

REASONS FOR.

There are not unfrequently substantial reasons underneath for customs that appear to us absurd.
Charlotte Bronte.

DAFFODILS.

Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.
Shakespeare.

DANCING.

EFFECTS OF.

The gymnasium of running, walking on stilts, climbing, &c., steels and makes hardy single powers and muscles; but dancing, like a corporeal poesy, embellishes, exercises, and equalizes all the muscles at once.
Richter.

EXCELLENCE OF.

This exercise is among the most healthful. The body as well as the mind feels its gladdening influence. No amusement seems more to have a foundation in our nature. The animation of youth overflows spontaneously in harmonious movements. The true idea of dancing entitles it to favour. Its end is to realize perfect grace in motion; and who does not know that a sense of the graceful is one of the highest faculties of our nature?
W. Ellery Channing.

OF A GENTLEMAN.

—he danced, I say, right well,
With emphasis, and also with good sense—
A thing in footing indispensable:
He danced without theatrical pretence,
Not a ballet-master in the van,
Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman.
Byron.

OF A LADY.

Dear creature! you'd swear
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
And she only "par complaisance" touches the ground.
Moore.

Her step is music, and her voice is song.
Silver-sandall'd foot! how blest
To bear the breathing heaven above,
Which on thee, atlas-like, doth rest,
And round thee move.
Bailey.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
And oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.
Suckling.

PLEASURES OF.

I gaz'd upon the dance, where ladies hight
Were moving in the light
Of mirrors and of lamps. With music and
with flowers,
Danced on the joyous hours;
And fairest bosoms
Heav'd happily beneath the winter roses'
blossoms:
And it is well;
Youth has its time,
Merry hearts will merrily chime.
C. P. Cranch.

SPRIGHTLINESS OF.

Come, trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.
Milton.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS OF.

Now softly slow let Lydian measures move,
And breathe the pleasing pangs of gentle love,
In swimming dance on airs soft billows float,
Soft heave your bosoms with the swelling note;
With pliant arm in graceful motion vie,
Now sunk with ease, with ease now lifted high;
The lively gesture each fond care reveal,
That music can express, or passion feel.
Ibid.

DANGER.

CHARACTERISTICS OF.

For danger levels man and brute
And all are fellows in their need.
Dryden.

DIFFERENT INFLUENCES OF.

Speak, speak, let terror strike slaves mute
Much danger makes great hearts most resolute.
Marston.

A timid person is frightened before a danger, a coward during the time, and a courageous person afterward.
Richter.

ESTIMATE OF.

What is danger
More than the weakness of our apprehensions?
A poor cold part o' th' blood; who takes it hold of?
Cowards and wicked livers: valiant minds
Were made the masters of it.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

A man's opinion of danger varies at different times, in consequence of an irregular tide of animal spirits; and he is actuated by considerations which he dares not avow.
Smollet.

FEAR OF.

The absent danger greater still appears
Less fears he, who is near the thing he fears.
Daniel.

INTIMACY WITH.

Thou little know'st
What he can brave, who, born and nurst
In danger's paths, has dared her worst!
Upon whose ear the signal word
Of strife and death is hourly breaking;
Who sleeps with head upon the sword
His fever'd hand must grasp in waking.
Moore.

PRESENCE OF.

Our dangers and delights are near allies
From the same stem the rose and prickle rise.
Aleyn.
He that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
Shakespeare.

WATCHFULNESS IN.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrow'd sail;
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale.
Holmes.

— his restless eye
Glanc'd forward frequently, as if some ill
He dared not meet were there.
Willis.

DARKNESS.

CIMMERIAN.

Melt, and dispel, ye spectre doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul.
Campbell.

DESCRIPTION OF.

The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.
Byron.

DISPELLING OF.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness till it smiled.
Milton.

EFFECT OF, ON THE HEARING.

Dark night that from the eye his function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It eavs the hearing double recompense.
Shakespeare.

MENTAL.

Madam, thou errest; I say there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.
Ibid.

VISIBLE.

Yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible.
Milton.

DAY.

BEAUTY OF A.

One of the heavenly days that cannot die.
Wordsworth.

BLESSINGS OF THE.

Blest power of sunshine! genial day!
What balm, what life is in thy ray;
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet—
It were a world too exquisite,
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep cold shadow of the tomb.
Moore.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.
Jeremy Taylor.

IMPORTANCE OF A.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowst not what a day may bring forth.
Prov. xxvii, 1.

"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried
Had been an emperor, without his crown.
Young.

THE GLANCE OF GOD.

One glance of Thine creates a day.
Watts.

DAYBREAK.

A CLOUDY.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers
And heavily in clouds brings on the day.
Addison.

BEAUTY OF.

'Tis beautiful, when first the dewy light
Breaks on the earth! while yet the scented air
Is breathing the cool freshness of the night
And the bright clouds a tint of crimson wear.
Elizth. M. Chandler.

DESCRIPTION OF.

At last the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair;
And Phoebus, fresh as bridegroom to his
mate,
Came dancing forth shaking his dewy hair,
And hurl'd his glist'ing beams through
gloomy air. *Spenser.*

The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boil'd the morn
From black to red began to turn.

Butler.

The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of
dews

At first faint glimmering in the dappled
east;

Till far o'er ether spreads the wid'ning
glow;

And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With
quick'nd step,

Brown night retires; young day pours in
apace,

And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the misty mountain's
top,

Swell on the sight, and brighten with the
dawn. *Thomson.*

SIGNS OF.

Yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Shakespeare.

See the dapple coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver
hoofs,

And chase it through the sky. *Marston.*

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Shakespeare.

It was a lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale; look love, what envious
streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund
day

Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.
Ibid.

The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

Ibid.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gen-
tle day,

Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about,
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Ibid.

DAY AND NIGHT.

There came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace;
The one on palfrey black, the other white;
But Night had cover'd her uncomely face
With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were
pight,
And sleep and darkness round about did
trace;
But Day did bear upon his sceptre's height
The goodly sun encompass'd all with beams
bright. *Spenser.*

DEAD.

GRIEF FOR THE.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For he hath ceased from tears,
And a voice to his replieth
Which he hath not heard for years.
Mrs. Norton.

IMMORTALITY OF THE.

The dead are like the stars, by day
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky:
Spirits from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity.
Where human thought, like human sight,
Falls to pursue their trackless flight.
James Montgomery.

Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd not decay'd!
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.
Byron.

NUMBERS OF THE.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are
there;

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them
down

In their last sleep: the dead reign there
alone. *Bryant.*

REMEMBRANCE OF THE.

When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.
Scott.

DEATH.

Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing
moulds. *Miss Landon.*

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious
habit,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed. *Shakespeare.*

REPOSE OF THE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.
James Montgomery.

Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well:
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor
poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further. *Shakespeare.*

RESURRECTION OF THE.

Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from the earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up I trust!
Sir Walter Raleigh.

But know that thou must render up the
dead,
And with high interest too! they are not
thine

But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound of brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy
captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Daylight and liberty. *Blair.*

SACREDNESS OF THE.

The dead, how sacred! sacred in the dust
Of this heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine!
The heav'n-assumed majestic robe of death,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast ex-
panse
With azure bright, and clothed the sun in
gold. *Thomson.*

A BUGBEAR.

Why start at death? where is he? death
arriv'd,

Is past; not come or gone, he's never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man
Receives, not suffers, death's tremendous
blow.

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the
grave,

The deep, damp vault, the darkness and
the worm;

These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead,
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature never
made,

Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.
Young.

A FILM BEFORE.

There is before the eyes of men, on the
brink of dissolution, a glassy film, which
death appears to impart, that they may have
a brief prospect of eternity when some be-
hold the angels of light, while others have
the demons of darkness before them.
Cockton.

A FRIEND.

Death! to the happy thou art terrible,
But how the wretched love to think of thee
O thou true comforter, the friend of all
Who have no friend beside! *Southey.*

O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!

Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest! *Burns.*

Friend to the wretch whom every friend
forsakes,

I woo thee, death. *Porteus.*

A LEVELLER.

To what base uses may we return! Why
may not imagination trace the noble dust
of Alexander, till it find it stopping a bung-
hole? As thus: Alexander died, Alex-
ander was buried, Alexander returneth to
dust; the dust is earth: of earth we make
loam. And why of that loam, whereto he
was converted, might they not stop a beer
barrel? *Shakespeare.*

But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he
there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.
Shakespeare.

Death levels all things in his march,
Nought can resist his mighty strength;
The palace proud—triumphal arch,
Shall mete their shadows length;
The rich, the poor, one common bed
Shall find, in the unhonour'd grave,
Where weeds shall crown alike the head
Of tyrant and of slave. *Marvel.*

A LIBERATOR.

Come then, come soon, come sweetest death
to me
And take away this long lent loathed light.
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medi-
cines be
That long captived soules from weary thral-
dome free. *Spenser.*

Death sets the soul at liberty to fly. *May.*

Death opens the gate of fame, and shuts
the gate of envy after it; it unlooses the
chain of the captive, and puts the bonds-
man's task into another man's hand. *Sterne.*

Death is the liberator of him whom free-
dom cannot release, the physician of him
whom medicine cannot cure, and the com-
forter of him whom time cannot console. *Colton.*

A PRIVILEGE.

Death is the privilege of human nature;
And life without it were not worth our
taking.
Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the
mourner,
Fly for relief and lay their burdens down. *Rowe.*

A PORT OF REFUGE.

Death is the port where all may refuge find,
The end of labor, entry into rest;
Death hath the bounds of misery confin'd
Whose sanctuary shrouds affliction best. *Earl of Stirling.*

A QUIET HAVEN.

What is death
To him who meets it with an upright heart?
A quiet haven, where his shatter'd bark
Harbours secure, till the rough storm is past,
Perhaps a passage overhung with clouds,
But at its entrance, a few leagues beyond
Opening to kinder skies and milder suns,
And seas pacific as the soul that seeks them. *Hurdis.*

A REVEALER.

The body being only the covering of the
soul, at its dissolution we shall discover the
secrets of nature—the darkness shall be dis-

pelled, and our souls irradiated with light
and glory; a glory without a shadow, a
glory that shall surround us; and from
whence we shall look down, and see day
and night beneath us; and as now we can-
not lift up our eyes towards the sun with-
out dazzling, what shall we do when we
behold the divine light in its illustrious
original. *Seneca.*

A SLEEP.

Let no man fear to die, we love to sleep a.l,
And death is but the sounder sleep. *Beaumont.*

Here lurks no treason, here no envy dwells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here no
storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep. *Shakespeare.*

'Tis less than to be born: a lasting sleep:
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue, I know besides
It is but giving over a game that must be
lost. *Beaumont and Fletcher*

A WELCOME TO.

Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid melancholy frame!
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre
close,
Welcome the dreamless night of long re-
pose!
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the
bourne
Where lull'd to slumber, grief forgets to
mourn! *Campbell.*

ACQUIESCENCE IN.

If I must die
I will encounter darkness as a bride
And hug it in my arms. *Shakespeare.*

ADVANTAGES OF AN EARLY.

"Whom the Gods love die young," was said
of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this
The death of friends, and that which slays
even more,
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that
is,
Except mere breath; and since the silent
shore,
Awaits at last, even those whom longest
miss
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early
grave
Which men weep over, may be meant to
save. *Byron.*

AFFLICTION OF.

Ah! surely nothing dies but something
mourns. *Byron.*

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead. *Longfellow.*

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field. *Shakespeare.*

AN ALLEVIATION.

It is by no means a fact, that death is the
worst of all evils; when it comes, it is an
alleviation to mortals who are worn out
with suffering. *Metastasio.*

ANTICIPATIONS OF.

Now death draws near, a strange perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die.
Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear th' approach of certain
fate?

The wisest and the best some fear may show,
And wish to stay, though they resolve to go.
As some faint pilgrim standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture
o'er,

And then his inn upon the farther ground,
Loth to wade through, and lother to go
round:

Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is, and sighing, pulls it back;
Sometimes resolved to fetch his leap, and
then

Runs to the bank, but there stops short
again;

So I at once
Both heavenly faith, and human fear obey,
And feel before me in an unknown way. *Dryden.*

APPROACH OF.

I feel death rising higher still, and higher
Within my bosom; every breath I fetch
Shuts up my life within a shorter compass:
And, like the vanishing sound of bells,
grows less
And less each pulse, till it be lost in air. *Dryden.*

The world recedes; it disappears,
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting? *Pope.*

ARBITRARINESS OF.

Like other tyrants, death delights to smite,
What smitten most proclaims the pride of
pow'r,

And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap the athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their children's
tomb. *Young.*

AWFULNESS OF.

And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine. *Halleck.*

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die, my soul!
What a strange moment it must be, when
near

Thy journey's end!—thou hast the gulf in
view—

That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life string bleeds at thought of
parting;

For part they must,—body and soul must
part;

Fond couple; link'd more close than wed-
ded pair;

This wings its way to its Almighty source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher, of no use. *Blair.*

If there's an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced,
And suffered to speak out, tells every man,
Then it must be an awful thing to die. *Ibid*

CERTAINTY OF.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth
and dust?

And live we how we can, yet die we must. *Shakespeare*

When a few years are come, then I shall
go the way whence I shall not return. *Job xvi, 22*

CHARACTERISTICS OF.

Death is honorable, advantageous,
And necessary; honorable in
Old men to make room for younger;
Advantageous to those who get legacies
By it; and necessary for married
People, that have no other goal-delivery. *Fane.*

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow. *Young*

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave. *Thomson*

COMPOSURE IN.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one who had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle. *Shakespeare.*

Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould, like thee,
As light winds, wandering through groves
of bloom,
Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree,
Close thy sweet eyes calmly, and without
pain,
And we will trust in God to see thee yet
again. *Bryant.*

CONSOLATIONS IN.

Weep not for those
Who sink within the arms of death
Ere yet the chilling wintry breath
Of sorrow o'er them blows;
But weep for them who here remain,
The mournful heritors of pain,
Condemn'd to see each bright joy fade,
And mark grief's melancholy shade
Flung o'er Hope's fairest rose. *Mrs. Embury.*

Let them die
Let them die now, thy children! so thy
heart
Shall wear thy beautiful image all un-
dimmed
Within it to the last. *Mrs. Hemans.*

COWARDICE IN.

I wish to die, yet dare not death endure;
Detest the medicine, yet desire the cure.
Oh! that I'd courage but to meet my fate,
That short, dark passage to a future state. *Dryden.*

CRUSHING INFLUENCE OF.

It is hard
To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding
hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion. *Kirk White.*

How shocking must thy summons be, O
death,
To him, that is at ease in his possessions.
Who, counting on long years of pleasure
here
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain. *Blair.*

DEPOPULATES.

Grim death in different shapes
Depopulates the nations; thousands fall
His victims; youths, and virgins, in their
flower
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves,
Unfinish'd, by infectious heaven destroy'd. *Phillips.*

DESCRIPTIONS OF.

And after all came life, and lastly death;
Death with most grim, and griesley visage
seene,
Yet he is naught but parting of the breath,
He ought to see, but like a shape to weene,
Unbodied, unscor'd, unheard, unseene. *Spenser.*

The other shape,
If shape it may be call'd, that shape had
none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow
seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as
night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell.
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd
his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on. *Milton.*

Yet tell me, frightened senses! what is death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath;
The utmost limit of a narrow span,
And end of motion, which with life began,
And smoke that rises from the kindling fires
Is seen this moment and the next expires;
As empty clouds by rising winds are toss'd
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found
than lost. *Prior.*

The first dark day of nothingness.
The last of danger and distress. *Byron.*
Death is but what the haughty brave,
The weak must bear, the wretch must
crave. *Ibid.*

Death is another life. *Bailey.*
Death thou art infinite;—'tis life is little. *Ibid.*

What is death? Oh! what is death?
'Tis the snapping of the chain—
'Tis the breaking of the bowl—
'Tis relief from ev'ry pain—
'Tis freedom to the soul—
'Tis the setting of the sun
To rise again to-morrow,
A brighter course to run,
Nor sink again to sorrow.
Such is death! yes, such is death!

What is death? Oh! what is death?

'Tis slumber to the weary—
'Tis rest to the forlorn—
'Tis shelter to the dreary—
'Tis peace amid the storm—
'Tis the entrance to our home—
'Tis the passage to that God
Who bids His children come,
When their weary course is trod.
Such is death! yes, such is death. *Anon.*

What is death, but a ceasing to be what
we were before? We are kindled, and put
out, we die daily; nature that begot us ex-
pels us, and a better and safer place is pro-
vided for us. *Seneca.*

The blind cave of eternal night. *Shakespeare.*

O, death's a great disguiser. *Ibid.*
Just death kind umpire of men's miseries. *Ibid.*

Dear beauteous death; the jewel of the
just. *Henry Vaughan.*

DESOLATION CAUSED BY.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the
brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's
page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now. *Byron.*

I alone am left on earth!
To whom, nor relative nor blood remains;
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human
veins. *Campbell.*

ELOQUENCE OF.

O death all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we
love. *Pope.*

EQUALITY IN.

Death comes equally to us all, and makes
us all equal when it comes. *Donne.*

ETERNITY OF.

Where all life dies death lives. *Milton.*

EVER PRESENT.

Death rides on every passing breeze
And lurks in every flower. *Heber.*

FEARS OF.

He could no longer death expectance bear
For death is less than death's continual fear. *Aleyn.*

O! death why art thou fear'd? Why do we
think

'Tis such a horrid terror not to be?
Why, not to be, is not to be a wretch,
Why, not to be, is to be like the heav'ns
Not to be subject to the pow'r of fate;
O there's no happiness but not to be. *Gomersall.*

That life is better life, pas' fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear. *Shakespeare.*

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death. *Ibid.*

'Tis not the stoic's lesson got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertation,
That can support thee in that hour of terror.
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly
of it;
But when the trial comes, they start and
stand aghast. *Rowe.*

Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible! *Shakespeare.*

Neither the sun nor death can be looked
at steadily. *La Rochefoucauld.*

The hand that unnerved Belshazzar de-
rived its most horrifying influence from the
want of a body, and death itself is not for-
midable in what we do know of it, but in
what we do not. *Colton.*

The sense of death, is most inapprehen-
sive. *Shakespeare.*

HAPPINESS OF.

To die—to sleep—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
shocks,
That flesh is heir to,—'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. *Shakespeare.*

IMPARTIALITY OF.

Pale death approaches with an equal step,
and knocks indiscriminately at the door of
the cottage, and the portals of the palace. *Horace.*

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet
death
Will seize the doctor too. *Shakespeare.*
Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the vil-
lage swain,
And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes
round,
And who so artful as to put it by? *Blair.*

INDIFFERENCE TO.

Men in general do not live as if they looked to die; and therefore do not die as if they looked to live. *Manton.*

What life refus'd, to gain by death he sought;
For life and death are but indifferent things,
And of themselves not to be shunn'd or sought,
But for the good or ill that either brings. *Earl of Stirling.*

INEVITABLENESS OF.

Death's but a path that *must* be trod,
If man would ever pass to God. *Parnell.*

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. *Gray.*

INEXORABILITY OF.

Death, thou art he that will not flatter princes,
That stoops not to authority, nor gives
A specious name to tyranny; but shows
Our actions in their own deformed likeness. *Shakespeare.*

Oh! just and mighty death! What none
have dared, thou hast done; and whom all
the world have flattered, thou alone hast
cast out of the world, and despised, thou
hast drawn together all the far fetched
greatness, all the cruelty and ambition of
man, and covered it all over with these two
narrow words, *Hic jacet.*

Sir Walter Raleigh.

O, now doth death line his dead chaps with
steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his
fangs;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of
men,
In undetermined differences of kings. *Shakespeare.*

This fell serjeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest. *Ibid.*

The worst is death,—and death will have
his day. *Ibid.*

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O,
death! *Mrs. Hemans.*

INSATIABILITY OF.

Why should man's high aspiring *mind*
Burn in him with so proud a breath;
When all his haughty views can find
In this world, yield to death;
The fair, the brave, the vain, the wise,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are each but worms' anatomies,
To strew his quiet hall. *Marvel.*

O great man-eater

Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard of epicure! without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite; thou seekest none. *Blair.*

JOY OF.

My joy is death!

Death, at whose name I oft have been
afear'd
Because I wish'd this world's eternity. *Shakespeare.*

KNOWN TO FEW.

Few people know death, we only endure
it, usually from determination, and even
from stupidity and custom; and most men
only die because they know not how to pre-
vent dying. *La Rochefoucauld.*

LIKE THE TWILIGHT.

The darkness of death is like the evening
twilight, it makes all objects appear more
lovely to the dying. *Richter.*

LOVELINESS IN.

Lay her i' the earth;

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! *Shakespeare.*
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love. *Young.*

Oh my love, my wife!

Death, that hath suckt the honey of thy
breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty,
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign
yet

Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Why art thou yet so fair? *Shakespeare.*

—Thou art so fair,

That, gazing on thee, clamorous grief be-
comes,
For very reverence, mute. If mighty Death
Made our rude human faces by his touch

Divinely fair as thine, O never more
Would strong hearts break o'er biers. There
sleeps to-night

A sacred sweetness on thy silent lips,
A solemn light upon thy ample brow,
That I can never, never hope to find
Upon a living face. *Smith.*

Death has left on her,
Only the beautiful. *Hood.*

LOWLINESS OF.

How pale appear

Those clay-cold cheeks, where grace and
vigour glow'd!
O dismal spectacle! how humble now
Lies that ambition which was late so proud!
Smollet.

MISREPRESENTED.

In the whole course of our observation
there is not so misrepresented and abused a
personage as death. Some have styled him
the king of terrors, when he might, with
less impropriety, have been termed the ter-
ror of kings; others have dreaded him as
an evil without end, although it was in
their own power to make him the end of all
evil. He has been vilified as the cause of
anguish, consternation and despair; but
these, alas, are things that appertain not unto
death but unto life. How strange a paradox
is this, that we love the distemper and
loathe the remedy, preferring the fiercest
buffetings of the hurricane to the tranquillity
of the harbour. The poet has lent his fic-
tions, the painter his colours, the orator his
tropes, to portray death as the grand de-
stroyer, the enemy, the prince of phantoms
and of shades. But can he be called a de-
stroyer, who, for a perishable state, gives
us that which is eternal? Can he be styled
the enemy, who is the best friend only of
the best, who never deserts them at their
utmost need, and whose friendship proves
the most valuable to those who live the
longest? Can he be termed the prince of
phantoms and of shades, who destroys that
which is transient and temporary, to estab-
lish that which is alone real and fixed?
And what are the mournful escutcheons, the
sable trophies, and the melancholy insignia
with which we surround him, the sepul-
chral gloom, the mouldering carcass, and
the slimy worm? These, indeed, are the
idle fears and empty terrors, not of the dead
but of the living. The dark domain of
death we dread, indeed, to enter, but we
ought rather to dread the ruggedness of

some of the roads that lead to it; but if
they are rugged, they are short, and it is
only those that are smooth, that are wear-
some and long. Perhaps, he summons us
too soon from the feast of life, be it so; if
the exchange is not for the better, it is not
his fault, but our own: or, he summons us
too late; the call is a reprieve rather than
a sentence; for who would wish to sit at
the board, when he can no longer partake
of the banquet, or to live on to pain, when
he has long been dead to pleasure? Ty-
rants can sentence their victims to death,
but how much more dreadful would be
their power, could they sentence them to
life? Life is the jailor of the soul in this
filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death;
what we call life is a journey to death, and
what we call death, is a passport to life.
True wisdom thanks death for what he
takes, and still more for what he brings.
Let us, then, like the sentinels, be ready,
because we are uncertain, and calm, because
we are prepared. There is nothing formid-
able about death but the consequences of
it, and these we ourselves can regulate and
control. The shortest life is long enough,
if it lead to a better, and the longest life is
too short if it do not. *Colton.*

MYSTERY OF.

O death! thou strange mysterious power,
seen every day, yet never understood but
by the uncommunicative dead, what art
thou? *Lillo.*

NOT AN EVIL.

It is impossible that anything so natural,
so necessary, and so universal as death,
should ever have been designed by Provi-
dence as an evil to mankind. *Swift.*

NOT DREADFUL.

Death is not dreadful to a mind resolv'd,
It seems as natural as to be born.
Groans and convulsions, and discolour'd
faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks, and ob-
sequies,
Make death a dreadful thing. The pomp
of death
Is far more terrible than death itself. *Lee.*

OF A CHILD.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed
And bade it blossom there. *Coleridge*

OF THE CHRISTIAN.

So his life has flow'd
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd, which though shapes of
ill
May hover round its surface glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.

Talfourd.

For the death of the righteous is like the
descending of ripe and wholesome fruits
from a pleasant and florid tree. Our senses
entire, our limbs unbroken, without horrid
tortures; after provision made for our chil-
dren, with a blessing entailed upon poster-
ity, in the presence of our friends, our
dearest relatives closing our eyes and bind-
ing our feet, leaving a good name behind
us.

Jeremy Taylor.

It matters not at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep; death cannot
come
To him untimely who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world, the more of
heaven—
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

Milman.

For good men but see death, the wicked
taste it.

Johnson.

The soul too soft its ills to bear,
Has left our mortal hemisphere,
And sought in better world the meed
To blameless life by heaven decreed.

Scott.

Death is a commingling of eternity with
time; in the death of a good man, eternity
is seen looking through time.

Goethe.

OF THE YOUNG.

Ephemera die all at sunset, and no insect
of this class has ever sported in the beams
of the morning sun. Happier are ye, little
human ephemera! Ye played only in the
ascending beams, and in the early dawn,
and in the eastern light; ye drank only of
the prelibations of life; hovered for a little
space over a world of freshness and of blos-
soms; and fell asleep in innocence before
yet the morning dew was exhaled.

Richter.

PASSAGE OF.

To die, I own
Is a dread passage—terrible to nature,
Chiefly to those who have like me been
happy.

Thomson.

Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live
must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Shakespeare.

PEACE OF.

Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope,
nor fear,
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one
here.

Herbert Knowles.

PLACIDITY OF.

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start for soul is wanting there.

Byron.

We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

Hood.

PREMATURE.

Early, bright, transient
Chaste as morning dew
She sparkled, was exhaled,
And went to heaven.

Young.

PREPARATION FOR.

Believe that each day is the last to shine
upon thee.

Horace.

A true philosopher

Makes death his common practice, while he
lives,
And every day by contemplation strives
To separate the soul, far as he can,
From off the body.

May.

That awful, that tremendous day,
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a
thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Through night's dark gloom.—Perhaps as
here I sit,

And rudely carol these incondite lays,
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb
the mouth

That lisps the falt'ring strain.—O may it
ne'er

Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator.

Hodgson.

He that always waits upon God, is ready
whensoever He calls. Neglect not to set
your accounts even; he is a happy man who
so lives, as that death at all times may find
him at leisure to die.

Feltham.

RESIGNATION IN.

Let them die,
Let them die now, thy children! so thy
heart
Shall wear their beautiful image all un-
dimm'd
Within it to the last.

Mrs. Hemans.

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.

Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain,
The bad grows better which we well sustain,
And could we choose the time and choose
aright,
'Tis best to die, our honor at the height.

Dryden.

So live, that when thy summons comes to
join
That innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall
take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustain'd
and sooth'd

By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
Around him, and lies down to pleasant

dreams.

Bryant.

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day
Of toil, is what we covet most; and yet
How clay shrinks back from mere quies-
cent clay.

Byron.

STRUGGLES WITH.

Heav'n what enormous strength does death
possess!
How muscular the giant's arm must be,
To grasp that strong-boned horse, and, spite
of all

His furious efforts, fix him to the earth!
Yet, hold, he rises! no—the struggle's vain,
His strength avails him not. Beneath the
gripe

Of the remorseless monster, stretch'd at
length,

He lies with neck extended, head hard
press'd,

Upon the very turf where he late fed.

Blacket.

O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion.

Byron.

SURPRISES IN.

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise,
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of
dodge flow,

And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show

Dr. Johnson.

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

Death is the crown of life;
Were death deny'd, poor men would live
in vain;
Were death deny'd, to live would not be
life;
Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish
to die.

Young.

THE END.

Here is my journey's end, here is my birth,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Shakespeare.

O, Death! thou gentle end of human sor-
rows.

Rowe.

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal
woe.

Shakespeare.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear
and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, un-
satisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant an-
guish of patience!

Longfellow.

THE LAST ENEMY.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is
death.

1 Cor. xv, 26.

THE PIONEERS OF.

Our dying friends are pioneers to smoothe
Our rugged path to death, to break those
bars

Of terror and abhorrence nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
Welcome as safe, our port from every storm.

Young.

THOUGHTS BEFORE.

It is not strange that that early love of the
heart should come back, as it so often does
when the dim eye is brightening with its
last light. It is not strange that the freshest
fountains the heart has ever known in its
wastes should bubble up anew when the
life-blood is growing stagnant. It is not
strange that a bright memory should come
to a dying old man, as the sunshine breaks
across the hills at the close of a stormy day;
nor that in the light of that ray, the very
clouds that made the day dark should grow
gloriously beautiful.

Hawthorne.

TRANQUILLITY OF.

The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of child-
hood

That fears a painted devil.

Shakespeare.

A death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.

Milton.