lovely young woman we say, she is "bright as the morning;" and no one doubts why Lucifer[3] is called "son of the morning."

[1] Horologe (hŏr'o lŏj), a clock or watch.—[2] Met a phŏr'ic al, figurative.—[3] Lū'ci fer, the bringer of light; the planet Venus; Satan

2. But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know any thing about. Among all our good people, no one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing[1] of the morning; their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes alŏng after[2] a cup of cŏffee and a beefsteak, or a piece of toast.

3. With them morning is not a new issuing[3] of light; a new bursting fŏrth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of Gŏd, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belŏnging to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into ŏrange and red, till at length the "glōrious sun is seen, regent[4] of the day"—this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

4. Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages; but they are the strŏngest, perhaps, in the East, where the sun is often[5] an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to himself the "wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the Sun of righteousness shall arise "with healing in his wings" —a rising Sun that shall scatter life, health, and joy through the Universe.

5. Milton[6] has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakspeare,[7] from whose writings pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of morning, might be filled.

6. I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestations of the power of God, like his mercies, are "new every morning," and fresh every moment.

[1] Nothing (nŭth' ing) —[2] After (ăft' er).—[3] Issuing (ĭsh' shu ing), a flowing, or passing, or sending out.—[4] Regent (rē' jent), ruler; governor; director.—[5] Often (ŏf' fn).—[6] John Milton, a distinguished English poet, born December 9th, 1608, and died November 8th, 1675.—[7] William Shakspeare, the celebrated English poet, born in 1564, and died in 1616.

7. We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw; and its risings are as much a mĭracle[1] now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle, that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time, without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be. I know the morning—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation, breaking fŏrth and calling all that have life and breath and being to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitūde. Daniel Webster.

124. Flowers.

IT is a matter of gratitude that this finest gift of Providence is the most profusely[2] given. Flowers can not be monopolized.[3] The poor can have them as much as the rich. It does not require such an education to love and appreciate them, as it would to admire a picture of Turner's,[4] or a statue of Thorwalsden's.[5] And, as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance, and presents of beauty, of universal acceptance, it is pleasant to think that all men rĕc'ognize a brief brotherhood in them.

2. It is not impertinent to ŏffer flowers to a strānger. The poorest child can proffer them to the richest. A hundred persons turned togĕther into a meadōw full of flowers would be drawn together in a transient[6] brotherhood.

3. It is affecting to see how serviceable flowers often are to the necessities of the poor. If they bring their little flōral gift to you, it can not but touch your heart to think that their grateful affection lŏnged to express itself as much as yours. You have books, or gems, or services, that you can render as you will.

[1] Mĭr' a cle, an act or event beyond the ordinary laws of nature; a wonder.—[2] Pro fūse ly, prodigally; in a lavish manner.—[3] Mo nŏp' olized, obtained the sole right of buying and selling; engrossing the whole.—[4] Turner, a distinguished English painter, born 1775, died 1851.—[5] Thorwalsden, a celebrated Danish sculptor, born 1770, died 1844.—Transient (trăn' shent), short; soon past.

The poor can give but little, and do but little. Were it not for flowers, they would be shut out from those exquisite[1] plĕasures which spring from such gifts. I never take one from a child, or from the poor, that I do not thank God in their behalf for flowers!

4. And then, when Death enters a poor man's house! It may be, the child was the only creature that loved the unbefriended father—*really* loved him; loved him utterly. Or, it may be, it is an only son, and his mother a widōw—who, in all his sickness, felt the limitation of her poverty for her darling's sake as she never had for her own; and did what she could, but not what she would, had there been wealth. The cŏffin is pine. The undertaker[2] sold it with a jerk of indifference and haste, lĕst he should lose the selling of a rosewood coffin, trimmed with splendid silver screws. The room is small. The attendant neighbors are few. The shroud is coarse.

5. Oh! the darling child was fit for whatever was most excellent, and the heart aches to do for him whatever could be done that should speak love. It takes money for fine linen; money for cŏstly sep'ultūre.[3] But flowers, thank God, the poorest may have. So, put white buds in the hair—and honey-dew, and mignonette,[4] and half-blown roses, on the breast. If it be spring, a few white vĭolets will do; and there is not a month till November that will not give you something. But if it is winter, and you have no single pot of roses, then I fear your darling must be buried without a flower; for flowers cŏst money in the winter!

6. And then, if you can not give a stone to mark his burial place, a rose may stand there; and from it you may, every spring, pluck a bud for your bosom, as the child was broken ŏff from you. And if it brings tears for the past, you will not see the flowers fade and come again, and fade and come again, year by year, and not learn a lesson of the resurrection—when that which perished here shall revive again, never more to droop or to die.

H. W. Beecher.

[1] Exquisite (ĕks' kwe zit), choice; very nice or select.—[2] Un der tăk' er, one who manages funerals.—[3] Sĕp' ul tūre, burial.—[4] Mignonette (min yo nĕt'), a plant bearing flowers of an agreeable odor.

125. The Death of the Flowers.

1. THE melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadōws brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollōws of the grove,
The wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying[1] gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top caws[2] the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

2. Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and sŏfter airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly bed,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie;
But the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth
The lovely ones again.

3. The wind-flower and the vĭolet,
They perish'd lŏng ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer glow;

[1] Ed' dy ing, moving circularly.—[2] This reading—*caws*, instead of *calls*—is sanctioned by the gifted author. This piece alone is sufficient to seal the reputation of a poet, who, at least, on this side of the Atlantic, has no superior. In making these selections, the authors frankly confess the serious difficulty they have experienced in deciding, not what to take, but what to omit, that bears the name of William Cullen Bryant.

But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yĕllōw sun-flower by the brook,
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fel the frŏst from the clear cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gŏne
From upland, glade, and glen.

4. And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light,
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers,
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

5. And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the fŏrest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers. W. C. Bryant.

126. The Sense of Beauty.

BEAUTY is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone.

2. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it, can not lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

3. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial[1] with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glōrious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lŏst to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

4. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael,[2] and every spare nook filled with statues of the most ex'quisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that nēither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these mĭracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a divine Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines fŏrth in their forms, hues, proportions, and mŏral expression!

5. I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wrŏnged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded.

6. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and

[1] Con gĕ' ni al, partaking of the same nature or feeling.—[2] Raphael, one of the most celebrated painters. Born 1483, died 1520.

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And the aster in the wood,
And the yĕllōw sun-flower by the brook,
In autumn beauty stood,
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As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gŏne
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To call the squirrel and the bee
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And twinkle in the smoky light,
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3. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial[1] with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glōrious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lŏst to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

4. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael,[2] and every spare nook filled with statues of the most ex'quisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that nēither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these mĭracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a divine Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines fŏrth in their forms, hues, proportions, and mŏral expression!

5. I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wrŏnged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded.

6. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and

[1] Con gĕ' ni al, partaking of the same nature or feeling.—[2] Raphael, one of the most celebrated painters. Born 1483, died 1520.

it seems to me to be most important to those conditions, where coarse labor tends to give a grōssness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in āncient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

W. E. Channing.

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127. The Arab's Farewell to his Steed.

1. MY beautiful! my beautiful!
That standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glŏssy neck,
Thy dark and fiery eye—
Fret not to roam the desert now
With all thy wingèd speed,
I may not mount on thee again:
Thou'rt sold, my Ar'ab steed!

2. Fret not with that impatient hoof,
Snuff not the breezy wind,
The farther that thou fliest now,
So far am I behind.
The strānger hath thy bridle-rein,
Thy master hath his gold:
Fleet limb'd and beautiful, farewell!
Thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

3. Farewell! those free untired limbs
Full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky
Which clouds the strānger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now
Thy corn and bread prepare;
Thy silky mane, I braided once,
Must be another's care.

4. The morning sun shall dawn again,
But never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths
Where we were wont to be.

Evening shall darken on the earth,
And o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step,
Shall bear me home again.

5. Yes! thou must go! the wild, free breeze,
The brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's house, from all of these
My exiled one must fly.
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud,
Thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck,
Thy master's hand to meet.

6. Only in sleep shall I behold
That dark eye glancing bright;
Only in sleep shall hear again
That step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm
To check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel
Thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

7. Ah, rudely then, unseen by me,
Some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves,
Along thy panting side;
And the rich blood that's in thee swells
In thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes which rest on thee
May count each starting vein.

8. Will they ill use thee? If I thought—
But no, it can not be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curb'd,
So gentle, yet so free.
And yĕt, if haply when thou'rt gŏne
My lonely heart should yearn,
Can the same hand which casts thee ŏff
Command thee to return?

9. Return? Alas, my Ar'ab steed,
What shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy,
Hast vanish'd from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye,
And through the gäthering tears,
Thy bright form for a moment like
The false mirage[1] appears.

10. Slow and unmounted will I roam
With weary foot alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound
Thou öft hast borne me on:
And sitting down by that green well,
Will pause and sadly think,
'Twas here he bow'd his glŏssy neck,
When last I saw him drink.

11. *When last I saw him drink!*—Away!
The fever'd dream is o'er;
I could not live a day, and know
That we should meet no more;
They tempted me, my beautiful!
For hunger's power is strŏng,
They tempted me, my beautiful!
But I have loved too lŏng.

12. Who said that I had given thee up?
Who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false! my Ar'ab steed!
I fling them back their gold.
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back,
And scour the distant plains:
Away!—Who overtakes us now
Shall claim thee for his pains! MRS. NORTON.

Mirage (mē räzh'), a deceptive appearance, as an image of water in sandy deserts, or of a village in a desert, built on a lake, or of objects elevated in the air.

128. The Vision of Carazan.

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdad,[1] was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice[2] and his wealth; his ŏrigin is obscure, as that of the spark which by the collision[3] of steel and adamant[4] is struck out of darkness; and the patient labor of persevering diligence alone had made him rich.

2. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inflexibly[5] just. But whether in his dealings with men, he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth, he discovered his own importance to increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less: he gradually lŏst the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

3. But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque[6] at the stated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the prophet. That devotion which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was mŏral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object, not only of affection, but reverence.

4. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhŏrrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and, turning round with a look of circumspective[7] suspicion, proceeded to the mosque,

[1] Bäg dåd', a large and celebrated city of Asiatic Turkey, formerly the capital of the empire of the caliphs.—[2] Av'a rice, excessive love of money or gain.—[3] Collision (kol lĭz'un), striking together.—[4] Ad'amant, the diamond, or other hard stone; a flint.—[5] In flĕx'i bly, firmly; immovably.—[6] Mosque (mŏsk), a Mohammedan house of worship.—[7] Circum spĕct'ive, looking round; cautious.

was followed by every eye with silent malignity:[1] the poor suspended their supplication, when he passed by: though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

5. Such had lŏng been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the center of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the strănger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a tŏrrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry, and appărel to the naked, his eye sŏftened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy;[2] and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand: attention suspended the tumult in a moment; and he thus gratified the curiosity which procured him audience.

6. "To him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the most merciful, be everlasting honor! he has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my hārem,[3] with my lamp burning before me, computing the prŏduct of my merchandise, and exulting in the ĭn'crease of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the ăngel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate[4] the blow. At the same moment, I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air.

7. "The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a luster that obscured the sun. The gate of paradise was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold. The irrev'ocable[5] sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation[6] was past; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good,

[1] Ma lig' ni ty, bitter anger; bitterness.—[2] Prŏd' i gy, a surprising thing; a wonder.—[3] Hā'rem, a place in Eastern dwelling-houses allotted to the women.—[4] Dēp' re cate, pray earnestly against.—[5] Ir rĕv'o ca ble, that can not be recalled.—[6] Pro bā' tion, moral or preparatory trial.

When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with hŏrror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

8. "'Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prŏmpted by love of God; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by love of man: for thy own sake, only, hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor around thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast indeed beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony,[1] would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven?

9. "'If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distill their dew? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thy heart, and grasped thy trĕasures with a hand of iron; thou hast lived for thyself; and, therefore, henceforth forever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the hŏrrors of despair.'

10. "At this moment, I was driven, by some secret and irresistible power, through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadōws of total and boundless vacuity[2] deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! Unutterable hŏrror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vē'hemence[3] of desire: 'Oh that I had been doomed forever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! There society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or, if I had

[1] Păr' si mo ny, sparingness in the use of money; avarice; meanness. —[2] Va cŭ' i ty, space without matter; emptiness.—[3] Vē' he mence, violent ardor; eagerness.

been condemned to reside in a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life, the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dread interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitudes would divide eternity into time.'

11. "While this thought passed over my mind, I lŏst sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyŏnd the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive, without succor and without society, further and further still, forever and forever. I then stretched out my hands toward the regions of existence, with an emotion that awakened me.

12. "Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its lŏss. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Africa, or the gems of Golconda."[1]

13. At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in ecstasy[2] of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example; and the caliph,[3] to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyŏnd the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity. HAWKESWORTH.

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[1] Gol cŏn' da, a fortified town in Hindostan, which has been noted as a place of deposit for diamonds, which are brought hither from the plains at the base of Neela Hulla mountains, on the banks of Kistnah and Pennar rivers, no mines existing in the vicinity. A large amount of treasure is supposed to be kept here, as Europeans or native strangers are not usually allowed to enter the gates.—[2] Ec' sta sy, extreme joy or pleasure; overpowering emotion.—[3] Cāl' iph, a successor, or representative of Mohammed; the highest ruler among the Mohammedans.

129. FRIENDSHIP.

1. WE have been friends togĕther,
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut-trees
In infancy we play'd.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together;
Shall a light word part us now?

2. We have been gay together;
We have laugh'd at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together;
Shall a light word part us now?

3. We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.
The voices which were silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been *sad* together;
Shall a light word part us now?

MRS. NORTON.

130. FORGIVE AND FORGET.

1. WHEN streams of unkindness as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And Meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hands of Ingratitude wrung—
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yĕt,
None, none but an ăngel of Gŏd can declare,
"I now can forgive and forgĕt."

2. But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence[1] steep'd,
With the wrŏng so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heap'd;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition[2] is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still
At once to forgive and forget.

3. To forget? It is hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all insults and evils behind,
And but for the future to live:
Then how shall it be? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of injury smolder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

4. Oh, hearken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
And mind shall be partner with heart,
While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art:
Remember thy follies, thy sins, and—thy crimes,
How vast is that infinite debt!
Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget!

5. Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too—
Count not their sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue:
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now mercy with justice is met;
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of heaven,
Nor learn to forgive and forget?

6. Yes, yes; let a man when his enemy weeps,
Be quick to receive him a friend;

[1] Pŏn' i tence, sorrow of heart for sins or offenses.—[2] Contrition (kon-trish' un), deep sorrow for sin.

For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
Hot coals—to refine and amend;
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
As a nurse on her innocent pet,
Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,
And whisper, Forgive and forget. M. F. Tupper.

131. The Headstone.

THE cŏffin was let down to the bottom of the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped-up brink, the first rattling clods had struck their knell, the quick shoveling was over, and the lŏng, broad, skillfully cut pieces of turf were aptly joined togĕther, and trimly laid by the beating spade, so that the newest mound in the church-yard was scarcely distinguishable from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of a luxuriant spring. The burial was soon over; and the party, with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate, and about to leave the church-yard.

2. Here, some acquaintances from distant parts of the parish, who had not had opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belŏnged to the deceased, nor in the course of the few hundred yards that the little procession had to move over from his bed to his grave, were shaking hands quietly but cheerfully, and inquiring after the welfare of each other's families. There, a small knot of neighbors were speaking, without exaggeration,[1] of the respectable character which the deceased had borne, and mentioning to one another little incidents of his life, some of them so remote as to be known only to the gray-headed persons of the group; while a few yards further removed from the spot were standing together parties who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral, such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season, or change of tenants; but still with a sobriety of manner and voice that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple ceremony

[1] Exaggeration (egz ăj er ā' shun), enlargement beyond truth.

now closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadōw of the spire and gray walls of the house of Gŏd.

3. Two men yĕt stood togĕther at the head of the grave, with countenances of sincere but unimpassioned[1] grief. They were brothers, the only sons of him who had been buried. And there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them for a lŏng time, and more intently[2] than would have been the case had there been nothing more observable about them than the common symptoms of a common sŏrrōw. But these two brothers, who were now standing at the head of their father's grave, had for some years been totally estrānged from each other; and the only words that had passed between them, during all that time, had been uttered within a few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old man's funeral.

4. No deep and deadly quarrel was between these brothers, and nēither of them could distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement.[3] Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favor—selfish thoughts that will sometimes fōrce themselves into poor men's hearts, respecting temporal expectations[4]—unaccommodating manners on bōth sides—taunting words that mean little when uttered, but which rankle[5] and fester[6] in remembrance—imagined opposition of interests, that, duly considered, would have been found one and the same—these, and many other causes, slight when single, but strŏng when rising up together in one baneful[7] band, had gradually but fatally infected[8] their hearts, till at last they, who in youth had been seldom separate and truly attached, now met at market, and, miserable to say, at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clansmen[9] during a feud.[10]

5. Surely, if any thing could have sŏftened their hearts toward each other, it must have been to stand silently, side by

[1] Unimpassioned (un im pāsh' und), without showing signs of passion or feeling.—[2] In tĕnt' ly, attentively; fixedly.—[3] Es trānge' ment, separation; reserve.—[4] Temporal expectations, expectations of this world, as goods and possessions.—[5] Rankle (rāng' kl), corrode; turn sour or bitter.—[6] Fĕs' ter, foment; corrupt.—[7] Bāne' ful, injurious; poisonous; working ill.—[8] In fĕct' ed, tainted with disease; poisoned.—[9] Clāns' men, persons belonging to a clan or tribe.—[10] Fēud, violent quarrel.

side, while the earth, stones, and clods were falling down upon their father's cŏffin. And doubtless their hearts were so softened. But pride, though it can not prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown; and these two brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that, in spite of them, was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their causeless quarrel.

6. A headstone had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it. The elder brother directed him how to place it—a plain stone with a sand-glass, skull, and cross-bones, chiseled not rudely, and a few words inscribed. The younger brother regarded the operation with a troubled eye, and said, loudly enough to be heard by several of the bystanders, "William, this was not kind in you; you should have told me of this. I loved my father as well as you could love him. You were the elder, and, it may be, the favorite son; but I had a right in nature to have joined you in ordering this headstone, had I not?"

7. During these words the stone was sinking into the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave returned. For awhile the elder brother said nothing, for he had a consciousness in his heart that he ought to have consulted his father's son in designing this last becoming mark of affection and respect to his memory; so that the stone was planted in silence, and now stood erect, decently and simply, among the other unostentatious[1] memorials of the humble dead.

8. The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected "by his affectionate sons." The sight of these words seemed to sŏften the displĕasure of the angry man, and he said, somewhat more mildly, "Yes, we were his affectionate sons; and since my name is on the stone I am satisfied, brother. We have not drawn togĕther kindly of late years, and perhaps never may; but I acknowledge and respect your worth; and here, before our own friends, and before the friends of our father, with my foot above his head, I express my willingness to be on other and better

[1] Unostentatious (ŭn ŏs ten tā' shŭs), modest; not showy

terms with you; and if we can not command love in our hearts, let us, at least, brother, bar out all unkindness."

9. The minister who had attended the funeral, and had something intrusted to him to say publicly before he left the church-yard, now came forward, and asked the elder brother why he spake not regarding this matter. He saw that there was something of a cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart, for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chămber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn, and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then, changing his countenance into serenity, said gently—

"Behold, how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell!"

10. The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of a natural sentiment, quite overcame a heart in which many kind, if not warm, affections dwelt; and the man thus appealed to bowed down his head and wept. "Give me your hand, brother;" and it was given, while a murmur of satisfaction arose from all present, and all hearts felt kindlier and more humanely toward each other.

11. As the brothers stood fervently, but composedly grasping each other's hand, in the little hollōw that lay between the grave of their mother, lŏng since dead, and of their father, whose shroud was haply not yĕt still from the fall of dust to dust, the minister stood beside them with a pleasant countenance, and said—"I must fulfill the promise I made to your father on his death-bed. I must read to you a few words which his hand wrote at an hour when his tongue denied its ŏffice. I must not say that you did your duty to your old father: for did he not ŏften beseech you, apart from one another, to be reconciled, for your own sakes as Christians, for his sake, and for the sake of the mother who bare you, and, Stephen,[1] who died that you

[1] In reading this sentence, it must be remembered that Stephen was the name of the younger brother, whom the minister addressed. His mother died in giving him birth.

might be born? When the palsy struck him for the last time, you were both absent; nor was it your fault that you were not beside the old man when he died.

12. "As lŏng as sense continued with him here, did he think of you two, and of you two alone. Tears were in his eyes; I saw them there, and on his cheek too, when no breath came from his lips. But of this no more. He died with this paper in his hand; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave. I now obey him. 'My sons, if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial till, in the name of Gŏd and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do. Dear boys, receive my blessing.'"

13. Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden—and when the brothers had released each other from a lŏng and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and, in a single word or two, expressed their joy at this perfect reconcilement. The brothers themselves walked away from the church-yard, arm in arm, with the minister to the manse.[1] On the following Sabbath, they were seen sitting with their families in the same pew, and it was observed that they read together off the same Bible when the minister gave out the text, and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm-book. The same psalm was sung (given out at their own request), of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave; a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found in the plate for the poor, for Love and Charity are sisters. And ever after, bŏth during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided.

J. Wilson.

132. The Brothers.

1. WE are but two—the others sleep
Through Death's untroubled night;
We are but two—oh, let us keep
The link that binds us bright!

[1] Mănse, a clergyman's dwelling-house.

terms with you; and if we can not command love in our hearts, let us, at least, brother, bar out all unkindness."

9. The minister who had attended the funeral, and had something intrusted to him to say publicly before he left the church-yard, now came forward, and asked the elder brother why he spake not regarding this matter. He saw that there was something of a cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart, for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chămber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn, and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then, changing his countenance into serenity, said gently—

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[1] In reading this sentence, it must be remembered that Stephen was the name of the younger brother, whom the minister addressed. His mother died in giving him birth.

might be born? When the palsy struck him for the last time, you were both absent; nor was it your fault that you were not beside the old man when he died.

12. "As lŏng as sense continued with him here, did he think of you two, and of you two alone. Tears were in his eyes; I saw them there, and on his cheek too, when no breath came from his lips. But of this no more. He died with this paper in his hand; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave. I now obey him. 'My sons, if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial till, in the name of Gŏd and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do. Dear boys, receive my blessing.'"

13. Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden—and when the brothers had released each other from a lŏng and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and, in a single word or two, expressed their joy at this perfect reconcilement. The brothers themselves walked away from the church-yard, arm in arm, with the minister to the manse.[1] On the following Sabbath, they were seen sitting with their families in the same pew, and it was observed that they read together off the same Bible when the minister gave out the text, and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm-book. The same psalm was sung (given out at their own request), of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave; a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found in the plate for the poor, for Love and Charity are sisters. And ever after, bŏth during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided.

J. Wilson.

132. The Brothers.

1. WE are but two—the others sleep
Through Death's untroubled night;
We are but two—oh, let us keep
The link that binds us bright!

[1] Mănse, a clergyman's dwelling-house.

2. Heart leaps to heart—the sācred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

3. We in one mother's arms were lock'd—
Lŏng be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rock'd,
Round the same hearth[1] we play'd.

4. Our boyish spōrts were all the same,
Each little joy and woe;—
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.

5. We are but two—be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie. CHARLES SPRAGUE.

133. PROPER DISTRIBUTION OF TIME.

TIME we ought to consider as a sacred trust, committed to us by Gŏd; of which we are now the depositaries,[2] and are to render an account at the last. That portion of it which he has allotted to us is intended partly for the concerns of this world, partly for those of the next. Let each of these occupy, in the distribution of our time, that space which properly belŏngs to it.

2. Let not the hours of hospitality and plĕasure interfere with the discharge of our necessary affairs; and let not what we call necessary affairs encroach upon the time which is due to devotion. To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven. If we delay till to-mŏrrōw what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burden which belongs not to it. We load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us alŏng smoothly.

[1] Hearth.—[2] De pŏs' it a ry, a trustee; a guardian; a person trusted with something.

3. He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth[1] of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light, which darts itself through all his affairs. But where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos,[2] which admits neither of distribution nor review.

4. The first requisite for introducing order into the management of time, is to be impressed with a just sense of its value. Let us consider well how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious[3] and inconsistent than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it as the mĕasure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out.

5. But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconsiderate confusion. While they complain that life is short, they are ŏften wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous[4] of every other possession, of time only they are prodigal.[5] They allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it.

6. Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belŏnged to a former period, labors under a burden not his own. At the close of life, the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, through not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due season.

7. But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. He is justly said to redeem the time. By proper management he prolŏngs

[1] Lăb' y rinth, a place full of windings; something very intricate.—[2] Chā' os, state of confusion.—[3] Capricious (ka prish' us), apt to change opinions or purposes suddenly; unsteady.—[4] Covetous (kŭv' et us), eager to gain or save property.—[5] Prŏd' i gal, extravagant; wasteful.

it. He lives much in little space; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and at the same time attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future.

HUGH BLAIR.

134. To-Morrow.

1 HOW heavy falls the foot of Time!
How slow the lingering quarters chime,
Through anxious hours of lŏng delay!
In vain we watch the silent glass,[1]
More slow the sands appear to pass,
While disappointment marks their way.

2. To-mŏrrōw—still the phantom[2] flies,
Flitting away before our eyes,
Eludes[3] our grasp, is pass'd and gone;
Daughter of hope, Night o'er thee flings
The shadōw of her raven[4] wings,
And in the morning thou art flown!

3 Delusive sprite![5] from day to day,
We still pursue thy pathless way:
Thy promise broken o'er and o'er,
Man still believes, and is thy slave;
Nor ends the chase but in the grave,
For there *to-morrow* is no more.

MRS. ANNE HUNTER.

135. The Wife.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity[1] and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.[2]

[1] Glăss, a vessel to be filled with sand, for measuring time.—[2] Phăn'tom, apparition; ghost; something imagined to be seen, but not real.—[3] E lūdes', escapes; flees away; deceives.—[4] Rā'ven, of the color of the raven; a bluish black.—[5] Sprite, spirit; an apparition.

2. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a sŏft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental[3] force to be the comforter and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

3. As the vine, which has lŏng twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted[4] by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils,[5] and bind up its shattered boughs,—so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and sŏlace[6] when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

4. I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit togĕther in the strŏngest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm,[7] "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you."

5. And, indeed, I have observed that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve[8] his situation in the world than a single one;—partly because he is more stimulated[9] to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and belovèd beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that, though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yĕt there is still a little world of love

[1] In tre pid' i ty, fearlessness; courage.—[2] Sub lim' i ty, elevation; that which is so elevated or lofty as to produce a feeling of astonishment and awe.—[3] Mĕn' tal, belonging to the mind.—[4] Rift' ed, split; shattered.—Tĕn' drils, the fine shoots of a plant by which it clings to any substance.—[6] Sŏl' ace, comfort.—[7] Enthusiasm (en thū' ze azm), an ardent zeal with respect to some object or pursuit.—[8] Re trĕve', recover; make better; make amends.—[9] Stim' u lāt ed, excited; roused to action.

at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect,—to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

6. These observations call to mind a little domestic story of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune; but that of my friend was ample, and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

7. The very difference in their characters produced a harmonious[1] combination;[2]—he was of a romantic[3] and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance.

8. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond, confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doted on his lovely burden for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.[4]

9. It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations;[5] and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury.[6] For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard[7] countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted[8] agony; and what rendered it more in-

[1] Har mō' ni ous, adapted to each other; agreeing together.—[2] Combi nā' tion, close union.—[3] Ro măn' tic, wild; fanciful; extravagant.—Fe lĭc' i ty, great happiness.—[5] Spec u lā' tions, schemes or plans to make money.—[6] Pĕn' u ry, poverty; want.—[7] Hăg' gard, pale; ghastly; worn with care.—[8] Pro trăct' ed, lengthened.

supportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news.

10. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid[1] attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments[2] to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the ărrōw deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched.

11. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek,—the sōng will die away from those lips,—the luster of those eyes will be quenched with sŏrrōw; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world. At length he came to me, one day, and related his whōle situation, in a tone of the deepest despair.

12. When I had heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question, he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!" "And why not?" said I. "She must know it, sooner or later; you can not keep it lŏng from her, and the intelligence[3] may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents[4] of those we love sŏften the harshest tidings.

13. "Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook[5] reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sŏrrōws of those it loves are concealed from it."

14. "Oh, but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give

[1] Văp' id, dead; spiritless.—[2] Blănd' ish ments, kind words; winning expressions or actions.—[3] In tĕl' li gence, information; tidings.—[4] Accents, words; forms of speech.—[5] Brōok, bear; endure; submit to.

to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego[1] all the elegances of life,—all the pleasures of society,—to shrink with me into indigence[2] and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness, the light of every eye, the admiration of every heart! How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence.[3] How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol[4] of society. Oh! it will break her heart—it will break her heart!"

15. I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm[5] had subsided, and he had relapsed[6] into moody[7] silence, I resumed the subject, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

16. "But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show; you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged: and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—"

17. "I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively,[8] "in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

18. "And, believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand,—"believe me, she can be the same with you.. Ay,[9] more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent[10] energies and

[1] Fore gō', relinquish; give up.—[2] In' di gence, want; poverty; need.—[3] Op' u lence, wealth; riches.—[4] I' dol, an image for worship; an object of great love.—[5] Pār' ox ysm, passion; high state of excitement.—Re lāpsed', fallen back.—[7] Mōod' y, angry; peevish; sad.—[8] Con vūl'-sive ly, with violent agitation.—[9] Ay (āī), yes.—[10] Lā' tent, secret; hidden; unseen

fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant[1] in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up, and beams and blazes, in the dark hour of adversity.

19. "No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world." There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and, following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

136. The Wife—concluded.

I MUST confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude[2] for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasure? Her gay spirits might revolt[3] at the dark, downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto reveled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks it is a stranger. In short I could not meet Leslie, the next morning, without trepidation.[4]

2. He had made the disclosure. "And how did she bear it?" "Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But, poor girl!" added he, "she can not realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract;[5] she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied' to love.

3. "She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegances. When we come practi-

[1] Dor' mant, sleeping; not used.—[2] So lic' i tude, anxiety; uneasiness of mind caused by the fear of evil or the desire of good.—[3] Re vōlt', rebel; become disobedient.—[4] Trep i dā' tion, tremor; fear; agitation.—[5] Ab' stract, a general view; separation from other things.

cally to experience its sordid[1] cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations, then will be the real trial." "But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task,—that of breaking it to her,—the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day.

4. "It is not poverty so much as pretense that harasses ruined man,—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse,—the keeping up a hollōw show, that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself; and as to his wife, the was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

5. Some days afterward, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp.

6. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belōnged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting[2] husband.

7. He was going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day, superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strōngly in'terested in the prŏgress of the family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I ŏffered to accompany him. He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

8. "Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips. "And what of her?" asked I; "has any thing happened to her?" "What!" said he, darting an impatient glance; "is it

[1] Sor'did, contemptible; mean.—[2] Dŏt'ing, loving greatly or to excess.

nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation,—to be caged in a miserable cottage,—to be obliged to toil almost in the mēnial[1] concerns of her wretched habitation?"

9. "Has she, then, repined[2] at the change?" "Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good-humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!" "Ad'mirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich,—you never knew the boundless trĕasures of excellence you possess in that woman."

10. "Oh! but, my friend, if this, our first meeting at the cottage, were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into a humble dwelling; she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments;[3] she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment; she has, for the first time, looked round her on a home destitute of every thing elegant,—almost of every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

11. There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay; so we walked on in silence. After turning from the main road up a nărrōw lane, so thickly shaded with fŏrest-trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plot in front.

12. A small wicket-gate opened upon a foot-path that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music. Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond. I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm.

[1] Mē'ni al, being low or mean; relating to a servant.—[2] Re pined', complained; expressed sorrow or regret.—[3] E quĭp' ments, furniture

He stepped forward, to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel-walk.

13. A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the windōw and vanished, a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping fōrth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild-flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whōle countenance beamed with smiles; —I had never seen her look so lovely.

14. "My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gāthering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them,—and we have such excellent cream,—and every thing is so sweet and still here!—Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face,—"oh, we shall be so happy!"

15. Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom, he folded his arms around her, he kissed her again and again; he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has ōften assured me, that, though the world has since gōne prosperously with him, and his life has, indeed, been a happy one, yēt never has he experienced a moment of more ex'quisite felicity.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

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137. The Family Meeting.

1. WE are all here!
Father, mother, sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled: we're all *at home*.
To-night, let no cold strānger come:
It is not ōften thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found:
Bless then the meeting and the spot·
For once, be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour
We're *all—all* here.

2. We're *not* all here!
Some are away—the *dead* ones dear,
Who thrōng'd with us this ānchent hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern relentless hand,
Look'd in and thinn'd our little band:
Some, like a night-flash, pass'd away,
And some sank lingering day by day;
The quiet grave-yard—some lie there—
And cruel Ocean has *his* share;
We're *not* all here.

3. We *are* all here!
Even *they*, the *dead*—though dead, so dear,
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back *their* faded forms to view.
How life-like through the mist of years,
Each well-remember'd face appears!
We see them as in times lōng past,
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their *words*, their *smiles* behold,
They're round us, as they were of old—
We *are* all here.

4. We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not lōng of us be said;
Soon must we join the gāther'd dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some *other* circle will be found.
Oh! then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below;
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're *all—all—here!*

CHARLES SPRAGUE

138. Address to the Moon.

DAUGHTER of heaven, fair art thou! the silence of thy face is pleasant! Thou comest fŏrth in loveliness. The stars attend thy blue cōurse in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O moon! They brighten their dark-brown sides. Who is like thee in heaven, light of the silent night! The stars in thy presence turn away their sparkling eyes.

2. Whither dost thou retire from thy course, when the darkness of thy countenance grows? Hast thou thy hall, like Ossian? Dwellest thou in the shadōw of grief? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they who rejoice with thee at night, no more? Yes; they have fallen, fair light! and thou dost ŏften retire to mourn. But thou thyself shalt fail, one night, and leave thy blue path in heaven.

3. The stars will then lift their heads and rejoice. Thou art now clothed with thy brightness. Look from thy gates in the sky. Burst the clouds, O wind, that the daughter of night may look fŏrth; that the shaggy[1] mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its white waves in light.

Ossian.

139. Exercise of the Fan.

WOMEN are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the wĕapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practiced at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command:—Handle your fans, unfurl your fans, discharge your fans, ground your fans, recover your fans, flutter your fans.

2. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself

[1] Shag′gy, rough; uneven.

diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish[1] machine. But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts.

3. When my female rĕgiment[2] is drawn up in array, with every one her wĕapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to handle their fans, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a closed fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

4. The next motion is that of unfurling the fan, in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers, on a sudden, an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, while every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

5. Upon my giving the word to discharge their fans, they give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise, but I have several ladies with me, who, at their first entrance, could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of the room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting ŏff their fans in wrŏng places, or on unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind, which is inclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

[1] Mŏd′ish, according to the mode; fashionable.—[2] Rĕg′i ment, a body of troops, usually eight or ten companies, commanded by a colonel.

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 tŏssing a fan with an air upon a lŏng 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 lŏng visit), they all of them hasten to their arms, cătch them up in a hŭrry, 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 whŏle 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-days[1] 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 zephyrs[2] and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dăngerous 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 mĕrry 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 vĕry well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dăngerous 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 a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude[1] or coquette,[2] according to the nature of the person who bears it.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

[1] Dŏg'-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 (zĕf' erz), breezes; light winds, and particularly the west wind.—[3] Tĕ' dĭ ous.

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 miscellanies[3] 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 bŏnnet 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 yĕt 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 shou.d write so much, and yet be known so little. Oblivion[4] uses its snuffers sometimes very unjustly.

[1] Prude (prōd), a woman too scrupulously exact, or affectedly stiff in her manners.—[2] Coquette (ko kĕt'), a vain, trifling girl, desirous of attracting lovers and then rejecting them.—[3] Mĭs' cel la nies, promiscuous articles; mixtures of several kinds.— Ob lĭv' i on, forgetfulness.

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 tŏssing a fan with an air upon a lŏng table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

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4. On second thoughts, perhaps it is as well that the works of Anon were not collected together. His reputation for consistency[1] 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 Pagan[2] black o. 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 lenient[3] 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 innumerable[4] atoms his pen had heaped up?

6. Anon ought to have been rich, but he lived in an age when piracy[5] 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 Alexandria[6] would be but a small book-stall by the side of the folios,[7]

[1] Con sĭst' en cy, a standing together; agreement.—[2] Pā' gan, after the manner of pagans, of those who worship false gods; idolatrous.—[3] Lē'-ni ent, mild; gentle; forgiving.—[4] In nŭ' mer a ble, that can not be numbered.—[5] Pī ra cy, robbery on the high seas; robbing another of his writings.—[6] Al ex ăn' 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 Cæsar; and the remainder by Caliph Omar, in the year 640.—[7] Fō' li o, a book of two leaves to a sheet.

quartos,[1] octavos,[2] and duodecimos,[3] he has pyramidized[4] 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 fecundity[5] is Ibid. PUNCH

141. The Nature of True Eloquence.

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous[6] 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 compass[8] 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] Quär' to, a printed book next in size to a folio; so called because originally there were four leaves to each sheet.—[2] Oc tā' 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 dĕc' 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 cŭn' di ty, fruitfulness.—[6] Mo mĕnt' ous, very important.—[7] En-dow' ments, gifts, qualities, or faculties, bestowed by the Creator; that which is bestowed, or settled on.—[8] Compass (kŭm' pas), surround; secure; gain.—[9] Spon tā' ne ous, arising from internal feeling; voluntary; springing up of itself.

their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lŏst their power, rhetoric[1] is vain, and all elaborate[2] oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

4. Then, pātriotism[3] is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception,[4] out-running the deductions[5] of 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 whŏle 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, gŏd-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,
Annihilates[7] 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] Rhĕt' o ric, the science of oratory; the art of speaking with propriety, elegance, and force.—[2] E lăb' o rate, wrought out with great labor; highly finished.—[3] Pā' tri ot ism, love of one's country.—[4] Con cĕp' tion, apprehension; idea.—[5] De dŭc' tions, inferences drawn from assertions; conclusions.—[6] Lŏg' ic, the art of thinking and reasoning justly.—[7] An-nĭ' hi lāte, to reduce to nothing; to destroy.—[8] Hŏst, an army; a great number.

3 Unmark'd he stood amid the thrŏng,
In rumination[1] deep and lŏng,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate[2] 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 cŏmrādes fly—
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx[3] 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 Amĕrican visiting Europe, the lŏng voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you

[1] Rumination (rōo mi nā' shun), meditation; thinking over and over again.—[2] An tĭc' i pāte, foresee, or expect.—[3] Phāl' 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-top[2] 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 hori'zon, 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 phantasms[3] 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 in'teresting 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 in'terchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile[4] 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 (fan' tazm), something imagined; an idea or notion.—[4] Ster' 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 monotony[1] 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 serenity[3] 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 not' o ny, sameness.—[2] Ob liv' i on, forgetfulness.—[3] Se ren' i ty, clearness; calmness.

144. Feelings excited by a Long Voyage—concluded.

"AS I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine stout ship acrŏss 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 smacking[2] 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 hŭrried on our cōurse.

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 cruised[4] 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 (nū' fond land').—[2] Smăck' ing, strong; powerful; noisy.—[3] A mid'-ships, the middle part of the vessel.—[4] Cruised (krōzd), 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 Mersey[2] 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 abbey[3] 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 thrŏnged 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 rec'ognize 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] Tĕem' ing, bringing forth in abundance.—[2] Mĕr' 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 rec'ognize him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features, it read at once a whŏle volume of sŏrrōw; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek and stood wringing them in silent agony.

9. All now was hŭrry 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 strānger in the land.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

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145. Lines to a Child on his Voyage to France to meet his Father.

1. LO, how impatiently upon the tide
The proud ship tŏsses 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 buoyant[2] deck, and look upon the flood,

[1] Hăm' mock, a swinging bed.—[2] Buoyant (bwâl' ant), floating light; lifted up.

Unconscious of the high sublimity,
As 'twere a common thing—thy soul unaw'd,
Thy childish spōrts 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 hori'zon to horizon spread,
Meets the o'er-arching heavens on every side,
Blending[1] 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 yĕt 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 fŏrth,
And hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.

4. And thou must sail upon this sea, a lŏng,
Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck,
The foolish *must*. Oh! then, be early wise!
Learn from the măriner his skillful art
To ride upon the waves, and cătch 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 propitious[3] on thy course,

[1] Blĕnd' ing, joining; mingling.—[2] Fâth' om less, too deep to be measured; that which can not be understood.—[3] Propitious (pro 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 chānging 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 extraordinary[3] case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent[4] anywhere—certainly none in our New England history. An agèd man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly[5] 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 sŏft, but strōng embrace.

3. The assassin enters through the windōw, 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 chāmber. Of this he moves the lock, by sŏft and continued pressure, till it turns on 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 agèd 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 agèd 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 lōnger! 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 whōle creātion 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 cătch 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] Op prŏ' 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 rĭ), uncommon; remarkable.—[4] Prĕc' e dent, something that may serve for a rule in after cases of a like nature; some instance of a like kind.—[5] Bŭtch' er ly, cruel; bloody.

[1] Bludgeon (blŭd' jun), a short stick, with one end loaded, and heavier than the other; a thick stick or club.—[2] Poniard (pŏn' 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 withersoever 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 canopy[2] the stainless sky:
It bends above, so fair a blue,
That heaven seems opening to my view.

[1] Sui'cide, self-murder.—[2] Can'opy, 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 lowering[1] 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 lotus[2] 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 threat me 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 tapestry[4]—
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] Lo'tus, a class of plants the fruit or seeds of which are eaten.—[3] Pageantry (pa'jent ri), something for vain outward display or appearance.—[4] Tap'estry, a kind of woven hangings for rooms, often enriched with gold and silver, representing figures of men, animals, landscapes, &c.

8. Beyŏnd 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 flesh[2]
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary[3] 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 yĕt:
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yĕt 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 plĕasures 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] Trăg' 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] Vŏl' un ta ry, willing.—[4] Wan ton (wŏn' tun), sportive; frolicsome.—[5] Gâuds, 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 wrŏngs;
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 mĕrriment
(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 trŏth,[2] I think thou lov'st me well.
Hubert. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct[3] 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 vĕry serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'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 (mĕl' an kŏl i), gloom of mind; depression of spirits.—Trŏth, truth; belief.—[3] Ad' junct, joined to, or united with

149 From the Tragedy of King John—continued.

(Interview of Hubert with Arthur, in which Hubert purposes to fulfill the murderous commission described in the preceding exercise, on which he was sent by King John.)

Hubert. Heat me these irons hot, and look thou stand
Within the arras:[1] when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
1 *Attendant.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hubert. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.
[*Attendants retire.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arthur. Good-morrow, Hubert.
Hubert. Good-morrow, little prince.
Arthur. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.
Hubert. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arthur. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hubert. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

[1] Ar'ras, tapestry; hangings of tapestry, made first at Arras, in France.

Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*
Arthur. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.
Hubert. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now, foolish rheum![1] [*Aside.*
Turning dispiteous[2] torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?
Arthur. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hubert. Young boy, I must.
Arthur. And will you?
Hubert. And I will.
Arthur. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache
I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had—a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
Hubert. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

[1] Rheum (rōm), tears.—[2] Dis pĭt' e ous, malicious; furious.

Arthur. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it,
The iron, of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
And if an ăngel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no[1] tongue but Hubert's.
Hubert. Come fŏrth. [*Stamps.*

Reënter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.
Arthur. Oh, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hubert. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arthur. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the irons angerly;
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torments you do put me to.
Hubert. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
1 *Atten.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Attendants retire.*
Arthur. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hubert. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arthur. Is there no remedy?
Hubert. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arthur. O heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,

[1] The two negatives in this line are a poetic license.

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem hŏrrible.
Hubert. Is this your promise? Go to; hold your tongue.
Arthur. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; oh, spare mine eyes:
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my trŏth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hubert. I can heat it, boy.
Arthur. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,—
Being create[1] for comfort—to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself:
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown its spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hubert. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arthur. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes,
And like a dŏg that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that does tărre[2] him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrŏng
Deny their ŏffice; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,—
Creatures[3] of note, for mercy-lacking uses.
Hubert. Well, see to live: I will not touch thine eyes
For all the trĕasure that thine uncle owes;[4]
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same vĕry iron to burn them out.
Arthur. Oh, now you look like Hubert! all this while

[1] Cre āte', poetical license for *created*.—[2] Tărre, to excite; to set on.—[3] Creature (krēt' yer), any thing created; hence Shakspeare here calls fire and iron *creatures*.—[4] Owes, owns.

You were disguised.

Hubert. Peace: no more. Adieu!—
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dŏggèd[1] spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arthur. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hubert. Silence: no more. Go closely in with me:
Much dănger do I undergo for thee.

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150. From the Tragedy of King John—concluded

[Prince Arthur is supposed to have been assassinated.]

Hubert. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixèd; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hubert. Old men, and beldams,[2] in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
While he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and mĕasure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean, unwash'd artif'icer[3]

Dŏg'ged, sullen; sour; severe.—[2] Bĕl'dăm, old or scolding woman.—[3] Ar tĭf'i cer, a mechanic; a contriver.

Cuts ŏff his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so ŏft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hubert. Had none, my lord! Why, did not you provoke me?

K. John It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dăngerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.

Hubert. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How ŏft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellŏw by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhŏrr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employed in dănger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death,
And thou, to be endearèd to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hubert. My lord——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in ex'press words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break ŏff,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;

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[1] Dăm nā' tion, condemnation.

Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which bŏth our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of fŏreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,[1]
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.
Hubert. Arm you against your other enemies;
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
K. John. Doth Arthur live? Oh, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensèd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy features; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. SHAKSPEARE.

151. The History of Prince Arthur.

AT two-and-thirty years of age, in the year 1200, John became king of England. His pretty[2] little nephew, Arthur, had the best claim to the throne; but John seized the trĕasure, and made fine promises to the nobility, and got himself crowned at Westminster within a few weeks after his brother Richard's death. I doubt whether the crown could possibly have been put upon the head of a meaner coward, or a more detestable villain, if the country had been searched from end to end to find him out.

2. The French king, Philip, refused to acknowledge the right of John to his new dignity, and declared in favor of Arthur. You must not suppose that he had any generosity of feeling for the fatherless boy; it merely sŭited his ambitious schemes to oppose the king of England. So John and the French king went to war about Arthur.

3. He was a handsome boy, at that time only twelve years old. He was not born when his father, Geoffrey, had his brains trampled out at the tournament;[1] and, besides the misfortune of never having known a father's guidance and protection, he had the additional misfortune to have a foolish mother (Constance by name), lately married to her third husband. She took Arthur, upon John's accession,[2] to the French king, who pretended to be vĕry much his friend, and made him a knight,[3] and promised him his daughter in marriage; but who cared so little about him in reality, that, finding it his interest to make peace with King John for a time, he did so without the least consideration for the poor little prince, and heartlessly sacrificed[4] all his interests.

4. Young Arthur, for two years afterward, lived quietly; and in the course of that time his mother died. But the French king, then finding it his interest to quarrel with King John again, again made Arthur his pretense,[5] and invited the orphan bŏy to court. "You know your rights, prince," said the French king, "and you would like to be a king. Is it not so?" "Truly," said Prince Arthur, "I should greatly like to be a king!"

[1] "Fleshly land," "kingdom," "confine of blood and breath"—these expressions mean his own body, or person.—[2] Pretty (prĭt' ty).

[1] Tournament (tĕr' na mĕnt), a mock fight by men on horseback, practiced as a sport in the middle ages.—[2] Accession (ak sĕsh' ŭn), coming to the throne; becoming king.—[3] Knight, a military dignity; an officer of rank in old times.—[4] Sacrificed (săk' ri fīzd) destroyed, or given up for something else.—[5] Pre tĕnse', a show of what is not real; a holding out of something feigned or false.

"Then," said Philip, "you shall have two hundred gentlemen who are knights of mine, and with them you shall go to win back the provinces belŏnging to you, of which your uncle, the usurping king of England, has taken possession. I myself, meanwhile, will head a fŏrce against him in Normandy."[1]

5. Prince Arthur went to attack the town of Mirebeau,[2] because his grandmother, Eleanor, was living there, and because his knights said, "Prince, if you can take her prisoner, you will be able to bring the king, your uncle, to terms!" But she was not to be easily taken. She was old enough by this time—eighty; but she was as full of stratagem as she was full of years and wickedness.

6. Receiving intelligence of young Arthur's approach, she shut herself up in a high tower, and encouraged her soldiers to defend it like men. Prince Arthur with his little army besieged the high tower. King John, hearing how matters stood, came up to the rescue with his army. So here was a strānge family party! The boy-prince besieging his grandmother, and his uncle besieging him.

7. This position of affairs did not last lŏng. One summer night, King John, by treachery, got his men into the town, surprised Prince Arthur's force, took two hundred of his knights, and seized the prince himself, in his bed. The knights were put in heavy irons, and driven away in open carts, drawn by bullocks, to various dungeons, where they were most inhumanly treated, and where some of them were starved to death. Prince Arthur was sent to the castle of Falaise.[3]

8. One day, while he was in prison at that castle, mournfully thinking it strānge that one so young should be in so much trouble, and looking out of the small windōw in the deep, dark wall, at the summer sky and the birds, the door was sŏftly opened, and he saw his uncle, the king, standing in the shadōw of the archway, looking very grim.

[1] Nor' man dy, an ancient province of France, bounded north and west by the English Channel.—[2] Mirebeau (Mē re bō'), a town of France, department of Vienne, 16 miles N. N. W. of Poitiers (pwå te å').—[3] Falaise (få lāz'), a town of France. The castle occupies a commanding position, and before the invention of gunpowder was a place of great strength.

9 "Arthur," said the king, with his wicked eyes more on the stone floor than on his nephew, "will you not trust to the gentleness, the friendship, and the truthfulness of your loving uncle?" "I will tell my loving uncle that," replied the boy "when he does me right. Let him restore to me my kingdom of England, and then come to me and ask the question."

10. The king looked at him and went out. "Keep that boy close prisoner," said he to the warden[1] of the castle. Then the king took secret counsel with the worst[2] of his nobles, how the prince was to be got rid of. Some said, "Put out his eyes and keep him in prison, as Robert of Normandy was kept." Others said, "Have him stabbed." Others, "Have him hanged." Others, "Have him poisoned."

11. King John, feeling that in any case, whatever was done afterward, it would be a satisfaction to his mind to have those handsome eyes burnt out, that had looked at him so proudly, while his own royal eyes were blinking at the stone floor, sent certain ruffians to Falaise to blind the boy with red-hot irons. But Arthur so pathetically entreated them, and shed such piteous tears, and so appealed to Hubert de Bourg, the warden of the castle, who had a love for him, and was a merciful, tender man, that Hubert could not bear it. To his eternal honor, he prevented the torture from being performed; and, at his own risk, sent the savages away.

12. The chafed and disappointed king bethought himself of the stabbing suggestion next; and, with his shuffling manner and his cruel face, proposed it to one William de Bray. "I am a gentleman and not an executioner," said William de Bray, and left the presence with disdain. But it was not difficult for a king to hire a murderer in those days. King John found one for his money, and sent him down to the castle of Falaise. "On what errand dost thou come?" said Hubert to this fellōw. "To dispatch young Arthur," he returned. "Go back to him who sent thee," answered Hubert, "and say that I will do it!"

13. King John, vĕry well knowing that Hubert would never do it, but that he evasively sent this reply to save the prince or gain time, dispatched messengers to convey the young prisoner

[1] Warden (wâr' dn), keeper.—[2] Worst (wûrst).

to the castle of Rouen.[1] Arthur was soon forced from the kind Hubert,—of whom he had never stood in greater need than then,—carried away by night, and lodged in his new prison: where, through his grated window, he could hear the deep waters of the river Seine rippling against the stone wall below.

14. One dark night, as he lay sleeping, dreaming, perhaps, of rescue by those unfortunate gentlemen who were obscurely suffering and dying in his cause, he was roused, and bidden by his jailer to come down the staircase to the foot of the tower. He hurriedly dressed himself, and obeyed. When they came to the bottom of the winding stairs, and the night air from the river blew upon their faces, the jailer trod upon his torch, and put it out. Then Arthur, in the darkness, was hurriedly drawn into a solitary boat; and in that boat he found his uncle and one other man.

15. He knelt to them, and prayed them not to murder him. Deaf to his entreaties, they stabbed him, and sunk his body in the river with heavy stones. When the spring morning broke, the tower-door was closed, the boat was gone, the river sparkled on its way, and never more was any trace of the poor boy beheld by mortal eyes.

CHARLES DICKENS.

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152. The Dream.

1. I HAD a dream—a strange, wild dream—
Said a dear voice at early light;
And even yet its shadows seem
To linger in my waking sight.

2. Earth green with spring, and fresh with dew,
And bright with morn, before me stood;
And airs just wakened, softly blew
On the young blossoms of the wood.

3. Birds sang within the sprouting shade,
Bees humm'd amid the whispering grass,
And children prattled as they play'd
Beside the rivulet's dimpling glass.

[1] Rou'en, a city of France, 68 miles N. W. of Paris.

4. Fast climb'd the sun! the flowers were flown,
There play'd no children in the glen;
For some were gone, and some were grown
To blooming dames and bearded men.

5. 'Twas noon, 'twas summer; I beheld
Woods darkening in the flush of day,
And that bright rivulet spread and swell'd,
A mighty stream with creek and bay.

6. And here was love, and there was strife,
And mirthful shouts, and wrathful cries,
And strong men, struggling as for life,
With knotted limbs and angry eyes.

7. Now stooped the sun—the shades grew thin;
The rustling paths were piled with leaves;
And sunburnt groups were gathering in
From the shorn field its fruits and sheaves.

8. The river heaved with sullen sounds;
The chilly wind was sad with moans;
Black hearses pass'd, and burial-grounds
Grew thick with monumental[1] stones.

9. Still waned[2] the day; the wind that chased
The jagged clouds blew chillier yet;
The woods were stripp'd, the fields were waste,
The wintry sun was near its set.

10. And of the young, and strong, and fair,
A lonely remnant, gray and weak,
Linger'd and shiver'd to the air
Of that bleak shore and water bleak.

11. Ah! age is drear, and death is cold!
I turn'd to thee, for thou wert near,
And saw thee wither'd, bow'd, and old,
And woke, all faint with sudden fear.

[1] Monu mĕnt' al, pertaining to a monument or tomb; preserving memory.—[2] Wăned, decreased; wasted.

12. 'Twas thus I heard the dreamer say,
And bade her clear her clouded brow;
"For thou and I, since childhood's day,
Have walked in such a dream till now.

13. "Watch we in calmness, as they rise,
The changes of that rapid dream,
And note its lessons, till our eyes
Shall open in the morning beam." W. C. Bryant.

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153. The White Stone Canoe.

THERE was once a very beautiful young girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was also brave, but his heart was not proof against this lŏss. From the hour she was buried, there was no more joy or peace for him. He went ŏften to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when, it was thought, by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting had bŏth lŏst their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He pushed aside both his war-club and his bow and ărrōws.

2. He had heard the old people say, that there was a path that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follōw it. He accordingly set out, one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while he could see no chānge in the face of the country. Fŏrests, and hills, and valleys, and streams had the same looks which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and finally disappeared. The fŏrest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the leaves put fŏrth their buds, and before he was aware of the completeness of the change, he found himself surrounded by spring.

3. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild, the dark clouds of winter had rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the sŏngs of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a lŏng and elevated ridge, on the vĕry top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hands.

4. The young Chippewayan began to tell his story; but the venerable chief arrested him before he had proceeded to speak ten words. "I have expected you," he replied, "and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She whom you seek passed here but a few days since, and being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will then satisfy your inqui'ries, and give you directions for your journey from this point." Having done this, they bōth issued fōrth to the lodge door. "You see yŏnder gulf," said he, "and the wide-stretching blue plains beyŏnd. It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you can not take your body alŏng. Leave it here with your bow and ărrōws, your bundle, and your dog. You will find them safe on your return."

5. So saying, he reëntered the lodge, and the freed traveler bounded forward as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes, were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded acrōss his path, with a freedom and a confidence which seemed to tell him there was no blood shed here. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves, and spōrted in the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls or shadōws of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows.

6. When he had traveled half a day's journey, through a

country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the center of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone, tied to the shore. He was now sure that he had come the right path, for the agèd man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when, to his joy and surprise, on turning round he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in every thing. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side.

7. They at once pushed out from shore and began to crŏss the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance looked ready to swallōw them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed, than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear; and what added to it, was the *clearness of the water*, through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones lay strewed on the bottom of the lake. The Master ŏf Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the actions of nēither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females of all ages and ranks, were there; some passed and some sank. It was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves.

8. At length every difficulty was gŏne, as in a moment, and they bōth leaped out on the happy island. They felt that the vĕry air was food. It strengthened and nourished them. They wandered togĕther over the blissful fields, where every thing was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests—there was no ice, no chilly winds—no one shivered for the want of warm clothes: no one suffered for hunger—no one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals; for the air itself was their food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever, but he was obligĕd to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice in a sŏft breeze.

9. "Go back," said this voice, "to the land from whence you came. Your time has not yĕt come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you must observe will be told you by my messenger, who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him and you shall afterward rejoin the spirit, which you must now leave behind. She is accepted and will be ever here, as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows." When this voice ceased, the narrā'tor awoke. It was the fancy work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows, and hunger, and tears.

H. R. Schoolcraft.

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154. Where is the Spirit-land?

1. ANSWER me, burning stars of night!
Where hath the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
E'en as a breeze, hath flown?
And the stars answer'd me—"We roll
In light and power on high;
But of the never-dying soul,
Ask things that can not die!"

2. O many-toned and chainless wind,
Thou art a wanderer free,
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?
And the wind murmur'd in reply—
"The blue deep I have crŏss'd,
And met its barks and billōws high,
But not what thou hast lŏst."

3. Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?

The bright clouds answer'd—"We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart
For that which can not die!"

4. Speak, then, thou voice of Gŏd within!
Thou of the deep, low tone,
Answer me! through life's restless din,
Where hath the spirit flown?
And the voice answer'd—"Be thou still!
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds, and stars their task fulfill—
Thine is to trust in Heaven!" MRS. HEMANS.

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155. QUEEN ISABELLA, OF SPAIN.

HER person was of the middle height, and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light-blue eyes and auburn hair, a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular, and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums[1] so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great mĕasure justified by the pōrtraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry[2] of features, with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression.

2. Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability[3] which flowed from the kindliness of her disposition. She was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity; yĕt the respect which she imposed was mingled with the strŏngest feelings of devotion and love.

3. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the peculiar situation and character of those around her. She appeared in arms at the head of her troops, and shrunk from none of the hardships of war. During the reforms introduced into the religious houses, she visited the nunneries[1] in person, taking her needle-work with her, and passing the day in the society of the inmates. When traveling in Galicia,[2] she attired herself in the costūme[3] of the country, borrowing for that purpose the jewels and other ornaments of the ladies there, and returning them with liberal additions. By this condescending and captivating deportment, as well as by her higher qualities, she gained an ascendency[4] over her turbulent[5] subjects, which no king of Spain could ever boast.

4. She spoke the Castilian[6] with much elegance and correctness. She had an easy fluency of discourse, which, though generally of a serious complexion, was occasionally seasoned with agreeable sallies, some of which have passed into proverbs. She was temperate, even to abstemiousness,[7] in her diet, seldom or never tasting wine; and so frugal in her table, that the daily expenses for herself and family did not exceed the moderate sum of forty dŭcats.[8]

5. She was equally simple and economical in her apparel. On all public occasions, indeed, she displayed a royal magnificence;[9] but she had no relish for it in private, and she freely gave away her clothes and jewels, as presents to her friends. Naturally of a sedate, though cheerful temper, she had little taste for the frivolous amusements which make up so much of a court life; and, if she encouraged the presence of minstrels and musicians in her palace, it was to wean her young nobility from the coarser and less intellectual plĕasures to which they were addicted.

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[1] En cō′ mi um, a high commendation; praise.—[2] Sym′ me try, proportion of parts to each other, or to the whole; harmony.—[3] Af fa bĭl′ i ty, easy of access; readiness to converse

[1] Nŭn′ ner ies, religious houses for females called nuns, who have forsaken the world.—[2] Galicia (gal ĭsh′ e a), an old province of Spain.—[3] Cos tūme′, established mode of dress; peculiar dress.—[4] As cĕnd′ en cy, superior or controlling influence.—[5] Turbulent (tĕr′ bu lent), riotous, violent; mutinous.—[6] Castilian (kas tĭl′ yan), the language spoken in Castile, considered the most elegant dialect of Spain.—[7] Ab stĕ′ mi ousness, a sparing use of food, or strong drink.—[8] Dŭc′ at, a coin of several countries in Europe, struck in territory governed by a duke. A silver ducat is generally of nearly the value of an American dollar, and a gold ducat of twice the value.—[9] Mag nĭf′ i cence, grandeur of appearance; splendor of show or state.

The bright clouds answer'd—"We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
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7. Where she had once given her confidence, she gave her hearty and steady support; and she was scrupulous to redeem any pledge she had made to those who ventured in her cause, however unpopular. She sustained Ximenes[2] in all his obnoxious[3] but salutary reforms. She seconded Columbus[4] in the prosecution of his arduous enterprise, and shielded him from the calumny[5] of his enemies. She did the same good service to her favorite, Gonsalvo de Cordova;[6] and the day of her death was felt, and, as it proved, truly felt, by bŏth, as the last of their good fortune.

8. Artifice and duplicity[7] were so abhŏrrent to her character, and so averse from her domestic policy, that when they appear in the fŏreign relations of Spain, it is certainly not imputable to her. She was incapable of harboring any petty distrust, or lătent malice; and, although stern in the execution and exaction of public justice, she made the most generous allowance, and even, sometimes, advances, to those who had personally injured her.

9. But the principle which gave a peculiar coloring to every feature of Isabella's mind, was piety. It shŏne fŏrth from the vĕry depths of her soul with a heavenly rādiance, which illuminated her whŏle character. Fortunately, her earliest years had been passed in the rugged school of adversity, under the eye of a mother who implanted in her serious mind such strŏng principles of religion, as nothing in after life had power to shake.

[1] Pĕr' fi dy, treachery; falsehood.—[2] Cardinal Ximenes, born 1437, died 1517. He was the queen's confessor.—[3] Obnoxious (ob nŏk' shus), odious; unpopular.—[4] Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America. Born 1436, died 1506.—[5] Căl' um ny, the uttering of a false charge, proceeding from hatred against another.—[6] Gonsalvo of Cordova, called also "the Great Captain," was a Spanish warrior, distinguished by his victories over the Moors in Spain, and the French in Naples. Born 1443, died 1515.—[7] Du plĭc' i ty, double-dealing; deceitfulness

10. At an early age, in the flower of youth and beauty, she was introduced to her brother's cōurt; but its blandishments, so dazzling to a young imagination, had no power over hers; for she was surrounded by a mŏral atmosphere of purity, "driving far ŏff each thing of sin and guilt." Such was the decorum of her manners, that, though encompassed by false friends and open enemies, not the slightest reproach was breathed on her fair name in this corrupt and calumnious[1] court.

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

156. BELSHAZZAR.

1. BELSHAZZAR is king! Belshazzar is lord!
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board;
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood;
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
And the crowds all shout, till the vast roofs ring—
"All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

2. "Bring fŏrth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold
Which my father tore down from the temples of old;
Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone;
Bring forth!" and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Bāăl,[2] and he drinks the dark wine;
While the trumpets bray, and the cymbals[3] ring,—
'Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

3. *Now* what cometh—look, look!—without menace,[4] or call?
Who writes with the lightning's bright hand on the wall?
What pierceth the king like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?

[1] Ca lŭm' ni ous, slanderous.—[2] Bā' al, an idol or false god of the Assyrians and Chaldeans.—[3] Cym' bal, a flat musical instrument, in a circular form, producing, when two are struck together, a sharp, ringing sound.—[4] Mĕn' ace, a threat; the show of probable evil to come.

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"Chaldeans! Magicians! the letters expound!"
They are read—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
Hark! The Persian is come on a conqueror's wing;
And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king!

B. W. Procter.

157. Character of Henry Clay.

HE was indeed eloquent—all the world knows that. He held the keys to the hearts of his countrymen, and he turned the wards[1] within them with a skill attained by no other master. But eloquence was, nevertheless, only an instrument, and one of many that he used. His conversation, his gestures, his very look, was magisterial,[2] persuasive, seductive, irresistible. And his appliance of all these was courteous, patient, and indefat'igable.

2. Defeat only inspired him with new resolution. He divided opposition by his assiduity[3] of address, while he rallied and strengthened his own bands of supporters by the confidence of success which, feeling himself, he easily inspired among his followers. His affections were high, and pure, and generous, and the chiefest among them was that one which the great Italian poet designated as the charity of native land. In him, that charity was an enduring and overpowering enthusiasm, and it influenced all his sentiments and conduct, rendering him more impartial between conflicting interests and sections, than any other statesman who has lived since the Revolution.

3. Thus, with great versatility[4] of talent, and the most catholic[5] equality of favor, he identified every question, whether of domestic administration or foreign policy, with his own great name, and so became a perpetual Tribune[6] of the people. He needed only to pronounce in favor of a measure, or against it,

[1] Wards, the inner parts of a lock.—[2] Mag is te'ri al, like a master; commanding.—[3] As si du'i ty, constant or close application or diligence; persevering attention.—[4] Ver sa til'i ty, the faculty of easily turning one's mind to new subjects.—[5] Cath'o lic, embracing the whole; liberal.—[6] Trib'une, in ancient Rome, an officer chosen by the people to protect them from the oppressions of the nobles.

here, and immediately popular enthusiasm, excited as by a magic wand, was felt, overcoming and dissolving all opposition in the senate-chamber.

4. In this way, he wrought a change in our political system, that, I think, was not foreseen by its founders. He converted this branch of the legislature from a negative position, or one of equilibrium[1] between the executive and the house of representatives, into the active, ruling power of the republic. Only time can disclose whether this great innovation shall be beneficent, or even permanent.

5. Certainly, sir, the great lights of the senate have set. The obscuration[2] is no less palpable to the country than to us, who are left to grope our uncertain way here, as in a labyrinth, oppressed with self-distrust. The time, too, presents new embarrassments. We are rising to another and more sublime stage of national prog'ress—that of expanding wealth and rapid territorial ag'grandizement.[3]

6. Our institutions throw a broad shadow across the St. Lawrence, and, stretching beyond the valley of Mexico, reach even to the plains of Central America, while the Sandwich Islands and the shores of China rec'ognize their renovating[4] influence. Wherever that influence is felt, a desire for protection under those institutions is awakened. Expansion seems to be regulated, not by any difficulties of resistance, but by the moderation which results from our own internal constitution. No one knows how rapidly that restraint may give way. Who can tell how far or how fast it ought to yield?

7. Commerce has brought the ancient continents near to us, and created necessities for new positions—perhaps connections or colonies there—and with the trade and friendship of the elder nations, their conflicts and collisions are brought to our doors and to our hearts. Our sympathy kindles, or indifference extinguishes, the fires of freedom in foreign lands. Before we shall be fully conscious that a change is going on in Europe, we may find ourselves once more divided by that eternal line of

[1] Equi lib'ri um, equality of weight, or power.—[2] Ob scu ra'tion, the state of being obscured, or darkened.—[3] Ag'grand ize ment, exaltation; act of becoming great.—[4] Ren'o vat ing, restoring to a good state; renewing.

separation that leaves on the one side those of our citizens who obey the impulses of sympathy, while on the other are found those who submit only to the counsels of prudence. Even prudence will soon be required to decide whether distant regions, east and west, shall come under our own protection, or be left to ăg′grandize[1] a rapidly spreading domain of hŏstile despotism.

8. Sir, who among us is equal to these mighty questions? I fear there is no one. Nevertheless, the example of Henry Clay remains for our instruction. His genius has passed to the realms of light, but his virtues still live here for our emulation.[2] With them there will remain, also, the protection and favor of the Most High, if, by the practice of justice and the māin′tenance of freedom, we shall deserve them.

9. Let, then, the bier pass on. We will follow with sŏrrōw but not without hope, the reverend form that it bears to its final resting-place; and then, when that grave opens at our feet to receive so ĕs′timable a trĕasure, we will invoke the Gŏd of our fathers to send us new guides, like him that is now withdrawn, and give us wisdom to obey their instructions.

WM. H. SEWARD.

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158. TAULER.

1. TAULER, the preacher, walk'd one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasbourg,[3] by the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn Mīracle of Life;
As one who, wandering in a starless night,
Feels, momently, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
Breaking alŏng an unimagined shore.

2. And as he walk'd he pray'd. Even the same
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart
Had groan'd: "Have pity upon me, Lord!

[1] Ag′grand ize, to make great; to enlarge; to dignify.—[2] Em u lā′tion, effort to equal or surpass.—[3] Strasbourg (strās′bĕrg), a strongly fortified city of France, on its east frontier.

Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

3. Then, as he mused, he heard alŏng his path
A sound as of an old man's staff among
The dry, dead linden-leaves; and, looking up,
He saw a strānger, weak, and poor, and old.
"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said;
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."
Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again;
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled:
"I never am unhappy."

4. Tauler laid
His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve:
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, son,
Our times are in Gŏd's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs: for shadōw as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;
And that which is not, sharing not His life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake,
I find it in submission to His will,
And calm trust in the holy trinity[1]
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

5. Silently wondering, for a little space,
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which lŏng has follow'd, whispering through the dark
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?"
"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.

[1] Trin′i ty, three united in one.

What Hell may be I know not; this I know—
I can not lose the presence of the Lord;
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

6. Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray which fell on chaos[1] clove
Apart the shadŏw wherein he had walk'd
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bow'd his head and said:
"My prayer is answer'd. Gŏd hath sent the man
Lŏng sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

7. So, entering with a chānged and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadŏw break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Harden'd to stony plinths,[2] he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade[3] and lōfty pediment,[4]
O'er architrave[5] and frieze[6] and sainted niche,[7]
Up the stone lace-work chiseled by the wise
Erwin of Steinbach,[8] dizzily up to where
In the noon-brightness the great Minster's tower,

[1] Chaos (kā' os), that confusion, or confused mass, in which matter is supposed to have existed before it was separated into different kinds, and reduced to order by the creāting power of God.—[2] Plinth, a flat, round, or square base or foundation for a column.—[3] Façade (fa sād'), front; front view or elevation of an edifice.—[4] Pĕd' i ment, an ornamental crowning of the front of a building.—[5] Architrave (ārk' i trāv), the part of a roof which rests on a column.—[6] Frieze, a flat member or face of the upper part of a column, which is often enriched with figures of animals, or other ornaments of sculpture.—[7] Niche (nitch), a hollow for a statue; a small recess in the side of a wall.—[8] Steinbach (stīn' bāk) the name of three small towns of Germany.

Jeweled with sunbeams on its mural[1] crown,
Rose like a visible prayer.

8. "Behold!" he said,
"The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes!
As yŏnder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone
When the clear day is shining on its top;
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

J. G. Whittier.

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159. The Wreck of the Arctic.

It was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages; from Rome and its trĕasures of dead art, and its glōry of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains, from the capitals of various nations; all of them saying in their hearts, we will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial[2] fury, and then we will embark; we will slide acrŏss the appeased ocean, and in the gorgeous month of October, we will greet our lŏnged-for native land, and our heart-loved homes.

2. And so the thrŏng streamed alŏng from Ber'lin, from Paris, from the Orient,[3] converging upon London, still hastening toward the welcome ship, and nărrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the Arctic borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us.

3. The hour was come. The signal ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed;[4] the

[1] Mū' ral, pertaining or attached to a wall.—[2] Equinoctial (ē kwe nŏk'shal), pertaining to the equinoxes, or the time when the day and night are of equal length. This occurs on the 21st of March and the 23d of September. At these two seasons there is generally a violent storm.—[3] O' ri ent, the east; place of the rising sun.—[4] Weighing an anchor is to draw it up

great hull swayed to the current; the nătional colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes; the wheels revolve; the signal-gun beats its echoes in upon every structure alŏng the shore, and the Arctic glides joyfully forth from the Mersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow,[1] and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He nēither revealed his presence nor whispered his ĕrrand.

4. And so hope was effulgent,[2] and lĭthe[3] gayety disported itself, and joy was with every guest. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur —home is not far away. And every morning it was still one night nearer home, and at evening one day nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of New'foundland[4] Boldly they made it, and plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers.

5. At noon there came noiselessly stealing from the north that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, bōth steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible. At a league's[5] distance, unconscious, and at nearer approach unwarned; within hail, and bearing right toward each other, unseen unfelt, till in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened Vesta dealt her deadly stroke to the Arctic.

6. The death-blow was scarcely felt alŏng the mighty hull. She nēither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor ŏfficers deemed that they had suffered harm. Prŏmpt upon humanity, the brave Luce (let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect) ordered away his bōat with the first officer, to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As Gourley went

[1] Prow, the fore-part of a ship.—[2] Ef fŭl' gent, shining with a flood of light.—[3] Lĭthe, pliant; flexible; easily bent.—[4] Newfoundland (nū fond-land').—[5] *Lèague*, three miles.

over the ship's side, oh that some good ăngel had called to the brave commander in the words of Paul on a like occasion, "except these abide in the ship ye can not be saved." They departed, and with them the hope of the ship, for now the waters, gaining upon the hold and rising up upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow.

7. Oh, had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to mind—had he stood to execute efficiently the commander's will—we may believe that we should not have to blush for the cowardice and recreancy[1] of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But, apparently, each subordinate ŏfficer lōst all presence of mind, then courage, and so honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters, and crew rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the catastrophe[2] of the collision to the catastrophe of SINKING!

8. Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is bōrne from his home, among weeping thrŏngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and the flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial-service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as if it had not been.

H. W. BEECHER.

160. LIFE.

1. IF all our hopes and all our fears
Were prison'd in life's nărrōw bound;
If, travelers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;
Oh, what could check the rising sigh?
What earthly thing could plĕasure give?

[1] Rĕc' re an cy, a cowardly yielding.—[2] Ca tăs' tro phe, calamity; disaster; a final end.

Oh, who would venture then to die?
Oh, who could then endure to live?

2. Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy vail behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead;
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a floweret smiles beneath;
Who could exist in such a tomb?
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

3. And such were life, without the ray
From our divine religion given;
'Tis *this* that makes our darkness day;
'Tis *this* that makes our earth a heaven.
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come. BOWRING.

161. SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

THE sŏrrōw for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced.[1] Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forgĕt; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament.

2. Who, even in the hour of agony, would forgĕt the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love

[1] Di vôrced′, separated.

which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

3. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is sŏftened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the sŏng of plēasure, or the burst of revelry?[1]

4. No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than sŏng. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh! the grave! the grave! It burys every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious[2] throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him!

5. But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in lŏng review the whŏle history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene;—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities.[3]

6. The last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There settle the ac-

[1] Rĕv′el ry, a carousing with noisy merriment.—[2] Compunctious (kompŭngk′shus), repentant; sorrowful.—[3] As si dŭ′i ty, constant or close application; untiring attention.

count with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited,[1] every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition.[2]

7. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sŏrrōw to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whōle happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wrŏnged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thrŏnging back upon thy memory, and knock dolefully at thy soul; then bē sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant in the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

8. Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of Nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile[3] tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite[4] affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living. WASHINGTON IRVING

162. PASSING AWAY.

1. I ASK'D the stars in the pŏmp of night,
Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
Bright with beauty and girt with power,
Whether eternity were not their dower;[5]
And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
Bearing this message to mortal ears:—

[1] Un re quit' ed, not repaid; not done or given in return.—[2] Contrition (kon trĭsh' un), repentance; deep sorrow for sin.—[3] Fū tile, trifling; worthless.—[4] Cŏn' trite, worn; sorrowful; bowed down with grief.—[5] E tĕr' ni ty, duration or continuance without end.—[6] Dow' er, the part of a man's property which his widow enjoys during her life, after his death; here means gift or possession.

2. "We have no light that hath not been given;
We have no strength but shall soon be riven;
We have no power wherein man may trust;
Like him are we things of time and dust;
And the lēgend[1] we blazon[2] with beam and ray,
And the sŏng of our silence, is—'PASSING AWAY.'

3. "We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,
Like lamps that have served for a festal night;
We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strŏng,
Like rose-leaves swept by the breeze alŏng;
Though worship'd as gŏds in the olden day,
We shall be like a vain dream—PASSING AWAY."

4. From the stars of heaven and the flowers of earth,
From the pāgeant of power and the voice of mirth,
From the mist of the morn on the mountain's brow,
From childhood's sŏng and affection's vow,
From all save that o'er which soul bears sway,
There breathes but one record—"PASSING AWAY."

5. "Passing away," sing the breeze and rill,
As they sweep on their cōurse by vale and hill:
Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime,
'Tis the lesson of nature, the voice of time;
And man at last, like his fathers gray,
Writes in his own dust, "PASSING AWAY."

MISS M. J. JEWSBURY.

163. PROMISES OF RELIGION TO THE YOUNG.

IN every part of Scripture, it is remarkable with what singular tenderness the season of youth is always mentioned, and what hopes are afforded to the devotion of the young. It was at that age that Gŏd appeared unto Moses, when he fed his flock in the desert, and called him to the command of his own people. It was at that age he visited the infant Samuel, while he ministered in the temple of the Lord, "in days when the

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count with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited,[1] every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition.[2]

7. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sŏrrōw to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whōle happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wrŏnged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thrŏnging back upon thy memory, and knock dolefully at thy soul; then bē sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant in the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

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word of the Lord was precious, and when there was no open vision." It was at that age that his spirit fell upon David, while he was yet the youngest of his father's sons, and when, among the mountains of Bethlehem, he fed his father's sheep.

2. It was at that age, also, "that they brought young children unto Christ, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it he was much displeased, and said to them, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." If these, then, are the effects and promises of youthful piety, rejoice, O young man, in thy youth! Rejoice in those days which are never to return, when religion comes to thee in all its charms, and when the Gŏd of nature reveals himself to thy soul like the mild radiance[1] of the morning sun, when he rises amid the blessings of a grateful world.

3. If already devotion hath taught thee her secret plĕasures; if, when nature meets thee in all its magnificence[2] or beauty, thy heart humbleth itself in adoration before the hand which made it, and rejoiceth in the contemplation of the wisdom by which it is maintained; if, when revelation unvails her mercies, and the Son of God comes fŏrth to give peace and hope to fallen man, thine eye follows with astonishment the glŏries of his path, and pours at last over his cross those pious tears which it is a delight to shed; if thy soul accompanieth him in his triumph over the grave, and entereth on the wings of faith into that heaven "where he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high," and seeth the "society of ăngels and of the spirits of just men made perfect," and listeneth to the "everlasting sŏng which is sung before the throne;" if such are the meditations[3] in which thy youthful hours are passed, renounce not, for all that life can offer thee in exchange, these solitary joys.

4. The world which is before thee, the world which thine imagination paints in such brightness, has no plĕasures to bestow that can compare with these. And all that its boasted wisdom can produce has nothing so acceptable in the sight of Heaven, as this pure ŏffering of thy soul. In these days, "the Lord himself is thy shepherd, and thou dost not want. Amid the green pastures, and by the still waters" of youth, he now makes "thy soul to repose."

[1] Rā'di ance, brightness shooting in rays; luster.—[2] Mag nĭf'i cence, grandeur of appearance.—[3] Med i tā' tions, deep thoughts.

5. But the years draw nigh, when life shall call thee to its trials; the evil days are on the wing, when "thou shalt say thou hast no plĕasure in them;" and, as thy steps advance, "the valley of the shadow of death opens," through which thou must pass at last. It is then thou shalt know what it is to "remember thy Creätor in the days of thy youth." In these days of trial or of awe, "his Spirit shall be with you," and thou shalt fear no ill; and, amid every evil which surrounds you, "he shall restore thy soul. His goodness and mercy shall follow thee all the days of thy life;" and when at last the "silver cord is loosed,[1] thy spirit shall return to the God who gave it, and thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

ARCHIBALD ALISON.

164. The Pure in Heart shall Meet Again.

1 IF yon bright orbs which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits reünite,
Whom death hath tŏrn asunder here,—
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this dreary world afar,—
Meet soul with soul, and cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star!

2. But oh, how dark, how drear, how lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We fail to find the loved of this!—
If there no more the ties shall twine,
That death's cold hand alone can sever,
Ah! then those stars in mŏckery shine,
More hateful as they shine forever.

[1] "Silver cord is loosed," a beautiful figurative expression for *death*.

3. It can not be; each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye, or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There is a voice which sŏrrōw hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,—
'Tis Heaven that whispers,—"DRY THY TEARS,
THE PURE IN HEART SHALL MEET AGAIN."

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

165. DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of Gŏd, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, găthered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

2. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage, and the strŏng heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gŏne. Sŏrrōw was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imaged—in her tranquil[1] beauty and profound repose.

3. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this chānge. Yes! the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the ăngels, in their majesty, after death.

[1] Trăn' quil, quiet; calm; undisturbed.

4. The old man held one languid[1] arm in his, and the small, tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

5. She was dead, and past all help, or need of help. The ān-cient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yĕsterday, could know her no more.

6. "It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not in *this* world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

7. She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them and used them kindly; for she ŏften said "God bless you!" with great fervor.

8. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which, she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been. Opening her eyes, at last, from a vĕry quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forgĕt—and clung, with bŏth her arms, about

[1] Languid (lăng gwid), drooping; without activity or animation

his neck. She had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

9. The child who had been her little friend, came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her; saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

10. Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

11. Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And, when the day came on which they must remove her, in her earthly shape, from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

12. And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice—rung its remorseless[1] toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit[2] age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing; grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old;

[1] Re morse less, having no compassion or pity; pitiless.— De crep' it Infirm; feeble.

the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied—the living dead, in many shapes and forms,—to see the closing of that early grave.

13. Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it—whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat, when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

14. They carried her to one old nook, where she had, many and many a time, sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

15. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath; many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave, before the stone should be replaced.

16. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing, with a pensive face, upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone, at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old walls. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and, when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed.

17. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared, in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place; when the bright moon poured in her

light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and, most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave; in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

CHARLES DICKENS.

166. The Alpine Sheep.

1. WHEN on my ear your lŏss was knell'd,[1]
And tender sympathy upburst,[2]
A little spring from memory well'd,
Which once had quench'd my bitter thirst;[3]
And I was fain to bear[4] to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be a healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

2. After[5] our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of Death,
Like a lŏng twilight haunting lay,
And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

3. They in the valley's sheltering care,[6]
Soon crop the meadōws' tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,[7]
The Shepherd strives to make them climb
To airy[8] shelves of pasture[9] green,
That hang alŏng the mountain's side,
Where grass[10] and flowers togĕther lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

[1] Knelled (nĕld), tolled by a bell; struck as on a bell.—[2] Upburst (up bĕrst').—[3] Thirst (thĕrst).—[4] Bear (bâr).—[5] After (âft' er).—[6] Câre.—[7] Bâre.—[8] Airy (âr' e).—[9] Pasture (pâst' yer).—[10] Grâss

4. But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path[1] to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And scar'd[2] below the pastures lie,
Till in his arms his lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge[3] to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow

5. And in those pastures, lifted fair,[4]
More dewy-sŏft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs togĕther feed.
This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south-wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thralldom[5] to the sea.

6. A blissful vision[6] through the night
Would all my happy senses sway
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,
Holding our little lamb asleep,
While, like the murmur[7] of the sea,
Sounded that voice alŏng the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me."

MARIA LOWELL.

167. The Sleep.

1. OF all the thoughts of Gŏd that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Alŏng the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His belovèd, sleep?"

[1] Pâth.—[2] Sèared, dry; burnt.—[3] Verge (vĕrj), border; edge.—[4] Fair (fâr).—[5] Thrâll' dom, bondage; confinement.—[6] Vision (viz' un), something imagined to be seen, but not real.—[7] Murmur (mĕr' mer), a low, continued, or frequently repeated sound.

2. What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved;
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep;
The senate's shout to pātriot vows;
The monarch's crown to light the brows!
"He giveth *His* belovèd, sleep."[1]

3. What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved;
A little dust, to over weep;
And bitter memories to make
The whōle earth blasted for our sake?
"He giveth *His* belovèd, sleep."

4. "Sleep sŏft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dust that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth *His* belovèd, sleep."

5. O Earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd[2] gold! the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
"And giveth His belovèd, sleep!"

6. His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it resteth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More sŏftly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His belovèd, sleep!"

[1] "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so *he giveth his beloved sleep.*" (Psalm cxxvii. 1, 2.)—[2] Dĕlv'ed dug out of the earth.

7 Yea! men may wonder when they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep;
But ăngels say—and through the word
I ween[1] their blessèd smile is *heard*—
"He giveth His belovèd, sleep!"

8 For me, my heart, that erst[2] did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the juggler's[3] leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
"Who giveth His belovèd, sleep!"

9. And friends! dear friends! when it shall be
That this low breath is gŏne from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,—
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His belovèd, sleep!"

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

168. A Sister Pleading for a Condemned Brother

Isabella. I am a woful suitor to your honor;
Please but your honor hear me.
Angelo. Well; what's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done;

[1] Wēen, think; fancy; imagine.—[2] Erst, at first; formerly; till now.—[3] Jăg'gler, a cheat; a deceiver; one who practices or exhibits sleight of hand tricks.

Mine were the very cipher of a function,[1]
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just but severe law!
I *had* a brother, then;—must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And nēither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look; what I will not, that I can not do.
Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrŏng
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.
Isab. Too late? Why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: well, believe this,
No ceremony that to the great belŏngs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon,[2] nor the judge's robe,
Becomes them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, begŏne.
Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,[3]
And you were Isabel; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit[4] of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that are, were forfeit once;
And He, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,

[1] Function (fŭngk'shun), duty; office; performance.—[2] Truncheon (trŭn'shun), a short staff; a club.—[3] Pō'tency, power; authority.—[4] For'feit, that which is lost by an offense.

If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he dies to-mŏrrōw.
Isab. To-morrow? oh! that's sudden. Spare him, spare him.
Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offense?
There's many have committed it.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept;
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict[1] infringe,[2]
Had answer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Or new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in prŏg'ress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees;
But ere they live, to end.
Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offense would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrŏng,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-mŏrrōw; be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence:
And he, that suffers: oh! 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous[3]
To use it like a giant.——Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splittest the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak,
Than the sŏft myrtle: Oh, but man, proud man,

[1] E'dict, proclamation; law.—[2] In fringe', break; encroach upon.—[3] Tyr'annous, cruel; unjustly severe.

Dress'd in a little brief authŏrity,
Most ignŏrant of what he's most assured,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the ăngels weep.
We can not weigh our brother with yourself:
Great men may jest with saints,—'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.[1]
That in the captain's but a choleric[2] word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.[3]

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authŏrity, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, 'tis such sense,
That my sense bleeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me; come again to-mŏrrōw.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you; good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that Heaven shall share with you.
Not with fond shĕkels[4] of the tested[5] gold,
Or stones, whose rate is either rich or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at Heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise; prayers from preservèd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well, come to-morrow.

Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe. SHAKSPEARE.

[1] Prof a nā' tion, a violation of something sacred; treating with abuse or disrespect.—[2] Choleric (kŏl' er ik), angry; passionate.—[3] Blās' phemy, irreverent or contemptuous words uttered wickedly against God.—[4] Shekel (shĕk' kl), a Jewish coin of the value of about half a dollar, or sixty cents.—[5] Test' ed, tried; purified.

169. The Traveler.

1. WITHDRAW yŏn curtain, look within that room,
Where all is splendor, yet where all is gloom:
Why weeps that mother? why, in pensive mood,
Group noiseless round, that little, lovely brood?
The battle-door is still, laid by each book,
And the harp slumbers in its custom'd nook.
Who hath done this? what cold, unpitying foe
Hath made this house the dwelling-place of woe!

2. 'Tis he, the husband, father, lŏst in care,
O'er that sweet fellōw in his cradle there:
The gallant bark that rides by yŏnder strand
Bears him to-mŏrrōw from his native land.
Why turns he, half unwilling, from his home,
To tempt the ocean, and the earth to roam?
Wealth he can boast a miser's sigh would hush,
And health is laughing in that ruddy blush;
Friends spring to greet him, and he has no foe—
So honor'd and so bless'd, what bids him go?—

3. His eye must see, his foot each spot must tread,
Where sleeps the dust of earth's recorded dead;
Where rise the monuments of ăncient time,
Pillar and pyramid in age sublime;
The Pagan's temple and the Churchman's tower,
War's bloodiest plain and Wisdom's greenest bower;
All that his wonder woke in school-boy themes,
All that his fancy fired in youthful dreams:
Where Socrates[1] once taught he thirsts to stray,
Where Homer[2] pour'd his everlasting lay;

[1] Socrates, an illustrious Grecian philosopher and teacher of youth was born at Athens, in the year 468 B. C. Though the best of all the men of his time, and one of the wisest and most just of all men, he unjustly suffered the punishment of death for impiety at the age of seventy.—[2] Homer, the most distinguished of poets, called the "Father of Song." He is supposed to have been an Asiatic Greek, though his birth-place, and the period in which he lived, are not known.

From Virgil's[1] tomb he lŏngs to pluck one flower
By Avon's[2] stream to live one moonlight hour;
To pause where England "garners up" her great,
And drop a pātriot's tear to Milton's[3] fate;
Fame's living masters, too, he must behold,
Whose deeds shall blazon with the best of old;
Nations compare, their laws and customs scan,
And read, wherever spread, the book of Man:
For these he goes, self-banish'd from his hearth,
And wrings the hearts of all he loves on earth.

4. Yĕt say, shall not new joy those hearts inspire,
When, grouping round the future winter fire,
To hear the wonders of the world they burn,
And lose his absence in his glad return?—
Return?—alas! he shall return no more,
To bless his own sweet home, his own proud shore,
Look once again—cold in his cabin now,
Death's finger-mark is on his pallid brow;
No wife stood by, her patient watch to keep,
To smile on him, then turn away to weep;
Kind woman's place rough măriners supplied,
And shared the wanderer's blessing when he died.

5. Wrapp'd in the raiment that it lŏng must wear,
His body to the deck they slowly bear;
Even there the spirit that I sing is true,
The crew look on with sad, but curious view;
The setting sun flings round his farewell rays,
O'er the broad ocean not a ripple plays;
How eloquent, how awful, in its power,
The silent lecture of death's sabbath hour!

[1] Virgil, the most distinguished of the Roman poets, was born at Andes, a small village of Mantua, on the 15th of October, B. C. 70. He died on the 22d of September, B. C. 19, before completing his fifty-first year. His body lies buried at the distance of two miles from the city of Naples.—[2] Avon, a river in England, on the bank of which Shakspeare was born.—[3] John Milton, the most illustrious English poet, was born in London, on the 9th of December, 1608. He died on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1675.

One voice that silence breaks—the prayer is said,
And the last rite man pays to man is paid;
The plashing waters mark his resting-place,
And fold him round in one lŏng, cold embrace;
Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more;
Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

170. Discovery of America.

THE discovery itself of the Amĕrican continent may, I think, fairly be considered the most extraordinary event in the history of the world. In this, as in other cases, familiarity blunts the edge of our perceptions; but much as I have meditated, and ŏften as I have treated this theme, its magnitude grows upon me with each successive contemplation.

2. That a continent nearly as large as Europe and Africa united, spread out on bŏth sides of the equator, lying between the western shores of Europe and Africa and the eastern shore of Asia,[1] with groups of islands in ēither ocean, as it were stopping-places on the march of discovery,—a continent, not inhabited indeed by civilized races, but still occupied by one of the families of rātional man,—that this great hemisphere, I say, should have lain undiscovered for five thousand years upon the bosom of the deep,—a mystery so vast, within so short a distance, and yĕt not found out,—is indeed a marvel.

3. Mute nature, if I may so express myself, had made the discovery to the philosopher, for the preponderance[2] of land in the eastern hemisphere demanded a counterpoise[3] in the west. Dark-wooded trees, unknown to the Europē'an naturalist, had from age to age drifted over the sea and told of the tropical fŏrests where they grew. Stupendous ocean cŭrrents, driven

[1] Asia (ā'she a).—[2] Pre pŏn'der ance, greater weight.—[3] Coun'ter poise, a weight to balance another; a force or power sufficient to balance another.

From Virgil's[1] tomb he lŏngs to pluck one flower
By Avon's[2] stream to live one moonlight hour;
To pause where England "garners up" her great,
And drop a pātriot's tear to Milton's[3] fate;
Fame's living masters, too, he must behold,
Whose deeds shall blazon with the best of old;
Nations compare, their laws and customs scan,
And read, wherever spread, the book of Man:
For these he goes, self-banish'd from his hearth,
And wrings the hearts of all he loves on earth.

4. Yĕt say, shall not new joy those hearts inspire,
When, grouping round the future winter fire,
To hear the wonders of the world they burn,
And lose his absence in his glad return?—
Return?—alas! he shall return no more,
To bless his own sweet home, his own proud shore,
Look once again—cold in his cabin now,
Death's finger-mark is on his pallid brow;
No wife stood by, her patient watch to keep,
To smile on him, then turn away to weep;
Kind woman's place rough măriners supplied,
And shared the wanderer's blessing when he died.

5. Wrapp'd in the raiment that it lŏng must wear,
His body to the deck they slowly bear;
Even there the spirit that I sing is true,
The crew look on with sad, but curious view;
The setting sun flings round his farewell rays,
O'er the broad ocean not a ripple plays;
How eloquent, how awful, in its power,
The silent lecture of death's sabbath hour!

[1] Virgil, the most distinguished of the Roman poets, was born at Andes, a small village of Mantua, on the 15th of October, B. C. 70. He died on the 22d of September, B. C. 19, before completing his fifty-first year. His body lies buried at the distance of two miles from the city of Naples.—[2] Avon, a river in England, on the bank of which Shakspeare was born.—[3] John Milton, the most illustrious English poet, was born in London, on the 9th of December, 1608. He died on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1675.

One voice that silence breaks—the prayer is said,
And the last rite man pays to man is paid;
The plashing waters mark his resting-place,
And fold him round in one lŏng, cold embrace;
Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more;
Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

170. Discovery of America.

THE discovery itself of the Amĕrican continent may, I think, fairly be considered the most extraordinary event in the history of the world. In this, as in other cases, familiarity blunts the edge of our perceptions; but much as I have meditated, and ŏften as I have treated this theme, its magnitude grows upon me with each successive contemplation.

2. That a continent nearly as large as Europe and Africa united, spread out on bŏth sides of the equator, lying between the western shores of Europe and Africa and the eastern shore of Asia,[1] with groups of islands in ēither ocean, as it were stopping-places on the march of discovery,—a continent, not inhabited indeed by civilized races, but still occupied by one of the families of rātional man,—that this great hemisphere, I say, should have lain undiscovered for five thousand years upon the bosom of the deep,—a mystery so vast, within so short a distance, and yĕt not found out,—is indeed a marvel.

3. Mute nature, if I may so express myself, had made the discovery to the philosopher, for the preponderance[2] of land in the eastern hemisphere demanded a counterpoise[3] in the west. Dark-wooded trees, unknown to the Europē'an naturalist, had from age to age drifted over the sea and told of the tropical fŏrests where they grew. Stupendous ocean cŭrrents, driven

[1] Asia (ā'she a).—[2] Pre pŏn'der ance, greater weight.—[3] Coun'ter poise, a weight to balance another; a force or power sufficient to balance another.

westward by the ever-breathing trade-winds,[1] had wheeled their mighty flexures[2] alŏng the Amĕrican coast, and returned to Europe with tidings of the everlasting breakwater[3] which had stopped their way.

4. But the fullness of time had not yĕt come. Egypt and Assyria, and Tyre and Carthage, and Greece and Rome, must flourish and fall, before the seals are broken. They must show what they can do for humanity before the vail which hides its last hope is lifted up. The ăncient civilization must be weighed in a balance and found wanting.

5. Yes, and more. Nature must unlock her rarest mysteries; the quivering steel[4] must learn to tremble to the pole; the ăs'-trolābe[5] must climb the arch of heaven, and bring down the sun to the horĭ'zon; science must demōn'strate[6] the sphericity[7] of the earth, which the ăncients suspected, but could not prove; the press must scatter the flying rear of mediæval[8] darkness; the creative instincts of a new political, intellectual, and social life, must begin to kindle into action; and then the Discoverer may go fŏrth.

EDWARD EVERETT.

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171. The Flight of Years.

1. GONE! gŏne forever!—like a rushing wave
Another year has burst upon the shŏre
Of earthly being—and its last low tones,

[1] Trāde'-wind, a wind in or near the tropical countries, which constantly blows in the same direction. Vessels engaged in trade avail themselves of these winds, and hence their name. In north latitudes, they blow from northeast to southwest; and in south latitudes, from southeast to northwest.—[2] Flexures (flĕks' yerz), bendings or windings.—[3] Brēak' wā ter, any mole, mound, or wall, raised in a river or harbor to break the force of the waves and protect shipping; any thing that stops or changes the current of water.—[4] The magnetic needle, or mariner's compass.—[5] As' tro lābe, an instrument formerly used for measuring the height of the sun or stars at sea.—[6] Dē mŏn' strāte, to prove to a certainty, or with great clearness.—[7] Sphericity (sfē rĭs' i ty), roundness in every direction; the shape of a ball.—[8] Me di æ' val, relating to the Middle Ages, that is, from the latter part of the fifth to the fifteenth century. This period, consisting of a thousand years, is sometimes called the *dark ages*, on account of the ignorance and want of learning which then existed.

Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo.

2. The gay spring,
With its young charms, has gŏne—gone with its leaves—
Its atmosphere of roses—its white clouds
Slumbering like seraphs[1] in the air—its birds
Telling their loves in music—and its streams
Leaping and shouting from the up-piled rocks
To make earth echo with the joy of waves.

3. And summer, with its dews and showers, has gŏne—
Its rainbows glowing on the distant cloud
Like Spirits of the Storm—its peaceful lakes
Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening flowers, and budding trees,
And overhanging sky—and its bright mists
Resting upon the mountain tops, as crowns
Upon the heads of giants.

4. Autumn too
Has gŏne, with all its deeper glories—gone
With its green hills like altars of the world
Lifting their rich fruit-offerings to their Gŏd—
Its cool winds straying mid the fŏrest aisles[2]
To wake their thousand wind-harps—its serene
And holy sunsets hanging o'er the west
Like banners from the battlements[3] of Heaven—
And its still evenings, when the moonlit sea
Was ever throbbing, like the living heart
Of the great Universe. Ay[4]—these are now
But sounds and visions of the past—their deep,
Wild beauty has departed from the earth;
And they are găther'd to the embrace of Death,
Their solemn herald to Eternity.

5. Nor have they gŏne alone. High human hearts
Of passion have gone with them. The fresh dust

[1] Sēr'aph, an angel of the highest order.—[2] Aisles (īlz), passages; alleys.—[3] Bāt' tle ments, walls of defense, with openings, raised on buildings.—[4] Ay (ā'), yes; certainly.

Is chill on many a breast, that burn'd erewhile
With fires that seem'd immortal. Joys, that leap'd
Like ăngels from the heart, and wander'd free
In life's young morn to look upon the flowers,
The poetry of nature, and to list
The woven sounds of breeze, and bird, and stream,
Upon the night air, have been stricken down
In silence to the dust.

6. Exultant[1] Hope,
That roved forever on the buoyant[2] winds
Like the bright, starry bird of Paradise,
And chanted to the ever-listening heart
In the wild music of a thousand tongues,
Or soar'd into the open sky, until
Night's burning gems seem'd jewel'd on her brow,
Has shut her drooping wing, and made her home
Within the voiceless sepulchre. And Love,
That knelt at Passion's holiest shrine, and gazed
On his heart's idol as on some sweet star,
Whose purity and distance make it dear,
And dream'd of ecstasies,[3] until his soul
Seem'd but a lyre, that waken'd in the glance
Of the belovèd one—he too has gŏne
To his eternal resting-place.

7. And where
Is stern Ambition—he who madly grasp'd
At Glory's fleeting phantom[4]—he who sought
His fame upon the battle-field, and lŏng'd
To make his throne a pyramid of bones
Amid a sea of blood? He too has gŏne!
His stormy voice is mute—his mighty arm
Is nerveless[5] on its clod—his very name
Is but a meteor[6] of the night of years

Exultant (egzŭlt'ant), rejoicing greatly.—[2] Buoyant (bwăi'ant) bearing up; light.—[3] Ec'stasy, extreme joy or pleasure; overpowering emotion.—[4] Phăn'tom, something that appears; something imagined to be seen, but not real.—[5] Nĕrve'less, destitute of strength; powerless.—[6] Mē'teor, a luminous body passing in the air; any thing that dazzles and strikes with wonder.

Whose gleams flash'd out a moment o'er the earth
And faded into nothingness. The dream
Of high devotion—beauty's bright array—
And life's deep idol memories—all have pass'd
Like the cloud-shadōws on a starlight stream,
Or a sōft strain of music, when the winds
Are slumbering on the billōw.

172. The Flight of Years—concluded.

1. YET, why muse
Upon the past with sŏrrōw? Though the year
Has gŏne to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne alŏng
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glōry and of beauty—yet, why mourn
That such is destiny?

2. Another year
Succeedeth to the past—in their bright round
The seasons come and go—the same blue arch,
That hath hung o'er us, will hang o'er us yĕt—
The same pure stars that we have loved to watch,
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour,
Like lilies on the tomb of day—and still
Man will remain, to dream as he hath dream'd,
And mark the air with passion.

3. Love will spring
From the lone tomb of old Affections—Hope,
And Joy, and great Ambition will rise up
As they have risen—and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of heaven were prison'd in its soundless depths,
And struggling to be free.

4. Weep not, that Time
Is passing on—it will ere lŏng reveal
A brighter era[1] to the nations. Hark!
Alŏng the vales and mountains of the earth
There is a deep, portentous[2] murmuring,
Like the swift rush of subterranean[3] streams,
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce Tempest, with sonorous[4] wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
And hŭrries onward with his night of clouds
Against the eternal mountains.

5. 'Tis the voice
Of infant Freedom—and her stirring call
Is heard and answer'd in a thousand tones
From every hill-top of her western home—
And lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood—
And "Freedom! Freedom!" is the answering shout
Of nations starting from the spell of years.

6. The day-spring!—see!—'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign—
From tower to tower the signal-fires flash free—
And the deep watch-word, like the rush of seas
That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
Is sounding o'er the earth.

7. Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing!—Yŏn glorious bow
Of Freedom, bended by the hand of Gŏd,
Is spanning[5] Time's dark surges.[6] Its high Arch,
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,

[1] E'ra, a fixed point of time from which any number of years is begun to be counted; a number of years, following each other in order, commencing at a fixed time, or contained between two fixed points of time. —[2] Por tĕnt' ous, foretokening ill; wonderful; threatening.—[3] Sub ter rā' ne an, being under the surface of the earth.—[4] So nŏ' rous, giving a full sound; loud-sounding.—[5] Spăn' ning, measuring or reaching from one side to the other.—[6] Surges (sĕrj' ez), rising billows; great waves rolling above the general surface of the water.

Tells, that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Găthering the forms of glōry and of peace,
Reflect the undimm'd brightness of the Heavens.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

173. The Decay of Nature and of Man.

THERE is an eventide in the day—an hour when the sun retires, and the shadōws fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination with images of gloom; it is the hour, on the other hand, which, in every age, the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendors of the day.

2. Its first impression is to still all the turbulence[1] of thought or passion which the day may have brought fōrth. We follōw, with our eye, the descending sun; we listen to the decaying sounds of labor and of toil; and when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness breathe upon our souls, and calm them from the agitations of society.

3. From this first impression, there is a second, which naturally follōws it. In the day we are living with men; in the eventide we begin to live with nature; we see the world withdrawn from us, the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour, fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardor of every impure desire, and, while it vails for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate[2] affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved.

4. There is yet a further scene it presents to us. While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendors of the firmament[3] come

[1] Turbulence (tĕr' bu lĕns), confusion; commotion; troubled state.—[2] Le gĭt' i māte, lawful; true; belonging to their nature.—[3] Firm' a ment, the heavens.

forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, heaven opens to our eyes the rādiance[1] of a sublimer being, our hearts follow the successive splendors of the scene; and while we forgĕt, for a time, the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are "yet greater things than these," and that we "have a Father who dwelleth in the heavens, and who yet deigneth to consider the things that are upon earth."

5. There is, in the second place, an "eventide" in the year—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious[2] light—when the winds arise, and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy; and if, by this word, be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic[3] in its influence, that they who have known it feel, instinctively, that it is the doing of Gŏd, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched but to fine issues.[4]

6. It is a season, in the first place, which tends to wean us from the passions of the world. Every passion, however base or unworthy, is yet eloquent. It speaks to us of present enjoyment; it tells us of what men have done and what men may do, and it supports us everywhere by the example of many around us. When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still, but steady advances of time.

7. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant.[5] He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more "blossoms like the rose;" the sŏng of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence[6] of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature

[1] Rā' di ance, vivid brightness; splendor.—[2] Propitious (pro plsh' us), highly favorable.—[3] Pro phĕt' ic, containing a previous assertion of a future event.—[4] Issue (lsh' shū), effect; result.—[5] As cĕnd' ant, superior influence; elevation.—[6] Mag nlf' i cence, grandeur of appearance; splendor of show or state.

We sit down in the lodge "of the wayfaring man in the wilderness," and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate.

8. Such, also, in a few years, will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay; and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop forever. We rise from our meditations with hearts sŏftened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have "disquieted ourselves in vain."

174. The Decay of Nature and of Man--concluded.

IT is the peculiar character of the melancholy which such seasons excite, that it is general. It is not an individual remonstrance; it is not the harsh language of human wisdom, which too ŏften insults while it instructs us. When the winds of autumn sigh around us, their voice speaks not to us only, but to our kind; and the lesson they teach us is not that we alone decay, but that such also is the fate of all the generations of man. "They are the green leaves of the tree of the desert, which perish and are renewed."

2. In such a sentiment there is a kind of sublimity mingled with its melancholy: our tears fall, but they fall not for ourselves; and, although the train of our thoughts may have begun with the selfishness of our own concerns, we feel that, by the ministry of some mysterious power, they end in awakening our concern for every being that lives.

3. Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse, humanity, will also have perished. The mightiest pāgeantry[1] of life will pass; the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave; the wicked, wherever active, "will cease from troubling," and the weary, wherever suffering, "will be at rest." Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animos-

[1] Pā' ġeant ry something by way of ostentation or show; pompous exhibition.

ities, the hatreds, which society may have engendered,[3] sink unperceived from our bosoms.

4. In the general desolation of nature, we feel the littleness of our own passions; we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all; we anticipate the graves of those we hate, as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls, with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

5. There is an eventide in human life, a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analogous;[3] and much it becomes, and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instructions which the season brings.

6. The spring and the summer of your days are gŏne, and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude, which the beneficence[4] of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty chānge which you are then to undergo.

7. If it be thus, my elder brethren, you have the wisdom to use the decaying season of nature, it brings with it consolations more valuable than all the enjoyments of former days. In the lŏng rĕtrospect[5] of your journey, you have seen every day the shades of the evening fall, and every year the clouds of winter gāther. But you have seen also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness, and in every succeeding year the spring return to renovate[6] the winter of nature.

8. It is now you may understand the magnificent[7] language

[1] An i mŏs' i ty, extreme hatred.—[2] En gĕn' dered, given birth to; caused or produced.—[3] A năl' o gous, bearing some proportion or resemblance.—[4] Be nĕf' i cence, active goodness, kindness, or charity.—[5] Rĕt'-ro spect, contemplation or view of something past; review.—[6] Rĕn' o-vāte, to restore to a good state; to make new, fresh, or vigorous.—[7] Mag nĭf' i cent, brilliant; splendid.

of Heaven: it mingles its voice with that of revelation; it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gāthering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation; and while the shadowy valley opens which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those "green pastures and those still waters," where there is an eternal spring for the children of God. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

175. The Death of Adam.

1. THE sun, in summer majesty on high,
Darted his fierce effulgence[1] down the sky;
Yĕt dimm'd and blunted were the dazzling rays,
His orb expanded through a dreary haze,
And, circled with a red, portentous[2] zone,
He look'd in sickly hŏrror from his throne:
The vital air was still; the tŏrrid heat
Oppress'd our hearts, that labor'd hard to beat.
When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade,
Thence to his home our father we convey'd;
And stretch'd him, pillōw'd with his latest sheaves,
On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.
Here, though his sufferings through the glen were known,
We chose to watch his dying-bed alone,
Eve, Seth, and I.[3]

2. In vain he sigh'd for rest,
And ŏft his meek complainings thus express'd:
"Blow on me, Wind! I faint with heat! Oh, bring
Delicious water from the deepest spring;
Your sunless shadōws o'er my limbs diffuse,[4]
Ye Cedars! wash me cold with midnight dews;
Cheer me, my friends! with looks of kindness cheer;
Whisper a word of comfort in mine ear;

[1] Ef fŭl' gence, a flood of light; splendor.—[2] Por tĕnt' ous, ominous; foreboding ill.—[3] ENOCH is here supposed to relate the circumstances of the death of ADAM.—[4] Diffuse (dĭf fūz'), pour out; spread; extend in all directions.

Those sŏrrōwing faces fill my soul with gloom—
This silence is the silence of the tomb"

3. The sun went down amid an angry glare
Of flushing clouds, that crimson'd all the air;
The winds brake loose; the fŏrest boughs were tŏrn,
And dark aloof the eddying foliăge borne:
Cattle to shelter scudded in affright;
The flŏrid Evening vanish'd into night:
Then burst the hŭrricane upon the vale,
In peals of thunder, and thick-volley'd hail;
Prone rushing rains with tŏrrents whelm'd the land;
Our cot amid a river seem'd to stand;
Around its base, the foamy-crested streams
Flash'd through the darkness to the lightning's gleams;
With monstrous throes an earthquake heaved the ground;
The rocks were rent, the mountains trembled round:
Never, since Nature into being came,
Had such mysterious motion shook her frame:
We thought, ingulf'd in floods, or wrapt in fire,
The world itself would perish with our sire.

4. Amid this war of elements, within
More dreadful grew the săcrifice of sin,
Whose victim on his bed of torture lay,
Breathing the slow remains of life away.
Erewhile, victorious faith sublimer rose
Beneath the pressure of collected woes;
But now his spirit waver'd, went and came,
Like the loose vapor of departing flame,
Till at the point, when comfort seem'd to die
Forever in his fix'd unclosing eye,
Bright through the smoldering ashes of the man,
The saint brake fŏrth, and Adam thus began:—

5 "Oh, ye who shudder at this awful strife,
This wrestling agony of Death and Life,
Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,
Will leave me thus forsaken to the last:
Nature's infirmity alone you see;

My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free.
Though firm in Gŏd the spirit holds her trust,
The flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.
Thou, of my faith the Author and the End!
Mine early, late, and everlasting Friend!
The joy, that once thy presence gave, restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence, and seen no more.
Down to the dust returns this earthly frame—
Receive my spirit, Lord! from whom it came;
Rebuke the Tempter, show thy power to save;
Oh, let thy glōry light me to the grave,
That these, who witness my departing breath,
May learn to triumph in the grasp of death."

6. He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,
And seem'd to rest in silent prayer awhile.
Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd,
When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd
A spirit, that stood within the unopen'd door:
The swōrd of Gŏd in his right hand he bore;
His countenance was lightning, and his vest
Like snow at sunrise on the mountain's crest;
Yĕt so benignly[1] beautiful his form,
His presence still'd the fury of the storm;
At once the winds retire, the waters cease:
His look was love, his salutation "Peace!"

7 Our mother first beheld him, sore amazed,
But tĕrror grew to transpōrt, while she gazed.
"'Tis he, the Prince of Seraphim![2] who drove
Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove.
Adam, my life, my spouse, awake!" she cried;
"Return to Paradise; behold thy Guide!
Oh, let me follōw in this dear embrace!"
She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.

8. Adam look'd up; his visage chănged its hue,
Transform'd into an angel's at the view.

[1] Be nign' ly, kindly; graciously.—[2] Sĕr' a phim, angels of the highest order.

"I come!" he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,
And in a sigh of ecstasy[1] expired.
The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled;
We stood alone, the living with the dead:
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
Display'd the corpse amid the solemn gloom;
But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,
The gate of heaven had open'd there, and closed.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

176. The Glove and the Lions.

1 KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal spōrt,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the cōurt;
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sigh'd:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal hearts below

2. Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with hŏrrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared,[2] gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws:
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they roll'd on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing thro' the air:
Said Francis then, "Faith! gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

3. De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same;
She thought,—The Count my lover is brave as brave can be;
He sure y would do wondrous things to show his love of me—
Kings, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine!
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love: great glōry will be mine!

[1] Ec' sta sy, *literally*, a being out of one's self; hence, rapture; overpowering emotion —[2] Glā'red.

4. She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love, then look'd at him and smiled;
He bow'd, and in a moment lĕap'd among the lions wild.
The leap was quick, return was quick—he has regain'd the place,—
Then threw the glove—but not with love—right in the lady's face.
"By heaven!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat:
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

LEIGH HUNT.

177. Scenes from the Comedy of "Money."[1]

EVELYN, *a rich man of fashion*—STOUT *and* GLOSSMORE, *violent politicians of opposite parties*—SHARP, *a lawyer.*

Enter Evelyn, meeting Stout, who comes in out of breath, with haste—Sharp is seated at a desk.

Evelyn. Stout, you look heated!

Stout [*with great eagerness, but pompously*]. I hear you've just bought the great Groginhole property.

Evelyn. It is true.[2] Sharp says it's a bargain.

Stout. Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Groginhole, can't[3] live another month—excellent creature, the dearest friend I have in the world[4]—but the interests of mankind forbid regret for individuals! Popkins intends to start for the borough[5] the instant Hopkins is dead!—your interest will secure his election. Now is your time! put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment!—By all that's bigoted,[6] here comes Glossmore!

Enter Glossmore.

Gloss. [*eagerly*]. So lucky to find you at home! Hopkins, of Groginhole, is not lŏng for this world. Popkins, the brewer,[7] is already canvassing underhand (so vĕry ungentleman-like!)

[1] In the following dialogue, which is supposed to be a copy of the conversation of ordinary life, the style of the reader should be spirited, unrestrained, and free from effort and declamation.—[2] True (trō).—[3] Cān't. —[4] World (wĕrld).—[5] Borough (bŭr' rō), a town incorporated with certain privileges; in *England*, a town that sends members to parliament.—[6] Big' ot ed, full of blind zeal; prejudiced.—[7] Brewer (brō' er).

"I come!" he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,
And in a sigh of ecstasy[1] expired.
The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled;
We stood alone, the living with the dead:
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
Display'd the corpse amid the solemn gloom;
But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,
The gate of heaven had open'd there, and closed.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

176. The Glove and the Lions.

1 KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal spōrt,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the cōurt;
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sigh'd:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal hearts below

2. Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with hŏrrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared,[2] gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws:
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they roll'd on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing thro' the air:
Said Francis then, "Faith! gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

3. De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same;
She thought,—The Count my lover is brave as brave can be;
He sure y would do wondrous things to show his love of me—
Kings, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine!
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love: great glōry will be mine!

[1] Ec' sta sy, *literally*, a being out of one's self; hence, rapture; overpowering emotion —[2] Glā'red.

4. She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love, then look'd at him and smiled;
He bow'd, and in a moment lĕap'd among the lions wild.
The leap was quick, return was quick—he has regain'd the place,—
Then threw the glove—but not with love—right in the lady's face.
"By heaven!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat:
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

LEIGH HUNT.

177. Scenes from the Comedy of "Money."[1]

EVELYN, *a rich man of fashion*—STOUT *and* GLOSSMORE, *violent politicians of opposite parties*—SHARP, *a lawyer.*

Enter Evelyn, meeting Stout, who comes in out of breath, with haste—Sharp is seated at a desk.

Evelyn. Stout, you look heated!

Stout [*with great eagerness, but pompously*]. I hear you've just bought the great Groginhole property.

Evelyn. It is true.[2] Sharp says it's a bargain.

Stout. Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Groginhole, can't[3] live another month—excellent creature, the dearest friend I have in the world[4]—but the interests of mankind forbid regret for individuals! Popkins intends to start for the borough[5] the instant Hopkins is dead!—your interest will secure his election. Now is your time! put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment!—By all that's bigoted,[6] here comes Glossmore!

Enter Glossmore.

Gloss. [*eagerly*]. So lucky to find you at home! Hopkins, of Groginhole, is not lŏng for this world. Popkins, the brewer,[7] is already canvassing underhand (so vĕry ungentleman-like!)

[1] In the following dialogue, which is supposed to be a copy of the conversation of ordinary life, the style of the reader should be spirited, unrestrained, and free from effort and declamation.—[2] True (trō).—[3] Cān't. —[4] World (wĕrld).—[5] Borough (bŭr' rō), a town incorporated with certain privileges; in *England*, a town that sends members to parliament.—[6] Big' ot ed, full of blind zeal; prejudiced.—[7] Brewer (brō' er).

Keep your interest for young Lord Cipher—a most valuable candidate. This is an awful moment—the *constitution* depends on his return![1] Vote for Cipher!

Stout. Popkins is your man.

Evelyn [*musing*]. Cipher and Popkins—Popkins and Cipher. Enlightenment and Popkins—Cipher and the Constitution! I *am* puzzled! Stout, I am not known at Groginhole!

Stout. Your *property's* known there![2]

Evelyn. But purity of election—independence of voters.

Stout. To be sure![3] Cipher bribes *abominably.* Frustrate his schemes—preserve[4] the liberties of the borough—turn every man out of his house who votes against[5] enlightenment and Popkins.

Evelyn. Right! down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except *our* liberty! That *is* liberty!

Gloss. Cipher has a stake in the country—will have fifty thousand a-year: Cipher will never give a vote without considering beforehand how people of fifty thousand a-year will be affected by the motion.

Evelyn. Right; for as without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law! That *is* law!

Stout. Popkins is all for economy: there's a sad waste of the public money—they give the Speaker five thousand a-year, when I've a brother-in-law who takes the chair[6] at the vestry,[7] and who assures[8] me confidentially he'd consent to be Speaker for half[9] the money.

Gloss. Enough, Mr. Stout. Mr. Evelyn has too much at stake for a leveler.

Stout. And too much sense for a bigot.

Gloss. A bigot, sir!

Stout. Yes, a bigot! [*Puts his hat on, and with his hands in his pockets looks fiercely at Glossmore.*]

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[1] Return (re tûrn').—[2] There (thâr).—[3] Sure (shôr).—[4] Pre sêrve'.—[5] Against (a gĕnst').—[6] Châir.—[7] Vĕs' try, a room for extra meetings; in the *Episcopal Church*, a committee which manages the worldly concerns of the parish.—[8] Assure (ash shôr'), to tell positively; declare.—[9] Hâlf.

Evelyn [*laughing*]. Mr. Evelyn has no politics at all. Did you ever play at *battledore?*

Both. Battledore!

Evelyn. Battledore—that is, a contest between two parties: bŏth parties knock about something with singular skill: something is kept up—high—low—here—there—everywhere—nowhere! How grave are the players! how anxious the bystanders! how noisy the battledores! But, when this something falls to the ground, only fancy—it's nothing[1] but cork and feathers!—Go and play by yourselves—I'm no hand at it.

Stout [*aside*]. Sad ignorance! Ar'istocrat![2]

Gloss [*aside*]. Heartless principles! Parvenu![3]

Stout. Then you don't go *against* us! I'll bring Popkins to mŏrrōw.

Gloss. Keep yourself free till I present Cipher to you.

Stout. I must go to inquire after Hopkins. The return of Popkins will be an era[4] in history. [*Goes out.*

Gloss. I must go to the club: the eyes of the country are upon Groginhole. If Cipher fail, the constitution is gŏne. [*Goes out.*

Evelyn. All parties alike! nothing but money! Money *versus*[5] Man!—Sharp, come here!—let me look at you. [*Sharp rises from the desk.*] You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest;—but what *is* honesty?—where does it exist?—in what part of us?

Sharp. In the heart, I suppose, sir.

Evelyn. Mr. Sharp, it exists in the breeches[6] pocket! Observe,[7] I lay this piece of yellōw earth[8] on the table—I contem'plate you bŏth;—the man there—the gold here. Now, there is many a man in those streets as honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form, impĕrishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul too, for that

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[1] Nothing (nŭth'ing).—[2] Aristocrat (ăr' is to krat), one who favors a form of government whose power is vested in the principal persons of a state; a haughty or overbearing person.—[3] Pär' ve nu, an upstart; one lately come into notice.—[4] E' ra, a fixed point of time from which any number of years is begun to be counted.—[5] Vĕr' sus, against.—[6] Breeches (brĭch' ez).—[7] Observe (ob zĕrv').—[8] Earth (ĕrth).

little coin Is that the fault of the man? No! it is the fault of mankind. Gŏd made man; behold what mankind has made a god! By the by, Sharp, send a hundred pounds to the poor bricklayer whose house was burnt[1] down yĕsterday.

Sharp. Yĕs, sir.

Evelyn. Well, man, don't stand gaping[2] there: have you no bowels? Go and see to it immediately. [*They go out at opposite sides*

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

178. THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS-SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

1. HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
That was built in such a logical[3] way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happen'd, without delay—
Scaring[4] the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

2. Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus[5] was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon[6] town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's[7] army was done so brown,
Left without a scălp to its crown.

[1] Burnt (bĕrnt).—[2] Gāp' ing.—[3] Logical (lŏj' ik al), according to the rules of correct thinking and reasoning; discriminating.—[4] Scār' ing.—[5] Georgius Secundus, King George II. of England, born in 1683, and died October 25, 1760.—[6] Lisbon (lĭz' bon), a city of Western Europe, capital of the kingdom of Portugal, situated on the right bank of the Tagus, near its mouth in the Atlantic Ocean. The earthquake here alluded to threw down a considerable portion of the city, and destroyed about 60,000 of its inhabitants.—[7] EDWARD BRADDOCK, Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America, conducted an expedition against Fort Duquesne (du kān'), now Pittsburgh. On the 9th of July, 1755, while attempting to invest the fort, he fell into an ambuscade, prepared by the Indians and the French, in which he lost nearly one-half of his troops, and himself received a mortal wound.

It was on the terrible earthquake-day
That the Deacon finish'd the one-hoss-shay.

3. Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always, *somewhere*, a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, fellŏe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crŏssbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—
And that's the reason, beyŏnd a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

4. But the Deacon swore—(as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*")—
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it couldn' break daown:
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'tis mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
To make that place uz strŏng uz the rest."

5. So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strŏngest oak,
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—
That was for spokes, and floor, and sills;
He sent for lancewood, to make the thills;
The crŏssbars were ash, from the straightest trees!
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs from lŏgs from the "Settler's Ellum"—
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em—
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;

Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,
Found in the pit where the tanner died
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

6. Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, bēards turn'd gray
Deacon and deaconess dropp'd away,
Children and grandchildren—where are they
But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay,
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake-day!

7. Eighteen Hundred came, and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strŏng and sound.
Eighteen hundred, increased by ten—
"Hahnsum kĕrridge" they call'd it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;
Running as usual—much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive;
And then came fifty, and Fifty-five.

8 Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without bŏth feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a mŏral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

9. First of November—the earthquake-day.
There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,
A general flavor of mild decay—
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part,
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strŏng as the thills
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree nēither less nor more,

And the back crŏssbar as strong as the fore,
And spring, and axle, and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whōle*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

10. First of November, Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
Drawn by a rat-tail'd, ewe-neck'd bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

11. The parson was working his Sunday text—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplex'd
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting on a rock,
And half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the earthquake shock!

12. What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.—
End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
Logic *is* logic.—That's all I say.

O. W. Holmes.

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179. Scene from "The Poor Gentleman."

Characters: Sir Charles Cropland—Warner, *his steward*—Oliapod.

War. Your honor is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles?

Sir C. A very tedioüs time—three days, Mr. Warner.

War. Ah, good sir! things would prosper better if you honored us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Thank you, Warner; but modern men of fashion find it very difficult to live upon their estates.

War. The country about you so charming!

Sir C. Look ye, Warner: I must hunt in Leicestershire[1]—for that's the thing. In the frŏsts, and the spring months, I must be in town, at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer, I must be at the watering-places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent——

War. The most beautiful part of the country!

Sir C. Hang beauty! We don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent——

War. A land of milk and honey!

Sir C. I hate milk and honey!

War. A land of fat!

Sir C. Melt your fat! Listen to me: my estates being in Kent——

War. So woody!

Sir C. Burn the wood! No, that's wrong; for it's convenient—I am come on purpose to cut it.

War. Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then, the ax to the root![2] Money lŏst at play, and then, good lack! the fŏrest groans for it.

Sir C. But you are not the fŏrest, and why the deuce do you groan for it?

War. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber[3] the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

Sir C. And I shall have views for my posterity: I shall take especial care the trees sha'n't intercept their prospect. In short, Mr. Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount, immediately. 'Tis my pĕr'emptory[4] order, sir.

[1] Leicestershire (lĕs' ter sher), an inland county of England, near its center.—[2] Rŏot.—[3] En cŭm' ber, embarrass; to load with debt.—[4] Pĕr'emp to ry, that puts an end to all debate; positive.

War. I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart. Forgive an old servant of the family, if he grieves to see you forgĕt some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

Sir C. What do you mean by duties?

War. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfill: such as to support the dignity of an English landholder, for the honor of old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succor the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir C. A tiresome old blockhead!—But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me; and to a man of gallantry, in the country, his intelligence is by no means unin'teresting, nor his services inconvenient. [*Enter Ollapod.*] Ah! Ollapod!

Oll. Sir Charles, I have the honor to be your slave! Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here—sore throats were plenty—so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning, in a half-mile walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love, and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. [*Laughing.*] He! he! he! Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir C. Oh, yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Oll. He! he! Yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honor to be cornet in the volunteer association cōrps[1] of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going ŏff of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir C. Explain.

Oll. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to spōrt, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's[2] Head over the door—new gilt him last week, by the by—looks as fresh as a pill.

[1] Corps (kŏr), a body of troops.—[2] Galen, or in Latin Claudius Galē'nus, a celebrated physician and most prolific and able writer, was born about 131 A.D. At the age of thirty-four he settled at Rome, where, soon after, he became physician to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius

Sir C. Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

Oll. On that head! [*Laughing.*] He! he! he! That's vĕry well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient; when who should strut into the shop but Lieūtĕn'ant Grains, the brewer, sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapel'! I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him, as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardor.

Sir C. Inoculated! I hope your ardor was of a favorable sort.

Oll. Ha! ha! That's vĕry well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! We first talked of shooting—he knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him, the day before I had killed six brace of birds. I thumped on at the mortar. We then talked of physic; I told him, the day before I had killed—lŏst, I mean, six brace of patients. I thumped on at the mortar, eying him all the while; for he looked very flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belŏng to the cōrps. The medical and military bōth deal in death, you know—so, 'twas natural. He! he!—do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir C. Take! Oh, nobody can miss.

Oll. He then talked of the cōrps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the association, dose the men, and drench the horses, he could, perhaps, procure him a cornetcy.

Sir C. Well, you jumped at the ŏffer?

Oll. Jumped! I jumped over the counter; kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieūtĕn'ant Grains' smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapel'; embraced him and his ŏffer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's Head, of the Association Cōrps of Cavalry, at your service!

Medicine and every science allied to it are under great obligations to Galen. He was a man skilled in all philosophy, a profound reasoner, an ardent admirer of truth, and a worthy member of society.

Sir C. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distill water for the shop from the laurels you găther in the field.

Oll. Water for—Oh! laurel-water. He! he! Come, that's vĕry well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! Why, I fancy fame will follōw, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir C. A mistake!

Oll. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle, on a grand field-day, I clapped a pint bottle of her ladyship's diĕt-drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient, after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalaped—galloped, I mean—wheeled, and floŭrished, with great *éclat;*[1] but when the word "Fire!" was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a deuce of a hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being, unfortunately, fermented by the jolting of my horse, it fŏrced out the cork, with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

Sir C. Ha! ha! ha! A mistake, indeed.

Oll. Rather awkward!—But, Sir Charles, excuse me—your servant! I must march—patients impatient. You take?

Sir C. Oh, yĕs; and so will they, I fancy, before you've done with them.

Oll. Ha! physic—certainly! Salts, rhubarb, senna, coloquīn'tida, scammony, gambōge.[2] Good, good! thank you, good sir; I owe you one! [*They go out at opposite sides.*

Colman.

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180. Apostrophe to Sleep.[3]

1. HOW many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
Nature's sŏft nurse,[4] how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgĕtfulness!

[1] Eclat (ā klā'), applause; striking effect.—[2] Gamboge (gam bōj').—[3] The following is an apostrophe of King Henry IV.—[4] Nurse (nĕrs).

Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber
Than in the perfumed chămbers of the great,
Under the canopies of cŏstly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull gŏd, why liest thou with the vile,
In lōathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?

2. Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude,[2] imperious surge,[3]
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian[4] billōws by the top,
Curling[5] their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With dĕaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly,[6] death itself awakes;—
Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears[7] a crown.

SHAKSPEARE.

181. A Poet's Parting Thought.

1. WHEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

2. When the great winds, through leafless fōrests rushing,
Sad music make;—

[1] Mâst.—[2] Rude (rōd).—[3] Surge (sĕrj).—[4] Ruffian (rŭf'yan).—[5] Curling (kĕrl'ing).—[6] Hurly (hĕr'ly), a tumult.—[7] Wears (wârz).

When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Like full hearts break,—
Will there then one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

3. When the bright sun upon that spot is shining,
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay,—
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lŏst hopes all day?

4. When no star twinkles with its eye of glōry
On that low mound,
And wintry storms have, with their ruins hōary
Its loneness crown'd,
Will there be then one, versed in misery's story,
Pacing it round?—

5. It may be so; but this is selfish sŏrrōw
To ask such meed,—
A weakness and a wickedness to bŏrrōw,
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day for what to-mŏrrōw
Shall never need.

6. Lay me then gently in my nărrōw dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start:
It were in vain,—for time has lŏng been knelling—
SAD ONE, DEPART!

MOTHERWELL.

182. The Pauper's Death-bed.

1. TREAD sŏftly,—bow the head,—
In reverent silence bow;
No passing-bell doth tōll,—
Yet an immortal sōul
Is passing now.

2. Strānger, however great,
With hōly reverence bow;—
There's one in that poor shed,—
One by that paltry bed,—
Greater than thou.

3. Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! death doth keep his state;
Enter,—no crowds attend;
Enter,—no guards defend
This palace gate.

4. That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting, with meager hands,
A dying head.

5. No mingling voices sound,—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppress'd,—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

6. Oh, chānge!—oh, wondrous change!—
Burst are the prison bars,—
This moment, there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyŏnd the stars!

7. Oh, chānge!—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The Sun eternal breaks,—
The new immortal wakes,—
Wakes with his Gŏd!

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

183. WARREN'S ADDRESS.

1. STAND! the ground's your own, my braves—
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yŏn bristling steel!
Ask it, ye who will.

2. Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're a-fire!
And before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come! and will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

3. In the Gŏd of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consign'd so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyr'd pātriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

184. SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

IT had been a day of triumph in Căpuă.[1] Len'tulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the spōrts of the amphitheater to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious[2] city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished.

2. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered

[1] Căp' u a, a fortified city of Naples. It was built out of the ruins of ancient Capuă, the city here referred to, the remains of which, about two miles E., include a gate, and portions of a large amphitheater.—[2] Luxurious (lug zh' re ŭs), delighting in the pleasures of the table; devoted to pleasure.

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the dew-drops on the corslet of the Roman sentinĕl, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus[1] with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard, save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its stōry to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheater, a band of glădiators[2] were assembled; their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yĕt lingering on their brows; when Spar'tacus,[3] starting fōrth from amid the thrōng, thus addressed them:

3. "Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve lōng years, has met upon the arēna every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yĕt lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say, that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand fōrth, and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on.

4. "And yĕt I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I spōrted; and when, at noon, I gāthered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook togĕther our rustic meal.

5. "One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my

[1] Vul tur'nus, now Volturno (vol tōr' no), a river of Naples.—[2] Glăd'i ā tor, a swōrd-player; a prize-fighter.—[3] Spar'ta cus, a celebrated gladiator, a Thracian by birth, who having escaped from Capuă along with some of his companions, was soon followed by other gladiators, and by slaves, robbers, pirates, and other desperate men. After having defeated four of the consular armies of Rome, he was met and completely routed by the pretor Crassus, having lost not less than 40,000 of his followers. Spartacus behaved with great valor; and when he fell, it was upon a heap of Romans whom he had sacrificed to his fury (B. C. 71).

grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon[1] and Leuctra;[2] and how, in ăncient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whōle army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from ŏff my fōre*hĕad*, kissed my throbbing temples, and bădе me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That vĕry night, the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had noŭrished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

6. "To-day I killed a man in the arēna; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lōfty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the pretor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay![3] upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arēna, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and mātrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare spōrt, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest glădiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the pretor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said,—'Let the cărrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-*gladiators*, must you, and so must I, die like dŏgs.

7. "O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given, to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint: taught him to drive the swōrd through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the mărrōw of his foe:—to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce

[1] Mâr'a thon, a plain of Greece, not many miles from Athens, bounded S. by Mount Pentelicus, renowned for the victory of Miltiades over the army of Xerxes, B. C. 490.—[2] Leuctra (lŭk' tra), a maritime village, now called Leftro, in Morea, a peninsula, the S. portion of the kingdom of Greece.—[3] Ay (āe).

Numidiän lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yĕllōw Tiber is red as frŏthing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

8. "Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-mōrrōw some Roman Adōnis,[1] breathing sweet per'fume from his curly-locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sĕstercēs[2] upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yŏn lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-mŏrrōw he shall break his fast upon yours,—and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

9. "If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men*,—follow me! Strike down yŏn guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at Old Thermopylæ![3] Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cŏwer like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O cŏmrādes! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves!* If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors!* If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

E. Kellogg.

185. The Charge of the Light Brigade.

1. HALF a league,[4] half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
"Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

[1] Ado' nis, in mythology, a youth famed for his beauty, the son of Cinyras.—[2] Sĕs' terce, a Roman coin, about four cents.—[3] Thermopylæ (ther mŏp' e le), a famous pass of Greece, about five miles long, and originally from 50 to 60 yards in width. It is hemmed in on one side by precipitous rocks of from 400 to 600 feet in height, and on the other side by the sea and an impassable morass. Here Leonidas and his 300 Spartans died in defending Greece against the invasion of Xerxes, B. C. 489.—[4] *League*, a distance of three miles.

2. "Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

3. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

4. Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke
Cossack and Rŭssian
Reel'd from the saber-stroke,
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,

Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them—
Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glōry fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

186. RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

1. RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frōsty light;
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

2 Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, acrōss the snow:
The year is going—let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ānchient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the nărrōwing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

8. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

187. THE TWO ARMIES.

1. AS Life's unending column pōurs,
Two marshal'd hōsts are seen,—
Two armies on the trămpled shōres
That Death flows black between.

2. One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouth'd clărion's[1] bray,
And bears upon the crimson scrōll—
"OUR GLŌRY IS TO SLAY."

3. One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

4. Alŏng its front no sabers shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
"OUR DUTY IS TO SAVE."

5. For those no death-bed's lingering shade;
At Honor's trumpet-call,
With knitted brows and lifted blade,
In Glōry's arms they fall.

6. For these no clashing falchions[2] bright,
No stirring battle-cry;

[1] Clarion (klăr' e on), a kind of trumpet, of a shrill, clear tone.
[2] Falchion (făl' chun), a short, crookèd sword.

The bloodless stabber calls by night—
Each answers—"HERE AM I!"

7. For those the sculptor's marble bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
Through lŏng cathedral aisles.

8. For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves,
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf,
In flowery, foaming waves.

9. Two paths lead upward from below,
And ān̄gels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
Each falling tear of love.

10 Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses Freedom drew;
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew—

11. While Valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shōwn,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the Thrōne!

O. W. HOLMES.

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188. DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

1. FULL knee-deep lies the winter-snow,
And the winter-winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell, sad and slow,
And tread sŏftly and speak low;
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

2. He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day:—

He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the new year will take them away.
Old year, you must not go;
So lŏng as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

3. He frŏthed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

4. He was full of joke and jest;
But all his mĕrry quips are o'er.
To see him die, acrŏss the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friends,
And the new year, blīthe and bold, my friends,
Comes up to take his own.

5. How hard he breathes! o'er the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadŏws flitter to and fro:
The cricket chirps—the light burns low—
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die!
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you.
What is it we can do for you?—
Speak out before you die.

6. His face is growing sharp and thin;—
Alack! our friend is gŏne.

Close up his eyes—tie up his chin—
Step from the corpse; and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friends,
And a new face at the door, my friends,
The new year's at the door.

ALFRED TENNYSON

189. The Closing Scene.

1 WITHIN this sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet[1] year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tann'd reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

2. The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate[2] flails.

3. All sights were mellow'd and all sounds subdued,
The hills seem'd further and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hew'd
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

4. The embattled forests, erewhile arm'd in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

5. On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seem'd to pale and faint.

6. The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—

[1] Rŭs′ set, of a reddish-brown color.—[2] Al tĕrn′ ate, by turns; one after another.

Silent till some replying wanderer blew
His ā̆lien′ horn, and then was heard no more.

7 Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous[3] trouble round the unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
By every light wind like a censer swung:

8. Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year,

9. Where every bird which charm'd the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east,—
All now was sŏngless, empty, and forlorn.

10. Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croak'd the crow through all the dreamy gloom,
Alone the pheasant, drumming[3] in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

11. There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sail'd slowly by—pass'd noiseless out of sight.

12. Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted[4] torch—

13. Amid all this, the center of the scene,
The white-hair'd mātron, with monotonous tread,

[1] Ālien (āl′ yĕn), foreign; distant; belonging to another country.—[2] Gär′ ru lŭs, talkative; prating continually.—[3] Drŭm′ ming, the pheasant is a bird similar to the partridge; and the latter bird, at certain seasons of the year, makes a drumming noise, which is heard at a great distance. In poetry, the partridge is frequently called a pheasant.—[4] In vĕrt′ ed, turned upside down.

Plied her swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate, and watch'd the flying thread.

14. She had known sŏrrōw,—he had walk'd with her,
Oft supp'd, and broke with her the ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

15. While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summon'd, and she gave her all;
And twice war bow'd to her his sable plume,—
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.

16. Regave the swords—but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

17. Lŏng, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gŏne
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

18. At last the thread was snapp'd,—her head was bow'd;
Life droop'd the distaff through his hands serene,
And loving neighbors smooth'd her careful shroud,—
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

T. Buchanan Read.

THE END.