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David Welster

S A N D E R S '
S C H O O L S P E A K E R :

▲

COMPREHENSIVE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

IN

THE PRINCIPLES OF ORATORY;

WITH

NUMEROUS EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE IN DECLAMATION.

BY CHARLES W. SANDERS, A.M.,

AUTHOR OF "A SERIES OF READERS;" "SPELLER, DEFINER, AND
ANALYZER;" "ELOCUTIONARY CHART," ETC.

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P R E F A C E .

ORATORY, in every age of the world, has been an instrument of wonderful power. In our own time and country, especially, its influence is so great, and the occasions for its use so numerous and important, as to render it a thing of almost universal necessity. The Bar, the Senate-house, and the Pulpit,—those oft-traversed fields of professional eloquence,—still require to be supplied with practiced speakers. But, aside from all these, the demands for skill in public speaking are now so frequent, so various, and so imperative, as to compel almost every man to prepare himself to meet them.

With these views of the importance of the subject, the present volume has been put together, and is now presented to the youth of the country, and to those whose high office it is to prepare them for the duties of after-life, as an easy, interesting, and practical aid, as well in teaching as in learning how to speak well in public.

The work embraces whatever belongs to rhetorical delivery. As all that is required for the production of a finished reader, is but a necessary preliminary to that which distinguishes the finished speaker, it sets out, like all the more advanced of the series of School Books to which it belongs, with a full exhibition of the principles of rhetorical reading. In illustration of these principles, it employs a multitude of appropriate examples, showing the powers of the letters, the effect of accent, of emphasis, of inflection, of vocal modulation, of rhetorical pauses, of whatever, indeed, in sound, in sense, or in spirit, can be supposed to move the passions, and so influence the determinations of the will.

This being done, a Second Part is devoted to the brief, but practical, consideration of the subject of GESTURE. The observations and instructions, in this Part, are purposely made to involve those things only, which experience has shown to be free from perplexing minuteness and difficult application.

In the Third Part will be found a large collection of exercises for practice in declaiming. These exercises represent, though, of course, in brief, the most eminent writers and speakers of almost all countries, classes, and times. They exhibit all varieties of composition suitable for declamation: excluding carefully whatever is dull, feeble, prolix, or common-place, and offering that, and that only, which is spirited, forcible, pertinent, or extraordinary in style, sentiment, or diction. Dialogues, Soliloquies, Parodies, Speeches,—recitations of every name and kind, pathetic, humorous, sentimental, narrative, argumentative, dramatic, all of every sort, are here mingled, arranged and adapted to the purposes of arresting transient attention, awakening interest, and stimulating the wish and the endeavor to acquire a graceful and effective delivery.

But the aim, in the selection and adaptation of these exercises, has been wider still. It has not been forgotten, that the prime element in the constitution of the great *orator* is, and can be, found only in the good *man*. Not what the speaker *says*, so much as what the speaker *is*, is that which often sways the decisions of an audience. Keeping this in view, nothing has here been admitted, which could, in the slightest degree, blunt the moral sensibilities, or lessen the learner's reliance, in oratory, as in every thing else, upon the force of high moral character.

Such have been the governing principles in the preparation of this new School Speaker. Its design and spirit are in perfect unison with all the rest of the author's well-known Series; and, should it ever be accorded the same rank and favor—the same praise of utility in the schools, his highest anticipations will be realized.

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S A N D E R S ' S C H O O L S P E A K E R .

PART FIRST.

E L O C U T I O N .

ELOCUTION is the art of delivering written or extemporaneous composition with force, propriety, and ease.

It deals, therefore, with words, not only as individuals, but as members of a sentence, and parts of a connected discourse: including every thing necessary to the just expression of the sense. Accordingly, it demands, in a *special* manner, attention to the following particulars; viz., ARTICULATION, ACCENT, EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, MODULATION, and PAUSES.

SECTION I.

A R T I C U L A T I O N .

ARTICULATION is the art of uttering distinctly and justly the letters and syllables constituting a word.

It deals, therefore, with the elements of words, just as elocution deals with the elements of sentences: the one securing the true enunciation of each letter, or combination of letters, the other giving to each word, or combination of words, such a delivery as best expresses the meaning of the author. It is the basis of all

QUESTIONS.—What is Elocution? To what subjects does it require particular attention? What is Articulation?

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE VOWEL ELEMENTS.

- 1st. For Long ¹A, we have *ai*, as in *sail*; *au* in *gauge*; *ay* in *lay*; *ea* in *great*; *ei* in *deign*; *ey* in *they*.
- 2d. For Flat ²A, *au* in *daunt*; *ua* in *guard*; *ea* in *heart*.
- 3d. For Broad ³A, *au* in *pause*; *aw* in *law*; *eo* in *George*; *oa* in *groat*; *o* in *horn*; *ou* in *sought*.
- 4th. For Short ⁴A, *ai* in *plaid*; *ua* in *guaranty*.
- 5th. For Long ¹E, *ea* in *weak*; *ei* in *seize*; *ie* in *brief*; *eo* in *people*; *i* in *pique*; *ey* in *key*.
- 6th. For Short ²E, *a* in *any*; *ai* in *said*; *ay* in *says*; *ea* in *dead*; *ei* in *heifer*; *eo* in *leopard*; *ie* in *friend*; *ue* in *guess*; *u* in *bury*.
- 7th. For Long ¹I, *ai* in *aisle*; *ei* in *sleight*; *ey* in *eye*; *ie* in *die*; *ui* in *guide*; *uy* in *buy*; *y* in *try*.
- 8th. For Short ²I, *e* in *English*; *ee* in *been*; *ie* in *sieve*; *o* in *women*; *u* in *busy*; *ui* in *build*; *y* in *symbol*.
- 9th. For Long ¹O, *au* in *hautboy*; *eau* in *beau*; *eo* in *yeoman*; *ew* in *sew*; *oa* in *boat*; *oe* in *hoe*; *ou* in *soul*; *ow* in *flow*.
- 10th. For Long Slender ²O, *oe* in *shoe*; *ou* in *soup*.
- 11th. For Short ³O, *a* in *was*; *ou* in *hough*; *ow* in *knowledge*.
- 12th. For Long ¹U, *eau* in *beauty*; *eu* in *feud*; *ew* in *dew*; *ue* in *cue*; *ou* in *your*; *ui* in *fruit*.
- 13th. For Short ²U, *e* in *her*; *i* in *sir*; *oe* in *does*; *o* in *love*.
- 14th. For Short Slender ³U, *o* in *wolf*; *ou* in *would*.
- 15th. For OI, *oy* in *joy*.
- 16th. For OU, *ow* in *now*.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE CONSONANT ELEMENTS.

For F, we have *gh*, as in *laugh*; *ph* in *sphere*.

For J, *g* in *gem*, *gin*, *gyre*.

For K, *c* in *can*; *ch* in *chord*; *gh* in *hough*; *q* in *quit*.

For S, *c* in *cent*, *cion*, *cygnet*.

For T, *d* in *faced*: *phth* in *phthisic*.

For V, *f* in *of*; *ph* in *Stephen*.

For Y, *i* in *onion*, *valiant*.

For ¹Z, *c* in *suffice*; *s* in *is*; *x* in *Xerxes*.

For ²Z, *s* in *treasure*; *z* in *azure*.

QUESTIONS.—How many substitutes has long A? How many has flat A, and what are they? How many has broad A, &c.? How many substitutes has each of the consonants, and what are they?

For NG, *n* in *languid*, *linguist*.

For SH, *ci* in *social*; *ch* in *chaise*; *si* in *pension*; *s* in *sure*; *ss* in *issue*; *ti* in *notion*.

For CH, *ti* in *fustion*, *mixtion*.

B, D, G, H, L, M, N, P, and R, have no substitutes.

II.—Avoid the suppression of a syllable; as,

cab'n	for	cab-in.	mem'ry	for	mem-o-ry.
cap'n	"	cap-tain.	jub'lee	"	ju-bi-lee.
barr'l	"	bar-rel.	trav'ler	"	trav-el-er.
ev'ry	"	ev-er-y.	fam'ly	"	fam-i-ly.
hist'ry	"	his-to-ry.	vent'late	"	ven-ti-late.
reg'lar	"	reg-u-lar.	des'late	"	des-o-late.
sev'ral	"	sev-er-al.	prob'ble	"	prob-a-ble.
rhet'ric	"	rhet-o-ric.	par-tic'lar	"	par-tic-u-lar.

III.—Avoid the omission of any sound properly belonging to a word; as,

read-in	for	read-ing.	pr'tect	for	pro-lect.
swif-ly	"	swift-ly.	b'low	"	be-low.
com-mans	"	com-mands.	p'r-vade	"	per-vade.
wam-er	"	warm-er.	srink-in	"	shrink-ing.
um-ble	"	hum-ble.	th'if-ty	"	thrif-ty.
ap-py	"	hap-py.	as-ter-is	"	as-ter-isk.
con-sis	"	con-sists.	gov-er-ment	"	gov-ern-ment.
fa-t'l	"	fa-tal.	Feb-u-a-ry	"	Feb-ru-a-ry.

IV.—Avoid the substitution of one sound for another; as,

af-ford	for	af-ford.	mod-ist	for	mod-est.
wil-ler	"	wil-low.	up-prove	"	ap-prove.
sock-it	"	sock-et.	win-e-gar	"	vin-e-gar.
fear-luss	"	fear-less.	sep-e-rate	"	sep-a-rate.
cul-ter	"	cul-ture.	tem-per-it	"	tem-per-ate.
prod-uæ	"	prod-ucts.	croc-er-dile	"	croc-o-dile.
judg-mænt	"	judg-ment.	tub-ac-cur	"	to-bac-co.
chil-drin	"	chil-dren.	com-prum-ise	"	com-pro-mise.

QUESTIONS.—What letters have no substitutes? What error in Articulation would be avoided by the observance of direction II.? Give examples. What, by direction III.? Examples. What, by direction IV.? Examples.

V.—Produce the sounds denoted by the following combinations of consonants :

Let the pupil first produce the sounds of the letters, and then the word, or words, in which they occur. Be careful to give a clear and distinct enunciation to every letter.

1. *Bd*, as in *rob'd*; *bdst*, *prob'dst*; *bl*, *bland*, *able*; *bl'd*, *humbl'd*; *bl'dst*, *troubl'dst*; *blst*, *troubl'st*; *blz*, *crumbles*; *br*, *brand*; *bz*, *ribs*.
2. *Ch*, as in *church*; *cht*, *fetch'd*.
3. *Dj*, as in *edge*; *djd*, *hedg'd*; *dl*, *bridle*; *dld*, *riddl'd*; *dlst*, *handl'st*; *dlz*, *bundles*; *dn*, *hard'n*; *dr*, *drove*; *dth*, *width*; *dths*, *breadths*; *dz*, *odds*.
4. *Ff*, as in *flame*; *ffd*, *rifl'd*; *fst*, *stiff'st*; *flz*, *rifles*; *fr*, *from*; *fs*, *quaff's*, *laughs*; *fst*, *laugh'st*, *quaff'st*; *ft*, *raft*; *fts*, *wafts*; *ftst*, *graft'st*.
5. *Gd*, as in *begg'd*; *gdst*, *bragg'dst*; *gl*, *glide*; *gld*, *struggl'd*; *gldst*, *haggl'dst*; *glst*, *strangl'st*; *glz*, *mingles*; *gr*, *grove*; *gst*, *begg'st*; *gz*, *figs*.
6. *Kl*, as in *uncle*, *ankle*; *kld*, *trickl'd*; *kldst*, *truckl'dst*; *klst*, *chuckl'st*; *klz*, *wrinkles*; *kn*, *black'n*; *knd*, *reck'n'd*; *kndst*, *reck'n'dst*; *knst*, *black'n'st*; *knz*, *reck'ns*; *kr*, *crank*; *ks*, *checks*; *kt*, *act*.
7. *Lb*, as in *bulb*; *lbd*, *bulb'd*; *lbs*, *bulbs*; *lch*, *filch*; *lcht*, *belch'd*; *ld*, *hold*; *ldst*, *fold'st*; *ldz*, *holds*; *lf*, *self*; *lfs*, *gulfs*; *lj*, *bulge*; *lk*, *elk*; *lks*, *silks*; *lkt*, *milk'd*; *lkts*, *mulcts*; *lm*, *elm*; *lmd*, *whelm'd*; *lmz*, *films*; *ln*, *fall'n*; *lp*, *help*; *lps*, *scalps*; *lpst*, *help'st*; *ls*, *false*; *lst*, *call'st*; *li*, *melt*; *lth*, *health*: *lths*, *stealths*; *lts*, *colts*; *lv*, *delve*; *lvd*, *shelv'd*; *lvz*, *elves*; *lz*, *halls*.
8. *Md*, as in *doom'd*; *mf*, *triumph*; *mp*, *hemp*; *mpt*, *tempt*; *mpts*, *attempts*; *mst*, *entomb'st*; *mz*, *tombs*.
9. *Nch*, as in *bench*; *ncht*, *pinch'd*; *nd*, *and*; *ndst*, *end'st*; *ndz*, *ends*; *ng*, *sung*; *ngd*, *bang'd*; *ngth*, *length*; *ngz*, *songs*; *nj*, *range*; *njd*, *rang'd*; *nk*, *ink*; *nks*, *ranks*; *nkst*, *thank'st*; *nst*, *winc'd*; *nt*, *sent*; *nts*, *rents*; *ntst*, *went'st*; *nz*, *runs*.
10. *Pl*, as in *plume*; *pld*, *ripp'l'd*; *plst*, *ripp'l'st*; *plz*, *apples*; *pr*, *prince*; *ps*, *sips*; *pst*, *rapp'st*.

- 11. *Rb*, as in *herb*; *rch*, *search*; *rcht*, *church'd*; *rbd*, *orb'd*; *rbdst*, *barb'dst*, *rbst*, *disturb'st*; *rbz*, *orbs*; *rd*, *hard*; *rdst*, *heard'st*, *rdz*, *words*; *rf*, *turf*; *rft*, *scarf'd*; *rg*, *burg*; *rgz*, *burgs*; *rj*, *dirge*; *rjd*, *urg'd*; *rk*, *ark*; *rks*, *arks*; *rkst*, *work'st*; *rkt*, *dirk'd*; *rktst*, *embark'dst*; *rl*, *girl*; *rld*, *world*; *rldst*, *hurld'st*; *rlst*, *whirl'st*; *rlz*, *hurls*; *rm*, *arm*; *rmd*, *arm'd*; *rmdst*, *harm'dst*; *rmst*, *arm'st*; *rmz*, *charms*; *rn*, *turn*; *rnd*, *turn'd*; *rndst*, *earn'dst*; *rnst*, *learn'st*; *rnz*, *urns*; *rp*, *carp*; *rps*, *harps*; *rpt*, *warp'd*; *rs*, *verse*; *rsh*, *harsh*; *rst*, *first*; *rsts*, *bursts*; *rt*, *dart*; *rth*, *earth*; *rths*, *births*; *rts*, *marts*; *rtst*, *dart'st*; *rv*, *curve*; *rvd*, *nerv'd*; *rvdst*, *curv'dst*; *rvst*, *swerv'st*; *rvz*, *nerves*; *rz*, *errs*.
12. *Sh*, as in *ship*; *sht*, *hush'd*; *sk*, *scan*, *skip*; *sks*, *tusks*; *skst*, *frisk'st*; *skt*, *risk'd*; *sl*, *slow*; *sld*, *nestl'd*; *slz*, *wrestles*; *sm*, *smile*; *sn*, *snag*; *sp*, *sport*; *sps*, *lisps*; *spt*, *clasp'd*; *st*, *stag*; *str*, *strike*; *sts*, *rests*; *sw*, *swing*.
13. *Th*, as in *thine*, *thin*; *thd*, *breath'd*; *thr*, *three*; *thst*, *breath'st*; *thw*, *thwack*; *thz*, *writhes*; *tl*, *title*; *tld*, *settl'd*; *tldst*, *settl'dst*; *tlst*, *settl'st*; *tlz*, *nettles*; *tr*, *trunk*; *ts*, *fits*; *tw*, *twirl*.
14. *Vd*, as in *curv'd*; *vdst*, *liv'dst*: *vl*, *driv'l*; *vld*, *grov'l'd*; *vldst*, *grov'l'dst*; *vlst*, *driv'l'st*; *vn*, *driv'n*; *vst*, *liv'st*; *vz*, *lives*.
15. *Wh*, as in *when*, *where*.
16. *Zd*, as in *mus'd*; *zl*, *dazzle*; *zld*, *muzzl'd*; *zldst*, *dazzl'dst*; *zlst*, *dazzl'st*; *zlz*, *muzzles*; *zm*, *spasm*; *zmz*, *chasms*; *zn*, *ris'n*; *znd*, *reas'n'd*; *znz*, *pris'nz*; *zndst*, *impris'n'dst*.

VI.—Avoid blending the termination of one word with the beginning of another, or suppressing the final letter or letters of one word, when the next word commences with a similar sound.

EXAMPLES.

False sighs sicken	instead of	Fal' sigh' sicken.
In peril's darkest hour	“	In peril's darkest tower.

QUESTION.—What error in Articulation would be avoided by the observance of direction VI.? Give examples.

Songs of praises,	instead of	Song sof praises.
We are <i>apt</i> to shut our eyes,	"	We are <i>rapt</i> to shut <i>tour</i> rise.
It strikes <i>with an awe</i> ,	"	It strikes <i>with a naw</i> .
A reader <i>made easy</i> ,	"	A reder <i>madezy</i> .
The scenes of those <i>dark ages</i> ,	"	The scenes sof those <i>dark cages</i> .
Dry the orphan's <i>tears</i> ,	"	Dry the orphan <i>stears</i> .
Percivals' <i>acts and extracts</i> ,	"	Percival <i>sacks sand dextracts</i> .

NOTE.—By an indistinct Articulation the sense of a passage is often liable to be perverted.

EXAMPLES.

1. He built him an *ice* house.
He built him a *nice* house.
2. My heart is *awed* within me.
My heart is *sawed* within me.
3. A *great error* often exists.
A *great terror* often exists.
4. He is content in either situation.
He is content *in neither* situation.
5. Whom ocean feels through all her countless *waves*.
Who *motion* feels through all her countless *waves*.
6. My brothers ought to owe *nothing*.
My brothers *sought* to own *nothing*.
7. He was called by his father's *name*.
He was *scalled* by his father's *name*.
8. We traveled o'er fields of *ice* and snow.
We traveled o'er fields of *vice* sand snow.
9. He was trained in the religion of his *fathers*.
He was *strained* in the religion of his *fathers*.

MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES.

1. The *hights, depths, lengths, and breadths* of the *subject*.
2. The *flag of freedom* floats once more aloft.
3. It was *decidedly* the *severest storm* of the season.
4. She *sought shelter* from the sunshine in the *shade*.
5. His *shriveled limbs* were *shivering with the cold*.

QUESTION.—How, by indistinct articulation, is the sense of a passage liable to be perverted? Give examples.

-
6. A *big black bug bit a big black bear.*
7. *Round the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran.*
8. He sawed *six long, slim, sleek, slender saplings.*
9. *Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory.*
10. *From thy throne in the sky, thou look'st and laugh'st at the storm,
and guid'st the bolts of Jove.*
11. The unceremoniousness of their communicability is wholly inexplicable.
12. The best of all governments in this badly governed world, is a republican government.
13. *When the world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm.*
14. *The hidden ocean showed itself anew,
And barren wastes still stole upon the view.*
15. He spoke *disinterestedly, reasonably, philosophically, particularly, peremptorily, authoritatively, unhesitatingly, and extemporaneously.*
16. *His falchion flashed along the Nile ;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows ;
O'er Moscow's towers that blazed the while,
His eagle flag unrolled and froze.*
-

SECTION II.

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

ACCENT and EMPHASIS both indicate some special stress of voice.

ACCENT is that stress of voice by which one *syllable* of a word is made more prominent than others ; EMPHASIS is that stress of voice by which one or more *words* of a sentence are distinguished above the rest.

QUESTIONS.—What do Accent and Emphasis indicate? What is Accent? What is Emphasis?

ACCENT.

The accented syllable is sometimes designated thus: (/); as, *com-mand'-ment*.

NOTE I.—Words of more than two syllables generally have two or more of them accented.

The more forcible stress of voice, is called the *Primary Accent*; and the less forcible, the *Secondary Accent*.

EXAMPLES OF PRIMARY ACCENT.

Farm'-er, hon'-or, pat'-tern, rem'-nant, a-bide', con-clude', af-fect', ex-pand', a-tone'-ment, be-hav'-ior, con-tent'-ment, un-grate'-ful, in-tens'-ive, trans-ac'-tion.

EXAMPLES OF PRIMARY AND SECONDARY ACCENT.

In the following examples the Primary Accent is designated by double accentual marks, thus:

Ed'-u-cate', ed'-u-ca''-tion. mul''-ti-ply', mul''-ti-ply-ca''-tion, sat''-is-fy', sat''-is-fac''-tion, com''-pre-hend'', com-pre-hen''-sion, rec''-om-mend'', rec''-om-mend-a''-tion, mo''-ment-a''-ry, com-mu''-ni-cate', com''-pli-ment''-al, in-dem''-ni-fi-ca''-tion, ex'-tem-po-ra''-ne-ous, coun'-ter-rev'-o-lu''-tion-a-ry.

NOTE II.—The change of accent on the same word, often changes its meaning.

EXAMPLES.

col'-league, <i>a partner.</i>	col-league', <i>to unite with.</i>
con'-duct, <i>behavior.</i>	con-duct', <i>to lead.</i>
des'-cant, <i>a song or tune.</i>	des-cant', <i>to comment.</i>
ob'-ject, <i>ultimate purpose.</i>	ob-ject', <i>to oppose.</i>
ref'-use, <i>worthless remains.</i>	re-fuse', <i>to deny; reject.</i>
proj'-ect, <i>a plan; a scheme.</i>	pro-ject', <i>to jut out.</i>
in'-ter-dict, <i>a prohibition.</i>	in-ter-dict', <i>to forbid.</i>
o'-ver-throw, <i>ruin; defeat.</i>	o-ver-throw', <i>to throw down.</i>

QUESTION.—Which accent has the more forcible stress of voice, the primary, or secondary? What effect does the change of accent on the same word produce? Give examples.

NOTE III.—Emphatic words are often printed in *Italics*. When, however, different degrees of emphasis are to be denoted, the higher degrees are designated by the use of Capitals, LARGER or SMALLER, according to the degree of intensity.

EXAMPLES.

1. To *arms* ! to ARMS! to ARMS! they cry.
2. *Awake*, my heart, AWAKE!
Green *vales* and icy *cliffs*, ALL join my hymn.
3. And Agrippa said unto Paul: *Almost* thou persuadest *me* to be a Christian. And Paul said: I would to God that not only *thou*, but also *all* that hear me this day, were both *almost* and ALTOGETHER such as I am, except these bonds.
4. The thing that *hath* been, it is that which *shall* be, and that which *is* done, is that which *shall* be done, and there is no *new* thing under the sun.

NOTE IV.—Emphasis, as before intimated, varies in degrees of intensity.

EXAMPLES OF INTENSIVE EMPHASIS.

1. ARM, warriors, ARM for the conflict!
2. The *war* is *inevitable*—and LET IT COME! I repeat it, Sir,—LET IT COME! *Patrick Henry*.
3. I know not what course *others* may take; but *as* for *me*, give me LIBERTY, or give me DEATH! *Idem*.
4. The conflict deepens! ON, ye brave,
Who rush to *glory*, or the *grave*!
5. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I *never* would lay down my arms.—NEVER, NEVER, *never*. *Pitt*.

NOTE V.—Emphasis sometimes changes the seat of accent from its ordinary position.

QUESTIONS.—How are emphatic words often denoted? How are those denoted, which are very emphatic? How is Emphasis varied? Repeat the examples of intensive emphasis. What effect has Emphasis sometimes on accent? Give examples.

EXAMPLES.

1. He must *in'*crease, but I must *de'*crease.
2. Joseph attends school *reg'*ularly; but William, *ir'*regularly.
3. Did he perform his part *grace'*fully, or *un'*gracefully?
4. There is a difference between *pos'*sibility and *prob'*ability.
5. We are not to inquire into the *just'*ice or *in'*justice, the *hon'*or or *dis'*honor of the deed; nor whether it was *law'*ful or *un'*lawful, wise or *un'*wise.

NOTE VI.—There are two kinds of Emphasis:—*Absolute* and *Antithetic*. ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS is used to designate the important words of a sentence, without any direct reference to other words.

EXAMPLES OF ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

1. Be we *men*,
And suffer such dishonor? *MEN*, and wash not
The stain away in *BLOOD*?
2. *To-morrow*, didst thou say? *TO-MORROW*?
It is a period *nowhere* to be found
In all the *hoary registers* of time. *Cotton*.
3. I shall know but *one* country. The ends *I* aim at, shall be "*MY COUNTRY'S*, my *GOD'S*, and *TRUTH'S*." *Webster*.
4. I was *born* an American; I *live* an American; I shall *die* an American. *Id.*
5. *SPEAK OUT*, my friends; would you exchange it for the *DEMON'S DRINK, ALCOHOL*? A *shout*, like the *roar* of a tempest, answered "*NO!*"
6. *YOU*, noble Americans, *we bless in the name of the God of liberty*. *Kossuth*.
7. He paused a moment, and with an enchanting smile, whispered softly the name, "*England!*" Louder he cried, "*ENGLAND!*" He waved his handkerchief and shouted, "*ENGLAND!*"
8. O *SACRED FORMS!* how *proud* you look!
How *high* you lift your heads into the sky;
How *huge* you are! how *mighty* and how *free!* *Knowles*.
9. "*HOLD!*" Tyranny cries; but their resolute breath
Sends back the reply, "*INDEPENDENCE or DEATH!*"

QUESTIONS.—How many kinds of Emphasis are there? What is Absolute Emphasis? Give examples.

NOTE VII.—ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS is that which is founded on the contrast of one word or clause with another.

EXAMPLES OF ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS.

1. If we have no regard for our *own* character, we ought, at least, to regard the characters of *others*.
2. The *wicked* flee when no man *pursueth*; but the *righteous* are bold as a lion. *Bible*.
3. *Living* I shall assert it, *dying*, I shall assert it. *Webster*.
4. You were paid to *fight* Alexander, not to *rail* at him.
5. He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for *ours* only, but for the sins of the *whole world*. *Bible*.
6. Ye worship ye know not what: we *know* what *we* worship.

NOTE VIII.—The following examples contain two or more sets of Antitheses.

1. I will make the *stars* of the *west* the *suns* of the *east*. *Kossuth*.
2. We must hold *them* as we hold the *rest* of mankind—*enemies* in *war*, in *peace*, *friends*. *Jefferson*.
3. The *wise man* is happy when he gains his *own* approbation, the *fool*, when he gains that of *others*.
4. *Without* were *fightings*, *within* were *fears*. *Bible*.
5. When the *righteous* are in authority, the people *rejoice*; but when the *wicked* beareth rule, the people *mourn*. *Ibid*.
6. *Faithful* are the *wounds* of a *friend*; but the *kisses* of an *enemy* are *deceitful*. *Ibid*.
7. Set *honor* in *one eye*, and *death* in the *other*.
 And I will look on *both* indifferently.
8. A man's *first* care should be to avoid the *reproaches* of his own heart; his *next*, to escape the *censure* of the world.
9. *Religion* raises men *above* themselves; *irreligion* sinks them *beneath* the brutes.
10. It is my *living* sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my *dying* sentiment; independence *NOW*, and independence *FOREVER!* *Webster*.

NOTE IX.—The sense of a passage is varied by changing the place of the emphasis.

QUESTIONS.—What is Antithetic Emphasis? Give examples. What effect has a change of Emphasis on the sense of a passage? Examples.

 EXAMPLES.

1. Has *James* seen his brother to-day? No; but *Charles* has.
2. Has James *seen* his brother to-day? No; but he has *heard* from him.
3. Has James seen *his* brother to-day? No; but he saw *yours*.
4. Has James seen his *brother* to-day? No; but he has seen his *sister*.
5. Has James seen his brother *to-day*? No; but he saw him *yesterday*.

REMARK.—To determine the emphatic words of a sentence, as well as the *degree* and *kind* of emphasis to be employed, the reader must be governed wholly by the *sentiment* to be expressed. The idea is sometimes entertained, that emphasis consists merely in *loudness* of tone. But it should be borne in mind, that the most *intense* emphasis may often be effectively expressed, even by a whisper.

 SECTION III.

INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTIONS are turns or slides of the voice, made in reading or speaking; as, Will you go to

New *York* or to *Boston*?

All the various sounds of the human voice may be comprehended under the general appellation of *tones*. The principal modifications of these tones are the MONOTONE, the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

QUESTION.—How are the emphatic words of a sentence determined? What are inflections? What are the principal modifications of the human voice?

The Horizontal Line	(-)	denotes the Monotone.
The Rising Slide	(/)	denotes the Rising Inflection.
The Falling Slide	(\)	denotes the Falling Inflection.
The Curve	(-)	denotes the Circumflex.

The MONOTONE is that sameness of sound, which arises from repeating the several words or syllables of a passage in one and the same general tone.

REMARK.—The Monotone is employed with admirable effect in the delivery of a passage that is solemn or sublime.

EXAMPLES.

1. Mān thāt is bōrn of ā wōmān, is of fēw dāys ānd fūll of trōuble. Hē cōmēth fōrth like ā flōwēr, ānd is cūt dōwn; hē flēeth ālsō ās ā shādōw, ānd cōntinūeth nōt.

2. Mān dīeth, ānd wāstēth āwāy: yēā, mān gīvēth ūp thē ghōst, ānd whēre is hē? As thē wāters fāil frōm thē sēā, ānd thē flōōd dēcāyēth ānd driēth ūp, sō mān liēth dōwn, ānd risēth nōt; til thē hēāvēns bē nō mōrē, thēy shāll nōt āwāke, nōr bē rāised oūt of thēir slēēp.

3. Fōr thūs sāith thē hīgh ānd lōfty one thāt inhābitēth ētērnity, whōse nāme is Hōly, I dwēll in thē hīgh ānd hōly plāce.

4. Lōrd, thōu hāst bēēn oūr dwēlling-plāce in āll gēnērātiōns. Bēfore thē mōūntāins wēre brōnght fōrth, or ēvēr thōū hādst fōrmed thē ēarth ānd thē wōrld, ēvēr frōm ēvēr-lāsting tō ēvēr-lāsting, Thōu ārt Gōd. *Bible.*

5. O thōū thāt rōllēst ābōve, rōund ās thē shiēld of mý fāthērs! whēnce āre thý bēams, O sūn! thý ēvēr-lāsting light? *Ossian.*

6. High on ā thrōne of rōyāl stāte, which fār
Oūtsōne thē wēalth of Ormūs or of Ind,
Or whēre thē gōrgēōūs ēast, with rīchēst hānd,
Shōwērs on hēr kīngs bārbāric pēal ānd gōld,
Sātān ēxāltēd sāt! *Milton.*

REMARK.—But the inappropriate use of the monotone,—a fault into which young people naturally fall, is a very grave

QUESTION.—How are they sometimes denoted? What is the Monotone? What passages should be read with the monotone? Give examples?

and obstinate error. It is always tedious, and often even ridiculous. It should be studiously avoided.

The RISING INFLECTION is an upward turn, or slide of the voice, used in reading or speaking; as, Are you

prepared to recite your *leçons*?

The FALLING INFLECTION is a downward turn, or slide of the voice, used in reading or speaking; as,

What are you *doing*?

In the falling inflection, the voice should not sink below the *general pitch*; but in the rising inflection, it is raised above it.

The two inflections may be illustrated by the following diagrams:

1. Did he act *prudently,* or *imprudently?* He acted *prudently.*

2. Did they go *willingly.* or *unwillingly?* They went *willingly.*

3. If the flight of Dryden is *higher,* Pope continues longer on the *wing.* If the blaze of Dryden's fire is *brighter,* the heat of

Pope's is more regular and *constant.*

QUESTION.—What is the Rising Inflection? What is the Falling Inflection? In the falling inflection should the voice sink below the general pitch? Is it raised above the general pitch in the rising inflection?

4. And hath man the power, with his pride and skill,
 To arouse all nature with storms at will?
 Hath he power to color the summer clóud,—
 To allay the tempest, when hills are bówed?
 Can he waken the spring with her festal wréath?
 Can the sun grow dim by his latest bréath?
 Will he come again when death's vale is tród?
 Who then shall dare murmur,—“There is no Gód?”

REMARK.—The same *degree* of inflection is not, at all times, used, or indicated by the notation. The due degree to be employed, depends on the *nature* of what is to be expressed. For example; if a person, under great excitement, asks

another: Are you in *earnest?* the degree of inflection would be

much greater, than if he playfully asks: Are you in *earnest?*
 The former inflection may be called *intensive*, the latter, *common*.

RULES FOR THE USE OF INFLECTIONS.

RULE I.

Direct questions, or those which may be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually take the rising inflection; but their answers, the falling.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you send me those flówers? Yès; or, I will.
2. Did you give me séven? No; I gave you six.
3. Are we better than théy? No; in nò wise.
4. Is he the God of the Jews ónly? is he not also of the Géntiles? Yès; of the Géntiles also.

QUESTIONS.—Is the same degree of inflection to be used at all times? Repeat Rule I. Give examples.

5. Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: we establish the law. *Bible.*

6. Will he plead against me with his great power? No; but he will put strength in me. *Id.*

7. Was it ambition that induced Regulus to return to Carthage? No; but a love of country and respect for truth—an act of moral sublimity, arising out of the firmest integrity.

8 Hark! comes there from the pyramids
 And from Siberian wastes of snow
 And Europe's hills; a voice that bids
 The world be awed to mourn him? No. *Pierpont.*

NOTE I.—When the direct question becomes an appeal, and the reply to it is anticipated, it takes the intense *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. William, *did* we not recite our lessons correctly?
2. *Can* a more *inconsistent* argument be urged in its favor?
3. *Did* he not perform his part most *admirably*?
4. *Was* the Crystal Palace in New York, equal in size to that in London?

RULE II.

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

EXAMPLES.

1. How many lessons have you *learned*? *Threè.*
2. Which has the most credit marks to-day? *Júlia.*
3. Where did your father go, last week? *To Bòston.*
4. When do you expect him to return? *Next week.*
5. Who first discovered America? *Christopher Columbus.*

NOTE I.—When the indirect question is one asking a repetition of what was not, at first, understood, it takes the *rising* inflection.

QUESTIONS.—Does the direct question ever require the falling inflection? Give examples. Repeat Rule II. Give examples. Does the indirect question ever require the rising inflection?

EXAMPLES.

1. Where did you find those flowers? In the lawn.
Where did you say? In the lawn.
2. *When* did you say congress adjourned? Last week.

NOTE II.—Answers to questions, whether direct or indirect, when expressive of indifference, take the *rising* inflection, or the circumflex.

EXAMPLES.

1. Where shall we go? I am not particular.
2. Shall William go with us? If he chooses.
3. Which do you prefer? I have no choice.
4. Did you care for his friendship? Not much.

NOTE III.—In some instances, direct questions become indirect by a change of the inflection from the rising to the falling.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you come to-morrow or next day? Yes.
2. Will you come to-morrow, or next day? I will come to-morrow.

REMARK.—The first question asks if the person addressed will *come* within the two days, and may be answered by *yes* or *no*; but the second asks on *which* of the two days he will come, and it can not be thus answered.

RULE III.

When questions are connected by the conjunction *or*, the first requires the *rising*, and the second, the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Does Napoleon merit praise, or censure?
2. Was it an act of moral courage, or cowardice, for Cato to fall on his sword?

Repeat Note II. How do direct questions become indirect? What is Rule III. Give examples.

3. Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill? *Bible.*
4. Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?

RULE IV.

Antithetic terms or clauses usually take opposite inflections; generally, the former has the *rising*, and the latter the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. It appears more like a dream than real life; more like a romance than a dreadful reality.
2. By honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things. *Bible.*

NOTE I.—When one of the antithetic clauses is a *negative*, and the other an *affirmative*, generally the negative has the *rising*, and the affirmative the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Aim not to show knowledge, but to acquire it.
2. Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.
3. You should not say government, but government.
4. Show your courage by your deeds, not by your words.

RULE V.

The Pause of Suspension, denoting that the sense is incomplete, usually has the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Sir, I implore gentlemen, I adjure them by all they hold dear in this world, by all their love of liberty, by all their veneration for their

Repeat Rule IV. Give examples. Repeat Note I., and examples. Repeat Rule V., and examples.

ancestors, by all their regard for posté-*ri*ty, by all their gratitude to Him who has bestowed on them such unnumbered and countless bléssings, by all the duties which they owe to mankind, and by all the duties which ~~they~~ they owe to thémselves, to pàuse, solemnly pause at the edge of the précipice, before the fearful and dangerous leap is taken into the yawning abyss belòw, from which none who ever take it, shall return in sàfety.

NOTE I.—The ordinary direct address, not accompanied with strong emphasis, takes the *rising* inflection, on the principle of the pause of suspension.

EXAMPLES.

1. Ye men of Judéa, and all ye that dwell in Jerúsalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words. *Bible.*
2. Fight, gentlemen of E'ngland! fight, bold yeóman!
Draw, árchers, draw your arrows to the head.

NOTE II.—In some instances of a pause of suspension, the sense requires an intense *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The prodigal, if he does not become a *pàuper*, will, at least, have but little to bestow on others.

REMARK.—If the *rising* inflection is given on *pauper*, the sense would be perverted, and the passage made to mean, that, in order to be able to bestow on others, it is necessary that he should become a pauper.

RULE VI.

Expressions of tenderness, as of grief, or kindness, commonly incline the voice to the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. O my son Ab'salom! my sòn, my son Ab'salom! Would God I had died for thée, Ab'salom, my sòn, my sòn! *Bible.*

Note I., and examples. Repeat Note II., and example. Rule VI., and example.

RULE VII.

The Penultimate Pause, or the last but one, of a passage, is usually preceded by the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The changing seasons declare the knowledge, power, wisdom, and goodness of God.

2. When the savage provides himself with a hut or a wigwam for shelter, or that he may store up his provisions, he does no more than is done by the rabbit, the beaver, the bee, and birds of every species.

REMARK.—The rising inflection is employed at the penultimate pause in order to promote variety, since the voice generally falls at the end of a sentence.

RULE VIII.

Expressions of strong emotion, as of anger or surprise, and also the language of authority and reproach, are expressed with the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Strike for your homes and liberty,
And the Heavens you worship o'er you!

2. O Fools! and *slow of heart* to believe all that the prophets have written concerning me! *Bible.*

3. *Hush!* breathe it not aloud,
The wild winds must not hear it! Yet, again,
I tell thee—we are FREE!

4. *Arise! shine!* for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. *Bible.*

RULE IX.

An emphatic succession of particulars, and emphatic repetition, require the *falling* inflection.

Rule VII., and examples. Rule VIII., and examples. Repeat Rule IX.

EXAMPLES.

1. Hail, holy light! offspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of the eternal, co-eternal beam.
2. The tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

REMARK.—The stress of voice on each successive particular, or repetition, should gradually be increased as the subject advances.

The CIRCUMFLEX is a union of the two inflections on the same word, beginning either with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, or with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*; as, If he goes to *Ro mē* I shall go to *po mē*.

RULE I.

The circumflex is mainly employed in the language of irony, and in expressing ideas implying some condition, either expressed or understood.

EXAMPLES.

1. Nero was a virtuous prince!
2. O, excellent interpreter of the laws!
3. Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?
4. If you do that, we will do this.
5. They said, too, as you say: "It is our destiny."
6. That power is used, not to benefit mankind, but to crush them.
7. It has been said that this law is a measure of peace! Yes; such peace as the wolf gives to the lamb—the kite to the dove!
8. They follow an adventurer, whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate; we serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore.

QUESTIONS.—What is the Circumflex? When is the circumflex mainly employed? Give examples.

REMARK.—The rising inflection and circumflex are so nearly allied, that, in many instances, it may be difficult to determine which should receive the preference in the reading of a passage. This is particularly the case where *intense* inflection is not required. But the difference between the *circumflex* and the *falling* inflection is so obvious, that no one would be liable to mistake which should be employed.

SECTION IV.

MODULATION.

MODULATION implies those variations of the voice, heard in reading or speaking, which are prompted by the feelings and emotions that the subject inspires.

EXAMPLES.

EXPRESSIVE OF COURAGE AND CHIVALROUS EXCITEMENT.

FULL TONE.	{	Once more unto the breach, dear friends, <i>once more</i> ,
MIDDLE TONE.		Or close the wall up with our English dead!
SHORT AND QUICK.	{	In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man, As modest stillness and humility;
HIGH AND LOUD.		But when the blast of war blows in our ears, Then imitate the action of the tiger; Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood, Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage.
QUICK AND VERY LOUD.	{	<i>On, on</i> , you noblest English, Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof! <i>Fathers</i> , that, like so many Alexanders, Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought, And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
		I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, Straining upon the start. The game's afoot; Follow your spirits, and, upon this charge, CRY—HEAVEN FOR HARRY! ENGLAND! AND ST. GEORGE!

Shakspeare.

QUESTIONS.—What is Modulation? Give an example.

REMARK.—To read the foregoing example in one dull, monotonous tone of voice, without regard to the sentiment expressed, would render the passage extremely insipid and lifeless. But by a proper modulation of the voice, it infuses into the mind of the reader or hearer the most animating and exciting emotions.

A correct modulation of the voice is one of the most important requisites in the speaker. For if the voice is kept for a considerable length of time on one continuous key or pitch, he will not only fail to present that variety and force which the subject contains, but he will weary both himself and his hearers.

The voice is modulated in *three* different ways. *First*, it is varied in PITCH; that is, from *high* to *low* tones, and the reverse. *Secondly*, it is varied in QUANTITY, or in *loudness* or *volume* of sound. *Thirdly*, it is varied in QUALITY, or in the *kind* of sound expressed.

PITCH OF VOICE.

PITCH OF VOICE has reference to its degree of elevation.

Every person, in reading or speaking, assumes a certain pitch, which may be either *high* or *low*, according to circumstances, and which has a governing influence on the variations of the voice, above and below it. This degree of elevation is usually called the KEY NOTE.

As an exercise in varying the voice in pitch, the practice of uttering a sentence on the several degrees of elevation, as represented in the following scale, will be found beneficial. First, utter the musical syllables, then the vowel sound, and lastly, the proposed sentence,—ascending and descending.

QUESTIONS.—In how many ways is the voice modulated? What is meant by pitch of voice? What practice is recommended for varying the pitch of voice?

-
8. do *e* in me.—Virtue alone survives.—
7. si *i* in die. Virtue alone survives.
-
6. la *o* in do.—Virtue alone survives.—
5. sol *o* in no. Virtue alone survives.
-
4. fa *a* in at.—Virtue alone survives.—
3. mi *a* in ate. Virtue alone survives.
-
2. re *a* in far.—Virtue alone survives.—
1. do *a* in all. Virtue alone survives.

Although the voice is capable of as many variations in speaking, as are marked on the musical scale, yet for all the purposes of ordinary elocution, it will be sufficiently exact if we make but *three* degrees of variation, viz., the *Low*, the *Middle*, and the *High*.

1. THE LOW PITCH is that which falls below the usual speaking key, and is employed in expressing emotions of *sublimity*, *awe*, and *reverence*.

EXAMPLES.

1. It thunders! Sons of dust in reverence bow!
 Ancient of Days! thou speakest from above;
 Almighty! Trembling like a timid child!
 I hear thy awful voice! Alarmed—afraid—
 I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
 And in the very grave would hide my head!

2. THE MIDDLE PITCH is that usually employed in common conversation, and in expressing *unimpassioned thought* and *moderate emotion*.

EXAMPLES.

1. When the sun rises or sets in the heavens, when spring paints the earth, when summer shines in its glory, when autumn pours forth its fruits, or winter returns in its awful forms, we view the Creator manifesting himself in his works.

2. The verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the boundless ocean, and the starry heavens, are contemplated with pleasure by every beholder.

QUESTIONS.—What is the Low Pitch, and when is it employed? Give examples. For what is the Middle Pitch employed? Examples.

3. THE HIGH PITCH is that which rises above the usual speaking key, and is used in expressing *joyous*, and *elevated feelings*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Ye crags and peaks, I 'm with you once again!
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
 To show they still are free! Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home
 Again!

Knowles.

QUANTITY.

QUANTITY has reference to *fullness* and *duration* of sound.

Quantity is two-fold;—consisting in FULLNESS or VOLUME of sound, as *soft* or *loud*; and in TIME, as *slow* or *quick*. The former has reference to STRESS; the latter, to MOVEMENT.

The degrees of variation in quantity, are numerous, varying from a slight, soft whisper, to a vehement shout. But for all practical purposes, they may be considered as *three*, the same as in pitch;—the *soft*, the *middle*, and the *loud*.

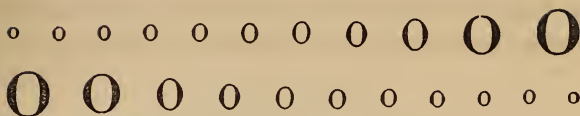
For exercise in quantity, let the pupil read any sentence; as,

“Beauty is a fading flower,”

first in a slight, soft tone, and then repeat it, gradually increasing in quantity to the full extent of the voice. Also, let him read it first very slowly, and then repeat it gradually increasing the movement. In doing this, he should be careful not to vary the pitch.

In like manner, let him repeat any vowel sound, or all of them, and also inversely. Thus :

QUESTION.—What is the High Pitch, and for what is it used? Examples. What is meant by Quantity?



REMARK.—Quantity is often mistaken for Pitch. But it should be borne in mind that quantity has reference to *loudness* or *volume* of sound, and pitch to the *elevation* or *depression* of a tone. The difference may be distinguished by the slight and heavy strokes on a bell :—both of which produce sounds alike in *pitch* ; but they differ in *quantity* or *loudness*, in proportion as the strokes are light or heavy.

RULES FOR QUANTITY.

1. SOFT, OR SUBDUED TONES, are those which range from a whisper to a complete vocality, and are used to express *fear*, *caution*, *secrecy*, *solemnity*, and all *tender emotions*.

EXAMPLES.

1. The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,—“No.”
2. Tread softly—bow the head,—
In reverent silence bow,—
No passing bell doth toll,—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

2. A MIDDLE TONE, or medium loudness of voice, is employed in reading *narrative*, *descriptive*, or *didactic sentences*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
But, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
2. There is as much eloquence in the tone of voice, in the look, and in the gesture of a speaker, as in the choice of his words.

QUESTIONS.—What is the difference between Quantity and Pitch? What are soft, or subdued Tones used to express? Give examples. For what is the Middle Tone employed? Give examples.

3. A **LOUD TONE**, or fullness and stress of voice, is used in expressing *violent passions* and *vehement emotions*.

EXAMPLES.

1.

And once again—

Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear,
THE ETERNAL CITY SHALL BE FREE!

2. On whom do the maledictions fall, usually pronounced in our assemblies? Is it not on this man? Can you point to a more enormous instance of iniquity in any speaker, than this inconsistency between his words and actions.

QUALITY.

QUALITY has reference to *the kind of sound* uttered.

Two sounds may be alike in quantity and pitch, yet differ in quality. The sounds produced on the clarinet and flute, may agree in pitch and quantity, yet be very unlike in quality. The same is often true in regard to the tones of the voice of two individuals. This difference is occasioned mainly by the different positions of the vocal organs.

The qualities of voice mostly used in reading or speaking, and which should receive the highest degree of culture, are the *Pure Tone*, the *Orotund*, the *Aspirated*, and the *Guttural*.

RULES FOR QUALITY.

1. THE **PURE TONE** is a clear, smooth, sonorous flow of sound, usually accompanied with the middle pitch of voice, and is adapted to express emotions of *joy*, *cheerfulness*, *love*, and *tranquillity*.

EXAMPLES.

1. There is joy in the mountain—the bright waves leap
Like a bounding stag when he breaks from sleep;
Mirthfully, wildly they flash along—
Let the heavens ring with song!

QUESTIONS.—For what is the Loud Tone used? Give examples. What is meant by Quality? What qualities of voice should receive the highest degree of culture? What is said of the Pure Tone?

2. THE OROTUND is a full, deep, round, and pure tone of voice, peculiarly adapted to the expression of *sublime* and *pathetic* emotions.

EXAMPLES.

1. '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 bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
Of the departed year!

3. THE ASPIRATED TONE of voice is not a pure, vocal sound, but rather a forcible breathing utterance, and is used to express *amazement*, *fear*, *terror*, *anger*, *revenge*, *remorse*, and *fervent emotions*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou affright me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight;
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
2. For this, of all their wrongs the worst
Great Spirit, let them be accursed.

4. THE GUTTURAL QUALITY is a deep, aspirated tone of voice, used to express *aversion*, *hatred*, *loathing*, and *contempt*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Thou worm! thou viper! to thy native earth
Return! Away! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon! Thou scum! Thou reptile!
2. Tell me I hate the bowl?
Hate is a feeble word:
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell!

QUESTIONS.—What, of the Orotund voice? Give an example of the Orotund voice. Describe the Aspirated Tone of voice. What is it used to express? Give examples. What is said of the Guttural Quality? Give examples.

REMARK.—Whenever a habit of reading or speaking in a *nasal, shrill, harsh, or rough* tone of voice is contracted by the pupil, no pains should be spared in eradicating it, and in securing a clear, full, round, and flexible tone.

NOTATION IN MODULATION.

(°) high.	(<i>p.</i>) soft.
(°°) high and loud.	(<i>pp.</i>) very soft.
(°) low.	(<i>f.</i>) loud.
(°°) low and loud.	(<i>ff.</i>) very loud.
(=) quick.	(<i>pl.</i>) plaintive.
(") short and quick.	(<) increase.
(<i>sl.</i>) slow.	(>) decrease.

EXAMPLES FOR EXERCISE IN MODULATION.

- (*p.*) Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
- (*f.*) But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
- (*sl.*) When Ajax strives some rocks vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
- (=) Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
- (*pp.*) Quick! Man the boat! Away they spring
The stranger ship to aid,
And loud their hailing voices ring,
As rapid speed they made.
- (*sl.*) All dead and silent was the earth,
In deepest night it lay;
The Eternal spoke Creation's word,
And called to being—Day!
- (=) It streamed from on high,
All reddening and bright,
And angel's song welcomed
The new-born light.

(°°) Strike—till the last armed foe expires!
 Strike—for your altars and your fires!
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires!
 God, and your native land! *Halleck.*

(sl.) Long years have passed,—and I behold
 My father's elms and mansions old,—
 The brook's bright wave;

(pl.) But, ah! the scenes which fancy drew,
 Deceived my heart,—the friends I knew,
 Are sleeping now beneath the yew,—

(o) Low in the grave. *Hesp.*

(<) Shall man, the possessor of so many noble faculties, with all the benefits of learning and experience, have less memory, less gratitude, less sensibility to danger than the beasts! (<) Shall man, bearing the image of his Creator, sink thus low?

Thomas H. Benton.

(>) The thunders hushed,—
 The trembling lightning fled away in fear,—
 (p.) The foam-capt surges sunk to quiet rest,—
 The raging winds grew still,—
 (pp.) There was a calm!

(''') Hark! a brazen voice
 Swells from the valley, like the clarion
 That calls to battle. Skirting all the hills,
 (==) Speeds the blithe tone, and wakes an answer up
 In rock and forest, till the vale hath talked
 With all its tongues, and in the fastnesses
 Of the far dingle, (p.) faint and (pp.) fainter heard,
 (>) Dies the last sullen echo.

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
 (sl.) Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 (pp.) Still as the breeze, (oo) but dreadful as the storm!
 (p.) Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
 (ff.) REVENGE, or DEATH!—the watchword and reply;
 (°°) Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 (f.) And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

Campbell.

- (*?*) Ho! sound the tocsin from the tower,—
And fire the culverin,—
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—
Call every vassal in.
- (oo) Up with my banner on the wall,—
The banquet board prepare,—
Throw wide the portal of my hall,
And bring my armor there! *A. G. Greens.*
- (oo) The combat deepens! ON! YE BRAVE!
Who rush to GLORY, or the GRAVE!
- (*ff.*) WAVE, *Munich*, all thy banners WAVE!
And CHARGE with all thy CHIVALRY!
- (*pl.*) Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher! *Campbell.*
- (*sl.*) At length o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks,
(oo) "LAND! LAND!" cry the sailors; (*ff.*) "LAND! LAND!—he
awakes,—
- (*''*) He runs,—yes! behold it! it blesseth his sight!
The land! O dear spectacle! transport! delight!
- (*sl.*) His speech was at first low-toned and slow. Sometimes his voice
would deepen, (oo) like the sound of distant thunder; and anon, (*''*) his
flashes of wit and enthusiasm would light up the anxious faces of his
hearers, (<) like the far-off lightning of a coming storm.
- He woke to hear his sentry's shriek,
(oo) To ARMS! they come, (*ff.*) the GREEK! the GREEK!
- (oo) Huzza for the sea! the all-glorious sea!
Its might is so wondrous, its spirit so free!
- (*''*) And its billows beat time to each pulse of my soul,
Which, impatient, like them, can not yield to control.
- (*''*) Away! away! o'er the sheeted ice,
Away! away! we go;
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet
As deer o'er the Lapland snow.

SECTION V.

THE RHETORICAL PAUSE.

RHETORICAL PAUSES are those which are frequently required by the voice in reading and speaking, although the construction of the passage admits of no grammatical pause.

These pauses are as manifest to the ear, as those which are made by the comma, semicolon, or other grammatical pauses, though not commonly denoted in like manner by any visible sign. In the following examples they are denoted thus, (||).

EXAMPLES.

1. And there lay the steed|| with his nostril all wide,
But through them there rolled|| not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping|| lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray|| of the rock-beaten surf.

This pause is generally made before or after the utterance of some important word or clause, on which it is especially desired to fix the attention. In such cases it is usually denoted by the use of the dash (—).

EXAMPLES.

1. Earth's highest station ends in—“HERE HE LIES!”
2. And, lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
 Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
 And blushing, murmured—“LIGHT!”
3. The path of wisdom is—THE WILL OF GOD.
4. There, in his dark, carved oaken chair
 Old Rudiger sat—DEAD! *A. G. Greene.*

QUESTIONS.—What are Rhetorical Pauses? What is said of this pause? Give an example. When is the Rhetorical Pause generally made? - Give examples.

No definite rule can be given with reference to the length of the rhetorical, or grammatical pauses. The correct taste of the reader or speaker must determine it. For the voice should sometimes be suspended much longer at the same pause in one situation than in another; as in the two following

EXAMPLES.

LONG PAUSE.

Pause a moment. I heard a footstep. Listen now. I heard it again; but it is going from us. It sounds fainter,—still fainter. It is gone.

SHORT PAUSE.

John, be quick. Get some water. Throw the powder overboard. "It can not be reached." Jump into the boat, then. Shove off. There goes the powder. Thank Heaven. We are safe.

QUESTIONS.—Are the Rhetorical, or Grammatical Pauses always of the same length? Give examples of a Long Pause. Of a Short Pause.

REMARK TO TEACHERS.

It is of the utmost importance, in order to secure an easy and elegant style of utterance in reading, to refer the pupil often to the more important principles involved in a just elocution. To this end, it will be found very advantageous, occasionally to review the rules and directions given in the preceding pages, and thus early accustom him to apply them in the subsequent reading lessons.

PART SECOND.

GESTURE.

THE whole art of Oratory is briefly comprehended in two words—"action and utterance."* All that is essential to the latter has been said in the preceding pages. The former must now claim some share of attention.

Oratorical action is a thing of natural impulse. It appears wherever the speaker, young or old, savage or civilized, cultivated or uncultivated, really feels the force of what he is saying; for it is the spontaneous effort of hand, or arm, or other members of the body, to give additional force to the utterances of the tongue.

Some kind of GESTURE, therefore—for that is the appropriate name for oratorical action, must accompany every effort at public speaking. It may be awkward or graceful, it may be suitable or unsuitable, but yet it will always, and everywhere, to some extent at least, have place. So true is this remark, that any attempt to pronounce an oration altogether without gesture, would result in making the orator a mere machine, and inevitably convert the whole performance into a thing at once unnatural and ridiculous.

The truth is, gestures, that is, *significant* motions—for motions without meaning are not gestures, are the natural allies of words. They can not be separated without doing violence to both; for words without gestures are comparatively tame and forceless; while gestures without words, however graceful and expressive, are, after all, nothing but the dumb-show of pantomime. We read, indeed, of Roscius rivaling, by his mimic

* For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood.—*Shakespeare.*

art, the eloquent voice of the first of Roman orators; but, while we find in that feat abundant reason to admire the force and felicity of cultivated gesture, we can not help considering what perfection might have been reached by blending the orator and the actor in the same individual, and so producing a faultless specimen of oratorical excellence. Roscius in action and Cicero in utterance would have been a perfect combination.

Since, then, gesture is the natural auxiliary of the human voice, and, therefore, capable of effective service in the delineation of thought and feeling, the duty of carefully developing its resources can scarcely be questioned. The example of the ancients in this respect is highly suggestive. "What," said one to Demosthenes, "is the *first* qualification for an orator?" "*Action!*" was the reply. "What is the *second*?" said the man. "*ACTION!*" said the orator. "What is the *third*?" continued the querist. "*ACTION!*" again replied Demosthenes.*

Every classical student remembers the reply of Æschines to the Rhodians who, on hearing him read that celebrated speech of Demosthenes which had procured his own banishment from Athens, were filled with transports of admiration. "What would you have said," exclaimed Æschines, "had you heard Demosthenes himself pronounce this oration?"

These anecdotes, often told, but not the less valuable on that account, sufficiently show the importance of gesture. They make two orators, of almost unrivaled excellence in their art, agree in referring the secret of eloquence mainly to the judicious and skillful use of oratorical action. And this, doubtless, has been the prevailing conviction of all who have worthily succeeded them in that wonderful art.

Yet experience has shown that *written* rules, when too minute, or when pressed too severely into service, often work the defeat of the very object which they are intended to subserve. Austin, in that rare book, the *CHIRONOMIA*, has attempted this,

* Demosthenes, doubtless, meant to include in this word *action* all that we comprehend in the term *delivery*.

and the result is, that while his numerous plates illustrative of oratorical positions, movements, and attitudes, still serve, in multitudes of books other than his own, to give some general idea of appropriate gesture, his teachings are remembered, with comparatively few exceptions, only to be condemned as productive of stiffness, awkwardness, and unnatural constraint. So strong, indeed, is the feeling engendered in some minds against the use of formal precepts for gesture, arising, doubtless, from the experienced ill-success of their too rigid and minute application, that not a few are found contending that the whole matter should be left entirely to the promptings of nature and the taste of the individual.*

We propose to steer a middle course. The true and the useful, as it seems to us, lie between these two extremes. What can be readily appreciated and applied to practice by an ordinary mind, we shall venture to give in the form of rule or precept. What lies beyond that, and must, if done at all, be the spontaneous effort, or dictate of the speaker's own taste, comes not, of course, within the scope of our teachings.

The plates on the succeeding pages are designed, not to furnish faultless delineations of oratorical position or movement, but to invite attention to what has, in general, been found pleasing and impressive, and what may, if duly observed, prove serviceable in helping one to acquire a grace or to escape a fault.

RULE I.

Seek first a graceful carriage of the body.

This is the foundation of all propriety of gesture. It is implied in the very word *gesture*; which comes from a Latin term, used to denote that peculiar personal *bearing* or *carriage*, which always marks the movements of a finished orator. It is something, however, which can not well be described in words. It must be learned from *observation*. It is easier to say what it is *not*, than to say just what it *is*. It is not, for instance, that measured movement acquired in military drill; it is not

* See Whately's Rhetoric, Part IV. Chap. IV.

the air affected and the mincing gait of the dancer's art; it is neither the step and manner of excessive diffidence, excessive confidence, nor excessive indifference; but something equally removed from all these: being easy without being careless, firm without being stiff, and dignified without being haughty.

It is this which often gains the good will of an audience before the speaker has uttered a single syllable. This alone not unfrequently engages attention, secures a fair hearing, and, what is more, a favorable decision. It puts the hearer in sympathy with the speaker, and, in short, has all the force of a powerful recommendation. He, on the other hand, that comes before an audience with an ungainly air, planting himself before them erect, like a post, now settling the weight of his whole body on one foot, and now on the other, now swinging himself forward, now backward, now side-wise or around with sudden jerk, now violently "sawing the air" with his arms, twisting rolls of paper unconsciously with hands, and otherwise offending the sight by awkward and unmeaning motions, is sure to prevent, by his action, any full and just appreciation of whatever may be good in his utterance. The student can not be too observant on this point.

RULE II.

Keep the body, as a general thing, erect, the chest expanded, and the lower limbs firm, so as to afford the best possible exertion of the vocal powers.

This direction is intended to correct a very common fault; that of reading or speaking with the body in a stooping position, with the shoulders curved, and the chest, of course, contracted into limits and shapes directly productive of vocal constraint and bodily disease. Some recommend the practice of speaking and walking at the same time as a curative of this tendency. The practice is good. It forces the body into proper condition for the full exercise of the vocal organs. It should be done often and regularly till habit has rendered it easy. It is the exact opposite of a practice, not a little hurtful to learners, that of reading, while *sitting*, instead of *standing* or *walking*.

 RULE III.

Acquire skill in the use of those motions and positions of the HEAD, the EYES, the ARMS, the HANDS, and even the LOWER LIMBS, which are found to be capable of enforcing or illustrating thought, sentiment, or action.

This precept is founded upon the true idea of gesture, that is, motion, expressive of *meaning*. The student should never for a moment forget that gesture differs from mere motion, by being always *significant*; always the vehicle of some thought, feeling, or action. Keeping this in mind, he must carefully watch those intimations of the soul, which are given not merely by words from the tongue, but by motions from other members of the body. Studying in this way, he will soon learn (among other things) to discern that—

(1.) The HEAD is bowed down with *grief*, with *shame*, with *awe*; is made stiff and erect with *pride*, with *courage*, and with *obstinacy*; yields *assent* with a nod; signifies *dissent* with one kind of shake, *defiance* with another; gives earnest *attention* by leaning forward, and evinces *horror* or *aversion* by turning aside:

(2.) That the EYES have a look of *inquiry*, of *wonder*, of *pity*, of *scorn*, of *anger*, of *supplication*, of almost every thing that can be expressed by the tongue or imagined by the mind, and that these various looks are as natural as the feelings they indicate:

(3.) That the ARMS, when skillfully used, portray *power* and *authority* by their projection, *admiration* and *amazement* by extension, *despair* or *disappointment* by suddenly dropping down, and a thousand other phases of thought and feeling by motions and positions, dictated by nature, and scarcely subject to definite rules:

(4.) That the HANDS are clasped in *prayer*, wrung in *affliction*, waved in *triumph*, applied to the head in *pain*, to the heart in appeals to the *conscience*, to the lips in token of *silence* or *secrecy*, to the eyes under the sense of *shame*, and, in manifold other ways, made to convey the speaker's meaning:

(5.) That the LOWER LIMBS, when firm, are often indicative

of corresponding *firmness* of spirit, when feeble and trembling, are the signs of *age*, of *sickness*, or of *terror*, when bent in the attitude of kneeling, plainly signify *devotion* or *submission*, and are capable of many other expressive motions and positions.

These hints and suggestions,—for *rules* they can scarcely be called, are given as mere generalities. They may derive illustration, perhaps, from the figures in the plates on the pages following ; but, after all, the skill of the teacher and the taste of the pupil must determine the exact extent of their usefulness.

One further suggestion we venture to give, and that in the words of a writer* whose opinions on this subject are entitled to the greatest respect. "Boys," says he, "are generally taught to employ the prescribed action either *after* or *during* the utterance of the words it is to enforce. The best and most appropriate action must, from this circumstance alone, necessarily appear a feeble affectation. It suggests the idea of a person speaking to those who do not fully understand the language, and striving by signs to explain the meaning of what he has been saying. The very same gesture, had it come at the proper, that is, the *natural* point of time, might, perhaps, have added greatly to the effect ; viz., had it *preceded* somewhat the utterance of the words. *That* is always the natural order of action. An emotion, struggling for utterance, produces a tendency to a bodily gesture, to express that emotion more *quickly* than *words* can be framed ; the words follow as soon as they *can* be spoken. And this being always the case with a real, earnest, unstudied speaker, this mode of placing the action foremost, gives, (if it be otherwise appropriate,) the appearance of earnest emotion actually present in the mind. And the reverse of this natural order would alone be sufficient to convert the action of Demosthenes himself into unsuccessful and ridiculous mimicry."

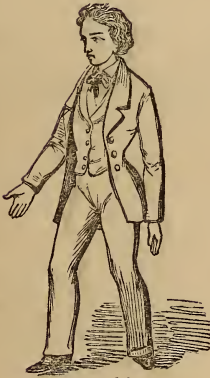
* Whately.



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S A N D E R S '
S C H O O L S P E A K E R .

PART THIRD.

EXERCISES IN DECLAMATION.

EXERCISE. I.

EXHORTATION TO THE STUDY OF ELOQUENCE.¹

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

1. You who are ascending, with painful step and persevering toil, the eminence of science, to prepare yourselves for the various functions and employments of the world before you, it can not be necessary to urge upon you the importance of the art, concerning which I am speaking. (<) Is it the purpose of your future life to minister in the temples of Almighty Gód, to be the messengers of Heaven upon earth, to enlighten with the torch of eternal truth the path of your fellow-mortals to brighter wólds? Remember the reason assigned for the appointment of Aaron to that ministry which you purpose to assume upon yourselves: "I KNOW THAT HE CAN SPEAK WELL;"² and, in this testimonial of Omnipotence, receive the injunction of your duty.

2. Is it your intention to devote the labors of your maturity to the cause of justice; to defend the persons, the property, and the fame of your fellow-citizens from the open assaults of violence, and the secret encroachments of fráud? Fill the fountains of your eloquence from inexhaustible sources, that their streams, when they shall begin to flow, may themselves prove inexhaustible.

3. Is there among you a youth whose bosom burns with

¹ See Figure 1, p. 56.

² Exodus, Chap. IV., v. 14.

the fires of honorable ambition; who aspires to immortalize his name by the extent and importance of his services to his country; whose visions of futurity glow with the hope of presiding in her councils, of directing her affairs, of appearing to future ages, on the rolls of fame, as her ornament and pride? Let him catch from the relics of ancient oratory those unresisted powers which mold the mind of man to the will of the speaker, and yield the guidance of a nation to the dominion of the voice.

4. Under governments purely republican, where every citizen has a deep interest in the affairs of the nation, and, in some form of public assembly or other, has the means and opportunity of delivering his opinions, and of communicating his sentiments by speech,—where government itself has no arms but those of persuasion,—where prejudice has not acquired an uncontrolled ascendancy, and faction is yet confined within the barriers of peace, the voice of eloquence will not be heard in vain.

5. March then with firm, with steady, with undeviating step to the prize of your high calling. Gather fragrance from the whole paradise of science, and learn to distill from your lips all the honeys of persuasion. Consecrate, above all, the faculties of your life to the cause of truth, of freedom, and of humanity. So shall your country ever gladden at the sound of your voice, and every talent, added to your accomplishments, become another blessing to mankind.

EXERCISE II.

TRUE ELOQUENCE

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous 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. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. 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 it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

2. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of decla-

mation, all may aspire after it,—they can not reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. 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 their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible.

3. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man *onward*,¹ right ONWARD to his object,—this, *this* is ELOQUENCE; or rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is ACTION, NOBLE, SUBLIME, GOD-LIKE ACTION.

EXERCISE III.

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS.

SHAKSPEARE.

1. (") SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I *pronounced* 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* spoke 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 beget a *temperance*, that may give it *smoothness*. Oh, it offends me to the *soul*, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very *rags*, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows, and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod. Pray you, *avoid* it.

2. Be not too *tame* neither; but let your own *discretion* be your tutor. Suit the action to the *word*; the word to the *action*: with this special observance: that you *o'erstep* not the modesty of *nature*; for any thing so *overdone* is from the *purpose* of playing; whose end, both at the first, and

¹ See Figure 22, p. 54.

now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to *nature*; to show virtue her own *feature*; scorn her own *image*; and the very age and *body* of the time, his form, and *pressure*. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the *unskillful laugh*, can not but make the *judicious grieve*; the censure of which *one*, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of *others*. Oh, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that *highly*, not to speak it *profanely*, that, neither having the accent of *Christians*, nor the gait of *Christian, pagan, nor man*, have so *strutted and bellowed*, that I have thought some of nature's *journeymen* had made men, and not made them *well*: they imitated humanity so *abominably*.

EXERCISE IV.

SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG SPEAKERS.

LLOYD.

1. To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
 The proper action nature's self will tell:
 No pleasing powers distortions e'er express,
 And nicer judgment always loathes excess.
 In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
 Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.
 The word and action should conjointly suit,
 But acting words is labor too minute.
 Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
 While sober humor marks the impression strong.
2. But let the generous actor still forbear
 To copy features with a mimic's care!
 'Tis a poor skill, which every fool can reach,
 A vile stage custom, honor'd in the breach.
 When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
 Drag private foibles on the public scene,
 Forsaking nature's fair and open road,
 To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode;
 Fired with disgust, I loathe his servile plan,
 Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
 Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
 And hunt for humor in distortions there!
 Fill up the measure of the motley whim
 With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;

- Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
 Good sense, good manners, and the stage!
3. 'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
 'Tis *modulation* that must charm the ear.
 When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
 And whine their sorrows in a sēē-sāw tōne,
 The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes,
 Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
 The voice all modes of passion can express,
 That marks the proper word with proper stress.
 But none emphatic can that actor call,
 Who lays an equal emphasis on all.
4. Some o'er the tongue the labored measures roll,
 (sl.) Slōw and deliberate as the pārting tōll :
 Pōint ēvēry stēp, mārķ ēvēry pāuse so strong,
 Their words, like stage processions, stalk along.
 All affectation but creates disgust,
 And e'en in *speaking* we may seem *too* just.
 In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
 Whose recitation runs it all to prose ;
 Repeating what the poet sets not down,
 The verb disjoining from its friendly noun,
 While pause and break and repetition join
 To make a discord in each tuneful line.
5. Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
 With lifeless drone, insipid, and serene ;
 While others thunder every couplet o'er,
 And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.
 More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
 In the low whisper, than tempestuous tone.
 And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze,
 More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
 Than he, who swollen with big, impetuous rage,
 Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.
6. He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
 Will find true nature cling about his heart.
 The modes of grief are not included all
 In the white handkerchief and mournful drāwl ;
 A single look more marks th' internal woe,
 Than all the windings of the lengthened ōh !
 Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
 (") And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes :
 Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
 And all the passions, all the soul is there.

EXERCISE V.

ON THE PROSPECT OF AN INVASION.¹

ROBERT HALL.

1. FREEDOM, driven from every spot on the continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favorite abode; but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture, where it can be successfully repelled, in the Thermopylæ of the universe.

2. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, the most important by far of sublunary interests, you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are intrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the color and complexion of their destiny.

3. If liberty, after being extinguished on the continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you then to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theater of wonders; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapped in eternal gloom.

4. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious

¹ On the threatened invasion of England by the French, in 1803.

omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence.

5. While you are engaged in the field many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary: the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shout of battle and the shock of arms.

6. While you have every thing to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success, so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of our cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period (and they will incessantly revolve them), will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulcher.

7. I can not but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favorable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended, and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to *swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth forever and ever*, they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labors, and cemented with your blood.

8. And Thou, sole ruler among the children of men to whom the shields of the earth belong, *gird on Thy sword thou Most Mighty*: go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valor, that confidence of success which springs from Thy presence! Pour into these hearts the spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with Thine own; and, while led by Thy hand, and fighting under Thy banners, open Thou their eyes to be-

hold in every valley and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire: “*Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark: and they shall burn together, and none shall quench them.*”

EXERCISE VI.

AN APPEAL TO PATRIOTISM.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1. Our bosoms we'll bare for the glorious strife,
 And our oath is recorded on high,
 To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
 Or crushed in its ruins to die!
 Then *rise*, fellow-freemen, and stretch¹ the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

2. 'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust—
 God bless the green isle of the brave!
 Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
 It would rouse the old dead from their grave!
 Then *rise*, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

3. In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide,
 Profaning its loves and its charms?
 Shall a Frenchman insult the loved fair at our side?
 (f.) To *arms!* oh, my country, TO ARMS!
 Then *rise*, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

4. Shall a tyrant enslave us, my countrymen?—Nò;
 His head to the sword shall be given—
 A death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe,
 And his blood be an offering to heaven!
 Then *rise*, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

¹ See Figure 9, p. 53.

EXERCISE VII.

DUTY OF AMERICA TO GREECE.

HENRY CLAY.

1. ARE we so low, so base, so despicable, that we may not express our horror, articulate our detestation, of the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth, or shocked high heaven, with the ferocious deeds of a brutal soldiery, set on by the clergy and followers of a fanatical and inimical religion, rioting in excess of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens? If the great mass of Christendom can look coolly and calmly on, while all this is perpetrated on a Christian people, in their own vicinity, in their very presence, let us, at least, show that, in this distant extremity, there is still some sensibility and sympathy for Christian wrongs and sufferings; that there are still feelings which can kindle into indignation at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection, and every modern tie.

2. But, sir, it is not first and chiefly for Greece that I wish to see this measure adopted. It will give them but little aid—that aid purely of a moral kind. It is, indeed, soothing and solacing, in distress, to hear the accents of a friendly voice. We know this as a people. But, sir, it is principally and mainly for *America* herself, for the credit and character of our common country, that I hope to see this resolution pass; it is for our own unsullied name that I feel.

3. What appearance, sir, on the page of history, would a record like this make:—"In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Savior 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold, unfeeling apathy, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States—almost the sole, the last, the greatest repository of human hope and of human freedom, the representatives of a nation capable of bringing into the field a million of bayonets—while the freemen of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, its fervent prayer, for Grecian success; while the whole continent was rising, by one simultaneous motion, solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking the aid of heaven to spare Greece, and to invigorate her arms: while temples and senate-houses were all resounding with one burst of generous sympathy; in the year

of our Lord and Savior,—that Savior alike of Christian Greece and of us,—a proposition was offered in the American Congress, to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with an expression of our good wishes and our sympathies,—and it was rejected!”

4. Go home, if you dare,—go home, if you can,—to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down! Meet, if you dare, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments; that, you can not tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some undefinable danger, affrighted you; that the specters of cimeters, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you; and, that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberality, by national independence, and by humanity! I can not bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of this House.

EXERCISE VIII.

ARRIVAL OF KOSSUTH.

HENRY B. BLACKWELL.

I.

Now let the glorious sun of heaven redouble every ray,
 And bathe in floods of orient light America to-day;
 While joyous shouts from sea to sea through wide horizons ring,
 Let cold December's cheek be flushed with roses of the Spring,
 And Nature's conscious heart beat high, in unison divine,
 With every honest, free-born heart, from Greenland to the line!

II.

Brother! by Freedom's hallowed bond, than earthly tie more strong,
 Well may we herald your approach with music and with song;
 Well may we gaze with earnest eyes upon your care-worn face,
 Well may we clasp your manly form in passionate embrace,
 Well may we bow uncovered heads, with homage deeper far
 Than crouched and crouching slaves can yield to emperor or czar.

III.

O brave Kossuth! we welcome thee,—Columbia's honored guest,
 To brighter days we cheer thee on, to victory and rest:
 To victory, when once again the Magyar flag unfurled,
 Shall rally to the last revolt the European world;
 To rest, the only rest you crave, fair Hungary to see
 Once more the home of Peace and Love, the dwelling of the free.

IV.

We welcome thee with smiles and tears, such as pale mothers shed
 Over a long-lost, shipwrecked child, scarce rescued from the dead ;
 With loving joy and mournful pride we bid thee welcome home,
 As long ago, from stormy fight, the citizens of Rome
 Greeted a torn and mangled son whose bruised and battered crest
 Proved he had nobly faced her foes whose wounds were on his breast.

V.

O Ruler ! by your countrymen's unanimous acclaim,—
 O Statesman ! whose enlightened sway was innocent of blame,—
 O Patriot ! whose unwearied toil the breathless world beheld,—
 O Leader ! whose victorious power the House of Hapsburg quelled,—
 O Champion ! of the trampled serfs, no longer bought and sold,—
 O Martyr ! strong in principle, inexorably bold,—
 O Lion-Heart ! whose every pulse is true to God and Right,—
 O Man of Deeds ! so stainlessly and honorably bright,—
 Darkness and death have thronged your path, your heart is desolate,
 Around your head are gathered all the clouds of hostile Fate ;
 The future of your grand career we can not yet foresee,
 But this we know,—YOUR HUNGARY IS DESTINED TO BE FREE !

EXERCISE IX.

THE CAUSE OF HUNGARY A JUST ONE.

KOSSUTH.

1. To prove that Washington never attached to his doctrine of neutrality more than the sense of temporary policy, I refer to one of his letters, written to Lafayette, wherein he says:—"Let us only have twenty years of peace, and our country will come to such a degree of power and wealth, that we will be able, in a just cause, to defy whatever power on earth."

2. "In a *just* cause !" Now, in the name of eternal truth, and by all that is sacred and dear to man, since the history of mankind is recorded there has been no cause *more just* than the cause of Hungary ! Never was there a people, without the slightest reason, more sacrilegiously, more treacherously, and by fouler means, attacked than Hungary ! Never have crime, cursed ambition, despotism and violence, in a more wicked manner, united to crush down freedom, and the very life, than against Hungary ! Never was a country more mortally outraged than Hungary. All your sufferings, all your complaints, which, with so much right, drove your forefathers to take up arms, are but slight grievances, compared

with those immense, deep wounds, out of which the heart of Hungary bleeds! If the cause of my people is not sufficiently just to insure the protection of God, and the support of good-willing men, then there is no just cause, and no justice on earth; then the blood of no new Abel will move toward heaven; the genius of charity, Christian love, and justice, will mournfully fly the earth; a heavy curse will upon mortality fall, oppressed men despair, and only the Cains of humanity walk proudly, with impious brow, above the ruins of Liberty on earth!

3. You have attained that degree of strength and consistency, when your less fortunate brethren of mankind may well claim your brotherly, protecting hand. And here I stand before you, to plead the cause of these, your less fortunate brethren,—the cause of humanity. I may succeed, or I may fail. But I will go on, pleading with that faith of martyrs by which mountains were moved; and I may displease you, perhaps; still I will say with Luther,—“*May God help me,—I can do no otherwise!*” (f.) WOE, a thousand-fold woe, to humanity, should there nobody on earth be to maintain the laws of humanity! WOE to humanity, should even those who are as mighty as they are free, not feel interested in the maintenance of the laws of mankind, because they *are* laws, but only in so far as some scanty money interests would desire it! WOE to humanity, if every despot of the world may dare to trample down the laws of humanity, and no free nation arise to make respected these laws! People of the United States, humanity expects that your glorious republic will prove to the world that republics are formed on virtue. It expects to see you the guardians of the law of humanity!

EXERCISE X.

A DECEIVER DECEIVED.

HALL.

SIR CHRISTOPHER—QUIZ.

Sir Christopher. And so, friend Blackletter, you are just come from college.

Quiz. Yes, sir.

Sir Ch. Ah, Mr. Blackletter, I once loved the name of a college, until my son proved so worthless.

Quiz. In the name of all the literati, what do you mean? You fond of books, and not bless your stars in giving you such a son!

Sir Ch. Ah, sir, he was once a youth of promise. But do you know him?

Quiz. What! Frederic Classic?—Ay, that I do,—Heaven be praised!

Sir Ch. I can tell you, Mr. Blackletter, he is wonderfully changed.

Quiz. And a lucky change for him. What! I suppose he was once a wild young fellow?

Sir Ch. No, sir, you don't understand me, or I don't you. I tell you, he neglects his studies, and is foolishly in love; for which I shall certainly cut him off with a shilling.

Quiz. You surprise me, sir. I must beg leave to undeceive you,—you are either out of your senses, or some wicked enemy of his has, undoubtedly, done him this injury. Why, sir, he is in love, I grant you, but it is only with his book. He hardly allows himself time to eat; and, as for sleep, he scarcely takes two hours in the twenty-four. This is a thumper; for the dog has not looked into a book these six months, to my certain knowledge. (*Aside.*)

Sir Ch. I have received a letter from farmer Downright this very day, who tells me he has received a letter from him, containing proposals for his daughter.

Quiz. This is very strange. I left him at college, as close to his books as—oh, oh—I believe I can solve this mystery, and much to your satisfaction.

Sir Ch. I should be very happy indeed if you could.

Quiz. Oh, as plain as that two and three are five. 'Tis thus:—An envious fellow, a rival of your son's—a fellow who has not as much sense in his whole corporation, as your son has in his little finger—yes, I heard this very fellow ordering a messenger to farmer Downright with a letter; and this is, no doubt, the very one. Why, sir, your son will certainly surpass the Admirable Crichton. Sir Isaac Newton will be a perfect automaton, compared with him; and the sages of antiquity, if resuscitated, would hang their heads in despair.

Sir Ch. Is it possible that my son is now at college, making these great improvements?

Quiz. Ay, that he is, sir.

Sir Ch. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Oh, the dear fellow! the dear fellow!

Quiz. Sir, you may turn to any part of Homer, and re-

peat one line, he will take it up, and, by dint of memory, continue repeating to the end of the book.

Sir Ch. Well, well, well! I find I was doing him great injustice. However, I'll make him ample amends. Oh, the dear fellow! the dear fellow! the dear fellow! (*with great joy.*) He will be immortalized; and so shall I; for, if I had not cherished the boy's genius in embryo, he would never have soared above mediocrity.

Quiz. True, sir.

Sir Ch. I can not but think what superlative pleasure I shall have, when my son has got his education. No other man's in England shall be comparative with it; of that I am positive. Why, sir, the moderns are such dull, plodding, senseless barbarians, that a man of learning is as hard to be found as the unicorn.

Quiz. 'Tis much to be regretted, sir; but such is the lamentable fact.

Sir Ch. Even the shepherds, in days of yore, spoke their mother tongue in Latin; and now, *hic, hæc, hoc*, is as little understood as the language of the moon.

Quiz. Your son, sir, will be a phenomenon, depend upon it.

Sir Ch. So much the better, so much the better. I expected soon to have been in the vocative; for, you know, you found me in the accusative case, and that's very near it;—ha! ha! ha!

Quiz. You have reason to be merry, sir, I promise you.

Sir Ch. I have, indeed. Well, I shall leave off interjections, and promote an amicable conjunction with the dear fellow. Oh! we shall never think of addressing each other in plain English;—no, no, we will converse in the pure classical language of the ancients. You remember the Eclogues of Virgil, Mr. Blackletter?

Quiz. Oh, yes, sir, perfectly; have 'em at my finger ends. Not a bit of a one did I ever hear of in my life. (*Aside.*)

Sir Ch. How sweetly the first of them begins!

Quiz. Very sweetly, indeed, sir. (*Aside.*) Bless me! I wish he would change the subject.

Sir Ch. "*Tytire tu patulæ recubans;*" faith, 'tis more musical than fifty hand-organs.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) I had rather hear a Jew's-harp.

Sir Ch. Talking of music, though—the Greek is the language for that.

Quiz. Truly is it.

Sir Ch. Even the conjugations of the verbs far excel the

finest sonata of Pleyel or Handel. For instance: "*tupto, tupso, tetupha.*" Can any thing be more musical?

Quiz. Nothing. "Stoop low, stoop so, stoop too far."

Sir Ch. Ha! ha! ha! "Stoop too far!" That's a good one.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) Faith, I have stooped too far. All's over now, by Jupiter!

Sir Ch. Ha! ha! ha! A plaguy good pun, Mr. Blackletter.

Quiz. Tolerable. (*Aside.*) I am well out of that scrape, however.

Sir Ch. Pray, sir, which of the classics is your favorite?

Quiz. Why, sir, Mr. Frederic Classic, I think;—he is so great a scholar.

Sir Ch. Po! po! you don't understand me. I mean, which of the Latin classics do you admire most?

Quiz. Hang it! what shall I say now? (*Aside.*) The Latin classics? Oh, really, sir, I admire them all so much, it is difficult to say.

Sir Ch. Virgil is my favorite. How very expressive is his description of the unconquerable passion of Queen Dido, where he says,—"*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo!*" Is not that very expressive?

Quiz. Very expressive, indeed, sir. (*Aside.*) I wish we were forty miles asunder. I shall never be able to hold out much longer at this rate.

Sir Ch. And Ovid is not without his charms.

Quiz. He is not, indeed, sir.

Sir Ch. And what a dear, enchanting fellow Horace is!

Quiz. Wonderfully so!

Sir Ch. Pray, what do you think of Xenophon?

Quiz. Who the plague is he, I wonder? (*Aside.*) Xenophon! Oh, think he unquestionably wrote good Latin, sir.

Sir Ch. Good Latin, man! He wrote Greek;—good Greek, you meant.

Quiz. True, sir, I did. Latin, indeed! (*In great confusion.*) I meant Greek;—did I say Latin? I really meant Greek. (*Aside.*) Bless me! I don't know what I mean myself.

Sir Ch. Oh! Mr. Blackletter, I have been trying a long time to remember the name of one of Achilles' horses, but I can't for my life think of it. You doubtless can tell me.

Quiz. O yes, his name was—but which of them do you mean? What was he called?

Sir Ch. What was he called? Why, that's the very thing I wanted to know. The one I allude to was born of the Harpy Celæno. I can't, for the blood of me, tell it.

Quiz. (Aside.) Bless me! if I can either. (*To him.*) Born of the Harpy—oh! his name was—(*striking his forehead.*) Gracious! I forget it now. His name was—was—was—Strange! 'tis as familiar to me as my A, B, C.

Sir Ch. Oh! I remember;—'twas Xanthus, Xanthus!—I remember now,—'twas Xanthus;—plague o' the name!—that's it.

Quiz. Egad! so 'tis. "Thankus, Thankus!"—that's it. Strange, I could not remember it. (*Aside.*) 'Twould have been stranger, if I had.

Sir Ch. You seem at times a little absent, Mr. Blackletter.

Quiz. Dear me! I wish I was absent altogether. (*Aside.*)

Sir Ch. We shall not disagree about learning, sir. I discover you are a man, not only of profound learning, but correct taste.

Quiz. (Aside.) I am glad you have found that out, for I never should. I came here to quiz the old fellow, and he'll quiz me, I fear. (*To him.*) O, by-the-by, I have been so confused—I mean, so confounded—pshaw! so much engrossed with the contemplation of the Latin classics, I had almost forgotten to give you a letter from your son.

Sir Ch. Bless me, sir! why did you delay that pleasure so long?

Quiz. I beg pardon, sir; here 'tis. (*Gives a letter.*)

Sir Ch. (Puts on his spectacles and reads.) "To Miss Clara!"

Quiz. No, no, no;—that's not it;—here 'tis. (*Takes the letter and gives him another.*)

Sir Ch. What! are you the bearer of love epistles, too, Mr. Blackletter?

Quiz. (Aside.) What a horrid blunder! (*To him.*) Oh, no, sir: that letter is from a female cousin at a boarding-school, to Miss Clara Upright—no, Downright—that's the name.

Sir Ch. Truly she writes a good masculine fist. Well, let me see what my boy has to say. (*Reads.*)

"Dear Father: There is a famous Greek manuscript just come to light. I must have it. The price is about a thousand dollars. Send me the money by the bearer."

Short and sweet. There's a letter for you, in the true Lacedæmonian style—laconic. Well, the boy shall have it, were it ten times as much. I should like to see this Greek manuscript. Pray, sir, did you ever see it?

Quiz. I can't say I ever did, sir. (*Aside.*) This is the only truth I have been able to edge in yet.

Sir Ch. I'll just send to my banker's for the money. In the mean time, we will adjourn to my library. I have been much puzzled with an obscure passage in Livy. We must lay our heads together for a solution. But I am sorry you are addicted to such absence of mind, at times.

Quiz. 'Tis a misfortune, sir; but I am addicted to a greater than that, at times.

Sir Ch. Ah! what's that?

Quiz. I am sometimes addicted to an absence of body.

Sir Ch. As how?

Quiz. Why, thus, sir. (*Takes up his hat and stick, and walks off.*)

Sir Ch. Ha! ha! ha! That's an absence of body, sure enough,—an absence of body with a vengeance! A very merry fellow this. He will be back for the money, I suppose, presently. He is, at all events, a very modest man, not fond of expressing his opinion—but that's a mark of merit.

EXERCISE XI.

THE GHOST.

1. " 'Tis about twenty years since Abel Law,
 A short, round-favored, merry
 Old soldier of the Revolutionary
 War
 Was wedded to
 A most abominable shrew.
 The temper, sir, of Shakespeare's Catherine
 Could no more be compared with hers,
 Than mine
 With Lucifer's.
 Her eyes were like a weasel's; she had a harsh
 Face, like a cranberry marsh,
 All spread
 With spots of white and red;
 Hair of the color of a wisp of straw,
 And a *disposition* like a *cross-cut saw*.
 The appellation of this lovely dame
 Was Ann or Nancy; don't forget the name.
2. Her brother David was a tall,
 Good-looking chap, and that was all;
 One of your *great, big nothings*, as we say

Here in Rhode Island, picking up old jokes
 And cracking them on other folks.
 Well, David undertook one night to play
 The Ghost, and frighten Abel, who,
 He knew,
 Would be returning from a journey through
 A grove of forest wood
 That stood
 Below
 The house some distance,—half a mile, or so,
 With a long taper
 Cap of white paper,
 Just made to cover
 A wig, nearly as large over
 As a corn-basket, and a sheet
 With both ends made to meet
 Across his breast,
 (The way in which ghosts are always dressed.)

3. He took
 His station near
 A huge oak-tree,
 Whence he could overlook
 The road, and see
 Whatever might appear.
 It happened that about an hour before, friend Abel
 Had left the table
 Of an inn, where he had made a halt,
 With horse and wagon,
 To taste a flagon
 Of malt
 Liquor, and so forth, which being done,
 He went on,
 Caring no more for twenty ghosts,
 Than if they were so many posts.
4. David was nearly tired of waiting ;
 His patience was abating ;
 At length, he heard the careless tones
 Of his kinsman's voice,
 And then the noise
 Of wagon wheels among the stones.
 Abel was quite elated and was roaring
 With all his might, and pouring
 Out, in great confusion,
 Scraps of old songs made in "the Revolution."

5. His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton ;
 And jovially he went on,
 Scaring the whip-po-wil's among the trees
 With rhymes like these:—
 " See the Yankees
 Leave the hill
 With baggernetts declining,
 With lopped-down hats
 And rusty guns,
 And leather aprons shining.
- " See the Yankees— *Whoa!* Why, what is that ?"
 Said Abel, staring like a cat,
 As, slowly, on the fearful figure strode
 Into the middle of the road.
6. " My conscience ! what a suit of clothes !
 Some crazy fellow, I suppose.
 Hallo ! friend what's your name ! by the powers of gin,
 That's a strange dress to travel in."
 " Be silent, Abel ; for I now have come
 To read your doom ;
 Then hearken, while your fate I now declare.
 I am a spirit—" " I suppose you are ;
 But you'll not *hurt* me, and I'll tell you why :
 Here is a fact which you can not deny ;—
 All spirits must be either good
 Or bad,—that's understood,—
 And be you good or evil, I am sure
 That I'm secure.
 If a *good* spirit, I am safe. If *evil*,—
 And I don't know but you may be the *Devil*,—
 If *that's* the case, you'll recollect, I fancy,
 That *I am married to your sister Nancy!*"

EXERCISE XII.

THE FEDERAL UNION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. (*sl.*) I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and the honor of the whole country, and the preservation of the Federal Union. I have not allowed myself to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly

weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depths of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

2. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as,—*What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly,—*Liberty first, and Union afterward*; (<) but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!

EXERCISE XIII.

OUR UNION.

J. L. LINFORD.

1. (*f.*) Dissolve this mighty ÚNION?
 Go stop yon rolling Sùn!
 Blot out the Planets from their spheres
 Which now in order run:
 Go stop the rolling billows;
 Go calm the roaring sea;

And *then* this mighty UNION
 May be dissolved by thee!

2. Dissolve this happy UNION?
 Command our God to sleep!
 And call the sons of Europe o'er
 Its fragments then to weep;
 But, hark! they say, with one accord,—
 "That starry land shall shine,
 The envy of these Eastern lands,
Preserved by Power Divine!"
3. Dissolve this mighty UNION?
 The Jew, the Turk, the Greek,
 And Chinese, wonder at the word,
 And now astonished speak;
 "Dissolve that mighty Union?
 Go hide thy shameless head;
 Behold the mighty hand of GOD
 Her spangled Banners spread."
4. Dissolve this mighty UNION?
 Her Mountains on thee frown;
 Volcanoes in their fury rise
 With fire to sweep thee down.
 But, hark! the sound from every shore
 Of "Union" still is heard,
 Her myriad Sons assembled round
 Their "*Banner*" at a word.

EXERCISE XIV.

GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.¹

1. Go, feel what I have felt,
 Go, bear what I have borne;
 Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
 And the cold, proud world's scorn.
 Thus struggle on from year to year,
 Thy sole relief,—the scalding tear.

¹ A young lady who was told that she was a monomaniac in her hatred to alcoholic drinks, wrote the following touching and sensible verses, which were first published in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*.

2. Go, weep as I have wept,
 O'er a loved father's fall ;
 See every cherished promise swept,—
 Youth's sweetness turned to gall ;
 Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
 That led me up to woman's day.
3. Go, kneel as I have knelt ;
 Implore, beseech, and pray,
 Strive the besotted heart to melt,
 The downward course to stay ;
 Be cast with bitter curse aside,—
 Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.
4. Go, stand where I have stood,
 And see the strong man bow ;
 With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
 And cold and livid brow ;
 Go catch his wandering glance and see
 There mirrored, his soul's misery.
5. Go, hear what I have heard,—
 The sobs of sad despair,
 As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
 And its revealings there
 Have told him what he might have been,
 Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.
6. Go to my mother's side,
 And her crushed spirit cheer ;
 Thine own deep anguish hide,
 Wipe from her cheek the tear ;
 Mark her dimmed eye,—her furrowed brow ;
 The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
 Her toil-worn frame, her trembling limbs,
 And trace the ruin back to him
 Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
 Promised eternal love and truth ;
 But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
 This promise to the deadly cup ;
 And led her down from love and light,
 From all that made her pathway bright,
 And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
 That lowly thing,—a drunkard's wife !
 And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
 That withering blight,—a drunkard's child !

7. Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know,
 All that my soul hath felt and known,
 Then look within the wine-cup's glow;
 See if its brightness can atone;
 Think if its flavor you would try,
 If all proclaimed,—'Tis *drink and die*.
8. Tell me I hate the bowl;
 Hate is a feeble word;
 I loathe,¹ abhor,—my very soul,
 By strong disgust is stirred,
 Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
 Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!!

 EXERCISE XV.

MEN OF ACTION, CLEAR THE WAY!

CHARLES MACKAY.

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 you may.
 There is a fount about to stream,
 There is a light about to beam,
 There is a warmth about to glow,
 There is a flower about to blow,
 There is a midnight darkness
 Changing into day;
 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;

¹ See Figure, p. 9.

- 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 wrong 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 long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

EXERCISE XVI.

VINDICATION FROM TREASON.

THOMAS F. MEAGHER.

1. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime for which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment toward them. Influenced as they must have been by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it, I feel sincerely would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord,—you who preside on that bench,—when the passions and prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and to ask of it, was your charge, as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the Crown?

2. My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and, perhaps, it may seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost; I am here to regret nothing I have ever done;—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave, with no lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it, even here,—

here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust; here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil opened to receive me,—even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

3. No, I do not despair of my poor old country,—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up,—to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world, to restore to her her native powers and her ancient Constitution, this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal, I deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted, loses all its guilt, is sanctioned as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice.

4. With these sentiments, my lord, I await the sentence of the Court. Having done what I felt to be my duty,—having spoken what I felt to be the truth, as I have done on every other occasion of my short career, I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death,—the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies,—whose factions I have sought to still,—whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim,—whose freedom has been my fatal dream.

5. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy and an honored home. Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence which the laws direct, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal,—a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness as well as of justice will preside, and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.

EXERCISE XVII.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

SHAKSPEARE.

1. To BE,—or *not* to be,—that is the question !
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind to *suffer*
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or, to take *arms* against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them. 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 ; 't is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished !

2. To die ;—to sleep ;—
 To sleep ? perchance to *dream* ;—ay, there 's the rub :
 For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause ! There 's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life ;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ?

3. Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life ;
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

EXERCISE XVIII.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

1. To MARRY,—or *not* to marry,—that is the question!
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
 The sullen silence of these cobweb rooms,
 Or seek in festive balls some cheerful dame,
 And, by uniting, end it. To live alone,—
 No more;—and, by marrying, say we end
 The heart-ache, and those throes and make-shifts
 Bachelors are heirs to; 't is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished!
2. To marry;—to live in peace;—
 Perchance in war;—ay, there's the rub;
 For in the marriage state what ills may come,
 When we have shuffled off our liberty,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes us dread the bonds of wedlock;
 For who could bear the noise of scolding wives,
 The fits of spleen, th' extravagance of dress,
 The thirst for plays, for concerts, and for balls,
 The insolence of servants, and the spurns
 That patient husbands from their consorts take,
 When he himself might his quietus gain,
 By living single?
3. Who would wish to bear
 The jeering name of Bachelor,
 But that the dread of something after marriage,—
 (Ah, that vast expenditure of income,
 The tongue can scarcely tell), puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather choose the single life,
 Than go to gaol for debts we know not of!
 Economy thus makes Bachelors of us still;
 And thus our melancholy resolution
 Is still increased upon more serious thought.

EXERCISE XIX.

MASTERY OF MAN OVER NATURE.

HORACE GREELEY.

1. Let us look boldly, broadly out on Nature's wide domain.
 Let us note the irregular, yet persistent, advance of the pio-

neers of civilization, the forest conquerors, before whose lusty strokes and sharp blades the century-crowned wood-monarchs, rank after rank, come *crashing* to the earth. From age to age have they kept apart the soil and sunshine, as they shall do no longer. Onward, still onward, pours the army of ax-men, and still before them bow their stubborn foes. But yesterday, their advance was checked by the Ohio: to-day it crossed the Missouri, the Kansas, and is fast on the heels of the flying buffalo. In the eye of a true discernment, what host of Xerxes or Cæsar, of Frederic or Napoleon, ever equaled this in majesty, in greatness of conquest, or in true glory?

2. The mastery of man over Nature; this is an inspiring truth, which we must not suffer, from its familiarity, to lose its force. By the might of his intellect, Man has not merely made the elephant his drudge, the lion his diversion, the whale his magazine, but even the subtlest and most terrible of the elements is made the submissive instrument of his will. He turns aside, or garners up the lightning; the rivers toil in his workshops; the tides of ocean bear his burdens; the hurricane rages for his use and profit. Fire and water struggle for mastery, that he may be whisked over hill and valley with the celerity of the sunbeam.

3. The stillness of the forest midnight is broken by the snorting of the Iron Horse, as he drags the long trains from lakes to ocean with a slave's docility, a giant's strength. Up the long hill he labors, over the deep glen he skims, the tops of the tall trees swaying around and below his narrow path. His sharp, quick breathing bespeaks his impetuous progress; a stream of fire reflects its course. On dashes the restless, tireless steed, and the morrow's sun shall find him at rest in some far mart of commerce, and the partakers of his wizard journey scattered to their vocations of trade or pleasure, unthinking of their night's adventure. What had old Romance wherewith to match the every-day realities of the Nineteenth Century?

EXERCISE XX.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

PHILLIPS.

1. Sir, it matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace 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 residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had past, how pure was the climate that it cleared! how bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the planet which it revealed to us!

2. 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 ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot 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 masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

3. 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! 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 command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.

4. 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 patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created.

Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism.

EXERCISE XXI.

A SCENE IN A COURT OF JUSTICE.

COUNSEL. So, sir—(*in the regular browbeating style*)—
So you have been in the prosecutor's house?

WITNESS. I have.

COUNSEL. Have you been often?

WITNESS. Sometimes.

COUNSEL. That, sir, is not an answer to my question. I
ask, have you been in this person's house *often*?

WITNESS. (*With much archness of manner.*) I don't know
what you mean by often.

COUNSEL. Have you been twenty times?

WITNESS. I never kept 'count how many times.

COUNSEL. Come, sir, don't be rude. I asked you, have
you been twenty times in this man's house?

WITNESS. I can't speak positively as to the number of times.

THE BENCH. *About the number of times; speaking ac-*
ording to the best of your belief?

WITNESS. (*With great readiness and politeness.*) I should
think, my lord, I have been in the prosecutor's house from
fifteen to twenty times.

COUNSEL. (*With great harshness of manner.*) So, sir,
though you could not answer the question when put by me,
you found no difficulty in answering it when put by his lord-
ship?

WITNESS. His lordship put—

COUNSEL. (*Interrupting witness.*) *Stay* a little, if you
please, sir.

WITNESS. Oh, certainly; as long as you like. I'm in no
particular hurry.

COUNSEL. Perhaps, sir, you would condescend to tell the
Court what your object was in going to the prosecutor's house?

WITNESS. The Court has not asked me the question.

COUNSEL. Don't be insolent, sir: *I* have asked you the
question.

WITNESS. Then I can't answer you.

COUNSEL. You *must* answer me, sir.

WITNESS. I can't; for I often went without knowing the
reason why.

COUNSEL. Can you inform us, then, about what particu-
lar *hour* you were in the habit of visiting his house?

WITNESS. (*Looking toward the Bench.*) Is it necessary that I should answer that question, my lord?

THE JUDGE. If you can, I do not see why you should not.

COUNSEL. Come, sir, answer the question.

WITNESS. I should suppose it generally was between one and two o'clock.

COUNSEL. (*His countenance brightening up, as if he had made some important discovery.*) Oh, I see; that was about the dinner hour, was it not?

WITNESS. I never inquired what was the dinner hour.

COUNSEL. Perhaps not; but I dare say your nose would be of some service in enabling you to ascertain it.

WITNESS. My nose, sir, never asks any questions.

COUNSEL. (*His face coloring with confusion.*) But, though your nose does not speak, I dare say it has acquired considerable dexterity, from experience, at discovering when a good dinner is on the table of a friend, and enabling you to regulate your visits accordingly.

WITNESS. You must be judging of my nose from your own, sir.

COUNSEL. (*Laboring to conceal his mortification.*) You seem disposed to be very witty to-day, sir.

WITNESS. I think *we* are, sir.

COUNSEL. You say that your favorite hour for visiting this man's house was between one and two o'clock.

WITNESS. I never said any thing of the kind.

COUNSEL. (*Pulling himself up.*) What, sir, do you mean to deny what you have just said? Recollect, sir, you are on your oath.

WITNESS. I said that was *generally* about the time; but I never said any thing about "*favorite hour.*"

COUNSEL. Well, sir; perhaps you would have no objection to tell us whether you were in the habit of partaking of the prosecutor's dinner, when honoring him with your visits, at the particular time you mention.

WITNESS. I do not see what that has to do with the present case.

COUNSEL. It's not what *you see*, sir. Pray, sir, answer me the question, whether you were in the habit of partaking of this man's dinner on such occasions?

WITNESS. Whether I partook of it or not, depended on circumstances.

COUNSEL. On what circumstances, sir?

WITNESS. Why, on whether I was *asked* to partake of it or not.

COUNSEL. Yes, I dare say you never declined an invitation when you got one.

WITNESS. (*With great emphasis.*) Never, sir. Never refuse a good dinner when I can get one.

COUNSEL. Ay, I can well believe that. And I am sure you would do the dinner of any friend ample justice.

WITNESS. I always do my best, sir, on such occasions.

COUNSEL. I don't doubt it. You have always, I suppose, a good appetite and capacious stomach when at the table of a friend.

WITNESS. Always, sir.

COUNSEL. Ay, you look the very picture of a hungry fellow.

WITNESS. Yes, sir; both of us look the picture of hungry fellows: we look as if we were kept on starvation allowance.

EXERCISE XXII.

TO JOHN BULL.

MISSOURI GAZETTE.

1. I wonder, JOHN, if you forget, some sixty years ago,
When we were very young, JOHN, your head was white as snow;
You did n't count us much, JOHN, and thought to make us run,
But found out your mistake, JOHN, one day at Lexington.
2. And, when we asked you in, JOHN, to take a cup of tea,
Made in Boston harbor, JOHN, the tea-pot of the free,
You did n't like the party, JOHN, it was n't quite select,
There were some *aborigines*, you did n't quite expect.
3. You did n't like their manners, JOHN, you could n't stand their tea,
And thought it got into their heads, and made them quite too free;
But you got very tipsy, JOHN, (you drink a little still,)
The day you marched across the Neck, and ran down Bunker Hill.
4. You acted just like mad, JOHN, and tumbled o'er and o'er,
By your stalwart Yankee son, who handled half a score.
But now I hope you're sober, JOHN, you're far too fat to run,
You have n't got the legs, JOHN, you had at Bennington!
5. You had some corns upon your toes, CORN-WALLIS, that was one,
And at the fight at Yorktown, why then you could n't run;
You tried quite hard, I will admit, and threw away your gun,
And gave your sword, fie JOHN, for shame! to one GEORGE WASH-
INGTON.

-
6. Another much-loved spot, JOHN, such sweet associations,
When you were going down to York to see your rich relations;
The Dutchman of the Mohawk, JOHN, anxious to entertain,
Put up some "GATES" that stopped you, JOHN, on Saratoga's plain.
4. That hill you must remember, JOHN, 't is high and very green;
We mean to have it lithographed, and send it to your Queen;
I know you love that hill, JOHN, you dream of it a-nights,
The name it bore in '76 was simply Bemis' Hights.
8. Your old friend ETHAN ALLEN, JOHN, of Continental fame,
Who called you to surrender, in "Great JEHOVAH's" name;
You recognized the "Congress," then, authority most high,
The morn he called so early, JOHN, and took from you Fort Ti!¹
9. I know you'll grieve to hear it, JOHN, and feel quite sore and sad,
To learn that ETHAN's dead, JOHN, and yet there's many a lad
Growing in his highland home, that's fond of guns and noise,
And gets up just as early, JOHN, those brave Green Mountain Boys.
10. "Oh no, we never mentioned it;" we never thought it lucky,
The day you charged the cotton bags and got into Kentucky:
I thought you knew geography, but misses in their teens
Will tell you that Kentucky lay, just then, below Orleans.
11. The "beauty," it was there, JOHN, behind the cotton bags,
But did you get the booty, JOHN?—somehow my memory flags;
I think you made a "swap," JOHN, I've got it in my head,
Instead of gold and silver, you took it in cold lead!
12. The mistress of the Ocean, JOHN, she could n't rule the Lakes;
You had some GANDERS in your fleet, but JOHN, you had no
"DRAKES;"
Your choicest spirits, too, were there, you took your hock and sherry,
But, JOHN, you could n't stand our fare, you could n't take our
PERRY!

EXERCISE XXIII.

TO A KATYDID.

O. W. HOLMES.

1. I love to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!

¹ Ti, an abbreviation of *Ticonderoga*.

Thou 'mindest me of gentle folks ;
 Old gentle folks are they,—
 Thou say'st an undisputed thing
 In such a solemn way.

2. Thou art a female, Katydid !
 I know it by the trill
 That quivers through thy piercing notes,
 So petulant and shrill.
 I think there is a knot of you
 Beneath the hollow tree ;
 A knot of spinster Katydids,
 Do Katydids drink téa ?
3. O tell me where did Katy live,
 And what did Katy do ?
 And was she very fair and young,
 And yet so wicked too ?
 Did Katy love a naughty man,
 Or kiss more cheeks than óne ?
 I warrant Katy did no more
 Than many a Kate has done.
4. Dear me ! I'll tell you all about
 My fuss with little Jane
 And Ann, with whom I used to walk
 So often down the lane ;
 And all that tore their locks of black,
 Or wet their eyes of blue,—
 Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
 What did poor Katy do ?
5. Ah, no ! the living oak shall crash,
 That stood for ages still ;
 The rock shall rend its mossy base,
 And thunder down the hill,
 Before the little Katydid
 Shall add one word, to tell
 The mystic story of the maid
 Whose name she knows so well.
6. Peace to the ever murmuring race !
 And when the latest one
 Shall fold in death her feeble wings,
 Beneath the autumn sun,

Then shall she raise her fainting voice,
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

EXERCISE XXIV.

THE WORLD AROUND US.

HORACE MANN.

1. BUT a higher and holier world than the world of Ideas, or the world of Beauty, lies around us; and we find ourselves endued with susceptibilities which affiliate us to all its purity and its perfectness. The laws of nature are sublime, but there is a moral sublimity before which the highest intelligence must kneel and adore. The laws by which the winds blow, and the tides of the ocean, like a vast clepsydra, measure, with inimitable exactness, the hours of ever-flowing time; the laws by which the planets roll, and the sun vivifies and paints; the laws which preside over the subtle combinations of chemistry, and the amazing velocities of electricity; the laws of germination and production in the vegetable and animal worlds;—all these, radiant with eternal beauty as they are, and exalted above all the objects of sense, still wane and pale before the Moral Glories that apparel the universe in their celestial light.

2. The heart can put on charms which no beauty of known things, nor imagination of the unknown, can aspire to emulate. Virtue shines in native colors, purer and brighter than pearl, or diamond, or prism, can reflect. Arabian gardens, in their bloom, can exhale no such sweetness as charity diffuses. Beneficence is godlike, and he who does most good to his fellow-man is the Master of masters, and has learned the Art of arts. Enrich and embellish the universe as you will, it is only a fit temple for the heart that loves truth with a supreme love. Inanimate vastness excites wonder; knowledge kindles admiration, but love enraptures the soul. Scientific truth is marvelous, but moral truth is divine; and whoever breathes its air and walks by its light, has found the lost paradise. For him, a new heaven and a new earth have already been created. His home is the sanctuary of God, the Holy of Holies.

EXERCISE XXV.

PUBLIC DISHONESTY.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

1. A CORRUPT public sentiment produces dishonesty. A public sentiment in which dishonesty is not disgraceful; in which bad men are respectable, are trusted, are honored, are exalted, is a curse to the young. The fever of speculation, the universal derangement of business, the growing laxness of morals, is, to an alarming extent, introducing such a state of things.

2. If the shocking stupidity of the public mind to atrocious dishonesties is not aroused; if good men do not bestir themselves to drag the young from this foul sorcery; if the relaxed bands of honesty are not tightened, and conscience tutored to a severer morality, our night is at hand,—our midnight not far off. *Woe* to that guilty people who sit down upon broken laws, and wealth saved by injustice! *Woe* to a generation fed by the bread of fraud, whose children's inheritance shall be a perpetual memento of their father's unrighteousness; to whom dishonesty shall be made pleasant by association with the revered memories of father, brother, and friend!

3. But, when a whole people, united by a common disregard of justice, conspire to defraud public creditors; and States vie with States in an infamous repudiation of just debts, by open or sinister methods; and nations exert their sovereignty to protect and dignify the knavery of the commonwealth; then the confusion of domestic affairs has bred a fiend before whose flight honor fades away, and under whose feet the sanctity of truth and the religion of solemn compacts are stamped down and ground into the dirt. Need we ask the cause of growing dishonesty among the young, the increasing untrustworthiness of all agents, when States are seen clothed with the panoply of dishonesty, and nations put on fraud for their garments?

4. Absconding agents, swindling schemes, and defalcations, occurring in such melancholy abundance, have, at length, ceased to be wonders, and rank with the common accidents of fire and flood. The budget of each week is incomplete without its mob and run-away cashier,—its duel and defaulter; and as waves which roll to the shore are lost in those which follow on, so the villainies of each week obliterate the record of the last.

5. Men of notorious immorality, whose dishonesty is flagrant, whose private habits would disgrace the ditch, are powerful and popular. I have seen a man stained with every sin, except those which required courage; into whose head I do not think a pure thought has entered for forty years; in whose heart an honorable feeling would droop for very loneliness; in evil he was ripe and rotten; hoary and depraved in deed, in word, in his present life and in all his past; evil when by himself, and viler among men; corrupting to the young; to domestic fidelity, a recreant; to common honor, a traitor; to honesty, an outlaw; to religion, a hypocrite; base in all that is worthy of man, and accomplished in whatever is disgraceful; and yet this wretch could go where he would; enter good men's dwellings, and purloin their votes. Men would curse him, yet obey him; hate him, and assist him; warn their sons against him, and lead them to the polls for him. A public sentiment which produces ignominious knaves, can not breed honest men.

6. We have not yet emerged from a period in which debts were insecure. The debtor legally protected against the rights of the creditor; taxes laid, not by the requirements of justice, but for political effect; and lowered to a dishonest inefficiency; and when thus diminished, not collected; the citizens resisting their own officers; officers resigning at the bidding of the electors; the laws of property paralyzed; bankrupt laws built up; and stay-laws unconstitutionally enacted, upon which the courts look with aversion, yet fear to deny them, lest the wildness of popular opinion should roll back disdainfully upon the bench, to despoil its dignity, and prostrate its power. General suffering has made us tolerant of general dishonesty; and the gloom of our commercial disaster threatens to become the pall of our morals.

EXERCISE XXVI.

A R T.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

1. When, from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.

'T was Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke
 Where her light foot flew o'er the ground,
 And thus, with seraph voice, she spoke:
 "The curse a blessing shall be found!"

2. She led him through the trackless wild,
 Where noontide sunbeam never blazed.
 The thistle shrunk, the harvest smiled,
 And Nature gladdened as she gazed.
 Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
 At Art's command, to him are given;
 The village grows, the city springs,
 And point their spires of faith to heaven.

3. He rends the oak, and bids it ride,
 To guard the shores its beauty graced;
 He smites the rock,—upheaved in pride,
 See towers of strength and domes of taste.
 Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
 Fire bears his banner on the wave,
 He bids the mortal poison heal,
 And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

4. He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
 Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;
 He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
 And mocks his own Creator's skill.
 With thoughts that fill his glowing soul,
 He bids the ore illumine the page,
 And, proudly scorning Time's control,
 Commerces with an unborn age.

5. In fields of air he writes his name,
 And treads the chambers of the sky;
 He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
 That quivers round the throne on high.
 In war renowned, in peace sublime,
 He moves in greatness and in grace;
 His power, subduing space and time,
 Links realm to realm, and race to race.

EXERCISE XXVII.

THE DREAM OF DÆDALUS.¹

1. I'm all in a flutter, I scarcely can utter
The thoughts to my brain that come dancing—come dancing;
I've had such a dream, that it really must seem
To incredulous ears like romancing—romancing.
No doubt it was brought on by that Madame Wharton,
Who puzzled me quite with her models—her models,
Or Madame Tussaud, where I saw in a row,
Of all possible people, the Noddles—the Noddles.
2. I dreamed I was walking with Homer, and talking
The very best Greek I was able—was able,
When Guy, Earl of Warwick, Johnson, and Garrick
Would dance a Scotch reel on the table—the table;
Then Hannibal rising, declared 't was surprising
That gentlemen made such a riot—a riot,
And sent, in a bustle, to beg Lord John Russell
Would hasten and make them all quiet—all quiet.
3. He came, and found Cato at cribbage with Plato,
And Zimmerman playing the fiddle—the fiddle,
And, snatching a rapier from Admiral Napier,
Ran Peter the Great through the middle—the middle.
Then up jumped Alboni, who looked at Belzoni,
Who sat by her side like a mummy—a mummy;
But pious Æneas said, "This must n't be, as
I never play whist with a dummy"—a dummy.
4. I'm really perplexed to say who I saw next,
But I think it was Poniatowski—atowski,
Was driving Nell Gwynn with Commissioner Lynn
Over Waterloo bridge in a droski—a droski;
Then Sardanapalus, who thought fit to hail us,
Observed,—“It is very cold weather”—cold weather.
So flinging his jazey at Prince Esterhazy,
They both began waltzing together—together.
5. The news next was spread that Queen Dido was dead,
And Alderman Gibbs, in a “huff,” sir—a “huff,” sir,
Had seized Lola Montes at Fribourg and Pontez,
For feeding her bull-dog with snuff, sir—with snuff, sir;

¹ From Punch's burlesque of "Theseus and Ariadne."

Then Bunn in a hurry ran off to the Surrey,
 And clapped Abdel Kader in irons—in irons,
 And engaged Julius Cæsar to play "*Adalgisa*,"
 To Widdicomb's "Lady of Lyons"—of Lyons.

6. I caught up a candle, and whispered to Handel,
 There must be an end of the matter—the matter ;
 When bang through the skylight came down upon *my* light,
 Lord Brougham in a deuce of a clatter—a clatter.
 In terror I awoke, crying this is no joke,
 And jumped smack out of bed like Priam—King Priam :
 And I've but to remark, if you're still in the dark,—
 Why,—you're not a bit worse off than I am—than I am.

EXERCISE XXVIII.

PEDANTS SEEKING PATRONAGE.

DIGIT, *a mathematician* ; TRILL, *a musician* ; SESQUIPEDALIA, *a linguist and philosopher* ; DRONE, *a servant of Mr. Morrell, in whose house the scene is laid.*

DIGIT *alone.*

Digit. If theologians are in want of a proof that mankind are daily degenerating, let them apply to me, Archimedes Digit. I can furnish them with one as clear as any demonstration in Euclid's third or fifth book; and it is this,—the sublime and exalted science of Mathematics is falling into general disuse. Oh, that the patriotic inhabitants of this extensive country should suffer so degrading a circumstance to exist! Why, yesterday, I asked a lad of fifteen which he preferred, Algebra or Geometry; and he told me—oh horrible! he told me he had never studied them! I was thunder-struck, I was astonished, I was petrified! Never studied Geometry! never studied Algebra! and fifteen years old! The dark ages are returning. Heathenish obscurity will soon overwhelm the world, unless I do something immediately to enlighten it; and for this purpose I have now applied to Mr. Morrell, who lives here, and is celebrated for his patronage of learning and learned men. (*A knock at the door.*) Who waits there?

(*Enter DRONE.*)

Is Mr. Morrell' at home?

Drone (*speaking very slow*). Cān't sây; s'pōse hē is; in-deēd, I ām sūre hē is, ōr wās jūst nōw.

Digit. Why, I could solve an equation while you are answering a question of five words,—I mean if the unknown terms were all on one side of the equation. Can I see him?

Drone. There is nobody in this house by the name of Quation.

Digit (*aside*). Now, here's a fellow that can not distinguish between an algebraic term and the denomination of his master!—I wish to see Mr. Morrell upon an affair of infinite importance.

Drone. Oh, very likely, sir. I will inform him that Mr. Quation wishes to see him (*mimicking*) upon an affair of infinite importance.

Digit. No, no. Digit—Digit. My name is Digit.

Drone. Oh, Mr. Digy-Digy. Very likely. (*Exit Drone*.)

Digit (*alone*). That fellow is certainly a negative quantity. He is minus common sense. If this Mr. Morrell is the man I take him to be, he can not but patronize my talents. Should he not, I don't know how I shall obtain a new coat. I have worn this ever since I began to write my theory of sines and co-tangents; and my elbows have so often formed right angles with the plane surface of my table, that a new coat or a parallel patch is very necessary. But here comes Mr. Morrell.

(*Enter SESQUIPEDALIA.*)

Sir (*bowing low*), I am your most mathematical servant. I am sorry, sir, to give you this trouble; but an affair of consequence—(*pulling the rags over his elbows*)—an affair of consequence, as your servant informed you—

Sesquipedalia. *Servus non est mihi, Domine*; that is, I have no servant, sir. I presume you have erred in your calculation; and—

Digit. No, sir. The calculations I am about to present you, are founded on the most correct theorems of Euclid. You may examine them, if you please. They are contained in this small manuscript. (*Producing a folio.*)

Sesq. Sir, you have bestowed a degree of interruption upon my observations. I was about, or, according to the Latins, *futurus sum*, to give you a little information concerning the luminary who appears to have deceived your vision. My name, sir, is Tullius Maro Titus Crispus Sesquipedalia; by profession a linguist and philosopher. The most abstruse points in physics or metaphysics are to me as transparent as ether. I have come to this house for the purpose of obtain-

ing the patronage of a gentleman who befriends all the literati. Now, sir, perhaps I have induced conviction, *in mente tua*, that is, in your mind, that your calculation was erroneous.

Digit. Yes, sir, as to your person, I was mistaken; but my calculations, I maintain, are correct, to the tenth part of a circulating decimal.

Sesq. But what is the subject of your manuscript? Have you discussed the infinite divisibility of matter?

Digit. No, sir; I can not reckon infinity; and I have nothing to do with subjects that can not be reckoned.

Sesq. Why, I can reckon about it. I reckon it is divisible *ad infinitum*. But, perhaps, your work is upon the materiality of light; and, if so, which side of the question do you espouse?

Digit. Oh, sir, I think it quite immaterial.

Sesq. What! light immaterial! Do you say light is immaterial?

Digit. No; I say it is quite immaterial which side of the question I espouse. I have nothing to do with it. And besides, I am a bachelor, and do not mean to *espouse* any thing at present.

Sesq. Do you write upon the attraction of cohesion? You know, matter has the properties of attraction and repulsion.

Digit. I care nothing about matter, so I can find enough for mathematical demonstration.

Sesq. I can not conceive what you have written upon, then. Oh, it must be the centripetal and centrifugal motions.

Digit (peevishly). No, no! I wish Mr. Morrell would come. Sir, I have no motions but such as I can make with my pencil upon my slate, thus. (*Figuring upon his hand.*) Six, minus four, plus two, equal eight, minus six, plus two. There, those are my motions.

Sesq. Oh, I perceive you grovel in the depths of Arithmetic. I suppose you never soared into the regions of philosophy. You never thought of the vacuum which has so long filled the heads of philosophers.

Digit. Vacuum! (*Putting his hand to his forehead.*) Let me think.

Sesq. Ha! What! have you got it *sub manu*, that is, under your hand? Ha, ha, ha!

Digit. Eh! under my hand? What do you mean, sir?—that my head is a vacuum? Would you insult me sir?—

insult Archimedes Digit? Why, sir, I'll cipher you into infinite divisibility. I'll set you on an inverted cone, and give you a centripetal and centrifugal motion out of the window, sir! I'll scatter your solid contents!

Sesq. *Da veniam*, that is, pardon me, it was merely a *lapsus linguæ*, that is—

Digit. Well, sir, I am not fond of *lapsus linguæ*s, at all, sir. However, if you did not mean to offend, I accept your apology. I wish Mr. Morrell would come.

Sesq. But, sir, is your work upon mathematics?

Digit. Yes, sir. In this manuscript I have endeavored to elucidate the squaring of the circle.

Sesq. But, sir, a square circle is a contradiction in terms. You can not make one.

Digit. I perceive you are a novice in this sublime science. The object is to find a square which shall be equal to a given circle; which I have done by a rule drawn from the radii of the circle and the diagonal of the square. And by my rule the area of the square will equal the area of the circle.

Sesq. Your terms are to me incomprehensible. Diagonal is derived from the Greek. *Dia* and *gonia*, that is, "through the corner." But I don't see what it has to do with a circle; for if I understand aright, a circle, like a sphere, has no corners.

Digit. You appear to be very ignorant of the science of numbers. Your life must be very insipidly spent in poring over philosophy and the dead languages. You never tasted, as I have, the pleasure arising from the investigation of a difficult problem, or the discovery of a new rule in quadratic equations.

Sesq. Poh! poh! (*Turns round in disgust and hits Digit with his cane.*)

Digit. Oh, you villain!

Sesq. I wish, sir—

Digit. And so do I wish, sir, that that cane was raised to the fourth power, and laid over your head as many times as there are units in a thousand. Oh! Oh!

Sesq. Did my cane come in contact with the sphere of attraction around your shin? I must confess, sir—

Enter TRILL.

But here is Mr. Morrell, *Salve Domine!* Sir, your servant.

Trill. Which of you, gentlemen, is Mr. Morrell?

Sesq. Oh! neither, sir. I took *you* for that gentleman.

Trill. No, sir; I am a teacher of music. Flute, harp, viol,

violin, violoncello, organ, or any thing of the kind; any instrument you can mention. I have just been displaying my powers at a concert, and come recommended to the patronage of Mr. Morrell.

Sesq. For the same purpose are that gentleman and myself here.

Digit (still rubbing his shin). Oh! oh!

Trill. Has the gentleman the gout? I have heard of its being cured by music. Shall I sing you a tune? Hem! hem! *Fa!*—

Digit. No, no; I want none of your tunes. I'd make that philosopher sing, though, and dance, too, if he had n't made a vulgar fraction of my leg.

Sesq. *In veritate*, that is, in truth, it happened *forte*, that is, by chance.

Trill (talking to himself). If B be flat, *mi* is in E.

Digit. Ay, sir; this is only an integral part of your conduct ever since you came into this house. You have continued to multiply your insults in the abstract ratio of a geometrical progression, and at last have proceeded to violence. The dignity of Archimedes *Digit* never experienced such a reduction descending before.

Trill (to himself). Twice *fa, sol, la*, and then comes *mi* again.

Digit. If Mr. Morrell does not admit me soon, I'll leave the house, while my head is on my shoulders.

Trill. Gentlemen, you neither keep time nor chord. But, if you can sing, we will carry a trio before we go.

Sesq. Can you sing an ode of Horace or Anacreon? I should like to hear one of them.

Digit. I had rather hear you sing a demonstration of the forty-seventh proposition, first book.

Trill. I never heard of those performers, sir; where did they belong?

Sesq. They *did* belong to Italy and Greece.

Trill. Ah! Italy. There are our best masters, such as Morelli and Fuselli. Can you favor me with some of their compositions?

Sesq. Oh, yes; if you have a taste that way, I can furnish you with them, and with Virgil, Sallust, Cicero, Cæsar, and Quintilian; and I have an old Greek Lexicon which I can spare.

Trill. *Ad libitum*, my dear sir, they will make a handsome addition to my musical library.

Digit. But, sir, what pretensions have you to the patronage of Mr. Morrell? I don't believe you can square the circle.

Trill. Pretensions, sir! I have gained a victory over the great Tantamarrarra, the new opera singer, who pretended to vie with me. 'T was in the symphony of Handel's Oratorio of Saul, where, you know, every thing depends upon the *tempo giusto*, and where the *primo* should proceed in *smorgando*, and the *secondo*, *agitati*. But he was on the third ledger line, I was an octave below, when, with a sudden *apoggiatura*, I rose to *D in alt*, and conquered him.

Enter DRONE.

Drone. My master says how he will wait on you, gentlemen.

Digit. What is your name, sir?

Drone. Drone, at your service.

Digit. No, no; you need not drone at my service. A very applicable name, however.

Sesq. Drone? That is derived from the Greek *Draon*, that is, flying or moving swiftly.

Trill. He seems to move in andante measure, that is, to the tune of Old Hundred.

Drone. Very likely, gentlemen.

Digit. Well, as I came first, I will enter first.

Sesq. Right. You shall be the antecedent, I the subsequent, and Mr. Trill the consequent.

Trill. Right. I was always a man of consequence,—*Fa, sol, la, fa, sol, &c.* (*Exeunt.*)

EXERCISE XXIX.

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

Grandfather's watch is battered and old,
 Innocent quite of jewels or gold;
 Poor, and common, and worn, and cracked,—
 Much like grandfather's self, in fact.
 Yet its wheezy voice has a cheerful sound,
 And the child, as she listens, in wonder bound,
 To its mystic tales of departed time,
 Is smiling as though at a pleasant rhyme.

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2. What are the tales the old watch tells?
Of seventy years it counts the knells:
Years, whose every setting sun
Was marked by labor faithfully done.
With primitive form and clumsy skill,
And clumsier help when the works went ill;
Yet serving their time as best they can,—
This is the story of the watch and man!
 3. Many a fall has the old watch hushed,
Many a blow has the old man crushed.
Meddled with, tinkered, and sorely tried,
At last rejected and thrown aside
For modern rivals, all science and gold,
Useless, crippled, despised, and old,
Under a cloud and under a ban,—
This is the story of the watch and man!
 4. But there's a reverse to the picture sad;
Human hearts they can still make glad.
The watch in its dented silver case
Can bring a smile to the fair child's face.
The man all battered, and silvery too,
With a moral can cheer both me and you,—
"Mark our time as well as we can,"—
This is the lesson of the watch and man!
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EXERCISE XXX.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

CHARLES WOLFE.

1. Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
(*pl.*) As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
2. We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.
3. No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !
6. Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he 'll reckon, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him !
7. But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.
8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory !
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him,—alone with his glory !

EXERCISE XXXI.

NOT A SOUS HAD HE GOT.

R. H. BARHAM.

1. Not a sous¹ had he got—not a guinea or note,
And he looked confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.
2. We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the club returning ;
We twigged the doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.
3. All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him ;
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his *Marshall*² cloak around him.

¹ Pronounced *soo*.

² Name of a person that pretended to be the author of the piece on which this is a parody.

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4. "The doctor's as drunk as a fool," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We raised him, and sighed at the thought that his head
Would "consumedly ache" on the morrow.
 5. We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with soda water.
 6. Loudly they talked of his money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him;
But little he recked, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.
 7. Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story;
A rushlight was placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory!!

EXERCISE XXXII.

AN ADDRESS TO THE ECHO.

1. If I address the Echo yonder,
What will its answer be, I wonder?
Echo—I wonder!
2. O wondrous Echo, tell me, bless'e,
Am I for marriage or for celibacy?
Echo—Silly Bessy!
3. If, then, to win the maid, I try,
Shall I find her a property?
Echo—A proper tie!
4. If neither grave nor funny
Will win the maid to matrimony?
Echo—Try money!

¹ The reply by the Echo will be most effectively performed by having the speaker concealed from the audience.

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5. If I should try to gain her heart,
Shall I go plain or rather smart?
Echo—Smart!
6. She may n't love dress, and I again then
May come too smart, and she'll complain then?
Echo—Come plain, then!
7. To please her most, perhaps, 't is best
To come as I'm in common dressed?
Echo—Come undressed!
8. Then, if to marry me I tease her,
What will she say, if that should please her?
Echo—Please, sir!
9. When cross and good words can't appease her,
What if such naughty whims should seize her?
Echo—You'd see, sir!
10. When wed, she'll change, for Love's no sticker,
And love her husband less than liquor?
Echo—Then lick her!
11. To leave me, then, I can't compel her,
Though every woman else excel her?
Echo—Sell her!
12. The doubting youth to Echo turned again, sir,
To ask advice, but found it did not answer.
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EXERCISE XXXIII.

OPPOSITE NATURES.

J. K. PAULDING.

CHANGELESS AND ELIHU GO-AHEAD.

(CHANGELESS *alone, with a book in his hand.*)

Change. Bless me, how the world has changed within my recollection! Alas, the days of slow traveling and quick wit are no more. No man can walk quietly along in this city, without being pestered with forty invitations—"Broadway, up!" A man's sanity is doubted, if he venture to travel

with horses to see the country, instead of hissing along—chu—chu—chu—whiz—biz—phiz—ting-a-ling—splash, splash—dash, mash, crash—hissing, rending, tearing—whistling and shrieking like a regiment of insane fifes, kindly assisted by a chorus of eagles—frightening horses—killing cows—burning hay-stacks—turning the houses hind part before, and making them look nine ways for Sunday—debauching morals—kicking up a dust—sowing Canada thistles and rag-weed—marring the fair face of nature—scaring the echoes—banishing the dryads and the nymphs—in a word, ruining a beautiful world!

And *this* is called traveling! A New Yorker has six weeks to spare. Will he travel over, and become acquainted with part of his own State? Not he. There's time enough for him to be steamed over a great part of the Union. None of your insignificant journeys for him—none of your snail's-pace for the votary of railroads! He packs up a portmanteau, takes a steamboat at seven o'clock at night, and rages up the Hudson after dark, cursing his luck the while, because he's aboard the slowest boat. Next morning, at daylight, he's in a railroad car, and in twenty-four hours, more or less, we find him at Niagara. He has already heard the waters roar, and been *behind* the falls; that's enough for him. He's uneasy until he's off again; a steamboat receives him, and, before we know where we are, he has reached Chicago, or Green Bay. He jumps ashore, and makes a straight track for the Illinois river. Unlucky dog, he has to do this by stage—never mind—steamboat again—paddle, paddle, paddle. Here he is on the Mississippi—paddle again. Suddenly he falls into a dreadful state of excitement on the appearance of a rival boat—bribes the fireman to burn more wood—is in a fever of anxiety, till the boilers of one or both explode—is blown up, perhaps, sky-high—lands on his feet—presses on still more eagerly to New Orleans—walks on the levee—patronizes the opera—the deuce take operas!—finally takes the mail-route direct for New York; travels day and night; and when he arrives at home, fancies he has seen the country, and talks of his western tour. So much is there in a lively imagination!

(*Enter* SERVANT.)

Girl. There's a gentleman at the door wants to see you.

Change. Ask him in. (*Exit* SERVANT.) I wonder who can want to see me? I thought forty years would have settled most of my old acquaintance.

(Enter ELIHU GO-AHEAD.)

(*Aside.*) Hum—a stranger—wants to humbug me, I'll bet.

(*Aloud.*) Take a seat, sir.

Elihu. (*Sits.*) Much obliged—my name is Go-ahead, sir.

Change. (*Aside.*) The fellow with the pernicious appellation! (*Aloud.*) Well, Mr. Go-ahead, what's your business with me?

Elihu. You have property, sir, in St. Lawrence county—tract known as the Changeless Anti-improvement Retreat—so set down in the tax-list—water lots, privileges, fisheries—do you yet own it, sir?

Change. I do—and may I ask, what is that to you?

Elihu. Mr. Changeless, I hope your name is not indicative of your disposition.

Change. Again I ask, sir, what is that to you?

Elihu. Mr. Changeless, you are a fortunate individual—I find, sir, on your land—is there nobody listening?

(*Rises and examines the doors.*)

Change. What, what, for Heaven's sake? No mines, I hope.

Elihu. Mines! Better than that. There is, sir, on your land, a site for a grand commercial mart!

Change. (*Rises in agitation and paces the room.*) I'm weary of this life! Is there no comfort left for me on earth? I had flattered myself that there was nothing on my land but rocks and trees. I had indulged the hope that nothing could be made of my property but boards and farms. And now to be—it will kill me!

Elihu. Why, what on earth is the matter with the man?

Change. A commercial mart!

Elihu. Yes, sir; I assure you, the situation is admirable, unprecedented. Virgin forest now, to be sure; but, by the expenditure of a few thousand dollars, it might be made a great central dépôt—an unexampled emporium—a—only wants a railroad, sir. By the way, I have a map of the property and plan of the road with me. (*Unrolls a map.*) Here, sir, you perceive—

Change. (*Stooping to look at it.*) Ah—I see, I see—a fine river on one side of my property, and a dirty, muddy, stagnant, sickly abortion of an unfinished canal on the other, and you want me to construct a railroad between the two. Why, you reprobate, you demon, it is a mere flying in the face of Providence.

Elihu. These are hard words, Mr. Changeless—but don't

you perceive how much this road would increase the value of your property?

Change. I am satisfied with it as it stands. You would make me expend half my fortune for benefits which may possibly accrue some centuries hence, and tell me I am making money. I tell you, sir, I have already paid the State, in taxes, enough to sicken me of the improved value of my lands, if I should live fifty years. Thank Heaven, they can't legislate them bodily away!

Elihu. But consider, sir—the internal improvement—satisfaction of public sentiment—advantage to the country.

Change. Internal improvement! Infernal rather! Infernal—infernal—infernal!

Elihu. But public sentiment—advantage to the country—

Change. Deuce take public sentiment! Confound the advantage to the country—no, no, I don't mean that—but—but—deuce take you, you, you, you, and all miscreants like you. Why don't you pick my pockets at once and be done with it? None of your crooked, round-about, dilatory, mean-spirited, legal modes of diddling a man out of his money.

Elihu. Mr. Changeless, I must say, this abusive conduct of yours is very singular—

Change. Singular! I wish it was double, sir—ten times as much abuse and ten times as strong—that it might penetrate your confounded wrought-iron head. I wish I could scream with the concentrated shrillness of forty steam whistles, that you might be enabled to understand me, you uneasy concatenation of steam, rails, cylinders, and imposition. Mr. Go-ahead, you may, perhaps, understand and pardon my excitement, when I tell you, that you have this day put to flight some Utopian dreams I had encouraged of having penetrated beyond the reach of improvement—dissipated some hopes I had fondly cherished, of living and dying in peace. I had hoped, sir, that I might have been permitted to pass the rest of my pilgrimage on earth in quiet, and that I had found a place where my bones, after my death, might rest undisturbed by corporations, street-inspectors, railroad-projectors, canal-diggers, scientific agriculturists, and all similar nuisances to society.

Elihu. Well, I confess, I can't exactly understand your ideas—but people will have strange fancies—eccentric some—some half-cracked.

Change. Among whom, I presume, you include me, Mr. Go-ahead.

Elihu. Not at all, I assure you—far from it. (*Aside.*) There 's no persuading him to the railroad, that 's clear. I'll try the other project. (*Loud.*) Mr. Changeless, one of the greatest improvements of the age is the economy practiced in the burning of fuel. Now I, sir, have invented a stove which exceeds every thing yet, but I find myself in want of the capital to enable me to introduce it successfully to the public. If you would wish, therefore, to purchase part of my patent right, I should be disposed to be accommodating as to price. Extraordinary invention—soon become universal—economy—air-tight.

Change. Mr. Go-ahead, if I could instantly annihilate every stove, and all recollection of them, from the face of the earth, I would do so without hesitation. I verily believe, sir, they are one cause of the degeneracy of the human race. Air-tight!—one of those diabolical contrivances, I suppose, that explodes, if you do not spend half your time in attending on it.

Elihu. I assure you, sir—

Change. Assure me not, for I have made up my mind not to believe you. Sir, a man who is so wedded to railroads, who invents air-tight stoves, is not deserving of credit. Mark me, sir, I say it is impossible that he should speak the truth. Truth and stoves I hold to be incompatible. When you find a man that warms himself by a good, roaring, cheerful, sparkling, hearty, old-fashioned hickory fire, trust him implicitly without further inquiry.

Elihu. Mr. Changeless, these are very strange opinions—would n't meet with the public approbation.

Change. Opinions!—I express my sincere conviction.

Elihu. Then you decline interesting yourself in my scheme?

Change. Yes, sir. Ten thousand times, yes. I would see you and your whole generation crammed into the mouths of your stoves, before I would condescend to interest myself in sheet iron and such like economical nonsense. Besides, it 's a wicked plot—it 's no better than manslaughter. Why, sir, the average of human life is shortened at least ten years by the prevalent use of stoves. To be sure there is economy in that.

Elihu. Sir, you are behind the age—three hundred years at least—public opinion, sir—spirit of the nineteenth century—

Change. Away, Beelzebub, prince of diabolical inventions!

Vanish, spirit of the nineteenth century, or I shall do something I may be ashamed of. I can contain myself no longer—I shall be obliged to put myself into a strait-jacket—

(*Advances furiously upon ELIHU.*

Elihu. (*Aside.*) An escaped lunatic, as I'm a sinner.

(*Exit in dismay.*

EXERCISE XXXIV.

ADHERBAL AGAINST JUGURTHA.

SALLUST.

1. FATHERS! it is known to you, that king Micipsa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted son, conjointly with my unfortunate brother Hiempsel and myself, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia, directing us to consider the Senate and the people of Rome as proprietors of it. He charged us to use our best endeavors to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth; assuring us, that your protection would prove a defense against all enemies; and would be instead of armies, fortifications, and treasures.

2. While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father—Jugurtha—the most infamous of mankind!—breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth, procured the murder of my unfortunate brother; and has driven me from my throne and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Massinissa, and my father Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.

3. For a prince to be reduced, by villainy, to my distressful circumstances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened by the consideration, that I find myself obliged to solicit your assistance, fathers, for the services done you by my ancestors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own person. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deserve any thing at your hands; and has forced me to be burdensome, before I could be useful to you. And yet, if I had no plea, but my undeserved misery—a once powerful prince, the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs, now, without any fault of my own, destitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign assistance, against

an enemy who has seized my throne and my kingdom,—if my unequalled distresses were all I had to plead,—it would become the greatness of the Roman commonwealth, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence.

4. But to provoke your resentment to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions which the Senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors; and from which my grandfather, and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt upon you. Oh wretched prince! Oh cruel reverse of fortune! Oh father Micipsa! Is this the consequence of thy generosity; that he whom thy goodness raised to an equality with thy own children, should be the murderer of thy children? (<) Must, then the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havoc and blood?

5. While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But, instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia, drenched with royal blood! and the only surviving son of its late king, flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign countries, which he can not command in his own kingdom.

6. Whither—Oh! whither shall I fly? If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue, in my blood, those hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge, or for assistance, to any other court, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth give me up? From my own family or friends I have no expectations.

7. My royal father is no more. He is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation. But he is hurried out of life, in his early youth, by the very hand which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering

torment of the cross. Others have been given a prey to wild beasts; and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itself.

8. Look down, illustrious Senators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him who returns murder for adoption prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons.

9. I have been informed that he labors by his emissaries to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence; pretending that I magnify my distress, and might, for him, have staid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes, when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him, he will then dissemble as I do. Then he who, now hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence laid low, will, in his turn, feel distress, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother.

10. Oh murdered, butchered brother! Oh dearest to my heart,—now gone forever from my sight! But why should I lament his death? He is, indeed, deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very person who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life, in defense of any one of Micipsa's family. But, as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries which render life to me a burden.

11. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood. But he lies in peace. He feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction, while I am set up a spectacle to all mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to punish his murderer, I am not master of the means of securing my own life. So far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

12. Fathers! Senators of Rome! the arbiters of nations! to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha.

By your affection for your children; by your love for your country; by your own virtues; by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth; by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you,—deliver a wretched prince from undeserved, unprovoked injury; and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

EXERCISE XXXV.

BOARDING ROUND.¹

MISSOURI JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

1. (sl.) How brief is life! how passing brief!
 How brief its joys and cares!
 It seems to be in league with "Time,"
 And leaves us unawares;
 (<) But ever in its pathway mixed
 Bright spots and dark abound,
 And of each kind I had a bit,
 When I went "boarding round."
2. At sixteen, with a valiant heart,
 The task I did commence,
 "To teach young ideas how to shoot"
 The germs of common sense;
 Ah, yes! a mighty task was that,
 But very soon I found
 That it was not a simple one
 To go a "boarding round."
3. The times were different then from now,
 The folks were different too;
 The "master's" path with honor bright.
 Quite thickly they did strew;
 And questions grave, and problems deep,
 That did their brains confound,
 They always would be sure to keep
 Till he came "boarding round."

¹ It was formerly the custom in almost all parts of the country for the teacher of a district school to get a part of his pay by "boarding around;" that is, by boarding in each family successively for a period of time proportioned to the number of children therein, that attended the school.

4. Fathers would talk of politics,
Or church affairs propose,
And if my views were not like theirs,
A warm dispute arose.
And some old "proser" sly and wise,
Did oftentimes propound
Questions that sorely puzzled me,
When I went "boarding round."
5. The mothers talked of rude young girls,
Of sermons, books, and boys ;
But always tried their best to add
Unto my earthly joys ;
For did I catch the slightest cold,
Or hoarse my voice should sound,
I got a dose of catnip tea (!)
When I went "boarding round."
6. The girls would talk of every thing,—
Of parties, rides, and calls ;
Of presents and the holidays,
Of beaux and Christmas balls ;
Some grave, some gay and mischievous
(These last I wish were drowned
For sticking pins into my bed),
When I came "boarding round."
7. Long winter evenings then were passed
With laughing, jesting joy ;
Nor did good apples, cider, nuts,
The least that fun destroy ;
Or if a singing-school were near,
We 'd go, and I'll be bound
I've often sung till I was hoarse,
When I was "boarding round."
8. The dinner-basket, every noon,
My willing hand did greet,
And scarcely ever failed to bring
Me something good to eat ;
Mince-pies were full of raisins then,
Doughnuts were large and round ;
Alas ! such cakes I have not had
Since I quit "boarding round."

9. But now those pleasant days are gone,
 Life's sunny spring time's past;
 The boys I taught have, one by one,
 Into the world been cast;
 My locks are growing thin and gray,
 I'll soon be under ground;
 Then I'll forget, and not till then,
 About the "boarding round."

EXERCISE XXXVI.

FLOGGING AN EDITOR.

1. The editor sat in his easy chair,
 But he sat not easy: there being an air
 Of anxious thought beclouding his brow,
 As if rightly he knew not what or how
 To do in some matter of moment great,
 On which depended a throne or a state;
 When all of a sudden flew open wide
 The office door, and, with hasty stride,
 A loaferish figure came stalking in
 With a rubicund phiz, and hairy chin,
 (The former a product directly of gin,
 And with fiery eye and menacing air
 He made right up to the editor's chair.
2. (=) "Are you the man
 What edits the paper?
 I've come to tan
 Your hide for that caper.
 You called me a *villain*,—you called me a *rogue*,
 A way of speaking, sir, too much in vogue,
 With you fellows that handle the printing press:
Defend yourself, sir! I demand a redress."
3. The editor quailed,
 Decidedly paled;
 But just at the moment his courage gave way
 His genius stepped in, and gained him the day.
 "I'm not the person you seek," he said;
 "If you want redress, go straight to the head.
 He's not far off, and will settle affairs,
 I have n't a doubt: I'll call him up stairs."

4. Then down he went,
 As if he were sent,
 A fire, or something worse to prevent.
 Meantime there came, through a door below,
 Another somebody to deal him a blow,—
 A scamp well known to annals of fame,
 Whom, the hapless editor hoping to tame,
 Had ventured to publish, and that by name.
5. At the foot of the stair,
 Or near it somewhere,
 The monster met him, demanding redress,
 And, just like the other, began to press
 Poor editor hard with a Billingsgate mess,
 And threaten forthwith his hide to dress,
 When necessity, mother of all invention,
 And a brain editorial, used to tension,
 Contrived a means of diverting attention.
6. “Stranger,” said he,
 “Be not too free,
 In applying abusive words to me;
 Up stairs is the person you wish to see.”
 Up stairs all raging the rowdy flew,
 (Neither complainant the other knew,)
 So the moment they met without more ado,
 At it they went in a regular set to.
7. A terrible tussle,
 A terrible bustle,
 They make, as around the room they wrestle;
 There were very few words, but plenty of blows,
 For they fought like a couple of deadly foes,
 Till each had acquired a bloody nose;
 And each had the pleasure distinctly to spy,
 In the face of the other, a very black eye!

EXERCISE XXXVII.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.¹

MRS. HEMANS.

I.

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;

¹ The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Sal-

"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord! O! break my father's chain!"

II.

"*Rise! rise!* even now thy father comes, a ransomed man, this day!
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

III.

And, lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land:
(=) "Now haste, Bernárdo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

IV.

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's hue came
and went;
Hereached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting,
bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

V.

(*pl.*) That hand was cold,—a frozen thing,—it dropped from his like lead!
He looked up to the face above,—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—the brow was fixed and white;
He met, at last, his father's eyes,—but in them was no sight!

VI.

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed; but who could paint that
gaze?
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze:
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

dana, who had been imprisoned, by King Alphonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms, in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the king, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alphonso accordingly offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his strong-hold with all his captives; and, being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, "'O God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?' 'Look where he is,' replied the cruel king, 'and now go and greet him, whom you have so long desired to see.'" The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.

VII.

(*p.*) "Father!" at length, he murmured low, and wept like childhood then :

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown;
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

VIII.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,—
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for, now;
My king is false,—my hope betrayed! My father,—O! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!

IX.

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside thee, yet;
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then; for thee my fields were won;
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

X.

(") Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's
rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face,—the king before the dead:

XI.

"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought,—give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay;

XII.

"Into these glassy eyes put light;—be still! keep down thine ire!
Bid these white lips a blessing speak,—this earth is not my sire:
Give me back him for whom I strove,—for whom my blood was shed!
Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be mountains on thy head!"

XIII.

(*sl.*) He loosed the steed,—his slack hand fell; upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place:
His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in martial strain:
His banner led the spears no more, amidst the hills of Spain.

EXERCISE XXXVIII.

PASSAGE OF THE RUBICON.

KNOWLES.

1. A GENTLEMAN, Mr. Chairman, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes,—“How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon!” How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How *dared* he cross that river? O! but he *paused* upon the brink. He should have *perished* upon the brink ere he had crossed it!

2. Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer; his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of *conscience*. 'T was that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. *Compassion!* What compassion? The *compassion* of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder, as his weapon begins to cut!

3. Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The *boundary* of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a désert? Nò: it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Love was its inhabitant! Domestic affection was its inhabitant! Liberty was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon!

4. What was Cæsar, that stood upon the bank of that stream? A *traitor*, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused; no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! No wonder, if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But no! he cried,—“The die is cast!” HE PLUNGED! HE CROSSED! AND ROME WAS FREE NO MORE!

EXERCISE XXXIX.

CHANGE IS NOT REFORM.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

1. SIR, I see no wisdom in making this provision for future changes. You must give governments time to operate on the people, and give the people time to become gradually assimilated to their institutions. Almost any thing is better than this state of perpetual uncertainty. A people may have the best form of government that the wit of man ever devised, and yet, from its uncertainty alone, may, in effect, live under the worst government in the world. Sir, how often must I repeat, that *change* is not *reform*? I am willing that this new Constitution shall stand as long as it is possible for it to stand; and that, believe me, is a very short time.

2. Sir, it is vain to deny it. They may say what they please about the old Constitution; the defect is not there. It is not in the form of the old edifice; neither in the design nor the elevation; it is in the *material*; it is in the people of Virginia. To my knowledge, that people are changed from what they have been. The four hundred men who went out to David were in *debt*. The partisans of Cæsar were in *debt*. The fellow-laborers of Catiline were in *debt*. And I defy you to show me a desperately *indebted* people anywhere, who can bear a regular, sober government. I throw the challenge to all who hear me. I say that the character of the good old Virginia planter,—the man who owned from five to twenty slaves, or less, who lived by hard work, and who paid his *debts*, is passed away. A new order of things is come. The period has arrived of living by one's *wits*; of living by contracting *debts* that one can not pay; and, above all, of living by office-hunting.

3. Sir, what do we see? *Bankrupts*,—branded *bankrupts*,—giving great dinners,—sending their children to the most expensive schools,—giving grand parties, and just as well received as any body in society! I say that, in such a state of things, the old Constitution was too *good* for them,—they could not bear it. No, sir; they could not bear a freehold suffrage, and a property representation. I have always endeavored to do the people justice; but I will not flatter them; I will not pander to their appetite for *change*. I will do nothing to provide for change. I will not agree to any

rule of future apportionment, or to any provision for future changes, called amendments to the Constitution. Those who love change,—who delight in public confusion,—who wish to feed the caldron, and make it bubble, may vote, if they please, for future changes. But by what spell, by what formula, are you going to bind the people to all future time?

4. The days of Lycurgus are gone by, when we could swear the people not to alter the Constitution until he should return. You may make what entries on parchment you please; give me a Constitution that will last for half a century; that is all I wish for. No Constitution that you can make, will last the one half of half a century. Sir, I will stake any thing, short of my salvation, that those who are malcontent *now*, will be more malcontent *three years hence*, than they are at this present day. I have no favor for this Constitution. I shall vote against its adoption, and I shall advise all the people of my district to set their faces,—ay, and their *shoulders*, too, against it.

EXERCISE XL.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1. Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
2. When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.
3. Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'T was autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
4. I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

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5. Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.
6. "Stay, *stay* with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn!"
 And fain was their war-broken soldier *to* stay;
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 (>) And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.
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EXERCISE XLI.

GOOD-BY, PROUD WORLD!

R. W. EMERSON.

1. Good-by, proud world! I'm going home:
 Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
 Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
 A river-ark on the ocean's brine,
 Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
 But now, proud world! I'm going home.
2. Good-by to Flattery's fawning face;
 To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
 To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
 To supple Office, low and high;
 To crowded halls, to court and street;
 To frozen hearts and hasty feet;
 To those who go, and those who come;
 Good-by, proud world! I'm going home.
3. I am going to my own hearth-stone,
 Bosomed in yon green hills alone,
 A secret nook in a pleasant land,
 Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
 Where arches green, the live-long day,
 Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
 And vulgar feet have never trod.
 A spot that is sacred to thought and God.
4. O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
 I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
 And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
 Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
 For what are they all, in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet!

EXERCISE XLII.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

CHARLES MACKAY.

1. John Littlejohn was stanch and strong,
 Upright and downright, scorning wrong;
 He gave good weight, and paid his way,
 He thought for himself, and he said his say.
 Whenever a rascal strove to pass,
 Instead of silver, money of brass,
 He took his hammer, and said, with a frown,—
"The coin is spurious, nail it down."
2. John Littlejohn was firm and true,
 You could not cheat him in "two and two;"
 When foolish arguers, might and main,
 Darkened and twisted the clear and plain,
 He saw, through the mazes of their speech,
 The simple truth beyond their reach;
 And crushing their logic, said, with a frown,—
"Your coin is spurious, nail it down."
3. John Littlejohn maintained the right,
 Through storm and shine, in the world's despite;
 When fools or quacks desired his vote,
 Dosed him with arguments, learned by rote,
 Or by coaxing, threats, or promise, tried,
 To gain his support to the wrongful side,
"Nay, nay," said John, with an angry frown,
"Your coin is spurious, nail it down."
4. When told that kings had a right divine,
 And that the people were herds of swine,
 That nobles alone were fit to rule,
 That the poor were unimproved by school,
 That ceaseless toil was the proper fate
 Of all but the wealthy and the great,
 John shook his head, and said, with a frown,—
"The coin is spurious, nail it down."

5. When told that events might justify
 A false and crookèd policy ;
 That a decent hope of future good
 Might excuse departure from rectitude ;
 That a *lie*, if white, was a small offense,
 To be forgiven by men of sense,
 "Nay, nay," said John, with a sigh and a frown,
 "The coin is *spurious*, nail it down."

EXERCISE XLIII.

EXCELSIOR.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

1. (*sl.*) The shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed,
 A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 EXCELSIOR!
2. His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 EXCELSIOR!
3. In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 EXCELSIOR!
4. "Try not the pass!" the old man said,
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead ;
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 EXCELSIOR!
5. "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
 Beware the awful avalanche!"
 This was the peasant's last good-night ;
 A voice replied, far up the hight,
 EXCELSIOR!

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6. At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
EXCELSIOR!
 7. A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
A banner, with the strange device
EXCELSIOR!
 8. There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
EXCELSIOR!
-

EXERCISE XLIV.

CALIFORNIA.

1. The wintry snows were falling fast,
When through a Yankee village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
CALIFORNIA!
2. The tavern fires gleamed warm and bright,
The old sign gave a kind invite;
The youth paused not, but onward pressed,
And shouted, as he pointed "WEST,"
CALIFORNIA!
3. All through the land, as on he went,
Thousands joined him with like intent;
Men and women, youth and age,
Screamed out amid the general rage,
CALIFORNIA!
4. As on they passed, a mighty throng
Caught up the burden of the song,
And rushing onward in the trail,
Kept shouting to the wintry gale,
CALIFORNIA!

5. And now, on San Francisco's bay,
A thousand vessels riding lay,
Ten thousand men of every clime,
Worship the magic word divine,
CALIFORNIA !

EXERCISE XLV.

THE FAME OF GALILEO.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. THERE are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when, first raising the newly-constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon. It was such another moment as that when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art; like that when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th of October, 1492 (Copernicus, at the age of eighteen, was then a student at Cracow), beheld the shores of San Salvador; like that when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton; like that when Franklin saw, by the stiffening fibers of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp; like that when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found.

2. Yes, noble GALILEO, thou art right: *E pur si muove*. "It *does* move." Bigots may make thee recant it; but it *moves* nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever *onward* and *upward* to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus, and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth.

3. Close now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye; it has seen what man never saw before; it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spy-glass; it has done its work. Not Herschell nor Rosse have, comparatively, done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but

the time will come when from two hundred observatories in Europe and America the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies, but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten.

4. Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens, like him scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted. In other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, **THY NAME SHALL BE MENTIONED WITH HONOR!**

EXERCISE XLVI.

THE WORLD FOR SALE.

RALPH HOYT.

1. The world for sale!—Hang out the sign;
 Call every traveler here to me;
 Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
 And set me from earth's bondage free!
 'T is going!—yes, I mean to fling
 The bauble from my soul away;
 I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring;—
 The World at Auction here to-day!

2. It is a glorious thing to see;
 Ah, it has cheated me so sore!
 It is not what it seems to be:
For sale! It shall be mine no more:
 Come, turn it o'er and view it well;
 I would not have you purchase dear;
 'T is going—*going!* I must sell!
 Who bids! Who'll buy the Splendid Tear?

3. Here's Wealth in glittering heaps of gold,
 Who bids? but let me tell you fair,
 A baser lot was never sold;
 Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care!
 And here, spread out in broad domain,
 A goodly landscape all may trace;
 Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill, and plain;
 Who'll buy himself a Burial Place!

-
4. Here's Love, the dreamy potent spell
 That beauty flings around the heart!
 I know its power, alas, too well!
 'T is going! Love and I must part!
 Must part! What can I more with Love!
 All over the enchanter's reign!
 Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,
 An hour of Bliss,—an age of Pain!
5. And Friendship,—rarest gem of earth,
 (Who e'er hath found the jewel his?)
 Frail, fickle, false, and little worth,
 Who bids for Friendship—as it is!
 'T is *going—going!*—Hear the call;
 Once, twice, and thrice!—'T is very low!
 'T was once my hope, my stay, my all,
 But now the broken staff must go!
6. Ambition, Fashion, Show, and Pride,—
 I part from all forever now;
 Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
 Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
 Poor heart! distracted, ah, so long,
 And still its aching throb to bear;
 How broken, that was once so strong;
 How heavy, once so free from care.
7. No more for me life's fitful dream;
 Bright vision, vanishing away!
 My bark requires a deeper stream;
 My sinking soul a surer stay.
- (*pl.*) By Death, stern sheriff! all bereft,
 I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;
 The best of all I still have left,—
 MY FAITH, MY BIBLE, AND MY GOD!
-

EXERCISE XLVII.

EZEKIEL'S VISIT TO DEACON STOKES.

There is something very curious in the manner
 In which you can twist words into rhymes,
 Single and double;
 To see how one thing with another chimes;

That is, if you have not wit enough to plan a
Story, or something else to write about
Without
Much trouble.

2. Suppose we try it now ; one Asa Stokes,
One of those men whom every thing provokes,
A surly-tempered, evil-minded, bearish,
Ill-natured kind of being ;
He was the deacon of the parish,
And had the overseeing
Of some small matters, such as the ringing
Of the church-bell, and took the lead in singing.
3. Well, Deacon Stokes had gone to bed, one night,
About eleven or before,
'Twas in December, if my memory's right,
In '24.
'Twas cold enough to make a Russian shiver ;
I think I never
Knew one
Colder than this,—in faith it was a blue one !
As by the Almanac foretold, 't was
A real Lapland night. O dear ! how cold 't was !
4. There was a chap about there named Ezekiel,
A clever good-for-nothing fellow,
Who very often used to get quite mellow ;
Of whom the Deacon always used to speak ill ;
For he was fond of cracking jokes
On Deacon Stokes,
To show on
What terms he stood among the *women folks,*
And so on.
5. It came to pass that on the night I speak of,
Ezekiel left the tavern bar-room, where
He spent the evening, for the sake of
Drowning his care,
By partaking
Of the merry-making
And enjoyment
Of some *good fellows* there, whose sole employment
Was, on all kinds of weather,
On every night,

- By early candle light,
 To get together
 Reading the papers, smoking pipes and *chewing*,
 Telling long yarns, and pouring down the *ruin*.
6. Pretty well corned, and up to every thing,
 Drunk as a lord, and happy as a king,
 Blue as a razor, from his midnight revel,
 Not fearing muskets, women or the devil ;
 With a light heart,—
 Much lighter than a feather,—
 With a light soul
 That spurned the freezing weather,
 And with a head
 Ten times as light as either ;
And a purse, perhaps, as light as all together,
 On went Ezekiel, with a great expansion
 Of thought,
 Until he brought
 Up at a post before the Deacon's mansion.
7. With one arm around the post, a while he stood
 In thoughtful mood,
 With one eye turned
 Up toward the window where,
 With feeble glare,
 A candle burned ;
 Then with a serious
 Face, and a grave, mysterious
 Shake of the head,
 Ezekiel said,—
 (His right eye once more thrown
 Upon the beacon
 That from the window shone,
 “*I'll start the Deacon!*”
8. Rap, rap, rap, rap, went Deacon Stokes's knocker.
 But no one stirred ; rap, rap, it went again :
 “By George, it must be after ten, or
 Thy must take an early hour for *turning in*.”
 Rap, rap, rap, rap,—“My conscience, how they keep
 A fellow waiting—*Patience*, how they sleep !
9. The Deacon then began to be alarmed,
 And in amazement
 Threw up the casement ;

And with cap on head,
Of fiery red,
Demanded what the cause was of the riot,
That thus disturbed his quiet.

10. "Quite cool this evening, Deacon Stokes," replied
The voice below. "Well, sir, what is the matter?"
"Quite chilly, Deacon; how your teeth do chatter!"
"You vagabond, a pretty time you have chosen
To show your wit; for I am almost frozen;
Be off, or I will put the lash on!"
"Why bless you, Deacon, don't be in a passion!"
'Twas all in vain
To speak again,
For with the Deacon's threat about the lash,
Down went the sash.
11. Rap, rap, rap, rap, the knocker went again,
And neither of them was a very light rap;
Thump, thump, against the door went Ezekiel's cane,
And that once more brought Deacon Stokes's night-cap.
12. "Very cold weather, Deacon Stokes, to-night!"
"Begone, you vile
Insolent dog, or I'll
Give you a *warming*, and should serve you right;
You villain, it is time to end the hoax!"
"Why bless your soul and body, Deacon Stokes,
Don't be so cross,
When I've come here,
In this severe
Night, which is cold enough to kill a horse,
For your advice
Upon a very difficult and nice
Question. Now, bless you,
Do make haste and dress you."
13. "Well, well, out with it, if it must be so;
Be quick about it,
I'm very cold."
"Well Deacon, I don't doubt it,
In a few words the matter can be told.
Deacon, the cause is this; I want to know
If this cold weather lasts all summer here,—
What time will green peas come along next year?"

EXERCISE XLVIII.

"I DON'T CARE."

1. Old "Don't Care" is a murderer foul,
 Yes, a murderer foul is he;
 He beareth a halter in his hand,
 And his staff is the gallows-tree;
 And slyly he follows his victim on,
 Through high degree and low,
 And strangles him there when least aware,
 And striketh the fatal blow,—
 Hanging his victim high in the air,
 A villain strong is old "DON'T CARE!"
2. He looks on the babe at its mother's breast,
 And blighteth that blossom fair;
 For its young buds wither, and fade, and die,
 'Neath the gaze of old "Don't Care!"
 And in place of these there springeth up
 Full many a poisonous weed,
 And their tendrils coil around the victim's heart,—
 A rank and loathsome breed:
 Blighting the spirit young and fair,
 A villain in truth is old "DON'T CARE!"
3. He meeteth bold manhood on his way,
 And wrestleth with him there;
 He falls a sure and an easy prey
 To the strength of old "Don't Care?"
 Then he plants his foot on the victim's breast,
 And shouteth with demon joy,
 And treadeth the life from his panting heart,
 And exulteth to destroy,—
 Crushing bold manhood everywhere;
 A villain indeed is old "DON'T CARE!"

EXERCISE XLIX.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

HENRY WARE, JR.

1. Come, uncles and cousins; come, nieces and aunts;
 Come, nephews and brothers—no WON'TS and NO CAN'TS,
 Put business, and shopping, and school-books away;
 The year has rolled round; it is Thanksgiving Day!

-
2. Come home from the college, ye ringlet-haired youth ;
Come home from the factories, Ann, Kate, and Ruth ;
From the anvil, the counter, the farm, come away,
Home, home with you, home, it is Thanksgiving Day !
 3. The table is spread, and the dinner is dressed,
The cooks and the mothers have all done their best ;
No caliph of Bagdad e'er saw such display,
Or dreamed of a treat like our Thanksgiving Day !
 4. Pies, puddings, and custards, pigs, oysters, and nuts,
Come forward and seize them without ifs or buts ;
Bring none of your slim little appetites here ;—
Thanksgiving Day comes only once in a year !
 5. Thrice welcome the day in its annual round !
What treasures of love in its bosom are found !
New England's high holiday, ancient and dear !
'Twould be twice as welcome, if twice in a year !
 6. Now children revisit the darling old place,
Now brother and sister, long parted, embrace,
The family ring is united once more,
And the same voices shout at the old cottage-door !
 7. The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth,
And blesses the Power that has guarded his hearth ;
He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay,
But thinks his whole life has been Thanksgiving Day !
 8. Then praise for the past and the present we sing,
And trustful await what the future may bring ;
Let doubt and repining be banished away,
And the whole of our lives be a Thanksgiving Day !
-

EXERCISE L.

THE COLLEGIAN AND THE JANITOR.

HORACE SMITH.

1. At Trin. Coll. Cam.,—which means, in proper spelling,
Trinity College Cambridge,—there resided
One Harry Dashington, a youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided
For those who choose that classic station
For finishing their education :

That is,—he understood computing
 The odds at any race or match ;
 Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting ;
 Could kick up rows,—knock down the watch,—
 Play truant and the rake at random,—
 Drink,—tie cravats, and drive a tandem.
 Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
 So far from working reformation,
 Seemed but to make his lapses greater,
 Till he was warned that next offense
 Would have this certain consequence,—
 Expulsion from his Alma Mater.

2. One need not be a necromancer
 To guess that with so wild a wight,
 The next offense occurred the next night ;
 When our incurable came rolling
 Home as the midnight chimes were tolling,
 And rang the college bell. No answer.
 The second peal was vain,—the third
 Made the street echo its alarum ;
 When, to his great delight, he heard
 The sordid janitor, old Ben,
 Rousing and growling in his den.
3. “ Who ’s there ?—I s’pose young Harum-scarum.”
 “ ’Tis *I*, my worthy Ben,—’TIS HARRY.”
 “ Ay, so I thought ; and there you ’ll tarry.
 ’Tis past the hour, the gates are closed,
 You know my orders,—I shall lose
 My place, if I undo the door.”
 “ And *I*,” young Hopeful interposed,
 “ Shall be expelled, if you refuse ;
 So prithee”—Ben began to snore.
 “ I ’m wet,” cried Harry, “ to the skin ;
Hip ! halloo ! Ben !—Don’t be a ninny ;
 Beneath the gate I ’ve thrust a guinea,—
 So tumble out and let me in.”
4. “ *Humph !*” growled the greedy old curmudgeon,
 Half overjoyed and half in dudgeon,
 “ Now you may pass ; but make no fuss,
 On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate.”
 “ Look on the stones, old Cerberus,”
 Cried Harry as he passed the gate ;

- “I’ve dropped a shilling; take the light,
 You’ll find it just outside;—good night.”
 Behold the porter in his shirt,
 Cursing the rain, which never stopped,
 Groping and raking in the dirt,
 And all without success: but that
 Is hardly to be wondered at,
 Because no shilling had been dropped;
 So he gave o’er the search at last,
 Regained the door, and found it fast!
5. With sundry oaths, and growls, and groans,
 He rang—once—twice—thrice; and then,
 Mingled with giggling, heard the tones
 Of Harry mimicking old Ben.
 “Who’s there? ’Tis really a disgrace
 To ring so loud;—I’ve locked the gate,
 I know my duty,—’tis too late,—
 You would n’t have me lose my place.”
6. “Psha! Mr. Dashington, remember
 This is the middle of November.
 I’m stripped; ’tis raining cats and dogs.”
 “Hush! hush!” quoth Hal, “I’m fast asleep;”
 And then he snored as loud and deep
 As a whole company of hogs.
 “But, harkye, Ben, I’ll grant admittance
 At the same rate I paid myself.”
 “Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,”
 Replied the avaricious elf.
 “No; all or none,—a full acquittance;
 The terms, I know, are somewhat high;
 But *you* have fixed the price, not *I*;
 I won’t take less, I can’t afford it.”
7. So, finding all his haggling vain,
 Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,
 Drew out the guinea, and restored it.
 “Surely you’ll give me,” growled th’ outwitted
 Porter, when again admitted,
 “Something, now you’ve done your joking,
 For all this trouble, time, and soaking.”
 “Oh, surely, surely,” Harry said;
 “Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
 And you’re half drowned, and quite undressed,—
 I’ll give you leave to go to bed.”

EXERCISE LI.

SCENE FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE FORUM.

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.**Cit.* WE will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.Those that will hear *me* speak, let them stay here;Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him;And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.*1st Cit.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.*2d Cit.* I will hear *Cassius*; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.*[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS
goes into the Rostrum.]**3d Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? 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 are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brütus, none. *[Several speaking at once.]**Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to

Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1st Cit. Bring him with triumph home to his house.

2d Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3d Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

4th Cit. Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1st Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2d Cit. Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1st Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1st Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3d Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4th Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

3d Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4th Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1st Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3d Cit. Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2d Cit. Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to *bury* Cæsar, not to *praise* him.
 The evil that men do, lives after them ;
 The good is oft interred with their bones ;
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honorable man ;
 So are they all, all honorable men ;)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff ;
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And, sure, he is an honorable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once ; not without cause ;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1st Cit. Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2d Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3d Cit. Has he, masters ?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4th Cit. Marked ye his words ? He would not take the
 crown ; therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1st Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2d Cit. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3d Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4th Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4th Cit. We'll hear the will: Read it Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

4th Cit. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.

4th Cit. They were traitors: Honorable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2d Cit. They were villains, murderers: The will, read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2d Cit. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3d Cit. You shall have leave.

4th Cit. A ring; stand round.

1st Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2d Cit. Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;

And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

While bloody treason flourished over us.

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 you here,

Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1st Cit. O piteous spectacle!

2d Cit. O noble Cæsar!

3d Cit. O woeful day!

4th Cit. O traitors, villains!

1st Cit. O most bloody sight!

2d Cit. We will be revenged: revenge; about,—seek,—burn, fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1st Cit. Peace there :—Hear the noble Antony.

2d Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honorable :

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do 't ; they are wise and honorable ;

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends to steal away your hearts ;

I am no orator, as Brutus is :

But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,

That love my friend, and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

EXERCISE LII.

THE OUTLAWS.¹

GEORGE ADAMS.

1. (°) Hurrah for the OUTLAWS ! who battled and bled,
And battered the jewels of MONARCHY'S crown !
Who 'mid thunder and gore have arrested the tread
Of the despot, and trampled his pride to the ground :
Whose vows have gone up in the days of the past
Like rich holy incense to HEAVEN and GOD,
To wed them to FREEDOM, or pour out the last
Of the heart's crimson wealth on the home-hallowed sod !

2. Whose swords have been dyed in the "miscreant veins"
Of the fiercest and foulest of men who oppressed ;

¹ "Outlaws" and "Rebels" are appellations often and everywhere given to those who struggle against tyranny.

Who have purged a few places of TYRANNY'S stains,
 And reared a few nations where wrongs are redressed.
 Their blades have flashed high on the fields of the East,
 Where rank ARISTOCRACY'S surges still roar ;
 Where creed and contention make food for the beast,
 There LIBERTY'S Eagle still struggles to soar !

3. While the sun rises bright on the land of the SWISS,
 And the Alps in their grandeur still heavenward swell,
 The FREEMAN'S glad anthem their echoes shall kiss,
 And the valleys resound with the praises of TELL.
 While GREECE bears a name on the heart-stirring page,
 That ROMANCE has touched with her pencil of flame ;
 When the memory of kings shall vanish with age,
 BOZZARIS shall shine in the songs of his fame !
4. While the brow of Ben Lomond is swept by north gales,
 And Highland and border lie spread to the view,
 Will the harp of the SCOTT, 'mang his mountains and vales,
 Sing the scion of BOTHWELL, bold RODERIC DHU ;
 While the crags of Kirtlane and Dumbarton shall stand,
 And the waves of the Solway roll on to the sea,
 The great deeds of WALLACE all ears shall command,
 And his glories be sung by the brave and the free !
5. And the GRAEME, the DOUGLAS, and BRUCE, and ROB ROY,
 Caledonia's guardians, her bulwark and boast,
 Shall the piper's gay notes through auld Scotland employ,
 While the broad ocean beats on her granite-girt coast !
 While the sun makes the west his sweet place of repose,
 And Columbia's rich vales are baptized in his light,
 Shall the incense that with INDEPENDENCE first rose,
 Make the name of our WASHINGTON holy and bright !
6. And MARION, McDONALD, "Mad ANTHONY WAYNE,"
 And the heroes who met the proud Briton with scorn ;
 Who these hills with their life-blood so nobly could stain,
 To purchase a birth-right for millions unborn :
 Long life to their memories, who battled and bled,
 And battered the jewels of MONARCHY'S crown ;
 Who, 'mid thunder and gore, have arrested the tread
 Of the despot, and trampled his pride to the ground !

EXERCISE LIII.

GLORY OF ARMS.

CHARLES SUMNER.

1. WHATEVER may be the judgment of poets, of moralists, of satirists, or even of soldiers, it is certain that the glory of arms still exercises no mean influence over the minds of men. The art of war, which has been happily termed by a French divine, the baleful art by which men learn to exterminate one another, is yet held, even among Christians, to be an honorable pursuit; and the animal courage, which it stimulates and develops, is prized as a transcendent virtue. It will be for another age, and a higher civilization, to appreciate the more exalted character of the art of benevolence,—the art of extending happiness and all good influences, by word or deed, to the largest number of mankind,—which, in blessed contrast with the misery, the degradation, the wickedness of war, shall shine resplendent, the true grandeur of peace. All then will be willing to join with the early poet in saying at least:—

“Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
’Tis greater glory to reform the age.”

2. Then shall the soul thrill with a nobler heroism than that of battle. Peaceful industry, with untold multitudes of cheerful and beneficent laborers, shall be its gladsome token. Literature, full of sympathy and comfort for the heart of man, shall appear in garments of purer glory than she has yet assumed. Science shall extend the bounds of knowledge and power, adding unimaginable strength to the hands of man, opening innumerable resources in the earth, and revealing new secrets and harmonies in the skies. Art, elevated and refined, shall lavish fresh streams of beauty and grace. Charity, in streams of milk and honey, shall diffuse itself among all the habitations of the world.

3. Does any one ask for the signs of this approaching era? The increasing beneficence and intelligence of our own day, the broad-spread sympathy with human suffering, the widening thoughts of men, the longings of the heart for a higher condition on earth, the unfulfilled promises of Christian progress, are the auspicious auguries of this happy future. As early voyagers over untried realms of waste, we have already observed the signs of land. The green twig and fresh red berry have floated by our bark; the odors of the shore fan

our faces ; nay, we may seem to descry the distant gleam of light, and hear from the more earnest observers, as Columbus heard, after midnight, from the mast-head of the *Pinta*, the joyful cry of *Land! Land!* and lo! a new world broke upon his early morning gaze.

EXERCISE LIV.

W A R.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

1. ON every side of me I see causes at work which go to spread a most delusive coloring over war, and to remove its shocking barbarities to the back-ground of our contemplations altogether. I see it in the history which tells me of the superb appearance of the troops, and the brilliancy of their successive charges. I see it in the poetry which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood, and transports its many admirers, as by its images, and its figures, and its nodding plumes of chivalry, it throws its treacherous embellishments over a scene of legalized slaughter. I see it in the music which represents the progress of the battle ; and where, after being inspired by the trumpet-notes of preparation, the whole beauty and tenderness of a drawing-room are seen to bend over the sentimental entertainment ; nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh to interrupt the death-tones of the thickening contest, and the moans of the wounded men, as they fade away upon the ear, and sink into lifeless silence.

2. All, all, goes to prove what strange and half-sighted creatures we are. Were it not so, war could never have been seen in any other aspect than that of unmingled hatefulness ; and I can look to nothing, but to the progress of Christian sentiment upon earth, to arrest the strong current of the popular and prevailing partiality for war. Then only will an imperious sense of duty lay the check of severe principle on all the subordinate tastes and faculties of our nature. Then will glory be reduced to its right estimate, and the wakeful benevolence of the Gospel, chasing away every spell, will be turned by the treachery of no delusion whatever from its simple, but sublime, enterprises for the good of the species. Then the reign of truth and quietness will be ushered into the world, and WAR,—cruel, atrocious, unrelenting WAR,—will be stripped of its many and its bewildering fascinations.

EXERCISE LV.

DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

1. THE Thirtieth Congress assembles in this conjuncture, and the debates are solemn, earnest, and bewildering. Steam and lightning, which have become docile messengers, make the American people listeners to this high debate, and anxiety and interest, intense and universal, absorb them all. Suddenly the council is dissolved. Silence is in the capitol, and sorrow has thrown its pall over the land. What new event is this? Has some Cromwell closed the legislative chambers? or has some Cæsar, returning from his distant conquests, passed the Rubicon, seized the purple, and fallen in the Senate beneath the swords of self-appointed executioners of his country's vengeance? No! Nothing of all this.

2. What means, then, this abrupt and fearful silence? What unlooked-for calamity has quelled the debates of the Senate, and calmed the excitement of the people? An old man, whose tongue once, indeed, was eloquent, but now, through age, had well-nigh lost its cunning, has fallen into the swoon of death. He was not an actor in the drama of conquest, nor had his feeble voice yet mingled in the lofty argument,—

“A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.”

3. In the very act of rising to debate, he fell into the arms of conscript fathers of the republic. A long lethargy supervened and oppressed his senses. Nature rallied the wasting powers, on the verge of the grave, for a very brief space. But it was long enough for him. The re-kindled eye showed that the re-collected mind was clear, calm, and vigorous. His weeping family, and his sorrowing compeers, were there. He surveyed the scene, and knew at once its fatal import. He had left no duty unperformed; he had no wish unsatisfied; no ambition unattained; no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse. He could not shake off the dews of death, that gathered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him.

4. But he knew that eternity lay close by the shores of time. He knew that his Redeemer lived. Eloquence, even in that hour, inspired him with his ancient sublimity of ut-

terance. "THIS," said the dying man, "THIS IS THE END OF EARTH." He paused for a moment, and then added,—“ I AM CONTENT.” Angels might well draw aside the curtains of the skies to look down on such a scene,—a scene that approximated even to that scene of unapproachable sublimity, not to be recalled without reverence, when in mortal agony, one who spake as never man spake, said,—“ IT IS FINISHED.”

EXERCISE LVI.

“THAT'S MY THUNDER.”

CANNING.

1. I NOW turn to that other part of the honorable and learned gentleman's¹ speech, in which he acknowledges his acquiescence in the passages of the Address, echoing the satisfaction felt at the success of the liberal commercial principles adopted by this country, and at the steps taken for recognizing the new States of America. It does happen, however, that the honorable and learned gentleman, being not unfrequently a speaker in this House, nor very concise in his speeches, and touching occasionally, as he proceeds, on almost every subject within the range of his imagination, as well as making some observations on the matters in hand, and having at different periods proposed and supported every innovation of which the law or constitution of the country is susceptible,—it is impossible to innovate without appearing to borrow from him. Either, therefore, we must remain forever locked up as in a northern winter, or we must break our way out by some mode already suggested by the honorable and learned gentleman : and then he cries out, “ Ah ! I was there before you ! That is what I told you to do ; but as you would not do it then, you have no right to do it now.”

2. In Queen Anne's reign, there lived a very sage and able critic, named Dennis, who in his old age was the prey of a strange fancy, that he had himself written all the good things in all the good plays that were acted. Every good passage that he met with in any author, he insisted was his own. “ It is none of his,” Dennis would always say ; “ it is mine.” He went one day to see a new tragedy. Nothing particularly good, to his taste, occurred, till a scene in which a great

¹ Mr. Brougham.

storm was represented. As soon as he had heard the thunder rolling over his head, he exclaimed,—“That’s my thunder!” So it is with the honorable and learned gentleman,—*it’s all his thunder!* It will henceforth be impossible to confer any boon, or make any innovation, but he will claim it as *his thunder*.

EXERCISE LVII.

A BLACK JOB.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. Once on a time—no matter when—
 A knot of very charitable men
 Set up a Philanthropical Society;
 Professing on a certain plan,
 To benefit the race of man,
 And, in particular, that dark variety,
 Which some suppose inferior,—as in vermin,
 The sable is to ermine,
 As smut to flour, as coal to alabaster,
 As crows to swans, as soot to driven snow,
 As blacking, or as ink to “milk below,”
 Or yet, a better simile to show,
 As ragmen’s dolls to images in plaster!
2. However, as is usual in our city,
 They had a sort of managing Committee,
 A board of grave, responsible Directors,—
 A Secretary, good at pen and ink,—
 A Treasurer, of course, to keep the chink,
 And quite an army of Collectors!
 Not merely male, but female duns,
 Young, old, and middle-aged—of all degrees—
 With many of those persevering ones,
 Who mite by mite would beg a cheese!
 And what might be their aim?
 To rescue Africa’s sable sons from fetters,—
 To save their bodies from the burning shame
 Of branding with hot letters,—
 Their shoulders from the cowhide’s bloody strokes,
 Their necks from iron yokes?

3. To end or mitigate the ills of slavery,
 The planter's avarice, the driver's knavery?
 To school the heathen negroes and enlighten 'em,
 To polish up and brighten 'em,
 And make them worthy of eternal bliss?
 Why, no,—the simple end and aim was this,—
 Reading a well-known proverb much amiss,—
 To wash and whiten 'em!
4. They looked so ugly in their sable hides;
 So dark, so dingy, like a grubby lot
 Of sooty sweeps, or colliers, and besides,
 However the poor elves
 Might wash themselves,
 Nobody knew if they were clean or not,—
 On Nature's fairness they were quite a blot!
 They wanted washing! not that slight ablution
 To which the skin of the White man is liable,
 Merely removing transient pollution,—
 But good, hard, honest, energetic rubbing
 And scrubbing,
 Sousing each sooty frame from heels to head
 With stiff, strong, saponaceous lather,
 And pails of water,—hottish rather,
 But not so boiling as to turn 'em red!
5. Sweet was the vision—but, alas!
 However in prospectus bright and sunny
 To bring such visionary scenes to pass
 One thing was requisite, and that was—money!
 Money, that pays the laundress and her bills,
 For socks, and collars, shirts, and frills,
 Cravats and kerchiefs,—money, without which
 The negroes must remain as dark as pitch.
 Money,—the root of all evil—dross and stuff!
 But, oh! how happy ought the rich to feel,
 Whose means enabled them to give enough
 To blanch an African from head to heel!
 How blessed—yea, thrice blessed—to subscribe
 Enough to scour a tribe!
 While he whose fortune was at best a brittle one,
 Although he gave but pence, how sweet to know
 He helped to bleach a Hottentot's great toe,
 Or little one!

6. Moved by this logic, or appalled,
 To persons of a certain turn so proper,
 The money came when called,
 In silver, gold, and copper,
 Presents from "friends to blacks," or foes to whites,
 "Trifles," and "offerings," and "widows' mites,"
 Plump legacies, and yearly benefactions,
 With other gifts
 And charitable lifts,
 Printed in lists and quarterly transactions.
 As thus—Elisha Brettel,
 An iron kettle.
 The Dowager Lady Scannel,
 A piece of flannel.
 Rebecca Pope,
 A bar of soap.
 The Misses Howels,
 Half-a dozen towels.
 The Master Rushes,
 Two scrubbing brushes.
 Mr. Groom,
 A stable broom,
 And Mrs. Grubb
 A tub.
7. Great were the sums collected!
 And great results in consequence expected.
 But somehow, in the teeth of all endeavor,
 According to reports
 At yearly courts,
 The blacks, confound them! were as black as ever!
 Yes! spite of all the water soused aloft,
 Soap, plain and mottled, hard and soft,
 Soda and pearlash, huckaback and sand,
 Brooms, brushes, palm of hand,
 And scourers in the office strong and clever
 In spite of all the tubbing, rubbing, scrubbing,
 The routing and grubbing,
 The blacks, confound them! were as black as ever!
8. In fact, in his perennial speech,
 The chairman owned the niggers did not bleach,
 As he had hoped,
 From being washed and soaped,

A circumstance he named with grief and pity ;
 But still he had the happiness to say,
 For self and the Committee,
 By persevering in the present way,
 And scrubbing at the Blacks from day to day,
 Although he could not promise perfect white,
 From certain systems that had come to light,
 He hoped in time to get them *gray* !

9. Lulled by this vague assurance,
 The friends and patrons of the sable tribe
 Continued to subscribe,
 And waited, waited on with much endurance.
 Many a frugal sister, thrifty daughter,—
 Many a stinted widow, pinching mother,—
 With income by the tax made somewhat shorter,
 Still paid implicitly her crown per quarter,
 Only to hear as every year came round,
 That Mr. Treasurer had spent her pound ;
 And, as she loved her sable brother,
 That Mr. Treasurer must have another !

10. But, spite of pounds or guineas,
 Instead of giving any hint
 Of turning to a neutral tint,
 The plaguy negroes and their picanninies
 Were still the color of the bird that caws,—
 Only some very aged souls
 Showing a little gray upon their polls,
 Like daws !

11. However in long hundreds there folks were,
 Thronging the hot, and close, and dusty court,
 To hear once more addresses from the Chair,
 And regular Report.
 Alas ! concluding in the usual strain,
 That what with everlasting wear and tear,
 The scrubbing-brushes had n't got a hair ;
 The brooms—mere stumps—would never serve again ;
 The soap was gone, the flannels all in shreds,
 The towels worn to threads,
 The tubs and pails too shattered to be mended ;
 And what was added with a deal of pain,
 But as accounts correctly would explain,
 Though thirty thousand pounds had been expended ;
 The Blackamoors had still been washed in vain !

12. "In fact the negroes were as black as ink,
 Yet, still as the Committee dared to think,
 And hoped the proposition was not rash,
 A rather free expenditure of cash—"
 But ere the prospect could be made more sunny,
 Up jumped a little, lemon-colored man,
 And with an eager stammer, thus began,
 In angry earnest, though it sounded funny:
 "What! More subscriptions! No--no--no,—not I!
 You have had time—time—time enough to try!
 They won't come white! then why—why—why—why
 —why,
 More money?"
13. "Why!" said the Chairman, with an accent bland,
 And gentle waver of his dexter hand,
 "Why must we have more dross, and dirt, and dust,
 More filthy lucre, in a word, more gold—
 The why, sir, very easily is told,
 Because Humanity declares we must!
 We've scrubbed the negroes till we've nearly killed 'em,
 And finding that we can not wash them white,
 But still their nigritude offends the sight,
We mean to gild 'em!"

EXERCISE LVIII.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

J. G. SAXE.

1. Of all the notable things on earth,
 The queerest one is pride of birth
 Among our "fierce democracy!"
 A bridge across a hundred years,
 Without a prop to save it from sneers,
 Not even a couple of rotten *peers*,—
 A thing for laughter, fleers and jeers,
 Is American aristocracy!
2. English and Irish, French and Spanish,
 Germans, Italians, Dutch and Danish,
 Crossing their veins until they vanish
 In one conglomeration!
 So subtle a tinge of blood, indeed,
 No Heraldry Harvey will ever succeed
 In finding the circulation.

3. Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
 Your family thread you can't ascend,
 Without good reason to apprehend
 You may find it *waxed* at the other end
 By some plebeian vocation!
 Or, worse than that, your boasted line
 May end in a loop of stronger twine,
 That plagued some worthy relation!

EXERCISE LIX.

VILLAGE GREATNESS.

W. RAY.

1. In every country village, where
 Ten chimney smokes perfume the air,
 Contiguous to a steeple,
 Great gentle-folks are found a score,
 Who can't associate any more
 With common "country people."
2. Jack Fallow, born among the woods,
 From rolling logs, now rolls in goods,
 Enough a while to dash on;
 Tells negro stories,—smokes cigars,—
 Talks politics,—decides on wars,—
 And lives in stylish fashion.
3. Tim Oxgoad, lately from the plow,
 A polished gentleman is now,
 And talks about "country fellows;"
 But ask the fop what books he's read,
 You'll find the brain-pan of his head
 As empty as a bellows.
4. Miss Fiddle Faddle, from the wheel,
 Begins quite lady-like to feel,
 And talks affectedly genteel,
 And sings some pretty songs, too;
 But, my veracity impeach,
 If she can tell what part of speech
Gentility belongs to.

-
5. Without one spark of wit refined,—
 Without one beauty of the mind,—
 Genius or education,—
 Of family or fame to boast;—
 To see such gentry "rule the roast,"
 Turns patience to vexation.
6. To clear such rubbish from the earth,—
 Though real genius, mental worth,
 And science do attend you,—
 You might as well the sty refine,
 Or cast your pearls before the swine;
 They'd only turn and rend you.
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EXERCISE LX.

YESTERDAY.

M. F. TUPPER.

I.

Speak, poor almsman of to-day, whom none can assure of a to-morrow,
 Tell out with honest heart the price thou settest upon yesterday.
 Is it then a writing in the dust, traced by the finger of Idleness,
 Which Industry, clean housewife, can wipe away for ever?
 < Is it as a furrow in the sand, fashioned by the toying waves,
 Quickly to be trampled then again by the feet of the returning tide?
 Is it as the pale blue smoke, rising from a peasant's hovel,
 That melted into limpid air, before it topped the lárches?
 Is it but a vision, unstable and unreal, which wise men soon forgét?
 Is it as the stranger of the night,—gone, we heed not whither?
 Alas! thou foolish heart, whose thoughts are but as these,
 Alas! deluded soul, that hopeth thus of yesterday!

II.

For, behold,—those temples of Ellora, the Brahmin's rock-built shrine,
 Behold,—yon granite cliff, which the North Sea buffeteth in vain,
 That stout old forest fir,—these waking verities of life,
 This guest abiding ever, not strange, nor a servant, but a son,—
 Such, O man, are vanity and dreams, transient as a rainbow on the
 cloud,
 Weighed against that solid fact, thine ill-remembered yesterday.

III.

Come, let me show thee an example, where Nature shall instruct us.
 Luxuriantly the arguments for Truth spring native in her gardens;
 Seek we yonder woodman of the plain; he is measuring his ax to the elm,
 And anon the sturdy strokes ring upon the wintry air;

Eagerly the village school-boys cluster on the tightened rope,
 Shouting, and bending to the pull, or lifted from the ground elastic ;
 The huge tree boweth like Sisera, boweth to its foes with faintness ;
 Its sinews crack,—deep groans declare the reeling anguish of Goliath ;
 The wedge is driven home,—and the saw is at its heart, and lo ! with
 solemn slowness,
 The shuddering monarch riseth from his throne,—toppled with a crash,
 —and is fallen !

IV.

Now shall the mangled stump teach proud man a lesson ;
 Now can we from that elm-tree's sap distill the wine of Truth.
 Heed ye those hundred rings, concentric from the core,
 Eddying in various waves to the red bark's shore-like rim ?
 These be the gatherings of *yesterday*,—present all to-day ;
 This is the tree's judgment,—self-history that can not be gainsaid.

V.

Seven years ago there was a drought,—and the seventh ring is nar-
 rowed,
 The fifth from hence was a half deluge,—the fifth is cellular and broad ;
 Thus, MAN, thou art a result of the growth of many yesterdays,
 That stamp thy secret soul with marks of weal or woe ;
 Thou art an almanac of self, the living record of thy deeds ;
 Spirit has its scars as well as body, sore and aching in their season :
 Here is a knot,—it was a crime ; there is a canker,—selfishness ;
 Lo, here the heart-wood rotten ;—lo, there, perchance, the sap-wood
 sound ;
 Nature teacheth not in vain ; thy works are in thee,—of thee ;
 Some present evil bent hath grown of older errors.

VI.

And what if thou be walking now uprightly ? Salve not thy wounds
 with poison,
 As if a petty goodness of to-day hath blotted out the sin of yesterday.
 It is well thou hast life and light ; and the Hower showeth mercy,
 Dressing the root, pruning the branch, and looking for thy tardy fruits ;
 But even here, as thou standest, cheerful belike and careless,
 The stains of ancient evil are upon thee, the record of thy wrong is in
 thee ;
 For, a curse of many yesterdays is thine, many yesterdays of sin,
 That, haply little heeded now, shall blast thy many morrows.
 No refuge of a younger birth than one that saw creation,
 Can hide the child of time from still condemning yesterday.
 There is the Sanctuary City, mocking at the wrath of thine Avenger,
 Close at hand, with its wicket on the latch ; haste for thy life, poor,
 hunted one !
 The gladiator, Guilt, fighteth as of old, armed with net and dagger,
 Snaring in the mesh of yesterdays, stabbing with the poniard of to-day ;

Fly, thy sword is broken at the hilt; fly, thy shield is shivered;
 Leap the barriers and baffle him; the arena of the past is his.
 The bounds of guilt are the cycles of Time; thou must be safe within
 Eternity;
 The arms of God alone shall rescue thee from yesterday.

EXERCISE LXI.

NOW.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

1. **ARISE!** for the day is passing,
 While you lie dreaming on;
 Your brothers are cased in armor,
 And forth to the fight are gone!
 Your place in the ranks awaits you;
 Each man has a part to play;
 The past and the future are nothing
 In the face of the stern **TO-DAY**.
2. **ARISE** from your dreams of the future,
 Of gaining a hard-fought field,
 Of storming the airy fortress,
 Of bidding the giant yield;
 Your future deeds of glory,
 Of honor (God grant it may!)
 But your arm will never be stronger,
 Or needed as *now*,—**TO-DAY**.
3. **ARISE!** If the past detain you,
 Her sunshine and storms forget;
 No chains so unworthy to hold you
 As those of a vain regret;
 Sad or bright she is lifeless ever;
 Cast her phantom arms away,
 Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
 Of a nobler strife **TO-DAY**.
4. **ARISE!** for the hour is passing;
 The sound that you dimly hear,
 Is your enemy marching to battle!
Rise! **RISE!** for the foe is near!
 Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
 Or the hour will strike at last,
 And from dreams of a coming battle,
 You will waken and find it past.

EXERCISE LXII.

THERE'S NOTHING IN IT.

CHARLES MATHEWS.

SIR CHARLES COLDSTREAM, SIR ADONIS LEECH, AND HON.

TOM. SAVILLE.

Sir. C. My dear Leech, you began life late—you are a young fellow—forty-five—and have the world yet before you—I started at thirteen, lived quick, and exhausted the whole round of pleasure before I was thirty. I've tried every thing, heard every thing, done every thing, know every thing, and here I am, a man at thirty-three, literally used up.

Leech. Nonsense, man!—used up, indeed!—with your wealth, with your little heaven in Spring Gardens, and your paradise here at Kingston-upon-Thames,—

Sav. With twenty estates in the sunniest spots in England.

Leech. Not to mention that Utopia, within four walls, in the *Rue de Provence*, in Paris. Oh, the nights we've spent there—eh, Tom?

Sav. Ah!

Sir C. I'm dead with *ennui*.

Leech. *Ennui*! do you hear him, Tom? poor Cræsus!

Sir C. Cræsus!—no, I'm no Cræsus. My father—you've seen his portrait, good old fellow—he certainly did leave me a little matter of £12,000 a year, but after all—

Leech and Sav. Oh, come!—

Sir C. Oh, I don't complain of it.

Leech. I should think not.

Sir C. Oh no, there are some people who can manage to do on less—on credit.

Leech. I know several—

Sav. My dear Coldstream, you should try change of scene.

Sir C. I have tried it—what's the use?

Leech. But I'd gallop all over Europe.

Sir C. I have—there's nothing in it.

Leech. Nething in all Europe!

Sir C. Nothing—oh, dear, yes! I remember, at one time, I did somehow go about a good deal.

Sav. You should go to Switzerland.

Sir C. I have been—nothing there—people say so much about every thing—there certainly were a few glaciers, some monks, and large dogs, and thick ankles, and bad wine, and

Mont Blanc; yes, and there was ice on the top, too; but I prefer the ice at Gunter's—less trouble, and more in it.

Leech. Then if Switzerland would n't do, I'd try Italy.

Sir C. My dear Leech, I've tried it over and over again, and what then?

Sav. Did not Rome inspire you?

Sir C. Oh, believe me, Tom, a most horrible hole! People talk so much about these things—there's the Colosseum, now—round, very round, a goodish ruin enough, but I was disappointed with it; Capitol—tolerable high; and St. Peter's—marble, and mosaics, and fountains, dome certainly not badly scooped, but there was nothing in it.

Leech. Come, Coldstream, you must admit we have nothing like St. Peter's in London.

Sir C. No, because we don't want it; but if we wanted such a thing, of course we should have it. A dozen gentlemen meet, pass resolutions, institute, and in twelve months it would be run up; nay, if that were all, we'd buy St. Peter's itself, and have it sent over.

Leech. Ha, ha! well said, you're quite right.

Sav. What say you to beautiful Naples?

Leech. Ay, *La Belle Napoli*?

Sir C. Not bad,—excellent watermelons, and goodish opera; they took me up to Vesuvius—a horrid bore; it smoked a good deal, certainly, but altogether a wretched mountain;—saw the crater—looked down, but there was nothing in it.

Sav. But the bay?

Sir C. Inferior to Dublin.

Leech. The Campagna.

Sir C. A great swamp!

Sav. Greece?

Sir C. A morass!

Leech. Athens?

Sir C. A bad Edinburg!

Sav. Egypt?

Sir C. A desert!

Leech. C. The Pyramids?

Sir C. Humbugs!—nothing in any of them! Have done—you bore me.

Leech. But you enjoyed the hours we spent in Paris, at any rate?

Sir C. No; I was dying for excitement. In fact, I've

no appetite, no thirst; every thing wearies me—no, they fatigue me.

Leech. Fatigue you!—I should think not, indeed; you are as strong as a lion.

Sir C. But as quiet as a lamb—that was Tom Cribb's character of me: you know I was a favorite pupil of his. I'd give a thousand pounds for any event that would make my pulse beat ten to the minute faster. Is it possible, that between you both you can not invent something that would make my blood boil in my veins,—my hair stand on end—my heart beat—my pulse rise,—that would produce an excitement—an emotion—a sensation?

EXERCISE LXIII.

THE RUINS OF TIME.

MILFORD BARD.

1. WHERE, now, is ancient Egypt, the land of science and sacred recollections? Where are her thousand cities; her Thebes, her Memphis, her oracle of Ammon? The red arm of the Goth and the Vandal hath leveled them with the dust; the serpent now inhabits the temple where the worshiper once bowed in adoration; the oracle hath been silent for ages, and the priestess long since fled from her falling shrine. And where are the cloud-capt pyramids of Egypt, the wonder of the world? Alas! they still stand as mournful monuments of human ambition,

2. But where are the kings who planned, and the millions of miserable slaves who erected them? Gone down to the grave, and the rank weed waves over the sepulcher of their mouldering bones. And such shall be the fate of those pyramids which have stood for ages as the beacons of misguided ambition; the wave of time shall roll over them, and bury them forever in the general mausoleum of ages. Time, like Death, is an impartial conqueror. The monuments of genius and the arts fall alike before him in the path of his irresistible might. He hath uprooted the firm foundations of greatness and grandeur, and he hath desolated the gardens of oriental genius.

3. Methinks I see him pointing with triumph to the tottering temples of Greece, and smiling at the ruins of Athens and Sparta, the home of that illustrious philosopher who gave

learning to the imperial son of Philip, and where Solon and Lycurgus gave laws to the world. But these cities are in ruins; their philosophers are dumb in death; the academy, the porch, and the lyceum no longer resound with the doctrines of Plato, Zeno, and their illustrious competitors. Their fame alone has survived the general wreck. What a lesson is this for the growing empires of the earth!

4. Greece, the glory of the world, the bright luminary of learning, liberty, and laws, prostrate in the dust; her light of genius and the arts quenched in the long night of time; her philosophers, heroes, statesmen, and poets, mingling with the fragments of her fallen grandeur. Go to the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, and the oracle of Delphos, and ask the story of her renown, the story of her dissolution. Alas! that temple hath long since dissolved in a flood of flame, and the last echo of that oracle hath died on the lips of Æolus. But she fell not before the flaming sword of Mohammed, without a struggle.

EXERCISE LXIV.

AN APPEAL TO ARMS.

PATRICK HENRY.

1. MR. PRESIDENT, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

2. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? (*f.*) Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

3. Ask yourself how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliátion? (<) Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? Nò, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other.

4. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the súbject? Nòthing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplicátion? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and the Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne!

5. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free,—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending,—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must *fight!* I repeat it, sir, we must FIGHT! An appeal to ARMS and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

6. They tell us, sir, that we are weak ; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger ? Will it be the next week, or the next year ? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house ? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction ? (<) Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot ? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

7. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone ; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery ! Our chains are forged ! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston ! The *war* is *inevitable*—and *let it come !* I repeat it, sir, LET IT COME !

8. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace,—but there *is* no peace. The war is actually begun ! The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms ! Our brethren are already in the field ! Why stand we here idle ? What is it that gentlemen wish ? What would they have ? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery ? Forbid it, Almighty God ! I know not what course *others* may take ; but as for *me*, GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH !

EXERCISE LXV.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

JOHN M. MASON.

1. THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON, Americans, has revealed the extent of our loss. It has given us the final proof that we never mistook him. Take his affecting testament, and

read the secrets of his soul. Read all the power of domestic virtue. Read his strong love of letters and of liberty. Read his fidelity to republican principle, and his jealousy of national character. Read his devotedness to you in his military bequests to near relations. "These swords,"—they are the words of Washington, "these swords are accompanied with an injunction not to unsheathe them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defense, or in defense of their country and its rights; and in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof."

2. In his acts, Americans, you have seen the MAN. In the complicated excellence of character he stands alone. Let no future Plutarch attempt the iniquity of parallel. Let no soldier of fortune; let no usurping conqueror; let not Alexander or Cæsar; let not Cromwell or Bonaparte; let none among the dead or the living; appear in the same picture with WASHINGTON; or let them appear as the shade to his light.

3. On this subject, my countrymen, it is for *others* to speculate, but it is for *us* to feel. Yet, in proportion to the severity of the stroke, ought to be our thankfulness that it was not inflicted sooner. Through a long series of years has God preserved our Washington a public blessing; and, now that he has removed him forever, shall we presume to say,—*What doest thou?* Never did the tomb preach more powerfully the dependence of all things on the will of the Most High. The greatest of mortals crumbles into dust the moment he commands,—*Return, ye children of men.* Washington was but the instrument of a benignant God. He sickens, he dies, that we may learn not to *trust in men*, nor to *make flesh our arm*. But though Washington is dead, Jehovah lives. God of our fathers! be our God, and the God of our children! Thou art our refuge and our hope; the pillar of our strength; the wall of our defense, and our unfading glory!

4. Americans! This God, who raised up Washington and gave you liberty, exacts from you the duty of cherishing it with a zeal according to knowledge. Never sully, by apathy, or by outrage, your fair inheritance. Risk not, for one moment, on visionary theories, the solid blessings of your lot. To you, particularly, O youth of America! applies the solemn charge. In all the perils of your country, remember Washington. The freedom of reason and of right has been handed down to you on the point of the hero's sword. Guard with veneration the sacred deposit. The curse of ages will rest upon you,

O youth of America! if ever you surrender to foreign ambition, or domestic lawlessness, the precious liberties for which Washington fought, and your fathers bled.

5. I can not part with you, fellow-citizens, without urging the long remembrance of our present assembly. This day we wipe away the reproach of republics, that they know not how to be grateful. In your treatment of living patriots, recall your love and your regret of WASHINGTON. Let not future inconsistency charge this day with hypocrisy. Happy America, if she gives an instance of universal principle in her sorrows for the man,—“FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE, AND FIRST IN THE AFFECTIONS OF HIS COUNTRY!”

EXERCISE LXVI.

TRIBUTE TO THE PATRIOTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. VENERABLE MEN! you have come down to us, from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are, indeed, over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and in death;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more.

2. (*p.*) All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appro-

priately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

3. (*pl.*) But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived, at least, long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

"another morn,
Risen on mid-noon;"—

and the sky, on which you closed your eyes, was cloudless.

5. But, ah!—him! the first great martyr in this great cause! him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit;—him! cut off by Providence, in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name? *Our* poor work may perish; but *thine* shall endure! This monument may molder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found, that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

EXERCISE LXVII.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

POPE.

1. Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!
2. Hark! they whisper; angels say,—
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?
3. The world recedes,—it disappears!
Heaven 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?

EXERCISE LXVIII.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

1. Wake your harp's music!—louder,—higher,
And pour your strains along;
And smite again each quivering wire
In all the pride of song!
(f.) Shout like those godlike men of old,
Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blessed soil their anthem rolled
TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!
2. From native shores by tempests driven,
They sought a purer sky,
And found, beneath a milder heaven,
The home of liberty!

An altar rose,—and prayers,—a ray
 Broke on their night of woe,—
 The harbinger of Freedom's day,
 TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

3. They clung around that symbol too,
 Their refuge and their all;
 And swore, while skies and waves were blue,
 That altar should not fall!
 They stood upon the red man's sod,
 'Neath heaven's unpillared bow,
 With home,—a country, and a God,—
 TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!
4. Oh! 't was a hard, unyielding fate
 That drove them to the seas,
 And Persecution strove with Hate,
 To darken her decrees:
 But safe, above each coral grave,
 Each blooming ship did go,—
 A God was on the western wave
 TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!
5. They knelt them on the desert sand,
 By waters cold and rude,
 Alone upon the dreary strand
 Of oceaned solitude!
 They looked upon the high blue air,
 And felt their spirits glow,
 Resolved to live or perish there
 TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!
6. The warrior's red right arm was bared,
 His eyes flashed deep and wild:
 Was there a foreign footstep dared
 To seek his home and child?
 The dark chiefs yelled alarm and swore
 The white man's blood should flow,
 And his hewn bones should bleach their shore
 TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!
7. But, lo! the warrior's eye grew dim,—
 His arm was left alone;
 The still, black wilds which sheltered him,
 No longer were his own!

Time fled,—and on the hallowed ground
 His highest pine lies low,—
 And cities swell where forests frowned
 TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

8. Oh! stay not to recount the tale,—
 'T was bloody, and 'tis past;
 The firmest cheek might well grow pale,
 To hear it to the last.
 The God of heaven, who prospers us,
 Could bid a nation grow,
 And shield us from the red man's curse
 TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

9. Come, then,—great shades of glorious men,
 From your still glorious grave!
 Look on your own proud land again,
 O bravest of the brave!
 We call you from each moldering tomb,
 And each blue wave below,
 To bless the world ye snatched from doom
 TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

10. Then to your harps!—yet louder,—higher,
 And pour your strains along,—
 And smite again each quivering wire,
 In all the pride of song!

(*f.*) Shout for those godlike men of old,
 Who, daring storm and foe,
 On this blessed soil their anthem rolled
 TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

EXERCISE LXIX.

THE FOOT'S COMPLAINT.

1. "It's really too bad," cried the Foot in a fever,
 "That I am thus walking and walking forever:
 My mates are to honor and indolence thrust,
 While here I am doomed to the mud and the dust.
2. "There's the Mouth,—he's the fellow for all the nice things,
 And the Ear only wakes when the dinner-bell rings;
 The Hand with his rings decks his fingers so white;
 And as to the Eye—he sees every fine sight."

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3. "Stay, stay," said the Mouth; "don't you know, my dear brother,
We all were intended to help one another?
And surely you can't be thought useless and mean,
On whom all the rest so entirely must lean.
4. "Consider, my friend, we are laboring too,
And toiling—nay, don't interrupt me—for you;
Indeed, were it not for the Hand, Mouth, and Eye,
Of course, you know well, you would falter and die.
5. "I eat, but 't is only that you may be strong;
The Hand works for you, friend, all the day long;
And the Eye—he declares he shall soon lose his sight,
So great are his efforts to guide you aright."
6. The Foot in reply could find nothing to say,
For he felt he had talked in a culpable way,
And owned the reproof was both wise and well-meant,
For, wherever we are, we should there be content.
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EXERCISE LXX.

SCENE IN A MOURNING STORE.

THOMAS HOOD.

SQUIRE, *his* LADY, *and the* SHOPMAN.

Shopman. May I have the melancholy pleasure of serving you, madam?

Lady. I wish, sir, to look at some mourning.

Shopm. Certainly, by all means. A relict, I presume?

Lady. Yes; a widow, sir. A poor friend of mine who has lost her husband.

Shopm. Exactly so,—for a deceased partner. How deep would you choose to go, ma'am? Do you wish to be very poignant?

Lady. Why, I suppose crape and bombazine, unless they be gone out of fashion. But you had better show me some different sorts.

Shopm. Certainly, by all means. We have a very extensive assortment, whether for family, court, or complimentary mourning, including the last novelties from the continent.

Lady. Yes, I should like to see *them*.

Shopm. Certainly. Here is one, ma'am, just imported—a widow's silk—*watered*, as you perceive, to match the sentiment. It is called the "Inconsolable;" and is very much in vogue in Paris for matrimonial bereavements.

Squire. Looks rather flimsy, though. Not likely to last long—eh, sir?

Shopm. A little slight, sir,—rather a delicate texture. But mourning ought not to last forever, sir.

Squire. No, it seldom does; especially the violent sorts.

Lady. La! Jacob, do hold your tongue; what do you know about fashionable affliction? But never mind him, sir; it's only his way.

Shopm. Certainly, by all means. As to mourning, ma'am, there has been a great deal, a very great deal, indeed, this season, and several new fabrics have been introduced, to meet the demand for fashionable tribulation.

Lady. And all in the French style?

Shopm. Certainly,—of course, ma'am. They excel in the *funèbre*.¹ Here, for instance, is an article for the deeply afflicted. A black crape, expressly adapted to the profound style of mourning,—makes up very somber and interesting.

Lady. I dare say it does, sir.

Shopm. Would you allow me, ma'am, to cut off a dress?

Squire. You had better cut *me* off first.

Shopm. Certainly, sir, by all means. Or, if you would prefer a velvet, ma'am—

Lady. Is it proper, sir, to mourn in velvet?

Shopm. O quite!—certainly. Just coming in. Now, here is a very rich one,—real Genoa,—and a splendid black. We call it the Luxury of Woe.

Lady. Very expensive, of course?

Shopm. Only eighteen shillings a yard, and a superb quality; in short, fit for the handsomest style of domestic calamity.

Squire. Whereby, I suppose, sorrow gets more superfine as it goes upward in life?

Shopm. Certainly—yes, sir—by all means,—at least a finer texture. The mourning of poor people is very coarse—very—quite different from that of persons of quality. Canvases to crape, sir!

Lady. To be sure it is! And, as to the change of dress, sir, I suppose you have a great variety of half-mourning?

Shopm. O, infinite,—the largest stock in town! Full,

¹ *Funereal; mournful.*

and half, and quarter, and half-quarter mourning, shaded off, if I may say so, like an India-ink drawing, from a grief *prononcé*¹ to the slightest *nuance*² of regret.

Lady. Then, sir, please to let me see some half-mourning.

Shopm. Certainly. But the gentleman opposite superintends the Intermediate Sorrow Department.

Squire. What, the young fellow yonder in pepper-and-salt?

Shopm. Yes, sir; in the suit of gray. (*Calls across.*) Mr. Dawe, show the Neutral Tints!

[*The Squire and his Lady cross the shop, and take seats opposite each other; Mr. Dawe, who affects the pensive rather than the solemn.*]

Shopm. You wish to inspect some half-mourning, madam?

Lady. Yes,—the newest patterns.

Shopm. Precisely,—in the second stage of distress. As such, ma'am, allow me to recommend this satin,—intended for grief when it has subsided,—alleviated, you see, ma'am, from a dead black to a dull lead color!

Squire. As a black horse alleviates into a gray one, after he's clipped!

Shopm. Exactly so, sir. A Parisian novelty, ma'am. It's called "Settled Grief," and is very much worn by ladies of a certain age, who do not intend to embrace Hymen a second time.

Squire. Old women, mayhap, about seventy?

Shopm. Exactly so, sir,—or thereabouts. Not but what some ladies, ma'am, set in for sorrow much earlier; indeed, in the prime of life: and for such cases, it's very durable wear.

Lady. Yes; it feels very stout.

Shopm. But, perhaps, madam, that is too *lugubre*. Now, here is another,—not exactly black, but shot with a warmish tint, to suit a woe moderated by time. We have sold several pieces of it. That little *nuance de rose*³ in it—the French call it a gleam of comfort—is very attractive.

[*After a little more chat of this dolorous kind, the pair are shown into a back room, hung with black, and decorated with looking-glasses in black frames. A show woman in deep mourning is in attendance.*]

Show. Your melancholy pleasure, ma'am?

Lady. Widow's caps.

¹ Decided; deep.

² Tint, or shade.

³ Rose-tint.

Squire. Humph!—that's plump, anyhow!

Show. This is the newest style, ma'am—

Lady. Bless me! for a widow? Isn't it rather—you know, rather a little—

Squire. * Rather frisky in its frilligigs!

Show. Not for the mode, ma'am. Affliction is very much modernized, and admits more *goût*¹ than formerly. Some ladies, indeed, for their morning grief, wear rather a plainer cap;—but for evening sorrow, this is not at all too *ornée*.² French taste has introduced very-considerable alleviations,—for example, the *sympathiser*—

Squire. Where is he?

Show. This muslin *ruche*,³ ma'am, instead of the plain band.

Lady. Yes; a very great improvement, certainly.

Show. Would you like to try it, ma'am?

Lady. No, not at present. I am only inquiring for a friend. Pray, what are those?

Show. Worked handkerchiefs, ma'am. Here is a lovely pattern,—all done by hand,—an exquisite piece of work—

Squire. Better than a noisy one!

Show. Here is another, ma'am,—the last novelty. The *Larmoyante*,⁴—with a fringe of artificial tears, you perceive, in mock pearl. A sweet, pretty idea, ma'am.

Squire. But rather scrubby, I should think, for the eyes.

Show. O, dear, no, sir!—if you mean wiping. The wet style of grief is quite gone out,—quite!

Squire. O! and a dry cry is the genteel thing! But, come, ma'am, come, or we shall be too late for the other exhibitions.

[*Curiosity being now appeased, the lady leaves the shop with her plain-spoken husband, who, turning back, takes a last look at the premises.*]

Squire. Humph! And so that's a Mourning Store! Well, if it's all the same to you, ma'am, I'd rather die in the country, and be universally lamented, after the old fashion;—for, as to London, what with the new French modes of mourning, and the "Try—Warren" style of blacking the premises, it does seem to me that, before long, all sorrow will be sham Abram, and the House of Mourning a regular Farce!

¹ *Taste.* Pronounced *goo*.

³ *Quilling.*

² *Ornamental.*

⁴ *Weeping; tearful.*

EXERCISE LXXI.

SAM SMITH'S SOLILOQUY.

FANNY FERN.

1. CERTAINLY—matrimony is an invention of ——. Well, no matter who *invented* it. I'm going to try it. Where's my blue coat with the bright, brass buttons? The woman has yet to be born who can resist that; and my buff vest and neck-tie, too: may I be shot, if I don't offer them both to the little Widow Pardiggle this very night. "Pardiggle!" Phœbus! what a name for such a rose-bud. I'll re-christen her by the euphonious name of Smith. She'll *have* me, of course. She wants a *husband*,—I want a *wife*: there's one point already in which we perfectly agree.

2. I hate preliminaries. I suppose it is unnecessary for me to begin with the amatory alphabet. With a widow, I suppose, you can skip the rudiments. Say what you've got to say in a fraction of a second. Women grow as mischievous as Satan, if they think you are afraid of them. Do I look as if I were afraid? Just examine the growth of my whiskers. The Bearded Lady could n't hold a candle to them, (though I wonder she don't to her own.) *Afraid?* h-m-m! I feel as if I could conquer Asia.

3. What the mischief ails this cravat? It must be the cold that makes my hand tremble so: there—that'll do: that's quite an inspiration. Brummel himself could n't go beyond that. Now for the widow; bless her little round face! I'm immensely obliged to old Pardiggle for giving her quit claim. I'll make her as happy as a little robin. Do you think I'd bring a tear into her lovely blue *éye*? Do you think I'd sit, after tea, with my back to her, and my feet upon the mantel, staring up chimney for three hours together? Do you think I'd leave her blessed little side, to dangle round oyster-saloons and théaters? Do I *look* like a man to let a woman flatten her pretty little nose against the window-pane night after night, trying to see me reel up stréet? *No*. Mr. and Mrs. Adam were not more beautiful in their nuptial-bower, than I shall be with the Widow Pardiggle.¹

4. Refused by a widow! Who ever heard of such a thing? Well; there's one comfort: nobody'll believe it. She is not

¹ Here there should be a pause; the speaker being supposed to have put the question and to have been refused. His look should be that of surprise and disappointment.

so very pretty after all : her eyes are too small, and her hands are rough and red-dy :—not so very *ready* either, confound the gipsy ! What amazing pretty shoulders she has ! Well, who cares ?

“ If she be not fair to me,
What care I *how* fair she be ? ”

Ten to one, she 'd have set up that wretch of a Pardiggle for my model. Who wants to be Pardiggle 2d ? I am glad she did n't have me. I mean, I'm glad I did n't have *her* !

EXERCISE LXXII.

LIBERTY IS ORDER.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

1. LIBERTY is order. Liberty is strength. Look round the world, and admire, as you must, the instructive spectacle. You will see that liberty not only is power and order, but that it is power and order predominant and invincible,—that it derides all other sources of strength. And shall the preposterous imagination be fostered, that men bred in liberty,—the first of human kind who asserted the glorious distinction of forming for themselves their social compact,—can be condemned to silence upon their rights ? Is it to be conceived that men who have enjoyed, for such a length of days, the light and happiness of freedom, can be restrained, and shut up again in the gloom of ignorance and degradation ? As well, sir, might you try, by a miserable dam, to shut up the flowing of a rapid river ! The rolling and impetuous tide would burst through every impediment that man might throw in its way ; and the only consequence of the impotent attempt would be, that, having collected new force by its temporary suspension, enforcing itself through new channels, it would spread devastation and ruin on every side. The progress of liberty is like the progress of the stream. Kept within its bounds, it is sure to fertilize the country through which it runs ; but no power can arrest it in its passage ; and short-sighted, as well as wicked, must be the heart of the projector that would strive to divert its course.

EXERCISE LXXIII.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

BIBLE.

1. THE beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

2. From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights; who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

3. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!

EXERCISE LXXIV.

DANIEL VERSUS DISHCLOTH.

STEVENS.

1. WE will consider the law, as our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and magnitude according as the statutes declare, *considerandi*, *considerando*, *considerandum*; and are not to be meddled with by those who do not understand them. Law always expresses itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding words, cases, or genders, except, indeed, when a woman happens to be slain, then the verdict is always brought in *man-slaughter*. We all know that the essence of the law is altercation; for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. Now the

quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts:—the first is the beginning, or *incipiendum*;—the second, the uncertainty, or *dubitandum*;—the third, delay, or *puzleendum*;—fourthly, replication without *endum*;—and fifthly, *monstrum et horrendum*. All of which are fully exemplified in the following case of

2. DANIEL *versus* DISH CLOTH. Daniel was a groom in the same family in which Dishcloth was cook-maid; Daniel returning home one day somewhat fuddled, he stooped down to take a sop out of the dripping-pan;—Dishcloth thereupon laid hold upon him, and in the struggle pushed him into the dripping-pan, which spoiled his clothes. He was advised to bring an action against the cook-maid therefor, the pleadings of which are as follows:—

3. The first counsel who spoke was Mr. Serjeant Snuffle. He began with saying:—“Since I have the honor to be pitched upon to open this case to your lordship, I shall not impertinently presume to take up any of your lordship’s time, by a roundabout, circumlocutory manner of speaking, or talking, quite foreign to the purpose, and not anywise relating to the matter in hand; I shall—I will—I design to show what damages my client has sustained, hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. Now, my lord, my client being a servant in the same family with Dishcloth, and, not being at board-wages, imagined he had a right to the fee simple of the dripping-pan,—therefore, he made an attachment on the sop with his right hand,—which the defendant replevied with *her* right hand,—tripped up our heels, and tumbled us into the dripping-pan.

4. Now, in Broughton’s Reports, *Slack vs. Smallcoat*, it is said, *primus strokus, sine jocus, absolutos est provokos*; now, who gave the *primus strokus*? Who gave the first offense? Why, the cook-maid; she placed the dripping-pan there; for, my lord, though we will allow, if it had not been where we *were*, we could not have tumbled where we *did*,—yet, my lord,—if the dripping-pan had not been where *it* was,—we could not have fallen down *into* the dripping-pan.”

5. The next counsel, on the same side, began with,—“My lord, he who makes use of many words to no purpose, has not much to say for himself; therefore, I shall come to the point at once, at once and immediately I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor,—the liquor in him having served an ejection upon his understanding, common sense was non-

suited, and he was a man beside himself, or, as Doctor Biblicus declares, in his dissertation upon bumpers in the one hundred and thirty-ninth folio volume of the abridgment of the statutes, page one thousand two hundred and eighty-six, that a drunken man is a homo duplicans, or a double man,—not only because he sees things double, but also, because he is not as he should be, '*perfecto ipse*,'—but is as he should not be, '*defecto ipse*.'"

6. The counsel for the cook-maid rose up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the ties of his wig about emphatically. He began with,—“My lud, and gentlemen of the jury,—I humbly do conceive, I have the authority to declare that I am counsel in this case for the defendant,—therefore, my lud, I shall not flourish away in words;—words are no more than fillagree works; some people may think them an embellishment; but to me, it is a matter of astonishment, how any one can be so impertinent to use them to the detriment of all rudiments; but, my lud, this is not to be looked at through the medium of right and wrong; for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but mere shadows.

7. “Now, in the first place, they have called a kitchen, *my client's* premises. Now, a kitchen is *nobody's* premises;—a kitchen is not a warehouse, a wash-house, a brew-house, an out-house, or an in-house, nor a dwelling-house, nor any house;—no, my lud, 't is absolutely and bona fide neither more nor less than a kitchen, or, as the law more classically expresses it,—a kitchen is, *camera necessaria pro usos cook-are*; *cum sauce-panis, stew-panis, scullero, dressero, coal-holo, stovis, smoak-jacko, pro roastandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plum-pudding mixandum*; *pro turtle supos, calve's head hashibus, cum calippe et caliphashibus*. Moreover, we shall not avail ourselves of an alibi, but admit the existence of a cook-maid. Now, my lud, we shall take a new ground, and beg a new trial,—for as they have curtailed our name in their pleadings from plain Mary into Moll, I hope the court will not allow of this,—for if the court were to allow mistakes what would become of the law,—although where there are no mistakes, it is clearly the business of the law to make them.”

8. Therefore, the court, after due consideration, granted the parties a new trial; for the law is our liberty, and happy it is for us that we have the privilege of going to law.

EXERCISE LXXV.

THE THRIVING FAMILY.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

1. Our Father lives in Washington,
And has a world of cares ;
But gives his children each a farm,
Enough for them and theirs ;
Full *thirty* well-grown sons has he,
A numerous race indeed,
Married and settled, all, d' ye see,
With boys and girls to feed.
And, if we wisely till our lands,
We're sure to earn a living,
And have a penny, too, to spare,
For spending or for giving.
A thriving family are we,
No lordling need deride us,
For we know how to use our hands,
And in our wits we pride us ;
Hail, brothers, hail !
Let naught on earth divide us.
2. Some of us dare the sharp north-east,
Some clover-fields are mowing ;
And others tend the cotton-plants
That keep the looms a-going.
Some build and steer the white-winged ships,
And few in speed can mate them ;
While others rear the corn and wheat,
Or grind the flour, to freight them.
And, if our neighbors o'er the sea
Have e'er an empty larder,
To send a loaf their babes to cheer
We'll work a little harder.
No old nobility have we,
No tyrant-king to ride us ;
Our sages in the Capitol
Enact the laws that guides us.
Hail, brothers, hail !
Let naught on earth divide us.
3. Some faults we have : we can't deny
A foible here and there ;

But other households have the same,
 And so, we 'll not despair.
 'T will do no good to fume and frown,
 And call hard names, you see,
 And 't were a burning shame to part
 So fine a family.
 'Tis but a waste of time to fret,
 Since nature made us one,
 For every quarrel cuts a thread
 That healthful love has spun.
 So draw the cords of union fast,
 Whatever may betide us,
 And closer cling through every blast,
 For many a storm has tried us.
 Hail, brothers, hail!
 Let naught on earth divide us.

EXERCISE LXXVI.

THE CHEAP SUPPER.

OLDHAM'S HUMOROUS SPEAKER.

1. In a neat little village not far from Berlin,
 Was a house called THE LION,—a very good Inn:
 The keeper a person quite ready to please;
 Each customer serving with infinite ease.
 There entered his house once, quite late in the day,
 A fine-looking fellow, spruce, beauish, and gay,
 Who ordered, and thrice did the order repeat,
 A supper first rate, e'en a supper of meat!
 "Beefsteak for my money!" he pompously said;
 "Bring cheese for my money, bring butter, bring bread!"
 "And wine?" said the host; "Will your honor have
 wine?"
 "Yes, wine," he replied, "if it's really fine."
2. The supper was brought,
 He showed his approval
 By quickly effecting
 Its utter removal;
 Eating hearty, I mean, as hungry folks do,
 With a great deal of haste and a great deal of *gout*.¹

¹ Pronounced *goo*.

When supper was ended, and time came to pay,
 In the hand of the landlord a *sechser*¹ he lay,
 Saying: "Here is my money, good fellow;—good day!"
 "What, sir, do you mean?" said the host in dismay;
 "A *dollar* you owe me;—you've a *dollar* to pay!"
 "A *dóllar*?" said dandy, with air very funny,
 "I asked you for supper and wine for my *money*!
 Not a cent had I more, when hither I came,
 And, if you've given me too much for the same,
 The fault is your own; sure, I'm not to blame."

3. He probably thought
 It a witty conceit,
 Thus meanly a person,
 Not thinking, to cheat;
 But, in my humble notion, 't was no wit at all;
 'T was what you may meanness and impudence call,—
 A thing very fitting a reckless outlaw,
 Obedient alone to the calls of his maw.
 The landlord was wrathful; abused him aloud;
 Called him dandified puppy, conceited, and proud.
 But now hear the best of the story by far:—
 "Though scamp," said the landlord, "undoubtedly, you are,
 I'll give you the dinner, which justly you owe,
 And with it a dollar, if straightway you go,
 To my neighbor who keeps THE BEAR o'er the way,
 And do again *there* what you have done *here* to-day."

4. It seems from THE BEAR,
 Or the house of that name,
 To THE LION, dissatisfied,
 Boarders oft came;
 And this put their keepers at war, as we say,
 Each injuring the other, and that every way.
 Well; soon as the landlord his offer had made,
 On the money the sly guest his dexter hand laid,
 While his left took the door, as he smilingly said:—
 "Good day, my dear fellow! I've been to THE BEAR;
 And what I've done *here*, the same I've done *there*;
 For your neighbor engaged me by offers quite fair,
 To do at THE LION what I did at THE BEAR!"

¹ A coin worth about a cent and a half

EXERCISE LXXVII.

STRICTURES ON THE MANNER OF WILLIAM PITT.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

1. SIR, I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate while it was carried on, with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardor of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred to answer the gentleman who declaimed against the bill with such fluency of rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture,—who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed with having no regard to any interest but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly, and their ignorance.

2. Nor, sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose than to remind him how little the clamors of rage, and the petulancy of invectives, contribute to the purposes for which this assembly is called together; how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established, by pompous diction, and theatrical emotions. Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and, perhaps, the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments.

3. If the heat of his temper, sir, would suffer him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time, to reason rather than declaim, and to prefer justness of argument, and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets, and splendid superlatives, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but which leave no lasting impression on the mind. He will learn, sir, that to accuse and to prove are very different; and that reproaches, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy, and flights of oratory, are, indeed, pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for

which some gentlemen appear to speak, (that of depreciating the conduct of the administration,) to prove the inconvenience and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

EXERCISE LXXVIII.

PITT'S REPLY TO WALPOLE.

WILLIAM PITT.

1. SIR, The atrocious crime of being a *young* man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is *he* to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he can not enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

2. But youth, sir, is not my only crime: I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modeled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior,

imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves.

3. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings *one* privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that, if I *had* acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect them in their villainy, and whoever may partake of their plunder.

EXERCISE LXXIX.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JAMES OTIS.

MRS. L. M. CHILD.

1. ENGLAND may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as fetter the step of Freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one King of England his life,—another his crown,—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

2. We are two millions,—one fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin we ever *were*, and we ever *will* be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never *can* be, extorted. *Some* have sneeringly asked,—“Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?” Nò! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take *ten* pounds implies the right to take a *thousand*; and what must be the wealth that avarice, aided by power, can not exhaust? True, the specter is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is

huge enough to darken all this fair land. *Others*, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude, which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

3. We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the faggot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother country? No! we owe it to the *tyranny* that drove us from her,—to the pelting *storms* which invigorated our helpless infancy.

4. But perhaps *others* will say,—“We ask no money from your gratitude,—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses.” And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the King,—and, with all due reverence to his sacred Majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects as little as he does the language of the Choctaws! Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The Ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The Cabinet behind the throne. In every instance, those who take, are to judge for those who pay. If this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege that rain and dew do not depend upon Parliament; otherwise, *they* would soon be taxed and dried.

5. But, thanks to God, there is Freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice! The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome; but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these Colonies, which one breath of their King may kindle into such fury that the blood of all England can not extinguish it!

EXERCISE LXXX.

LOVEGOLD AND JAMES.

FIELDING.

[LOVEGOLD *alone.*] [*Enter* JAMES.]

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 both one and the other.

Love. I want my cook.

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

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

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

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

James. That may be done with a great 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 relatives, 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 ham and chickens; on one side, a fillet of veal; on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which may be had for about a guinea,—

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

James. Then a ragout¹—

Love. I'll have no ragout. Would you burst the good people?

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

Love. Why see and provide something to cloy their stomachs: let there be two good dishes of soup, *maigre*; a large

¹ Ragout (ra goo') a relish.

suet-pudding; some dainty fat pork-pie, *very* fat; a fine small lean 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.

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

Love. Not at all; for I am 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 would not be angry.

Love. Get out, you dog! you—

EXERCISE LXXXI.

F R E E D O M.

JAMES G. BROOKS.

1. When the world in throngs shall press
To the battle's glorious van;
When the Oppressed shall seek redress,
And shall claim the rights of man;
Then shall FREEDOM smile again,
On the earth and on the main.

2. When the tide of war shall roll
Like imperious ocean's surge,
From the tropic to the pole,
And to earth's remotest verge,
Then shall valor dash the gem
From each tyrant's diadem.
3. When the banner is unfurled
Like a silver cloud in air,
And the champions of the world
In their might assemble there,
Man shall rend his iron chain,
And redeem his rights again.
4. Then the thunderbolts shall fall,
In their fury on each throne,
Where the despot holds in thrall
Spirits nobler than his own ;
And the cry of all shall be,
BATTLE'S SHROUD OF LIBERTY !
5. Then the trump shall echo loud,
Stirring nations from afar,
In the daring line to crowd,
And to draw the blade of war ;
While the tide of life shall rain,
And encrimson every plain.
6. Then the Saracen shall flee
From the city of the Lord ;
Then, the light of victory
Shall illumine Judea's sword :
And new liberty shall shine
On the plains of Palestine.
7. Then the Turk shall madly view
How his crescent waxes dim,
Like the waning moon whose hue
Fades away on ocean's brim ;
Then the Cross of Christ shall stand
On that consecrated land.
8. Yea, the light of Freedom smiles
On the Grecian phalanx now,
Breaks upon Ionia's isles,
And on Ida's lofty brow ;

And the shouts of battle swell
Where the Spartan lion fell!

9. Where the Spartan lion fell,
Proud and dauntless in the strife:
How triumphant was his knell!
How sublime his close of life!
Glory shone upon his eye,
Glory which can never die!
10. Soon shall earth awake in might;
Retribution shall arise;
And all regions shall unite
To obtain the glorious prize;
And Oppression's iron crown
To the dust be trodden down.
11. When the Almighty shall deform
Heaven in his hour of wrath;
When the angel of the storm
Sweeps in fury on his path,
Then shall tyranny be hurled
From the bosom of the world.
12. Yet, O Freedom! yet awhile,
All mankind shall own thy sway;
And the eye of God shall smile
On thy brightly dawning day;
And all nations shall adore
At thine altar evermore.

EXERCISE LXXXII.

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

1. Friends!
I come not here to *talk*. Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are *slaves*!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of *slaves*! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a *slave*: not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,—

- But base, ignoble slaves!—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell,—a NAME!
2. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
Was struck,—*struck* like a dog by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! (*f.*) Be we *men*,
And suffer such dishonor? MEN, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs.
3. I, that speak to ye,—
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of Heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks,—a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! (*p.*) I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! (*f.*) ROUSE, ye Romans! ROUSE, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die!
4. Have ye fair daughters?—Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, disdained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet, *this* is Rome,
That sate on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again,—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear
THE ETERNAL CITY SHALL BE FREE!

EXERCISE LXXXIII.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

JANE TAYLOR.

1. A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell with his stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain ;
But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers,
We know not ; indeed, 't is no business of ours.
2. Perhaps, it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear :
In youth 't was projected, but years stole away,
And ere 't was complete, he was wrinkled and gray ;
But success is secure, unless energy fails ;
And, at length, he produced THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.
3. " What were they ?" you ask ; you shall presently see ;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea ;
O no ; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts, they could weigh :
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense.
4. Naught was there so bulky, but there it would lay,
And naught so ethereal, but there it would stay,
And naught so reluctant, but in it must go :
All which some examples more clearly will show.
5. The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there ;
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief ;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.
6. One time, he put in Alexander the Great,
With the garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight,
And, though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.
7. A long row of alms-houses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,

Next loaded one scale ; while the other was pressed
 By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest ;
 Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
 And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

8. By further experiments (no matter how),
 He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plow ;
 A sword with gilt-trapping rose up in the scale,
 Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail ;
 A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
 Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.
9. A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
 When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale ;
 Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
 Ten counselors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
 All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
 Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense ;
 A first water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
 Than one good potato, just washed from the dirt :
 Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice,
 One pearl to outweigh,—'t was THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.
10. Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
 With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
 When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
 That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof !
 When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
 And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky ;
 While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell,
 That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

EXERCISE LXXXIV.

PHAETHON, OR THE AMATEUR COACHMAN.

J. G. SAXE.

1. Dan Phaëthon,—so the histories run,—
 Was a jolly young chap, and a son of the Sun ;
 Or rather of Phœbus,—but as to his mother,
 Genealogists make a deuce of a pother,
 Some going for one and some for another !
 For myself, I must say, as a careful explorer,
 This roaring young blade was the son of Aurora !

2. Now old Father Phœbus, ere railways begun
 To elevate funds and depreciate fun,
 Drove a very fast coach by the name of "The Sun ;"
 Running, they say,
 Trips every day,
 (On Sundays and all, in a heathenish way,
 All lighted up with a famous array
 Of lanterns that shone with a brilliant display,
 And dashing along like a gentleman's shay,
 With never a fare, and nothing to pay !
3. Now Phaëthon begged of his doting old father,
 To grant him a favor, and this the rather,
 Since some one had hinted, the youth to annoy,
 That he was n't by any means Phœbus's boy !
 Intending, the rascally son of a gun,
 To darken the brow of the son of the Sun !
 "By the terrible Styx !" said the angry sire,
 While his eyes flashed volumes of fury and fire,
 "To prove your reviler an infamous liar,
 I swear I will grant you whate'er you desire !"
4. "Then by my head,"
 The youngest said,
 "I'll mount the coach when the horses are fed !—
 For there's nothing I'd choose, as I'm alive,
 Like a seat on the box, and a dashing drive !"
 "Nay Phaëthon don't—
 I beg you won't,—
 Just stop a moment and think upon't !
 You 're quite too young," continued the sage,
 "To tend a coach at your early age !
 Besides, you see,
 'Twill really be
 Your first appearance on any stage !
 Desist, my child,
 The cattle are wild,
 And when their mettle is thoroughly 'riled,'
 Depend upon't, the coach will be 'spiled :'
 They're not the fellows to draw it mild !
 Desist, I say,
 You'll rue the day,—
 So mind, and don't be foolish Pha !"

5. But the youth was proud,
And swore aloud,
'Twas just the thing to astonish the crowd,—
He'd have the horses and would n't be cowed!
In vain the boy was cautioned at large,
He called for the chargers, unheeding the charge,
And vowed that any young fellow of force,
Could manage a dozen coursers, of course!
Now Phæbus felt exceedingly sorry
He had given his word in such a hurry;
But having sworn by the Styx, no doubt
He was in for it now, and could n't back out.
6. So calling Phaëthon up in a trice,
He gave the youth a bit of advice:—
“*Parce stimulis, utere loris!*”
(A “stage direction,” of which the core is,
Don't use the whip,—they're ticklish things—
But, whatever you do, hold on to the strings!)
Remember the rule of the Jehu-tribe is,
‘*Medio tutissimis ibis,*’¹
As the judge remarked to a rowdy Scotchman,
(Who was going to quod between two watchmen!)
So mind your eye and spare your goad,
Be shy of the stones, and keep in the road!”
7. Now Phaëthon, perched in the coachman's place,
Drove off the steeds at a furious pace,
Fast as coursers running a race,
Or bounding along in a steeple-chase!
Of whip and shout there was no lack,
(“Crack—whack—
Whack—crack”
Resounding along the horses' back!—
Frightened beneath the stinging lash,
Cutting their flanks in many a gash.
(=) On—on they speed as swift as a flash,
Through thick and thin away they dash,
(Such rapid driving is always rash!)
When all at once, with a dreadful crash,
The whole establishment went to smash!
And Phaëthon, he,
As all agree,
Off the coach was suddenly hurled,
Into a puddle and out of the world!

¹ *In the middle you'll go most safely.*

MORAL.

8. Don't rashly take to dangerous courses,—
 Nor set it down in your table of forces,
 That any one man equals any four horses!
 Don't swear by the Styx!
 It's one of *Old Nick's*
 Diabolical tricks
 To get people into a regular "fix,"
 And hold 'em there as fast as bricks!

EXERCISE LXXXV.

SPECIMEN OF A SHREW.

JERROLD.

1. BAH! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense: you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that! (*f.*) Do you hear it, I say? Oh! you *do* hear it!

2. Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Poh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me; *he* return the umbrella! Any body would think you were born yesterday. As if any body ever *did* return an umbrella! There: do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks: always six weeks; and no umbrella!

3. I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They sha'n't go through such weather; I am determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn any thing, (the blessed creatures!) sooner than go and get wet! And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing: who, indeed, but their father. People who can't feel for their own children, ought never to *be* fathers.

4. But I know why you lent the umbrella: oh! yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-mor-

row: you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it Mr. Caudle; no, sir; if it comes down in buckets full, I'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen pence! two-and-eight-pence; for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; for I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and begging your children, buying umbrellas!

5. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care,—I'll go to mother's to-morrow,—*I will*; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call *me* a foolish woman; it's *you* that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold: it always does; but what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death: yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

6. Nice clothes I get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir! I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or any body else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold;—indeed, I might as well be a slave at once; better, I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain,—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

7. Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell, but if I *die*, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella: no; and you sha'n't *buy* one. (*With great emphasis*). Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. Ha! It was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you! Oh! it's all very well for you; you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas! Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of

the creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

8. I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me; but that's what you want: then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then nicely my poor dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh! don't tell me! I know you will: else you'd never have lent the umbrella! You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed; you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care,—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes,—better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

9. And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella. Oh! don't tell me that I said I *would* go; that's nothing to do with it: nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her; and the little money we're to have, we sha'n't have at all:—because we've no umbrella. The children, too!—(dear things!—) they'll be sopping wet; for they sha'n't stay at home; they sha'n't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me they shouldn't; (you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel;) they *shall* go to school: mark that; and, if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault; I didn't lend the umbrella.

EXERCISE LXXXVI.

WHITTling.

J. PIERPONT.

1. The Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it:
And, in the education of the lad,
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.
2. Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
His chestnut whistle, and his shingle dart,

His elder pop-gun with its hickory rod,
 Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
 His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
 That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone,
 Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
 His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
 His wind-mill, raised the passing breeze to win,
 His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin;
 Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
 You'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"
 Full rigged with raking masts, and timbers stanch,
 And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a launch.

3. Thus by his genius and his jack-knife driven,
 Ere long he'll solve you any problem given;
 Make any jim-crack, musical or mute,
 A plow, a coach, an organ, or a flute;
 Make you a locomotive or a clock,
 Cut a canal, or build a floating-dock,
 Or lead forth Beauty from a marble block;
 Make any thing, in short, for sea or shore,
 From a child's rattle, to a seventy-four;
Make it, said I?—Ay, when he undertakes it,
 He'll make the *thing*, and the *machine* that makes it.
4. And when the thing is made, whether it be
 To move in earth, in air, or on the sea;
 Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
 Or upon land to roll, revolve, or slide;
 Whether to whirl, or jar, to strike, or ring,
 Whether it be a piston or a spring,
 Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood, or brass,
 The thing designed shall surely come to pass;
 For, when his hand's upon it, you may know
 That there's *go* in it, and he'll *make* it go.

EXERCISE LXXXVII.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

FROM THE IRISH, BY CLARENCE MANGAN.

I.

O Woman of Three Cows, *agrâgh!* don't let your tongue thus rattle!
 O! don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle:
 I have seen—and here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

II.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser ;
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser ;
 And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows ;
 Then don't be stiff and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows !

III.

See where Mœmonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Moore's descendants,
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants !
 If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
 Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows ?

IV.

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning ;
Movrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning :
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to
 house ?
 Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows !

V.

O ! think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted ;
 See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, uncharmed !
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder can not rouse,—
 Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good Woman of Three Cows !

VI.

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story,
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory ;
 Yet now their bones lie moldering under weeds and cypress boughs,
 And so, for all your pride, will *yours*, O Woman of Three Cows !

VII.

Th' O'Carrolls, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
 Rest in forgotten sepulchers, with Erin's best and oldest ;
 Yet who so great as they of old, in battle or carouse ?
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows !

VIII.

Your neighbor's poor, and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
 Because, *inagh!* you've got three, one more, I see, than *she* has ;
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than Charity allows,
 But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows !

IX.

THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go ! You still of course keep up your scornful bearing,
 And I'm too poor to hinder you ; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
 If I had but *four* cows myself, e'en though you were my spouse,
 I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows !

EXERCISE LXXXVIII.

DEATH-SONG OF THE RED MAN.

MISS MARY GARDINER.

1. On! on! mighty Spirit!
 I welcome thy spray,
 As the prairie-bound hunter
 The dawning of day;
 No shackles have bound thee,
 No tyrant impressed
 The hand of the pale-race
 On torrent and crest.
2. Their banners are waving
 O'er hill-top and plain;
 The stripes of Oppression
 Blood-red with our slain;
 The star of their glory
 And greatness and fame;
 The signs of our weakness,
 The signs of our shame.
3. The green woods no longer
 In majesty rise,
 To sport with the lightning,
 The God of the skies:
 There are chains on the meadow
 And chains on the stream,
 And our hunting-grounds pass
 Like the shades of a dream.
4. The hatchet is broken,
 The bow is unstrung;
 The bell peals afar,
 Where the shrill war-whoop rung;
 The council-fires burn,
 But in thoughts of the Past,
 And their ashes are strewn
 To the merciless blast.
5. But, though we have perished,
 Like leaves in their fall,
 Unhonored with trophies,
 Unmarked by a pall;

When our names have gone out
Like a flame in the sea,
Pale-Faced, shall our curse
Cling forever to ye!

6. < On! on! mighty Spirit,
 Unchecked in thy way;
I smile on thine anger,
 And sport with thy spray;
The soul that has wrestled
 With Life's darkest form,
Shall baffle thy madness,
 And pass in the storm!
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EXERCISE LXXXIX.

THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

KING—MILLER—COURTIER.

King. [*Enters alone wrapped in a cloak.*] No, no; this can be no public road, that's certain. I have lost my way, undoubtedly. Of what advantage is it now to be a king? Night shows me no respect; I can not see better, nor walk so well as another man. When a king is lost in a wood, what is he more than *other* men? His wisdom knows not which is north and which is south; his power a beggar's dog would bark at, and the beggar himself would not bow to his greatness. And yet how often are we puffed up with these false attributes! Well, in losing the monarch, I have found the man. (*p.*) But, hark! somebody sure is near. What is it best to do? Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside then, and let manhood do it.

Enter the Miller.

Miller. I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

Miller. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun?

King. Not *I*, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King. [*Aside.*] Lie, lie! how strange it seems to me to be talked to in this style. [*Aloud.*] Upon my word I don't, sir.

Miller. Come, come, sir, confess; you have shot one of the king's deer, *have n't* you?

King. No, indeed ; I owe the king more respect. I heard the report of a gun, to be sure, and was afraid some robbers might have been near.

Miller. I am not bound to believe this, friend. Pray, who are you ? What 's your name ?

King. Náme ?

Miller. Name ! ay, name. You have a name, haven't you ? Where do you come from ? What is your business here ?

King. These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

Miller. May be so ; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer ; so if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With you ! What authority have you to—

Miller. The king's authority, if I must give you an account. Sir, I am John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield, one of his Majesty's keepers in the forest of Sherwood, and I will let no suspicious fellow pass this way, unless he can give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

King. Very well, sir ; I am very glad to hear the king has so good an officer ; and, since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favor to hear it.

Miller. You don't *deserve* it, I believe ; but let me hear what you can *say* for yourself.

King. I have the honor to belong to the king as well as you, and perhaps should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this forest, and the chase leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

Miller. This does not sound well ; if you have been a hunting, pray where is your horse ?

King. I have tired my horse so that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this, now.

King. I am not accustomed to lie, honest man.

Miller. What, do you live at court, and not lie ! That 's a likely story, indeed !

King. Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you ; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, or give me a night's lodging in your house, here is something to pay you for your trouble [*offering money*] and,

if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

Miller. Ay, now I am convinced you are a courtier; here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath. Here, take it again; John Cockle is no courtier. He can do what he ought, without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must confess, and I should be glad, methinks, to be further acquainted with thee.

Miller. I pray thee, don't *thee* and *thou* me, at this rate. I suppose I am as good a man as yourself, at least.

King. Sir, I beg pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry friend; only I don't love to be too familiar with you, until I am satisfied as to your honesty.

King. You are right. But what am I to do?

Miller. You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way through this thick wood; but, if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road and direct you the best I can; or, if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I will go with you myself.

King. And can not you go with me to-night?

Miller. I would not go with you to-night, if you were the king himself.

King. Then I must go with you, I think.

[*Enter a courtier in haste.*]

Courtier. Ah! is your Majesty safe? We have hunted the forest over to find you.

Miller. How! Are you the king? [*Kneels.*] Your Majesty will pardon the ill-usage you have received. [*The king draws his sword.*] His Majesty surely will not kill a servant for doing his duty too faithfully!

King. No, my good fellow. So far from having any thing to pardon, I am much your debtor. I can not think but so good and honest a man will make a worthy and honorable knight. Rise, Sir John Cockle, and receive this sword as a badge of knighthood, and a pledge of my protection; and to support your nobility, and in some measure requite you for the pleasure you have done us, a thousand crowns a year shall be your revenue!

EXERCISE XC.

THE MAN OF EXPEDIENTS.

S. GILMAN.

1. THE man of expedients is he who, never providing for the little mishaps and stich-droppings with which this mortal life is pestered, and too indolent or too ignorant to repair them in the proper way, passes his days in inventing a succession of devices, pretexts, substitutes, plans, and commutations, by the help of which he thinks he appears as well as other people.

2. Look through the various professions and characters of life. You will there see men of expedients darting, and shifting, and glancing, like fishes in the stream. If a merchant, the man of expedients borrows incontinently at two per cent. a month; if a sailor, he stows his hold with jury-masts, rather than ascertain if his ship be sea-worthy; if a visitor where he dislikes, he is called out before the evening has half expired; if a musician, he scrapes on a fiddle-string of silk; if an actor, he takes his stand within three feet of the prompter; if a poet, he makes *fault* rhyme with *ought*, and *look* with *spoke*; if a reviewer, he fills up three quarters of his article with extracts from the writer whom he abuses; if a divine, he leaves ample room in every sermon for an exchange of texts; if a physician, he is often seen galloping at full speed, nobody knows where; if a debtor, he has a marvelous acquaintance with short corners and dark alleys; if a printer, he is adroit at scabbaring; if a collegian, he commits Euclid and Locke to memory without understanding them, interlines his Greek, and writes themes equal to the Rambler.

3. But it is in the character of a *general scholar*, that the man of expedients most shines. He ranges through all the arts and sciences,—in cyclopædias. He acquires a most thorough knowledge of classical literature,—from translations. He is very extensively read,—in title-pages. He obtains an exact acquaintance with authors,—from reviews. He follows all literature up to its sources,—in tables of contents. His researches are indefatigable,—into indexes. He quotes memoriter with astonishing facility,—the dictionary of quotations;—and his bibliographical familiarity is miraculous,—with Dibdin.

4. We are sorry to say, that our men of expedients are to be sometimes discovered in the region of morality. There are those who claim the praise of a good action, when they

have acted merely from convenience, inclination, or compulsion. There are those who make a show of industry, when they are set in motion only by avarice. There are those who are quiet and peaceable, only because they are sluggish. There are those who are sagely silent, because they have not one idea; abstemious, from repletion; patriots, because they are ambitious; perfect, because there is no temptation.

EXERCISE XCI.

CICERO AGAINST VERRES.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

1. I ASK now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge. Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any Prince, or any State, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape?

2. The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out,—“I am a Roman citizen: I have served under Lucius Pretius who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence.”

3. The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defense, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; while the only words he uttered amid his cruel sufferings were,—“I am a Roman citizen!” With these he hoped to defend himself from violence

and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution,—for his execution upon the cross!

4. O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred! now trampled upon! But what then!—Is it come to this? < Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman Commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

5. I conclude, with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and the introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

EXERCISE XCII.

MEETING OF SATAN AND DEATH.

MILTON.

1. Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape!
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass;
That be assured, without leave asked of thee.
Retire; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with spirits of heaven.
2. To whom the goblin full of wrath replied:—
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons,
Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?

And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of Heaven,
 Hell-doomed! and breath'st defiance here, and scorn,
 Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? (*f.*) Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings,
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

EXERCISE XCIII.

THE PILOT.

ALEXANDER COCHRAN.

1. The waves are high, the night is dark,
 Wild roam the foaming tides,
 Dashing around the straining bark,
 As gallantly she rides.
 (*f.*) "Pilot! take heed what course you steer;
 Our bark is tempest driven!"—
 (*p.*) "Stranger, be calm, there is no fear
 For him who trusts in Heaven!"
2. "Oh, pilot! mark yon thunder-cloud,—
 The lightning's lurid rivers;
 Hark to the wind, 'tis piping loud,—
 The mainmast bends and quivers!
 Stay, pilot, stay, and shorten sail,
 Our stormy trysail's riven!"—
 "Stranger, what matters calm or gale
 To him who trusts in Heaven?"
3. Borne by the winds, the vessel flees
 Up to the thundering cloud,
 Now tottering low, the spray-winged seas
 Conceal the topmast shroud.
 "Pilot, the waves break o'er us fast,
 Vainly our bark has striven!"—
 "Stranger, the Lord can rule the blast,—
 Go, put thy trust in Heaven!"
4. Good hope! good hope! one little star
 Gleams o'er the waste of waters;
 'Tis like the light reflected far
 Of Beauty's loveliest daughters!

“Stranger, good hope He giveth thee,
 As He has often given ;
 Then learn this truth—whate'er may be,
 To PUT THY TRUST IN HEAVEN !”

EXERCISE XCIV.

SKATING: A WINTER SCENE.

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

1. What a bustle, what a shout !
 Every village boy is out
 On the ice :
 Some are skating to and fro,
 Some are marking in the snow
 Queer device.
2. Here and there a rosy girl
 Is waiting for a whirl
 As they pass ;
 For of falling there 's no fear,
 Since the ice is smooth and clear,—
 Smooth as glass.
3. There is handsome little Ned,
 With his sister on his sled,
 Skating by ;
 While Joe and Billy Brace
 Both are striving in a race :
 How they fly !
4. Nimble Billy Brace will beat :
 But the ice is such a cheat,
 He is down—
 In the water to his chin :
 Can the little fellow swim ?
 Will he drown ?
5. No! the boys have fished him out,
 With many a noisy shout,
 And they say :
 “ Simple Billy, have a care
 How you venture out too far
 In the bay.”

-
6. But the distant village chime
Of bells is striking nine,
And they all
Hasten home, with noisy shout,
Running nimbly on the route,
Great and small.
7. May I never grow so old,
And have sympathies so cold
As to hate
The bustle and the noise
Made by the village boys,
When they skate!
-

EXERCISE XCV.

ORATOR PUFF.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down *so*;
In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice;
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough!
2. But he still talked away, spite of cough and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,—
“My voice is for war,” asked him,—“Which of them pray?”
Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough!
3. Reeling homeward one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
He tripped near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,
“Sinking fund,” the last words as his noddle came down.
Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough!
4. “Oh! save!” he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,
“Help me out! help me out!—I have broken my bones!”
“Help you out!” said a Paddy, who passed, “what a bother!
Why, there's two of you there; can't you help one another?”
Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough!

EXERCISE XCVI.

DEATH OF THE PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

BOSSUET.

1. (*pl.*) Look around on all sides, and see all that magnificence and devotion can do to honor so great a hero; titles and inscriptions, vain signs of that which is no more,—shadows which weep around a tomb, fragile images of a grief, which time sweeps away with every thing else; columns which appear as if they would bear to heaven the magnificent evidence of our emptiness; nothing, indeed, is wanting in all these honors but him to whom they are rendered! Weep then over these feeble remains of human life; weep over that mournful immortality we give to heroes.

2. But draw near, especially ye who run, with such ardor, the career of glory, intrepid and warrior spirits! Who was more worthy to command you, and in whom did you find command more honorable? Mourn then that great Captain, and weeping, say:—"Here is the man who led us through all hazards, under whom were formed so many renowned captains, raised by his example, to the highest honors of war; his shadow might yet gain battles, and lo! in his silence, his very name animates us, and at the same time warns us, that to find, at death, some rest from our toils, and not arrive unprepared at our eternal dwelling, we must, with an earthly king, yet serve the King of Heaven."

3. Serve, then, that immortal and ever merciful King, who will value a sigh or a cup of cold water, given in His name, more than all others will value the shedding of your blood. And begin to reckon the time of your useful services from the day on which you gave yourselves to so beneficent a Master. Will not ye, too, come, ye whom he honored by making you his friends? To whatever extent you enjoyed his confidence, come all of you, and surround this tomb.

4. Mingle your prayers with your tears; and, while admiring, in so great a Prince, a friendship so excellent, an intercourse so sweet, preserve the remembrance of a hero whose goodness equaled his courage. Thus may he ever prove your cherished instructor; thus may you profit by his virtues; and may his death, which you deplore, serve you at once for consolation and example. For myself, if, permitted, after all others, to render the last offices at this tomb, O Prince, the worthy subject of our praises and regrets, thou

will live forever in my memory. There will thine image be traced, but not with the bold aspect which promises victory. No; I would see in you nothing which death can efface. You will have in that image only immortal traits.

5. I shall behold you such as you were in your last hours under the hand of God, when His glory began to dawn upon you. There shall I see you more triumphant than at Fribourg and Rocroy; and ravished by so glorious a triumph, I shall give thanks in the beautiful words of the well-beloved disciple:—"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Enjoy, O Prince, this victory, enjoy it forever!

EXERCISE XCVII.

THE SOUL OF MAN.

SAURIN.

1. I FIND myself in a world, where all things declare the perfections of the Creator. The more I consider all the parts, the more I admire the fitness of each to answer the end of Him who created them all. Among numberless productions perfectly correspondent to their destination, I find only one being whose condition does not seem to agree with that marvellous order, which I have observed in all the rest. This being is my own soul. And what is this soul of mine? Is it fire? Is it air? Is it ethereal matter? Under whatever notions I consider it, I am at a loss to define it. However, notwithstanding this obscurity, I do perceive enough of its nature to convince me of a great disproportion between the present state of my soul, and that end for which its Creator seems to have formed it.

2. Such is my soul. But where is it lodged? Its *place* is the ground of my astonishment. This soul, this subject of so many desires, inhabits a world of vanity and nothingness. Whether I climb the highest eminences, or pry into the deepest indigence, I can discover no object capable of filling my capacious desires. I ascend the thrones of sovereigns, I descend into the beggar's dust; I walk the palaces of princes, I lodge in the peasant's cabin; I retire into the closet to be wise, I avoid recollection, choose ignorance, and increase the crowd of idiots; I live in solitude, I rush into the social multitude: but everywhere I find a mortifying void. In all these places there is nothing satisfactory. In each I am more unhappy, through the desire of seeing new objects, than

satisfied with the enjoyment of what I possess. At most, I experience nothing in all these pleasures, which my concupiscence multiplies, but a mean of rendering my condition tolerable, not a mean of making it perfectly happy.

3. How can I reconcile these things? How can I make the Creator agree with Himself? There is one way of doing this, a singular but a certain way; a way that solves all difficulties, and covers infidelity with confusion; a way that teaches me what I am, whence I came, and for what my Creator has designed me. Although God has placed me in this world, yet he does not design to limit my prospects to it; though he has mixed me with mere animals, yet he does not intend to confound me with them; though he has lodged my soul in a frail perishable body, yet he does not mean to involve it in the dissolution of this frame. Without supposing immortality, that which constitutes the dignity of man, makes his misery.

EXERCISE XCVIII.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

1. (" Quick! man the life-boat! See yon bark
That drives before the blast!
There 's a rock a-head, the fog is dark,
And the storm comes thick and fast.
Can human power, in such an hour,
Avert the doom that 's o'er her?
Her main'-mast 's gone, but she still drives on
To the fatal reef before her.
(°°) *The life-boat!* MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!
2. Quick! man the life-boat! hark! the gun
Booms through the vapory air;
And see! the signal flags are on,
And speak the ship's despair.
That forked flash, that pealing crash,
Seemed from the wave to sweep her:
She 's on the rock, with a terrible shock,—
And the wail comes louder and deeper.
The life-boat! MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!
3. Quick! man the life-boat! See—the crew
Gaze on their watery grave:
Already, some, a gallant few,
Are battling with the wave;

And one there stands, and wrings his hands
 As thoughts of home come o'er him ;
 For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
 He sees on the highsights before him.

The life-boat! MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!

4. (=) Speed, speed the life-boat! Off she goes!

And, as they pulled the oar,
 From shore and ship a cheer arose,
 That startled ship and shore.
 Life-saving ark! yon fated bark
 Has human lives within her ;
 And dearer than gold is the wealth untold,
 Thou 'lt save, if thou canst win her.
 ON, life-boat! SPEED THEE, life-boat!

5. Hurrah! the life-boat dashes on,
 Though darkly the reef may frown ;
 The rock is there—the ship is gone
 Full twenty fathoms down.
 But, cheered by hope, the seamen cope
 With the billows single-handed :
 They are all in the boat!—HURRAH! they 're afloat!
 And now they are safely landed
 By the life-boat! CHEER THE LIFE-BOAT!

EXERCISE XCIX.

CARDINAL WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

SHAKSPEARE.

WOLSEY—(*alone*).

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And, when he thinks, good easy man! full surely
 His greatness is ripening—nips his root,
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of the world, I hate ye!
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favors!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again!—

Enter CROMWELL.

Wol. Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline? Nay, an' you weep,
 I'm fallen, indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience.

Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 To endure more miseries and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and worst
 Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
 But he's a learned man. May he continue
 Long in his Highness' favor, and do justice,
 For truth's sake and his conscience, that his bones;
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!
 What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
 Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed!

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open as his queen,
Going to chapel: and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down! O Cromwell!

The king has gone beyond me; all my glories,
In that one woman, I have lost forever:
No sun shall ever usher forth my honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
On my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell!
I am a poor, fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king:
I have told him

What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish, too:—go, Cromwell!

Crom. O, my lord,

Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord!
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
Forever, and forever, shall be yours!

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of my honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say I taught thee,—
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in;
A sure and safe one, tho' thy master missed it!
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
(Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:)

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st,
 O Cromwell! thou fall'st a blessed martyr!
 Lead me in;
 There, take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny,—'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call my own.) O Cromwell, Cromwell!
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, He would not, in mine age,
 Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! My hopes in Heaven do dwell!

[*They go out together.*]

EXERCISE C.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

1. Oh! learning's a very fine thing,
 As, also, is wisdom and knowledge;
 For a man is as great as a king,
 If he has but the airs of a college.
 And now-a-days all must admit,
 In LEARNING we're wondrously favored,
 For you scarce o'er your window can spit,
 But some learned man is beslavered!
2. We'll all of us shortly be doomed
 To part with our plain understanding;
 For INTELLECT now has assumed
 An attitude truly commanding!
 All ranks are so dreadfully wise,
 Common sense is set quite at defiance,
 And the child for its porridge that cries,
 Must cry in the language of SCIENCE!
3. The WEAVER it surely becomes
 To talk of his web's involution;
 For doubtless the hero of thrums
 Is a member of some Institution.

-
- He speaks of supply and demand,
With the airs of a great legislator,
And almost can tell you off-hand,
That the smaller is less than the greater !
4. The BLACKSMITH, 'midst cinders and smoke,
Whose visage is one of the dimmest,
His furnace profoundly will poke,
With the air of a practical chemist ;
Poor Vulcan has recently got
A lingo that 's almost historic,
And can tell you that iron is hot,
Because it is filled with caloric !
5. The MASON, in book-learned tone,
Describes, in the very best grammar,
The resistance that dwells in the stone,
And the power that resides in the hammer ;
For the son of the trowel and hod
Looks as big as the frog in the fable,
While he talks in a jargon as odd
As his brethren, the builders of Babel !
6. The COBBLER who sits at your gate,
Now pensively points his hog's bristle,
Though the very same Cobbler of late
O'er his work used to sing and to whistle ;
But cobbling 's a paltry pursuit
For a man of polite education ;
His works may be trod under foot,
Yet he 's one of the lords of creation !
7. Oh ! learning 's a very fine thing !
It almost is treason to doubt it,—
Yet many of whom I could sing,
Perhaps, might as well be without it !
And without it my days I will pass,
For to me it was ne'er worth a dollar,
And I don't wish to look like an ass
By trying to talk like a SCHOLAR !

EXERCISE CI.

THE MISS-NOMERS.

1. Miss Brown is exceedingly fair,
 Miss White is as red as a berry,
 Miss Black has a gray head of hair,
 Miss Graves is a flirt, ever merry.
 Miss Lightbody weighs sixteen stone,
 Miss Rich scarce can muster a guinea,
 Miss Hare wears a wig, and has none,
 Miss Solomon she 's a sad ninny.
2. Miss Mildmay 's a terrible scold,
 Miss Dove 's ever cross and contrary,
 Miss Young is now grown very old,
 And Miss Heavyside 's light as a fairy!
 Miss Short is at least five feet ten,
 Miss Noble 's of humble extraction,
 Miss Love has a hatred toward men,
 And Miss Still is forever in action.
3. Miss Green is a regular *blue*,
 Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily,
 Miss Violet never shrinks from our view,
 And Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly.
 Miss Goodchild 's a gloomy young elf,
 Miss Lion 's, from terror, a fool,
 Miss Mee 's not at all like myself,
 Miss Carpenter no one can rule.
4. Miss Saddler ne'er mounted a horse,
 While Miss Groom from the stable will run,
 Miss Killmore can't look on a corse,
 And Miss Aimwell ne'er leveled a gun.
 Miss Greathead has no brains at all,
 Miss Heartwell is ever complaining,
 Miss Dance has ne'er been at a ball,
 Over hearts Miss Fairweather likes reigning.
5. Miss Wright, she is constantly wrong,
 Miss Tickle, alas! is not funny,
 Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,
 And, alas! poor Miss Cash has no money!

Miss Hatemen would give all she's worth
 To purchase a man to her liking,
 Miss Merry is shocked at all mirth,
 Miss Boxer the men don't mind striking.

6. Miss Bliss does with sorrow o'erflow,
 Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb,
 Miss Joy still anticipates woe,
 And Miss Charity's "never at home."
 Miss Hamlet resides in a city,
 The nerves of Miss Steadfast are shaken,
 Miss Prettyman's beau is not pretty,
 Miss Faithful her love has forsaken.
7. Miss Porter despises all froth,
 Miss Scales they'll make wait, I'm thinking,
 Miss Meekly is apt to be wroth,
 Miss Lofty to meanness is sinking,
 Miss Seemore's as blind as a bat,
 Miss Last at a party is first,
 Miss Brindle dislikes a striped cat,
 And Miss Waters has always a thirst!
8. Miss Knight is now changed into Day,
 Miss Day wants to marry a Knight,
 Miss Prudence has just run away,
 And Miss Steady assisted her flight.
 But success to the fair,—one and all,—
 No misapprehensions be making;
 Though wrong the dear sex to mis-call,
 There's no harm, I should hope, in mis-taking!
-

EXERCISE CII.

PULPIT PROPRIETY.

COWPER.

1. I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof,
 That he is honest in the sacred cause;
 To such I render more than mere respect,
 Whose actions say, that they respect themselves.

But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
 In conversation frivolous, in dress
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ;
 Frequent in park with lady at his side,
 Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes ;
 But rare at home, and never at his books,
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card ;
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round
 Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor ;
 Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
 And well prepared, by ignorance and sloth,
 By infidelity and love of world,
 To make God's work a sinecure ; a slave
 To his own pleasures and his patron's pride ;
 From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
 Preserve the church ! and lay not careless hands
 On skulls, that can not teach, and will not learn.

2. Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture ; much impressed
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds,
 May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.
3. In man or woman, but far most in man,
 And, most of all, in man that ministers
 And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
 All affectation. 'T is my perfect scorn ;
 Object of my implacable disgust.
 What !—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
 A silly, fond conceit of his fair form,
 And just proportion, fashionable mien,
 And pretty face, in presence of his God ?
 Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
 As with the diamond on his lily hand,
 And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
 When I am hungry for the bread of life ?

4. He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
 His noble office, and, instead of truth,
 Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
 Therefore, avaunt all attitude, and stare,
 And start theatric, practiced at the glass!
 I seek divine simplicity in him,
 Who handles things divine; and all beside,
 Though learned with labor, and though much admired
 By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
 To me is odious as the nasal twang
 Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
 Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
 Through the pressed nostril, spectacle bestrid.
5. He, that negotiates between God and man,
 As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
 Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
 Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
 To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
 To break a jest, when pity would inspire
 Pathetic exhortation; and t' address
 The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
 When sent with God's commission to the heart!
 So did not Paul.

 EXERCISE CIII.

 HOW HAS AMERICA REPAID THE BENEFITS RECEIVED FROM
 OTHER NATIONS?

GULIAN C. VEEPLANK.

1. WHAT has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? We have been repeatedly told, and sometimes, too, in a tone of affected impartiality, that the highest praise which can fairly be given to the American mind, is that of possessing an enlightened selfishness; that, if the philosophy and talents of this country, with all their effects, were forever swept into oblivion, the loss would be felt only by ourselves; and that, if to the accuracy of this general charge, the labors of Franklin present an illustrious, it is still but a solitary, exception.

2. The answer may be given confidently and triumphantly. Without abandoning the fame of our eminent men, whom

Europe has been slow and reluctant to honor, we would reply, that the intellectual power of this people has exerted itself in conformity to the general system of our institutions and manners; and, therefore, that, for the proof of its existence and the measure of its force, we must look not so much to the works of prominent individuals, as to the great aggregate results; and, if Europe has hitherto been willfully blind to the value of our example and the exploits of our sagacity, courage, invention, and freedom, the blame must rest with her, and not with America.

3. Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity; such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are, but now, received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than a half century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man, by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations: every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

4. No,—Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's foot-step is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

5. Land of Refuge,—Land of Benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within

thy walls and plenteousness within thy palaces!" "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven."

EXERCISE CIV.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

MAXCY.

1. THE loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor, is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric of a Roman empire,—an empire carrying its arts and arms into every part of the eastern continent; the monarchs of mighty kingdoms dragged at the wheels of her triumphal chariots; her eagle waving over the ruins of desolated countries. Where is her splendor, her wealth, her power, her glory? Extinguished forever. Her moldering temples, the mournful vestiges of her former grandeur, afford a shelter to her muttering monks. Where are her statesmen, her sages, her philosophers, her orators, her generals? Go to their solitary tombs and inquire. She lost her national character, and her destruction followed. The ramparts of her national pride were broken down, and Vandalism desolated her classic fields.

2. Such, the warning voice of antiquity, the example of all republics, proclaim may be our fate. But let us no longer indulge these gloomy anticipations. The commencement of our liberty presages the dawn of a brighter period to the world. That bold, enterprising spirit, which conducted our heroes to peace and safety, and gave us a lofty rank amid the empires of the world, still animates the bosoms of their descendants. Look back to that moment when they unbarred the dungeons of the slave and dashed his fetters to the earth; when the sword of a Washington leaped from its scabbard to revenge the slaughter of our countrymen. Place their example before you. Let the sparks of their veteran wisdom flash across your minds, and the sacred altar of your liberty, crowned with immortal honors, rise before you. Relying on the virtue, the courage, the patriotism, and the strength of our country, we may expect our national character will become more energetic, our citizens more enlightened, and we may hail the age as not far distant, when will be heard, as the proudest exclamation of man,—I AM AN AMERICAN!

EXERCISE CV.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

1. 'T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
 In hopes that St. NICHOLAS soon would be there ;
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
 While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads ;
 And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap ;
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
 I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

2. Away to the window I flew like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
 The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
 Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below,
 When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
 But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
 With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
 And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name ;
 " Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer!* and *Vixen!*
 On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
 To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
 Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

3. As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
 When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky ;
 So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
 With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
 And then, in a twinkling, I heard, on the roof,
 The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
 As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
 He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

4. His eyes,—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
 He had a broad face and a little round belly,
 That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
5. He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
 And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself;
 A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,—
 “*Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night.*”

 EXERCISE CVI.

TELL'S APOSTROPHE TO LIBERTY

KNOWLES.

1. Once more I breathe the mountain air; once more
 I tread my own free hills! My lofty soul
 Throws all its fetters off; in its proud flight,
 'Tis like the new-fledged eaglet, whose strong wing
 Soars to the sun it long has gazed upon
 With eye undazzled. (°) O! ye mighty race
 That stand like frowning giants, fixed to guard
 My own proud land; why did ye not hurl down
 The thundering *avalanche*, when at your feet
 The base usurper stood? (p.) A touch, a breath,
 Nay, even the breath of prayer, ere now, has brought
 Destruction on the hunter's head; and yet
 The tyrant passed in safety. God of heaven!
 Where slept thy thunderbolts?

- O LIBERTY!
2. Thou choicest gift of Heaven, and wanting which
 Life is as nothing; hast thou then forgot
 Thy native home? Must the feet of slaves
 Pollute this glorious scene? It can not be.
 Even as the smile of Heaven can pierce the depths
 Of these dark caves, and bid the wild flowers bloom
 In spots where man has never dared to tread;
 So thy sweet influence still is seen amid
 These beetling cliffs. Some hearts still beat for thee,
 And bow alone to Heaven; thy spirit lives,
 Ay,—and shall live, when even the very name
 Of tyrant is forgot.
3. Lo! while I gaze
 Upon the mist that wreathes yon mountain's brow,
 The sunbeam touches it, and it becomes
 A crown of glory on his hoary head;
 O! is not this a presage of the dawn
 Of freedom o'er the world? Hear me, then, bright
 And beaming Heaven! while kneeling thus, I vow
 To *live* for freedom, or with her to *die*!
4. Oh! with what pride I used
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
 And bless him that it was so. It was *free*,—
 From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free,—
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
 And plow our valleys, without asking leave;
 Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow,
 In very presence of the regal sun!
 How happy was I in it then! I loved
 Its very *storms*! Yes, I have sat and eyed
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
 And think I had no master save his own!
5. Ye know the jutting cliff, round which a track
 Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
 To such another one, with scanty room
 For two abreast to pass? O'ertaken there
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
 And while gust followed gust more furiously,
 As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,

And I have thought of *other* lands, where storms
 Are summer flaws to those of *mine*, and just
 Have wished me there,—the thought that mine was *free*,
 Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
 BLOW ON! THIS IS THE LAND OF LIBERTY!

EXERCISE CVIL.

BANEFUL INFLUENCE OF SKEPTICISM.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1. O! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
 One hopeless, dark idolater of chance,
 Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
 Who, moldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
 In joyless union wedded to the dust,
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,
 And call the barren world sufficient bliss?
2. There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
 Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
 Who hail'd thee, man! the pilgrim of a day,
 Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay!
 Frail as the leaf in autumn's yellow bower,
 Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower!
 A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
 Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
 Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
 As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm;
 And when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
 To night and silence sink for evermore!
3. Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
 Lights of the world, and demi-gods of fame?
 Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
 Children of truth and champions of her cause?
 For this hath Science searched on weary wing,
 By shore and sea, each mute and living thing?
 Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
 To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the déep?
 Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
 And wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven?

4. O star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,
 To waft us home the message of despair?
 Then bind the palm thy sage's brow to suit,
 Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
 Ah me! the laureled wreath that murder rears,
 Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
 Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
 As waves the night-shade round the skeptic's head;
 What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
 I smile on death, if heavenward hope remain!
5. But, if the warring winds of nature's strife
 Be all the faithless charter of my life,
 If chance awaked, inexorable power!
 This frail and feverish being of an hour,
 Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
 Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
 To know delight but by her parting smile,
 And toil, and weep, and wish a little while;—
 Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
 This troubled pulse and visionary brain!
 Fade, ye wild-flowers, memorials of my doom!
 And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
 Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,
 The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,
 How can thy words from balmy slumbers start
 Reposing virtue, pillowed on the heart!
6. Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
 And that were true which nature never told,
 Let wisdom smile not on her conquered field;
 No rapture dawns, no pleasure is revealed!
 O! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
 The doom that bars us from a better fate;
 But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
 Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

EXERCISE CVIII.

MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO.

BERQUIN.

DERBY AND SCRAPEWELL.

Derby. Good-morning, neighbor Scrapewell. I have half a dozen miles to ride to-day, and should be extremely obliged to you, if you will lend me your gray mare.

Scrapewell. I should be happy, friend Derby, to oblige you; but I'm under the necessity of going immediately to the mill with three bags of corn. My wife wants the meal this very morning.

Der. Then she must want it still; for I can assure you the mill does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell Will Davis that the water was too low.

Scrape. You don't say so? That is bad indeed; for, in that case, I shall be obliged to gallop off to town for the meal. My wife would comb my head for me, if I should neglect it.

Der. I can save you this journey; for I have plenty of meal at home, and will lend your wife as much as she wants.

Scrape. Ah! neighbor Derby, I am sure your meal will never suit my wife. You can't conceive how whimsical she is.

Der. If she were ten times more whimsical than she is, I am certain she would like it; for you sold it to me yourself, and you assured me that it was the best you ever had.

Scrape. Yes, yes, that is true, indeed; I always have the best of every thing. You know, neighbor Derby, that no one is more ready to oblige a friend than I am; but I must tell you, the mare this morning refused to eat hay; and truly I am afraid she will not carry you.

Der. Oh, never fear, I will feed her well with oats on the road.

Scrape. Oats! neighbor? oats are very dear.

Der. Never mind that. When I have a good job in view, I never stand for trifles.

Scrape. But it is very slippery; and I am really afraid she will fall and break your neck.

Der. Give yourself no uneasiness about that. The mare is certainly sure-footed; and, beside, you were just now talking of galloping her to town.

Scrape. Well, then, to tell you the plain truth, though I wish to oblige you with all my heart, my saddle is torn quite in pieces, and I have just sent my bridle to be mended.

Der. Luckily, I have both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

Scrape. Ah! that may be; but I am sure your saddle will never fit my mare.

Der. Why, then I'll borrow neighbor Clodpole's.

Scrape. Clodpole's! his will no more fit than yours will.

Der. At the worst, then, I will go to my friend 'Squire Jones. He has half a score of them; and I am sure he will lend me one that will fit her.

Scrape. You know, friend Derby, that no one is more will-

ing to oblige his neighbors than I am. I do assure you, the beast should be at your service, with all my heart; but she has not been curried, I believe, for three weeks past. Her foretop and mane want combing and cutting very much. If any one should see her, in her present plight, it would ruin the sale of her.

Der. O! a horse is soon curried, and my son Sam shall dispatch her at once.

Scrape. Yes, very likely; but I this moment recollect the creature has no shoes on.

Der. Well, is there not a blacksmith hard by?

Scrape. What! that tinker of a Dobson? I would not trust such a bungler to shoe a goat. No, no; none but uncle Tom Thumper is capable of shoeing my mare.

Der. As good luck would have it, then, I shall pass right by his door.

Scrape. (*Calling to his son.*) Timothy! Timothy! Here's neighbor Derby, who wants the loan of the gray mare, to ride to town to-day. You know the skin was rubbed off her back last week, a hand's breadth or more. (*He gives Tim a wink.*) However, I believe she is well enough by this time. You know, Tim, how ready I am to oblige my neighbors. And, indeed, we ought to do all the good we can in this world. We must certainly let neighbor Derby have her, if she will possibly answer his purpose. Yes, yes; I see plainly, by Tim's countenance, neighbor Derby, that he is disposed to oblige you. I would not have refused you the mare for the worth of her. If I had, I should have expected you would have refused me in your turn. None of my neighbors can accuse me of being backward in doing them a kindness. Come, Timothy, what do you say?

Tim. What do I say, father? Why, I say, sir, that I am no less ready than you are to do a neighborly kindness. But the mare is by no means capable of performing the journey. About a hand's-breadth did you say, sir? Why, the skin is torn from the poor creature's back, of the bigness of your broad-brimmed hat. And, beside, I have promised her, as soon as she is able to travel, to Ned Saunders, to carry a load of apples to the market.

Scrape. Do you hear that neighbor? I am very sorry matters turn out thus. I would not have disobliged you for the price of two such mares. Believe me, neighbor Derby, I am really sorry, for your sake, that matters turn out thus.

Der. And I as much for yours, neighbor Scrapewell; for, to tell you the truth, I received a letter this morning from

Mr. Griffin who tells me, if I will be in town this day, he will give me the refusal of all that lot of timber which he is about cutting down upon the back of Cobblehill; and I intended you should have shared half of it, which would have been not less than fifty dollars in your pocket. But, as your—

Scrape. Fifty dollars, did you say?

Der. Ay, truly, did I; but as your mare is out of order, I'll go and see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

Scrape. Old Roan! My mare is at your service, neighbor. Here, Tim, tell Ned Saunders he can't have the mare. Neighbor Derby wants her; and I won't refuse so good a friend anything he asks for.

Der. But what are you to do for meal?

Scrape. My wife can do without it this fortnight, if you want the mare so long.

Der. But then your saddle is all in pieces.

Scrape. I meant the old one. I have bought a new one since, and you shall have the first use of it.

Der. And you would have me call at Thumper's, and get her shod?

Scrape. No, no; I had forgotten to tell you, that I let neighbor Dobson shoe her last week, by way of trial; and, to do him justice, I must own, he shoes extremely well.

Der. But, if the poor creature has lost so much skin from off her back—

Scrape. Poh! poh! That is just one of our Tim's large stories. I do assure you, it was not at first bigger than my thumb-nail; and I am certain it has not grown any since.

Der. At least, however, let her have something she will eat, since she refuses hay.

Scrape. She did, indeed, refuse hay this morning; but the only reason was, that she was crammed full of oats. You have nothing to fear, neighbor; the mare is in perfect trim; and she will skim you over the ground like a bird. I wish you a good journey and a profitable job.

EXERCISE CIX.

THE PROUD MISS MAC BRIDE.

J. G. SAXE.

1. O! terribly proud was Miss Mac Bride,
The very personification of Pride,
As she minced along in Fashion's tide,
Adown Broadway,—on the proper side,—

When the golden sun was setting ;
 There was pride in the head she carried so high,
 Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
 And a world of pride in the very sigh
 That her stately bosom was fretting.

2. O! terribly proud was Miss Mac Bride,—
 Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,
 And proud of fifty matters beside
 That wouldn't have borne dissection ;
 Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,
 Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
 Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"
 On a very slight inspection !

3. Proud abroad, and proud at home,
 Proud wherever she chanced to come,
 When she was glad, and when she was glum ;
 Proud as the head of a Saracen
 Over the door of a tippling shop !
 Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,
 "Proud as a boy with a bran-new top,"
 Proud beyond comparison !

4. Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high ;
 For Miss Mac Bride first opened her eye
 Through a sky-light dim, on the light of the sky ;
 But pride is a curious passion ;
 And, in talking about her wealth and worth,
 She always forgot to mention her birth,
 To people of rank and fashion !

5. But Miss Mac Bride had something beside
 Her lofty birth to nourish her pride,—
 For rich was the old paternal Mac Bride,
 According to public rumor ;
 And he lived "Up Town," in a splendid Square,
 And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
 And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
 And the finest rings and things to wear,
 And feathers enough to plume her !

6. An honest mechanic was John Mac Pride,
 As ever an honest calling plied,

Or graced an honest ditty ;
For John had worked in his early day,
In "Pots and Pearls," the legends say,
And kept a shop with a rich array
Of things in the soap and candle way,
In the lower part of the city.

7. A young attorney of winning grace,
Was scarce allowed to "open his face,"
Ere Miss Mac Bride had closed his case
With true judicial celerity ;
For the lawyer was poor and "seedy" to boot,
And to say the lady discarded his *suit*,
Is merely a double verity.
8. The last of those who came to court
Was a lively beau of the dapper sort,
"Without any visible means of support,"—
A crime by no means flagrant
In one who wears an elegant coat,
But the very point on which they vote
A ragged fellow "a vagrant."
9. A courtly fellow was Dapper Jim,
Sleek and supple, tall and trim,
And smooth of tongue as neat of limb ;
And mauger his meager pocket,
You'd say, from the glittering tales he told,
That Jim had slept in a cradle of gold,
With Fortunatus to rock it !
10. Now Dapper Jim his courtship plied,
(I wish the fact could be denied,)
With an eye to the purse of the old Mac Bride,
And really "nothing shorter !"
For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
"Whenever he dies,—as die he must,—
And yields to Heaven his vital trust,
He's very sure to 'come down with his dust,'
In behalf of his only daughter."
11. And the very magnificent Miss Mac Bride,
Half in love and half in pride,

Quite graciously consented ;
 And tossing her head, and turning her back,
 No token of proper pride to lack,—
 To be a Bride without the " Mac,"
 With much disdain, consented !

12. Alas! that people who've got their box
 Of cash beneath the best of locks,
 Secure from all financial shocks,
 Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks,
 And madly rush upon Wall-street rocks,
 Without the least apology!
 Alas! that people whose money affairs
 Are sound beyond all need of repairs,
 Should ever tempt the bulls and bears
 Of Mammon's fierce Zoology.
13. Old John Mac Bride, one fatal day,
 Became the unresisting prey
 Of Fortune's undertakers ;
 And staking his all on a single die,
 His foundered bark went high and dry
 Among the brokers and breakers!
14. But, alas! for the haughty Miss Mac Bride,
 'Twas such a shock to her precious pride!
 She couldn't recover, although she tried
 Her jaded spirits to rally ;
 'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
 From a Place " Up Town," to a nook " Up Stairs,"
 From an Avenue down to an Alley !
15. And to make her cup of woe run over,
 Her elegant ardent plighted lover,
 Was the very first to forsake her ;
 " He quite regretted the step, 'twas true,—
 The lady had pride enough ' for two,'
 But that alone would never do
 To quiet the butcher and baker !"
16. And now the unhappy Miss Mac Bride,
 The merest ghost of her early pride,
 Bewails her lonely position ;
 Cramped in the very narrowest niche,
 Above the poor, and below the rich,
 Was ever a worse condition ?

MORAL.

17. Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
 Don't be haughty and put on airs,
 With insolent pride of station!
 Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
 At poorer people in plainer clo'es,
 But learn, for the sake of your soul's repose,
 That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes!
 And that all Proud Flesh wherever it grows,
 Is subject to irritation!

EXERCISE CX.

SPEECH OF BUZFUZ IN THE CASE OF BARDELL VERSUS
 PICKWICK.

CHARLES DICKENS.

1. You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen of the jury, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen hundred pounds. The plaintiff, gentlemen, is a widow,—yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, some time before his death, became the father, gentlemen, of a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell-street; and here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription: "Apartments, furnished, for a single gentleman. Inquire within."

2. Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear,—she had no distrust,—all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "was a man of honor,—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word,—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver,—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself;—to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort and consolation:—in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a *single* gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let."

3. Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse, (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen,) the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first

floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch; the train was laid; the mine was preparing; the sapper and miner was at work! Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days,—*three days*, gentlemen,—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblances of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day, he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick,—Pickwick, the defendant.

4. Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and of systematic villainy. I say systematic villainy, gentlemen; and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, if he had stopp'd away. Let me tell him, further, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff, or bé he defendant; be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

5. I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman, when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home; and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you, that on many occasions he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpence, to her little boy. I shall prove to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage; previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract. And I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen,—most unwilling witnesses,—that on that morning, he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

6. And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties,—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye,—letters that were evidently intended, at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—“Garraway’s, twelve o’clock. Dear Mrs. B.: Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick.” Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops!—gracious fathers!—and tomato sauce!

7. Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. “Dear Mrs. B.: I shall not be at home to-morrow. Slow coach.” And then follows this very remarkable expression:—“Don’t trouble yourself about the warming-pan.” The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless, (as is no doubt the case,) it is a mere covering for hidden fire,—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will be now very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you.

8. But enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. My client’s hopes and prospects are ruined; and it is no figure of speech to say, that her “occupation is gone” indeed. The bill is down; but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass; but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house: even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded, when his mother weeps.

9. But Pickwick, gentlemen,—Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell-street,—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward,—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans,—Pickwick

still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made! *Damages*, gentlemen, *heavy damages*, is the only punishment with which you can visit him,—the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen!

EXERCISE CXI.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

ALLINGHAM.

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD, SNACKS, AND VILLAGERS.

(Robin Roughhead discovered raking hay.)

Robin. Ah! work, work, work! all day long, and no such thing as stopping a moment to rest! for there's old Snacks, the steward, always on the lookout; and, if he sees one, slap he has it down in his book, and then there's sixpence gone, plump. (*Comes forward.*) I do hate that old chap, and that's the truth on 't. Now if I was lord of this place, I'd make one rule—there should be no such thing as work: it should be one long holiday all the year round. Your great folks have strange whims in their heads—that's for sartin. I don't know what to make of 'um, not I. Now there's all you great park there, kept for his lordship to look at, and his lordship has not seen it these twelve years. Ah! if it was mine, I'd let all the villagers turn their cows in there, and it should not cost 'em a farthing; then, as the parson said last Sunday, I should be as rich as any in the land, for I should have the blessings of the poor. Dang it! here comes Snacks. Now I shall get a fine jobation, I suppose.

(Enter Snacks, bowing very obsequiously: Robin takes his hat off, and stands staring at him.)

I be main tired, Master Snacks; so I stopped to rest myself a little; I hope you'll excuse it. I wonder what the dickens he's a grinning at. (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Excuse it! I hope your lordship's infinite goodness and condescension will excuse your lordship's most obsequious, devoted, and humble servant, Timothy Snacks, who

is come into the presence of your lordship, for the purpose of informing your lordship—

Rob. Lordship! he, he, he! Wall! I never knew as I had a hump before. Why, Master Snacks, you grow funny in your old age.

Snacks. No, my lord; I know my duty better; I should never think of being funny with a lord.

Rob. What lord? Oh, you mean the Lord Harry, I suppose. No, no; must not be too funny with him, or he'll be after playing the very deuce with you.

Snacks. I say, I should never think of jesting with a person of your lordship's dignified character.

Rob. Dig—dig—what? Why, now I look at you, I see how it is; you are mad. I wonder what quarter the moon's in. Dickens! how your eyes do roll! I never saw you so before. How came they to let you out alone?

Snacks. Your lordship is most graciously pleased to be facetious.

Rob. Why, what gammon are you at? Don't come near me, for you've been bit by a mad dog; I'm sure you have.

Snacks. If your lordship would be so kind as to read this letter, it would convince your lordship. Will your lordship condescend?

Rob. Why, I would condescend, but for a few reasons, and one of 'em is, I *can't* read.

Snacks. I think your lordship is perfectly right; for these pursuits are too low for one of your lordship's nobility.

Rob. Lordship, and lordship again! I'll tell you what, Master Snacks,—let's have no more of your fun; for I won't stand it any longer, for all you be steward here: my name's Robin Roughhead; and, if you don't choose to call me by that name, I sha'n't answer you—that's flat. I don't like him well enough to stand his jokes. (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Why, then, Master Robin, be so kind as to attend, while I read this letter. (*Reads.*) "Sir,—This is to inform you that my Lord Lackwit died this morning, after a very short illness; during which he declared that he had been married, and had an heir to his estate. The woman he married was commonly called, or known, by the name of Roughhead: she was poor and illiterate, and, through motives of false shame, his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife. She has been dead some time since, and left behind her a son called Robin Roughhead. Now, this said Robin is the legal

heir to the estate. I have therefore sent you the necessary writings to put him into immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Yours to command,

“KIT CODICIL, *Att'y at Law.*”

Rob. What!—what! all mine? the houses, the trees, the fields, the ditches, the gates, the horses, the dogs, the cats, the cocks, and the hens, and the cows, and the bulls, and the pigs, and the——what! are they, are they all mine?—and I, Robin Roughhead, am the rightful lord of all this estate? Don't keep me a minute, now, but tell me, is it so? Make haste, tell me—quick, quick!

Snacks. I repeat it, the whole estate is yours.

Rob. Huzza! huzza! (*Catches off Snacks's hat and wig.*) Set the bells a-ringing; set the ale a-running; set——go, get my hat full of guineas to make a scrabble with; call all the tenants together. I'll lower their rents—I'll—

Snacks. I hope your lordship will do me the favor to—

Rob. Why, that may be as it happens; I can't tell. (*Carelessly.*)

Snacks. Will your lordship dine at the castle to-day?

Rob. Yes.

Snacks. What would your lordship choose for dinner?

Rob. Beef-steaks and onions, and plenty of 'em.

Snacks. Beef-steaks and onions! What a dish for a lord!—He'll be a savory bit for my daughter, though. (*Aside.*)

Rob. What are you at there, Snacks? Go, get me the guineas,—make haste. I'll have the scramble? and then I'll go to Dolly, and tell her the news.

Snacks. Dolly! Pray, my lord, who 's Dolly?

Rob. Why, Dolly is to be my lady, and your mistress, if I find you honest enough to keep you in my employ.

Snacks. He rather smokes me. (*Aside.*) I have a beautiful daughter, who is allowed to be the very pink of perfection.

Rob. Hang your daughter! I have got something else to think of: don't talk to me of your daughter: stir your stumps, and get the money.

Snacks. I am your lordship's most obsequious—Bless me, what a peer of the realm! (*Aside and exit.*)

Rob. Ha! ha! ha! What work I will make in the village! Work!—no, there shall be no such thing as work; it shall be all play. Where shall I go to? I'll go to——no, I won't go there. I'll go to Farmer Hedgestakes, and tell him——no, I'll not go there. I'll go—I'll go no where; yes, I

will ; I'll go everywhere ; I'll be neither here nor there, nor anywhere else. How pleased Dolly will be when she hears—

(*Enter Villagers, shouting.*)

Dick, Tom, Jack, how are you, my lads ? Here 's news for you ! Come, stand round, make a ring, and I'll make a bit of a speech to you. (*They all get round him.*) First of all, I suppose Snacks has told you that I 'm your landlord ?

Villagers. We are all glad of it.

Rob. So am I ; and I'll make you all happy ; I'll lower all your rents.

All. HUZZA ! long live Lord Robin !

Rob. You sha'n't pay no rent at all.

All. HUZZA ! HUZZA ! long live Lord Robin !

Rob. I'll have no poor people in the parish, for I'll make 'em all rich ; I'll have no widows, for I'll marry 'em all ; (*All shout.*) I'll have no orphan children, for I'll father 'em all myself ; and if that 's not doing as a lord should do, then I say I know nothing about the matter,—that 's all.

All. °° HUZZA ! HUZZA !

(*Enter Snacks.*)

Snacks. I have brought your lordship the money. He means to make 'em fly ; so I have taken care the guineas shall be all light. (*Aside.*)

Rob. Now, then, young and old, great and small, little and tall, merry men all, here 's among you. (*Throws the money ; they scramble.*) Now you 've got your pockets filled, come to the castle, and I'll fill all your mouths for you. (*Villagers carry him off, shouting. Snacks follows.*)

EXERCISE CXII.

THE PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THOMAS MOORE.

- About fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,
That plan was commenced which the wise now applaud,
Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies
As good raw materials for *settlers* abroad.
- Some West Indian island, whose name I forget,
Was the region then chosen for the scheme so romantic ;
And such the success the first colony met,
That a second soon after set sail o'er the Atlantic.

3. Behold them now safe at the long-looked for shore,
Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might greet,
And thinking of friends, whom but two years before,
They had sorrowed to lose, but would soon again meet.
4. And, hark! from the shore a glad welcome there came,—
“Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my swate bóy?”
While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name,
Thus hailed by black creatures who capered for joy.
5. Can it possibly be?—half amazement,—half doubt,
Pat listens again,—rubs his eyes and looks steady;
Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out:—
“Dear me!—only think,—black and curly already!”
6. Deceived by that well-mimicked brogue in his ears,
Pat read his own doom in those wool-headed figures,
And thought, what a climate, in less than two years,
To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers!

MORAL.

7. 'Tis thus,—but alas!—by a marvel more true
Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories,
Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,
By a *lusus natureæ*, all turn into Tories.
8. And thus, when I hear them “strong measures” advise,
Ere the seats that they sit on, have time to get steady,
I say, while I listen with tears in my eyes,
“Dear me! only think,—black and curly already!”

EXERCISE CXIII.

LOOK AT THE CLOCK.

R. H. BARHAM.

1. “Look at the clock!” quoth Winifred Pryce,
As she opened the door to her husband's knock,
Then paused to give him a piece of advice,—
“You nasty warmint, look at the Clock!
Is this the way, you
Wretch, every day you
Treat her who vowed to love and obey you?”

Out all night!
Me in a fright:

Staggering home as it 's just getting light!
You intoxicated brute!—you insensible block!
Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!"

2. Winifred Pryce was tidy and clean;
Her gown was a flowered one, her petticoat green,
Her buckles were bright as her milking cans,
And her hat was a beaver, and made like a man's;
Her little red eyes were deep set in their socket-holes,
Her gown it was turned up, and tucked through the
pocket-holes;
A face like a ferret
Betokened her spirit:
To conclude, Mrs. Pryce was not over young,
Had very short legs, and a very long tongue.
3. Now David Pryce
Had one darling vice;
Remarkably partial to any thing nice,
Especially *ale*,—
If it was not too stale.
I really believe he 'd have emptied a pail;
Not that in Wales
They talk of their Ales;
To pronounce the word they make use of might trouble you,
Being spelt with a C, two Rs, and a W.
4. That particular day,
As I've heard people say,
Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay,
And amusing himself with his pipe and cheroots
The whole afternoon at the Goat-in-Boots.
David felt when his wife cried,—“Look at the Clock!”
For the hands stood as crooked as crooked might be,
The long at the Twelve, and the short at the Three!
5. Mrs. Pryce's tongue rang long and fast;
But patience is apt to wear out at last,
And David Pryce in temper was quick,
So he stretched out his hand, and caught hold of a stick;
Perhaps, in its use he might mean to be lenient,
But walking just then wasn't very convenient,

So he threw it, instead,
 Direct at her head ;
 It knocked off her hat ;
 Down she fell flat ;

Her case, perhaps, was not much mended by that :
 But whatever it was,—whether rage and pain
 Produced apoplexy, or burst a vein,
 Or her trouble induced a concussion of brain,
 I can't say for certain,—but *this* I can,
 When, sobered by fright, to assist her he ran,
 Mrs. Winifred Pryce was as dead as Queen Anne !

6. Mr. Pryce, Mrs. Winifred Pryce being dead,
 Felt lonely, and moped ; and one evening he said
 He would marry Miss Davis at once in her stead.
 Not far from his dwelling,
 From the vale proudly swelling,
 Rose a mountain ; its name you 'll excuse me from telling ;
 For the vowels made use of in Welsh are so few
 That the A and the E, the I, O, and the U,
 Have really but little or nothing to do ;
 And the duty, of course, falls the heavier by far
 On the L, and the H, and the N, and the R.
 Its first syllable "PEN,"
 Is pronounceable ;—then
 Come two L Ls, and two H Hs, two F Fs, and an N ;
 About half a score of Rs, and some Ws follow,
 Beating all my best efforts at euphony hollow :
 But we sha'n't have to mention it often, so when
 We do, with your leave, we 'll curtail it to "PEN."

7. Well ; the moon shone bright
 Upon "PEN" that night,
 When Pryce, being quit of his fuss and his fright,
 Was scaling its side
 With that sort of a stride
 A man puts on when walking in search of a bride :
 Mounting higher and higher,
 He began to perspire,
 Till, finding his legs were beginning to tire,
 And feeling oppressed,
 By a pain in his chest,
 He paused, and turned round to take breath, and to rest ;

When a lumbering noise from behind made him start,
 And sent the blood back in full tide to his heart,
 Which went a pit-a-pat
 As he cried out: "What 's that?"—
 That very queer sound?
 Does it come from the ground?
 Or the air,—from above,—or below, or around?
 It is not like talking,
 It is not like walking,
 It 's not like the clattering of pot or of pan,
 Or the tramp of a horse, or the tread of a man,
 Or the hum of a crowd,—or the shouting of boys,
 It 's really a deuced odd sort of a noise!

8. Mr. Pryce had begun
 To "make up" for a run,
 As in such a companion he saw no great fun,
 When a single bright ray
 Shone out on the way
 He had passed, and he saw, with no little dismay,
 Coming after him, bounding o'er crag and o'er rock,
 The deceased Mrs. Winifred's "Grandmother's Clock!!"
 'Twas so!—it had certainly moved from its place,
 And come, lumbering on thus, to hold him in chase;
 'Twas the very same Head, and the very same Case,
 And nothing was altered at all,—but the Face!
 In that he perceived, with no little surprise,
 The two little winder-holes turned into eyes
 Blazing with ire,
 Like two coals of fire;
 And the "Name of the Maker" was changed to a Lip,
 And the Hands to a Nose with a very red tip.
 No!—he could not mistake it,—'twas *she* to the life!
 The identical face of his poor defunct Wife!

9. One glance was enough,
 Completely "*Quant. Suff.*"
 As the doctors write down when they send you their
 "stuff,"—
 Like a weather-cock whirled by a vehement puff,
 David turned himself round;
 Ten feet of ground
 He cleared, in his start, at the very first bound!

10. All I ever heard of boys, women, or men,
 Falls far short of Pryce, as he ran over "PEN!"
 He now reaches its brow,—
 He has passed it,—and now
 Having once gained the summit, and managed to cross
 it, he
 Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity;
 But, run as he will,
 Or roll down the hill,
 That bugbear behind him is after him still!
 And close at his heels, not at all to his liking,
 The terrible clock keeps on ticking and striking,
 Till, exhausted and sore,
 He can't run any more,
 But falls as he reaches Miss Davis' door,
 And screams when they rush out, alarmed at his knock,—
 "Oh! Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!!!"
11. Mr. David has since had a "serious call,"
 He never drinks ale, wine, or spirits, at all,
 And they say he is going to Exeter Hall
 To make a grand speech,
 And to preach and to teach
 People that "they can't brew their malt liquor too small!"
12. And "still on each evening when pleasure fills up,"
 At the old Goat-in-Boots, with Metheglin, each cup,
 Mr. Pryce, if he 's there,
 Will get into "The Chair,"
 And make all his *quondam* associates stare
 By calling aloud to the Landlady's daughter,
 "Patty, bring a cigar, and a glass of Spring Water!"
 The dial he constantly watches; and when
 The long hand 's at the "XII," and the short at the "X,"
 He gets on his legs,
 Drains his glass to the dregs,
 Takes his hat and great-coat off their several pegs,
 With the President's hammer bestows his last knock,
 And says solemnly,—“Gentlemen!
 “LOOK AT THE CLOCK!!!”

EXERCISE CXIV.

SPEECH AGAINST PAINE'S "AGE OF REASON."

LORD ERSKINE.

1. IN running the mind along the numerous list of sincere and devout Christians, I can not help lamenting that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his shallowness filled up with this new flood of light. But the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. Newton was a Christian! Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions; Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy. Not those visionary and arrogant presumptions which too often usurp its name, but *philosophy* resting upon the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, can not lie; Newton, who carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists.

2. But this extraordinary man, in the mighty reach of his mind, overlooked, perhaps, errors which a minuter investigation of the created things on this earth might have taught him, of the essence of his Creator. What, then, shall be said of the great Mr. Boyle, who looked into the organic structure of all matter, even to the brute inanimate substances which the foot treads on? Such a man may be supposed to have been equally qualified, with Mr. Paine, to "look through nature up to nature's God;" yet the result of all his contemplation was the most confirmed and devout belief in all which the other holds in contempt, as despicable and driveling superstition.

3. But this error might, perhaps, arise from a want of due attention to the foundations of human judgment, and the structure of that understanding which God has given us for the investigation of truth. Let that question be answered by Mr. Locke, who was, to the highest pitch of devotion and adoration, a Christian;—Mr. Locke, whose office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the fountains of thought, and to direct into the proper track of reasoning the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense to the last conclusions of ratiocination, putting a rein besides upon false opinions by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment. But these

men were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world, and to the laws which practically regulate mankind.

4. Gentlemen, in the place where we now sit to administer the justice of this great country, above a century ago, the never-to-be-forgotten Sir Matthew Hale presided, whose faith in Christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits in man; administering human justice with a wisdom and purity, drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian dispensation, which has been, and will be, in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration.

5. But it is said by Mr. Paine, that the Christian fable is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may easily be detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the heathens. Did Milton understand those mythologies? Was *he* less versed than Mr. Paine in the superstitions of the world? No; they were the subject of his immortal song; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth from the stores of a memory, rich with all that man ever knew, and laid them in their order, as the illustration of real and exalted faith,—the unquestionable source of that fervid genius which cast a sort of shade upon all the other works of man:

“He passed the bounds of flaming space,
Where angels tremble while they gaze;
He saw, till, blasted with excess of light,
He closed his eyes in endless night!”—GRAY.

But it was the light of the body only that was extinguished; —“the celestial light shone inward, and enabled him to justify the ways of God to man.”

EXERCISE CXV.

PLEADING EXTRAORDINARY.

LAFAYETTE BIGELOW PARTINGTON, ESQ.

1. MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT—*Gentlemen of the Jury*—You sit in that box as the great reservoir of Roman liberty, Spartan fame, and Grecian polytheism. You are to swing the great flail of justice and electricity over this immense community, in hydraulic majesty, and conjugal superfluity. You are the great triumphal arch on which evaporates the

even scales of justice and numerical computation. You are to ascend the deep arcana of nature, and dispose of my client with equiponderating concatenation, in reference to his future velocity and reverberating momentum.

2. Such is your sedative and stimulating character. My client is only a man of domestic eccentricity and matrimonial configuration, not permitted, as you are, gentlemen, to walk in the primeval and lowest vales of society, but he has to endure the red hot sun of the universe, on the heights of nobility and feudal eminence. He has a beautiful wife of horticultural propensities, that hen-pecks the remainder of his days with soothing and bewitching verbosity, that makes the nectar of his pandemonium as cool as Tartarus.

3. He has a family of domestic children, that gather around the fireplace of his peaceful homicide in tumultuous consanguinity, and cry with screaming and rebounding pertinacity for bread, butter, and molasses. Such is the glowing and overwhelming character and defeasance of my client, who stands convicted before this court of oyer, and terminer, and *lex non scripta*, by the persecuting petifogger of this court, who is as much exterior to me as I am interior to the judge, and you, gentlemen of the jury.

4. This Borax of the law here, has brought witnesses into this court, who swear that my client stole a firkin of butter. Now, I say, every one of them swore to a lie, and the truth is concentrated within them. But if it is so, I justify the act on the ground that the butter was necessary for a public good, to tune his family into harmonious discord. But I take other mountainous and absquatulated grounds on this trial, and move that a quash be laid upon this indictment.

5. Now, I will prove this by a learned expectation of the principle of the law. Now butter is made of grass, and, it is laid down by St. Peter Pinder, in his principle of subter-raneous law, that grass is *couchant* and *levant*, which in our obicular tongue, means that grass is of a mild and free nature; consequently, my client had a right to grass and butter both.

6. To prove my second great principle, "let facts be submitted to a candid world." Now butter is grease, and Greece is a foreign country, situated in the emaciated regions of Liberia and California; consequently my client can not be tried in this horizon, and is out of the benediction of this court. I will now bring forward the *ulimatum respondentia*, and cap the great climax of logic, by quoting an inconceiv-

able principle of law, as laid down in Latin, by Pothier, Huidibras, Blackstone, Hannibal, and Sangrado. It is thus: *Hæc hoc morus multicaulis, a mensa at thoro, ruta бага centum.* Which means, in English, that ninety-nine men are guilty, where one is innocent.

7. Now, it is your duty to convict ninety-nine men first; then you come to my client, who is innocent, and acquitted according to law. If these great principles shall be duly depreciated in this court, then the great north pole of liberty, that has stood so many years in pneumatic tallness, shading the republican regions of commerce and agriculture, will stand the wreck of the Spanish Inquisition, the pirates of the hyperborean seas, and the marauders of the Aurora Bolivar! But, gentlemen of the jury, if you convict my client, his children will be doomed to pine away in a state of hopeless matrimony; and his beautiful wife will stand lone and delighted, like a dried up mullain-stalk in a sheep-pasture.

EXERCISE CXVI.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S SHIPS.

GEORGE GRENVILLE.

1. (°°) Hurrah for our ships! our merchant-ships!
 Let's raise for them a song;
 That safely glide o'er the foaming tide,
 With timbers stout and strong;
 That to and fro on the waters go,
 And borne on the rushing breeze,
 Like birds they fly, 'neath every sky,
 From South to Northern seas!
2. Hurrah for our ships! our battle-ships!
 Our glory and our boast;
 That carry death in their bellowing breath
 To invaders of our coast.
 In glory and pride, whatever betide,
 May they sail around our shore;
 But long be the day ere in battle's fray,
 We shall hear their cannons roar.
3. Hurrah for our ships! our stout steam-ships!
 That float in strength and grace;
 By fire and air their course they bear,
 As giants in the race:

That bind the hands of kindred lands
 In close and friendly grasp :
 God grant no feud by death and blood
 May e'er unloose the clasp !

4. Hurrah for them all, both great and small !
 That float our waters free ;
 May they safely sail in calm or gale,
 In home or foreign sea :
 Hurrah again for our merchant-men !
 Hurrah for our men-of-war !
 Ring out the shout for our steam-ships stout !
 (f.) Hurrah for them all ! (ff.) Hurrah !

EXERCISE CXVII.

NORA'S VOW.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. Hear what Highland Nora said :—
 "The earlie's son I will not wed,
 Should all the race of nature die,
 And none be left but he and I.
 For all the gold, for all the gear,
 And all the lands both far and near,
 That ever valor lost and won,
I would not wed the earlie's son !"
2. "A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,
 "Are lightly made, and lightly broke ;
 The heather on the mountain's hight
 Begins to bloom in purple light :
 The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
 That luster deep from glen and brae ;
 Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the earlie's son."
3. "The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
 May barter for the eagle's nest ;
 The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
 Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn,
 Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
 Before their foes may turn and fly ;
 But *I*, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the earlie's son."

4. Still in the water-lily's shade
 Her wonted nest the wild swan made;
 Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
 Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river:
 To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
 No Highland brogue has turned the heel,
 But Nora's heart is lost and won,—
She's wedded to the earlie's son!

EXERCISE CXVIII.

"CLEON AND I."

CHARLES MACKAY.

1. Cleon hath a million acres,—ne'er a one have I;
 Cleon dwelleth in a palace,—in a cottage, I;
 Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,—not a penny, I;
 But the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.
2. Cleon, true, possesseth acres,—but the landscape, I;
 Half the charms to *me* it yieldeth money can not buy;
 Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,—freshening vigor, I;
 He in velvet, I in fustian,—richer man am I.
3. Cleon is a slave to grandeur,—free as thought am I;
 Cleon fees a score of doctors,—need of none have I.
 Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;
 Death may come,—he'll find me ready,—happier man am I.
4. Cleon sees no charm in Nature,—in a daisy, I;
 Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky.
 Nature sings to me forever,—earnest listener, I;
 State for state, with all attendants, who would change?
 Not I.

EXERCISE CXIX.

UNFORTUNATE COURTSHIPS.

ROYAL TYLER.

1. When first the girls nicknamed me beau,
 And I was all for dress and show,
 I set me out a courting.

A romping Miss, with heedless art,
 First caught, then almost broke, my heart,
 MISS CONDUCT named ; we soon did part,
 I did not like such sporting.

2. The next coquet, who raised a flame,
 Was far more grave, and somewhat lame,
 She in my heart did rankle.
 She conquered with a sudden glance,
 The spiteful slut was called MISS CHANCE ;
 I took the gipsy out to dance ;
 She almost broke my ankle.

3. A thoughtless girl, just in her teens,
 Was the next fair whom Love it seems
 Had made me prize most highly ;
 I thought to court a lovely mate,
 But, how it made my heart to ache ;
 It was that jade, the vile MISS TAKE ;
 In troth, Love did it slyly.

4. And last, MISS FORTUNE, whimpering, came,
 Cured me of Love's tormenting flame,
 And all my beau pretences.
 In Widow's weeds, the prude appears ;
 See now,—she drowns me with her tears,
 With bony fist, now slaps my ears,
 And brings me to my senses.

EXERCISE CXX.

THE MANIAC.

LEWIS.

1. (*p.*) Stay, jailor, stay, and hear my woe !
 She is not mad who kneels to thee ;
 For what I'm now, too well I know,
 And what I was, and what should be.
 I'll rave no more in proud despair ;
 My language shall be mild, though sad ;
 But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad, I am not mad !

2. My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell ;
My fate unknown my friends bewail,—
Oh ! jailor, haste that fate to tell :
(<) Oh ! haste my father's heart to cheer :
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad, I am not mad !
3. He smiles in scorn, and turns the key ;
He quits the grate ; I knelt in vain ;
His glimmering lamp, still, still I see,—
'T is gone ! and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold !—No warmth ! no light !
Life, all thy comforts once I had ;
Yet here I 'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not *mad ; no, no,—not mad !*
4. 'T is sure some dream, some vision vain ;
What ! *I*, the child of rank and wealth,—
Am *I* the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health ?
Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head ;
But 't is not *mad ; no, 't is not mad !*
5. (*pl.*) Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue ?
She 'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung ;
Nor how with her you sued to stay ;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade :
Nor how,—I 'll drive such thoughts away ;
They 'll *make me mad, they 'll make me mad !*
6. His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled !
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone !
None ever bore a lovelier child :
And art thou now forever gone ?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad ?
(*f.*) I will be free ! unbar the door !
I am not mad ; I am not mad !

7. Oh! hark! what mean those yells and cries?
 His chain some furious madman breaks;
 He comes,—I see his glaring eyes;
 Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.
Help! Help!—He's gone!—Oh! fearful woe,
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
 My brain, my brain,—I know, I know,
 I am *not* mad, but soon *shall* be.
8. Yes, soon;—for, lo yon!—while I speak,—
 Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
 He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
 He whirls a serpent high in air.
 Horror!—the reptile strikes his tooth
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
 Ay, laugh, ye fiends;—I feel the truth;
 Your task is done,—I 'M MAD! I 'M MAD!

 EXERCISE CXXI.

EMMET'S VINDICATION.

ROBERT EMMET.

1. LET no man *dare*, when I am dead, to charge me with *dishonor*; let no man attain my memory, by believing that I could engage in any cause but that of my country's *liberty* and *independence*; or that I could become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks my views; from which no inference can be *tortured* to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, or humiliation, or treachery, from abroad.

2. I would not have submitted to a *foreign invader*, for the same reason that I would resist the *domestic oppressor*. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am *I*, who lived but for my *country*, who have subjected myself to the *dangers* of the jealous and watchful *oppressor*, and now to the *bondage* of the *grave*, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, to be loaded with *calumny*, and not suffered to *resent* and *REPEL* it! No; God forbid!

3. If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the

concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life,—oh! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism, which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst, is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so *grievous*, that they cry to Heaven.

5. Be yet patient. I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of life is nearly extinguished: my race is run: the grave opens to receive me; and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world: it is the charity of its *silence*. Let no man write my *epitaph*; for, as no man who knows my motives, dares *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain un-inscribed, until *other times*, and *other men*, can do justice to my character; when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then*, and not *till* then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

EXERCISE CXXII.

REMOVAL OF THE BRITISH TROOPS FROM BOSTON.

EARL OF CHATHAM.

1. WHEN your lordships look at the papers transmitted us from America,—when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you can not but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation,—and it has been my favorite study,—I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master-states of the world,—that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to

your lordships, that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain,—must be fatal. We shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract while we *can*, not when we *must*.

2. I say we must necessarily undo these violent, oppressive acts. They must be repealed. You *will* repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will, in the end, repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed.¹ Avoid, then, this humiliating, disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace, and happiness; for that is your true dignity, to act with prudence and justice. That *you* should first concede is obvious, from sound and rational policy. Concession comes with better grace and more salutary effect from superior power. It reconciles superiority of power with the feelings of men, and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude.

3. Every motive, therefore, of justice and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America by a removal of your troops from Boston, by a repeal of your acts of Parliament, and by demonstrations of amicable dispositions toward your colonies. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend to deter you from perseverance in your present ruinous measures. Foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread; France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors, with a vigilant eye to America and the temper of your colonies, more than to their own concerns, be they what they may. To conclude, my lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the King, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown, but I will affirm *that they will make the crown not worth his wearing*. I will not say that the King is betrayed, but I will pronounce *that the kingdom is undone*.

¹ This prediction was verified. After a war of three years, a repeal of these acts was sent out to propitiate the Americans, but it was too late.

EXERCISE CXXIII.

THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA IMPOSSIBLE.

EARL OF CHATHAM.

1. THIS, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment ! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery can not now avail—can not save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

2. My lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we can not act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve any thing except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You can not, I venture to say it, *you can not conquer America*. Your armies last war effected every thing that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general,¹ and a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My lords, *you can not conquer America*.

3. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps *total loss* of the Northern force,² the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. *He* was *obliged* to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger to adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since.

4. As to conquest, therefore, my Lords, I repeat, *it is impossible*. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German Prince that sells and sends his subjects to the

¹ Lord Amherst.

² General Burgoyne's army.

shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent,—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty? If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I *never* would lay down my arms—
NEVER—NEVER—NEVER!

EXERCISE CXXIV.

LIGHT FOR ALL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

1. You can not pay with money
 The million sons of toil,—
 The sailor on the ocean,
 The peasant on the soil,
 The laborer in the quarry,
 The heaver of the coal;
 Your money pays the hand,
 But it can not pay the soul.
2. You gaze on the cathedral,
 Whose turrets meet the sky;
 Remember the foundations
 That in earth and darkness lie;
 For, were not these foundations
 So darkly resting here,
 Yon towers up could never soar
 So proudly in the air.
3. The workshop must be crowded,
 That the palace may be bright;
 If the plowman did not plow,
 Then the poet could not write;
 Then let every toil be hallowed
 That man performs for man,
 And have its share of honor,
 As part of one great plan.
4. See, light darts down from heaven,
 And enters where it may;
 The eyes of all earth's people
 Are cheered with one bright day.

- And let the *mind's* true sunshine
 Be spread o'er earth as free,
 And fill the souls of men,
 As the waters fill the sea.
5. The man who turns the soil,
 Need not have an earthly mind;
 The digger 'mid the coal
 Need not be in spirit blind;
 The MIND can shed a light
 On each worthy labor done,
 As lowest things are bright
 In the radiance of the sun.
6. What cheers the musing student,
 The poet, the divine?
 The thought that for his followers
 A brighter day will shine.
 Let every human laborer
 Enjoy the vision bright,
 Let the thought that comes from heaven
 Be spread like heaven's own light!
7. Ye men who hold the pen,
 Rise like a band inspired!
 And poets, let your lyres
 With hope for man be fired!
 Till the earth becomes a temple,
 And every human heart
 Shall join in one great service,
 Each happy in his part.

EXERCISE CXXV.

WISHES AND REALITIES.

WISHES.

1. "I wish I were a little bird,
 To fly so far and high,
 And sail along the golden clouds,
 And through the azure sky.
 I'd be the first to see the sun
 Up from the ocean spring;
 And ere it touched the glittering spire,
 His ray should gild my wing.

2. "Above the hills I'd watch him still,
Far down the crimson west ;
And sing to him my evening song,
Ere yet I sought my rest.
And many a land I then should see,
As hill and plain I crossed ;
Nor fear through all the pathless sky
That I should e'er be lost.
3. "I'd fly where round the olive bough
The vine its tendrils weaves ;
And shelter from the noonbeams seek
Among the myrtle leaves.
Now, if I climb our highest hill,
How little can I see !
O, had I but a pair of wings,
How happy should I be !"

REPLY.

4. "Wings can not soar above the sky,
As thou *in thought* canst do ;
Nor can the vailing clouds confine
Thy mental eye's keen view.
Not to the sun dost thou chant forth
Thy simple evening hymn ;
Thou praisest Him, before whose smile
The noonday sun grows dim.
5. "But thou mayst learn to trace the sun
Around the earth and sky,
And see him rising, setting still,
Where distant oceans lie !
To other lands the bird may guide
His pinions through the air ;
Ere yet he rest his wings, thou art
In thought before him there.
6. "Though strong and free, his wing may droop,
Or bands restrain its flight ;
Thought none may stay,—more fleet its course
Than swiftest beams of light ;
A lovelier clime than birds can find,
While summers go and come,
Beyond this earth remains for those
Whom God doth summon home."

EXERCISE CXXVI.

THE WILL.

Characters.—SWIPES, a brewer; CURRIE, a saddler; FRANK MILLINGTON, and 'SQUIRE DRAWL.

Swipes. (*pl.*) A sober occasion this, brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

Currie. Ah! we must *all die*, brother Swipes; and those who live longest, outlive the most.

Swipes. True, true; but since we *must die*, and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

Cur. Perfectly, perfectly. 'Squire Drawl told me she read every word of the will aloud, and never signed her name better.

Swipes. Had you any hint from the 'Squire, what disposition she made of her property?

Cur. Not a whisper; the 'Squire is as close as an underground tomb; but one of the witnesses hinted to me, that she had cut off her graceless nephew, Frank, without a shilling.

Swipes. Has she, good soul, has she? You know *I* come in, then, in right of my wife.

Cur. And *I* in my *own* right; and this is, no doubt, the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. 'Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your beer-barrels. But here comes the young reprobate. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. [*Enter FRANK MILLINGTON.*] Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress has left you, at last?

Swipes. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank. It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better, had I not often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my *only* friend, and I knew not her value.

Cur. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

Swipes. Ay, ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to do. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Cur. Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

Frank. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and

only hope that you will bear your fortune as *modestly* as I shall mine *submissively*. I shall retire. [*Going: he meets* 'SQUIRE DRAWL.]

'Squire. Stop, stop, young man. We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen, you are early on the ground.

Cur. I hope the 'Squire is well to-day.

'Squire. Pretty comfortable for an invalid.

Swipes. I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs again.

'Squire. No; I believe not. But since the heirs-at-law are all convened, I shall now proceed to open the last Will and Testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swipes. [*While the 'Squire is breaking the seal.*] It is a trying thing to leave all one's possessions, 'Squire, in this manner.

Cur. It really makes me feel melancholy, when I look round, and see every thing but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the preacher say,—“All is vanity.”

'Squire. Please to be seated, gentlemen. [*He puts on his spectacles, and begins to read slowly.*] Imprimis; whereas my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler.” [*The 'Squire takes off his spectacles, to wipe them.*]

Swipes. Generous creature! Kind soul! I always loved her.

Cur. She was good, she was kind;—and, brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I'll take the mansion-house.

Swipes. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it.

Cur. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes. And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did I not lend her a new chaise, every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence—

Swipes. Am I not named first in her will? and did I not furnish her with my best small beer, for more than six months? and who knows—

Frank. Gentlemen, I must leave you. [*Going.*]

'Squire. [*Putting on his spectacles very deliberately.*] Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats, I have not done yet. Let me

see; where was I? Ay,—“All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer,”—

Swipes. Yes!

'Squire. “And Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler.”

Cur. Yes!

'Squire. “To have and to hold, IN TRUST, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty-one years, by which time, I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him.”

Swipes. What is all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!* How does that appear? Where is it?

'Squire. There; in two words of as good old English as ever I penned.

Cur. Pretty well too, Mr. 'Squire, if we must be sent for, to be made a laughing stock of. She shall pay for every ride she has had out of my chaise, I promise you.

Swipes. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times! if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here, to be made the sport of a graceless profligate. But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie; we will make him feel that *trustees* are not to be trifled with.

Cur. That we will.

'Squire. Not so fast, gentlemen: for the instrument is dated three years ago; and the young gentleman must be already of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

Frank. It is, your worship.

'Squire. Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of the seal, according to law, you are released from any further trouble about the business.

EXERCISE CXXVII.

THE HILLS.

1. The hills!—the “everlasting hills!”
How peerlessly they rise,
Like Earth's gigantic sentinels
Discoursing in the skies.

Hail! Nature's storm-proof fortresses,
By Freedom's children trod;
Hail! ye invulnerable walls,—
The masonry of GOD!

2. When the dismantled pyramids
Shall blend with desert dust,
When every temple "made with hands"
Is faithless to its trust,
Ye shall not stoop your Titan crests,—
Magnificent as now!
Till your almighty Architect
In thunder bids you bow!
3. Glorious ye are, when Noon's fierce beams
Your naked summits smite,
As o'er ye Day's great lamp hangs poised
In cloudless chrysolite:
Glorious, when o'er ye sunset clouds,
Like brodered curtains lie;
Sublime, when through dim moonlight looms
Your spectral majesty!
4. I've seen, amid Helvetian Alps,
The Switzer's daring leap,
Poised on his pole, o'er bridgeless voids,
A thousand toises deep;
While in his keen, unquailing glance,
That challenged where it fell,
I saw the same high purpose beam
That nerved the patriot TELL.
5. I love the mountain maidens;
Their step's elastic spring
Is light, as if some viewless bird
Upbuoyed them with its wing;
Theirs is the wild, unfettered grace
That art hath never spoiled,
And theirs the healthful purity
That fashion-hath not soiled.
6. Mountains! I dwell not with ye now,
To climb ye, and rejoice;
And round me boometh, as I write,
A crowded city's voice:

But oft, in watches of the night,
 When sleep the turmoil stills,
 My spirit seems to walk abroad
 Among ye, MIGHTY HILLS!

7. There is a feeling in my soul
 That claims ye as its kin,
 A majesty that challenges
 Your grandeur as its twin:
 My spirit hath a portion in
 Your brightness and your gloom,
 And on your heights I'd make my home,
 And in your glens my tomb!

EXERCISE CXXVIII.

A N A P O L O G U E.

T. GASPEY.

1. 'Twas eight o'clock, and near the fire
 My ruddy little boy was seated,
 And with the titles of a sire
 My ears expected to be greeted.
 But vain the thought! by sleep oppressed,
 No father there the child descried;
 His head reclined upon his breast,
 Or nodding rolled from side to side.
2. "Let this young rogue be sent to bed;"
 More I had scarce had time to say,
 When the poor urchin raised his head,
 To beg that he might longer stay.
 Refused; away his steps he bent
 With tearful eye and aching heart,
 But claimed his playthings ere he went,
 And took up stairs his horse and cart.
3. Still for delay, though oft denied,
 He pleaded,—wildly craved the boon;
 Though past his usual hour, he cried
 At being sent to bed so soon!
 If stern to him, his grief I shared,
 (Unmoved who sees his offspring weep?)
 Of soothing him I half despaired;
 When all his cares were lost in sleep.

4. "Alas, poor infant!" I exclaimed,
 Thy father blushes now to scan,
 In all that he so lately blamed,
 The follies and the fears of man.
 The vain regret,—the anguish brief,
 Which thou hast known, sent up to bed,
 Portrayed of man the idle grief,
 When doomed to slumber with the dead.
5. And more I thought, when up the stairs
 With longing, lingering looks he crept,
 To mark of man the childish cares,
 His playthings carefully he kept.
 Thus mortals on life's later stage,
 When nature claims their perfect breath,
 Still grasp at wealth, in pain and age,
 And cling to golden toys in death.
6. 'Tis morn, and see my smiling boy
 Awakes to hail returning light;
 To fearless laughter, boundless joy!
 Forgot the tears of yesternight!
 Thus shall not man forget his woe;
 Survive of age and death the gloom?
 Smile at the cares he knew below,
 And, renovated, burst the tomb?

 EXERCISE CXXIX.

THE CONFESSION.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

1. There's somewhat on my breast, father,
 There's somewhat on my breast!
 The live-long day I sigh, father,
 At night I can not rest;
 I can not take my rest, father,
 Though I would fain do so,
 A weary weight oppresseth me,—
 The weary weight of woe!
2. 'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
 Nor lack of worldly gear;
 My lands are broad and fair to see,
 My friends are kind and dear;

My kin are leal and true, father,
 They mourn to see my grief,
 But, oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
 Can give my heart relief!

3. 'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
 'Tis not that she 's unkind;
 Though busy flatterers swarm around,
 I know her constant mind.
 'Tis not her coldness, father,
 That chills my laboring breast,—
 It's that confounded cucumber
 I've ate, and can't digest!

EXERCISE CXXX.

IS IT ANY BODY'S BUSINESS?

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

1. Is it any body's business
 If a gentleman should choose
 To wait upon a lady,
 If the lady don't refuse?
 Or, to speak a little plainer,
 That the meaning all may know,—
 Is it any body's business
 If a lady has a beau?
2. If a person 's on the sidewalk,
 Whether great or whether small,
 Is it any body's business
 Where that person means to call?
 Or, if you see a person
 As he is calling anywhere,
 Is it any of *your* business
 What *his* business may be there?
3. The substance of our query,
 Simply stated, would be this:—
 Is it *any body's* business
 What *another's* business is?
 If it *is*; or if it *isn't*,
 We would really like to know,
 For, we're certain, if it *isn't*,
 There are some who *make* it so.

-
4. If it *is*, we'll join the rabble,
 And act the noble part
 Of the tattlers and defamers
 Who throng the public mart;
 But if *not*, we'll act the teacher,
 Until each meddler learns,
 It were better in the future
 To MIND HIS OWN CONCERNS.
-

EXERCISE CXXXI.

SPEECH ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

LORD BROUGHAM.

1. My lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well, that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I can not look without dismay at the rejection of the measure. But, grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat,—temporary it can only be, for its ultimate, and even speedy success is certain,—nothing now can stop it.

2. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded that, even if the present ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles which surround you, without reform. But our successors would take up the task under circumstances far less auspicious. Under them you would be fain to grant a bill, compared with which the one we now proffer you, is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sibyl; for it contains a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate and offers you mildly the volumes—the precious volumes—of wisdom and peace.

3. The price she asks is reasonable—to restore the franchise; which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give: you refuse her terms—her moderate terms,—she darkens the porch no longer. But soon, for you can not do without her wares, you call her back. Again she comes, but with diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands, in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demand: it is Parliaments by the year—it is vote by the ballot—it is suffrage by the million! From this you turn away indignant, and, for the second time, she departs.

4. Beware of her third coming; for the treasure you must

have, and what price she may next demand who shall tell? It may even be the mace which rests on that woolsack. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I can not take upon me to predict; nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that, as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you expect to gather in another crop than they did, who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

5. But among the awful considerations which now bow down my mind, there is one which stands pre-eminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence, in the most trifling cause, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to *hear*, the mighty cause upon which hang a nation's hopes and fears? You are? Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving, but a resolute people; alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire.

6. As your friend, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my sovereign, I counsel you to assist with your uttermost efforts in preserving peace, and upholding and perpetuating the Constitution. Therefore I pray and exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear,—by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you, —I warn you,—I implore you,—yea, *on my bended knees* I supplicate you,—reject not this bill!

EXERCISE CXXXII.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

JOHN HANCOCK.

1. "TELL me, ye bloody butchers! ye villains high and low! ye wretches who contrived, as well as you who executed, the inhuman deed! do you not feel the goads and stings of conscious guilt pierce through your savage bosoms? Though some of you may think yourselves exalted to a high that bids defiance to the arms of human justice, and others shroud yourselves beneath the mask of hypocrisy, and build

your hopes of safety on the low arts of cunning, chicanery, and falsehood; yet do you not sometimes feel the gnawings of that worm which never dies? Do not the injured shades of Maverick, Gray, Caldwell, Attucks, and Carr, attend you in your solitary walks, arrest you even in the midst of your debaucheries, and fill even your dreams with terror?

2. "Ye dark, designing knaves! ye murderers! parricides! how dare you tread upon the earth which has drank in the blood of slaughtered innocents, shed by your wicked hands? How dare you breathe that air which wafted to the ear of Heaven the groans of those who fell a sacrifice to your accursed ambition? But, if the laboring earth does not expand her jaws; if the air you breathe is not commissioned to be the minister of death; yet hear it, and tremble! the eye of Heaven penetrates the darkest chambers of the soul; traces the leading clew through all the labyrinths which your industrious folly has devised; and you, however you may have screened yourselves from human eyes, must be arraigned, must lift your hands, red with the blood of those whose deaths you have procured, at the tremendous bar of God."

EXERCISE CXXXIII.

SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

W. R. WILLIAMS.

1. THE world, falsely or with justice, is shouting its own progress, and promising, in the advancement of the masses, the moral development of the individual. It is an age of eager and rapid discovery in the *Physical Sciences*. The laws and uses of matter receive profound investigation, and each day are practically applied with some new success. But some of the philosophers thus busied about the material world, seem to think that the world of mind is virtually a nonentity.

2. As Geology scratches the rind of our globe, some are hoping to dig up and fling out before the nations a contradiction to the oracles of the earth's Creator, and to find a birth-mark on the creature that shall impeach the truth of its Maker's registers as to its age and history. Others, in the strides of Astronomy, along her star-paved way, hope to see her travel beyond the eye of the Hebrew Jehovah, and bringing back from her far journey a denial of the word that His lips have uttered. Yet Physical Science can certainly neither create nor replace Moral Truth.

3. The crucible of the chemist can not disintegrate the human soul, or evaporate the Moral Law. The Decalogue, and the Sermon on the Mount, Conscience and Sin, the superhuman majesty and purity of Christ, the Holy Ghost and the Mercy-seat, would remain, even if a new Cuvier and another Newton should arise, to carry far higher, and to sink far deeper, than it has ever yet done, the line of human research; and even if these new masters of physical lore should blaspheme where the older teachers may have adored.

4. Some claim that Revelation must be recast, to meet the advances in Natural Science. They overlook the true limitations as to the power and prerogatives of mere Material Knowledge. And what are the new and loftier views of man's origin and destiny which these reformers propose to substitute for those views which they would abolish? On the basis of a few hardy generalizations upon imaginary or distorted facts, and by the aid of some ingenious assumptions, a system is excogitated that is to strip the race of immortality, conscience, and accountability, and that represents us as but a development of the ape, to be one day superseded by some being of yet nobler developments than our own, and who will have the right to rule and kill us, as we now rule and kill the beasts of the forest.

5. And is it thus that Philosophy reforms upon the Bible? No,—in the endeavor to outgrow Revelation, it has but succeeded in outgrowing reason, and brutifying humanity. No,—let Science perfect yet more her telescopes, and make taller her observatories, and deeper her mines, and more searching her crucibles; all will not undermine Jehovah's throne, or sweep out of the moral heavens the great star-line truths of Revelation, and least of all the Sun of Righteousness.

6. God's omniscience is never to be ultimately brought down to, and schooled by, man's nescience, as its last standard and test. The last and greatest of the world's scholars will, we doubt not, be among the lowliest worshipers, and the loudest heralds of the crucified Nazarene. The Gospel is true—true intensely, entirely, and eternally; and all other and inferior truth, as it shall be more patiently and thoroughly evolved, will assume its due place and proportion, as but-tressing and exalting the great, pervading, controlling, incarnate Truth,—Christ the Maker, the Sovereign, the Upholder, and the Judge, no less than the Redeemer of the world.

EXERCISE CXXXIV.

DEGENERACY OF MODERN GREECE.

BYRON.

1. The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.
2. The mountains look on Marathon,
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And, musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free ;
 For, standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.
3. A King sat on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men and nations—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day,—
 And when the sun set, where were they ?
4. And where are they ? and where art thou
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now,—
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?
5. You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet ;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave,—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?
6. 'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel, at least, a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks, a blush,—for Greece, a tear !

-
7. Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must we but blush? Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred, grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!
8. Whàt! silent stìll? and silent àll?
 Ah! nò:—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, (*f.*) "Let one living head,
 But one arise,—*we come, WE COME!*"
 'Tis but the *living* who are dumb.
-

EXERCISE CXXXV.

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

J. PIERPONT.

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 yon 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 afire!
 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. (*sl.*) In the God of battles trust!
 Die we may,—and die we must:
 But, oh! where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
 As where heaven its dews shall shed
 On the martyred patriot's bed,
 And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell?

EXERCISE CXXXVI.

LIVING UP FIVE PAIR OF STAIRS.

1. Such a thing as true bliss in this life is a bubble ;
For all the world over man's weighed down by trouble :
'Tis true there are some who are favored by fate,
But still more or less woe on all doth await.
Some grievance or other our peace is destroying,
Though each person thinks his own case most annoying
But listen to me while my sad muse declares,
The horrors of living up *five pair of stairs* ;
Hear how multitudes suffer from *living too high*,
In tenements built up almost to the sky.
2. As your wife and your daughters are quietly sitting
At dinner, or tea, or sewing, or knitting,
They 're roused by a knock,—one runs down but to find
A fellow lowd bawling : “ *Scissors to grind !*”
She scarcely gets back, when the bell her ear catches,
She runs down again,—there 's a beggar with matches !
And so all day long with their various wares,
Those street-traders bring her down *five pair of stairs !*
3. The house that you live in, is aged and hoary,
And as you are dwelling upon the fifth story,
When a shower comes on, you must tug with a mop,
For the snow and the air both come in at the top.
And on some windy night when a deep sleep you 're all in,
You 're suddenly woke by the house top a falling ;
Fate only kills *you*, all the *others* it spares,
Who were not residing up *five pair of stairs !*
4. From slumber you 're roused by loud knocking and ringing,
Which causes you quick from your bed to be springing ;
To get on your clothes, you are all in a worry,
But a second peal forces you down in a hurry.
You open the door to see who it is dunning,
But the rascal who rung is fast away running,
With a laugh loud and hearty along as he tears,
At dragging you naked down *five pair of stairs !*
5. Some morning while sitting at home at your leisure,
You say to yourself,—“ I'll be my own glazier !

The windows are dirty,—I'll give them a dust ;"
 So outside on the ledge soon your body you thrust ;
 But straining too high your foot makes a stumble,
 And into a passing mud cart down you tumble ;
 But 'scape just with life, blaming poverty's snares,
 That found you a lodging up *five pair of stairs !*

EXERCISE CXXXVII.

A CASUAL INTERVIEW.

Enter BROWN and JONES. Meeting, they stop and shake hands most cordially for several minutes.

Brown. How are you, JONES ?

Jones. Why, BROWN, I do declare 't is quite an age since you and I have met.

Brown. I'm quite delighted.

Jones. I'm extremely glad. [*An awkward pause.*]

Brown. Well! and how *are* you ?

Jones. Thank you, very well; and *you*, I hope are well ?

Brown. Quite well, I thank you. [*Another awkward pause.*]

Jones. Oh!—by the way—have you seen THOMSON lately ?

Brown. Not very lately. (*After a pause, and as if struck with a happy idea.*) But I met with SMITH—a week ago.

Jones. Oh! did you though, indeed? And how was SMITH ?

Brown. Why he seemed pretty well. [*Another long pause; at the end of which both appear as if they were going to speak to each other.*]

Jones. I beg your pardon.

Brown. You were going to speak ?

Jones. Oh! nothing. I was only going to say—Good morning.

Brown. Oh! and so was I. Good-day. [*Both shake hands, and are going off in opposite directions, when Brown turns round. Jones turning round at the same time they both return and look at each other.*]

Jones. I thought you wished to speak, by looking back.

Brown. Oh, no. I thought the same.

Both together. Good-by! Good-by! [*Exeunt finally; and the conversation and the curtain drop together.*]

EXERCISE CXXXVIII.

D A M E F R E D E G O N D E .

WILLIAM AYTOUN.

1. When folks, with headstrong passion blind,
 To play the fool make up their mind,
 They're sure to come with phrases nice,
 And modest air, for your *advice*.
 But, as a truth unfailing make it,
 They *ask*, but never mean to *take* it.
 'T is not *advice* they want, in fact,
 But *confirmation* in their act.
 Now mark what did, in such a case,
 A worthy priest who knew the race.
2. A dame more buxom, blithe, and free,
 Than Fredegonde you scarce would see.
 So smart her dress, so trim her shape,
 Ne'er hostess, offered juice of grape,
 Could for her trade wish better sign;
 Her looks gave flavor to her wine,
 And each guest feels it, as he sips,
 Smack of the ruby of her lips.
 A smile for all, a welcome glad,
 A jovial, coaxing way she had;
 And,—what was more her fate than blame,—
 A nine months' widow was our dame.
 But toil was hard, for trade was good,
 And gallants sometimes will be rude.
 "And what can a lone woman do?
 The nights are long and eerie¹ too.
 Now, Guillot² there 's a likely man,
 None better draws or taps a can;
 He 's *just* the man, I think, to suit,
 If I could bring my courage to 't."
 With thoughts like these her mind is crossed:
 The dame, they say, who doubts, is lost.
 "But then the risk? I'll beg a slice
 Of Father Raulin's good advice."
3. Pranked in her best, with looks demure,
 She seeks the priest; and, to be sure,

¹ Frightful.² Pronounced Guil-lo.

- Asks if *he* thinks she ought to wed :
 " With such a business on my head,
 I'm worried off my legs with care,
 And need some help to keep things square.
 I've thought of Guillot, truth to tell !
 He 's steady, knows his business well.
 What do *you* think ?" When thus he met her :
 " Oh, take him, dear, you can't do better !"
 " But then the danger, my good pastor,
 If of the man I make the master.
 There is no trusting to those men."
 " Well, well, my dear, don't have him then !"
 " But help I *must* have, there 's the curse.
 I may go further and fare worse."
 " Why, take him, then !" " But, if he should
 Turn out a thankless ne'er-do-good,—
 In drink and riot waste my all,
 And rout me out of house and hall ?"
 " Don't have him; then ! But I 've a plan
 To clear your doubts, if any can.
 The bells a peal are ringing,—hark !
 Go straight, and what they tell you mark.
 If they say ' Yes !' wed, and be blest,—
 If ' No,'—why—do as you think best !"
4. The bells rung out a triple bob :
 O, how our widow's heart did throb,
 And thus she heard their burden go,—
 " Marry, mar-marry, mar-Guillot !"
 Bells were not then left to hang idle :
 A week,—and they rang for her bridal.
 But, woe the while, they might as well
 Have rung the poor dame's parting knell.
 The rosy dimples left her cheek,
 She lost her beauties plump and sleek ;
 For Guillot oftener kicked than kissed,
 And backed his orders with his fist :
 Proving by deeds as well as words,
 That servants make the worst of lords.
5. She seeks the priest her ire to wreak,
 And speaks as angry women speak,
 With tiger looks, and bosom swelling,
 Cursing the hour she took his telling.
 To all, his calm reply was this :
 " I fear you 've read the bells amiss.

If they have led you wrong in aught,
 Your wish, not they, inspired the thought.
 Just go, and mark well what they say."
 Off trudged the dame upon her way,
 And sure enough the chime went so,—
 "Don't have that knave, that knave Guillot!"
 "Too true," she cried, "there 's not a doubt:
 What could my ears have been about!"
 She had forgot that, as fools think,
 The bell is ever sure to clink.

EXERCISE CXXXIX.

CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS AGAINST CÆSAR.

SHAKSPEARE.

1. *Cas.* Well; *honor* is the subject of my story.
 I can not tell what *you* and *other men*
 Think of this life; but, for my single *self*,
 I had as lief *not be*, as live to be
 In awe of *such* a thing *as* I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were *you*:
 We both have fed as well; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
 Cæsar said to me: "Darest thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
 Accoutered as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
2. The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
 Cæsar cried,—“Help me, Cassius, or I sink!”
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
 Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

3. He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its luster; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried,—“Give me some drink, Titinius,”
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me,
A man of such feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
4. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men, at some time, are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar! What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together; yours is as fair a name;
Sound them; it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them; it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. (Shout.)
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou has lost the breed of noble bloods!
5. When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with *one* man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walks compassed but *one* man?
Now is it Rome, indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man?
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his seat in Rome,
As easily as a king.

EERCISE CXL.

IRISH COURTESY.

SEDLEY.

STRANGER—O'CALLAGHAN.

Stranger. I have lost my way, good friend; can you assist me in finding it?

O'Callaghan. Assist you in finding it, sir? ay, by my faith and troth, and that I will, if it was to the world's end, and further too.

Str. I wish to return by the shortest route to the Black Rock.

O'Cal. Indade, and you will, so plase your honor's honor,—and O'Callaghan's own self will show you the way, and then you can't miss it, you know.

Str. I would not give you so much trouble, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'Cal. It is never a trouble, so plase your honor, for an Irishman to do his duty. (*Bowing.*)

Str. Whither do you travel, friend?

O'Cal. To Dublin, so plase your honor—sure all the world knows that Judy O'Flannaghan will be married to-morrow, God willing, to Pat Ryan; and Pat, you know, is my own foster-brother—because why, we had but one nurse between us, and that was my own mother; but she died one day—the Lord rest her swate soul! and left me an orphan, for my father married again, and his new wife was the divil's own child, and did nothing but bate me from morning till night. Oeh, why did I not die before I was born to see that day! for by St. Patrick, the woman's heart was as cold as a hail-stone.

Str. But what reason could she have for treating you so unmercifully, Mr. O'Callaghan?

O'Cal. Ah, your honor, and sure enough there are always reasons as plenty as pratees for being hard-hearted. And I was no bigger than a dumpling at the time, so I could not help myself, and my father did not care to help me, and so I hopped the twig, and parted old Nick's darling; oeh, may the divil find her wherever she goes. But here I am alive and lapeing, and going to see Pat married; and faith, to do him justice, he's as honest a lad as any within ten miles of us, and no disparagement neither; and I love Pat, and I love all his family; ay, by my shoul do I, every mother's skin of them,—and, by the same token, I have traveled many a long mile to be present at his wedding.

Str. Your miles in Ireland are much longer than ours, I believe.

O' Cal. Indade, and you may believe that, your honor, because why, St. Patrick measured them in his coach, you know. Och, by the powers! the time has been—but, 'tis no matter, not a single copper at all at all now belongs to the family—but, as I was saying, the day has been, ay, by my troth, and the night too, when the O'Callaghans, good luck to them, held their heads up as high as the best; and, though I have not a rod of land belonging to me, but what I hire, I love my country, and would halve my last pratee with any poor creature that has none.

Str. Pray, how does the bride appear, Mr. O'Callaghan?

O' Cal. Och, by my shoul, your honor, she's a nate article; and then she will be rigged out as gay as a lark and as fine as a peacock; because why, she has a great lady for her god-mother, long life and success to her, who has given Judy two milch cows, and five pounds in hard money; and Pat has taken as dacent apartments as any in Dublin—a nate comely parlor as you 'd wish to see, just six fate under ground, with a nice beautiful ladder to go down—and all so complate and gentale—and comfortable, as a body may say.

Str. Nothing like comfort, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O' Cal. Faith, and you may say that, your honor. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Comfort, is comfort, says I to Mrs. O'Callaghan, when we were all seated so cleverly around a great big turf fire, as merry as grigs, with the dear little grunTERS snoring so swately in the corner, defying wind and weather, with a dry thatch, and a sound conscience to go to slape upon.

Str. A good conscience makes a soft pillow.

O' Cal. Och, jewel, sure it is not the best beds that make the best slapers; for there's Kathleen and myself can sleep like two great big tops, and our bed is none of the softest,—because why, we slape on the ground, and have no bed at all at all.

Str. It is a pity, my honest fellow, that you should ever want one. There (*giving him a guinea*), good-by, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O' Cal. I'll drink your honor's health, that I will; and may God and the blessed Virgin bless you and yours, as long as grass grows and water runs.

EXERCISE CXLI.

INVECTIVE AGAINST MR. CORRY.

HENRY GRATTAN.

1. HAS the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word that he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House; but I did not call him to order. Why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary; but before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt any thing which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation.

2. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under, when he attacked me; conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an *honest* man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it, when not made by an honest man.

3. The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he *dare* not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow. I will not call him a villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counselor. I will not call him a fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; but I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and the freedom of debate, to the uttering of language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a *blow*.

4. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite, my answer would be a *blow*. He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee

there was a physical impossibility of that report being true ; but I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

5. I have returned, not, as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm,—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of *such* men as the honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt,—they are seditious,—and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial : I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman ; I defy the government ; I defy the whole phalanx. Let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defense of the liberties of my country.

EXERCISE CXLII.

THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL.,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

1. I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this House. I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful toward the nation to which I belong,—toward a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct nation : it has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny. I call upon this House, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen. Against the bill I protest, in the name of the Irish people, and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertions, that grievances are not to be complained of,—that our redress is not to be agitated ; for, in such cases, remonstrances can not be too strong, agitation can not be too violent, to

show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

2. The clause which does away with *trial by jury*,—what, in the name of Heaven, is it, if it is not the establishment of a revolutionary tribunal? It drives the judge from his bench; it does away with that which is more sacred than the Throne itself,—that for which your King reigns, your Lords deliberate, your Commons assemble. If ever I doubted before of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill,—this infamous bill,—the way in which it has been received by the House; the manner in which its opponents have been treated; the personalities to which they have been subjected; the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted,—*all* these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph.

3. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? < Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills? O, they will be heard there!—yes, and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation;—they will say,—“We are eight millions; and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the Isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!”

4. I have done my duty. I stand acquitted to my conscience and to my country. I have opposed this measure throughout; and I now protest against it, as harsh, oppressive, uncalled-for, unjust;—as establishing an infamous precedent, by retaliating crime against crime;—as tyrannous,—cruelly and vindictively tyrannous!

EXERCISE CXLIII.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;—
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

2. That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure ;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing !
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well ;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.
3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips !
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well ;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

EXERCISE CXLIV.

PARODY ON THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view !
The cheese-press, the goose-pond, the pigs in the wild-wood,
And every old stump that my infancy knew.
The big linkum-basswood, with wide-spreading shadow ;
The horses that grazed where my grandmother fell ;
The sheep on the mountain, the calves in the meadow,
And all the young kittens we drowned in the well.
The meek little kittens, the milk-loving kittens,
The poor little kittens, we drowned in the well.
2. I remember with pleasure my grandfather's goggles,
Which rode so majestic astraddle his nose ;
And the harness, oft mended with tow-string and "toggles,"
That belonged to old Dolly, now free from her woes.

- And fresh in my heart is the long maple wood-pile,
 Where often I've worked with beetle and wedge,
 Striving to whack up enough to last for a good while,
 And grumbling because my old ax had no edge.
 And there was the kitchen, and pump that stood nigh it,
 Where we sucked up the drink through a quill in the spout;
 And the hooks where we hung up the pumpkin to dry it;
 And the old cider pitcher, "no doing without:"
 The old brown earthen pitcher, the nozzle-cracked pitcher,
 The pain-easing pitcher, "no doing without."
3. And there was the school-house, away from each dwelling,
 Where school-ma'ams would govern with absolute sway;
 Who taught me my "'rithmetic," reading, and spelling,
 And "whaled me like blazes" about every day!
 I remember the ladder that swung in the passage,
 Which led to the loft in the peak of the house;
 Where my grandmother hung up her "pumpkin and sausage,"
 To keep them away from the rat and the mouse.
 But now, far removed from that nook of creation,
 Emotions of grief big as tea-kettles swell,
 When Fancy rides back to my old habitation,
 And thinks of the kittens we drowned in the well.
 The meek little kittens, the milk-loving kittens,
 The poor little kittens, we drowned in the well.

 EXERCISE CXLV.

BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. When doffed his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
 "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustice, where?
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
 Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
 Cry,—' Marmion to the rescue!—Vain!
 Last of my race, on battle-plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
 Yet my last thought is England's:—fly!
 To Dacre bear my signet-ring,
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring;
 Fitz-Eustice, to Lord Surrey hie!
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield:

Edmund is down,—my life is reft!
 The admiral alone is left.
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,
 Or victory and England's lost.
 Must I bid twice?—hence varlets, fly!
 Leave Marmion here alone,—to die."

They parted,—and alone he lay:
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmured: (*pl.*) "Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nursed,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst?"

2. O woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When with the baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran:
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears:
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew;
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,
 Where raged the war, a dark red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue!
 Where shall she turn?—Behold her mark
 A little fountain cell,
 Where water clear as diamond spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
 She filled the helm and back she hied,
 And, with surprise and joy, espied
 A monk, supporting Marmion's head;
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

3. Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And as she stooped his brow to lave,—
 “Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,
 “Or injured Constance, bathes my head?”
 Then, as remembrance rose,—
 “Talk not to me of shrift or prayer,
 I must redress her woes!
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare!
 Forgive!—and listen, gentle Clare!”
 “Alas!” she said, “the while,—
 O think of your immortal weal!
 In vain for Constance is your zeal,—
 She died at Holy Isle!”
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,
 As light as though he felt no wound;
 Though in the action burst the tide
 In torrents, from his wounded side!
 “Then it was truth!” he said:—“I knew
 That the dark presage must be true!
 I would the fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would spare me but a day!
 For, wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar-stone,
 Might bribe him for delay.
 It may not be—this dizzy trance—
 Curse on yon base marauder’s lance!
 And doubly cursed my failing brand!
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand!”
 Then fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling monk.
4. With fruitless labor Clare bound,
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
 The monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church’s prayers:
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady’s voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung:—
 “In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war’s rattle, with groans of the dying!”
 So the notes rung:

" Avoid thee, fiend!—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
 O! look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine!
 O! think on faith and bliss!
 By many a deathbed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this!"
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
 And—"STANLEY!" was the cry:
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye;
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "VICTORY!"—
 "CHARGE! Chester, CHARGE! ON!—Stanley!—ON!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

EXERCISE CXLVI.

ROLLA, TO THE PERUVIANS.

SHERIDAN.

1. MY brave associates,—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! you have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which those bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. *They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule; *we*, for our country, our altars, and our homes. *They* follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate;—*we* serve a monarch whom we love, and a God whom we adore.

2. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship! They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error: Yes; they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice and pride! They offer us their protection: yës, such protection as vultures give to lâmbes,—covering and devouring them!

They call upon us to barter all the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better,—which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne we honor is the people's choice,—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy,—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

EXERCISE CXLVIII.

LABOR, MAN'S GREAT FUNCTION.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

1. SUCH, I repeat, is the world, and such is man. The earth he stands upon, and the air he breathes, are, so far as his improvement is concerned, but elements to be wrought by him to certain purposes. If he stood on earth passively and unconscious, imbibing the dew and sap, and spreading his arms to the light and air, he would be but a *tree*. If he grew up capable neither of purpose nor of improvement, with no guidance but instinct, and no powers but those of digestion and locomotion, he would be but an *animal*. But he is *more* than this; he is a MAN; he is made to improve; he is made, therefore, to think, to act, to work.

2. Labor is his great function, his peculiar distinction, his privilege. Can he not think so? Can he not see, that from being an animal,—to eat, and drink, and sleep, to become a worker,—to put forth the hand of ingenuity, and to pour his own thought into the molds of nature, fashioning them into forms of grace and fabrics of convenience, and converting them to purposes of improvement and happiness,—can he not see, I repeat, that this is the greatest possible step in privilege?

3. Labor, I say, is man's great function. The earth and the atmosphere are his laboratory. With spade and plow, with mining shafts, and furnaces, and forges, with fire and steam, amidst the noise and whirl of swift and bright machinery, and abroad in the silent fields, beneath the roofing sky, man was made to be ever working, every experimenting. And while he, and all his dwellings of care and toil, are borne onward with the circling skies, and the shows of

heaven are around him, and their infinite depths image and invite his thought, still in all the worlds of philosophy, in the universe of intellect, man must be a worker. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, fulfill nothing, without working.

4. Not only can he gain no lofty improvement without this, but without it he can gain no tolerable happiness. So that he who gives himself up to utter indolence finds it too hard for him, and is obliged in self-defense, unless he be an idiot, to do something. The miserable victims of idleness and ennui, driven at last from their chosen resort, are compelled to work, to do something; yes, to employ their wretched and worthless lives in,—“killing time.” They must hunt down the hours as their prey. Yes, *time*, that mere abstraction, that sinks light as the air upon the eyelids of the busy and the weary, to the idle is an enemy, clothed with gigantic armor; and they must kill it, or themselves die. They can not live in mere idleness; and all the difference between them and others is, that they employ their activity to no useful end. They find, indeed, that the hardest work in the world is, to do nothing!

EXERCISE CXLVIII.

VALUE OF POPULARITY.

LORD MANSFIELD.

1. My Lords, I come, now to speak upon what, indeed, I would have gladly avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been said by a noble lord on my left hand, that *I*, likewise, am running the race of popularity. If the noble lord means by popularity, that applause bestowed by after ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been struggling in that race; to what purpose, all-trying time can alone determine: but, if the noble lord means that mushroom popularity which is raised without merit, and lost without crime, he is much mistaken in his opinion.

2. I defy the noble lord to point out a single action of my life, in which the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations. I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct,—the dictates of my own breast. Those that have foregone that pleasing adviser,

and given up their mind to be the slave of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity: I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them, that many who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day, have received its execrations the next; and many who, by the popularity of their times, have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the historian's page,—when truth has triumphed over delusion,—the assassins of liberty.

3. True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all,—*to the king and to the beggar*. Where is the justice, then, or where is the law, that protects a member of Parliament more than any other man from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow no place, nor employment to be a sanctuary for crimes; and where I have the honor to sit as judge, neither royal favor, nor popular applause shall ever protect the guilty.

EXERCISE CXLIX.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE RATS.

1. A Frenchman once who was a merry wight,
 Passing to town from Dover in the night,
 Near the road-side an ale-house chanced to spy:
 And being rather tired as well as dry,
 Resolved to enter; but first he took a peep,
 In hopes a supper he might get and cheap.
 He enters: "Hallo! Garçon, if you please,
 Bring me a leetle bread and cheese!
 And hallo! Garçon, a pot of porter too!" he said,
 "Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed."
2. His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
 Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,
 Into his pocket put; then slowly crept
 To wished-for bed; but not a wink he slept,
 For, on the floor some sacks of flour were laid,
 To which the rats a nightly visit paid.
3. Our hero now undressed, popped out the light,
 Put on his cap and bade the world good-night;
 But first the breeches which contained the fare,
 Under his pillow he had placed with care.

Sans cérémonie¹ soon the rats all ran,
 And on the flour-sacks greedily began ;
 At which they gorged themselves ; then, smelling round,
 Under the pillow soon the cheese they found ;
 And while at this they regaling sat,
 Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap ;
 Who, half awake, cries out,—“ Hallo ! hallo !
 Vat is dat nibbel at my pillow so ?
 Ah ! 't is one big huge rat !
 Vat de diable is it he nibbel, nibbel at ?”

4. In vain our little hero sought repose ;
 Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose ;
 And such the pranks they kept up all the night,
 That he, on end antipodes upright,
 Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.
 (f.) “ Hallo ! Maison ! Garçon, I say !
 Bring me the bill for vat I have to pay !”
 The bill was brought, and to his great surprise,
Ten shillings was the charge : he scarce believes his eyes ;
 With eager haste he runs it o'er,
 And every time he viewed it thought it more.
 “Vy zounds, and zounds !” he cries, “ I sall no pay ;
 Vat ! charge ten shelangs for vat I have mangé ?
 Leetle sup of porter, dis vile bed,
 Vare all de rats do run about my heád ?”
5. “ Plague on those rats !” the landlord muttered out ;
 “ I wish, upon my word, that I could make 'em scout :
 I'll pay him well that can.” “ Vat's dat you say ?”
 “ I'll pay him well that can.” “ Attend to me, I pray :
 Vill you dis charge forego, vat I am at,
 If from your house I drive away de rat ?”
 “ With all my heart,” the jolly host replies.
 “ Écoutez donc, ami ;”² the Frenchman cries.
 “ First, den—regardez,³ if you please,
 Bring to dis spot a leetal bread and cheese.
 Eh bien !⁴ a pot of porter too ;
 And den invite de rats to sup vid you.
 And after dat,—no matter dey be villing,—
 For vat dey eat, you charge dem just *ten shelang* !
 And I am sure, ven dey behold de score,
 Dey 'll quit your house, and never come no more.”

¹ Without ceremony. ² Hear me then, friend. ³ Mind. ⁴ Well !

EXERCISE CL.

HOW TO TELL BAD NEWS.

MR. H. AND STEWARD.

Mr. H. HA! steward, how are you, my old boy? How do things go on at home?

Steward. Bad enough, your honor; the magpie's dead.

Mr. H. Poor Mag! so he's gone. How came he to die?

Stew. Over-ate himself, sir.

Mr. H. Did he, indeed? a greedy dog! Why, what did he get he liked so well?

Stew. Horse-flesh, sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.

Mr. H. How came he to get so much horse-flesh?

Stew. All your father's horses, sir.

Mr. H. What! are they dead, too?

Stew. Ay, sir; they died of over-work.

Mr. H. And why were they over-worked, pray?

Stew. To carry water, sir.

Mr. H. To carry water! and what were they carrying water for?

Stew. Sure, sir, to put out the fire.

Mr. H. Fire! what fire?

Stew. O, sir, your father's house is burned down to the ground.

Mr. H. My father's house burned down! and how came it set on fire?

Stew. I think, sir, it must have been the torches.

Mr. H. Torches! what torches?

Stew. At your mother's funeral.

Mr. H. Alas! my mother dead?

Stew. Ah, poor lady, she never looked up after it!

Mr. H. After what?

Stew. The loss of your father.

Mr. H. My father gone, too?

Stew. Yes, poor gentleman, he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

Mr. H. Heard of what?

Stew. The bad news, sir, and please your honor.

Mr. H. What! more miseries? more bad news? No! you can add nothing more!

Stew. Yes, sir; your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I make bold, sir, to come to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news!

EXERCISE CLI.

MORAL DESOLATION.

1. WAR may stride over the land with the crushing step of a giant,—Pestilence may *steal* over it like an *invisible* curse; reaching its victims silently and unseen; unpeopling here a village and there a city, until every dwelling is a sepulcher;—Famine may brood over it with a long and weary visitation, until the sky itself is brazen, and the beautiful greenness gives place to a parched desert,—a wide waste of unproductive desolation. But these are only physical evils. The wild flower will bloom in peace on the field of battle and above the crushed skeleton. The destroying angel of the pestilence will retire when his errand is done, and the nation will again breathe freely. And the barrenness of famine will cease at last,—the cloud will be prodigal of its hoarded rain, and the wilderness will blossom.

2. But for *moral desolation* there is no reviving spring. Let the moral and republican principles of our country be abandoned,—our representatives bow in conditional obsequiousness to individual dictation. Let impudence, and intrigue, and corruption triumph over honesty and intellect, and our liberties and strength will depart forever. Of these there can be no resuscitation. The “abomination of desolation” will be fixed and perpetual; and as the mighty fabric of our glory totters into ruins, the nations of the earth will mock us in our overthrow, like the powers of darkness, when the throned one of Babylon became even as themselves, and the “glory of the Chaldee’s excellency” had gone down forever.

EXERCISE CLII.

CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

PHILLIPS.

1. HE is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a seep-tered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive,—a will, despotic in

its dictates,—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character,—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

2. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest; he acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshiped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry.

3. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

EXERCISE CLIII.

TUBAL CAIN.

CHARLES MACKAY

1. Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
 In the days when earth was young:
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
 The strokes of his hammer rung:
 And he lifted high his brawny hand
 On the iron glowing clear,
 Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
 As he fashioned the sword and spear.
 And he sang:—(°°) "HURRAH for my handiwork!
 HURRAH for the spear and the sword!
 HURRAH for the hand that shall wield them well,
 For he shall be king and lord!"

2. To Tubal Cain came many a one,
 As he wrought by his roaring fire,
 And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
 As the crown of his desire :
 And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
 Till they shouted loud for glee,
 And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
 And spoils of the forest free.
 And they sang :—" HURRAH for Tubal Cain,
 Who hath given us strength anew !
 HURRAH for the smith, HURRAH for the fire,
 And HURRAH for the metal true !"
3. (^{sl}) But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
 Ere the setting of the sun ;
 And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
 For the evil he had done :
 He saw that men, with rage and hate,
 Made war upon their kind,
 That the land was red with the blood they shed,
 In their lust for carnage blind.
 And he said :—" Alas ! that ever I made,
 Or that skill of mine should plan,
 The spear and the sword for men whose joy
 Is to slay their fellow-man !"
4. And for many a day old Tubal Cain
 Sat brooding o'er his woe :
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
 And his furnace smoldered low.
- (<) But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
 And a bright courageous eye,
 And bared his strong right arm for work,
 While the quick flames mounted high.
 And he sang :—" HURRAH for my handiwork !"
 And the red sparks lit the air ;
 " Not *alone* for the blade was the bright steel made."
 And he fashioned the first plowshare.
5. And men, taught wisdom from the past,
 In friendship joined their hands,
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
 And plowed the willing lands ;

And sang :—"HURRAH for Tubal Cain!
 Our stanch good friend is he;
 And for the plowshare and the plow,
 To him our praise shall be.
 But while oppression lifts its head,
 Or a tyrant would be lord—
 Though we may thank him for the PLOW,
 We 'll not forget the SWORD!"

EXERCISE CLIV.

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

JOHN LOFFLAND.

The following lines were written on a tradition of an Indian's revenge for his murdered family.

1. The Indian stood in stately pride,
 His eye-balls rolling wild and wide,
 And glaring on his prostrate foe,
 Writhing beneath the expected blow;
 His teeth were clinched, his nostrils wide,
 And ever and anon he cried :—
 "My father, wife and children died
 By thee, thou cruel one;
 My cherished hopes of years are o'er,
 My friends are bleeding on the shore,
 Thy hands are reeking with their gore,
 And I am all undone.

2. And shall they unavenged¹ still sleep,
 And I still linger there to weep?
 Nay, nay, I swear by sea and land,
 The hour of vengeance is at hand;
 Thou'st robbed me of a father, wife,
 And children. What to me is life?
 A desert wild, a waste of years,
 A scene of trouble and of tears;
 My children, slain by thy white hand,
 Are waiting in yon distant land:
 I come, I come, with vengeance dread;
 White man, I go when thou art dead."

¹ It was a prevalent idea among the Indians, that those of their friends who had been murdered, could not be happy in another world, till their murder was avenged.

3. He said, and seized his foe,
 Rushing upon the rocky hight,
 That overhung the abyss of night,
 Where high he held the quivering form,
 Above the cataract of storm,
 And sung the death-song wild and high,
 With yell that echoed through the sky,
 Then with him plunged below :
 And long, when they had disappeared,
 From echoing caves and rocks were heard,
 The shrill and solemn sounding word,
 "I COME! I COME!"

EXERCISE CLV.

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

MISS JEWSBURY.

1. I saw him on the battle-eve,
 When like a king he bore him :
 Proud hosts were there in helm and greave,
 And prouder chiefs before him.
 The warrior, and the warrior's deeds,—
 The morrow, and the morrow's meeds,—
 No daunting thought came o'er him ;
 He looked around him, and his eye
 Defiance flashed to earth and sky!
2. He looked on ocean,—its broad breast
 Was covered with his fleet ;
 On earth,—and saw from east to west,
 His bannered millions meet ;
 While rock, and glen, and cave, and ocean,
 Shook with the war-cry of that host,
 The thunder of their feet !
 He heard the imperial echoes ring :
 He heard,—and felt himself a king !
3. I saw him next alone ; nor camp
 Nor chief his steps attended ;
 Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
 With war-cries proudly blended.

- He* stood alone, whom fortune high
 So lately seemed to deify :
 He who with Heaven contended,
 Fled, like a fugitive and slave !
 Behind,—the foe ; before,—the wave !
4. He stood ; fleet, army, treasure, gone,—
 Alone, and in despair !
 While wave and wind swept ruthless on,
 For *they* were monarchs there ;
 And Xerxes, in a single bark,
 Where late his thousand ships were dark,
 Must all their fury dare ;
 What a revenge, a trophy, this,
 For thee, immortal Salamis !

EXERCISE CLVI.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

ADDISON.

SCENE—CATO *sitting in a thoughtful posture, with Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul in his hand ; and a drawn sword on the table by him.*

1. It must be so,—Plato, thou reasonest well !
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into naught ? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
2. Eternity !—thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there 's a Power above us,
 (And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works), he must delight in virtue ;
 And that which he delights in must be happy. -
 But when ? or where ? This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures, — this must end them.
 [*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

3. Thus am I doubly armed : my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to an end ;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds !

EXERCISE CLVII.

EXHORTATION TO YOUTH.

E. H. CHAPIN.

1. YOUNG FRIENDS, well will it be for you, if you have a *guide* within, which will aid you in every issue, which will arm you in every temptation, and comfort you in every sorrow. Consult, then, that VOLUME whose precepts will never fail you. Consult it with a deep aspiration after the true and good, and it shall illuminate your understanding with divine realities. Open your soul, and it shall breathe into it a holy influence, and fill all its wants. Bind it close to your heart,—it will be a shield against all the assaults of evil. Read it in the lonely hour of desertion,—it will be the best of companions. Open it when the voyage of life is troubled,—it is a sure chart. Study it in poverty,—it will unhoard to you inexhaustible riches. Commune with it in sickness,—it contains the medicine of the soul. Clasp it when dying,—it is the charter of immortality.

2. In whatever pursuits you may engage, you must not forget, that the lawful objects of human efforts are but means to higher results and nobler ends. Start not forward in life with the idea of becoming mere seekers of pleasure,—sportive butterflies searching for gaudy flowers. Consider and act with reference to the true ends of existence. This world is but the vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of your life touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity. These thoughts and motives within you stir the pulses of a deathless spirit.

3. Act not, then, as mere creatures of this life, who for a

little while are to walk the valleys and the hills, to enjoy the sunshine and breathe the air, and then pass away and be no more; but act as immortals, with an aim and a purpose worthy of your high nature. Set before you, as the chief object to be obtained, an end that is superior to any on earth,—a desirable end,—a perfect end. Labor to accomplish a work which shall survive unchanged and beautiful when time shall have withered the garland of youth, when thrones of power and monuments of art shall have crumbled into ashes; and, finally, aim to achieve something which, when these our mutable and perishing voices are hushed forever, shall live amid the songs and triumphs of IMMORTALITY.

EXERCISE CLVIII.

M E T A P H Y S I C S.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

PROFESSOR *and* STUDENT.

Prof. What is a SALT-BOX?

Stu. It is a box made to contain salt.

Prof. How is it divided?

Stu. Into a salt-box, and a box of salt.

Prof. Very well!—show the distinction.

Stu. A salt-box may be where there is no salt; but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

Prof. Are not salt-boxes otherwise divided?

Stu. Yes: by a partition.

Prof. What is the use of this partition?

Stu. To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

Prof. How?—think a little.

Stu. To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

Prof. To be sure:—it is to separate the fine from the coarse: but are not salt-boxes otherwise distinguished?

Stu. Yes: into *possible*, *probable*, and *positive*.

Prof. Define these several kinds of salt-boxes.

Stu. A *possible* salt-box is a salt-box yet unsold in the hands of the joiner.

Prof. Why so?

Stu. Because it hath never yet become a salt-box *in fact*, having never had any salt in it; and it may possibly be applied to some other use.

Prof. Very true:—for a salt-box which never had, hath

not now, and perhaps never may have, any salt in it, can only be termed a *possible* salt-box. What is a *probable* salt-box?

Stu. It is a salt-box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who hath six-pence in his pocket to pay the grocer: and a *positive* salt-box is one which hath actually and *bonâ fide* got salt in it.

Prof. Very good:—but is there no instance of a *positive* salt-box which hath no salt in it?

Stu. I know of none.

Prof. Yes: there is one mentioned by some authors: it is where a box hath by long use been so impregnated with salt, that although all the salt hath been long since emptied out, it may yet be called a salt-box, with the same propriety that we say a salt herring, salt beef, etc. And, in this sense, any box that may have accidentally, or otherwise, been long steeped in brine, may be termed *positively* a salt-box, although never designed for the purpose of keeping salt. But tell me, what other division of salt-boxes do you recollect?

Stu. They are further divided into *substantive* and *pendant*: a *substantive* salt-box is that which stands by itself on the table or dresser; and a *pendant* is that which hangs upon a nail against the wall.

Prof. What is the idea of a salt-box?

Stu. It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt-box, when no salt-box is present.

Prof. What is the abstract idea of a salt-box?

Stu. It is the idea of a salt-box, abstracted from the idea of a box, or of salt, or of a salt-box, or of a box of salt.

Prof. Very right:—and by these means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a salt-box: but tell me, is the idea of a salt-box a salt idea?

Stu. Not unless the ideal box hath ideal salt in it.

Prof. True:—and therefore an abstract idea can not be either salt or fresh; round or square; long or short; for a true abstract idea must be entirely free of all adjuncts. And this shows the difference between a salt idea, and an idea of salt. Is an aptitude to hold salt an *essential* or an *accidental* property of a salt-box?

Stu. It is *essential*; but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an *accidental* property of that salt-box.

Prof. Very well! very well, indeed!—What is the salt called with respect to the box?

Stu. It is called its contents.

Prof. And why so ?

Stu. Because the cook is content *quoad hoc** to find plenty of salt in the box.

Prof. You are very right :—I see you have not misspent your time.

EXERCISE CLIX.

POMPEII.

1. POMPEII! moldering relic of a former world! Strange redemption from the sepulcher! How vivid are the classic memories that cluster around thee! Thy loneliness is rife with tongues; for the shadows of the mighty are thy sojourners. Man walks thy desolate and forsaken streets, and is lost in the dreams of other days. He converses with the Genius of the past, and the Roman stands as freshly recalled as before the billow of lava stiffened above him. A Pliny, a Sallust, a Trajan, are in his musings, and he visits their very homes.

2. Venerable and eternal city! The storied urn of a nation's memory! A disentombed and risen witness for the dead! Every stone of thee is consecrated and immortal. Rome was; Thebes was; Sparta was; thou wast and art still. No Goth nor Vandal thundered at thy gates, nor reveled in thy spoil. Man marred not thy magnificence. Thou wert scathed by the finger of Him, who alone knew the depths of thy violence and crime. Babylon of Italy! thy doom was not revealed to thee. No prophet was there, when thy towers were tottering, and the ashy darkness obscured thy horizon, to construé the warning. The wrath of God was upon thee heavily; in the volcano was the hiding of his power, and like the ancient cities of the plain, thy judgment was sealed in fire.

EXERCISE CLX.

HANS AND THE DANDY.

1. A Dutchman going, t'other day,
Along that crowded street, Broadway,
And passing on, he soon espied,
A *dandy* trim, close by his side:

* As to this.

Beneath his nose, his bushy pride,
 A large moustache stuck high and wide.
 Our countryman had ne'er, at least
 In his own words, met such a beast ;
 Nor yet the "elephant" had seen,
 Nor to menagerie had been.
 He stands amazed, and, seized with dread,
 This biped viewed from heel to head.

2. With wonder filled to topmost hight,
 At last he loudly shouts outright,—
 "Mine eysh, vat ish dat for a foes
 Vat hash hish dail right py hish nose !
 I nebber seed von off dish kint ;
 I tought all peasts hat dails pehint ;
 But sthead of bein' dare, I swore
 He vears dat hairy dings pefore."
 I, passing by, and hearing Hans,
 "What ails?" inquired of him at once.
3. "Dare ails enough," he says, "chust now,
 Ven I kant see eff dat's a cow,
 A chackass, or a long-eared mule,
 Or von great monkey fool.
 He looks so much as never vos,
 Too, like von man, or some from us ;
 May pe he's vild, come from de voods,
 Mate tame,—for he, too, vears de poots."
4. The dandy stands all time in reach,
 And hears old Hans's burning speech ;
 To him at least 'twas hot as fire,
 And roused his hairship's vengeful ire.
 He seizes fast on Dutchman Hans,
 And swears he'd mince th' insulting dunce ;
 He'd learn him *bettah mannahs* than
 T' insult a *high-bawn* gentleman.
 So by the throat he grabs him tight,
 And chokes *mine Herr* with all his might.
5. Our rustic, formed of firmer stuff,
 Possessed of muscles large and tough,
 He soon released his grappling foe,
 And dealt him an herculean blow ;

He staggered,—reeled,—and with a crash,
 Went Mrs. Hawker's eggs to smash.
 For in a tub with eggs well stored,
 Was Mr. Fop received aboard.
 No sooner had he landed there,
 Than Mrs. ——— seized him by the hair,
 Nor let him go, until he paid
 For all the damage he had made.

6. But woe unto his garments fine !
 Which did with yolks eggs-press-ly shine.
 With tenfold rage he looked around,
 But Hans could now no more be found :
 Police began he then to rouse,
 For Dutchman searched he every house ;
 But he had sloped by counsel wise,
 And put for home in real disguise.
 A warning this to all who wear,
 On upper lips moustaches there ;
 Lest Hans you unawares might meet,
 Who'd take you for an ass complete.

EXERCISE CLXI.

MOUNTAINS.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

1. THANKS be to God for mountains! The variety which they impart to the glorious bosom of our planet were no small advantage; the beauty which they spread out to our vision in their woods and waters; their crags and slopes, their clouds and atmospheric hues, were a splendid gift; the sublimity which they pour into our deepest souls from their majestic aspects; the poetry which breathes from their streams, and dells, and airy heights, from the sweet abodes, the garbs and manners of their inhabitants, the songs and legends which have awoken in them, were a proud heritage to imaginative minds; but what are all these when the thought comes, that without mountains the spirit of man must have bowed to the brutal and the base, and probably have sunk to the monotonous level of the unvaried plain.

2. When I turn my eyes upon the map of the world, and behold how wonderfully the countries where our faith was nurtured, where our liberties were generated, where our

philosophy and literature, the fountains of our intellectual grace and beauty, sprang up, were as distinctly walled out by God's hand with mountain ramparts, from the eruptions and interruptions of barbarism, as if at the especial prayer of the early fathers of man's destinies, I am lost in an exalting admiration. Look at the bold barriers of Palestine! see how the infant liberties of Greece were sheltered from the vast tribes of the uncivilized north by the heights of Hæmus and Rhodope! behold how the Alps describe their magnificent crescent, inclining their opposite extremities to the Adriatic and Tyrrhine Seas, locking up Italy from the Gallic and Teutonian hordes till the power and spirit of Rome had reached their maturity, and she had opened the wide forest of Europe to the light, spread far her laws and language, and planted the seeds of many mighty nations!

3. Thanks to God for mountains! Their colossal firmness seems almost to break the current of time itself; the geologist in them searches for traces of the earlier world, and it is there too that man, resisting the revolutions of lower regions, retains through innumerable years his habits and his rights. While a multitude of changes has remolded the people of Europe, while languages, and laws, and dynasties, and creeds, have passed over it like shadows over the landscape, the children of the Celt and the Goth, who fled to the mountains a thousand years ago, are found there now, and show us in face and figure, in language and garb, what their fathers were; show us a fine contrast with the modern tribes dwelling below and around them; and show us, moreover, how adverse is the spirit of the mountain to mutability, and that there the fiery heart of Freedom is found forever.

EXERCISE CLXII.

THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

G. W. PATTEN.

1. Blaze, with your serried columns!
 I will not bend the knee!
 The shackles ne'er again shall bind
 The arm which now is free.
 I've mailed it with the thunder,
 When the tempest muttered low;
 And where it falls, ye well may dread
 The lightning of its blow!

-
2. I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain;
Go, count your chosen, where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty!
The pale-face I defy!
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
And blood my battle-cry!
3. Some strike for hope of booty,
Some to defend their all,—
I battle for the joy I have
To see the white man fall:
I love, among the wounded,
To hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side,
The music of his groan.
4. Ye've trailed me through the forest,
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
And struggling through the everglade,
Your bristling bayonets gleam;
But I stand as should the warrior,
With his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
And warns ye,—Come not here!
5. I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with mine eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die!
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
Till I sink beneath its wave!
-

EXERCISE CLXIII.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

J. G. ADAMS.

1. A soldier! a soldier!
I'm longing to be;
The name and the life
Of a soldier for me!

I would not be living
 At ease and at play;
 True honor and glory
 I'd win in my day!

2. A soldier! a soldier!
 In armor arrayed;
 My weapons in hand,
 Of no contest afraid;
 I'd ever be ready
 To strike the first blow,
 And to fight my good way
 Through the ranks of the foe.

3. But then, let me tell you,
 No *blood* would I shed,
 No victory seek o'er
 The dying and dead;
 A far braver soldier
 Than this would I be;
 A warrior of Truth,
 In the ranks of the free!

4. A soldier! a soldier!
 O then let me be!
 Young friends, I invite you,—
 Enlist now with me.
 Truth's bands will be mustered,—
 Love's foes shall give way!
 Let's up, and be clad
 In our battle array!

EXERCISE CLXIV.

UNIVERSAL FREEDOM.

HENRY WARE JR.

1. Oppression shall not always reign:
 There comes a brighter day,
 When Freedom, burst from every chain,
 Shall have triumphant way.
 Then Right shall over Might prevail;
 And Truth, like hero armed in mail,
 The hosts of tyrant Wrong assail.
 And hold eternal sway.

-
2. Even now, that glorious day draws near,
 Its coming is not far;
 In earth and heaven its signs appear,
 We see its morning star;
 Its dawn has flushed the eastern sky,
 The western hills reflect it high,
 The southern clouds before it fly;
 (<) Hurrah! *hurrah!* HURRAH!
3. It flashes on the Indian isles,
 So long to bondage given;
 Their faded plains are decked in smiles,
 Their blood-stained fetters riven.
 Eight hundred thousand newly free
 Pour out their songs of jubilee,
 That shake the globe from sea to sea,
 As with a shout from heaven.
4. That shout, which every bosom thrills,
 Has crossed the wondering main;
 It rings in thunder o'er our hills,
 And rolls o'er every plain.
 The waves reply on every shore,
 Old Faneuil echoes to the roar,
 And "rocks" as it ne'er rocked before,
 And ne'er shall rock again.
-

EXERCISE CLXV.

IMAGINARY EVIL.

GOLDSMITH.

CROAKER, MRS. CROAKER, and HONEYWOOD.

Enter CROAKER.

Cro. Death and destruction! Are all the horrors of air, fire, and water, to be leveled only at *me*? Am *I* only to be singled out for gunpowder-plots, combustibles, and conflagration? Here it is,—an incendiary letter dropped at my door. "To Muster Croaker, these with speed." Ay, ay, plain enough the direction: all in the genuine incendiary spelling. "With speed." O, confound your speed! But let me read it once more. (*Reads*) "*Muster Croaker, as sone as yow see this, leve twenty gunnes at the bar of the Tal-*

boot tell called for, or yowe and yower experation will be all blown up." Ah, but too plain. Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. *Blown up!* murderous dog! *all blown up!* Heavens! what have I and my poor family done, to be all blown up? (*Reads*) "Our pockets are low, and money we must have." Ay, there's the reason; they'll blow us up, because they have got low pockets. (*Reads*) "It is but a short time you have to consider; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all of a flame." Inhuman monsters! blow us up, and then burn us! The earthquake at Lisbon was but a bonfire to it. (*Reads*) "Make quick dispatch, and so no more at present. But may Cupid, the little god of love, go with you wherever you go." The little god of love! Cupid, the little god of love, go with me! Go you to destruction, you and your little Cupid together. I'm so frightened, I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! we shall be all burned in our beds; we shall be all burned in our beds.

Enter MRS. CROAKER and HONEYWOOD.

Mrs. Cro. Ha! ha! ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme wish, that I should be quite wretched upon this occasion? ha! ha!

Cro. (Mimicking.) Ha! ha! ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme pleasure to give me no better consolation?

Mrs. Cro. Positively, my dear; what is this incendiary stuff and trumpery to me? Our house may travel through the air like the house of Loretto, for aught I care, if I am to be miserable in it.

Cro. Would to Heaven it were converted into a house of correction for your benefit. Have we not every thing to alarm us? Perhaps this very moment the tragedy is beginning.

Mrs. Cro. Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them.

Cro. Give them my money!—And pray, what right have they to my money?

Mrs. Cro. And pray, what right then have you to my good-humor?

Cro. And so your good-humor advises me to part with my money? Why, then, to tell your good-humor a piece of my mind, I'd sooner part with my wife. Here's Mr. Honeywood;

see what he'll say to it. My dear Honeywood, look at this incendiary letter dropped at my door. It will freeze you with terror; and yet *lovey* here can read it—can read it and laugh!

Mrs. Cro. Yes, and so will Mr. Honeywood.

Cro. If he does, I'll suffer to be hanged the next minute in the rogue's place, that's all.

Mrs. Cro. Speak, Mr. Honeywood; is there any thing more foolish than my husband's fright upon this occasion?

Honey. It would not become me to decide, Madam; but, doubtless, the greatness of his terrors now will but invite them to renew their villainy another time.

Mrs. Cro. I *told* you he'd be of *my* opinion.

Cro. How, Sir! do you maintain that I should lie down under such an injury, and show, neither by my tears nor complaints, that I have something of the spirit of a man in me?

Honey. Pardon me, Sir. You ought to make the loudest complaints, if you desire redress. The surest way to have redress, is to be earnest in the pursuit of it.

Cro. Ay, whose opinion is he of now?

Mrs. Cro. But don't you think that laughing off our fears is the *best* way?

Honey. What is the *best*, Madam, few can say; but I'll maintain it to be a very *wise* way.

Cro. But we're talking of the best. Surely the best way is to face the enemy in the field, and not wait till he plunders us in our very bed-chamber.

Honey. Why, Sir, as to the best, that,—that's a very wise way too.

Mrs. Cro. But can any thing be more absurd than to double our distresses by our apprehensions, and put it in the power of every low fellow, that can scrawl ten words of wretched spelling, to torment us?

Honey. Without doubt, nothing more absurd.

Cro. How! would it not be more absurd to despise the rattle till we are bit by the snake?

Honey. Without doubt, perfectly absurd.

Cro. Then you are of *my* opinion?

Honey. Entirely.

Mrs. Cro. And you reject mine?

Honey. Heaven forbid, Madam! No, sure, no reasoning can be more just than yours. We ought certainly to despise malice, if we can not oppose it, and not make the incendiary's pen as fatal to our repose as the highwayman's pistol.

Mrs. Cro. O! then you think I'm quite right?

Honey. Perfectly right.

Cro. A plague of plagues, we can't be both right. I ought to be sorry, or I ought to be glad. My hat must be on my head, or my hat must be off.

Mrs. Cro. Certainly, in two opposite opinions, if one be perfectly reasonable, the other can't be perfectly right.

Honey. And why may not both be right, Madam? Mr. Croaker in earnestly seeking redress, and you in waiting the event with good-humor? Pray, let me see the letter again. I have it. This letter requires twenty guineas to be left at the bar of the Talbot inn. If it be, indeed, an incendiary letter, what if you and I, Sir, go there; and, when the writer comes to be paid his expected booty, seize him?

Cro. My dear friend, it's the very thing; the very thing. While I walk by the door, you shall plant yourself in ambush near the bar; burst out upon the miscreant like a masked battery; extort a confession at once, and so hang him up by surprise.

Honey. Yes, but I would not choose to exercise too much severity. It is my maxim, Sir, that crimes generally punish themselves.

Cro. Well, we may upbraid him a little, I suppose? (*Ironically.*)

Honey. Ay, but not punish him too rigidly.

Cro. Well, well, leave that to my own benevolence.

Honey. Well, I do; but remember, that universal benevolence is the first law of nature.

Cro. Yes; and my universal benevolence will hang the dog, if he had as many necks as a hydra.

EXERCISE CLXVI.

THE VOCATION OF THE MERCHANT.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. BUT why should we dwell on the past? What is it that gives vigor to the civilization of the present day, but the world-wide extension of commercial intercourse, by which all the products of the earth and of the ocean—of the soil, the mine, of the loom, of the forge, of bounteous nature, creative art, and untiring industry—are brought by the agencies of commerce into the universal market of demand and supply.

2. No matter in what region, the desirable product is bestowed on man by a liberal Providence, or fabricated by human skill. It may clothe the hills of China with its fragrant foliage, it may glitter in the golden sands of California, it may wallow in the depths of the Arctic seas, it may ripen and whiten in the fertile plains of the sunny South, it may spring from the flying shuttles of Manchester in England, or Manchester in America—the great world-magnet of commerce attracts all alike, and gathers it all up for the service of man. I do not speak of English commerce or American commerce. Such distinctions belittle our conceptions. I speak of commerce in the aggregate—the great ebbing and flowing tides of the commercial world—the great gulf stream of traffic which flow round from hemisphere to hemisphere, the mighty tradewinds of commerce which sweep from the old world to the new, that vast aggregate system which embraces the whole family of man, and brings the overflowing treasures of nature and art into kindly relation with human want, convenience, and taste.

3. In carrying on this system, think for a moment of the stupendous agencies that are put in motion. Think for a moment of all the ships that navigate the sea. An old Latin poet, who knew no waters beyond those of the Mediterranean and Levant, says that the man must have had a triple casing of oak and brass about his bosom, who first trusted his frail bark on the raging sea. How many thousands of vessels laden by commerce, are at this moment navigating, not the narrow seas frequented by the ancients, but these world-encompassing oceans! Think next of the mountains of brick, and stone, and iron, built up into the great commercial cities of the world; and of all the mighty works of ancient and modern contrivance and structure,—the modes, the light-houses, the bridges, the canals, the roads, the railways, the depth of mines, the Titanic force of enginery, the delving plows, the scythes, the reapers, the looms, the electric telegraphs, the vehicles of all descriptions, which directly or indirectly are employed or put in motion by commerce,—and last, and most important, the millions of human beings that conduct, and regulate, and combine these inanimate, organic, and mechanical forces.

4. And now, sir, is it any thing less than a liberal profession, which carries a quick intelligence, a prophetic forecast, an industry that never tires: and, more than all, and above all, a stainless probity beyond reproach and beyond suspicion, into

this vast and complicated system, and by the blessing of Providence, works out a prosperous result? Such is the vocation of the merchant—the man of business,—pursued in many departments of foreign and domestic trade—of finance, of exchange,—but all comprehended under the general name of commerce,—all concerned in weaving the mighty network of mutually beneficial exchanges which inwrap the world.

EXERCISE CLXVII.

THE CONTEST UNEQUAL.

SYDNEY SMITH.

1. MR. BAILIFF, I have spoken so often on this subject, that I am sure both you and the gentlemen here present, will be obliged to me for saying but little, and that favor I am as willing to confer, as you can be to receive it. I feel most deeply the event which has taken place, because, by putting the two Houses of Parliament in collision with each other, it will impede the public business, and diminish the public prosperity. I feel it as a churchman, because I can not but blush to see so many dignitaries of the Church arrayed against the wishes and happiness of the people. I feel it more than all, because I believe it will sow the seeds of deadly hatred between the aristocracy and the great mass of the people.

2. The loss of the bill I do not feel, and for the best of all possible reasons,—because I have not the slightest idea that it is lost. I have no more doubt, before the expiration of the winter, that this bill will pass, than I have that the annual tax bills will pass, and greater certainty than this no man can have, for Franklin tells us, that there are but two things certain in this world,—death and taxes. As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination.

3. I do not mean to be disrespectful; but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform, reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town,—the tide rose to an incredible height,—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm,

Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling the mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease; be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

EXERCISE CLXVIII.

THE DILATORY SCHOLAR.

MRS. GILMAN.

1. Oh! where is my hat? it is taken away,
And my shoe-strings are all in a knot!
I can't find a thing where it should be to-day,
Though I've hunted in every spot.
2. My slate and pencil nowhere can be found,
Though I placed them as safe as could be;
While my books and my maps are all scattered around,
And hop about just like a flea.
3. Do, Rachel, just look for my Atlas, up stairs;
My Virgil is somewhere there, too;
And, sister, brush down these troublesome hairs,—
And, brother, just fasten my shoe.
4. And, mother, beg father to write an excuse;
But stop—he will only say "No,"
And go on with a smile, and keep reading the news,
While every thing bothers me so.
5. My sachel is heavy and ready to fall;
This old pop-gun is breaking my map;
I'll have nothing to do with the pop-gun or ball,—
There's no playing for such a poor chap!
6. The town-clock will strike in a minute, I fear;
Then away to the foot I must sink,—
There, look at my History, tumbled down here?
And my Algebra covered with ink!

7. I wish I 'd not lingered at breakfast the last,
 Though the toast and the butter were fine :
 I think that our Edward must eat very fast,
 To be off when I have n't done mine.
8. Now, Edward and Henry protest they won't wait,
 And beat on the door with their sticks ;
 I suppose they will say I was dressing too late ;
To-morrow I'll be up at six.

 EXERCISE CLXIX.

THE RAZOR-SELLER.

WOLCOTT.

1. A fellow in a market-town,
 Most musical, cried razors up and down,
 And offered twelve for eighteen pence ;
 Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
 And, for the money, quite a heap,
 As every man would buy, with cash and sense.
2. A country bumpkin the great offer heard :
 Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard,
 That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose :
 With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
 And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
 (p.) " This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.
3. " No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
 Provided that the razors *shave* ;
 It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
 So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
 Smiling in heart and soul, content,
 And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.
4. Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
 Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
 Just like a hedger cutting furze :
 'Twas a vile razor !—then the rest he tried,—
 All were imposters ;—" Ah !" Hodge sighed :
 " I wish my eighteen pence within my purse."

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5. In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
 He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped, and swore,
 Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made wry faces,
 And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er :
 His muzzle, formed of *opposition* stuff,
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff :
 So kept it,—laughing at the steel and suds :
 Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,
 On the vile cheat that sold the goods.
 “ Razors ! a mean, confounded dog,
 Not fit to scrape a hog ! ”
6. Hodge sought the fellow,—found him,—and begun :
 “ P'rhaps, Master Razor rogue, to you 'tis fun,
 That people flay themselves out of their lives :
 You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,
 Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,
 With razors just like oyster knives.
 Sirrah ! I tell you, you're a knave,
 To cry up razors that can't shave ! ”
7. “ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “ I'm not a knave :
 As for the razors you have bought,
 Upon my soul I never thought,
 That they would *shave*.”
 “ Not think they'd *shave* ! ” quoth Hodge, with wond'ring
 eyes,
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell :
 “ What were they made for then, you dog ? ” he cries :
 “ *Made* ! ” quoth the fellow, with a smile,—“ *to sell*.”
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EXERCISE CLXX.

WILL WADDLE.

COLMAN.

1. Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
 Has seen “ Lodgings to Let ” stare him full in the face.
 Some are good, and let dearly ; while some, 'tis well known,
 Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.
2. Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
 Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only :
 But Will was so fat he appeared like a ton,
 Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

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3. He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fevered and heated;
And though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.
 4. Next night 't was the same; and the next, and the next;
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vexed;
Week passed after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.
 5. In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him,
For his skin "like a lady's loose gown" hung about him;
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny;
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."
 6. The doctor looked wise; "A slow fever," he said;
Prescribed sudorifics and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs!
I 've enough of them there without paying for drugs!"
 7. Will kicked out the doctor; but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host, he said,—“Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago?”
 8. Look 'e, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first took me in:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I caught cold."
 9. Quoth the landlord,—“Till now, I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years; I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately over my oven."
 10. "*The oven!*" says Will. Says the host,—“Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good sir?”—“Zounds!” cries Will, in a taking,
‘Who would n't be *crusty*, with half a year's *baking*?’”
 11. Will paid for his rooms; cried the host, with a sneer,
“Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year.”
“Friend, we can't well agree; yet no quarrel,” Will said;
“*But I'd rather not perish while you make your bread.*”

EXERCISE CLXXI.

BULLUM ~~S~~ VERSUS BOATUM.

STEVENS.

1. WE shall now return to the law, for our laws are full of returns, and we shall show a compendium of law; parts of practice in the twist of the tail of a wig. The depth of a full bottom denotes the length of a chancery suit, and the black coif behind, like a blistering plaster, seems to show us that the law is a great irritator, and only to be used in cases of necessity.

2. Law is law, law is law, and as in such and so forth, and hereby and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country-dance,—people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take the least of it, are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

3. We shall now mention a cause, called "*Bullum versus Boatum*:" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows: There were two farmers; farmer A and farmer B. Farmer A was seized or possessed of a bull; farmer B was possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat had made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay twisted rope-fashion, or as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went up town to dinner; farmer A's bull, as it was natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner; and, observing, discovering, seeing, and spying-out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat: he ate up the turnips, and to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band: the boat being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river with the bull in it: it struck against a rock, beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard; whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat for running away with the bull. The owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the

boat. And thus notice of the trial was given, *Bullum versus Boatum*, *Boatum versus Bullum*.

4. Now, the counsel for the bull began with saying:—"My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or, how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

5. The counsel for the boat observed that the bull should be non-suited; because, in his declaration, he had not specified what color he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel:—"My lord, if the bull was of no color, he must be of some color; and, if he was not of any color, what color could the bull be of?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white was no color; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of color in the law, for the law can color any thing. This cause being afterward left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away; upon which I gave it as my opinion that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

6. My opinion being taken, an action was issued, and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose, How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled by Boatum's attorney declaring that, for his client, he would swear any thing.

7. The water-bailiffs' charter was then read, taken out of the original record in true law Latin; which set forth in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiffs was as follows: "*Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choisi, sapor omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus riveris,*

lakos, pondis, canalibus et well-boat, sive oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimp, turbutus solus;" that is, not turbot alone, but turbot and sole both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood to avoid quibbling; but, it being proved that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but, such was the lenity of the court, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again, *de novo*.

EXERCISE CLXXII.

INTEGRITY, THE BASIS OF A DECIDED CHARACTER.

WILLIAM WIRT.

1. THE man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady; because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of Heaven. While he, who is conscious of secret and dark designs which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more of all above him. Let your *first step*, then, in that discipline which is to give you decision of character, be the heroic determination TO BE HONEST MEN, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not use this phrase, "honest men," in the narrow sense, merely, of meeting your pecuniary engagements, and paying your debts; for this the common pride of gentlemen will constrain you to do.

2. I use it in its *larger sense* of discharging all your duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, Heaven-attesting integrity: in that sense, further, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier, and nobler spirit: one that will dispose you to consider yourselves as born, not so much for yourselves, as for your country, and your fellow-creatures, and which

will lead you to act on every occasion sincerely, justly, generously, magnanimously. There is a morality on a larger scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be the height of folly to neglect: a generous expansion, a proud elevation, and conscious greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided course, in every situation into which you can be thrown; and, it is to this high and noble tone of character that I would have you to aspire.

3. I would not have you to resemble those weak and meager streamlets, which lose their direction at every petty impediment that presents itself, and stop, and turn back, and creep around, and search out every little channel through which they may wind their feeble and sickly course. Nor yet would I have you to resemble the headlong torrent that carries havoc in its mad career. But I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of majestic Decision, which, in the calmest hour, still heaves its resistless might of waters to the shore, filling the heavens, day and night, with the echoes of its sublime Declaration of Independence, and tossing and sporting, on its bed, with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at opposition. It is this depth, and weight, and power, and purity of character, that I would have you to resemble, and I would have you, like the waters of the ocean, to become the purer by your own action.

EXERCISE CLXXIII.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

1. (*pl.*) Stay, lady,—stay, for mercy's sake,
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
 Ah, sure my looks must pity wake,—
 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale;
 Yet I was once a mother's pride,
 And my brave father's hope and joy;
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
 And I am now an orphan boy!
2. Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I,
 When news of Nelson's vict'ry came,
 Along the crowded streets to fly,
 To see the lighted windows flame!

To force me home my mother sought,—
 She could not bear to hear my joy;
 For with my father's life 't was bought,—
 And made me a poor orphan boy!

3. The people's shouts were long and loud;
 My mother, shudd'ring, closed her ears;
 "Rejoice! REJOICE!" still cried the crowd,—
 My mother answered with her tears!
 "Oh! why do tears steal down your cheek,"
 Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"
 She kissed me; and in accents weak,
 She called me her poor orphan boy!
4. "What is an orphan boy?" I said;
 When suddenly she gasped for breath,
 And her eyes closed! I shrieked for aid!
 But ah, her eyes were closed in death.
 My hardships since I will not tell:
 But now, no more a parent's joy:
 Ah! lady, I have learned *too* well
 What 't is to be an orphan boy!
5. Oh! were I by your bounty fed!
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,—
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
 Lady, you weep; what is 't you say?
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
 Look down, dear parents! look and see
 Your happy, happy orphan boy!

EXERCISE CLXXIV.

THE VILLAGE PARSON.

GOLDSMITH.

1. Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
 There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed nor wished to change his place;

- Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More skilled to raise the wretched, than to rise.
2. His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain ;
 The long remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast :
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed :
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.
3. Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side :
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
 And, as the bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies :
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
4. Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last falt'ring accents whispered praise.
5. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man
 With ready zeal each honest rustic ran :
 Ev'n children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile ;
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

EXERCISE CLXXV.

H O H E N L I N D E N .

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1. On Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
2. But Linden saw another sight,
 When beat the drum at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.
3. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And, furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.
4. Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
 And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.
5. But redder yet that light shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of stained snow;
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
6. 'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.
7. The combat deepens. (*f.*) On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

8. (*pl.*) Ah, few shall part, where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

EXERCISE CLXXVI.

THE LEPER.

N. P. WILLIS.

1. "Room for the leper! Room!" And as he came
 The cry passed on,—“Room for the leper! Room!”
 * * * * * And aside they stood,
 Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
 Who met him on his way,—and let him pass.
 And onward through the open gate he came
 A leper with the ashes on his brow,
 Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
 A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
 And with a difficult utterance, like one
 Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
 Crying,—“Unclean!—Unclean!”
2. * * * * * Day was breaking
 When at the altar of the temple stood
 The holy priest of God. The incense-lamp
 Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
 Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,
 Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
 Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
 The echoes of the melancholy strain
 Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
 Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
 Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
 His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
 And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
 Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still
 Waiting to hear his doom:—
3. “Depart! depart, O child
 Of Israel, from the temple of thy God,
 For He has smote thee with His chastening rod,
 And to the desert wild
 From all thou lov'st away thy feet must flee,
 That from thy plague His people may be free.

4. "Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er,
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.
5. "Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide,
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river's grassy brink.
6. "And pass not thou between
The weary traveler and the cooling breeze,
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.
7. "And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him,
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.
Depart! O leper! and forget not God!"
8. And he went forth,—alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibers of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick and heart-broken, and alone,—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!
9. It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest,—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,

Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!" and in the folds
 Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
 He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
 Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
 The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.
 —"Helon!"—the voice was like the master-tone
 Of a rich instrument,—most strangely sweet;
 And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
 And for a moment beat beneath the hot
 And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
 "Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,
 And rose and stood before him.

10. Love and awe
 Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,
 As he beheld the stranger. He was not
 In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
 The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
 No followers at his back, nor in his hand
 Buckler, or sword, or spear,—yet in his mien
 Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
 A kingly condescension graced his lips,
 The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
 His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
 His stature modeled with a perfect grace;
 His countenance, the impress of a God,
 Touched with the open innocence of a child;
 His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
 In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn
 Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
 The fullness of perfected manhood bore.
 He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
 As if his heart was moved, and, stooping down,
 He took a little water in his hand
 And laid it on his brow, and said,—"Be clean!"
 And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
 Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
 And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
 The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
 His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
 Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshiped him.

EXERCISE CLXXVII.

SPEECH OF COLONEL COBB.¹

1. BROTHER: We have heard you talk as from the lips of our father, the great White Chief at Washington, and my people have called upon me to speak to you. The red man has no books, and, when he wishes to make known his views, like his father before him, he speaks from his mouth. He is afraid of *writing*. When he *speaks*, he knows what he says,—the Great Spirit hears him. *Writing* is the invention of the pale-faces; it gives birth to error and to fraud. The Great Spirit *talks*; we hear him in the thunder,—in the rushing winds and the mighty waters;—but he never *writes*.

2. BROTHER: When you were young, we were strong; we fought by your side; but our arms are now broken. You have grown large,—my people have become small.

3. BROTHER: My voice is weak; you can scarcely hear me; it is not the shout of a warrior, but the wail of an infant; I have lost it in mourning over the misfortunes of my people. These are their graves, and in those aged pines you hear the ghosts of the departed. Their ashes are here, and we have been left to protect them. Our warriors are nearly all gone to the far country west; but *here* are our dead. Shall we go, too, and give their bones to the wolves?

4. BROTHER: Two sleeps have passed since we heard you talk. We have thought upon it. You ask us to leave our country, and tell us it is our father's wish. We would not desire to displease our father. We respect him, and you are his child. But the Choctaw always thinks,—we want *time* to answer.

5. BROTHER: Our hearts are full. Twelve winters ago our chiefs sold our country. Every warrior that you see here, was opposed to the treaty. If the dead could have been counted, it would never have been made; but, alas! though they stood around, they could not be seen or heard. Their tears came in the rain-drops, and their voices in the wailing wind,—but the pale-faces knew it not, and our land was taken away.

6. BROTHER: We do not now complain. The Choctaw suffers, but he never weeps. You have the strong arm, and

¹ Head Mingo of the Choctaws. The speech is in reply to one made by an Agent of the United States.

we can not resist. But the pale-face worships the Great Spirit,—so does the red man. The Great Spirit loves truth. When you took our country, you promised us land,—there is your promise in the book. Twelve times have the trees dropped down their leaves, and yet we have received no land. Our houses have been taken from us. The white man's plow turns up the bones of our fathers. We dare not kindle our fires; and yet you said we might remain, and you would give us land.

7. BROTHER: Is this *truth*? But we believe, now our great father knows our condition, he will listen to us. We are as mourning orphans in our country; but our father will take us by the hand. When he fulfills his promise, we will answer his talk. He means well,—we know it,—but we can not think now. Grief has made children of us. When our business is settled, we shall be men again, and talk to our great father about what he has promised.

8. BROTHER: You stand in the moccasins of a great chief; you speak the words of a mighty nation; and your talk was long. My people are small; their shadow scarcely reaches to your knees; they are scattered and gone. When I shout, I hear my voice in the depths of the woods, but no answering shout comes back. My words, therefore, are few. I have nothing more to say; but tell what I *have* said to the tall chief of the pale-faces, whose brother¹ stands by your side.

EXERCISE CLXXVIII.

A COUNT CORNERED.

J. K. PAULDING.

COUNT STROMBOLI, NED AND TOM MATHEWS, AND WELCOME-HERE DIX.

An Obscure Lane. Morning.

Enter (NED and TOM MATHEWS.)

Ned. Somewhere about this spot, Tom, the Count always disappears in a very mysterious manner. I never have been able to trace him beyond the entrance to this narrow, dirty lane, yet I am satisfied that he burrows near here.

Tom. Burrows? You think then his lodgings are subterraneous, eh—a sort of rabbit warren? Now my idea was that he was more of a bird, and built his nest high up in the air.

¹ William Tyler, brother of President Tyler.

Ned. There's no telling—Hist! there he is. Quick—stand behind this pump.

(They conceal themselves. The Count opens the door of a house, and looks cautiously out.)

Count. I believe I may venture,—there don't appear to be any body in sight. *(Footsteps are heard, and Count draws back.)*

Ned. Guy, he's as careful as a city mosquito in the autumn.

Count. All clear now—here goes!

(Count comes out and walks toward NED and TOM.)

Ned. Ah, Count, good morning: you're stirring early in these out-of-the-way parts.

Count. *(Aside.)* Diable! Discovered! I'll brazen it out. *(Aloud.)* Yes, gentlemen, I like to take a walk before breakfast sometimes, and, as I said the other day, I have a fancy for looking into the obscure parts of a city. You can then form a judgment of its morals.

Ned. And what conclusion have you come to, Count, as to the state of our well-regulated city of Boston?

Count. I've seen better places, with worse reputations.

(WELCOME-HERE DIX comes to the door of his house, and calls.)

Dix. Hallo, you there, you Jovanny Vaganty, or what's your tarnal queer name? come here a minute.

(Count begins to move off.)

Ned. And do you enter strange houses, Count, to study morals?

Dix. Here, you Jovanny—Jovanny Vaganty, darn yer, can't yer hear, or won't you hear? Are you deaf?

Count. 'Pon my soul, gentlemen, *(looks at his watch)* my omelette will be cold, if I wait here any longer. I ordered my breakfast at half-past nine. *(Exit Count.)*

Ned. The Count seems to be in a hurry. Let's try if we can obtain any information from his landlord. *(Addresses Dix.)* Do you know that gentleman that just turned the corner?

Dix. Wa-al, I should kind o' calculate that I did, should n't you?

Ned. Does he live at your house?

Dix. You think he does now, don't you?

Ned. I do; but I should like to know more certainly.

Dix. Now, mister, do you know Jovanny?

Ned. Never you mind. Here; *(gives him money)* will that open your mouth?

Dix. Only jest try, won't you?

Ned. Do you know where that gentleman lives? Speak plainly, man.

Dix. Wa-a-l, I should n't wonder if I could make a pretty considerable of a sharp guess where he does put up. I have a mighty strong kind of a notion that he's nigh about the hardest man goin' in Bosting to screw money out of. Why, mister, you might jest as well try to make cider out of dried apples.

Ned. What! the Count?

Dix. Man alive! du tell nēow! Cēount! Why, I did cultivate a kind o' suspicion that he played in the orchestry at the circus. He's jest that sort o' looking chap. Cēount, eh? No you don't, mister! You think I am a green chicken, don't yer?

Ned. His name is certainly Count Stromboli.

Dix. You don't fool this child, mister. Get ēout. Cēount, eh? Hain't I seen the Marquis Lafayetty? He don't look nothin' like him, I guess.

Ned. What do you call him then?

Dix. His name is Jovanny Vaganty,—that's the talk.

Ned. Giovanni Vagante,—how many *aliases* has he, I wonder?

Dix. *Aliases!* If he has *aliases*, I guess I'll turn him straight out o' doors. Pisenous troublesome things is them *aliases*,—gets a man into law—*always*.

Ned. And he does n't pay, eh?

Dix. Wa-a-l, I should n't be surprised, if he *had* a tarnation tight fist,—desp'rate class is Jovanny. He's been here most six weeks, and I ha'n't seen no signs of his money the whull time. You understand, he keeps a promisin', and a promisin' and a promisin', but his pockets is painful empty; and I wunt say but what he owes old Sambo, the colored man, a whull grist of fourpences for blackin' his boots, runnin' of arn'ds, and sich like small chores.

Ned. And you're sure that's he that we met out here?

Dix. You would n't want me to take my Bible oath on it, would you, mister? If you don't, I kind o' notion that that ere feller was Jovanny Vaganty, and nobody else, or my name is n't Welcome-here Dix.

Ned. Well, Mr. Dix, I am much obliged to you. Good morning, sir. *(Exit NED and TOM MATHEWS.)*

Dix. Shockin' purlite! Wa-a-l, nēow, I jest wonder what them twu smart young sparks want o' Jovanny? *(Lays his finger on his nose.)* I should n't be surprised, if I smelt

something tarnation strong. I'll make Jovanny pay up, as sure as blazes.

(*Dix re-enters his house, and finds the Count alone in his room.*)

Count. Landlord, who asked you in?

Dix. Well, I du suppose I jest asked myself in. You see, Jovanny, you 've been going now on tick for six weeks, and I kind o' conceit I *should* like to see the color of your money, jest out o' curiosity,—nothin' else, you know. Here's the bill. (*Presents Count a bill.*)

Count. Very well, Dix, very well,—I'll attend to it. Just leave it on the table there, will you?

Dix. That game won't do no longer, Jovanny. You see, you 've worked me through that mill a whull grist o' times already. I've left three bills for you on that table, and that is twice more than I ever did for any body else.

Count. Well, just step in again in half an hour, will you, Dix? I am very busy at present.

Dix. Won't pass, that. By Gum, Jovanny, I don't stir a peg from this spot, I've a notion, till I've pocketed the money.

Count. Insolence! *Peste!* I vill leaf de house.

Dix. Wa-a-l, I calculate we'll agree about that when you 've settled.

Count. Settled! Vere's your bill?—(*Dix gives it to him.*)—Eh! vat all dese scharge? (*Reads.*) To six weeks board and lodgeeng, at tree dollare per veek—(you tell me two dollare ven I come!)—eighteen dollare!

To fuel during that time—(va-a-t dat?)—six dollare!

To lights—(*mon Dieu!*)—two dollare!

To extras—(*milles tonnerres!*)—four dollare!

To sundries—(vat soondries?)—five dollare, fifty cent!

To interest on amount,—say—(*cochon!*)—fifty cent!

Totale, Thirty-six dollare!

Oh, *c'est trop*¹—dis is infamous. Ah, vat you call extras, e—h—h? Vat you call sondrees?

Dix. Wa-a-l, I call sodgers for breakfast, extras,—and lunch and beer, extras,—and dinner after time, extras,—and horse-radish, and garding truck, and long sarce, extras,—and Welsh rabbit for supper, extras—

Count. Dat extras, e—h—h? Vell, vat sondrees?

Dix. Sundries?—Wa-a-l, I calculate readin' my paper's sundries—and another blanket's sundries—and gettin' your grate sot is—sundries—and—

¹ *It is too much.*

Count. And you tink I pay him, eh? Nevare!

Dix. Nēow, Jovanny, I must say it 's darned mean in you to grumble at my bill, considering you have won so much from me at dominoes—darned mean!

Count. Begar, I vill not pay him. *Peste!*—*Diable!*—'t is von grand imposition.

Dix. You can't come that over me, Jovanny. You jest better say nothin' about it, and deōwn with your dust, or you 'll get into a peck o' troubles. You 've got to du it, Jovanny.

Count. But I have not *de l' argent*—I 'ave no moneys.

Dix. Wun't du, mister. I 've had some hard customers afore now—(*winks at Count*)—and some shockin' poor; but none warn't so dry but what the law could squeeze some mysture out on 'em.

Count. But, Monsieur Deex, I give you my *parole d'honneur*,¹ the word of a gentleman, that you shall be paid to-morrow.

Dix. Can't wait, rayally nēow, Jovanny. Fact is, you've dodged round that most too often. No, Jovanny, you don't leave this house without shellin' out the pewter.

Count. Well, then, sign your bill, and I 'll pay you. But you von grand excessif—

Dix (eagerly). Scoundrel! Did you say scoundrel, Jovanny?

Count. No, sare; you von grand impostor.

Dix. Wa-a-l, then, there 's your receipt.

Count. And there 's your money!

EXERCISE CLXXIX.

REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES BEST SUPPORTED BY MORAL FORCE.

JUDGE M'LEAN.

1. THE great principle of our republican institutions can not be propagated by the *sword*. This can be done by *moral force*, and not physical. If we desire the political regeneration of oppressed nations, we must show them the simplicity, the grandeur, and the freedom, of our own government. We must recommend it to the intelligence and virtue of other nations, by its elevated and enlightened action, its purity, its justice, and the protection it affords to all its citizens, and the liberty they enjoy. And if, in this respect, we

¹ *Word of honor.*

shall be faithful to the high bequests of our fathers, to ourselves, and to posterity, we shall do more to liberate other governments, and emancipate their subjects, than could be accomplished by millions of bayonets.

2. This moral power is what tyrants have most cause to dread. It addresses itself to the thoughts and judgments of men. No physical force can arrest its progress. Its approaches are unseen, but its consequences are deeply felt. It enters garrisons most strongly fortified, and operates in the palaces of kings and emperors. We should cherish this power as essential to the preservation of our own government, and as the most efficient means of ameliorating the condition of our race. And this can only be done by a reverence for the laws, and by the exercise of an elevated patriotism. But, if we trample under our feet the laws of our country, if we disregard the faith of treaties, and our citizens engage without restraint in military enterprises against the peace of other governments, we shall be considered and treated, and justly, too, as a nation of pirates.

EXERCISE CLXXX.

CASABIANCA.

MRS. HEMANS.

1. The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead;
2. Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.
3. The flames rolled on; he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
4. He called aloud,—“Say, father say,
If yet my task be done?”
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

-
5. (*f.*) "Speak, father!" once again he cried,
 "If I may yet be gone!"
 And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames rolled on.
6. Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair;
 And looked from that lone post of death
 In still, yet brave despair;
7. And shouted but once more aloud,—
 (*f.*) "My father! must I stay?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.
8. They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And streamed above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.
9. There came a burst of thunder sound;
 The boy—Oh! where was *he*?
 Ask of the winds, that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea,—
10. With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part,—
 But the noblest thing that perished there
 Was that young faithful heart.
-

EXERCISE CLXXXI.

A DIRGE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

1. Softly, peacefully,
 (*pl.*) Lay her to rest;
 Place the turf lightly
 On her young breast;
 Gently, solemnly,
 Bend o'er the bed,
 Where ye have pillowed
 Thus early her head.

-
2. Plant a young willow
Close by her grave;
Let its long branches
Soothingly wave;
Twine a sweet rose-tree
Over the tomb;
Sprinkle fresh buds there,
Beauty and bloom.
 3. Let a bright fountain,
Limpid and clear,
Murmur its music,
Smile through a tear;
Scatter its diamonds
Where the loved lies,
Brilliant and starry,
Like angels' eyes.
 4. Then shall the bright birds
On golden wing,
Lingering ever,
Murmuring sing;
Then shall the soft breeze
Pensively sigh,
Bearing rich fragrance
And melody by.
 5. Lay the sod lightly
Over her breast;
Calm be her slumbers,
Peaceful her rest.
Beautiful, lovely,
She was but given,
A fair bud to earth,
To blossom in heaven.
-

EXERCISE CLXXXII.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON.¹

ISAAC M'LELLAN.

1. (o) Wild wās thē nīght; yēt ā wilder nīght
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

¹ The 5th of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit

2. (*pl.*) A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
 The few that his stern heart cherished;
 They knew by his glazed and unearthly eye,
 That life had nearly perished.
3. They knew by his awful and kingly look,
 By the order hastily spoken,
 That he dreamed of days when the nations shook,
 And the nations' hosts were broken.
4. He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
 And triumphed the Frenchman's "eagle;"
 And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
 Like the hare before the beagle.
5. The bearded Russian he scourged again,
 The Prussian camp was routed,
 And again, on the hills of haughty Spain,
 His mighty armies shouted.
6. Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
 At the pyramids, at the mountain,
 Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
 And by the Italian fountain.
7. On the snowy cliffs, where mountain-streams
 Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
 He led again, in his dying dreams,
 His hosts, the broad earth quelling.
8. Again Marengo's field was won,
 And Jena's bloody battle;
 Again the world was overrun,
 Made pale at his cannons' rattle.
9. (*st.*) He died at the close of that darksome day,
 A day that shall live in story:
 In the rocky land they placed his clay,
 "And left him alone with his glory."

was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than the elements around. The words "tête d'armée" (head of the army), the last which escaped from his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heavy fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, Napoleon expired.—*Scott's Life of Napoleon.*

EXERCISE CLXXXIII.

BOBADIL'S MILITARY TACTICS.

BEN JONSON.

1. I WILL tell you, sir, by the way of private and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure and to myself; but were I known to his Majesty and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects, in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever.

2. And how would I do it, think you? Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more to myself; gentlemen they should be, of a good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an *instinct*, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your Punto, your Reverso, your Stoccatto, your Imbrocato, your Passado, your Montanto;¹ till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honor refuse us!

3. Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill *them*; twenty more, kill *them*; twenty more, kill *them* too: and thus would we kill, every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand: forty thousand,—forty times five, five times forty,—two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcase to perform (provided there be no treason practiced upon us,) by discreet manhood, that is, civilly, by the sword.

EXERCISE CLXXXIV.

SPEECH OBITUARY.

CLARK'S KNICK-KNACKS.

1. MR. SPEAKER: sir,—Our fellow-citizen, Mr. Silas Higgins, who was lately a member of this branch of the Legislature, is dead, and he died yesterday in the forenoon. He had

¹ Terms of the fencing-school.

the brown-creaters, (bronchitis was meant,) and was an uncommon individual. His character was good up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice. He was fifty-six year old, and was taken sick before he died at his boarding-house, where board can be had at a dollar and seventy-five cents a week, washing and lights included. He was an *ingenus creetur*, and, in the early part of his life, had a father and mother.

2. He was an officer in our State militia since the last war, and was brave and polite; and his uncle, Timothy Higgins, belonged to the Revolutionary war, and was commissioned as lieutenant by General Washington, first President and commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, who died at Mount Vernon, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, on the 14th of December, 1799, or thereabout, and was buried soon after his death, with military honors, and several guns were bu'st in firing salutes.

3. Sir! Mr. Speaker: General Washington presided over the great continental Sanhedrim and political meeting that formed our constitution; and he was, indeed, a first-rate good man. He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen; and, though he was in favor of the United States' Bank, he was a friend of edication; and from what he said in his farewell address, I have no doubt he would have voted for the tariff of 1846, if he had been alive, and had n't ha' died sometime beforehand. His death was considered, at the time, as rather premature, on account of its being brought on by a very hard cold.

4. Now, Mr. Speaker, such being the character of General Washington, I motion that we wear crape around the left arm of this Legislature, and adjourn until to-morrow morning, as an emblem of our respects for the memory of S. Higgins who is dead, and died of the brown-creaters yesterday in the forenoon!

EXERCISE CLXXXV.

LA FAYETTE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

1. WHILE we bring our offerings to the mighty of our *own* land, shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of *other* shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and woe? Pile to the clouds the majestic column of glory; let the lips

of those who can speak well, hallow each spot, where the bones of your bold repose; but forget not those who with your bold, went out to battle.

2. Among these men of noble daring, there was *one*, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succor, were not *his* people; he knew them only in the melancholy story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary adventurer, striving for the spoil of the vanquished; the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valley yielded him its increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings.

3. He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide a broken heart; he was girdled by the companions of his childhood; his kinsmen were about him; his wife was before him. Yet from all these loved ones he turned away. Like a lofty tree that shakes down its green glories, to battle with the winter's storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride to crusade for Freedom, in Freedom's holy land. He came; but not in the day of successful rebellion; not when the new-risen sun of independence had burst the cloud of time, and careered to its place in the heavens.

4. He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plow stood still in the field of promise, and briers cumbered the garden of beauty; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favor of God. It was then that this *one* joined the ranks of a revolted people.

5. Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage; with theirs, his arm was lifted; with theirs, his blood was shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length, kind Heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of Liberty, and at her pure shrine the pilgrim warrior, with his adored commander, knelt and worshiped. Leaving there his offering, the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he, at length, rose, and, crowned with benedictions, turned his happy feet toward his long-deserted home.

6. After nearly fifty years, that *one* has come again. Can

mortal tongue tell, can mortal heart feel the sublimity of that coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it; (*f.*) and their loud, long, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to freedom's farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes around him. Old men bless him, and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him; the learned deck their halls to greet him; the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage.

7. How his full heart labors! He views the rusting trophies of departed days; he treads the high places where his brethren molder; he bends before the tomb of his FATHER; his words are tears, the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks round upon a ransomed land and a joyous race; he beholds the blessings those trophies secured, for which those brethren died, for which that FATHER lived; and again his words are tears, the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

8. Spread forth creation like a map; bid earth's dead multitude revive; and of all the pageant splendors that ever glittered in the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like this? Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this? Many have struck the redeeming blow for their *own* freedom; but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers? Others have lived in the love of their own people; but who, like this man, has drunk his sweetest cup of welcome with another? Matchless chief! of glory's immortal tablets, there is one for him, for *him* alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendor; the everlasting flame of Liberty shall guard it, that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of LA FAYETTE.

EXERCISE CLXXXVI.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

MRS. NORTON.

I.

A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers,
 There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
 But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
 And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
 The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
 And he said: (*pl.*) "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
 Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
 For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

II.

“Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
 To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
 That we fought the battle bravely,—and when the day was done,
 Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
 And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
 The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars ;
 But some were young,—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
 And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

III.

“Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
 And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage :
 For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
 My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild ;
 And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
 I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my father's sword ;
 And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
 On the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine !

IV.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
 When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread ;
 But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
 For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die.
 And, if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
 To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ;
 And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine,)
 For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine !

V.

“There's *another*,—not a sister ;—in the happy days gone by,
 You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye ;
 Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning ;
 Oh ! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning !
 Tell her the last night of my life—(for ere this moon be risen
 My body will be out of pain,—my soul be out of prison.)
 I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine,
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

VI.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to hear,
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear ;
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
 That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still ;
 And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk ;
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine :
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine !”

VII.

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
 His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak:
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,
 The soldier of the legion, in a foreign land—was dead!
 (*p.*) And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
 Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
 As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

EXERCISE CLXXXVII.

YOUNG JESSICA.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. Young Jessica sat all the day,
 In love-dreams languishingly pining,
 Her needle bright neglected lay,
 Like truant genius idly shining.
 Jessie, 'tis in idle hearts
 That love and mischief are most nimble;
 The safest shield against the darts
 Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.
2. A child who with a magnet played,
 And knew its winning ways so wily,
 The magnet near the needle laid,
 And laughing said,—“We'll steal it slyly.”
 The needle, having naught to do,
 Was pleased to let the magnet wheedle,
 Till closer still the tempter drew,
 And off, at length, eloped the needle.
3. Now, had this needle turned its eye
 To some gay reticule's construction,
 It ne'er had strayed from duty's tie,
 Nor felt a magnet's sly seduction.
 Girls, would you keep tranquil hearts,
 Your snowy fingers must be nimble;
 The safest shield against the darts
 Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

EXERCISE CLXXXVIII.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOLDSMITH.

1. Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And, if you find it wondrous short,—
It can not hold you long.
2. In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.
3. A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.
4. And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.
5. This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.
6. Around from all the neighboring streets,
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so *good* a man.
7. The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.
8. But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied ;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

EXERCISE CLXXXIX.

MODEST WORTH REWARDED.

HOME.

LADY RANDOLPH, LORD RANDOLPH, and YOUNG NORVAL.

Lady Ran. How fares my lord ?*Lord Ran.* That it fares well, *thanks* to this gallant youth,
Whose valor saved me from a wretched death.

As down the winding dale I walked alone,

At the cross-way, four men with arms attacked me,—

Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,—

Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,

Had not this brave and generous stranger come,

Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,

And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.

They turned upon him : but his active arm

Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,

The fiercest two : the others fled amain,

And left him master of the bloody field.

Speak, Lady Randolph : upon beauty's tongue

Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.

Speak, noble dame, and *thank* him for thy lord.*Lady Ran.* My lord, I can not speak what now I feel.

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heaven,

And to this noble youth, who, all unknown

To you and yours, deliberated not,

Nor paused at peril,—but humanely brave,

Fought on your side against such fearful odds.

Have you yet learned of him whom we should thank ?

Whom call the savior of Lord Randolph's life ?

Lord Ran. I asked that question, and he answered not,
But I must know who my deliverer is. (*To the stranger.*)*Norval.* A low-born man, of parentage obscure,

Who naught can boast but his desire to be

A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord Ran. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled

By the great King of kings : thou art ordained

And stamped a hero by the sovereign hand

Of nature ! Blush not, flower of modesty

As well as valor, to declare thy birth.

Nor. My name is Norval ; on the Grampian hills

My father feeds his flocks,—a frugal swain,

Whose constant cares were to increase his store,

And keep his only son, myself, at home.

For I had heard of battles ; and I longed
 To follow to the field some warlike chief ;
 And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
 This moon which rose last night round as my shield,
 Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
 (<) Rushed like a torrent, down upon the vale,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
 For safety and for succor. I alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hovered about the enemy, and marked
 The road he took ; then hastened to my friends,
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.
 We fought and conquered. Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms that now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdained
 The shepherd's slothful life ; and having heard
 That our good king had summoned his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron's side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps,—
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers ;
 And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord Ran. He is as wise as brave : was ever tale
 With such a gallant modesty rehearsed ?
 My brave deliverer, thou shalt enter now
 A nobler list ; and, in a monarch's sight,
 Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
 I will present thee to our Scottish king,
 Whose valiant spirit ever valor loved.

Ha ! my Matilda, wherefore starts that tear ?

Lady Ran. I can not say ; for various affections,
 And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell :
 Yet each of them may well command a tear.
 I joy that thou art safe ; and I admire
 Him, and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy safety ;
 Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine, his own.
 Obscure and friendless he the army sought ;
 Bent upon peril, in the range of death

Resolved to hunt for fame, and with his sword
 To gain distinction, which his birth denied.
 In this attempt, unknown he might have perished,
 And gained with all his valor but oblivion.
 Now, graced by thee, his virtue serves no more
 Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope
 He stands conspicuous: fame and great renown
 Are brought within the compass of his sword.
 On this my mind reflected, while you spoke,
 And blessed the wonder-working hand of Heaven.

Lord Ran. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts!
 My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.
 Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
 In honor and command shall Norval be.

EXERCISE CXC.

THE RIGHT TO TAX AMERICA.

EDMUND BURKE.

1. "BUT, Mr. Speaker, we have a *right* to tax America." O, inestimable right! O, wonderful, transcendent right! the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money. O, invaluable right! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! O, right, more dear to us than our existence, which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all. Infatuated man! miserable and undone country! not to know that the claim of right, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a *right* to tax America, the noble lord tells us, therefore we *ought* to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning.

2. Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf. What, shear a wolf! Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger, of the attempt? No, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the *right*. Man has a right of dominion over the beasts of the forest; and, therefore, I will shear the wolf. How wonderful that a nation could be thus deluded! But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of

his invention ; and he will continue to play off his cheats on this House, so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as he has money enough at command to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come ; and whenever that day comes, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities the punishment they deserve.

EXERCISE CXCI.

SPEECH OF RED JACKET.

1. FRIEND AND BROTHER :—It was the will of the Great Spirit, that we should meet together this day. He orders all things ; and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we see clearly ; our ears are unstopped, that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit, and him only.

2. BROTHER : Listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun : the Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver ; their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them. If we had disputes about our hunting ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us ; your forefathers crossed the great waters, and landed on this island : their numbers were small : they found us friends, and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country, through fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat ; we took pity on them, and granted their request : and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat, and, in return, they gave us *poison*. The white people having now found our country, tidings were sent back, and more came among us ; yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends : they called us *brothers* ; we believed

them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their number so increased, that they wanted more land: they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and we became uneasy. Wars took place; Indians were hired to fight against Indians; and many of our people were destroyed. They, also, distributed liquor among us, which has slain thousands.

3. BROTHER: Once our seats were large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but, not satisfied, you want to force your religion upon us.

4. BROTHER: Continue to listen. You say you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and that, if we do not take hold of the religion which you teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us; and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of rightly understanding it? We only know what you tell us about it, and having been so often deceived by the white people, how shall we believe what they say?

5. BROTHER: You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

6. BROTHER: We do not understand these things: we are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to *our* forefathers, and has been handed down to us: it teaches us *to be thankful for all favors received, to love each other, and to be united: we never quarrel about religion.*

7. BROTHER: The Great Spirit made us all; but he has made a great difference between his white and his red children:—he has given us different complexions and different customs. To you he has given the arts; to these he has not opened our eyes. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may he not have given us a different religion? The Great Spirit does right: he knows what is best for his children.

8. BROTHER: We do not want to destroy your religion, or to take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

9. BROTHER: We are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We will wait a little, and see what effect your preaching has had upon them. If we find it makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said.

10. BROTHER: You have now heard our answer, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are about to part, we will come and take you by the hand: and we hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends.

EXERCISE CXCI.

COMPLAINT AGAINST SCRIBBLERS.

POPE.

1. "Shut, shut the door, good John!"—fatigued, I said:
 "Tie up the knocker,—say I'm sick, I'm dead!"
 The dog-star rages! Nay, 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam, or Parnassus is let out.
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
 What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
 They pierce my thickets; through my grot they glide;
 By land, by water, they renew the charge;
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge;
 No place is sacred; not the church is free;
 E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.

2. Then, from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
 "Happy to catch me just at dinner-time."
 Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song,
 What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
 A dire dilemma!—either way I'm sped;
 If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
 Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
 And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.

3. I sit with sad civility; I read
 With honest anguish and an aching head:
 Then drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel,—“Keep your piece nine years.”
 “Nine years!” (cries he, who, high in Drury-lane,
 Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
 Obligated by hunger, and request of friends;)
 “The piece, you think, is incorrect. Why, take it;
 I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it.”
4. Three things another's modest wishes bound,—
 My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
 Pitholeon sends to me,—“You know his Grace;
 I want a patron,—ask him for a place.”
 “Pitholeon libeled me.” “But here's a letter
 Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.”
 Bless me! a packet! 'Tis a stranger sues:
 “A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse.”
 If I dislike it, (*f.*)—“Furies, death, and rage;”
 If I approve,—“Commend it to the stage.”
 There, thank my stars, my whole commission ends;
 The players and I are luckily no friends.
 Fired that the house reject him,—“'Sdeath, I'll print it,
 And shame the fools. Your interest, sir, with Lintot.”
 “Lintot (dull rogue) will think your price too much.”
 “Not if you, sir, revise it and retouch.”
 All my demurs but double his attacks;
 At last he whispers,—“Do, and we go snacks!”
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,—
 “Sir, let me see you and your works no more.”
5. There are, who to my person pay their court:
 I cough like Horace, and though lean, am short:
 Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;
 Such Ovid's nose; and,—“Sir, you have an eye.”
 Go on, obliging creatures; make me see,
 All that disgraced my betters met in me.
 Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 Just so immortal Maro held his head;
 And when I die, be sure you let me know,
 Great Homer died,—three thousand years ago!

EXERCISE CXCIII.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."
2. "Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work,—work,—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's, oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!
3. "Work,—work,—work!
Till the brain begins to swim,
Work,—work,—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!
4. "Oh! men, with sisters dear!
Oh! men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch,—stitch,—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.
5. "But why do I talk of death,
That Phantom of grizzly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own;

It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep;
 Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

6. "Work,—work,—work!
 My labor never flags;
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread,—and rags,—
 That shattered roof,—and this naked floor,—
 A table,—a broken chair,—
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there!
7. "Work,—work,—work!
 From weary chime to chime!
 Work,—work,—work,
 As prisoners work for crime!
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.
8. "Work,—work,—work!
 In the dull December light,
 And work,—work,—work,
 When the weather is warm and bright;
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the Spring.
9. "Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,—
 With the sky above my head
 And the grass beneath my feet;
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want,
 And the walk that costs a meal!
10. "Oh! but for one short hour!
 A respite, however brief!
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
 But only time for Grief!

A little weeping would ease my heart ;
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread !”

11. With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
 Would that its tone could reach the rich !—
 She sang this “ Song of the Shirt.”

EXERCISE CXCIV.

FATHER ABBEY'S WILL.¹

JOHN SECCOMB.

1. To my dear wife
 My joy and life,
 I freely now do give her,
 My whole estate,
 With all my plate,
 Being just about to leave her :—
2. My tub of soap,
 A long cart rope,
 A frying-pan and kettle,
 An ashes pail,
 A threshing flail,
 An iron wedge and beetle :
3. Two painted chairs,
 Nine warden pears,
 A large old dripping platter,
 This bed of hay,
 On which I lay,
 An old saucepan for butter.

¹ *Cambridge, December, 1730.* Mr. Matthew Abbey had, for a great number of years, served the college in quality of bedmaker and sweeper: Having no child, his wife inherited his whole estate, which he bequeathed to her by his last will and testament.

4. A little mug,
 A two quart jug,
A bottle full of brandy,
 A looking glass
 To see your face,
You'll find it very handy :
5. A musket true,
 As ever flew,
A pound of shot and wallet,
 A leather sash,
 My calabash,
My powder horn and bullet :
6. A greasy hat,
 My old gray cat,
A yard and half of linen,
 A woolen fleece,
 A pot of grease,
In order for your spinning :
7. A small tooth comb,
 An ashen broom,
A candlestick and hatchet,
 A coverlid,
 Striped down with red,
A bag of rags to patch it :
8. A ragged mat,
 A tub of fat,
A book put out by Bunyan,
 Another book
 By Robin Cook,
A skain or two of spunyarn :
9. An old black muff,
 Some garden stuff,
A quantity of borage,
 Some devil's weed,
 And burdock seed,
To season well your porridge :
10. A chafing dish,
 With one salt fish,
If I am not mistaken,
 A leg of pork,
 A broken fork,
And half a fitch of bacon :

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11. A spinning-wheel,
 One peck of meal,
 A knife without a handle,
 A rusty lamp,
 Two quarts of samp,
 And half a tallow candle :
12. My pouch and pipes,
 Two oxen tripes,
 An oaken dish well carved,
 My little dog,
 And spotted hog,
 With two young pigs just starved :
13. This is my store,
 I have no more,
 I heartily do give it,
 My years are spun,
 My days are done,
 And so I think to leave it.
14. Thus father Abbey left his spouse,
 As rich as church or college mouse,
 Which is sufficient invitation,
 To serve the college in his station.
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EXERCISE CXCIV.

PROGRESS OF THE SOUL TOWARD THE PERFECTION OF ITS
 NATURE.

LOGAN.

1. NATIONS have their day. States and kingdoms are mortal, like their founders. When they have arrived at the zenith of their glory, from that moment they begin to decline: the bright day is succeeded by a long night of darkness, ignorance, and barbarity. But in the progress of the SOUL to intellectual and moral perfection, there is no period set. Beyond these heavens, the perfection and happiness of the just is carrying on, but shall never come to a close. God shall behold his creation forever beautifying in his eyes: forever drawing nearer to himself, yet still infinitely distant from the fountain of all goodness.

2. There is not in religion a more joyful and triumphant consideration, than this perpetual progress, which the soul makes to the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at its ultimate period. Here truth has the advantage of fable. No fiction, however bold, presents to us a conception so elevating and astonishing, as this interminable line of heavenly excellence. To look upon the glorified spirit, as going on from strength to strength; adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; making approaches to goodness which are infinite; forever adorning the heavens with new beauties, and brightening in the splendors of moral glory throughout all the ages of eternity, has something in it so transcendent and ineffable, as to satisfy the most unbounded ambition of an immortal spirit.

3. Christian! Does not thy heart glow at the thought, that there is a time marked out in the annals of Heaven, when thou shalt be what the angels are now; when thou shalt shine with that glory, in which principalities and powers now appear; and when, in the full communion of the Most High, thou shalt see him as he is.

EXERCISE CXCVI.

THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON AND THE STAFF OF FRANKLIN.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

1. *The Sword of Washington! The Staff of Franklin!* O, sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the plowshare! What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! *Washington and Franklin!* What other two men whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time?

2. WASHINGTON, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race,—ever manifesting, amid its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sym-

pathies of humanity;—in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

3. FRANKLIN! the mechanic of his own fortune; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast; and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive scepter of oppression: while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the Charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

4. And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the Presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that Constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the representatives of the North American people, to receive, in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated republic,—these sacred symbols of our golden age. May they be deposited among the archives of our Government! And may every American who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world; and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more!

EXERCISE CXCVII.

ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN TROOPS BEFORE THE BATTLE
OF LONG ISLAND.

WASHINGTON.

1. THE time is now near at hand, which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

2. Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and, if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us; and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground, is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

3. Liberty, property, life, and honor, are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause. The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad,—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

EXERCISE CXCVIII.

SPEECH OF MOLOCH.

MILTON.

1. My sentence is for open war. Of wiles
 More unexpert, I boast not; them let those
 Contrive who need; or when they need, not now.
 For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 (<)Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
 The signal to ascend, sit lingering here,
 Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny, who reigns
 By our delay? No; let us rather choose,
 Armed with hell-flames and fury, all at once,
 O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
 Turning our torches into horrid arms,
 Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
 Of his almighty engine, he shall hear
 Infernal thunder; and for lightning, see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his angels,—and his throne itself,
 Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
 His own invented torments.
2. But, perhaps,
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale,
 With upright wing, against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That, in our proper motion, we ascend
 Up to our native seat; descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
 Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight,
 We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
 The event is feared.
3. Should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction; if there be in hell,
 Fear to be worse destroyed. What can be worse
 Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire

Must exercise us without hope of end,
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour
 Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus
 We should be quite abolished and expire.

4. What fear we then? What doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? Which to the hight enraged,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential, (happier far,
 Than miserable, to have eternal being,)
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,
 And can not cease to be, we are at worst
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb this heaven,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge!

EXERCISE CXCIX.

SPEECH OF BELIAL.

MILTON.

1. I should be much for open war, O peers,
 As not behind in hate, if what was urged
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
 When he who most excels in fact of arms,
 In what he counsels, and in what excels,
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are filled
 With armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
 Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,
 Scout far and wide, into the realms of night,
 Scorning surprise.
2. Or, could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
 With blackest insurrection, to confound
 Heaven's purest light,—yet our great enemy,
 All incorruptible, would on his throne

Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mold,
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
 Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
 Is flat despair. We must exasperate
 The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us; that must be our cure,
 To be no more!

3. Sad cure! For who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry foe
 Can give it, or will ever? How he *can*,
 Is doubtful; that he never *will*, is sure.
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,
 To give his enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless?

4. Wherefore cease we then?
 Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,
 Reserved and destined to eternal woe;
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
 What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck
 With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us? This hell then seemed
 A refuge from those wounds; or when we lay
 Chained on the burning lake? That sure was worse.
 What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
 Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames? Or, from above,
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us?

5. What if all
 Her stores were opened, and this firmament
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
 One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps,
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,

Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled
 Each on his rock transixed, the sport and prey
 Of wracking whirlwinds, or forever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains ;
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
 Ages of hopeless end ! This would be worse.
 War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
 My voice dissuades.

EXERCISE CC.

QUERITIES OF QUACKERY.

WILLIAM DUNLAP.

RUSPORT, RACKET, TATTLE, MRS. RACKET.

*Enter TATTLE.**Tat.* Oh, Racket, my dear fellow, how d'y'e do ?*Rack. (aside)* So, another infernal coxcomb !*Tat.* What's the matter ? You don't seem well. How d'y'e do, ma'am ? (*To Rusport.*) Your servant, sir. Racket, you have not introduced me to this gentleman.*Rack.* Captain Rusport, this is my friend, Doctor Tattle.*Tat.* Yes, sir. Tattle ; Terebrate Tattle, M. D.*Rack.* Doctor, this is Captain Rusport, just arrived in the last packet from Halifax.*Tat.* How dy'e do, sir ? I'm very glad to see you, indeed. Very fine potatoes in Halifax. Racket ! this way. Here. Just come from abroad ! You'll recommend me.*Rack.* If he should want a physician, I certainly will— (*half aside*) in the full hope that you will poison him.*Tat.* Thank you ; thank you. Servant, ma'am. Fine weather, ha ? A little rainy, but that's good for the country. (*To Rusport.*) A fine season for coughs and colds, sir. O Racket ! my dear fellow, I had forgot that I heard of your accident. No great harm done, I perceive. What a tremendous fall you must have had ! Precipitated from the scaffolding of a three story house, and brought with your *os parietale*¹ in contact with the pavement, while your heels were suspended in the air, by being entangled in a mason's ladder.*Rack.* Poh, poh ! I tumbled from a cow's back, and broke my nose.*Tat.* Is that all ? Why I heard—So, so, only a con-¹ *The parietal bone* : one of the bones of the skull.

tusion on the *pons nasi*.¹ Ay, ay. I was called up to a curious case last evening.

Rack. Then I'm off. (*While Tattle is speaking, Racket goes out; and Rusport and Mrs. Racket retire behind, laughing.*)

Tat. Very curious case, indeed. I had just finished my studies for the evening, smoked out my last cigar, and got comfortably in bed. Pretty late. Very dark. Monstrous dark. Cold. Monstrous cold, indeed, for the season. Very often the case with us of the Faculty. Called up at all times and seasons. Used to be so when I was a student in Paris. Called up one night to a dancing-master, who had his skull most elegantly fractured, his leg most beautifully broke, and the finest dislocation of the shoulder I ever witnessed. I soon put the shoulder in a state to draw the bow again, and his leg to caper to the tune of it. As for his head, you know a dancing-master's head, ma'am (*looking round*) head—head—Oh! there you are, are you? I beg your pardon, I declare I thought you were by me. So you see, madam, as I was saying, I was called up last night to witness the most curious case—(*follows them, talking*). The bone of the right thigh—

Re-enter RACKET.

Rack. So, the doctor is at it still.

Tat. I'm glad you've come to hear it, Racket. The bone of the right thigh—(*Racket turns away*)—The bone of the right thigh, ma'am (*she turns off*)—The bone of the right thigh, captain—

Rusp. Ay, you must have gained great credit by that cure, doctor.

Tat. Sir! What? O, you mean the dancing-master! I can assure you, sir, I am sought for. I have a pretty practice, considering the partiality the people of this country have to old women's prescriptions,—hoar-hound, cabbage-leaves, robin-runaway, dandy-gray-russet, and the like. A young man of ever so liberal and scientific an education can scarcely make himself known.

Mrs. Rack. But you have made yourself known, doctor.

Tat. Why, yes, ma'am. I found there were but two methods of establishing a reputation, made use of by our physicians; so, for fear of taking the wrong, I took both.

Mrs. Rack. And what are they, doctor?

Tat. Writing for the newspapers, or challenging and caning all the rest of the Faculty.

¹ *The bridge of the nose.*

Rack. These are methods of attaining notoriety.

Mrs. Rack. And notoriety, let me tell you, is often the passport to wealth.

Rusp. Ha, ha, ha! He is a queerity, by all that's quizzish!

Rack. He is an insufferable bore.

Mrs. Rack. O, no. I think he's very amusing, now and then.

Rusp. He is a traveler, I think you say.

Rack. He has traversed France, Italy, and Germany in pursuit of science.

Mrs. Rack. But science traveled faster than he did, and cruelly eluded his pursuit. Poor Doctor! The few ideas he has are always traveling post, and generally upon cross-roads. His head is like New York on May-day, all the furniture wandering.

Re-enter TATTLE.

Tat. Racket, I forgot to tell you—

Mrs. Rack. Could not you find my sister?

Tat. I want to tell you, madam, of a monstrous mortification—

Rack. Poh, poh! Nonsense! Is Caroline at home?

Tat. Who? O! ah!—I had forgot. I don't know. I'll tell you—I had ascended about half, perhaps two thirds of the stair-case—case—Did I tell you of the case of the—

Rack. Nay, stick to the stair-case.

Tat. No. I must descend. I happened to think, without any apparent train of associated ideas leading to the thought, of an affair that happened last night—nay, you must listen—it's worth hearing. It's quite likely that I told you, some time ago, of my having employed a professor of the mechanical part of painting to delineate my name upon a black board to put over my door. By the by, it's a very mistaken notion that the effluvia arising from the pigments used in this branch of painting—

Rack. Nay, nay, the sign. It was painted and put over your door.

Tat. And looked very well too, did n't it? Very well, I'll assure you, captain. Terebrate Tattle, M. D. Large gold characters; well and legibly designated. This striking the organ of vision, or rather being impressed on the retina in an inverted position, like the figures in a *camera obscura*, and thence conveyed to the mind, denoted my place of residence. An ingenious device, and it answered my purpose. I got a case of polypusses by it immediately.

Rusp. Pray, sir, what kind of instruments are they?

Tat. Nay, sir, polypusses are——

Rack. Nay, but Doctor, the sign.

Tat. Ay. Right! good! So, sir, it was displayed, to the ornament of the street, and the edification of the passengers. Well, sir, last night,—last night, sir, somebody or other took it down,—took it down, sir, and nailed it over a duck-coop. “Terebrate Tattle,” say the gold letters; “Quack, quack, quack,” say the ducks. ’Twas illiberal, abominably illiberal!—What a beautiful fracture of the *os femoris*¹ I saw this morning! The upper portion of the bone——

(*Re-enter TATTLE.*)

Tat. So, Racket, as I was saying——

Rack. (*Disengaging himself*) Infernal puppy!

Tat. The upper portion of the bone being very much shattered, I had recourse to——

Rack. Excuse me.

[*Exit.*]

Tat. So, Miss Susannah, the *os femoris*,—the upper portion of the *os femoris*——

Sus. None of sich names to me, Mr. Doctor! I don’t understand being called names, so I don’t. *Ox feminine and feminine ox!* You think I don’t know your meaning! It shows your breeding, so it does. *Feminine ox!* La souls!

[*Exit.*]

Tat. Astonishing ignorance! Now she understands no more of anatomy than I do of making a custard. And these people will *not* be taught. You might as well attempt to pour ipecacuanha down their throats, as science into their ears. Well, I’ll publish this case of the fractured *os femoris*. If nobody will hear it, perhaps somebody will read it; and there is much magic in print. Curious art! Yes, I’ll send it to the editor of the American Magazine, and at least he and his printers *must* read it.

[*Exit.*]

EXERCISE CCL.

EARNEST EXHORTATION.

BIBLE.

1. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?

¹ *The thigh-bone.*

and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people. Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee, shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

2. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

EXERCISE CCII.

SEMPRONIUS' SPEECH FOR WAR.

ADDISON.

1. My voice is still for war.
 Gods! can a Roman senate long debate,
 Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
 No,—let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And, at the head of our remaining troops,
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array
 Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps, some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
 Rise! Fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help:
 Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,
 Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate

Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
 Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up, for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia
 Point out their wounds, and cry aloud,—“To battle!”
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
 And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged among us.

EXERCISE CCIII.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

ROBERT BURNS.

1. I lang hae thought my youthfu' friend,
 A something to have sent you,
 Tho' it should serve nae other end
 Than just a kind *memento*;
 But how the subject-theme may gang
 Let time and chance determine;
 Perhaps, it may turn out a sang;
 Perhaps, turn out a sermon.
2. Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
 And, *Andrew* dear, believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye.
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained;
 And a' your views may come to naught,
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained.
3. I'll no say, men are villains a';
 The real, hardened wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricked:
 But, och! mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted;
 If *self* the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted!
4. Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should nae censure;
 For still th' *important end* of life,
 They equally may answer;

A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' poortith hourly stare him ;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

5. To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justified by honor ;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,—
 Not for a train-attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being *independent* !

6. The great *Creator* to revere,
 Must sure become the *creature* ;
 But still the preaching can't forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature :
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended !

7. When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if shè gie a *random sting*,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
 Is sure a noble *anchor* !

8. Adieu, dear, amiable youth !
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting ;
 May prudence, fortitude and truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In plow-man phrase,—“ God send you speed,”
 Still daily to grow wiser :
 And may you better reck the *rede*,
 Than ever did th' adviser !

EXERCISE CCIV.

MARCO BOZZARIS.¹

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

1. (*st.*) At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power :
 In dreams, through camp and court he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror ;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard ;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
 Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king ;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.
2. An hour passed on,—the Turk awoke ;
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke to hear his sentries shriek,—
 (*ff.*) "TO ARMS! *they come!* the GREEK! the GREEK!"
 He woke, to die midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band :—
 "Strike,—till the last armed foe expires !
 STRIKE,—for your altars and your fires !
 STRIKE,—for the green graves of your sires !
 God, and your native land !"
3. They fought, like brave men, long and well ;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
 They conquered : (*pl.*) but Bozzaris fell
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won ;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close,
 (>) Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

¹ Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of modern Greece, fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were :—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

4. (*pl.*) Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother when she feels
 For the first time her first-born's breath;
 Come when the blesséd seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet song, and dance, and wine,—
 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.
5. (<) But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 BOZZARIS! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die!

 EXERCISE CCV.

"LIVE THEM DOWN!"

CINCINNATI EXPOSITOR.

1. Brother, art thou poor and lowly,
 Toiling, drudging, day by day,
 Journeying painfully and slowly,
 On thy dark and desert way?
 Pause not; though the proud ones frown!
 Shrink not, fear not! *Live them down!*
2. Though to Vice thou shalt not pander,
 Though to Virtue thou shalt kneel,
 Yet thou shalt escape not slander;
 Jibe and *lie* thy soul must feel;

Jest of witling, curse of clown ;
Heed not either ! *Live them down !*

3. *Hate* may wield her scourges horrid ;
Malice may thy woes deride ;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead ;
Envy's spear may pierce thy side !
Lo ! through *cross* shall come the *crown* ;
Fear no foeman ! Live them down !

EXERCISE CCVI.

THE UPAS IN MARYBONE-LANE.

JAMES SMITH.

1. A tree grew in Java, whose pestilent rind
A venom distilled of the deadliest kind ;
The Dutch sent their felons its juices to draw,
And who returned safe, pleaded pardon by law.
2. Face-muffled, the culprits crept into the vale,
Advancing from windward to 'scape the death gale ;
How few the reward of their victory earned ;
For ninety-nine perished for one who returned.
3. Britannia this Upas-tree bought of Mynheer,
Removed it through Holland, and planted it here ;
'Tis now a stock plant, of the genus Wolf's bane,
And one of them blossoms in Marybone-lane.
4. The house that surrounds it, stands first in the row,
The doors, at right angles, swing open below ;
And the children of misery daily steal in,
And the poison they draw we denominate GIN !
5. There enter the prude, and the reprobate boy,
The mother of grief, and the daughter of joy,
The serving-maid slim, and the servant-man stout,
They quickly steal in, and they slowly reel out.
6. Surcharged with the venom, some walk forth erect,
Apparently baffling its deadly effect ;
But, sooner or later, the reckoning arrives,
And ninety-nine perish for one who survives.

7. They cautious advance, with slouched bonnet and hat ;
They enter at this door, they go out at that ;
Some bear off their burden with riotous glee,
But most sink, in sleep, at the foot of the tree.
8. Tax, Chancellor Van, the Bavarian to thwart,
This compound 'of crime, at a sovereign a quart ;
Let gin fetch, per bottle, the price of champagne,
And hew down the Upas in Marybone-lane.

EXERCISE CCVII.

THE SNIVELER.

E. P. WHIPPLE.

1. ONE of the most melancholy productions of a morbid condition of life is the sniveler ; a biped that infests all classes of society, and prattles, from the catechism of despair, on all subjects of human concern. The spring of his mind is broken. A babyish, nerveless fear has driven the sentiment of hope from his soul. He cringes to every phantom of apprehension, and obeys the impulses of cowardice, as though they were the laws of existence. He is the very Jeremiah of conventionalism, and his life one long and lazy lamentation. In connection with this maudlin brotherhood, his humble aim in life is, to superadd the *snivelization* of society to its civilization. Of all bores he is the most intolerable and merciless.

2. He draws misery to you through his nose on all occasions. He stops you at the corner of the street to intrust you with his opinion on the probability, that the last measure of Congress will dissolve the Union. He fears, also, that the morals and intelligence of the people are destroyed by the election of some rogue to office. In a time of general health, he speaks of the pestilence that is to be. The mail can not be an hour late, but he prattles of railroad accidents and steamboat disasters. He fears that his friend who was married yesterday, will be a bankrupt in a year, and whimpers over the trials which he will then endure. As a citizen and politician, he has ever opposed every useful reform, and wailed over every rotten institution as it fell. He has been, and is, the foe of all progress, and always cries over the memory of the "good old days." In short, he is ridden with an eternal nightmare, emits an eternal wail.

EXERCISE CCVIII.

THE AGE OF WASHINGTON.

FISHER AMES.

1. GREAT generals have arisen in all ages of the world, and, perhaps, most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion, they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it, and direct the storm. Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with a splendor, which, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness. The fame of heroes is, indeed, growing vulgar; they multiply in every long war; they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks, almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers.

2. But such a chief magistrate as Washington appears like the pole-star in a clear sky, to direct the skillful statesman. His Presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the best illustration of them, the living monument, to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is my earnest prayer to Heaven, that our country may subsist, even to that late day, in the plenitude of its liberty and happiness, and mingle its mild glory with Washington's.

EXERCISE CCIX.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. No, fellow-citizens, we dismiss not Adams and Jefferson to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, can *never* die, nor, dying, be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live,—to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. They were of the select few, the least portion of whose life dwells in their physical existence; whose hearts have watched while their senses

slept; whose souls have grown up into a higher being; whose pleasure is to be useful; whose wealth is an unblemished reputation; who respire the breath of honorable fame; who have deliberately and consciously put what is called life to hazard, that they may live in the hearts of those who come after. Such men do not, *can* not die.

2. To be cold, and motionless, and breathless; to feel not and speak not: this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their heart's blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred hight, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye?

3. Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, can not die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless, the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, matured, maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," *these* can not expire:

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away:
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once, can never die."

EXERCISE CCX.

THE SILVER FETTERS.

MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

1. "Ay, cast the Greek in prison, and chains of iron bring,
And put those arms in fetters, that dared insult a king!"
Thus spake the "lion-hearted," and rage gleamed from his eye;
"My wrongs call loud for vengeance—in chains then let him lie."

¹ Richard the First, on his expedition to the Holy Land, was driven on the coast of Cyprus. Isaac, Prince of Cyprus, pillaged the ships that were stranded, and committed other acts of violence, for which Richard took ample vengeance. The Greek prince being thrown into prison, and loaded with irons, complained of the little regard with which he was treated, upon which Richard ordered silver fetters to be made for him; and this emperor, pleased with the distinction, expressed a sense of the generosity of his conqueror.

2. In fetters strong they bound him who dared to raise his hand
'Gainst Richard, on his mission to free the Holy Land.
So in the gloomy prison, the fettered captive lay,
And there in weak complainings he wore the time away.
3. "For me to be thus treated—O bitter, burning shame!
Of what avail my kingdom, my princely state, and name?
My royal limbs in fetters! base iron on my hands!
Who knows but low-born menials have worn these hateful bands?"
4. "The blood of kings and monarchs is coursing in my veins,
And like a slave, they've bound me with heavy iron chains;
I would, e'en in my prison, be treated like a king;
Unbind my chains, ye tyrants,—away my fetters fling!"
5. They brought these words to Richard,—the monarch laughed out:
"Now make ye chains of silver—of silver pure and bright,
And bear them to his prison; for by the cross I swear
His royal limbs no other than royal chains shall wear.
6. "The blood of kings and monarchs more pleasantly may flow
'Neath chains of burnished silver,—then to your captive go,
And tell him that King Richard, as mindful of his state,
Would treat him as becometh a prince so wise and great."
7. They went unto his prison, unloosed his iron bands,
And clasped the silver fetters upon his royal hands;
Well pleased, the captive saw them—the captive vain and weak—
No rage burned in his bosom, no shame upon his cheek.
8. Pleased with the shining silver, he wore his glittering chain,
And thanked the princely victor, but never felt the stain.
That silver, more than iron, upon his soul had left—
His soul so dead to honor, of manly shame bereft.
9. Not thou, alone, O Grecian, a silver chain hast worn;
Not thou, alone, weak monarch, a shameful bondage borne;
Pleased with their silver fetters, how many bear like thee
A worse than iron bondage—content base slaves to be!
10. Base slaves to base-born tyrants—to station, power and gold,
Who with relentless grasping both soul and body hold;
Bereft of shame, and fallen, the victims hug their chain,
And bind their souls to Mammon, to sordid care and gain.
11. And worse than all, feel never their wretched, fallen state,
But chained, and bound, and fettered, dream they are rich and great;
And think not that a prison this mighty world may be,
To souls who love their fetters, and wish not to be free.

EXERCISE CCXI.

HIGH NOTIONS OF A HUMBLE ART.

COLONEL ARDEN *and* RISSOLLE.

Colonel. Do I mistake? I really beg pardon—it is fifty-eight years since I learned French. Am I speaking to a—a—cook?

Rissolle. Oui, Monsieur, I believe I have de first reputation in de profession; I live four years wiz de Marquee de Chester, and je me flatte dat,¹ if I had not turn him off last months, I should have supervise his cuisine at dis moment.

Col. Oh, you have discharged the Marquis, sir?

Ris. Oui, mon col-o-nel, I discharge him, because he cast affront upon me, insupportable to an artist of sentiment.

Col. Artist!

Ris. Mon col-o-nel, de Marquee had de mauvais gout,² one day, when he have large partie to dine, to put salt into de soup, before all de compagnie.

Col. Indeed!—and may I ask, is that considered a crime, sir, in your code?

Ris. I dont know *cod.* You mean *morue*?³ Dat is salt enough widout.

Col. I don't mean that, sir. I ask is it a crime for a gentleman to put more salt into his soup?

Ris. Not a crime, mon col-o-nel. Mais!⁴ it would be de ruin of me, as cook, should it be known to de world. So I told his lordship I must leave him; for de butler had said dat he saw his lordship put de salt into de soup, which was proclamation to de univairse, dat I did not know de proper quantite of salt for season my soup.

Col. And you left his lordship for that?

Ris. Oui, sare, his lordship gave me excellent charactair. I go afterwards to live wiz my lord Trefoil: very respectable man, my lor, of good family, and very honest man, I believe. But de king, one day, made him his governor in Ireland, and I found I could not live in dat barbare Dublin.

Col. No?

Ris. No, mon col-o-nel; it is a fine city, good place—but no opera.

Col. How shocking! And you left his excellency on that account?

¹ I flatter myself.² Bad taste.³ Codfish.⁴ But!

Ris. Oui, mon col-o-nel.

Col. Why, his excellency managed to live there without an opera.

Ris. Yes, mon col-o-nel, c'est vrai;¹ but I tink he did not know dare was none when he took de place. I have de charactair from my lor to state why I leave him.

Col. And pray, sir, what wages do you expect?

Ris. Wages! Je n'entend pas,² mon col-o-nel. Do you mean de stipend—de salaire?

Col. As you please.

Ris. My lor Trefoil give to me seven hundred pound a year, my wine, and horse and tilbury, wid small tigre for him.

Col. Small what, sir?

Ris. Tigre—little man-boy, to hold de horse.

Col. Ah! seven hundred pounds a year and a tiger!

Ris. Exclusive of de pastry, mon col-o-nel; I never touch dat department; but I have de honor to recommend Jenkin my sister's husband, for de pastry, at five hundred pounds and his wine. Oh, Jenkin is dog sheap at dat, mon col-o-nel.

Col. Oh, exclusive of pastry!

Ris. Oui, mon col-o-nel.

Col. Which is to be obtained for five hundred pounds a year additional. Why, sir, the rector of my parish, a clergyman and a gentleman, with an amiable wife and seven children, has but half that sum to live upon.

Ris. Poor clergie, mon col-o-nel! (*Shrugging his shoulders.*) I pity your clergie! But den you don't considaire de science and experience dat it require to make de soup, de omelette—

Col. The mischief take your omelette, sir. Do you mean seriously and gravely to ask me seven hundred pounds a year for your services?

Ris. Oui, vraitment,³ mon col-o-nel. (*Taking a pinch of snuff from a gold snuff-box.*)

Col. Why, then, sir, I can't stand this any longer. Seven hundred pounds! Double it, sir, and I'll be your cook for the rest of my life. Good morning, sir. (*In an angry manner, advancing toward Rissolle, who retreats out of the door.*) Seven hundred pounds! Seven hundred—mon col-o-nel—rascal!

¹ That is true.

² I do not understand.

³ Truly; certainly.

EXERCISE CCXII.

REGULUS.

DALE.

1. Urge me no more,—your prayers are vain,
 And even the tears ye shed :
 When I can lead to Rome again
 The bands that once I led ;
 When I can raise your legions slain
 On swarthy Lybia's fatal plain,
 To vengeance from the dead ;
 Then will I seek once more a home,
 And lift a freeman's voice in Rome !

2. Accursed moment ! when I woke
 From faintness all but death,
 And felt the coward conqueror's yoke
 Like venom'd serpents wreath
 Round every limb ;—if *lip* and *eye*
 Betrayed no sign of agony,
 Inly I cursed my breath,—
 Wherefore of all that fought, was I
 The only wretch that could not die ?

3. To darkness and to chains consign'd,
 The captive's fighting doom,
 I recked not ;—could they chain the *mind*,
 Or plunge the *soul* in gloom ?
 And there they left me, dark and lone,
 Till darkness had familiar grown ;
 Then from that living tomb
 They led me forth,—I thought, to die,—
 Oh ! in that thought was ecstasy !

4. But no,—kind Heaven had yet in store
 For me, a conquered slave,
 A joy I thought to feel no more,
 Or feel but in the grave.
 They deemed, perchance, my haughtier mood
 Was *quelled* by chains and solitude ;
 That he who *once* was brave,—
 Was I *not* brave ?—had now become
 Estranged from Honor, as from Rome.

5. They bade me to my country bear
 The offers these have borne ;
 They would have trained my lips to swear,
 Which never yet have sworn.
 Silent their base commands I heard,
 At length, I pledged a Roman's word
 Unshrinking to return.
 I go,—prepared to meet the worst,
 But I shall gall proud Carthage first.
6. They sue for peace,—I bid you spurn
 The gilded bait they bear,
 I bid you still, with aspect stern,
 War, ceaseless war, declare.
 Fools as they were, could not mine eye,
 Through their dissembled calmness, spy
 The struggles of despair ?
 Else had they sent *this wasted* frame,
 To bribe you to your country's shame ?
7. Your land,—(I must not call it mine ;
 No country has the slave ;
 His father's name he must resign,
 And even his father's grave,—
 But this not now)—beneath her lies
 Proud Carthage and her destinies :
Her empire over the wave
 Is yours ; she knows it well,—and you
 Shall know, and make her *feel* it too.
8. Ay, bend your brows, ye ministers
 Of coward hearts, on me ;
 Ye know no longer it is hers,
 The empire of the sea,—
 Ye *know* her fleets are far and few,
 Her bands, a *mercenary* crew ;
 And Rome, the bold and free,
 Shall trample on her prostrate towers,
 Despite your weak and wasted powers.
9. One path alone remains for me ;
 My vows were heard on high ;
 Thy triumphs, Rome, I shall not see,
 For I return to die.

Then tell *me* not of hope or life ;
 I have in Rome no chaste fond wife,
 No smiling progeny ;
 One word concentrates for the slave,—
 Wife, children, country, *all*—THE GRAVE !

EXERCISE CCXIII.

THE CROWN OF THE HAT.

SYDNEY DYER.

1. As the poet advises, I oft study man,
 And have noted each trait that his nature displays,
 And though I must leave him where first I began,
 (Since truly but little is known of his ways),
 For the good of mankind I'll record what I've seen,
 With the sage-like conclusions to which I have come ;
 Nor let any doubt me,—I speak what I mean,—
 And of all my observings give this as the sum :
 The main source of error, when justly come at,
 Will always be found in the "*crown of the hat!*"

2. The world was made rightly, and, well understood,
 Will be found in all parts to fill its design ;
 And we, like its Maker, should still call it "*good,*"
 Though all its dark phases we may not define.
 And if, like the earth, man would keep in his sphere,
 He would ne'er have occasion at fortune to fret ;
 For e'en should his eye be suffused with a tear,
 'T is a gem dropped from Heaven that brings no regret :
 Whoe'er, then, is fretting with this or with that,
 Must have something wrong in the "*crown of his hat!*"

3. The modern reformer, self-righteous and wise,
 Who deems that the world was ne'er blessed with the light
 Till he on its darkness was seen to arise,
 Like the sunbeams of morning dispelling the night,—
 With clamor denounces each system and creed,
 As vile impositions wherewith to deceive ;
 But proclaims to the world that his *own* they must heed,
 And thunders at any who dares disbelieve :
 Now, the poor silly wight is as blind as a bat,
 For all has gone wrong in the "*crown of his hat!*"

4. The votary of fashion believes the Creator,
 When He first made the sex from the rib of the man,
 Had no standard of beauty by which He could rate her ;
 So she tries to improve His original plan.
 The waist is too large, and the hips are too small ;
 These she shapes with a bustle, and that with a lace ;
 And, finding a fault in the chief point of all,
 Disfigures with rouge the divine human face !
 Now, if the poor ninny was not such a flat,
 She 'd find her defects in the "*crown of her hat !*"
5. And thus every failure, and folly, and strife,
 That bothers us here, has its origin thence ;
 So that he who is donning a beaver for life,
 Should be sure, at the start, to well stock it with sense.
 But some, I 've no doubt, are quite ready to say,
 That the poet belongs to the class he describes,
 And his own imperfections should closely survey,
 When others he dares to assail with his gibes :
 Well, he in all frankness acknowledges, pat,
 That there *is* something wrong in the "*crown of his hat !*"

 EXERCISE CCXIV.

QUEER SERMON ON A QUEER TEXT.

DODD.

1. BELOVED, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, come at a short notice, to preach a short sermon, from a short text, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is *Malt*.

2. I can not divide it into sentences, there being none ; nor into words, there being but one. I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four,—M.A.L.T.

M—is Moral.

A—is Allegorical.

L—is Literal.

T—is Theological.

3. The Moral is, to teach you rustics good manners ; therefore, M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Leave off, T—Tippling.

4. The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of and another meant. The thing spoken of is malt: the thing

meant is the spirit of malt, which you rustics make M—your Meat, A—your Apparel, L—your Liberty, and T—your Trust.

5. The Literal is, according to the letters, M—Much, A—Ale, L—Little, T—Trust.

6. The Theological is, according to the effects it works: in some, M—Murder; in others, A—Adultery; in all, L—Looseness of Life; and in many, T—Treachery.

7. I shall conclude the subject,—First, by way of exhortation. M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Listen, T—to my Text. Second, by way of caution. M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Look for, T—the Truth. Third, by way of communicating the truth, which is this:

8. A Drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the alehouse benefactor; his wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbor's scoff; a walking swill-tub; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man!

EXERCISE CCXV.

THE BACHELOR SALE.

MISS DAVIDSON.

1. I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
 And as fast as I dreamed, it was coined into numbers;
 My thoughts ran along in such beautiful meter,
 I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.
 It seemed that a law had been recently made,
 That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;
 And, in order to make them all willing to marry,
 The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
2. The bachelors grumbled, and said 't was no use,
 'T was cruel injustice and horrid abuse,—
 And declared, that to save their own hearts' blood from
 spilling,
 Of such a vile tax they would ne'er pay a shilling.
 But the rulers determined their scheme to pursue,
 So they set all the bachelors up at vendue.
 A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
 To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow,
 And to bawl out to all he might meet on his way,
 "Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day!"

3. And presently all the old maids of the town,
 Each one in her very best bonnet and gown,
 From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,
 Of every description, all flocked to the sale.
 The auctioneer, then, in his labor began;
 And called out aloud, as he held up a man,—
 “How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?”
 In a twink, every maiden responded, “I—I!”
 In short, at a hugely extravagant price,
 The bachelors all were sold off in a trice,
 And forty old maidens,—some younger, some older,—
 Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder!

EXERCISE CCXVI.

SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,—
 “This is my own,—my native land!”
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go mark him well,
 For him,—no minstrel raptures swell!
2. High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung!

EXERCISE CCXVII.

HONORABLE AMBITION.

HENRY CLAY.

1. I HAVE been accused of *ambition* in presenting this measure¹—*ambition*, inordinate *ambition*. If I had thought

¹ Compromise Bill.

of myself *only*, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself; the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconception both of friends and foes. *Ambition?* If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers; if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating, and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could.

2. I have been, heretofore, often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, groveling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism,—beings who, forever keeping their own selfish ends in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement—judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these States, united or separated; I never wish, never expect to be.

3. Pass this bill, tranquillize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, midst my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment, and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I have *ambition*: but it is the *ambition* of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land,—the pleasing *ambition* of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people!

EXERCISE CCXVIII.

POWER OF THE CREATOR SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

ADDISON.

1. The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.
2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up her wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
3. What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball!
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine!

EXERCISE CCXIX.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

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.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree:
My mother's hand this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

-
2. Ah! well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear;
 Who round the hearth-stone used to doze
 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 leaned God's word to hear!
 Her angel face,—I see it yet!
 What thrilling memories come!
 Again that little group is met
 Within the halls of home!
 4. Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried;
 When all were false, I found thee true,
 My counselor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasures give
 That could this volume buy;
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die!
-

EXERCISE CCXX.

P R E S S O N .

PARK BENJAMIN.

1. Press on! surmount the rocky steeps,
 Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch:
 He fails alone who feebly creeps,
 He wins who dares the hero's march.
 Be thou a hero! let thy might
 Tramp on eternal snows its way,
 And, through the ebon walls of night,
 Hew down a passage unto day.
2. Press on! if once and twice thy feet
 Slip back and stumble, harder try;
 From him who never dreads to meet
 Danger and death, they're sure to fly.

To coward ranks the bullet speeds ;
 While on their breasts who never quail,
 Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
 Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

3. Press on ! if Fortune play thee false
 To-day, to-morrow she 'll be true ;
 Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
 Taking old gifts and granting new.
 The wisdom of the present hour
 Makes up for follies past and gone :
 To weakness strength succeeds, and power
 From frailty springs ;—press on ! press on !
4. Therefore, press on ! and reach the goal,
 And gain the prize, and wear the crown :
 Faint not ! for to the steadfast soul
 Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
 To thine own self be true, and keep
 Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil ;
 Press on ! and thou shalt surely reap
 A heavenly harvest for thy toil !

EXERCISE CCXXI.

JONES AT THE BARBER'S SHOP.

SCENE.—*A Barber's Shop. Barber's men engaged in cutting hair, making wigs, and other barberesque operations.*

Enter JONES, meeting OILY the barber.

Jones. I wish my hair cut.

Oily. Pray, sir, take a seat.

(OILY puts a chair for JONES, who sits. During the following dialogue, OILY continues cutting JONES'S hair.)

Oily. We've had much wet, sir.

Jones. Very much, indeed.

Oily. And yet November's early days were fine.

Jones. They were.

Oily. I hoped fair weather might have lasted us
 Until the end.

Jones. At one time—so did I.

Oily. But we have had it very wet.

Jones. We have.

[*A pause of some minutes.*]

Oily. I know not, sir, who cut your hair last time ;
But this I say, sir, it was badly cut :
No doubt 't was in the country.

Jones. No ! in town !

Oily. Indeed ! I should have fancied otherwise.

Jones. 'T was cut in town,—and in this very room.

Oily. Amazement !—but I now remember well.
We had an awkward, new provincial hand,
A fellow from the country. Sir, he did
More damage to my business in a week
Than all my skill can in a year repair.
He must have cut your hair.

Jones (*looking at him*). No,—'t was yourself.

Oily. Myself ! *Impossible !* You must mistake.

Jones. I don't mistake,—'t was you that cut my hair.

(*A long pause, interrupted only by the clipping of the scissors.*)

Oily. Your hair is very dry, sir.

Jones. Oh ! indeed.

Oily. Our Vegetable Extract moistens it.

Jones. I like it dry.

Oily. But, sir, the hair, when dry,
Turns quickly gray.

Jones. That color I prefer.

Oily. But hair, when gray, will rapidly fall off,
And baldness will ensue.

Jones. I would be bald.

Oily. Perhaps, you mean to say you'd like a wig.
We've wigs so natural, they can't be told
From real hair.

Jones. Deception I detest.

(*Another pause ensues, during which OILY blows down JONES'S neck, and relieves him from the linen wrapper in which he has been enveloped during the process of hair-cutting.*)

Oily. We've brushes, soaps, and scent, of every kind.

Jones. I see you have. (*Pays 6d.*) I think you'll find that right.

Oily. If there is nothing I can show you, sir—

Jones. No : nothing. Yet,—there may be something, too,
That you may show me.

Oily. Name it, sir.

Jones. The door.

[*Exit JONES.*

Oily (to his man). That 's a rude customer, at any rate.
Had I cut him as short as he cut me,
How little hair upon his head would be!
But, if kind friends will all our pains requite,
We 'll hope for better luck another night.

[*Shop-bell rings and curtain falls.*

EXERCISE CCXXII.

E D U C A T I O N .

PHILLIPS.

1. OF all the blessings which it has pleased Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which breathes a purer fragrance, or bears a heavenlier aspect, than *education*. It is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave: at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament: it chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once a grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave! a reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passions participated with brutes; and, in the accident of their alternate ascendancy, shuddering at the terrors of a hereafter, or embracing the horrid hope of annihilation.

2. What is this wondrous world of his residence?

“A mighty maze, and all without a plan:”

a dark, and desolate, and dreary cavern, without wealth, or ornament, or order. But light up within it the torch of *knowledge*, and how wondrous the transition! The seasons change, the atmosphere breathes, the landscape lives, earth unfolds its fruits, ocean rolls in its magnificence, the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature rises revealed before him, its varieties regulated, and its mysteries resolved! The phenomena which bewilder, the prejudices which debase, the superstitions which enslave, vanish before education.

3. Like the holy symbol which blazed upon the cloud before

the hesitating Constantine, if man follow but its precepts, purely, it will not only lead him to the victories of this world, but open the very portals of Omnipotence for his admission. Cast your eye over the monumental map of ancient grandeur, once studded with the stars of empire and the splendors of philosophy. What erected the little state of Athens into a powerful commonwealth, placing in her hand the scepter of legislation, and wreathing round her brow the imperishable chaplet of literary fame? What extended Rome, the haunt of banditti, into universal empire? What animated Sparta with that high, unbending, adamant courage, which conquered nature herself, and has fixed her in the sight of future ages, a model of public virtue, and a proverb of national independence? What but those wise public institutions which strengthened their minds with early application, informed their infancy with the principles of action, and sent them into the world, too vigilant to be deceived by its calms, and too vigorous to be shaken by its whirlwinds?

EXERCISE CCXXIII.

THE LAST APPENDIX TO "YANKEE DOODLE."

1. YANKEE DOODLE sent to Town
 His goods for exhibition;
 Every body ran him down,
 And laughed at his position.
 They thought him all the world behind,
 A goney, muff, or noodle;
 "Laugh on, good people,—never mind,"
 Says quiet YANKEE DOODLE.

2. YANKEE DOODLE had a craft,
 A rather tidy clipper,
 And he challenged, while they laughed,
 The Britishers to whip her.
 Their whole yacht-squadron she outsped,
 And that on their own water;
 Of all the lot she went a-head,
 And they came nowhere arter.

3. O'er Panamá there was a scheme
Long talked of, to pursue a
Short route,—which many thought a dream,—
By Lake Nicaragua.
JOHN BULL discussed the plan on foot,
With slow irresolution,
While YANKEE DOODLE went and put
It into execution.

4. A steamer of the COLLINS line,
A YANKEE DOODLE'S notion,
Has also quickest cut the brine
Across the Atlantic Ocean.
And British agents, no ways slow
Her merits to discover,
Have been and bought her—just to tow
The CUNARD packets over.

5. Your gunsmiths of their skill may crack,
But that again don't mention :
I guess that COLT'S revolvers whack
Their very first invention.
By YANKEE DOODLE, too, you 're beat
Downright in agriculture,
With his machine for reaping wheat,
Chawed up as by a vulture.

6. You also fancied, in your pride,
Which truly is tarnation,
Them British locks of yours defied
The rogues of all creation ;
But CHUBBS' and BRAMAH'S HOBBS has picked,
And you must now be viewed all,
As having been completely licked
By glorious YANKEE DOODLE.

EXERCISE CCXXIV.

DEATH-SONG OF OUTALISSI.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1. "And I could weep;"—the Oneida chief
 His descant wildly thus begun;
 "But that I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of my father's son!
 Or bow this head in woe;
 For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
 To-morrow Areouski's breath
 (That fires yon heaven with storms and death,)
 Shall light us to the foe:
 And we shall share, my Christian boy!
 The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!
2. "But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
 By milder genii o'er the deep,
 The spirits of the white man's heaven
 Forbid not thee to weep:—
 Nor will the Christian host,
 Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
 To see thee, on the battle's eve,
 Lamenting take a mournful leave
 Of her who loved thee most:
 She was the rainbow to thy sight!
 Thy sun,—thy heaven,—of lost delight!
3. "To-morrow let us do or die!
 But when the bolt of death is hurled,
 Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
 Shall Outalissi roam the world?
 Seek we thy once-loved home?
 The hand is gone that cropped its flowers;
 Unheard their clock repeats its hours;
 Cold is the hearth within their bowers;
 And should we thither roam,
 Its echoes, and its empty tread,
 Would sound like voices from the dead!
4. "Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
 Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
 And by my side, in battle true,
 A thousand warriors drew the shaft?

Ah! there in desolation cold,
 The desert serpent dwells alone,
 Where grass o'ergrows each moldering bone,
 And stones, themselves to ruin grown,
 Like me, are death-like old.
 Then seek we not their camp,—for there
 The silence dwells of my despair!

5. "But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
 In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
 Even from the land of shadows now
 My father's awful ghost appears
 Amid the clouds that round us roll;
 He bids my soul for battle thirst;
 He bids me dry the last,—the first,—
 The *only* tear that ever burst
 From Outalissi's soul;
 Because I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of an Indian chief."

EXERCISE CCXXV.

SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

SHAKSPEARE.

1. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits, and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
 And then, the whining school-boy, with his sachel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school: and then, the lover;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow: then, a soldier;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth: and then, the justice;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,

And so he plays *his* part : The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound : last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

EXERCISE CCXXVI.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

BYRON.

1. The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
2. Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.
3. For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
 And the eyes of the sleeper waxed deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.
4. And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide ;
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
5. And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown.
6. And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

EXERCISE CCXXVII.

THE CHAMELEON.

MERRICK.

1. Oft has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post ;
 Yet round the world the blade has been
 To see whatever could be seen,
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times perter than before.
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The traveled fool your mouth will stop :—
 "Sir, if my judgment you 'll allow,
 I've seen, and sure I ought to know."
 So begs you 'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.
2. Two travelers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that ;
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
 "A stranger animal," cries one,
 "Sure never lived beneath the sun :
 A lizard's body lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue ;
 Its foot with triple claw disjoined ;
 And what a length of tail behind !
 How slow its pace ; and then its hue,—
 Who ever saw so fine a blue !"
3. "Hold there !" the other quick replies ;
 "'T is *green* ; I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warned it in the sunny ray ;
 Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
 And saw it eat the air for food."
4. "I've seen it, sir, as well as *you*,
 And must again affirm it *blue* ;
 At leisure I the beast surveyed,
 Extended in the cooling shade."

5. 'T is *green*, 't is *green*, sir, I assure ye!"—
 " *Green !*" cries the other, in a fury ;
 " Why, sir, d' ye think I've lost my eyes?"—
 " 'T were no great loss," the friend replies ;
 " For, if they always serve you thus,
 You 'll find them of but little use."
6. So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows ;
 When luckily came by a third ;
 To him the question they referred,
 And begged he 'd tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.
7. " Sirs," cries the umpire, " cease your pother,
 The creature 's neither one nor t' other ;
 I caught the animal last night,
 And viewed it o'er by candle-light :
 I marked it well,—'t was *black* as jet,—
 You stare ; but, sirs, I've got it yet,
 And can produce it." " Pray, sir, do ;
 I'll lay my life the thing is *blue*."
 " And I'll be bound, that when you 've seen
 The reptile, you 'll pronounce him *green*."
 " Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"
 Replies the man, " I 'll turn him out :
 And when before your eyes I've set him,
 If you don't find him *black*, I 'll eat him."
 He said ; then full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and, lo!—'t was *white*.

 EXERCISE CCXXVIII.

ULTIMATE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

CHARLES SUMNER.

1. TELL me not, then, of the homage which the world yet offers to the military chieftain. Tell me not of the "glory" of War. Tell me not of the "honor" or "fame" won on its murderous fields. All is vanity. It is a blood-red phantom, sure to fade and disappear. They, who strive after it, Ixion-like, embrace a cloud. Though seeming for a while to fill the heavens, cloaking the stars, it must, like the vapors of earth, pass away.

2. Milton likens the early contests of the Heptarchy to the skirmishes of crows and kites; but God, and the exalted Christianity of the Future, must regard all the bloody feuds of men in the same likeness; looking upon Napoleon and Alexander, so far as they were engaged in war, only as monster crows and kites. Thus shall it be, as mankind ascend from the thrall of brutish passions. Nobler aims, by nobler means, shall fill the soul. A new standard of excellence shall prevail; and honor, divorced from all deeds of blood, shall become the inseparable attendant of good works alone. Far better, then, shall it be, even in the judgment of this world, to have been a door-keeper in the house of Peace, than the proudest dweller in the tents of War.

3. There is a legend of the early Church, that the Savior left his image miraculously impressed upon a napkin which he had placed upon his countenance. The napkin was lost, and men attempted to portray that countenance from the heathen models of Jupiter and Apollo. But the image of Christ is not lost to the world. Clearer than in the precious napkin, clearer than in the colors or the marble of modern art, it appears in every virtuous deed, in every act of self-sacrifice, in all magnanimous toil, in every recognition of the Brotherhood of Mankind.

4. It shall yet be supremely manifest, in unimagined loveliness and serenity, when the Commonwealth of Nations, confessing the True Grandeur of Peace, shall renounce the wickedness of the War system, and dedicate to labors of Beneficence all the comprehensive energies now so fatally absorbed in its support. Then, at least, shall it be seen, that *there can be no Peace that is not honorable, and there can be no War that is not dishonorable.*

EXERCISE CCXXIX.

EMPTINESS OF EARTHLY GLORY.

WAYLAND.

1. THE crumbling tombstone and the gorgeous mausoleum, the sculptured marble and the venerable cathedral, all bear witness to the instinctive desire within us to be remembered by coming generations. But how short-lived is the immortality which the works of our hands can confer! The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen are covered

with the soil of twenty centuries. The works of the age of Pericles lie at the foot of the Acropolis in indiscriminate ruin. The plowshare turns up the marble which the hand of Phidias had chiseled into beauty, and the Mussulman has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva.

2. But even the works of our hands too frequently survive the memory of those who have created them. And were it otherwise, could we thus carry down to distant ages the recollection of our existence, it were surely childish to waste the energies of an immortal spirit in the effort to make it known to other times, that a being whose name was written with certain letters of the alphabet once lived, and flourished, and died. Neither sculptured marble, nor stately column, can reveal to other ages the lineaments of the spirit; and *these* alone can embalm our memory in the hearts of a grateful posterity.

3. As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's, or treads, with religious awe, the silent aisles of Westminster Abbey, the sentiment which is breathed from every object around him is, the utter emptiness of sublunary glory. The fine arts, obedient to private affection or public gratitude, have here embodied, in every form, the finest conceptions of which their age was capable. Each one of these monuments has been watered by the tears of the widow, the orphan, or the patriot. But generations have passed away, and mourners and mourned have sunk together into forgetfulness.

4. The aged crone, or the smooth-tongued beadle, as now he hurries you through aisles and chapel, utters, with measured cadence and unmeaning tone, for the thousandth time, the name and lineage of the once honored dead; and then gladly dismisses you, to repeat again his well-conned lesson to another group of idle passers-by. Such, in its most august form, is all the immortality that matter can confer. It is by *what we ourselves have done*, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by *thought* that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, which has "given luster to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakspeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.

EXERCISE CCXXX.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

JOSIAH QUINCY.

1. WHEN we speak of the glory of our fathers, we mean not that vulgar renown to be attained by physical strength, nor yet that higher fame to be acquired by intellectual power. Both often exist without lofty thought, or pure intent, or generous purpose. The glory which we celebrate, was strictly of a moral and religious character; righteous as to its ends; just as to its means. The American Revolution had its origin neither in ambition, nor avarice, nor envy, nor in any gross passion; but in the nature and relation of things, and in the thence resulting necessity of separation from the parent State. Its progress was limited by that necessity. During the struggle, our fathers displayed great strength and great moderation of purpose. In difficult times, they conducted with wisdom; in doubtful times, with firmness; in perilous, with courage; under oppressive trials, erect; amid great temptations, unseduced; in the dark hour of danger, fearless; in the bright hour of prosperity, faithful.

2. It was not the instant feeling and pressure of the arm of despotism that roused them to resist, but the *principle* on which that arm was extended. They could have paid the *stamp-tax*, and the *tea-tax*, and other impositions of the British government, had they been increased a thousand fold. But *payment* acknowledged the *right*; and they spurned the consequences of that acknowledgment. In spite of those acts they could have lived, and happily; and bought, and sold, and got gain, and been at ease. But they would have held those blessings, on the tenure of dependence on a foreign and distant power; at the mercy of a king, or his minions; or of councils, in which they had no voice, and where their interests could not be represented, and were little likely to be heard. They saw that their prosperity in such case would be precarious, their possessions uncertain, their ease inglorious.

3. But, above all, they realized that those burdens, though light to them, would, to the coming age, to us, their posterity, be heavy, and probably insupportable. Reasoning on the inevitable increase of interested imposition, upon those who are without power and have none to help, they foresaw that, sooner or later, desperate struggles must come. They

preferred to meet the trial in their *own times*, and to make the sacrifices in their *own persons*. They were willing *themselves* to endure the toil, and to incur the hazard, that we and our descendants, their posterity, might reap the harvest and enjoy the increase.

4. Generous Men! Exalted Patriots! Immortal Statesmen! For this deep moral and social affection, for this elevated self-devotion, this noble purpose, this bold daring, the multiplying myriads of your posterity, as they thicken along the Atlantic coast, from the St. Croix to the Mississippi, as they spread backwards to the lakes, and from the lakes to the mountains, and from the mountains to the western waters, shall, on this day,¹ annually, in all future time, as we, at this hour, come up to the temple of the Most High, with song, and anthem, and thanksgiving, and choral symphony, and hallelujah, to repeat your NAMES; to look steadfastly on the brightness of your glory; to trace its spreading rays to the points from which they emanate; and to seek, in your character and conduct, a practical illustration of public duty, in every occurring social exigence.

EXERCISE CCXXXI.

BANISHMENT OF CATILINE.

CROLY.

SCENE.—*Senate in session; a consul in the chair; lictors present. CICERO concluding his speech.*

Cicero. Our long dispute must close. Take one proof more
Of this rebellion. Lucius Catiline
Has been commanded to attend the senate.
He dares not come! I now demand your votes!
Is he condemned to exile?

(Enter Catiline hastily, and as he seats himself on one side, all the senators go over to the other.)

Cic. *(Turning to Catiline.)* Here I repeat the charge, to
gods and men,
Of *treasons* manifold;—that, but this day,
He has received dispatches from the rebels;
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
To seize the province; nay, he has levied troops,
And raised his rebel standard; that, but now,

¹ The 4th of July.

A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystic rites and oaths,
Pledged round the body of a murdered slave.
To these he has no answer.

Catiline. Conscript fathers!

I do not rise to waste the night in words:
Let that plebeian talk; 't is not my trade:
But here I stand for *right!*—Let him show proofs!—
For Roman right! though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master,—judges, Romans, slaves!
His charge is *false!* I *dare* him to his proofs
You have my answer: let my actions speak!

Cic. (Interrupting.) Deeds shall convince you! Has the
traitor done?

Cat. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong;
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as *he* who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright,—and for what?
To fling your offices to every slave; (*Looking round him.*)
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb;
And having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge, moldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler men below.

Cic. This is his answer! Must I bring more proofs?
Fathers, you know there lives not one of us,
But lives in peril of his midnight sword.
Lists of proscription have been handed round,
In which your properties are made
Your murderer's hire.

(*A cry without, "More prisoners!" Enter an officer with
letters for Cicero, who, after looking at them, sends them
round the senate.*)

Cic. Fathers of Rome! If men can be convinced
By proof, as clear as daylight, here it is!
Look on these letters! Here 's a deep-laid plot
To wreck the provinces; a solemn league,
Made with all form and circumstance. The time
Is desperate,—all the slaves are up,—Rome shakes!—
The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
We stand even here! The name of Catiline

Is foremost in the league. He was their king.
Tried and convicted Traitor! Go from Rome!

Cat. (Rising haughtily.) Come, consecrated lictors, from
your thrones! *(To the senate.)*

Fling down your scepters!—take the rod and ax,
And make the murder, as you make the law!

Cic. (To an officer, and interrupting Catiline.) Give up
the record of his banishment.

[The officer gives it to the consul.]

Cat. (With indignation.) Banished from Rome! What's
banished, but set free

From daily contact of the things I loathe?

“Tried and convicted traitor!”—who says this?

Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?

Banished? I thank you for't! It breaks my chain!

I held some slack allegiance till this hour,—

But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!

I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,

Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,

I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,

To leave you in your lazy dignities!

But here I stand and scoff you!—here I fling

Hatred and full defiance in your face!

Your consul's merciful. For this, all thanks!

He dares not touch a hare of Catiline!

Consul. (Reads.) “Lucius Sergius Catiline! by the decree
of the senate, you are declared an enemy and alien to the
state, and banished from the territory of the common-
wealth!” *(Turning to the lictors.)*

Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple!

Cat. “Traitor!” I go,—but I return! This trial!

Here I devote your senate!—I've had wrongs,

To stir a fever in the blood of age,

And make the infant's sinews strong as steel.

This day's the birth of sorrows! This hour's work

Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!

For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,

Shapes hot from Tartarus! all shames and crimes;

Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;

Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;

Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,

Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;

Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,

And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

EXERCISE CXXXII.

SCHOOLS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

1. The schools, the schools of other days!
Those were the schools for me;
When, in a frock and trowsers dressed,
I learned my A B C.
2. When, with my dinner in my hat,
I trudged away to school,
Nor dared to stop, as boys do now,—
For school-ma'ams had a *rule*.
3. With locks well combed, and face so clean
(Boys washed their faces then,)
And a "stick-horse" to ride upon,—
What happy little men!
4. And, if a traveler we met,
We threw no stick and stones
To fright the horses as we passed,
Or break good people's bones.
5. But, with our hats beneath our arms,
We bent our heads full low;
For ne'er the school-ma'am failed to ask,—
"Boys, did you make a bów?"
6. And all the little girls with us
Would courtesy full low,
And hide their ankles 'neath their gowns—
Girls don't have ankles now.
7. We stole no fruit, nor tangled grass;
We played no noisy games;
And when we spoke to older folks,
Put *handles on their names*.
8. And, when the hour for school had come,
Of bell we had no need;
The school-ma'am's rap upon the glass
Each one would quickly heed.
9. The school-ma'am—Heaven bless her name—
When shall we meet her like?
She always wore a green calash,
A calico vandyke.

-
10. She never sported pantalets;
 No silks on her did rustle;
 Her dress hung gracefully all around;
 She never wore a bustle.
11. With modest mien and loving heart
 Her daily task was done,
 And true as needle to the pole,
 The next one was begun.
12. The days were all alike to her,
 The evenings just the same,
 And neither brought a change to us,
 Till Saturday forenoon came.
13. And then we had a "spelling-match,"
 And learned the sounds of A—
 The months and weeks that made the year,
 The hours that made the day.
14. And on that day we saw her *smile*;
 No other time smiled she;
 'T was when she told us learnedly
 When next "*leap-year*" would be.
15. Alas, kind soul, though leap-year came
 And went full many a time,
 In "single-blessedness" she toiled
 Till far beyond her prime.
16. But now, indeed, her toils are o'er,
 Her lessons are all said;
 Her rules well learned, her words well spelled—
 She's *gone up to the HEAD!*
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EXERCISE CCXXXIII.

SPEECH OF A CREEK INDIAN AGAINST THE USE OF
INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

1. I DO not stand up, O countrymen! to propose the plans of war, or to direct the wisdom of this assembly in the regulation of our alliances. My intention is to open to your view, a subject not less worthy of your deliberate notice. I per-

ceive the eye of this assembly dwells upon me. Oh! may every heart be unveiled from its prejudices, and receive the disinterested, the pious, the filial obedience I owe to my country, when I step forth to be the accuser of my brethren;—not of treachery; not of cowardice; not of deficiency in the noblest of all passions, the love of the public: *these*, I glory in boasting, are *incompatible* with the character of a Creek. The *tyrant* I arraign before you, O Creeks! is no native of our soil, but a lurking *miscreant*, an *emissary* of the evil principle of darkness. 'T is that pernicious *liquid* which our pretended white friends artfully introduced, and so plentifully pour in among us.

2. Tremble, O ye Creeks! when I thunder in your ears *this denunciation*,—that, if the cup of perdition continue to rule with so intemperate a sway among us, ye will cease to be a nation: ye will have neither heads to direct, nor hands to protect: this *diabolical juice* will undermine all the powers of your bodies and minds. In the day of battle, the warrior's enfeebled arm will draw the bow with inoffensive zeal: in the day of council, when national safety hangs suspended on the lips of the hoary Sachem, he will shake his head with uncollected spirits, and drivel out the babblings of a second childhood. Think not, O Creeks! that I present an *imaginary picture*, to amuse or affright you: it is too evident! it is too fatally evident, that we find the vigor of our youth abating; our numbers decreasing; our ripened manhood a premature victim to diseases, to sickness, and to death; and our venerable Sachems a scanty number.

3. Does not that desertion of all our reasoning powers, when we are under the dominion of that depraved monster, that barbarian madness wherewith it inspires us, prove, beyond a doubt, that it dislocates all our intellectual faculties, pulls down reason from her throne, and dissipates every ray of the Divinity within us? I need not, I hope, make it a question to any in this assembly, whether he would prefer the intemperate use of this liquor, to clear perceptions, sound judgment, and a mind exulting in its own reflections? However great may be the force of habit, how insinuating soever the influence of example, I persuade myself, and I perceive by your countenances, O Creeks! that there is not one before whom I stand, so shameless, so lost to the weakest impulses of humanity, and the very whisperings of reason, as not to acknowledge the *turpitude* of such a choice.

EXERCISE CCXXXIV.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S REPLY TO A RECRUITING SERJEANT

1. So, ye want to *catch me*, do ye?
 Nae! I don't much think you wull,
 Though your scarlet coat and feathers
 Look so bright and butiful;
 Though you tell such famous stories
 Of the fortunes to be won,
 Fightin' in the distant Ingies,
 Underneath the burnin' sun.
2. S'pose I am a tight young feller,
 Sound o' limb, and all that ere,
 I can't see that *that's* a reason
 Why the scarlet I should wear;
 Fustian coat and corded trousers
 Seem to suit me quite as well:
 Think I don't look badly in 'em—
 Ax my Meary, she ken tell!
3. Sartinly I'd rather keep 'em,—
 These same limbs you talk about,
 Covered up in cord and fustian,
 Than I'd try to do without.
 There's Bill Muggins left our village
 Jest as sound a man as I;
 Now he goes about on crutches,
 With a single leg and eye.
4. To be sure he's got a *medal*,
 And some *twenty pounds a-year*:
 For his health, and strength, and sarvice,
 Government can't call that dear;
 Not to reckon one leg shattered,
 Two ribs broken, one eye lost;
 'Fore I went on such a ventur,
 I should stop and count the cost.
5. "Lots o' glory?"—lots o' gammon!
 Ax Bill Muggins about *that*;
 He will tell you 'taint, by no means,
 Sort o' stuff to make ye fat;

If it was, the private so'ger
 Gets o' it but precious little;
 Why, its jest like bees a ketchin'
 With a sound of a brass kettle.

6. "Lots o' gold, and quick promotion?"
 Whew! just look at William Green;
 He's been *fourteen years a-fightin'*,
 As they call it, for the Queen;
 Now he comes home invalided,
 With a serjeant's rank and pay;
 But that he's made a captain,
 Or is rich, I arnt heard say.
7. "Lots o' fun and pleasant quarters,
 And a so'ger's merry life;
 All the tradesman's—farmer's daughters
 Wantin' to become my wife?"
 Well, I think I'll take the shillin';
 Put the ribbons in my hat!
 Stop! I'm but a country bumpkin,
 Yet not quite so green as *that*.
8. "*Fun?*"—a knockin' fellow-creatures
 Down like nine-pins, and that ere—
 Stickin' bag'nets through and through 'em—
 Burnin' slayin,' everywhere!
 "*Pleasant quarters!*"—werry pleasant!
 Sleepin' on the field o' battle,
 Or in hospital, or barracks,
 Crammed together jest like cattle.
9. Strut away then, master serjeant:
 Tell your lies as on ye go;
 Make your drummers rattle louder,
 And your fifers harder blow;
 I sha'n't be a "son o' glory,"
 But an honest working man,
 With the strength that God has giv me,
 Doin' all the good I can.

EXERCISE CCXXXV.

EARNEST APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

ANDREW JACKSON.

1. FELLOW-CITIZENS:—contemplate the condition of that country of which you form an important part! Consider its government, uniting in one bond of common interest and general protection, so many different States, giving to all their inhabitants the proud title of AMERICAN CITIZENS, protecting their commerce, securing their literature and their arts, facilitating their intercommunication, defending their frontiers, and making their name respected in the remotest parts of the earth. Consider the extent of its territory, its increasing and happy population, its advance in arts which render life agreeable, and the sciences which elevate the mind!

2. See education spreading the light of religion, humanity, and general information, into every cottage in this wide extent of our Territories and States! Behold it as the asylum, where the wretched and the oppressed find a refuge and support! Look on this picture of happiness and honor, and say—"WE, TOO, ARE CITIZENS OF AMERICA!" Carolina is one of these proud States. Her arms have defended, her best blood has cemented, this happy Union! And then add, if you can without horror and remorse, "This happy Union we will dissolve,—this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface,—this free intercourse we will interrupt,—these fertile fields we will deluge with blood,—the protection of that glorious flag we renounce,—the very name of Americans we discard!"

3. There is yet time to show, that the descendants of the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Rutledges, and of the thousand other names which adorn the pages of your revolutionary history, will not abandon that Union to support which, so many of them fought, and bled, and died. (<) I adjure you, as you honor their memory,—as you love the cause of freedom, to which they dedicated their lives,—as you prize the peace of your country, the lives of its best citizens, and your own fair fame, to retrace your steps. Snatch from the archives of your State, the disorganizing edict of its convention,—bid its members to re-assemble and promulgate the decided expressions of your will,—to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honor,—tell them that,

compared to disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all,—declare that you will never take the field, unless the star-spangled banner of your country shall float over you,—that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the Constitution of your country—its destroyers you can not be.

4. Fellow-citizens, the momentous case is before you. On your undivided support of the government, depends the decision of the great question it involves, whether our sacred Union will be preserved, and the blessings it secures to us as one people, shall be perpetuated. No one can doubt that the unanimity with which that decision will be expressed, will be such as to inspire new confidence in republican institutions; and that the prudence, the wisdom, and the courage, which it will bring to their defense, will transmit them unimpaired and invigorated to our children.

5. May the Great Ruler of nations grant that the signal blessings with which He has favored ours, may not, by the madness of party or personal ambition, be disregarded and lost; and may His wise Providence bring those who have produced this crisis, to see their folly, before they *feel* the misery of *civil strife*; and inspire a returning veneration for that Union, which, if we may dare to penetrate His designs, He has chosen as the only means of attaining the high destinies to which we may reasonably aspire.

EXERCISE CCXXXVI.

SCENE FROM WILLIAM TELL. KNOWLES.

GESLER, TELL, and ALBERT; VERNER, SARNEM, and SOLDIERS.

Sarnem. DOWN, slave!

Behold the Governor. *Down!* DOWN! and beg
For mercy!

Gesler. Does he hear?—Thy name?

Tell. My name?

It matters not to keep it from thee now:

My name is TELL.

Ges. Tell?—William Tell?

Tell. The same.

Ges. What! *he* so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat!

And such a master of his bow, 'tis said
His arrows never miss!—(*Aside.*) Indeed!—I'll take
Exquisite vengeance:—Mark! I'll spare thy life,
Thy boy's, too. Both of you are free,—on *one*
Condition.

Tell. Name it.

Ges. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.

Tell. Name the trial you
Would have me make. (*Tell looks on Albert.*)

Ges. You look upon your boy,
As though, instinctively, you guessed it.

Tell. Look
Upon my boy!—What mean you? Look upon
My boy, as though I guessed it! Guessed the trial
You'd have me make! Guessed it
Instinctively! You do not mean—no—no—
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.

Ges. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.

Tell. Is my boy to hold it?

Ges. No.

Tell. No!—I'll send the arrow through the core!

Ges. It is to rest upon his head.

Tell. Great Heaven,
Thou hear'st him!

Ges. Thou dost hear the choice I give,—
Such trial of the skill thou'rt master of,
Or death to both of you, not otherwise
To be escaped.

Tell. O monster!

Ges. Wilt thou do it?

Alb. He will! he will!

Tell. Ferocious monster! **Make**
A father murder his own child!

Ges. Take off
His chains, if he consents.

Tell. With his own hand!

Ges. Does he consent?

Alb. He does.

(GESLER signs to his officers who proceed to take off TELL'S chains, TELL all the while unconscious of what they do.)

Tell. With his own hand!

Murder his child with his own hand!

The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!

(*His chains fall off.*) What's that you

Have done to me? (*To the guard.*)

Villains! put on my chains again!

My hands

Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's!—

I'll not

Murder my boy for Gesler.

Alb. Father! father!

You will not hit me, father!

Ges. Dost thou consent?

Tell. Give me my bow and quiver!

Ges. For what?

Tell. To shoot my boy!

Alb. No, father, no!

To save me!—You'll be sure to hit the apple.

Will you not save me, father?

Tell. Lead me forth,—

I'll make the trial!

Alb. Thank you!

Tell. Thank me!—Do

You know for what?—I will not make the trial,

To take him to his mother in my arms,

And lay him down a corse before her!

Ges. Then

He dies this moment; and you certainly

Do murder him whose life you have a chance

To save, and will not use it.

Tell. Well,—I'll do it!

I'll make the trial.

Alb. Father!

Tell. Speak not to me.

Let me not hear thy voice,—thou must be dumb,

And so should all things be;—earth should be dumb!

And heaven,—unless its thunders muttered at

The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me

My bow and quiver!

Ges. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

Tell. Is
The line a true one?

Ges. True or not, what is 't
To thee?

Tell. What is 't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing :—a yard or two,
Is nothing here or there, were it a wolf
I shot at.

Ges. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

Tell. I will be thankful, Gesler!—Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun. (*To the attendant.*)

Ges. And what of that?
What matter, whether to or from the sun?

Tell. I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I can not see to shoot against the sun:
I will not shoot against the sun!

Ges. Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless my
mercy.

Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm about to shoot at.

Ges. Show me
The basket. There! (*Gives a very small apple.*)

Tell. You've picked the smallest one.

Ges. I know I have.

Tell. Oh! do you? But you see
The color of 't is dark,—I'd have it light,
To see it better.

Ges. Take it as it is:
Thy skill will be the greater, if thou hitt'st it.

Tell. True,—true,—I did n't think of that:—I wonder
I did not think of that. Give me some chance
To save my boy! (*Throws away the apple.*) I will not murder him,

If I can help it,—for the honor of
The form thou wear'st, if all the heart is gone.

Ges. Well! choose thyself.

(*Hands a basket of apples. Tell takes one.*)

Tell. Have I a friend among
The lookers on?

Verner. Here, Tell!

Tell. I thank thee, Verner! Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.

Set him upon his knees;—and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me,—
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady,—tell him
I'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.

Ver. Come, Albert! (*Leading him out.*)

Alb. May I not speak with him before I go?

Ver. No,—

Alb. I would only kiss his hand,—

Ver. You must not.

Alb. I must!—I can not go from him without!

Ver. It is his will you should.

Alb. His will, is it?

I am content, then,—come.

Tell. My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)

Alb. My father! (*Running into Tell's arms.*)

Tell. If thou can'st bear it, should not I?—Go now,

My son,—and keep in mind that I can shoot.

Go, boy,—be thou but steady, I will hit

The apple. Go:—God bless thee!—Go.

My bow! (*Sarnem gives the bow.*)

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? Thou

Hast never failed him yet, old servant. No,

I'm sure of thee,—I know thy honesty;

Thou'rt stanch,—stanch:—I'd deserve to find thee treach-
erous,

Could I suspect thee so. Come, I will stake

My all upon thee! Let me see my quiver. (*Retires.*)

Ges. Give him a single arrow. (*To an attendant.*)

Tell. Is 't so you pick an arrow, friend?

The point, you see, is bent, the feather jagged;

That's all the use 't is fit for. (*Breaks it.*)

Ges. Let him have

Another. (*Tell examines it.*)

Tell. Why, 't is better than the first,

But yet not good enough for such an aim

As I'm to take. 'T is heavy in the shaft:

I'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me see my
quiver.

Bring it! 't is not one arrow in a dozen

I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less

A dove like that! What is 't you fear? I'm but

A naked man, a wretched naked man!

Your helpless thrall, alone in the midst of you,

With every one of you a weapon in
His hand. What can I do in such a strait
With all the arrows in that quiver? Come,
Will you give it me or not?

Ges. It matters not.

Show him the quiver.

(Tell kneels and picks out an arrow, then secretes one in his vest.)

Tell. See if the boy is ready.

Ver. He is.

Tell. I'm ready, too! Keep silence, for *(To the people.)*
Heaven's sake! and do not stir, and let me have
Your prayers,—your prayers:—and be my witnesses,
That, if his life 's in peril from my hand,
'T is only for the chance of saving it.
Now, friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless
And silent!

(Tell shoots; and a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd.)

Ver. *(Rushing in with Albert.)* Thy boy is safe; no hair
of him is touched!

Alb. Father, I'm safe!—your Albert's safe! Dear father,
Speak to me! speak to me!

Ver. He can not, boy!

Open his vest, and give him air.

(Albert opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops; Tell starts, fixes his eyes on Albert, and clasps him to his breast.)

Tell. My boy! my boy!

Ges. For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

Liberty

Would, at thy downfall, shout from every peak!

My country then were free!

EXERCISE CCXXXVII.

CUPID'S STRATAGEM.

ANACREON.

1. In the dead of the night, when with labor oppressed
All mortals enjoy the calm blessing of rest,
Cupid knocked at my door, I awoke with the noise,
And "Who is it," I called, "that my sleep thus destroys?"

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2. "You need not be frightened," he answered mild,
 "Let me in; I'm a little unfortunate child;
 'Tis a dark rainy night; and I'm wet to the skin;
 And my way I have lost; and do, pray, let me in!"
 3. I was moved with compassion; and striking a light,
 I opened the door; when a boy stood in sight,
 Who had wings on his shoulders; the rain from him dripped,
 With a bow and with arrows, too, he was equipped.
 4. I stirred up my fire, and close by its side
 I set him down by me: with napkins I dried;
 I chafed him all over, kept out the cold air,
 And I wrung with my hands the wet out of his hair.
 5. He from wet and from cold was no sooner at ease,
 But taking his bow up, he said,—“If you please,
 We will try it; I would by experiment know
 If the wet hath not damaged the string of my bow.”
 6. Forthwith from his quiver an arrow he drew,
 To the string he applied it, and twang went the yew;
 The arrow was gone; in my bosom it centered:
 No sting of a hornet more sharp ever entered.
 7. Away skipped the urchin, as brisk as a bee,
 And laughing, “I wish you much joy, friend,” quoth he;
 “My bow is undamaged, for true went the dart;
But you will have trouble enough with your heart!”
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EXERCISE CCXXXVIII.

FREEDOM OF THE ANCIENT ISRAELITES.

CROLY.

1. THE state of man in the most unfettered republics of the ancient world, was slavery, compared with the magnanimous and secure establishment of the Jewish commonwealth. During the three hundred golden years from Moses to Samuel,—before, for our sins, we were given over to the madness of innovation, and the demand for an earthly diadem,—the Jew was free, in the loftiest sense of freedom; free to do all good; restricted only from evil; every man pursuing the unobstructed course pointed out by his genius or his fortune; every man protected by laws inviolable, or whose violation was instantly visited with punishment by the eternal Sovereign alike of ruler and people.

2. *Freedom!* twin-sister of Virtue, thou brightest of all the spirits that descended in the train of Religion from the throne of God; thou, that leadest up man again to the early glories of his being; angel, from the circle of whose presence happiness spreads like the sunlight over the darkness of the land! at the waving of whose scepter, knowledge, and peace, and fortitude, and wisdom, stoop upon the wing; at the voice of whose trumpet the more than grave is broken, and slavery gives up her dead; when shall I see thy coming? When shall I hear thy summons upon the mountains of my country, and rejoice in the regeneration and glory of the sons of Judah?

3. I have traversed nations; and as I set my foot upon their boundary, I have said,—*Freedom is not here!* I saw the naked hill, the morass steaming with death, the field covered with weedy fallow, the silky thicket encumbering the land; I saw the still more infallible signs, the downcast visage, the form degraded at once by loathsome indolence and desperate poverty; the peasant cheerless and feeble in his field, the wolfish robber, the population of the cities crowded into huts and cells, with pestilence for their fellow;—I saw the contumely of man to man, the furious vindictiveness of popular rage; and I pronounced at the moment,—*This people is not free!*

4. In the republics of heathen antiquity, the helot, the client, sold for the extortion of the patron, and the born bondsman lingering out life in thankless toil, at once put to flight all conceptions of freedom. In the midst of altars fuming to liberty, of harangues glowing with the most pompous protestations of scorn for servitude, of crowds inflated with the presumption that they disdained a master, the eye was insulted with the perpetual chain. The temple of Liberty was built upon the dungeon. Rome came, and unconsciously avenged the insulted name of freedom; the master and the slave were bowed together; the dungeon was made the common dwelling of all.

EXERCISE CCXXXIX.

BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. LET it not be supposed, that our object is to perpetuate national *hostility*, or even to cherish a mere *military* spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit

of *national* INDEPENDENCE; and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and to our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eyes hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought.

2. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event, to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips; and that wearied and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollection which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster which, as they come on all nations, may be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn his eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish, that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute, also, to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his heart who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meets the sun in his coming: let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

EXERCISE CCXL.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1. Go, Soul, the Body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand;
 Fear not to touch the best;
 The truth shall be thy warrant.
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give them all the lie.

2. Go, tell the Court it glows,
And shines like painted wood;
Go, tell the Church it *shows*
What's good, but *does* no good.
If Court and Church reply,
Give Court and Church the lie.
3. Tell Potentates, they live
Acting, but oh! their actions
Not loved, unless they give;
Nor strong, but by their factions.
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.
4. Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition;
Their practice only hate;
And, if they do reply,
Then give them all the lie.
5. Tell those that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending;
And, if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lie.
6. Tell Zeal it lacks devotion;
Tell Love it is but lust;
Tell Time it is but motion;
Tell Flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.
7. Tell Age it daily wasteth;
Tell Honor how it alters;
Tell Beauty that it blasteth;
Tell Favor that she falters;
And, as they do reply,
Give every one the lie.

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8. Tell Wit how much it wrangles
 In fickle points of niceness ;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
 Herself in over-wiseness ;
And, if they do reply,
Then give them both the lie.

 9. Tell Physic of her boldness ;
 Tell Skill it is pretension ;
Tell Charity of coldness ;
 Tell Law it is contention ;
And, if they yield reply,
Then give them still the lie.

 10. Tell Fortune of her blindness ;
 Tell Nature of decay ;
Tell Friendship of unkindness ;
 Tell Justice of delay ;
And, if they do reply,
Then give them all the lie.

 11. Tell Arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming ;
Tell Schools they lack profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming ;
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

 12. Tell Faith it 's fled the city ;
 Tell how the Country erreth ;
Tell Manhood, shakes off pity ;
 Tell Virtue, least preferreth ;
And, if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

 13. So, when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing ;
Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing ;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the *soul* can kill.

EXERCISE CCXLI.

THE CHEAT'S APOLOGY.

ELLIS.

1. Look round the wide world, each profession, you'll find,
 Hath something dishonest, which myst'ry they call ;
 Each knave points another, at home is stark blind,
 Except but his own, there's a cheat in them all :
 When taxed with imposture, the charge he'll evade,
 And like Falstaff, pretend he but lives by his trade.
2. The Hero, ambitious (like Philip's great son,
 Who wept when he found no more mischief to do,)
 Ne'er scruples a neighboring realm to o'er-run,
 While slaughters and carnage his saber imbrue.
 Of rapine and murder the charge he'll evade,
 For conquest is glorious, and fighting his trade.
3. The Statesman, who steers by wise Machiavel's rules,
 Is ne'er to be known by his tongue or his face ;
 They're traps by him used to catch credulous fools,
 And breach of his promise he counts no disgrace ;
 But policy calls it, reproach to evade,
 For flattery's his province, cajoling his trade.
4. The Priest will oft tell you this world to despise,
 With all its vain pomp, for a kingdom on high ;
 While earthly preferments are chiefly his prize,
 And all his pursuits give his doctrine the lie ;
 He'll plead you the Gospel, your charge to evade,—
 The laborer's entitled to live by his trade.
5. The Lawyer, as oft on the wrong side as right,
 Who tortures for fee the true sense of the laws,
 While black he by sophistry proves to be white,
 And falsehood and perjury lists in his cause ;
 With steady assurance all crime will evade :
 His client's his care, and he follows his trade.
6. The Sons of Machaon, who, thirsty for gold,
 The patient past cure visit thrice in a day,
 Write largely the Pharmacop league to uphold,
 While poverty's left to diseases a prey,
 Are held in repute for their glittering parade :
 Their practice is great, and they shine in their trade.

7. Since then in all stations imposture is found,
 No one of another can justly complain ;
 The coin he receives will pass current around,
 And where he is cozened, he cozens again :
 But *I*, who for cheats this apology made,
 Cheat myself by my rhyming, and starve by my trade.

EXERCISE CCXLII.

THE MODERN BELLE.

STARK.

1. She sits in a fashionable parlor,
 And rocks in her easy chair ;
 She is clad in silks and satins,
 And jewels are in her hair ;
 She winks, and giggles, and simpers,
 And simpers, and giggles, and winks ;
 And though she talks but little
 'T is a good deal more than she thinks.
2. She lies a-bed in the morning,
 Till nearly the hour of noon,
 Then comes down snapping and snarling,
 Because she was called so soon ;
 Her hair is still in papers,
 Her cheeks still fresh with paint ;
 Remains of her last night's blushes,
 Before she intended to faint.
3. She doats upon men unshaven,
 And men with " flowing hair ;"
 She 's eloquent over mustaches ;
 They give such a foreign air.
 She talks of Italian music,
 And falls in love with the moon,
 And, if a mouse were to meet her,
 She would sink away in a swoon.
4. Her feet are so very little,
 Her hands are so very white,
 Her jewels so very heavy,
 And her head so very light ;

Her color is made of cosmetics
 (Though this she will never own,)
 Her body is made mostly of cotton,
 Her heart is made wholly of stone.

5. She falls in love with a fellow,
 Who swells with a foreign air;
 He marries her for her money,
 She marries him for his hair!
 One of the very best matches,—
 Both are well mated in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
He's got a fool for a wife!

EXERCISE CCXLIII.

M Y O W N P L A C E .

M. F. TUPPER.

1. Whoever I am, wherever my lot,
 Whatever I happen to be,
 Contentment and duty shall hallow the spot,
 That Providence orders for me;
 Not covetous striving and straining to gain
 One feverish step in advance,—
 I know my own place, and you tempt me in vain,
 To hazard a change and a chance.
2. I care for no riches that are not my right,
 No honor that is not my due;
 But stand in my station by day or by night,
 The will of my Master to do;
 He lent me my lot, be it humble or high,
 And set me my business here,
 And whethër I live in his service, or die,
 My heart shall be found in my sphere.
3. If wealthy, I stand as the steward of my King,
 If poor, as the friend of my Lord,
 If feeble, my prayers and my praises I bring;
 If stalwart, my pen or my sword;
 If wisdom be mine, I will cherish his gift;
 If simpleness, bask in his love;

If sorrow, His hope shall my spirit uplift ;
If joy, I will throne it above !

4. The good that it pleases my God to bestow,
I gratefully gather and prize ;
The evil—it can be no evil, I know,
But only a good in disguise ;
And whether my station be lowly or great,
No duty can ever be mean ;
The factory cripple is fixed in his fate,
As well as a king or a queen !
5. For duty's bright livery glorifies all
With brotherhood, equal and free,
Obeying, as children, the heavenly call,
That places us where we should be ;
A servant,—the badge of my servitude shines
As a jewel invested by Heaven ;
A monarch,—remember that justice assigns
Much service where so much is given !
6. Away then with “helpings” that humble and harm,
Though “bettering” trips from your tongue ;
Away ! for your folly would scatter the charm
That round my proud poverty hung ;
I felt that I stood like a man at my post,
Though peril and hardship were there,—
And all that your wisdom would counsel me most,
Is—“Leave it—do better elsewhere !”
7. If “better” were better indeed, and not “worse,”
I might go ahead with the rest ;
But many a gain and a joy is a curse,
And many a grief for the best ;
No !—duties are all the “advantage” I use ;
I pine not for praise or for pelf,
As to ambition, I dare not choose
My better or worse for myself !
8. I will not, I dare not, I can not !—I stand
Where God has ordained me to be,
An honest mechanic,—or lord in the land,—
He fitted my calling for me :

Whatever my state, be it weak, be it strong,
 With honor or sweat on my face,
 This, this is my glory, my strength, and my song,
 I stand, like a star, in my PLACE.

EXERCISE CCXLIV.

OUR REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE NOT IN VAIN.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

1. WHEN I have remembered the Revolution of '76,—the seven years' war,—three millions of men in arms against the most powerful nation in history, and vindicating their independence,—I have thought that their sufferings and death were not in vain. When I have gone and seen the forsaken hearth-stone, looked in upon the battle-field, upon the dying and the dead,—heard the agonizing cry,—“Water, for the sake of God! water,”—seeing the dissolution of this being,—pale lips pressing in death the yet loved images of wife, sister, lover;—I will not deem all these in vain. I can not regard this great continent, reaching from the Atlantic to the far Pacific, and from the St. John to the Rio del Norte, a barbarian people of third-rate civilization.

2. Like the Roman who looked back upon the glory of his ancestors, in woe exclaiming:—

“Great Scipio's ghost complains that we are slow,
 And Pompey's shade walks unavenged among us,”

the great dead hover around me,—LAWRENCE: “Don't give up the ship!”—HENRY: “Give me liberty, or give me death!”—ADAMS: “Survive or perish, I am for the Declaration!”—ALLEN: “In the name of the living God I come!”

3. Come, then, thou Eternal! who dwellest not in temples made with hands, but who, in the city's crowd, or by the far forest stream, revealest thyself to the earnest seeker after the true and the right, inspire our hearts,—give us undying courage to pursue the promptings of our spirit; and whether we shall be called, in the shade of life, to look upon as sweet, and kind, and lovely faces as now,—or, shut in by sorrow and night, horrid visages shall come upon us in our dying hour,—OH! MY COUNTRY, MAYEST THOU YET BE FREE!

EXERCISE CCXLV.

HUMOROUS ACCOUNT OF ENGLISH TAXES.

SYDNEY SMITH.

1. PERMIT me to inform you, my friends, what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory;—TAXES upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot,—*taxes* upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste,—*taxes* upon warmth, light, and locomotion,—*taxes* on every thing on earth, and the waters under the earth,—on every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home,—*taxes* on the raw material,—*taxes* on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man,—*taxes* on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health,—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal,—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice,—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride,—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.

2. The school-boy whips his taxed top,—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle on a taxed road;—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent.,—flings himself back upon his chintz-bed, which has paid 22 per cent.,—makes his will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers,—to be taxed no more!

EXERCISE CCXLVI.

A PIC-NIC PARTY.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. If sick of home and luxuries,
You want a new sensation,
And sigh for the unwonted ease
Of unaccommodation,—

- If you would taste as amateur,
 And vagabond beginner,
 The painful pleasures of the poor,
 Get up a pic-nic dinner.
2. Presto!—'tis done!—away you start,
 All frolic, fun, and laughter;
 The servants and provision-cart
 As gayly trotting after.
 The spot is reached,—when all exclaim,
 With many a joyous antic,—
 “How sweet a scene! I'm glad we came!
 How rural! how romantic!”
3. Half starved with hunger, parched with thirst,
 All haste to spread the dishes,
 When, lo! 'tis found the ale had burst
 Among the loaves and fishes!
 Over the pie a sudden hop,
 The grasshoppers are skipping;
 Each roll 's a sponge, each loaf a mop,
 And all the meat is dripping!
4. Bristling with broken glass, you find
 Some cakes among the bottles
 Which those may eat who do not mind
 Excoriated throattles!
 The biscuits now are wiped and dried,
 When squalling voices utter,—
 “Look! look! a toad has got astride
 Our only pot of butter!”
5. Your solids in a liquid state,
 Your cooling liquids heated,
 And every promised joy by fate
 Most fatally defeated.
 All, save the serving-men, are soured;
 They smirk—the cunning sinners—
 Having, before they came, devoured
 Most comfortable dinners!
6. Still you assume, in very spite,
 A grim and gloomy sadness;
 Pretend to laugh,—affect delight,
 And scorn all show of sadness!

While thus you smile, but storm within,
 A storm without comes faster,
 And down descends in deafening din,
 A deluge of disaster.

7. 'T is *sauve que peut*¹—the fruit dessert
 Is fruitlessly deserted :
 And homeward now you all revert,
 Dull, desolate, and dirtied !
 Each gruffly grumbling, as he eyes
 His soaked and sullen brother,—
 “ If these are *pic-nic* pleasantries,
 Preserve me from another !”

EXERCISE CCXLVII.

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

SHAKESPEARE.

Cassius. That you have *wronged me*, doth appear in this :
 You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
 Wherein my letters, (praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man,) were slighted off.

Brutis. You *wronged yourself* to write in such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
 That every nice offense should bear its comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemned to have an itching palm
 To sell and mart your offices for gold,
 To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
 You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last !

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
 And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember,—
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
 What villain touched his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice ?—What ! shall one of us,

¹ *Escape who can.*

That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
 And sell the mighty space of our large honors
 For so much trash as may be graspéd thus?—
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman!

Cas. Brutus, bay not me!
 I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
 To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than yourself,
 To make conditions.

Bru. Go to! you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not!

Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself.
 Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further!

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
 Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more! Fret till your proud heart break.
 Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble! Must I budge?
 Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humor?
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
 I'll use you for my mirth,—yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish!

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a *better* soldier:
 Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
 I said, an *elder* soldier, not a *better*.
 Did I say *better*?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him!

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life, you durst not!

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you *should* be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am armed so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hand of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection! I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is aweary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;

Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,

Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold ;
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
 Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius !

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
 Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
 O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb,
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire :
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered, too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart, too.

Cas. O Brutus !—

Bru. What 's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humor which my mother gave me
 Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth,
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

EXERCISE CCXLVIII.

THE RAINBOW.

AMELIA B. WILBY.

1. I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
 That lie in my heart like the dew on the flowers,
 Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
 When my heart was as light as a blossom in June ;
 The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
 The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
 While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest
 On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west.
2. As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
 That scattered the raindrops and dimpled the seas,

Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth
It was stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

3. How calm was the ocean ! how gentle its swell !
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell ;
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down on the shore,
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And I bent my young head, in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.
4. How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings !
How boundless its circle ! how radiant its rings !
If I looked on the sky, 't was suspended in air ;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there ;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole,
As the thoughts of the rainbow, that circled my soul.
Like the wings of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.
5. There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves ;
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of the rose.
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awakened were too deep to pass by ;
It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.
6. I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain ;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave ;
Yet Oh ! when death's shadows my bosom uncloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

EXERCISE CCXLIX.

SOLILOQUY OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

JOHN WILSON.

1. WE are an Old Man, and though *single*, not *singular*; yet, without vanity, we think ourselves entitled to say, that we are no more like Winter, in particular, than we are like Spring, Summer, or Autumn. The truth is, that we are much less like any one of the Seasons, than we are like the whole set. Is not Spring sharp? So are we. Is not Spring snappish? So are we. Is not Spring boisterous? So are we. Is not Spring "beautiful exceedingly?" So are we. Is not Spring capricious? So are we. Is not Spring, at times, the gladdest, gayest, gentlest, mildest, meekest, modestest, softest, sweetest, and sunniest of all God's creatures that steal along the face of the earth? So are we. So much for our similitude,—a staring and striking one,—to Spring.

2. But were you to stop there, what an inadequate idea would you have of our character! For only ask your senses, and they will tell you that we are much liker Summer. Is not Summer often confoundedly hot? So are we. Is not Summer sometimes cool as its own cucumbers? So are we. Does not Summer love the shade? So do we. Is not Summer, nevertheless, somewhat "too much i' the sun?" So are we. Is not Summer famous for its thunder and lightning? So are we. Is not Summer, when he chooses, still, silent, and serene as a sleeping seraph? And so, too,—when Christopher chooses,—are not we? Though, with keen remorse we confess it, that when suddenly wakened, we are too often more like a fury or a fiend,—and that completes the likeness: for all who know a Scotch Summer, with one voice exclaim,—“So is he!”

3. But our portrait is but half drawn; you know but a moiety of our character. Is Autumn jovial?—ask Thomson—so are we. Is Autumn melancholy?—ask Alison and Gillespie—so are we. Is Autumn bright?—ask the woods and groves—so are we. Is Autumn rich?—ask the whole world—so are we. Does Autumn rejoice in the yellow grain and the golden vintage, that, stored up in the great Magazine of Nature, are lavishly thence dispensed to all that hunger, and quench the thirst of the nations? So do we.

4. After that, no one can be so pur-and-bat-blind as not see

that North is, in very truth, Autumn's gracious self, rather than his Likeness or Eidolon.¹ But

"Lo, Winter comes to rule the inverted year!"

So do we.

"Sullen and sad, with all his rising train—
Vapors, and clouds, and storms!"

So are we. The great author of the "Seasons" says, that Winter and his train

"Exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing!"

So do we. And, "lest aught less great should stamp us mortal," here we conclude the comparison, dashed off in few lines by the hand of a great master, and ask, Is not North, Winter? Thus, listener after our own heart! thou feelest that we are imaged aright in all our attributes neither by Spring, nor Summer, nor Autumn, nor Winter; but that the character of Christopher is shadowed forth and reflected by the entire year.

EXERCISE CCL.

MILITARY DESPOTISM.

MACKINTOSH.

1. ALL the wild freaks of popular licentiousness, all the fantastic transformations of government, all the frantic cruelty of anarchical tyranny, almost vanish before the terrible idea of gathering the whole civilized world under the iron yoke of *military despotism*. It is, at least, it was—an instinct of the English character, to feel more alarm and horror at despotism than at any other of those evils which afflict human society; and we own our minds to be still under the influence of this old and, perhaps, exploded national prejudice. It is a prejudice, however, which appears to us founded on the most sublime and profound philosophy; and it has been implanted in the minds of Englishmen by their long experience of the mildest and freest government with which the bounty of Divine Providence has been pleased for so many centuries to favor so considerable a portion of the human race.

2. It has been nourished by the blood of our forefathers;

¹ Image.

it is embodied in our most venerable institutions ; it is the spirit of our sacred laws ; it is the animating principle of the English character ; it is the very life and soul of the British Constitution ; it is the distinguishing nobility of the meanest Englishman ; it is that proud privilege which exalts him, in his own respect, above the most illustrious slave that drags his gilded chain in the court of a tyrant. It has given vigor and luster to our warlike enterprises, justice and humanity to our laws, and character and energy to our national genius and literature. Of such a prejudice we are not ashamed : and we have no desire to outlive its extinction in the minds of our countrymen.

EXERCISE CCLI.

THE NIMMERS.

BYROM.

1. Two foot companions once in deep discourse,
 "Tom," says the one, "let's go and steal a horse."
 "Stēal!" says the other, in a huge surprise,
 "He that says I'm a *thief*—I say he *lies*."
 "Well, well," replies his friend, "no such affront,
 I did but ask ye,—if you won't,—you won't."

2. So they jogged on,—till, in another strain,
 The querist moved to honest Tom again :
 "Suppose," says he,—“for supposition sake,—
 'T is but a supposition that I make,—
 Suppose that we should *filch* a horse, I say?"
 "Filch! filch!" quoth Tom, demurring by the way ;
 "That 's not so bad as downright theft, I own,
 But yet, methinks, 't were better let alone :
 It soundeth something pitiful and low ;
 Shall we go *filch* a horse, you say,—why no,—
 I'll filch no filching ; and I'll tell no lie :
 Honesty 's the best policy—say I."

3. Struck with such vast integrity quite dumb,
 His comrade paused,—at last, says he,—“Come, come ;
 Thou art an *honest* fellow, I agree,—
 Honest and poor ; alas ! that should not be :
 And dry into the bargain,—and no drink !
 Shall we go *nim* a horse, Tom,—what dost think ?”

4. How clear things are when liquor's in the case!
 How oily words give wickedness a grace!
 "Nim? yes, yes, yes, let 's nim with all my heart;
 I see no harm in *nimming*, for my part;
 Hard is the case, if I am any judge,
 That honesty on foot should always trudge;
 So many idle horses round about,
 That honesty should wear its vitals out;
 Besides,—shall honesty be choked with thirst?
 Were it my lord mayor's horse, I 'd nim it first.
5. Not far from thence a noble charger stood,
 Snug, in his master's stable, taking food;
 Which beast they stole, or, as *they* called it, *nimmed*,
 Just as the twilight all the landscape dimmed.
 And now, good people, we should next relate
 Of these adventurers the luckless fate:
 What is most likely is, that both these elves
 Were, in like manner, halter-nimmed themselves.
6. It matters not,—the *moral* is the thing,
 For which our purpose, neighbors, was to sing:
 'Tis but a short one, it is true, but yet,
 Has a long reach with it,—*videlicet*,¹
 'Twixt right and wrong, how many gentle trimmers
 Will neither steal, nor filch, but will be plaguy *nimmers*!

 EXERCISE CCLII.

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

1. A man in many a country town we know,
 Professing openly with death to wrestle;
 Entering the field against the foe,
 Armed with a mortar and a pestle.
 Yet some affirm no enemies they are,
 But meet just like prize-fighters at a fair,
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,
 With all the love and kindness of a brother;
 So, (many a suffering patient saith,)
 Though the apothecary fights with death,
 Still they 're sworn friends with one another.

¹ *Videlicet*, to wit; namely.

2. A member of this Esculapian race
Lived in Newcastle-upon-Tyne ;
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill,
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister ;
Or draw a tooth out of your head ;
Or chatter scandal by your bed,
Or tell a twister.

3. Of occupations these were *quantum suff.*,
Yet still he thought the list not long enough,
And therefore surgery he chose to pin to 't ;—
This balanced things ; for if he hurled
A few more mortals from the world,
He made amends by keeping others in it.
His fame full six miles round the country ran ;
In short, in reputation he was *solus* ;
All the old women called him “ a fine man ! ”
His name was Bolus.

4. Benjamin Bolus, though in trade,
Which oftentimes will genius flatter,
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the belles-lettres.
And why should this be thought so odd ?
Can't men have taste to cure a phthisic ?
Of poetry, though patron god,
Apollo patronizes physic.

5. Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in 't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't ;
No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels
In dapper couplets,—like Gay's fables,
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.
Apothecary's verse !—and where's the treason ?
'Tis simply honest dealing,—not a crime :
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

6. He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town,—it might be four,—
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy, that's called cathartical ;

And on the label of the stuff,
 He wrote verse,
 Which, one would think, was clear enough,
 And terse :—
 “ When taken,
 To be well shaken.”

7. Next morning, early, Bolus rose,
 And to the patient's house he goes,
 Upon his pad,
 Who a vile trick of stumbling had :
 It was, indeed, a very sorry back ;
 But that 's of course,—
 For what 's expected of a horse
 With an apothecary upon his back ?
 Bolus arrived, and gave a loudish tap,
 Between a single and a double rap.

8. Knocks of this kind
 Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance,
 By fiddlers, and by opera singers ;
 One loud, and then a little one behind,
 As if the knocker fell by chance
 Out of their fingers.
 The servant lets him in with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place,
 Portending some disaster ;
 John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,
 As if the apothecary had physicked him,
 And not his master.

9. “ Well, how 's the patient ?” Bolus said :
 John shook his head.
 “ Indeed !—hum !—ha !—that 's very odd !
 He took the draught ?” John gave a nod.
 “ Well, how ?—what then ? Speak out, you dunce !”
 “ Why, then,” says John, “ we shook him once.”
 “ Shook him !—how ?” Bolus stammered out.
 “ We jolted him about.”

10. “ What ! shake a patient, man !—a shake won't do.”
 “ No, sir,—and so we gave him two.”
 “ Two shakes ! Foul nurse,
 'Twould make the patient worse !”
 “ It did so, sir,—and so a third we tried.”
 “ Well, and what then ?” “ Then, sir, my master died !”

EXERCISE CCLIII.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

J. PIERPONT.

1. (*sl.*) Day of glory! welcome day!
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See! how cheerfully they play
 With thy morning breeze,
On the rocks where pilgrims kneeled,
On the hights where squadrons wheeled,
When a tyrant's thunder pealed
 O'er the trembling seas.
2. (<) God of armies! did thy "stars
In their courses" smite his ears,
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
 From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And, when days like this return,
Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn
 Who for freedom died.
3. (*p.*) God of peace!—whose Spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmurs of our rills,
 Now the storm is o'er;—
O, let freemen be our sons;
And let future WASHINGTONS
Rise, to lead their valiant ones,
 Till there's war no more.
4. (<) By the patriot's hallowed rest,
By the warrior's gory breast,
Never let our graves be pressed
 By a despot's throne;
By the Pilgrims' toils and cares,
By their battles and their prayers,
By their ashes,—let our heirs
 Bow to Thee alone.

EXERCISE CCLIV.

BONAPARTE TO THE ARMY OF ITALY.

1. SOLDIERS: you are precipitated like a torrent from the hights of the Apennines; you have overthrown and dis-

persed all that dared to oppose your march. Piedmont, rescued from Austrian tyranny, is left to its natural sentiments of regard and friendship to the French. Milan is yours; and the Republican standard is displayed throughout all Lombardy. The Dukes of Parma and Modena are indebted for their political existence only to your generosity. The army which so proudly menaced you, has had no other barrier than its dissolution to oppose your invincible courage. The Po, the Tessen, the Adda, could not retard you a single day. The vaunted bulwarks of Italy were insufficient. You swept them with the same rapidity that you did the Apennines. Those successes have carried joy into the bosom of your country. Your representatives decreed a festival dedicated to your victories, and to be celebrated throughout all the communes of the Republic. Now your fathers, your mothers, your wives, and your sisters, will rejoice in your success, and take pride in their relations to you.

2. Yes, soldiers, you have done much; but more still remains for you to do. Shall it be said of us, that we know how to conquer, but not to profit by our victories? Shall posterity reproach us with having found a Capua in Lombardy? But already I see you fly to arms. You are fatigued with an inactive repose. You lament the days that are lost to your glory! Well, then, let us proceed; we have other forced marches to make, other enemies to subdue; more laurels to acquire, and more injuries to avenge. Let those who have unsheathed the daggers of civil war in France, who have basely assassinated our ministers, who have burned our ships at Toulon; let them tremble; the knell of vengeance has already tolled! But to quiet the apprehensions of the people, we declare ourselves the friends of all, and particularly of those who are the descendants of Brutus, of Scipio, and those other great men whom we have taken for our models.

3. To re-establish the capital; to replace the statues of those heroes who have rendered it immortal; to rouse the Roman people, entranced in so many ages of slavery; this shall be the fruit of your victories. It will be an epoch for the admiration of posterity; you will enjoy the immortal glory of changing the aspect of affairs in the finest part of Europe. The free people of France, not regardless of moderation, shall accord to Europe a glorious peace; but it will indemnify itself for the sacrifices of every kind which it has been making for six years past. You will again be restored to

your fire-sides and homes; and your fellow-citizens, pointing you out, shall say,—"There goes one who belonged to the army of Italy!"

EXERCISE CCLV.

THE PETULANT MAN.

OSBORNE.

MR. GRIM—MICHAEL—COUSIN MARY.

Cousin Mary. More breezes? What terrible thing has happened now, Cousin Grim? What's the matter?

Grim. Matter enough, I should think! I sent this stupid fellow to bring me a pair of boots from the closet; and he has brought me two rights, instead of a right and left.

Cousin. What a serious calamity! But, perhaps, he thought it was but *right* to leave the *left*.

Grim. None of your jokes, if you please! This is nothing to laugh at.

Cousin. So it would seem, from the expression on your face,—rather something to storm at, roar at, and fall into a frenzy about.

Michael. That's right, miss; give him a piece of your mind! He's the crossest little man I have met with in the new country. You might scrape old Ireland with a fine-tooth comb, and not find such another.

Grim. How dare you, you rascal!—how dare you talk to me in that style? I'll discharge you this very day!

Michael. I'm thinking of discharging *you*, if you don't take better care of that sweet temper of yours.

Grim. Leave the room, sir!

Michael. That I will, in search of better company, saving the lady's presence. [*Exit.*]

Grim. There, cousin! there is a specimen of my provocations! Can you wonder at my losing my temper?

Cousin. Cousin Grim, that would be the most fortunate thing that could befall you.

Grim. What do you mean?

Cousin. I mean, if you could only *lose that temper* of yours, it would be a blessed thing for you; though I should pity the poor fellow who *found it*.

Grim. You are growing satirical, in your old age, Cousin Mary.

Cousin. Cousin Grim, hear the plain truth : your ill temper makes you a nuisance to yourself and every body about you.

Grim. Really, Miss Mary Somerville, you are getting to be complimentary !

Cousin. No ; I am getting to be candid. I have passed a week in your house, on your invitation. I leave you this afternoon ; but before I go I mean to speak my mind.

Grim. It seems to me that you have spoken it rather freely already.

Cousin. What was there, in the circumstance of poor Michael's bringing the wrong boots, to justify your flying into a rage, and bellowing as if your life had been threatened ?

Grim. That fellow is perpetually making just such provoking blunders !

Cousin. And do you never make provoking blunders ? Did n't you send me five pounds of Hyson tea, when I wrote for Souchong. Did n't you send a carriage for me to the cars half an hour too late, so that I had to hire one myself, after great trouble ? And did I roar at you, when we met, because you had done these things ?

Grim. On the contrary, this is the first time you have alluded to them. I am sorry they should have happened. But surely you should make a distinction between any such little oversight of mine and the stupidity of a servant, hired to attend to your orders.

Cousin. I do not admit that there should be a distinction. You are both human ; only, as you have had the better education, and the greater advantages, stupidity or neglect on your part is much the more culpable.

Grim. Thank you ! Go on.

Cousin. I mean to ; so don't be impatient. If an uncooked potato, or a burnt mutton-chop, happens to fall to your lot at the dinner-table, what a tempest follows ! One would think you had been wronged, insulted, trampled on, driven to despair. Your face is like a thunder-cloud, all the rest of the meal. Your poor wife endeavors to hide her tears. Your children feel timid and miserable. Your guest feels as if she would like to see you held under the nose of the pump, and thoroughly ducked.

Grim. The carriage is waiting for you, Miss Somerville, and the driver has put on your baggage.

Cousin. I have hired that carriage by the hour, and so am in no hurry. Your excuse for your irritability will be, I suppose, that it is constitutional, and not to be controlled. A

selfish, paltry, miserable excuse! I have turned down a leaf in Dr. Johnson's works, and will read what he says in regard to tempers like yours.

Grim. You are always quoting Dr. Johnson! Cousin, I can not endure it! Dr. Johnson is a bore!

Cousin. O, yes! to evil-doers,—but to none else. Hear him: "There is in the world a class of mortals known, and contentedly known, by the appellation of *passionate men*, who imagine themselves entitled, by this distinction, to be provoked on every slight occasion, and to vent their rage in vehement and fierce vociferations, in furious menaces, and licentious reproaches."

Grim. That will do.

Cousin. Men of this kind, he tells us, are often pitied rather than censured, and are not treated with the severity which their neglect of the ease of all about them might justly provoke. But he adds: "It is surely not to be observed without indignation, that men may be found of minds mean enough to be satisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and——"

Grim. I will hear no more! Have done!

Cousin. So the shaft went home! I am not sorry.

Grim. No one but a meddling old maid would think of insulting a man in his own house!

Cousin. So, when at a loss for a vindication, you reproach me with being an old maid! Cousin, it does not distress me either to be an old maid, or to be called one. I must, however, remark, that the manhood that can charge against a woman her single state, either as a matter of ridicule or reproach, is not quite up to my standard.

Grim. Cousin Mary, I ask your pardon! But am I, indeed, the pētulant, disagreeable fellow, you would make me out?

Cousin. My dear Caspar, you are generous enough in large things; but, O! consider that trifles make up a good portion of the sum of life; and so "a small unkindness is a great offense." Why not be cheerful, sunny, genial, in little things? Why not look on the bright side? Why not present an unruffled front to petty annoyances? Why not labor,—ay, labor,—to have those around you happy and contented, by reflecting from yourself such a frame of mind upon them?

Life is short, at the best; why not make it cheerful? Do you know that longevity is promoted by a tranquil, happy habit of thought and temper? Do you know that cheerful-

ness, like mercy, is twice blessed ; blessing " him that gives, and him that takes ? " Do you know that good manners, as well as good sense, demand that we should look at objects on their bright side ? Do you know that it is contemptible selfishness in you to shed gloom and sorrow over a whole family by your moroseness and ill-humor ?

Grim. Cousin Mary, the patience with which I have listened to your cutting remarks will prove to you, I hope, that, notwithstanding my angry retorts, I am afraid there is much truth in what you have said of me. I have a favor to ask. Send away your carriage ; stay a week longer,—a month,—a year, if you will. Hold the lash over this ugly temper of mine,—and I give you my word that I will set about the cure of it in earnest.

Cousin. You should have begun earlier,—in youth, when the temper is pliable, and strong impressions can work great changes. But we will not despair. I will tarry with you a while, just to see if you are serious in your wish for a reformation, and to help you bring it about.

Grim. Thank you. We hear of reformed drunkards, and reformed thieves ; and why may not a petulant temper be reformed, by a system of total abstinence from all harsh, unkind moods and expressions ? Come, we will try.

EXERCISE CCLVI.

F A M E.

BYRON.

1. What is the end of *fame* ? 't is but to fill'
 A certain portion of uncertain paper ;
 Some' liken it to climbing up a hill'
 Whose summit (like *all* hills,) is lost in vapor' :
 For this' men' write', speak', preach', and heroes kill ;
 And bards' burn what they call their " midnight taper,"
 To have', when the original is dust',
 A NAME', a wretched picture', and worse bust'.
2. What are the *hopes* of man' ? old Egypt's king'
 Cheops', erected the first pyramid',
 And largest', thinking it was just the thing'
 To keep his memory whole and mummy hid ;
 But somebody or other', rumaging',
 Burglariously broke his coffin's lid' :
 Let not a monument' give you or me hopes',
 Since' *not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops*'.

EXERCISE CCLVII.

LABOR.¹

MISS C. F. ORNE.

1. Ho, ye who at the anvil toil,
 And strike the sounding blow,
 Where from the burning iron's breast
 The sparks fly to and fro,
 While answering to the hammer's ring,
 And fire's intenser glow!—
 O, while ye feel 't is hard to toil
 And sweat the long day through,
 Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

2. Ho, ye who till the stubborn soil,
 Whose hard hands guide the plow,
 Who bend beneath the summer sun,
 With burning cheeks and brow!—
 Ye deem the curse still clings to earth
 From olden time till now;
 But while ye feel 't is hard to toil
 And labor all day through,
 Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

3. Ho, ye who plow the sea's blue field,
 Who ride the restless wave,
 Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
 There lies a yawning grave,
 Around whose bark the wint'ry winds
 Like fiends of fury rave!—
 O, while ye feel 't is hard to toil
 And labor long hours through,
 Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

4. Ho, ye upon whose fever'd cheeks
 The hectic glow is bright,
 Whose mental toil wears out the day,
 And half the weary night,

¹ These lines were suggested by the simple incident of an industrious wood-sawyer's reply to a man who told him his was hard work: "Yes, it is hard, to be sure; but it is harder to do nothing," was his answer.

Who labor for the souls of men,
 Champions of truth and right!—
 Although ye feel your toil is hard,
 Even with this glorious view,
 Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

5. Ho, all who labor—all who strive!—
 Ye wield a lofty power;
 Do with your might, do with your strength,
 Fill every golden hour!
 The glorious privilege to do
 Is man's most noble power.
 Oh, to your birthright and yourselves,
 To your own souls, be true!
 A weary, wretched life is theirs,
 WHO HAVE NO WORK TO DO.

EXERCISE CCLVIII.

PAUL'S DEFENSE BEFORE KING AGRIPPA.

BIBLE.

1. THEN Agrippa said unto Paul: "Thou art permitted to speak for thyself." Then Paul stretched forth the hand and answered for himself:

2. "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused by the Jews; especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews; wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

3. "My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews, who knew me from the beginning (if they would testify), that after the most straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee.

4. "And now I stand and am judged, for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers; unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.

5. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with my-

self, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

6. "Which thing, I also did in Jerusalem; and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and, when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them.

7. "And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and, being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

8. "Whereupon, as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priest, at mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them which journeyed with me.

9. "And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue,—Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said,—Who art thou Lord? And he said,—I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.

10. "But rise, and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

11. "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision; but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent, and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance.

12. "For these causes, the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come, that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles."

13. And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice: "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad."

14. But he said: "I am not mad, most noble Festus; but

speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom, also, I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner.

15. "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." Then Agrippa said unto Paul: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And Paul said: "I would to God that not only thou, but, also, all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

EXERCISE CCLIX.

AUNT HETTY'S REFLECTIONS ON MATRIMONY.

FANNY FERN.

1. Now, girls, said Aunt Hetty, put down your embroidery and worsted work, do something *sensible*, and stop building air-castles, and talking of lovers and honeymoons; it makes me sick, it's perfectly antimonial. Love is a farce,—matrimony is a humbug,—husbands are domestic Napoleons, Neros, Alexanders, sighing for other hearts to conquer after they are sure of yours. The honeymoon is short-lived as a lucifer-match; after that, you may wear your wedding-dress at the wash-tub, and your night-cap to meeting, and your husband would n't know it.

2. You may pick up your own pocket-handkerchief, help yourself to a chair, and split your gown across the back, reaching over the table to get a piece of butter, while he is laying in his breakfast as if it was the last meal he should eat this side of Jordan; when he gets through, he will aid your digestion, while you are sipping your first cup of coffee, by inquiring what you'll have for dinner, whether the cold lamb was all ate yesterday, if the charcoal is all out, and what you gave for the last green tea you bought. Then he gets up from the table, lights his cigar with the last evening's paper, that you have not had a chance to read, gives two or three whiffs of smoke, sure to give you a headache for the afternoon, and just as his coat-tail is vanishing through the door, apologizes for not doing "that errand" for you yesterday,—thinks it doubtful if he can to-day,—"*so pressed with business.*" Hear of him at 11 o'clock, taking an ice-cream with some ladies at Vinton's, while you are at home new-lining his coat-sleeves.

3. Children by the ears all day ; can't get out to take the air ; feel as crazy as a fly in a drum ; husband comes home at night, nods a "how d' ye do, Fan," boxes Charley's ears, stands little Fanny in the corner, sits down in the easiest chair in the warmest corner, puts his feet up over the grate, shutting out all the fire, while the baby's little pug nose grows blue with the cold ; reads the newspaper all to himself, solaces his inner man with a hot cup of tea, and just as you are laboring under the hallucination that he will ask you to take a mouthful of fresh air with him, he puts on his dressing-gown and slippers, and begins to reckon up the family expenses ! after which, he lies down on the sofa, and you keep time with your needle, while he snores till nine o'clock. Next morning, ask him to leave you "a little money ;" he looks at you as if to be sure that you are in your right mind, draws a sigh long enough and strong enough to inflate a bellows, and asks you "what you want with it, and if a half a dollar won't do." Gracious king ! as if those little shoes, and stockings, and petticoats could be had for half a dollar !

4. Oh, girls ! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots, or lap-dogs,—but let matrimony alone. It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living,—you never know when your work is done up. Think of carrying eight or nine children through the measles, chicken-pox, rash, mumps, and scarlet fever, some of 'em twice over ; it makes my sides ache to think of it. Oh, you may scrimp and save, and twist and turn, and dig and delve, and economize, *and die*, and your husband will marry again, and take what you have saved to dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a fireboard, and,—but what's the use of talking ? I'll warrant every one of you'll try it, the first chance you get ; there's a sort of bewitchment about it somehow. I wish one half the world warn't fools, and t'other half idiots,—I do. Oh, dear !

EXERCISE CCLX.

TELL'S ADDRESS TO THE MOUNTAINS.

KNOWLES.

1. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again !
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are *free*. Methinks I hear

A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home
 Again! (*sl.*) O sacred forms, how proud you look!
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!
 How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
 Ye are the things that tower, that shine,—whose smile
 Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again! I call to you
 With all my voice! I hold my hands to you,
 To show they still are free. I rush to you,
 As though I could embrace you!

2. — Scaling yonder peak,
 I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
 O'er the abyss:—his broad-expanded wings
 Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
 As if he floated there without their aid,
 By the sole act of his unlorded will,
 That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
 I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
 His airy circle, as in the delight
 Of measuring the ample range beneath
 And round about; absorbed, he heeded not
 The death that threatened him. I could not shoot!—
 'T was LIBERTY!—I turned my bow aside,
 And let him soar away!

EXERCISE CCLXI.

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

1. SPIRIT OF FREEDOM! who thy home hast made
 In wilds and wastes, where wealth has never trod,
 Nor bowed her coward head before her god,
 The sordid deity of fraudulent trade;
 Where Power has never reared his iron brow,
 And glared his glance of terror, nor has blown
 The maddening trump of battle, nor has flown
 His blood-thirst eagles; where no flatterers bow,
 And kiss the foot that spurns them; where no throne,

Bright with the spoils from nations wrested, towers ;
 The idol of a slavish mob, who herd,
 Where largess feeds their sloth with golden showers,
 And thousands hang upon one tyrant's word.

2. SPIRIT OF FREEDOM ! thou, who dwell'st alone,
 Unblenched, unyielding, on the storm-beat shore,
 And findest a stirring music in its roar,
 And lookest abroad on earth and sea, thy own,—
 Far from the city's noxious hold, thy foot
 Fleet as the wild deer bounds, as if its breath
 Were but the rankest, foulest steam of death ;
 Its soil were but the dunghill, where the root
 Of every poisonous weed and baleful tree
 Grew vigorously and deeply, till their shade
 Had choked and killed each wholesome plant, and laid
 In rottenness the flower of LIBERTY,—
 Thou fliest to the desert, and its sands
 Become thy welcome shelter, where the pure
 Wind gives its freshness to thy roving bands,
 And languid weakness finds its only cure ;
 Where few their wants, and bounded their desires,
 And life all spring and action, they display
 Man's boldest flights, and highest, warmest fires,
 And beauty wears her loveliest array.
3. SPIRIT OF FREEDOM ! I would with thee dwell,
 Whether on Afric's sand, or Norway's crags,
 Or Kansas' prairies, for thou lovest them well,
 And there thy boldest daring never flags ;
 Or I would launch with thee upon the deep,
 And, like the petrel, make the wave my home,
 And careless as the sportive sea-bird roam ;
 Or with the chamois on the Alp would leap,
 And feel myself upon the snow-clad hight,
 A portion of that undimmed flow of light,
 No mist nor cloud can darken,—O ! with thee,
 SPIRIT OF FREEDOM ! deserts, mountains, storms,
 Would wear a glow of beauty, and their forms
 Would soften into loveliness, and be
 Dearest of earth,—*for there my soul is free !*

EXERCISE CCLXII.

THE OCEAN.

CORNWALL.

1. (*sl.*) O thou vast Ocean! Ever-sounding Sea!
Thou symbol of drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world,
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone:
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavy-leaden breast
Fleets come and go, and ships that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and met in strife.
2. The earth has naught of this: no chance nor change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their viewless home,
And come again, and vanish: the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
And Winter always winds its sullen horn,
When the wild Autumn with a look forlorn
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.
3. Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thy anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
Backward and forward by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with heaven.
4. Thou trackless and immeasurable main!
On thee no record ever lived again,

To meet the hand that writ it; line nor lead
 Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,
 Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,
 King of his watery limit, who, 't is said,
 Can move the mighty ocean into storm.

5. O! wonderful thou art, great element,
 And fearful in thy spleeny humors bent,
 And lovely in repose; thy summer form
 Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
 Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
 Marking the sun-light at the evening hour,
 And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach,—
 (*f.*) "ETERNITY, ETERNITY, AND POWER."

EXERCISE CCLXIII.

PATRIOTIC FEELING.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

1. I HAVE seen my countrymen, and I have been with them a fellow wanderer, in other lands; and little did I see or feel to warrant the apprehension, sometimes expressed, that foreign travel would weaken our patriotic attachments. One sigh for home—home, arose from all hearts. And why, from palaces and courts—why, from galleries of the arts, where the marble softens into life, and painting sheds an almost living presence of beauty around it—why, from the mountain's awful brow, and the lonely valleys and lakes touched with the sunset hues of old romance—why, from those venerable and touching ruins to which our very heart grows—why, from all these scenes, were they looking beyond the swellings of the Atlantic wave, to a dearer and holier spot of earth—their own, own country? Doubtless, it was in part because it *is* their country!

2. But it was, also, as every one's experience will testify, because they knew that *there* was no oppression, no pitiful exaction of petty tyranny; because that *there*, they knew, was no accredited and irresistible religious domination; because that *there*, they knew, they should not meet the odious soldier at every corner, nor swarms of imploring beggars, the victims of misrule; that *there*, no curse causeless did fall, and

no blight, worse than plague and pestilence, did descend amid the dews of heaven; because, in fine, that there they knew, was liberty—upon all the green hills, and amid all the peaceful villages—liberty, the wall of fire around the humblest home; the crown of glory, studded with her ever-blazing stars upon the proudest mansion!

EXERCISE CCLXIV.

THE PERPETUITY OF THE CHURCH.

JOHN M. MASON.

1. THE long existence of the Christian church would be pronounced, upon common principles of reasoning, impossible. She finds in every man a natural and inveterate enemy. To encounter and overcome the unanimous hostility of the world, she boasts no political stratagem, no disciplined legions, no outward coercion of any kind. Yet her expectation is that she live forever. To mock this hope, and to blot out her memorial from under heaven, the most furious efforts of fanaticism, the most ingenious arts of statesmen, the concentrated strength of empires, have been frequently and perseveringly applied.

2. The blood of her sons and her daughters has streamed like water; the smoke of the scaffold and the stake, where they wore the crown of martyrdom in the cause of Jesus, has ascended in thick volumes to the skies. The tribes of persecution have sported over her woes, and erected monuments, as they imagined, of her perpetual ruin. But where are her tyrants, and where their empires? The tyrants have long since gone to their own place; their names have descended upon the roll of infamy; their empires have passed, like shadows over the rock—they have successively disappeared, and left not a trace behind!

3. But what became of the church? She rose from her ashes fresh in beauty and might. Celestial glory beamed around her! she dashed down the monumental marble of her foes, and they who hated her fled before her. She has celebrated the funeral of kings and kingdoms that plotted her destruction; and, with the inscriptions of their pride, has transmitted to posterity the records of their shame. How shall this phenomenon be explained? We are at the present moment witnesses of the fact; but who can unfold the mys-

tery? The book of truth and life has made our wonder to cease. "THE LORD HER GOD IN THE MIDST OF HER IS MIGHTY." His presence is a fountain of health, and his protection a "wall of fire." He has betrothed her, in eternal covenant to himself.

4. Her living head, in whom she lives, is above, and his quickening spirit shall never depart from her. Armed with divine virtue, his gospel, secret, silent, unobserved, enters the hearts of men and sets up an everlasting kingdom. It eludes all the vigilance, and baffles all the power of the adversary. Bars, and bolts, and dungeons, are no obstacle to its approach: bonds, and tortures, and death, can not extinguish its influence. The ark is launched, indeed, upon the floods; the tempest sweeps along the deep; the billows break over her on every side. But Jehovah-Jesus has promised to conduct her in safety to the haven of *peace*.

EXERCISE CCLXV.

FORCE OF TALENT.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

1. TALENTS, whenever they have had a suitable theater, have never failed to emerge from obscurity, and assume their proper rank in the estimation of the world. The jealous pride of power may attempt to repress and crush them; the base and malignant rancor of impotent spleen and envy may strive to embarrass and retard their flight: but these efforts, so far from achieving their ignoble purpose, so far from producing a discernible obliquity, in the ascent of genuine and vigorous talents, will serve only to increase their momentum, and mark their transit with an additional stream of glory.

2. When the great Earl of Chatham first made his appearance in the House of Commons, and began to astonish and transport the British Parliament and the British nation, by the boldness, the force, and range of his thoughts, and the celestial fire and pathos of his eloquence, it is well known, that the minister, Walpole, and his brother Horace (from motives very easily understood) exerted all their wit, all their oratory, all their acquirements of every description, sustained and enforced by the unfeeling "insolence of office," to heave a mountain on his gigantic genius, and hide it from the world. Poor and powerless attempt! The tables were

turned. He rose upon them, in the might and irresistible energy of his genius, and in spite of all their convulsions, frantic agonies, and spasms, he strangled them and their whole faction, with as much ease as Hercules did the serpent Python.

3. Who can turn over the debates of that day, and read the account of this conflict between youthful ardor, and hoary headed cunning and power, without kindling in the cause of the tyro, and shouting at his victory? That they should have attempted to pass off the grand, yet solid and judicious operations of a mind like his, as being mere theatrical start and emotion; the giddy, hair-brained eccentricities of a romantic boy! that they should have had the presumption to suppose themselves capable of chaining down to the floor of the Parliament, a genius so ethereal, towering, and sublime, seems unaccountable! Why did they not, in the next breath, by way of crowning the climax of vanity, bid the magnificent fire-ball to descend from its exalted and appropriate region, and perform its splendid tour along the surface of the earth?

4. Talents, which are before the public, have nothing to dread, either from the jealous pride of power, or from the transient misrepresentations of party, spleen, or envy. In spite of opposition from any cause, their buoyant spirit will lift them to their proper grade. The man, who comes fairly before the world, and who possesses the great and vigorous stamina which entitle him to a niche in the temple of glory, has no reason to dread the ultimate result: however slow his progress may be, he will, in the end, most indubitably receive that distinction. While the rest, "the swallows of science," the butterflies of genius, may flutter for their spring; but they will soon pass away and be remembered no more. No enterprising man, therefore (and least of *all*, the truly great man) has reason to droop or repine at any efforts, which he may suppose to be made with the view to *depress* him. Let, then, the tempest of envy or of malice howl around him. His genius will consecrate him; and any attempt to extinguish that, will be as unavailing, as would a human effort "to quench the stars."

EXERCISE CCLXVI.

LOVE AND MURDER.

1. In Manchester a maiden dwelt,
Her name was Phœbe Brown ;
Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,
And she was considered by good judges to be by
all odds the best-looking girl in town.
2. Her age was nearly seventeen,
Her eyes were sparkling bright ;
A very lovely girl she was,
And for about a year and a half there had been a
young man paying his attention to her, by the name of Reu-
ben Wright.
3. Now Reuben was a nice young man
As any in the town ;
And Phœbe loved him very dear,
But, on account of his being obliged to work for
a living, he never could make himself agreeable to old Mr.
and Mrs. Brown.
4. Her parents were resolved
Another she should wed,
A rich old miser in the place,
And old Brown frequently declared, that rather
than have his daughter marry Reuben Wright, he'd sooner
knock him on the head.
5. But Phœbe's heart was brave and strong,
She feared not her parents' frowns ;
And as for Reuben Wright so bold,
I've heard him say more than fifty times that,
(with the exception of Phœbe,) he did n't care a cent for the
whole race of Browns.
6. So Phœbe Brown and Reuben Wright
Determined they would marry ;
Three weeks ago last Tuesday night
They started for old Parson Webster's, determined
to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, though it was
tremendous dark, and rained like the old Harry.

7. But Captain Brown was wide awake ;
 He loaded up his gun,
 And then pursued the loving pair ;
 And overtook 'em when they'd got about half
 way to the parson's, and then Reuben and Phœbe started off
 upon the run.
8. Old Brown then took a deadly aim
 Toward young Reuben's head ;
 But, oh ! it was a bleeding shame !
 He made a mistake, and shot his only daughter,
 and had the unspeakable anguish of seeing her drop right
 down stone dead.
9. Then anguish filled young Reuben's heart,
 And vengeance crazed his brain ;
 He drew an awful jack-knife out,
 And plunged it into old Brown about fifty or
 sixty times, so that it's very doubtful about his ever coming
 to again.
10. The briny drops from Reuben's eyes
 In torrents pouréd down,
 And in this melancholy and heart-rending manner
 terminates the history of Reuben and Phœbe, and likewise
 old Captain Brown.

 EXERCISE CCLXVII.

TRIUMPH OF BROTHERLY AFFECTION.

SALADIN—MALEK ADHEL—ATTENDANT.

Attendant. A stranger craves admittance to your High-
 ness.

Saladin. Whence comes he ?

Attendant. That I know not.

Enveloped with a vestment of strange form,
 His countenance is hidden ; but his step,
 His lofty port, his voice in vain disguised,
 Proclaim,—if that I dare pronounce it,—

Saladin. Whom ?

Attendant. Thy royal brother !

Saladin. Bring him instantly, [*Exit Attendant.*
Now, with his specious, smooth, persuasive tongue,
Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks
To dissipate my anger. He shall die!

[*Enter Attendant and Malek Adhel.*
Leave us together. [*Exit Attendant.*] [*Aside.*] I should
know that form.

Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty!
[*Aloud.*] Well, stranger, speak; but first unvail thyself,
For Saladin must view the form that fronts him.

Malek Adhel.—Behold it, then!

Saladin. I see a traitor's visage.

Malek Adhel. A brother's!

Saladin. No!

Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.

Malek Adhel. O patience, Heaven! Had any tongue
but thine

Uttered that word, it ne'er should speak another.

Saladin. And why not now? Can this heart be more
pierced

By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds?

O, thou hast made a desert of this bosom!

For open candor, planted sly disguise;

For confidence, suspicion; and the glow

Of generous friendship, tenderness and love,

Forever banished! Whither can I turn,

When he by blood, by gratitude, by faith,

By every tie, bound to support, forsakes me?

Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?

Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love:

The smiles of friendship, and this glorious world,

In which all find some heart to rest upon,

Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void,—

His brother has betrayed him!

Malek Adhel. Thou art softened;

I am thy brother, then; but late thou saidst,—

My tongue can never utter the base title!

Saladin. Was it traitor? True!

Thou hast betrayed me in my fondest hopes!

Villain? 'Tis just; the title is appropriate!

Dissembler? 'Tis not written in thy face;

No; nor imprinted on that specious brow;

But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,

Forever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel !
 Thinkest thou I 'm softened ? By Mohammed ! these hands
 Should crush these aching eye-balls, ere a tear
 Fall from them at thy fate ! O monster, monster !
 The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
 Is excellent to thee ; for in his form
 The impulse of his nature may be read ;
 But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,
 O ! what a wretch art thou ! O ! can a term
 In all the various tongues of man be found
 To match thy infamy ?

Malek Adhel. Go on ! go on !
 'Tis but a little time to hear thee, Saladin ;
 And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
 Its penitence, at least.

Saladin. That were an end
 Too noble for a traitor ! The bowstring is
 A more appropriate finish ! Thou shalt die !

Malek Adhel. And death were welcome at another's man-
 date !
 What, what have I to live for ? Be it so,
 If that, in all thy armies, can be found
 An executing hand.

Saladin. O, doubt it not !
 They 're eager for the office. Perfidy,
 So black as thine, effaces from their minds
 All memory of thy former excellence.

Malek Adhel. Defer not, then, their wishes. Saladin,
 If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,
 This voice seemed grateful to thine ear accede
 To my last prayer :—O ! lengthen not this scene,
 To which the agonies of death were pleasing !
 Let me die speedily !

Saladin. This very hour !
 [*Aside.*] For, O, the more I look upon that face,
 The more I hear the accents of that voice,
 The monarch softens, and the judge is lost
 In all the brother's weakness ; yet such guilt,—
 Such vile ingratitude,—it calls for vengeance ;
 And vengeance it shall have ! What, ho ! who waits there ?
 [*Enter Attendant.*]

Attendant. Did your Highness call ?

Saladin. Assemble quickly
 My forces in the court. Tell them they come

To view the death of yonder bosom traitor.
 And, bid them mark, that he who will not spare
 His brother when he errs, expects obedience,
 Silent obedience, from his followers. [Exit Attendant.

Malek Adhel. Now, Saladin,
 The word is given; I have nothing more
 To fear from thee, my brother. I am not
 About to crave a miserable life.
 Without thy love, thy honor, thy esteem,
 Life were a burden to me. Think not, either,
 The justness of thy sentence I would question.
 But one request now trembles on my tongue,—
 One wish still clinging round the heart, which soon
 Not even that shall torture,—will it, then,
 Thinkest thou, thy slumbers render quieter,
 Thy waking thoughts more pleasing, to reflect,
 That when thy voice had doomed a brother's death,
 The last request which e'er was his to utter
 Thy harshness made him carry to the grave?

Saladin. Speak, then; but ask thyself if thou hast reason
 To look for much indulgence here.

Malek Adhel. I have not!
 Yet will I ask for it. We part forever;
 This is our last farewell; the king is satisfied;
 The judge has spoke the irrevocable sentence.
 None sees, none hears, save that Omniscient Power,
 Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon
 Two brothers part like such. When, in the face
 Of forces once my own, I'm led to death,
 Then be thine eye unmoistened; let thy voice
 Then speak my doom untrembling; then,
 Unmoved, behold this stiff and blackened corse.
 But now I ask,—nay, turn not, Saladin!—
 I ask one single pressure of thy hand;
 From that stern eye, one solitary tear,—
 O, torturing recollection!—one kind word [ness.
 From the loved tongue which once breathed naught but kind-
 Still silent! Brother! friend! beloved companion
 Of all my youthful sports!—are they forgotten?
 Strike me with deafness, make me blind, O Heaven!
 Let me not see this unforgiving man
 Smile at my agonies! nor hear that voice
 Pronounce my doom, which would not say one word,
 One little word, whose cherished memory

Would soothe the struggles of departing life !
 Yet, yet thou wilt ! O, turn thee, Saladin !
 Look on my face,—thou canst not spurn me then ;
 Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel
 For the last time, and call him—

Saladin. [*Seizing his hand.*] Brother ! brother !

Malek Adhel. [*Breaking away.*] Now call thy followers ;
 Death has not now
 A single pang in store. Proceed ! I'm ready.

Saladin. O ! art thou ready to forgive, my brother ?
 To pardon him who found one single error,
 One little failing, 'mid a splendid throng
 Of glorious qualities—

Malek Adhel. O, stay thee, Saladin !
 I did not ask for life. I only wished
 To carry thy forgiveness to the grave.
 No, Emperor, the loss of Cesarea
 Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel.
 Thy soldiers, too, demand that he who lost
 What cost them many a weary hour to gain,
 Should expiate his offenses with his life.
 Lo ! even now they crowd to view my death,
 Thy just impartiality. I go !

Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf
 To thy proud wreath of glory. [*Going.*]

Saladin. Thou shalt not. [*Enter Attendant.*]

Attendant. My lord, the troops assembled by your order
 Tumultuous throng the courts. The prince's death
 Not one of them but vows he will not suffer.
 The mutes have fled ; the very guards rebel.
 Nor think I, in this city's spacious round,
 Can e'er be found a hand to do the office.

Malek Adhel. O faithful friends ! [*To Attendant.*] Thine
 shalt.

Attendant. Mine ? Never !
 The other first shall lop it from the body.

Saladin. They teach the Emperor his duty well.
 Tell them he thanks them for it. Tell them, too,
 That ere their opposition reached our ears,
 Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel.

Attendant. O joyful news !
 I haste to gladden many a gallant heart,
 And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek,
 Unused to such a visitor. [*Exit.*]

Saladin. These men, the meanest in society,
 The outcasts of the earth,—by war, by nature,
 Hardened, and rendered callous,—these who claim
 No kindred with thee,—who have never heard
 The accents of affection from thy lips,—
 O! these can cast aside their vowed allegiance,
 Throw off their long obedience, risk their lives,
 To save thee from destruction. While I,—
 I, who can not, in all my memory,
 Call back one danger which thou hast not shared,
 One day of grief, one night of revelry,
 Which thy resistless kindness hath not soothed,
 Or thy gay smile and converse rendered sweeter,—
 I, who have thrice in the ensanguined field,
 When death seemed certain, only uttered,—“Brother!”
 And seen that form, like lightning, rush between
 Saladin and his foes, and that brave breast
 Dauntless exposed to many a furious blow
 Intended for my own,—I could forget
 That 't was to thee I owed the very breath
 Which sentenced thee to perish! O, 'tis shameful!
 Thou canst not pardon me!

Malek Adhel. By these tears, I can!
 O brother! from this very hour, a new,
 A glorious life commences! I am all thine!
 Again the day of gladness or of anguish
 Shall Malek Adhel share; and oft again
 May this sword fence thee in the bloody field.
 Henceforth, Saladin,
 My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine forever!

EXERCISE CCLXVIII.

TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. I really take it very kind,—
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
 I have not seen you such an age—
 (The wretch has come to dinner!)
 Your daughters, too,—what loves of girls!
 What heads for painters' easels!
 Come here, and kiss the infant, dears,—
 (And give it, p'rhaps, the measles!)

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2. Your charming little niece, and Tom,
 From Reverend Mr. Russell's ;
 'Twas very kind to bring them both—
 (What boots for my new Brussels !)
 What ! little Clara left at home !
 Well, now, I call that shabby !
 I should have loved to kiss her so—
 (A flabby, dabby babby !)
3. And Mr. S., I hope he's well,—
 But, though he lives so handy,
 He never drops once in to sup—
 (The better for our brandy !)
 Come, take a seat,—I long to hear
 About Matilda's marriage ;
 You've come, of course, to spend the day—
 (Thank Heaven ! I hear the carriage !)
4. What ! must you go ?—next time, I hope,
 You'll give me longer measure :
 Nay, I shall see you down the stairs—
 (With most uncommon pleasure !)
 Good-by ! good-by ! Remember, all,
 Next time you'll take your dinners—
 (Now, David, mind,—I'm not at home,
 In future, to the Skinners.)
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EXERCISE CCLXIX.

OUR NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. THIS anniversary animates, and gladdens, and unites all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies more or less important to the public good ; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. But *to-day* we are AMERICANS all in all, nothing but AMERICANS. As the great luminary over our heads, dissipating mists and fogs, cheers the whole hemisphere, so do the associations connected with this day disperse all cloudy and sullen weather, and all noxious exhalations in the minds and feelings of true Americans. Every man's heart swells within him,—every man's port and bearing

become somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his,—his, undiminished and unimpaired,—his, in all its original glory,—his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations.

2. If Washington were now among us,—and, if he could draw around him the shades of the great public men of his own days,—patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen,—and were to address us in their presence, would he not say to us:—“Ye men of this generation, I rejoice and thank God for being able to see that our labors, and toils, and sacrifices, were not in vain. You are prosperous,—you are happy,—you are grateful. The fire of liberty burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while duty and law restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. Cherish liberty as you love it,—cherish its securities as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the Constitution which we labored so painfully to establish, and which has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. Preserve the union of the States, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears, and our blood. Be true to God, your country, and your duty. So shall the whole eastern world follow the morning sun, to contemplate you as a nation; so shall all succeeding generations honor you as they honor us; and so shall that Almighty Power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity.”

EXERCISE CCLXX.

H I A W A T H A A N D M I N N E H A H A .

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

1. At the doorway of his wigwam
 Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
 In the land of the Dacotahs,
 Making arrow-heads of jasper,—
 Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
 At his side, in all her beauty,
 Sat the lovely Minnehaha,—
 Sat his daughter, Laughing Water:
 Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
 Of the *past* the old man's thoughts were,
 And the maiden's of the *future*.

2. *He* was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when, with such arrows,
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,—
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa :
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows—
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were !
Now the men were all like women,
Only used their *tongues* for weapons !
3. *She* was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who, one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,—
Praise his courage and his wisdom ;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minneháha ?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.
4. Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,—
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly, from out the woodlands,
Hiawatha stood before them !
5. Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,—
“ Hiawatha, you are welcome ! ”
At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders ;

And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said, with gentle look and accent,—
“ You are welcome, Hiawatha !”

6. Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground, fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.
7. “ After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs ;”
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,—
“ That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women !”
8. And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered ;
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely :—
“ Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha !”
9. And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,—
“ I will follow you, my husband !”

This was Hiawatha's wooing !
 Thus it was he won the daughter
 Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
 In the land of the Dacotahs !

10. From the wigwam he departed,
 Leading with him Laughing Water.
 Pleasant was the journey homeward !
 All the birds sang loud and sweetly
 Songs of happiness and heart's-ease ;
 Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,—
 "Happy are you, Hiawatha,
 Having such a wife to love you !"
 Sang the robin, the Opechee,—
 "Happy are you, Laughing Water,
 Having such a noble husband !"

EXERCISE CCLXXI.

CHANGES IN SOCIETY NECESSITATE CHANGES IN
 GOVERNMENT.

MACAULAY.

1. I WELL know that history, when we look at it in small portions, may be so construed as to mean any thing ; that it may be interpreted in as many ways as a Delphic oracle. "The French Revolution," says one expositor, "was the effect of concession." "Not so," cries another ; "the French Revolution was produced by the obstinacy of an arbitrary government." These controversies can never be brought to any decisive test, or to any satisfactory conclusion. But, as I believe that history, when we look at it in small fragments, proves any thing or nothing, so I believe that it is full of useful and precious instruction, when we contemplate it in large portions,—when we take in, at one view, the whole lifetime of great societies.

2. We have heard it said a hundred times, during these discussions, that the people of England are more free than ever they were ; that the government is more democratic than ever it was ; and this is urged as an argument against reform. I admit the fact, but I deny the inference. The history of England is the history of a government constantly giving way,—sometimes peaceably, sometimes after a violent struggle,—but constantly giving way before a nation which has been constantly advancing.

3. It is not sufficient to look merely at the form of government. We must look at the state of the public mind. The worst tyrant that ever had his neck wrung in modern Europe, might have passed for a paragon in Persia or Morocco. Our Indian subjects submit patiently to a monopoly of salt. We tried a stamp duty,—a duty so light as to be scarcely perceptible,—on the fierce breed of the old Puritans; and we lost an empire! The government of Louis the Sixteenth was certainly a much better and milder government than that of Louis the Fourteenth: yet Louis the Fourteenth was admired, and even loved, by his people; Louis the Sixteenth died on the scaffold! Why? Because, though the government had made many steps in the career of improvement, it had not advanced so rapidly as the nation.

4. These things are written for our instruction. There is a *change* in society. There must be a corresponding *change* in the government. You may make the change tedious; you may make it violent; you may—God, in his mercy, forbid!—you may make it bloody; but avert it you can not. Agitations of the public mind, so deep, and so long continued as those which we have witnessed, do not end in nothing. In peace, or in convulsion,—by the law, or in spite of the law,—through the Parliament, or over the Parliament,—reform must be carried. Therefore, be content to guide that movement which you can not stop.

EXERCISE CCLXXII.

THE BREWER'S COACHMAN.

TAYLOR.

Honest William, an easy and good-natured fellow,
 Would a little too oft get a little too mellow;
 Body coachman he was to an eminent brewer,—
 No better e'er sat on a box, to be sure.
 His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
 Took that care of their *babies* he took of his *horses*.
 He had these,—ay, and fifty good qualities more;
 But the business of *tippling* could ne'er be got o'er;
 So his master effectually ended the matter,
 By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
 Now, William, says he, you see the plain case;
 Had *you* drank as *he* does, you 'd kept a good place.

Drink water ! quoth William, had all men done so,
 You 'd never have wanted a coachman I trow.
 They 're soakers, like me, whom you load with reproaches,
 That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches !

EXERCISE CCLXXIII.

NOT IN.

ALICE CAREY.

1. She waited in the drawing-room,
 Good Mrs. Mabel Moore ;
 Six flounces of a pretty lace
 Were on the dress she wore ;
 Upon her bosom a French rose,
 And on her cap some satin bows.
2. One little foot just peeped without
 Her petticoats so white ;
 Her hair, a little gray, 't is true,
 Was put in curl and bright ;
 And sweet her glances shone around,
 As if some good thing she had found.
3. The clock was on the stroke of eight,
 And still she sat apart,
 Now listening close, and laying now
 One hand upon her heart ;
 And toying with her curls and rings,
 And doing other girlish things.
4. At length a step was heard, and then
 A ringing at the door ;
 " Five minutes and a half too soon,"
 Said Mrs. Mabel Moore.
 Then to her maid,— " It is no sin,
 Go quick, and say, *I am not in* ;
5. " For, if he loves me as he says,
 He can afford to wait,
 And come again precisely at
 Five minutes after eight.
 My nerves are really quite unstrung,
 So very earnestly he rung."

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6. But true love never did run smooth,
 As oftentimes is told,
 And when the door was opened wide,
 And shivering in the cold,
 The maid beheld the expected guest,
 She smiled and curtsied her best,
7. And told him with a grace as sweet
 As if he she craved a boon,
 Her mistress had declared it was
 A little bit too soon;
 And that she thought it was no sin
 To send him word she was not in.
8. "Ay, very well," the guest replied,
 "In truth I make no doubt,
 That whether she be *in* or not,
 I've surely found her *out*."
 And she who sent him from the door
 Remaineth still Mrs. Mabel Moore.
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EXERCISE CCLXXIV.

MAC BRIAR'S SPEECH TO THE SCOTCH INSURGENTS.

SIR' WALTER SCOTT.

1. SET up a standard in the land; blow a trumpet upon the mountains; let not the shepherd tarry by his sheepfold, nor the seedsman continue in the plowed field, but make the watch strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields, name ye the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens; call the footmen like the rushing of winds, and cause the horsemen to come up like the sound of many waters; for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rods are burned, and the face of their men of battle hath been turned to flight.

2. Heaven has been with you, and has broken the bow of the mighty; then let every man's heart be as the heart of the valiant Maccabeus,—every man's hand as the hand of the mighty Samson,—every man's sword as that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banner of Reformation is spread abroad in the mountains in its first loveliness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

3. Well is he this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the children of the Covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise; and woe, woe unto him, who, for carnal ends and self-seeking, shall withhold himself from the great work; for the curse shall abide with him, even the bitter curse of Meroz, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

4. Up, then, and be doing; the blood of martyrs, reeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the highways, are pleading for retribution; the groans of innocent captives from desolate isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrants' high places, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and deserts, from the swords of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve God rather than man,—all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of Heaven in your behalf.

5. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Then, whoso will deserve immortal fame in this world, and eternal happiness in that which is to come, let them enter into God's service, and take arles at the hand of the servant,—a blessing, namely, upon him and his household, and his children, to the ninth generation, even the blessing of the promise, forever and ever.

EXERCISE CCLXXV.

SPEECH OF ONIAS, DISSUADING THE JEWS FROM REVOLT.

CROLY.

1. Go to war with Róme! you might as well go to war with the ocean, for her power is as wide; you might as well fight the storm, for her vengeance is as rapid; you might as well call up the armies of Judea against the pestilence, for her sword is as sweeping, as sudden, and as sure. Who but madmen would go to war without allies? and where are yours to be looked for? Rome is the mistress of all nations. Would you make a war of fortresses? Rome has in her possession all your walled towns. Every tower from Dan to Beersheba has a Roman banner on its battlements. Would you meet her in the plain? Where are your horsemen?

The Roman cavalry would be upon you before you could draw your swords; and would trample your boldest into the sand. Would you make the campaign in the mountains? Where are your magazines?

2. The Roman generals would disdain to waste a drop of blood upon you; they would only have to block up the passes, and leave famine to do the rest. Harvest is not come; and if it were, you dare not descend to the plains to gather it. You are told to rely upon the strength of the country. Have the fiery sands of the desert, or the marshes of Germany, or the snows of Scythia, or the stormy waters of Britain, defended them?

3. Does Egypt, within your sight, give you no example? A land of inexhaustible fertility, crowded with seven millions and a half of men, passionately devoted to their country, opulent, brave, and sustained by the countless millions of Africa, with a country defended on both flanks by the wilderness, in the rear inaccessible to the Roman, exposing the narrowest and most defensible front of any nation on earth; yet Egypt, in spite of the Libyan valor, and the Greek genius, is garrisoned at this hour by a single Roman legion! The Roman bird, grasping the thunder in its talons, and touching with one wing the sunrise, and with the other the sunset, throws its shadow over the world. Shall we call it to stoop upon us? Must we spread for it the new banquet of the blood of Israel?

EXERCISE CCLXXVI.

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

J. G. SAXE.

1. Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!
2. Men of different stations
In the eye of fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same;

High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level,
Traveling together.

3. Gentlemen in shorts,
Looming very tall ;
Gentlemen at large,
Talking very small ;
Gentlemen in tights,
With a loose-ish mien ;
Gentlemen in gray,
Looking rather green ;
4. Gentlemen quite old,
Asking for the news ;
Gentlemen in black,
In a fit of blues ;
Gentlemen in claret,
Sober as a vicar ;
Gentlemen in tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor !
5. Stranger on the right
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker,—
Wonder what they mean ?
Faith, he's got the Knicker-
bocker magazine !
6. Stranger on the left
Closing up his peepers ;
Now he snores amain,
Like the seven sleepers ;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "association !"
7. Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks ;

Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it 's his opinion,
She is out of danger!

8. Woman with her baby,
Sitting *vis-a-vis*;¹
Baby keeps a-squalling,
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says it 's tiresome talking,
Noisés of the cars
Are so very shocking!
9. Market woman, careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot,
Rather prematurely.
10. Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges;
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail!

EXERCISE CCLXXVII.

NUMBER ONE.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. It 's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And witness this, that every Miss,
But me, has got a beau:
But love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun;
I'm sure he has been asked enough
To call at Number One.

¹ *Face to face; opposite.*

-
2. I 'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four ;
At Number Three, I often see,
A lover at the door.
And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun ;
It 's very hard they come so near,
And not to Number One.
 3. Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind.
But I go in the balcony
Which she has never done ;
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't *take* at Number One.
 4. 'T is hard with plenty in the street
And plenty passing by—
There 's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy.
And Mrs. Smith, across the way,
Has got a grown-up son ;
But, la, he hardly seems to know,
There *is* a Number One.
 5. There 's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
But he 's intent on pelf,
And, though he 's pious, will not love,
His neighbor as himself.
At Number Seven there was a sale,
The goods had quite a run ;
And here I 've got my single lot
On hand at Number One.
 6. My mother often sits at work,
And talks of props and stays ;
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days.
The very maids about the house,
Have set me down a nun ;
The sweethearts all belong to them,
That call at Number One.
 7. Once only, when the flue took fire,
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in,
And told me not to swoon.

Why can't he come again without
The Phoenix and the Sun?
We can not always have a flue
On fire at Number One.

8. I am not old, I am not plain,
Nor awkward in my gait;
I am not crooked like the bride
That went from Number Eight.
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun:
But even beauty has no chance
I think at Number One.
9. At Number Six, they say Miss Rose
Has slain a score of hearts:
And Cupid for her sake has been
Quite prodigal of darts.
The imp that slew, with bended bow,
I wish he had a gun;
But, if he had, he'd never deign
To shoot at Number One.
10. It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row;
And here's a ballad singer come,
To aggravate my woe.
O take away your foolish song,
And tones enough to stun,
There is no luck about the house,
I know, at Number One.

EXERCISE CCLXXVIII.

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

OULTON.

DOCTOR WISEPATE—THADY O'KEEN—ROBERT.

Doctor Wisepate. Plague on her ladyship's ugly cur!—it has broken three bottles of bark that I had prepared myself for Lord Spleen. I wonder Lady Apes troubled me with it. But I understand it threw down her flower pots and destroyed all her myrtles. I'd send it home this minute, but I'm unwilling to offend its mistress; for, as she has a deal of money,

and no relation, she may think proper to remember me in her will. (*Noise within.*) Eh! what noise is that in the hall?

(Enter Thady O'Keen, dirty and wet, followed by Robert.)

T. O' Keen. But I must and will, do you see. Very pretty, indeed, keeping people standing in the hall, shivering and shaking with the wet and cold!

Robert. The mischief 's in you, I believe; you order me about as if you were my master.

Dr. W. Why, what's all this? who is this unmannerly fellow?

T. O' K. There! your master says you are an unmannerly fellow.

Rob. Sir, it's lady Apes' servant: he has a letter, and says he won't deliver it into any one's hands but your Honor's. Now I warrant my master will teach you better behavior. [*Exit.*]

T. O' K. Oh, are you sure you are Doctor Wisepate?

Dr. W. Sure! to be sure I am.

T. O' K. Och! plague on my hat, how wet it is! (*Shakes his hat about the room, etc.*)

Dr. W. (*lays his spectacles down and rises from the table.*) Bless me! fellow, don't wet my room in that manner!

T. O' K. Eh! Well—Oh, I beg pardon—there's the letter: and since I must not dry my hat in your room, why, as you desire it, I will go down to the kitchen, and dry it and myself before the fire. (*Goes out.*)

Dr. W. Here, you, sir, come back. I must teach him better manners. (*Re-enter Thady O' Keen.*) Hark you, fellow—whom do you live with?

T. O' K. Whom do I live with? why, with my mistress, to be sure, lady Apes.

Dr. W. And pray, sir, how long have you lived with her ladyship?

T. O' K. How long? Ever since the first day she hired me.

Dr. W. And has her ladyship taught you no better manners?

T. O' K. Manners? she never taught me any, good or bad.

Dr. W. Then, sir, I will; I'll show you how you should address a gentleman when you enter a room. What's your name?

T. O' K. Name?—why, it's Thady O'Keen, my jewel. What in wonder is he going to do with my name! (*Aside.*)

Dr. W. Then, sir, you shall be Dr. Wisepate for a while, and I'll be Thady O'Keen, just to show you how you should enter a room and deliver a letter.

T. O'K. Eh! what? make a swap of ourselves! With all my heart. Here's my wet hat for you.

Dr. W. There, sit down in my chair. (*Going.*)

T. O'K. Stop, stop, honey,—by my shoul you can never be Thady O'Keen without you have this little shillelah in your fist. There.

Dr. W. Very well. Sit you down. (*Takes Thady's hat, etc., and goes out.*)

T. O'K. (*solus.*) Let me see; I never can be a doctor either, without some sort of a wig. Oh, here is one,—and here is my spectacles, faith. On my conscience, I'm the thing! (*Puts on the wig awkwardly, and the spectacles; then sits in the doctor's chair. Dr. Wisepate knocks*) Walk in, honey. (*Helps himself to chocolate and bread and butter.*)

(Re-enter Dr. Wisepate, bowing.)

Dr. W. Please your Honor—(*Aside.*) What assurance the fellow has!

T. O'K. Speak out, young man, and don't be bashful. (*Eating, etc.*)

Dr. W. Please your Honor, my lady sends her respectful compliments,—hopes your honor is well.

T. O'K. Pretty well, pretty well, I thank you.

Dr. W. And has desired me to deliver your honor this letter.

T. O'K. That letter, well, why don't you bring it to me? Pray, am I to rise from the table?

Dr. W. So, he 's acting my character with a vengeance. But I'll humor him. (*Aside.*) There, your Honor. (*Gives the letter, bowing.*)

T. O'K. (*Opens the letter and reads.*)

“Sir: Since my dear Flora has given me so much uneasiness—Och, by my shoul, that 's no lie—I beg leave to inform you that a gentleman shall call either to-day or to-morrow for her. If it should rain, I request the poor thing may have a—what's this, C o a—coat!—coat, no—coach. Yours.” Hem! well—no answer 's required, young man.

Dr. W. His impudence has struck me almost dumb. (*Aside.*) No answer, your Honor?

T. O'K. No, my good fellow—but come here—let me look at you. Oh, you seem very wet. Why it 's you, I understand, who brought this troublesome cur a few days ago: you have been often backwards and forwards, but I could never see you till now. Hollo, Robert! where's my lazy good-for-nothing servant! Robert! (*Rings a bell.*)

Dr. W. Eh! What the deuce does he mean? (*Aside.*)

(Enter Robert, who stares at them both.)

Rob. Eh!—Did—did you call, sir? (*To Dr. Wisepate.*)

T. O'K. Yes, sirrah! Take that poor fellow down to the kitchen; he's come upon a foolish errand this cold wet day; so, do you see, give him something to eat and drink,—as much as he likes,—and bid my steward give him a guinea for his trouble.

Rob. Eh!

T. O'K. Thunder an 'ouns, fellow! must I put my words into my mouth, and take them out again, for you? Thady (*to the Doctor*), my jewel, just give that blockhead of mine a rap on his sconce with your little bit of a switch, and I'll do as much for you another time.

Dr. W. So, instead of my instructing the fellow, he has absolutely instructed me. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, you have convinced me what Dr. Wisepate should do, and now suppose we are ourselves again.

T. O'K. (*rises.*) With all my heart, sir. Here's your Honor's wig and spectacles, and now give me my comfortable hat and switch.

Dr. W. And, Robert, obey the orders that my representative gave you.

Rob. What! carry him down to the kitchen!

T. O'K. No, young man, I sh'an't trouble you to carry me down; I'll carry myself down, and you shall see what a beautiful hand master O'Keen is at a knife and fork. (*Exit with Robert.*)

Dr. W. (*solus.*) Well, this fellow has some humor; indeed, he has fairly turned the tables upon me. I wish I could get him to give a dose of my prescribing to her ladyship's cats and dogs, for the foolish woman has absolutely bequeathed in her will an annual sum for the care of each, after her death. Oh, dear! dear! how much more to her credit would it be to consider the present exigencies of her country, and add to the number of voluntary contributions!

EXERCISE CCLXXIX.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF OUR REPUBLIC.

JOSEPH STORY.

1. THE old world has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvelous strug-

gles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics in fair procession chanted the praises of liberty and the gods,—where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done, by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions.

2. Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun,—where and what is she? The Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but traveled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people offered the tribute-money. When we reflect on what has been, and is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibility of this republic to all future ages! What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance, and moderate our confidence!

EXERCISE CCLXXX.

THE INQUIRY.

CHARLES MACKAY.

1. Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?

Some lone and pleasant dell,
 Some valley in the west,
 Where, free from toil and pain,
 The weary soul may rest?
 The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
 And sighed for pity as it answered,—(p.) “No.”

2. Tell me, thōu mīghty dēep,
 Whōse billōws rōund me plāy,
 Know'st thou some favored spot,
 Some island far away,
 Where weary man may find
 The bliss for which he sighs,—
 Where sorrow never lives,
 And friendship never dies?
 The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
 Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer,—“No.”

3. And thou, serenest moon,
 That, with such lovely face,
 Dost look upon the earth,
 Asleep in night's embrace;
 Tell me in all thy round,
 Hast thou not seen some spot,
 Where miserable man
 May find a happier lot?
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
 And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded,—“No.”

4. Tell me, my secret soul,
 Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
 Is there no resting-place
 From sorrow, sin, and death?
 Is there no happy spot,
 Where mortals may be blessed,
 Where grief may find a balm,
 And weariness a rest?
 Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
 Waved their bright wings, and whispered,—“YES, IN
 HEAVEN!”

EXERCISE CCLXXXI.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BYRON.

1. There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and, when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.
2. Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 (<) On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet;
 (p.) But, hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 (f) *Arm! ARM! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!*
3. Within a windowed niche of that high hall,
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain. He did hear
 That sound the first amid the festival,
 And caught it's tone with death's prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance, blood alone could quell;
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.
4. Ah! then and there were hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated. Who could guess
 If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet, such awful morn could rise.

5. And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star ;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! *they come! they come!*"
6. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life ;
 Last eve, in beauty's circle, proudly gay ;
 The midnight brought the signal sound of strife ;
 The morn the marshaling in arms ; the day,
 Battle's magnificently stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close over it, which, when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover,—heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend,—foe, in one red burial blent!

EXERCISE CCLXXXII.

SCORN TO BE SLAVES.

WARREN.

1. NONE but they who set a *just value upon the blessings of Liberty*, are worthy to enjoy her. Your illustrious fathers were her zealous votaries. When the blasting frown of tyranny drove her from public view, they clasped her in their arms ; they cherished her in their generous bosoms ; they brought her safe over the rough ocean, and fixed her seat in this thin dreary wilderness ; they nursed her infant age with the most tender care ; for her sake, they patiently bore the severest hardships ; for her support, they underwent the most rugged toils ; in her defense, they boldly encountered the most alarming dangers.

2. Neither the ravenous beasts that ranged the woods for prey, nor the more furious savages of the wilderness, could damp their ardor ! While with one hand they broke the stubborn glebe, with the other they grasped their weapons, ever ready to protect her from danger. No sacrifice, not even their own blood, was esteemed too rich a libation for her altar ! God prospered their valor ; they preserved her brilliancy unsullied ; they enjoyed her while they lived, and

dying, bequeathed the dear inheritance to your care. And as they left you this glorious legacy, they have undoubtedly transmitted to you some portion of their noble spirit, to inspire you with virtue to merit her, and courage to preserve her. You surely can not, with such examples before your eyes as every page of the history of this country affords, suffer your liberties to be ravished from you by lawless force, or cajoled away by flattery and fraud.

3. The voice of your fathers' blood calls to you from the ground, *My sons, scorn to be slaves!* In vain we met the frowns of tyrants,—in vain we crossed the boisterous ocean, found a new world, and prepared it for the happy residence of liberty,—in vain we toiled,—in vain we fought,—we bled in vain, if *you*, our offspring, want valor to repel the assaults of her invaders! Stain not the glory of your worthy ancestors, but, like them, resolve never to part with your birth-right;—be wise in your deliberations, and determined in your exertions, for *the preservation of your liberties.*

EXERCISE CCLXXXIII.

EXTRACT FROM MADAME ROLAND'S DEFENSE BEFORE THE FRENCH TRIBUNAL.

1. MINDS which have any claim to greatness, are capable of divesting themselves of selfish considerations: they feel that they belong to the whole human race; and, their views are directed to posterity alone. I was the friend of men who have been proscribed and immolated by delusion, and the hatred of jealous mediocrity. It is necessary that I should perish in my turn, because it is a rule with tyranny to sacrifice those whom it has grievously oppressed, and to annihilate the very witnesses of its misdeeds. I have this *double claim* to death from your hands, and I *expect* it.

2. When Innocence walks to the scaffold, at the command of error and perversity, every step she takes is an advance toward glory. May I be the last victim sacrificed to the furious spirit of party! I shall quit with joy this unfortunate earth which swallows up the friends of virtue, and drinks the blood of the just. Truth! Friendship! my Country! sacred objects, sentiments dear to my heart, accept my last sacrifice. My life was devoted to you, and you will render my death easy and glorious.

3. Just Heaven! enlighten this unfortunate people for whom I desire liberty. Liberty! It is for noble minds. It is not for weak beings, who enter into a composition with guilt, and cover selfishness and cowardice with the name of prudence. It is not for corrupt wretches who rise from the bed of debauchery, or from the mire of indigence, to feast their eyes on the blood that streams from the scaffold. It is the portion of a people who delight in humanity, practice justice, despise their flatterers, and respect the truth. While you are not such a people, O my fellow-citizens! you will talk in vain of liberty; instead of liberty you will have licentiousness, of which you will all fall victims in your turns; you will ask for bread; and dead bodies will be given you; and you will at last bow down your neck to the yoke.

4. I have neither concealed my sentiments nor my opinions. I know that a Roman lady was sent to the scaffold for lamenting the death of her son. I know that in times of delusion and party rage, he who dares avow himself the friend of the proscribed, exposes himself to their fate. But I despise death; I never feared any thing but guilt, and I will not purchase life at the expense of a base subterfuge. Woe to the times! woe to the people among whom doing homage to disregarded truth can be attended with danger; and happy he who in such circumstances is bold enough to brave it.

EXERCISE CCLXXXIV.

ADDRESS TO THE GREEKS.

1. " On, on, to the just and glorious strife!
 With your swords your freedom shielding;
 Nay, resign, if it must be so, even life;
 But *die*, at least, unyielding.
2. *On* to the strife! for't were far more meet
 To sink with the foes who bay you,
 Than crouch, like dogs, at your tyrants' feet,
 And smile on the sword that slays you.
3. (<) Shall the pagan slaves be masters, then,
 Of the land which your fathers gave you?
 Shall the Infidel lord it o'er Christian men,
 When your own good swords may save you?

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4. Nò! let him feel that their arms are strong,
That their courage will fail them never,
Who strike to repay long years of wrong,
And bury past shame forever.
5. Let him know there are hearts, however bowed
By the chains which he threw around them,
That will rise, like a spirit from pall and shroud,
And cry,—“*woe!*” to the slaves who bound them.
6. Let him learn how weak is a tyrant's might,
Against Liberty's sword contending;
And find how the sons of Greece can fight,
Their freedom and land defending.
7. (°°) Then on! *then on to the glorious strife!*
With your swords your country shielding,
And resign, if it must be so, even life;
But die, at least, unyielding.
8. (*f.*) *Strike!* for the sires who left you free!
Strike! for their sakes who bore you!
Strike! for your homes and liberty,
And the Heaven you worship o'er you!
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EXERCISE CCLXXXV.

LOOK ALOFT.

J. LAWRENCE.

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 aloft,” and be firm, and be fearless of heart.
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 sorrows, like clouds, are arrayed,
“Look aloft,” to the friendship which never shall 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 aloft” to the Sun that is never to set.

4. Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart,—
 Thy friends and companions,—in sorrow depart,
 “Look aloft” from the darkness and dust of the tomb
 To that soil where “affection is ever in bloom.”
5. (p^h) And, O! 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.

 EXERCISE CCLXXXVI.

THE WONDER-WORKING WIRE.

1. “Hark! the warning needles click,
 Hither, thither, clear and quick.
 He who guides their speaking play,
 Stands a thousand miles away!
 Here we feel the electric thrill
 Guided by his simple will;
 Here the instant message read,
 Brought with more than lightning speed.
 Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
 Ours the wonder-working wire!”
2. Let the sky be dark or clear,
 Comes the faithful messenger;
 Now it tells of loss and grief,
 Now of joy in sentence brief,
 Now of safe or sunken ships,
 Now the murderer outstrips,
 Now of war and fields of blood,
 Now of fire, and now of flood.
 Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
 Ours the wonder-working wire!”
3. Think the thought, and speak the word,
 It is caught as soon as heard,
 Borne o'er mountains, lakes, and seas,
 To the far antip'odes;
 Boston speaks at twelve o'clock,
 Natchez reads ere noon the shock.
 Seems it not a feat sublime?
 Intellect has conquered Time!
 Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
 Ours the wonder-working wire!”

4. Marvel,—triumph of our day,
Flash all ignorance away!
Flash sincerity of speech,
Noblest aims to all who teach;
Flash, till Power shall learn the Right,
Flash, till reason conquer Might;
Flash resolve to every mind;
Manhood flash to all mankind!
Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

EXERCISE CCLXXXVII.

LIBERTY THE REWARD OF MENTAL AND MORAL DEVELOPMENT.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

1. SOCIETY can no more exist without Government, in one form or another, than man without society. It is the political, then, which includes the social, that is his natural state. It is the one for which his Creator formed him, into which he is impelled irresistibly, and in which only his race can exist, and all his faculties be fully developed. Such being the case, it follows that *any*, the worst *form* of Government, is better than anarchy; and that individual liberty, or freedom, must be subordinate to whatever power may be necessary to protect society against anarchy within, or destruction from without; for the safety and well-being of society are as paramount to individual liberty, as the safety and well-being of the race is to that of individuals; and, in the same proportion, the power necessary for the safety of society, is paramount to individual liberty. On the contrary, Government has no right to control individual liberty, beyond what is necessary to the safety and well-being of society. Such is the boundary which separates the power of Government, and the liberty of the citizen, or subject, in the political state, which, as I have shown, is the natural state of man,—the only one in which his race can exist, and the one in which he is born, lives, and dies.

2. It follows, from all this, that the quantum of power on the part of the Government, and of liberty on that of individuals, instead of being equal in all cases, must, necessarily, be very unequal among different people, according to their

different conditions. For, just in proportion as a People are ignorant, stupid, debased, corrupt, exposed to violence within and danger without, the power necessary for Government to possess, in order to preserve society against anarchy and destruction, becomes greater and greater, and individual liberty less and less, until the lowest condition is reached, when absolute and despotic power becomes necessary on the part of the Government, and individual liberty extinct. So, on the contrary, just as a people rise in the scale of intelligence, virtue, and patriotism, and the more perfectly they become acquainted with the nature of Government, the ends for which it was ordered, and how it ought to be administered, and the less the tendency to violence and disorder within and danger from abroad, the power necessary for Government becomes less and less, and individual liberty greater and greater.

3. Instead, then, of all men having the same right to liberty and equality, as is claimed by those who hold that they are all born free and equal, liberty is the noble and highest reward bestowed on mental and moral development, combined with favorable circumstances. Instead, then, of liberty and equality being born with man,—instead of all men, and all classes and descriptions, being equally entitled to them,—they are high prizes to be won; and are, in their most perfect state, not only the highest reward that can be bestowed on our race, but the most difficult to be won, and, when won, the most difficult to be preserved.

EXERCISE CCLXXXVIII.

REVOLUTIONARY ENTHUSIASM.

CAPTAIN HARDY—NATHAN.

Nathan. Good morning, Captain. How do you stand this hot weather?

Captain. Lord bless you, boy, it's a cold bath to what we had at Monmouth. Did I ever tell you about that-are battle?

N. I have always understood that it was dreadful hot that day!

Cap. Lord bless you, boy, it makes my crutch sweat to think on 't—and if I did n't hate long stories, I'd tell you things about that-are battle, sich as you would n't believe, you rogue, if I did n't tell you. It beats all natur how hot it was.

N. I wonder you did not all die of heat and fatigue.

Cap. Why, so we should, if the reg'lars had only died first; but, you see, they never liked the Jarseys, and wouldn't lay their bones there. Now if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you all about that-are business; for you see they don't do things so now-a-days.

N. How so? Do not people die as they used to?

Cap. Lord bless you, no. It beat all natur to see how long the reg'lars would kick after we killed them.

N. What! kick after they were killed! That does beat all natur, as you say.

Cap. Come, boy, no splitting hairs with an old Continental; for you see, if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you things about this-are battle, that you'd never believe. Why, Lord bless you, when General Washington telled us we might give it to 'em, we gin it to 'em, I tell you.

N. You gave what to them?

Cap. Cold lead, you rogue. Why, bless you, we fired twice to their once, you see; and if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you how we did it. You must know, the reg'lars wore their close-bodied red coats, because they thought we were afraid on 'em, but we did not wear any coats, you see, because we hadn't any.

N. How happened you to be without coats?

Cap. Why, Lord bless you, they would wear out, and the States couldn't buy us any more, you see, and so we marched the lighter, and worked the freer for it. Now if I did not hate long stories, I would tell you what the General said to me next day, when I had a touch of the rheumatiz from lying on the field without a blanket all night. You must know, it was raining hard just then, and we were pushing on like all natur arter the reg'lars.

N. What did the General say to you?

Cap. Not a syllable, says he, but off comes his coat, and he throws it over my shoulders,—“There, Captain,” says he, “wear that, for we can't spare you yet.” Now, don't that beat all natur, hey?

N. So you wore the General's coat, did you?

Cap. Lord bless your simple heart, no. I didn't feel sick arter that, I tell you. No, General, says I, they can spare me better than they can you, just now, and so I'll take the will for the deed, says I.

N. You will never forget his kindness, Captain.

Cap. Not I, boy! I never feel a twinge of the rheuma-

tiz, but what I say, God bless the General. Now you see, I hate long stories, or I'd tell you how I gin it to a reg'lar that tried to shoot the General at Monmouth. You know we were at close quarters, and the General was right between the two fires.

N. I wonder he was not shot.

Cap. Lord bless your ignorant soul, nobody could kill the General; but you see, a sneaking reg'lar didn't know this, and so he leveled his musket at him, and you see, I seed what he was arter, and I gin the General's horse a slap on the haunches, and it beats all natur how he sprung, and the General all the while as straight as a gun-barrel.

N. And you saved the General's life.

Cap. Didn't I tell you nobody could kill the General; but you see his horse was in the rake of my gun, and I wanted to get the start of that cowardly reg'lar.

N. Did you hit him?

Cap. Lord bless your simple soul, does the thunder hit where it strikes! though the fellow made me blink a little, for he carried away part of this ear. See there? (*Showing his ear.*) Now don't that beat all natur?

N. I think it does. But tell me how is it, that you took all these things so calmly. What made you so contented under your privations and hardships?

Cap. Oh, bless your young soul, we got used to it. Besides, you see, the General never flinched nor grumbled.

N. Yes, but you served without being paid.

Cap. So did the General, and the States, you know, were poor as all natur.

N. But you had families to support.

Cap. Ay, ay, but the General always told us that God and our country would take care of them, you see. Now, if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you how it turned out just as he said, for he beat all natur for guessing right.

N. Then you feel happy, and satisfied with what you have done for your country, and what she has done for you?

Cap. Why, Lord bless you, if I hadn't left one of my legs at Yorktown, I wouldn't have touched a stiver of the State's money, and as it is, I am so old, that I shall not need it long. You must know, I long to see the General again, for if he don't hate long stories as bad as I do, I shall tell him all about America, you see, for it beats all natur, how things have changed since he left us.

EXERCISE CCLXXXIX.

GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.

HORATIO HALE.

1. (o) Hollow ye the lonely grave,
 Make its caverns deep and wide ;
 In the soil they died to save,
 Lay the brave men side by side.
2. Side by side they fought and fell,
 Hand by hand they met the foe ;
 Who has heard his grandsire tell
 Braver strife or deadlier blow ?
3. Wake your mournful harmonies,
 Your tears of pity shed for them ;
 Summer dew and sighing breeze
 Shall be wail and requiem.
4. Pile the grave-mound broad and high,
 Where the martyred brethren sleep ;
 It shall point the pilgrim's eye
 Here to bend,—and here to weep.

EXERCISE CCXC.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.¹

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. Upon the barren sand
 A single captive² stood,
 Around him came with bow and brand,
 The red men of the wood.
 Like him of old, his doom he hears,
 Rock-bound on ocean's rim :—
 The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
 And breathed a prayer for him.
2. Above his head in air
 The savage war-club swung ;
 The frantic girl, in wild despair,
 Her arms about him flung.

¹ Pocahontas.² Captain John Smith.

Then shook the warriors of the shade,
 Like leaves of aspen-limb,
 Subdued by that heroic maid
 Who breathed a prayer for him.

3. "Unbind him!" gasped the chief,
 "It is your king's decree!"
 He kissed away her tears of grief,
 And set the captive free.
 'T is ever thus, when, in life's storm
 Hope's star to *man* grows dim,
 An angel kneels in *woman's* form,
 And breathes a prayer for him.

EXERCISE CCXCI.

THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

1. I hate the name of German wool in all its colors bright;
 Of chairs and stools, in fancy work, I hate the very sight.
 The shawls and slippers that I've seen, the ottomans and bags,—
 Sooner than wear a stitch on me, I'd walk the streets in rags.
2. I've heard of wives *too* musical, *too* talkative, or quiet,—
 Of scolding or of gaming wives, and those too fond of riot;
 But yet, of all the errors known, which to the women fall,
 Forever doing fancy work, I think, exceeds them all.
3. The other day, when I came home, no dinner's got for me
 I asked my wife the reason, and she answered,—“One, two, three!”
 I told her I was hungry, and I stamped upon the floor;
 She never even looked at me, but murmured,—“One green more!”
4. Of course she makes me angry, though she does n't care for that,
 But chatters, while I talk to her,—“One white, and then a black,
 One green, and then a purple (just hold your tongue, my dear;
 You really do annoy me so;) I've made a wrong stitch here.”
5. And as for confidential chat, with her eternal *frame*,
 Though I should speak of fifty things, she'd answer me the same;
 'T is “Yes, love—five reds, then a black—(I quite agree with you)—
 I've done this wrong—seven, eight, nine, ten—an orange, then a blue.”
6. If any lady comes to tea, her bag is first surveyed;
 And, if the pattern pleases her, a copy then is made
 She stares the men quite out of face; and when I ask her why,—
 'T is, “O! my love, the pattern of his waistcoat struck my eye.”

7. And, if to walk I am inclined ('t is seldom I go out,)
At every worsted shop she sees, oh! how she looks about,
And says,—“ Bless me! I must go in—the pattern is so rare;
That group of flowers is *just the thing* I wanted for my chair.”
8. Besides, the things she makes, are all such touch-me-not affairs;
I dare not even use a stool or screen; and as for chairs,
'T was only yesterday I put my youngest boy in one,
And until then I never knew my wife had such a tongue.
9. Alas! for my poor little ones, they dare not move or speak;
'T is “ Tom, be still; put down that bag! Why, Harriet, where's
your feet?
Maria! standing on that stool! it was not made for use;—
Be silent all! Three greens, one red, a blue, and then a puce.”
10. O Heaven! preserve me from a wife with fancy-work run wild,
And hands which never do aught else for husband or for child.
Our clothes are rent, our bills unpaid, our house is in disorder,
And all because my lady wife has taken to embroider.
11. I'll put my children out to school,—I'll go across the sea;
My wife so full of fancy-work, I'm sure, can not miss me.
E'en while I write, she still keeps on her “ One, two, three, and
four;”
She's past all hope. Those Berlin wools, I'll not endure them
more!

EXERCISE CCXCII.

THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE THE ONLY SOURCE OF PUBLIC SAFETY.

LAMARTINE.

1. THERE is a single power capable of preserving the people from the danger with which a revolution, under such social conditions, menaces them, and this is the power of the people; it is entire liberty. It is the suffrage, will, reason, interest, the hand and arm of all—the Republic! Yes; it is the Republic alone which can now save you from anarchy, civil and foreign war, spoliation, the scaffold, the decimation of property, the overthrow of society and foreign invasion. The remedy is heroic, I know; but, at crises of times and ideas like these in which we live, there is no effective policy but one as great and audacious as the crisis itself. By giving, to-morrow, the Republic, in its own name, to the people, you will instantly disarm it of the watchword of agitation.

2. What do I say? You will instantly change its anger into joy, its fury into enthusiasm. All who have the Republican sentiment at heart, all who have had a dream of the Republic in their imaginations, all who regret, all who aspire, all who reason, all who dream, in France,—Republicans of the secret societies, Republicans militant, speculative Republicans, the people, the tribunes, the youth, the schools, the journalists, men of hand and men of head,—will utter but one cry, will gather round their standard, will arm to defend it, but will rally, confusedly at first, but in order afterward, to protect the government, and to preserve society itself behind this government of all;—a supreme force which may have its agitations, never its dethronements and its ruins; for this government rests on the very foundations of the nation. It alone appeals to all.

3. This government only can maintain itself; this alone can govern itself; this only can unite, in the voices and hands of all, the reason and the will, the arms and suffrages, necessary to save not only the nation from servitude, but society, the family relation, property and morality, which are menaced by the cataclysm of ideas which are fermenting beneath the foundations of this half-crumbled throne. If anarchy can be subdued, mark it well, it is by the Republic! If communism can be conquered, it is by the Republic! If revolution can be moderated, it is by the Republic! If blood can be spared, it is by the Republic! If universal war, if the invasion it would, perhaps, bring on as the reaction of Europe upon us, can be avoided, understand it well once more, it is by the Republic. This is why, in reason and in conscience, as a statesman, before God and before you, as free from illusion as from fanaticism, if the hour in which we deliberate is pregnant with a revolution, I will not conspire for a counter-revolution. I conspire for none,—but if we must have one, I will accept it entire, and I will decide for the Republic!

EXERCISE CCXCIII.

SONG OF THE STARS.

BRYANT.

1. When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death,
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,

And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
 From the void abyss, by myriads came,
 In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
 Through the widening wastes of space to play,
 Their silver voices in chorus rung ;
 And this was the song the bright ones sung :—

2. " Away, away ! through the wide, wide sky,—
 The fair blue fields that before us lie,—
 Each sun, with the worlds that round us roll,
 Each planet, poised on her turning pole,
 With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
 And her waters that lie like fluid light.
3. " For the Source of glory uncovers his face,
 And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space ;
 And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
 In our ruddy air and our blooming sides.
 Lo ! yonder the living splendors play :
 Away, on our joyous path away !
4. " Look, look ! through our glittering ranks afar,
 In the infinite azure, star after star,
 How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass !
 How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass !
 And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
 Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.
5. " And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
 How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower ;
 And the morn and the eve, with their pomp and hues
 Shift o'er the bright planets, and shed their dews ;
 And, 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
 With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.
6. " Away, away !—in our blossoming bowers,
 In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
 In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
 See, love is brooding, and life is born,
 And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
 To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.
7. " Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
 To weave the dance that measures the years :
 Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
 To the farthest wall of the firmament,—
 The boundless visible smile of Him,
 To the vail of whose brow our lamps are dim."

EXERCISE CCXCIV.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

E. C. JONES.

1. (==) Up to the strife with care ;
 Be thine an oaken heart !
 Life's daily contest nobly share,
 Nor act a craven part !
 Give murmurs to the coward throng ;
 Be thine the joyous notes of song !
2. If thrown upon the field,
 Up to the task once more !
 'T is worse than infamy to yield ;
 'T is childish to deplore :
 Look stern misfortune in the eye,
 And breast the billow manfully !
3. Close in with every foe,
 As thickly on they come !
 They can but lay the body low,
 And send thy spirit home :
 Yet may'st thou stout it out, and view
 What giant *energy* can do.
4. Soon shall the combat cease,
 The struggle fierce and long,
 And thine be true, unbroken peace,
 And thine the victor's song :
 Beyond the cloud will wait for thee,
 THE WREATH OF IMMORTALITY.

EXERCISE CCXCV.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

CROLY.

1. It was the wild midnight,—a storm was on the sky ;
 The lightning gave its light, and the thunder echoed by.
 The torrent swept the glen, the ocean lashed the shore ;
 Then rose the Spartan men, to make their bed in gore !
2. Swift from the deluged ground three hundred took the
 shield ;
 Then, in silence, gathered round the leader of the field !

- All up the mountain's side, all down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide waved the Persian banners pale.
3. And foremost from the pass, among the slumbering band,
Sprang king Leonidas, like the lightning's living brand.
Then double darkness fell, and the forest ceased its moan ;
But there came a clash of steel, and a distant dying groan.
 4. Anon, a trumpet blew, and a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw a blood-red canopy.
A host glared on the hill ; a host glared by the bay ;
But the Greeks rushed onward still, like leopards in their
play.
 5. The air was all a yell, and the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel on the silken turbans came.
And still the Greek rushed on, where the fiery torrent rolled,
Till like a rising sun, shone Xerxes' tent of gold.
 6. They found a royal feast, his midnight banquet there ;
And the treasures of the East lay beneath the Doric spear.
Then sat to the repast the bravest of the brave !
That feast must be their last, that spot must be their grave.
 7. Up rose the glorious rank, to Greece one cup poured high,
Then hand in hand they drank, " To immortality !"
Fear on king Xerxes fell, when, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet knell, he saw the warriors come.
 8. But down swept all his power, with chariot and with charge ;
Down poured the arrows' shower, till sank the Spartan
targe.
Thus fought the Greek of old ! thus will he fight again !
Shall not the self-same mold bring forth the self-same mén ?

EXERCISE CCXCVI.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

BIGLOW PAPERS.

Guvener B. is a sensible man ;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks ;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes ;—
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvenor B.

My! aint it terrible? Wut shall we du

We can't never choose him, o' course,—thet's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you?)

An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;

Fer John P.

Robinson, he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guvenor B.

General C. is a dreffle smart man:

He 's ben on all sides thet gives places or pelf;

But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—

He 's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet is himself;—

So John P.

Robinson, he

Sez he shall vote fer General C.

General C. he goes in fer the war;

He don't valley principle more 'n an old cud;

Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,

But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?

So John P.

Robinson, he

Sez he shall vote fer General C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,

With good old idees o' wut 's right an' wut aint;

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,

An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;

But John P.

Robinson, he

Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,

An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country;

An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book,

Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry*;

An' John P.

Robinson, he

Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;

Sez they 're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum*;

An' thet all this big talk of our destinies

Is half on it ignorance, an' t' other half rum;

But John P.

Robinson, he

Sez it aint no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
 Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
 An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
 To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes ;
 But John P.
 Robinson, he
 Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it 's a marcy we 've gut folks to tell us
 The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—
 God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
 To drive the world's teem wen it gits in a slough ;
 Fer John P.
 Robinson, he
 Sez the world 'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee !

EXERCISE CCXCVII.

THE EMBRYO LAWYER.

ALLINGHAM.

OLD FICKLE—TRISTRAM FICKLE.

Old F. What reputation, what honor, what profit can accrue to you from such conduct as yours? One moment you tell me you are going to become the greatest musician in the world, and straight you fill my house with fiddlers.

Tri. I am clear out of that scrape now, sir.

Old F. Then, from a fiddler, you are metamorphosed into a philosopher; and for the noise of drums, trumpets, and hautboys, you substitute a vile jargon, more unintelligible than was ever heard at the tower of Babel.

Tri. You are right, sir. I have found out that philosophy is folly; so I have cut the philosophers of all sects, from Plato and Aristotle down to the puzzlers of modern date.

Old F. How much had I to pay the cooper the other day for barreling you up in a large tub, when you resolved to live like Diogenes?

Tri. You should not have paid him any thing, sir, for the tub would not hold. You see the contents are run out.

Old F. No jesting, sir; this is no laughing matter. Your follies have tired me out. I verily believe you have taken the whole round of arts and sciences in a month, and have been of fifty different minds in half an hour.

Tri. And, by that, shown the versatility of my genius.

Old F. Don't tell me of versatility, sir. Let me see a little steadiness. You have never yet been constant to any thing but extravagance.

Tri. Yes, sir, one thing more.

Old F. What is that, sir?

Tri. Affection for you. However my head may have wandered, my heart has always been constantly attached to the kindest of parents; and, from this moment, I am resolved to lay my follies aside, and pursue that line of conduct which will be most pleasing to the best of fathers and of friends.

Old F. Well said, my boy,—well said! You make me happy indeed. (*Patting him on the shoulder.*) Now, then, my dear Tristram, let me know what you really mean to do.

Tri. To study the law—

Old F. The law!

Tri. I am most resolutely bent on following that profession.

Old F. No!

Tri. Absolutely and irrevocably fixed.

Old F. Better and better. I am overjoyed. Why, 't is the very thing I wished. Now I am happy! (*Tristram makes gestures as if speaking.*) See how his mind is engaged?

Tri. Gentlemen of the jury—

Old F. Why Tristram—

Tri. This is a cause—

Old F. Oh, my dear boy! I forgive you all your tricks. I see something about you now that I can depend on. (*Tristram continues making gestures.*)

Tri. I am for the plaintiff in this cause—

Old F. Bravo! bravo!—excellent boy! I'll go and order your books directly.

Tri. 'T is done, sir.

Old F. What, already?

Tri. I ordered twelve square feet of books when I first thought of embracing the arduous profession of the law.

Old F. What, do you mean to read by the foot?

Tri. By the foot, sir; that is the only way to become a solid lawyer.

Old F. Twelve square feet of learning! Well—

Tri. I have likewise sent for a barber—

Old F. A barber! What, is he to teach you to shave close?

Tri. He is to shave one half of my head, sir.

Old F. You will excuse me if I can not perfectly understand what that has to do with the study of the law.

Tri. Did you never hear of Demosthenes, sir, the Athenian

orator? He had half his head shaved, and locked himself up in a coal-cellar.

Old F. Ah! he was perfectly right to lock himself up after having undergone such an operation as that. He certainly would have made rather an odd figure abroad.

Tri. I think I see him now, awaking the dormant patriotism of his countrymen,—lightning in his eye, and thunder in his voice; he pours forth a torrent of eloquence, resistless in its force; the throne of Philip trembles while he speaks; he denounces, and indignation fills the bosom of his hearers; he exposes the impending danger, and every one sees impending ruin; he threatens the tyrant,—they grasp their swords; he calls for vengeance,—their thirsty weapons glitter in the air, and thousands reverberate the cry. One soul animates a nation, and that soul is the soul of the orator.

Old F. Oh! what a figure he'll make in the King's Bench? But, come, I will tell you now what my plan is, and then you will see how happily this determination of yours will further it. You have (*Tristram makes extravagant gestures, as if speaking*) often heard me speak of my friend Briefwit, the barrister—

Tri. Who is against me in this cause—

Old F. He is a most learned lawyer—

Tri. But as I have justice on my side—

Old F. Zounds; he does n't hear a word I say! Why, Tristram!

Tri. I beg your pardon, sir; I was prosecuting my studies.

Old F. Now, attend—

Tri. As my learned friend observes—Go on, sir, I am all attention.

Old F. Well, my friend the counselor—

Tri. Say learned friend, if you please, sir. We gentlemen of the law always—

Old F. Well, well—my learned friend—

Tri. A black patch!

Old F. Will you listen, and be silent?

Tri. I am as mute as a judge.

Old F. My friend, I say, has a ward, who is very handsome, and who has a very handsome fortune. She would make you a charming wife.

Tri. This is an action—

Old F. Now, I have hitherto been afraid to introduce you to my friend, the barrister, because I thought your lightness and his gravity—

Tri. Might be plaintiff and defendant.

Old F. But now you are growing serious and steady, and have resolved to pursue his profession, I will shortly bring you together: you will obtain his good opinion, and all the rest follows of course.

Tri. A verdict in my favor.

Old F. You marry and sit down, happy for life.

Tri. In the King's Bench.

Old F. Bravo! Ha, ha, ha! But now run to your study—run to your study, my dear Tristram, and I'll go and call upon the counselor.

Tri. I remove by *habeas corpus*.

Old F. Pray have the goodness to make haste, then. (*Hurrying him off*.)

Tri. Gentlemen of the jury, this is a cause—[*Exit*.

Old F. The inimitable boy! I am now the happiest father living. What genius he has! He'll be lord Chancellor one day or other, I dare be sworn. I am sure he has talents! Oh, how I long to see him at the bar!

EXERCISE CCXCVIII.

THE PERMANENCY OF THE UNION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. THE time has arrived when the progress of nullification must be arrested, or the hopes of permanent union surrendered. The gentleman assures us that his theory would make this government a beautiful system! Beautiful as would be the proud and polished pillars which surround us, if resolved into their original rude and paltry pebbles; beautiful as the dashed mirror, from whose fragments are reflected twenty-four pigmy portraits, instead of one gigantic and noble original! The triumph of that doctrine dissolves the Union. It must be so regarded by foreign nations; it is almost so even now.

2. Already have the exultations of the oppressor, and the laments of the philanthropist, been heard beyond the Atlantic. They have looked with fear and hope, with wonder and delight, upon the brilliant and beautiful constellation in our western hemisphere, moving in majestic harmony, irradiating the earth with its mild and benignant beams. Shall these stars now be severed and scattered, and rushing from

their orbits through the troubled air, singly and feebly sink into clouds of murky blackness, leaving the world in rayless night? Shall the flag of our common country, the ensign of our nation, which has waved in honor upon every sea—the guardian of our common rights—the herald of our common glory—be severed and torn into twenty-four fragments; and our ships hereafter display for their protection but a tattered rag of one of its stripes?

EXERCISE CCXCIX.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

1. Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
 Humanity, with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
 We know what Master laid thy keel,
 What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

2. Fear not each sudden sound and shock,—
 'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale!
 In spite of rock and tempest roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

EXERCISE CCC.

T H E R M O P Y L Æ .

GEORGE W. DOANE.

1. 'T was an hour of fearful issues,
When the bold three hundred stood,
For their love of holy freedom,
By that old Thessalian flood,—
When, lifting high each sword of flame,
They called on every sacred name,
And swore, beside those dashing waves,
They never, never would be slaves !
2. And, O ! that oath was nobly kept !
From morn to setting sun
Did desperation urge the fight
Which valor had begun ;
Till, torrent-like, the stream of blood
Ran down and mingled with the flood,
And all, from mountain-cliff to wave,
Was Freedom's, Valor's, Glory's grave.
3. O, yes ! that oath was nobly kept,
Which nobly had been sworn,
And proudly did each gallant heart
The foeman's fetters spurn ;
And firmly was the fight maintained,
And amply was the triumph gained ;
They fought, fair Liberty, for thee :
They fell—TO DIE IS TO BE FREE !

EXERCISE CCCL.

THE DYING POET'S FAREWELL.

HORACE SMITH.

1. O thou wondrous arch of azure,
Sun, and starry plains immense !
Glories that astound the gazer,
By their dread magnificence !
O thou ocean, whose commotion
Awe the proudest to devotion !
Must I,—must I from ye fly,
Bid ye all adieu,—and die ?

2. O ye keen and gusty mountains,
On whose top I braved the sky !
O ye music-pouring fountains,
On whose marge I loved to lie !
O ye posies,—lilies, roses,
All the charms that earth discloses !
Must I,—must I from ye fly,
Bid ye all adieu,—and die ?

3. O ye birds whose matin chorus
Taught me to rejoice and bless !
And ye herds, whose voice sonorous
Swelled the hymn of thankfulness ;
Learned leisure, and the pleasure
Of the Muse, my dearest treasure ;
Must I,—must I from ye fly,
Bid ye all adieu,—and die ?

4. O domestic ties endearing,
Which still chain my soul to earth !
O ye friends whose converse cheering,
Winged the hours with social mirth !
Songs of gladness, chasing sadness,
Wine's delight, without its madness ;
Must I,—must I from ye fly,
Bid ye all adieu,—and die ?

5. Yes,—I now fulfill the fiction
Of the swan that sings in death ;
Earth, receive my benediction,
Air, inhale my parting breath ;
Hills and valleys, forest alleys,
Prompters of my Muse's sallies,
Fields of green and skies of blue,
Take, O ! take, my last adieu !

6. Yet, perhaps, when all is ended,
And the grave dissolves my frame,
The elements from which 'twas blended,
May their several parts reclaim ;
Waters flowing, breezes blowing,
Earth, and all upon it growing,
Still may have my altered essence,
Ever floating in their presence ;

7. While my disembodied spirit
 May to fields Elysian soar,
 And some lowest seat inherit
 Near the mighty bards of yore ;
 Never, never to dissever,
 But to dwell in bliss forever,
 Tuning an enthusiast lyre
 To that high and laureled quire !

EXERCISE CCCII.

THE AMERICAN SAILOR.

R. F. STOCKTON.

1. Look to your history,—that part of it which the world knows by heart,—and you will find on its brightest page the glorious achievements of the American sailor. Whatever his country has done to disgrace *him*, and break his spirit, he has never disgraced *her* ; he has always been ready to serve her ; he always *has* served her faithfully and effectually. He has often been weighed in the balance, and never found wanting. The only fault ever found with him is, that he sometimes fights ahead of his orders. The world has no match for him, man for man ; and he asks no odds, and he cares for no odds, when the cause of humanity, or the glory of his country calls him to fight.

2. Who, in the darkest days of our Revolution, carried your flag into the very chops of the British Channel, bearded the lion in his den, and woke the echoes of old Albion's hills by the thunders of his cannon, and the shouts of his triumph ? It was the American sailor. And the names of John Paul Jones, and the Bon Homme Richard, will go down the annals of time forever. Who struck the first blow that humbled the Barbary flag,—which, for a hundred years, had been the terror of Christendom,—drove it from the Mediterranean, and put an end to the infamous tribute it had been accustomed to extort ? It was the American sailor. And the name of Decatur and his gallant companions will be as lasting as monumental brass. In your war of 1812, when your arms on shore were covered by disaster,—when Winchester had been defeated, when the Army of the Northwest had surrendered, and when the gloom of despondency hung like a cloud over the land,—who first relit the fires of national glory, and made the welkin ring with the shouts of

victory? It was the American sailor. And the names of Hull and the Constitution will be remembered as long as we have left any thing worth remembering. That was no small event.

3. The wand of Mexican prowess was broken on the Rio Grande. The wand of British invincibility was broken when the flag of the *Guerrière* came down. That one event was worth more to the Republic than all the money which has ever been expended for the Navy. Since that day, the Navy has had no stain upon its escutcheon, but has been cherished as your pride and glory. And the American sailor has established a reputation throughout the world,—in peace and in war, in storm and in battle,—for heroism and prowess unsurpassed. He shrinks from no danger, he dreads no foe, and yields to no superior. No shoals are too dangerous, no seas too boisterous, no climate too rigorous for him. The burning sun of the tropics can not make him effeminate, nor can the eternal winter of the polar seas paralyze his energies.

EXERCISE CCCIII.

A NATIONAL MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

R. C. WINTHROP.

1. FELLOW-CITIZENS: let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognize in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and, in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever! Let the column which we are about to construct, be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun,—till that sun shall set to rise no more,—draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the republic!

2. Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled. Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole

American people to the illustrious Father of his country! Build it to the skies; you can not outreach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive eternal rock; you can not make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you can not make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art; you can not make it more proportionate than his character.

3. But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us, in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians. The wide-spread republic is the future monument to Washington. Maintain its independence. Uphold its Constitution. Preserve its union. Defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom, to all within its boundaries, and shedding light, and hope, and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world,—and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fully testify our veneration for him; this, this alone, can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

4. Nor does he need even this. The republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star, its glories may expire; stone by stone, its columns and its capitol may molder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but, as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongue shall anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame, of
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

EXERCISE CCCIV.

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELOR.

HORACE SMITH.

1. A counsel in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteemed a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies,

And his occasional bad jokes
 In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
 Ridiculing, and maltreating
 Women, or other timid folks,
 In a late cause resolved to hoax
 A clownish Yorkshire farmer,—one
 Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
 Appeared expressly meant by Fate
 For being quizzed and played upon :
 So having tipped the wink to those
 In the back rows,
 Who kept their laughter bottled down,
 Until our wag should draw the cork,
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,
 And went to work.

2. "Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?"
 "Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you,
 But on *four* legs, instead of *two*."
 "Officer!" cried the legal elf,
 Piqued at the laugh against himself,
 "Do pray keep silence down below there.
 Now look at me, clown, and attend ;
 Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"
 "Yèes,—very like,—I often go there."
 "Our rustic 's waggish,—quite laconic,"
 The counsel cried with grin sardonic ;
 "I wish I'd known this prodigy,
 This genius of the clods, when I
 On circuit was at York residing.
 Now, Farmer, do for once speak true—
 Mind, you 're on oath, so tell me, you,
 Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
 Are there as many fools as ever
 In the West Riding?"
 "Why—no, sir, no ; we've got our share,
 But not so many as when *you* were there!"

EXERCISE CCCV.

B E F I R M .

SARAH C. EDGARTON MAYO.

1. Be firm! whatever tempts thy soul
To loiter ere it reach its goal,
Whatever syren voice would draw
Thy heart from duty and its law,
O, that distrust! Go bravely on,
And, till the victor-crown be won,
 B E F I R M !
2. Firm when thy conscience is assailed,
Firm when the star of hope is veiled,
Firm in defying wrong and sin,
Firm in life's conflict, toil, and din,
Firm in the path by martyrs trod,—
And O, in love to man and God
 B E F I R M !

EXERCISE CCCVI.

T I M E .

ANNA CORA MOWATT.

1. Nay, rail not at Time, though a tyrant he be,
And say not he cometh, colossal in might,
Our Beauty to ravish, put pleasure to flight,
And pluck away friends, e'en as leaves from the tree;
And say not Love's torch, which like Vesta's should burn,
The cold breath of Time soon to ashes will turn.
2. You call Time a robber? Nay, he is not so,—
While Beauty's fair temple he rudely despoils,
The mind to enrich with its plunder he toils;
And, sowed in his furrows, does wisdom not grow?
The magnet 'midst stars points the north still to view;
So Time 'mong our friends e'er discloses the true.
3. Though cares then should gather, as pleasures flee by,
Though Time, from thy features, the charms steal away,
He'll dim too mine eye, lest it see them decay;
And sorrows we've shared, will knit closer love's tie:
Then I'll laugh at old Time, and at all he can do,
For he'll rob me in vain, if he leave me but *you!*

EXERCISE CCCVII.

OTHELLO'S DEFENSE.¹

SHAKSPEARE.

SCENE—*A Council Chamber. The Duke of Venice and SENATORS sitting at a table: OFFICERS in attendance. Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, (his Ancient²), and OFFICERS.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; [*To BRABANTIO.*
We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your Grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter?

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans³ witchcraft could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the State affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, on your own part, can you say to this?

[*To OTHELLO.*

¹ Desdemona, the daughter of Brabantio, a Venetian senator, having become enamored of Othello, a noble Moor, in the service of the States of Venice, leaves her father's house, and is secretly married to him.

² Ensign, or bearer of a flag.

³ Sans, without.

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,¹
 My very noble and approved good masters,—
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent,—no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
 And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself: yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnished tale deliver,
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charged withal,)
 I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blushed at herself: and she,—in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
 To fall in love with what she feared to look on?
 It is a judgment maimed, and most imperfect,
 That will confess, perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature.
 I, therefore, vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof; Othello, speak;—
 Did you, by indirect and forced courses,
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;
 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
 And let her speak of me before her father:
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office I do hold of you,

¹ Signior (also written *seignior*), is a title of honor, and means lord. It is pronounced *seen yur*.

Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them : you best know the place.

[*Exeunt IAGO, and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to Heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history :
Wherein of antres¹ vast, and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi,² and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline ;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively : I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :

¹ Antres (*an'turs*), caverns.

² An-thro-pop'h-a-gi, man-eaters.

She swore,—In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange,
 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :
 She wished, she had not heard it ; yet she wished
 That Heaven had made her such a man ; she thanked me ;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed ;
 And I loved her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used ;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter IAGO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter, too.
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best :
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak :
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress ;
 Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
 Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty :
 To you, I am bound for life, and education ;
 My life, and education, both do learn me
 How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty ;
 I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband ;
 And so much duty as my mother showed
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. Heaven be with you !—I have done :
 Come hither, Moor :
 I here do give thee that with all my heart,
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee. I have done, my lord ;
 Proceed to the affairs of State.

EXERCISE CCCVIII.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS IN FAVOR OF THE
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours.

2. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair,—is not he, our venerable colleague, near you,—are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

3. If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit.

4. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground.


5. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that GEORGE WASHINGTON be appointed commander of the forces, raised, or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning,

and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us: it will give us character abroad.

6. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

7. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

8. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the



enemy's cannon ; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

9. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs ; but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die ; die, colonists ; die, slaves ; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven, that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I *do* live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

10. But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, *be assured*, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood ; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

11. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it ; and I leave off, as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment,—INDEPENDENCE NOW ; AND INDEPENDENCE FOREVER !

EXERCISE CCCIX.

OUR COUNTRY.

WILLIAM JEWETT PABODIE.

1. OUR COUNTRY !—'t is a glorious land !

With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar ;

- And, nurtured on her ample breast,
 How many a goodly prospect lies
 In Nature's wildest grandeur dressed,
 Enameled with her loveliest dyes.
2. Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,
 Like sunlit oceans roll afar ;
 Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
 Reflecting clear each trembling star ;
 And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
 Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
 Through forests where the bounding fawn
 Beneath their sheltering branches leap.
3. And, cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
 Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,
 Where Love the air with music fills,
 And calm Content and Peace abide ;
 For Plenty here her fullness pours
 In rich profusion o'er the land,
 And, sent to seize her generous store,
 There prowls no tyrant's hireling hand.
4. GREAT GOD ! we thank thee for this home,—
 This bounteous birthland of the free ;
 Where wanderers from afar may come,
 And breathe the air of liberty !—
 Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
 Her harvests wave, her cities rise ;
 And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
 Remain Earth's loveliest paradise !

EXERCISE CCCX.

T A C T .

R. W. EMERSON.

1. What boots it, thy virtue,
 What profit thy parts,
 While one thing thou lackest,—
 The art of all arts.
2. The only credentials,—
 Passport to success ;
 Opens castle and parlor,—
Address, man, ADDRESS !

3. The maiden in danger
Was saved by the swain :
His stout arm restored her
To Broadway again.
4. The maid would reward him,—
Gay company come,—
They laugh, she laughs with them ;
He is moonstruck and dumb.
5. *This* clinches the bargain ;
Sails out of the bay ;
Gets the vote in the Senate,
Spite of Webster and Clay.
6. Has for genius no mercy,
For speeches no heed ;
It lurks in the eye-beam,
It leaps to its deed.
7. Church, market, and tavern,
Bed and board, it will sway ;
It has no to-morrow ;
It ends with to-day.

EXERCISE CCCXI.

DUTY OF LITERARY MEN TO THEIR COUNTRY.

GRIMKE:

1. WE can not honor our country with too deep a reverence ; we can not love her with an affection too pure and fervent ; we can not serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country ? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages, and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland-isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-field. *What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family, OUR COUNTRY ?*

2. I come not here to speak the dialect, or to give the

counsels of the patriot-statesman. But I come, a patriot-scholar, to vindicate the rights and to plead for the interests of the American Literature. And be assured, that we can not, as patriot-scholars, think too highly of that country, or sacrifice too much for her. And let us never forget,—let us rather remember, with a religious awe, that *the union of these States is indispensable to our Literature*, as it is to our national independence and civil liberties, to our prosperity, happiness, and improvement.

3. If, indeed, we desire to behold a Literature like that, which has sculptured with such energy of expression, which has painted so faithfully and vividly, the crimes, the vices, the follies of ancient and modern Europe,—if we desire that our land should furnish for the orator and the novelist, for the painter and the poet, age after age, the wild and romantic scenery of war; the glittering march of armies, and the revelry of the camp; the shrieks and blasphemies, and all the horrors of the battle-field; the desolation of the harvest, and the burning cottage; the storm, the sack, and the ruin of cities;—if we desire to unchain the furious passions of jealousy and selfishness, of hatred, revenge, and ambition, those lions, that now sleep harmless in their den;—if we desire, that the lake, the river, the ocean, should blush with the blood of brothers; that the winds should waft from the land to the sea, from the sea to the land, the roar and the smoke of battle; that the very mountain-tops should become altars for the sacrifice of brothers;—if we desire that these, and such as these—the elements, to an incredible extent, of the Literature of the old world—should be the elements of our Literature; then, but then only, let us hurl from its pedestal the majestic statue of our Union, and scatter its fragments over all our land.

4. But, if we covet for our country the noblest, purest, loveliest Literature the world has ever seen, such a Literature as shall honor God, and bless mankind,—a Literature, whose smiles might play upon an angel's face, whose tears "would not stain an angel's cheek;" then let us cling to the union of these States, with a patriot's love, with a scholar's enthusiasm, with a Christian's hope. In her heavenly character, as a holocaust self-sacrificed to God; at the height of her glory, as the ornament of a free, educated, peaceful, Christian people, *American Literature will find that THE INTELLECTUAL SPIRIT IS HER VERY TREE OF LIFE, AND THE UNION, HER GARDEN OF PARADISE.*

EXERCISE CCCXII.

SIGNS OF AGE.

CRABBE.

1. Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
 When time began to play his usual tricks ;
 The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
 Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white ;
 The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
 And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
 I rode or walked as I was wont before,
 But now the bounding spirit was no more ;
 A moderate pace would now my body heat ;
 A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
 I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
 But said, " The view is poor ; we need not climb."

2. At a friend's mansion I began to dread
 The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed :
 At home I felt a more decided taste,
 And must have all things in my order placed.
 I ceased to hunt ; my horses pleased me less—
 My dinner more ; I learned to play at chess.
 I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
 Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
 My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
 And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose :
 In fact, I felt a langor stealing on ;
 The active arm, the agile hand, were gone ;
 Small daily actions into habits grew,
 And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
 I loved my trees in order to dispose ;
 I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose ;
 Told the same story oft,—in short, began to *prose* !

EXERCISE CCCXIII.

THE CHOICE.

JOHN POMFRET.

1. If Heaven the grateful liberty would give
 That I might choose my method how to live ;
 And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
 In blissful ease and satisfaction spend ;

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great ;
Better, if on a rising ground it stood ;
On this side fields, on that a neighboring wood.
It should within no other things contain
But what are useful, necessary, plain ;
Methinks 'tis nauseous ; and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by ;
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes or sycamores should grow.

2. At th' end of which a silent study placed,
Should be with all the noblest authors graced :
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit and solid learning shines ;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew :
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel ;
His thoughts so tender, and expressed so well :
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteemed for learning and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise ;
For sure no minutes bring us more content
Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.
3. I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great ;
As much as I could moderately spend ;
A little more, sometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune ; they should taste of mine ;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be relieved with what my wants could spare ;
For that our Maker has too largely given
Should be returned in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread ;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread ;
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger, and the neighboring poor.

Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
 Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
 But what 's sufficient to make nature strong,
 And the bright lamp of life continue long,
 I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
 The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

EXERCISE CCCXIV.

MORALITY, THE FOUNDATION OF NATIONAL GREATNESS.

W. E. CHANNING.

1. WHEN we look forward to the probable growth of this country; when we think of the millions of human beings who are to spread over our present territory; of the career of improvement and glory open to this new people; of the impulse which free institutions, if prosperous, may be expected to give to philosophy, religion, science, literature, and arts; of the vast field in which the experiment is to be made, of what the unfettered powers of man may achieve; of the bright page of history which our fathers have filled, and of the advantages under which their toils and virtues have placed us for carrying on their work; when we think of all this, can we help, for a moment, surrendering ourselves to bright visions of our country's glory, before which all the glories of the past are to fade away?

2. < Is it presumption to say, that, if just to ourselves and all nations, we shall be felt through this whole continent, that we shall spread our language, institutions, and civilization, through a wider space than any nation has yet filled with a like beneficent influence? And are we prepared to barter these hopes, this sublime moral empire, for conquests by force? Are we prepared to sink to the level of unprincipled nations, to content ourselves with a vulgar, guilty greatness, to adopt in our youth maxims and ends which must brand our future with sordidness, oppression, and shame? This country can not, without peculiar infamy, run the common race of national rapacity. Our origin, institutions, and position are peculiar, and all favor an upright, honorable course.

3. Why can not we rise to noble conceptions of our destiny? Why do we not feel, that our work as a nation is, to carry freedom, religion, science, and a nobler form of human nature over this continent? and why do we not remember,

that to diffuse these blessings, we must first cherish them in our own borders; and that whatever deeply and permanently corrupts us, will make our spreading influence a curse, not a blessing, to this new world? I am not prophet enough to read our fate. I believe, indeed, that we are to make our futurity for ourselves. I believe, that a nation's destiny lies in its character, in the principles which govern its policy, and bear rule in the hearts of its citizens. I take my stand on God's moral and eternal law. A nation, renouncing and defying this, can not be free, can not be great.

EXERCISE CCCXV.

THE TREAD OF TIME.

THOMAS COLE.

1. (*sl.*) Hark! I hear the tread of Time,
Marching o'er the fields sublime.
Through the portals of the past,
When the stars by God were cast
On the deep, the boundless vast.
2. Onward, onward still he strides,
Nations clinging to his sides:
Kingdoms crushed he tramples o'er:
Fame's shrill trumpet, battle's roar,
Storm-like rise, then speak no more.
3. Lo! he nears us,—awful Time,—
Bearing on his wings sublime
All our seasons, fruit and flower,
Joy and hope, and love and power:
Ah! he grasps the present hour.
4. Underneath his mantle dark,
See, a specter grim and stark,
At his girdle like a sheath,
Without passion, voice, or breath,
Ruin dealing: Death—'t is Death!
5. (<) Stop the ruffian, Time!—lay hold!—
Is there then no power so bold?—
None to thwart him in his way?—
Wrest from him his precious prey,
And the tyrant robber sláy?

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6. Struggle not, my foolish soul ;
Let Time's garments round thee roll.
Time, God's servant,—think no scorn,—
Gathers up the sheaves of corn
Which the specter, Death, hath shorn.
 7. Brightly through the orient far
Soon shall rise a glorious star ;
Cumbered then by Death no more,
Time shall fold his pinions hoar,
And be named the Evermore.
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EXERCISE CCCXVI.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

1. Scion of a mighty stock !
Hands of iron,—hearts of oak,—
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led !
2. Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth, are not for thee,
Follow thou in word and deeds
Where the God within thee leads !
3. Honesty, with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts,—
These shall be thy only arts.
4. Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle plain,
Ready at the country's need
For her glorious cause to bleed.
5. Where the dews of night distill
Upon Vernon's holy hill,—
Where above it gleaming far
Freedom lights her guiding star,—
6. Thither turn the steady eye,
Flashing with a purpose high !
Thither, with devotion meet,
Often turn the pilgrim feet !

-
7. Let thy noble motto be,
 GOD,—thy COUNTRY,—LIBERTY!
 Planted on Religion's rock,
 Thou shalt stand in every shock!
8. Laugh at danger, far or near!
 Spurn at baseness,—spurn at fear!
 Still with persevering might,
 Speak the truth, and do the right!
9. So shall Peace, a charming guest,
 Dove-like in thy bosom rest;
 So shall Honor's steady blaze
 Beam upon thy closing days.
10. Happy, if celestial favor
 Smile upon the high endeavor;
 Happy, if it be thy call
 In the holy cause to fall.
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EXERCISE CCCXVII.

SPEAK TO THE EARTH AND IT WILL TEACH THEE.¹

HENRY GILES.

1. SPEAK to the earth, and it will teach thee of God: it will teach thee in every blade of grass of his creative *power*—in every unfolding leaf of his creative *wisdom*—in day and night, in climate and season,—in all living being, it will teach thee of his ever-providing *goodness*. Speak to the earth, and in the continuity of its revolution, it will teach thee of *order*; in the dissolution and renewal of all that it contains, it will teach thee of *change*. Look up from it to the silent heavens, and you learn of Eternity; look down to it on the withering flower, and you learn of Time, yet with an analogy infinitely inadequate.

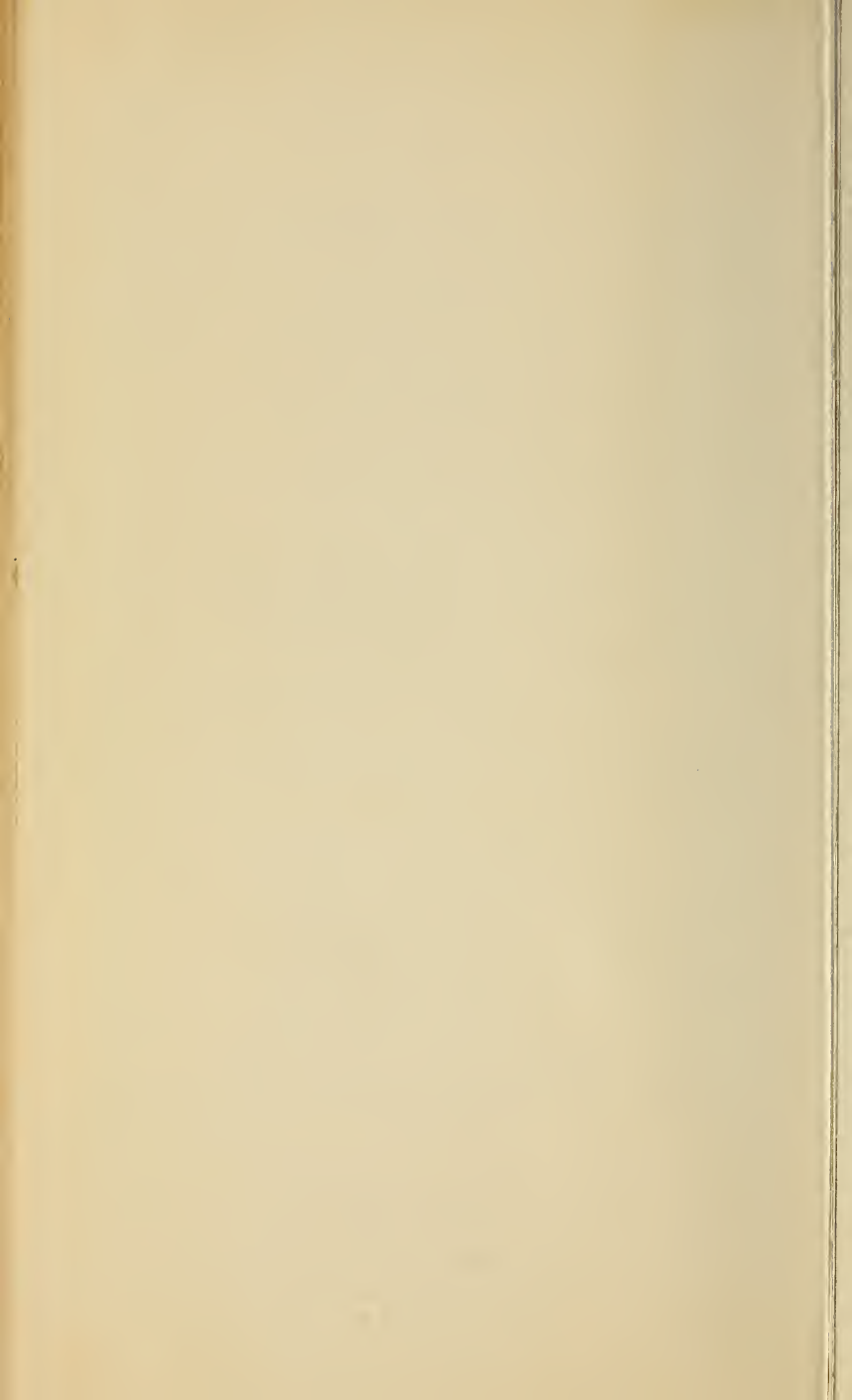
2. Speak to the earth, and it will teach thee of Man. It will teach thee that his visible existence, in its longest and its widest measures, is but fleeting. It bears but few evidences of its proudest races; all that remain of them are, here and there, a few lettered pages, and a few moldered stones. The rest it has swallowed up, and of them it has preserved neither note nor name. Embosomed in immensity it rolls

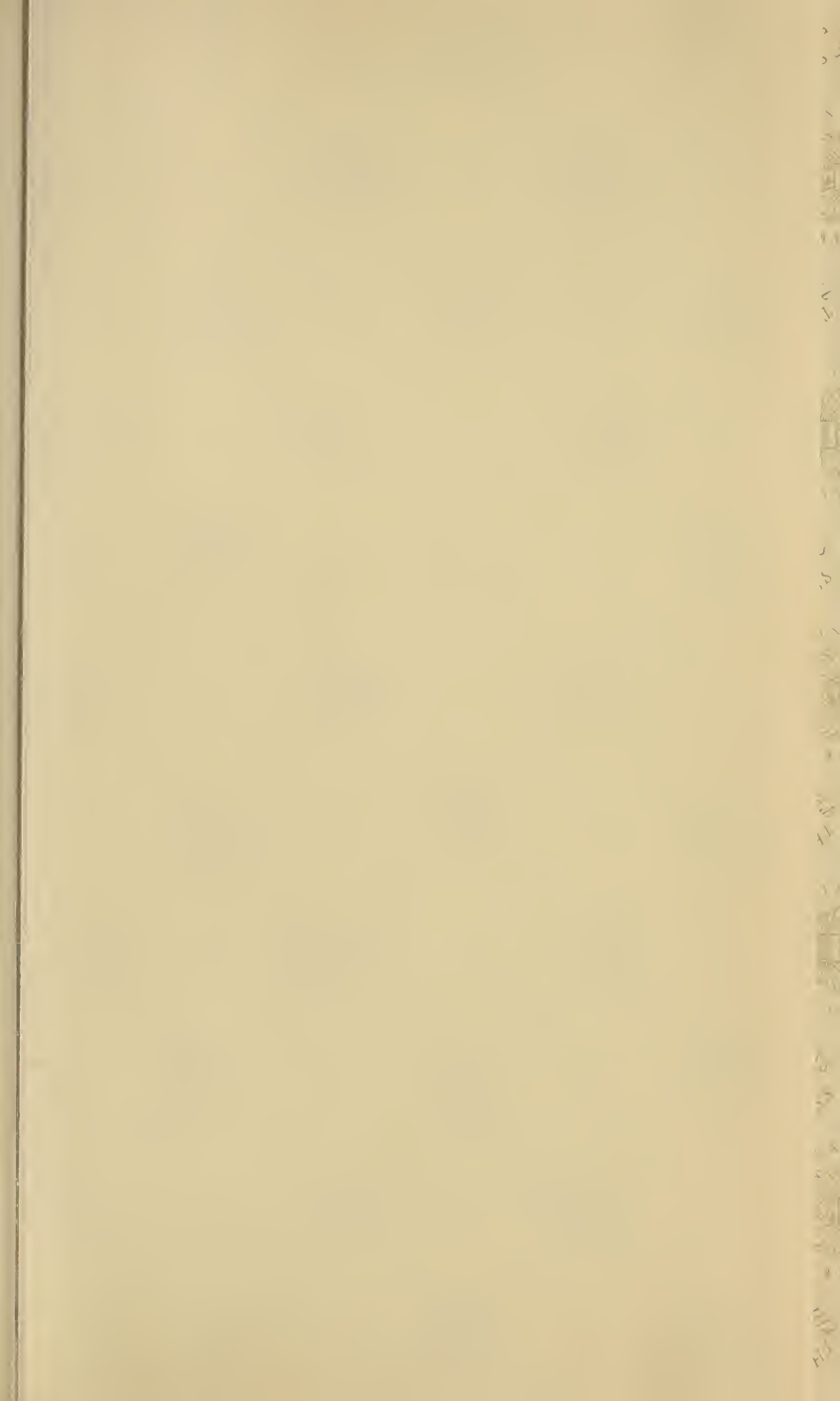
¹ Job, xii. 8.

around the sun, and now the clash of Alexander's battles are no more to it than the rattle that diverts a child, and the majesty of Cæsar's fortunes as insignificant in its throng of interests as the story of a beggar's wants. It will teach thee, that now, too, as ever, it continues to absorb the visible, that the pyramids shall crumble, that cities shall turn to fine dust, that men in time to come will look in vain for Paris or London, that wolves shall howl where monarchs feast, and that towered palaces shall arise where the wild flocks pasture.

3. Speak to the earth, and it will teach thee, that these, too, will depart and be replaced; and that, when eras shall have passed away, and be to other eras as if they never were, the whole is not yet as a moment, even in the limited reckonings of Time. Speak to the earth, and it will teach thee, that the men who are now living around thee, who now constitute the busy population of the globe,—the wise, the great, the good, the rich, the beautiful, the famed, the admired—are daily and hourly falling into the abyss of atoms—as well as the ignorant, the lowly, the guilty, the poor, the homely, the obscure, the despised—and that not many suns shall have set, when all will be in the same oblivion together.

4. Speak to the earth, and it will teach thee of thyself. It will teach that thou art of these departing things, that every turn of it brings thee rapidly to be of the forgotten ones. Speak to the earth, it can not teach thee more. It gives thee the lesson of *humility*; it does not give thee the lesson of *hope*. It will not teach thee of the supreme Wisdom, by which that plan is conceived, directed and accomplished. It will not teach thee of thine own relations to that plan, and how thou mayest best fulfill them. For this, consult a Teacher that has a *voice*, for earth to such desire is *dumb*; consult Christ, and he will teach thee truly; consult a Teacher that has a *spirit*, for earth to such yearnings is *lifeless*; consult conscience, and follow the promptings of its higher inspirations; consult thy mind in its full tranquillity, and respect the counsel which it gives; consult experience, when it is most likely to be impartial, and take heed to its honest warnings and rebukes.







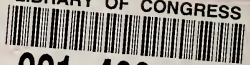
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