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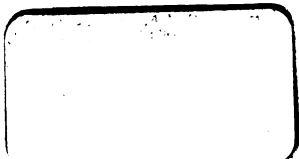
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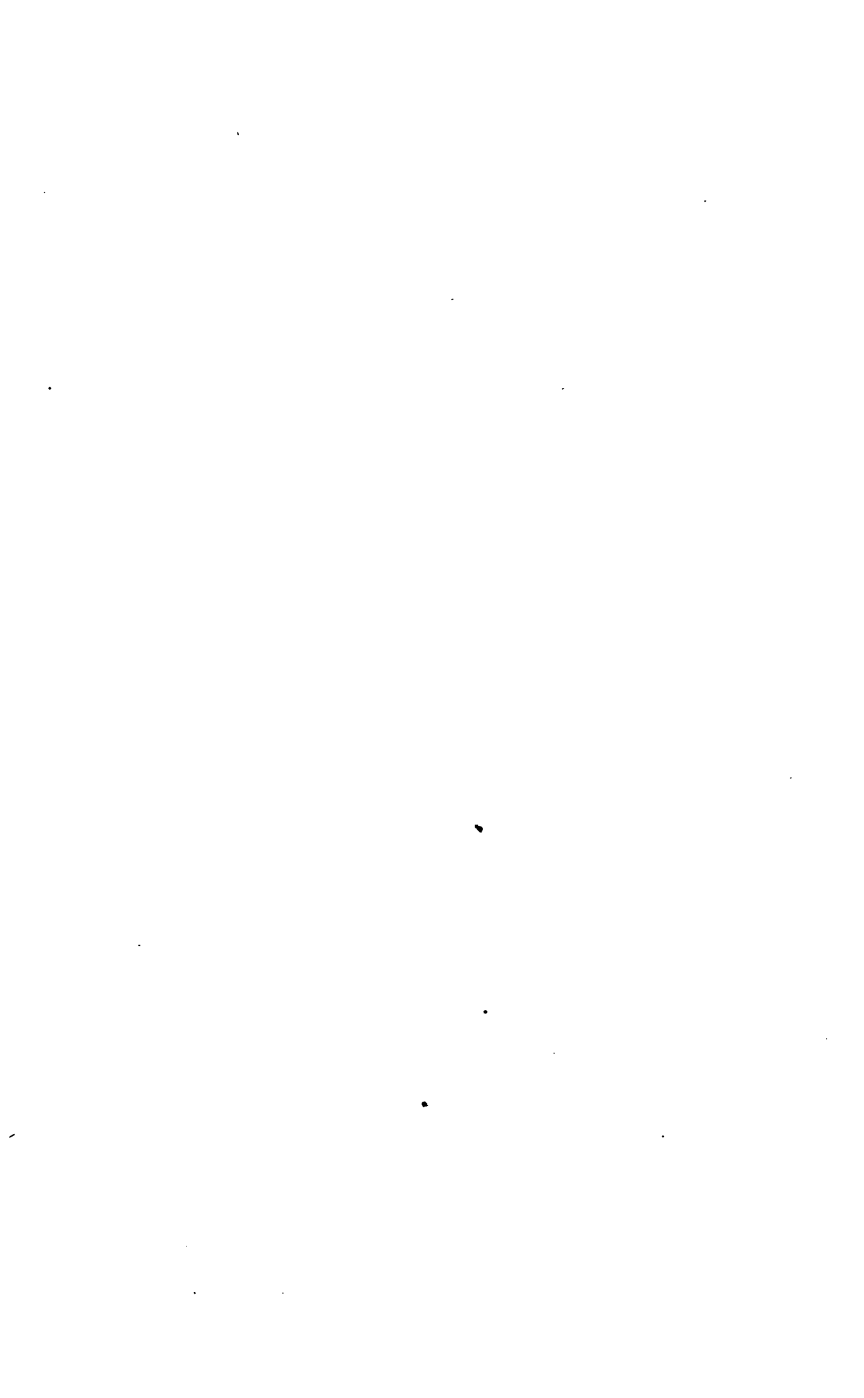
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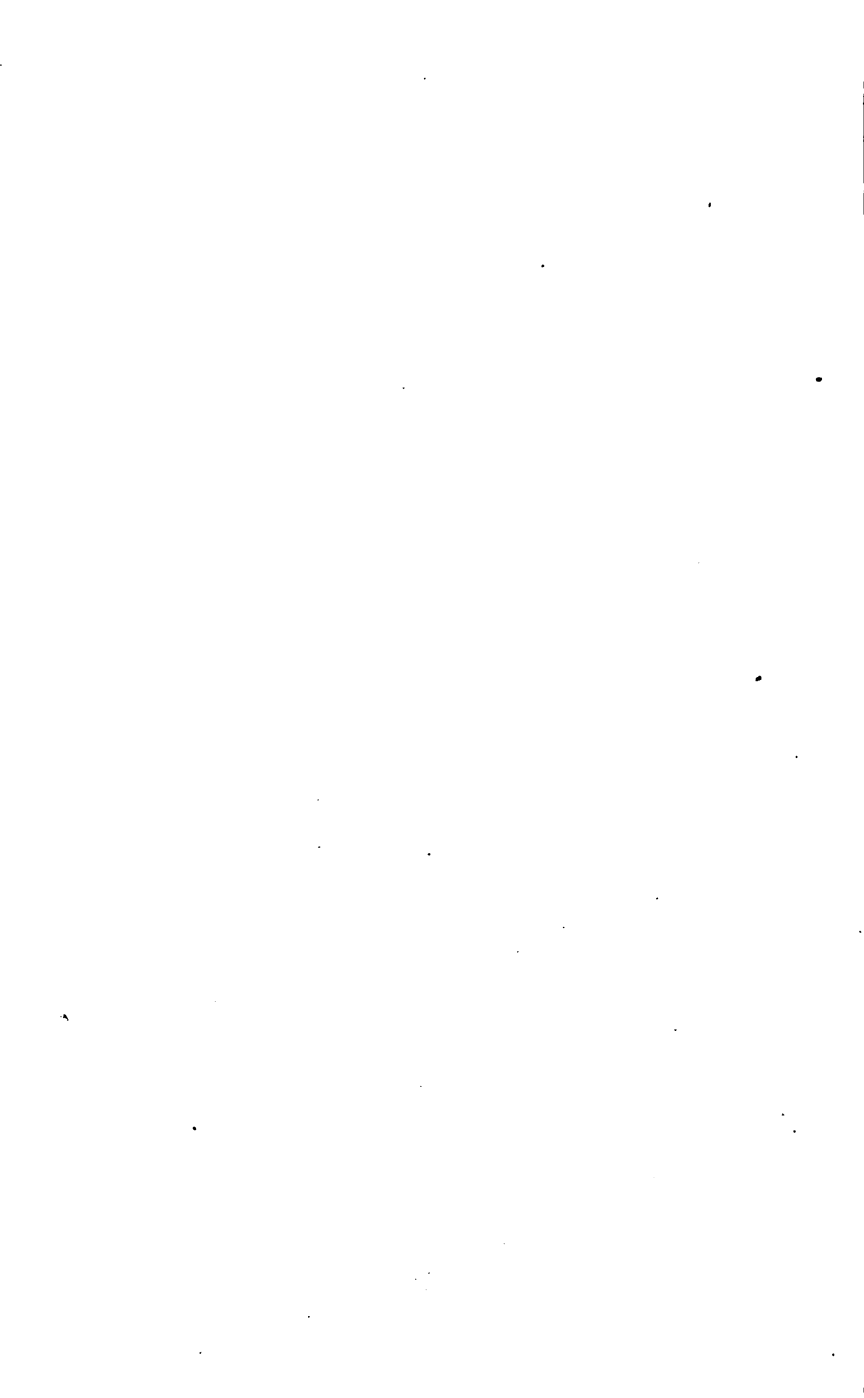


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SARGENT'S STANDARD SERIES.

THE

STANDARD

FOURTH READER.

PART TWO.

WITH SPELLING AND DEFINING LESSONS,

EXERCISES IN DECLAMATION, ETC.

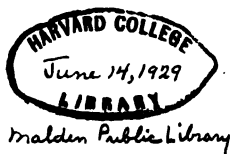
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P R E F A C E .

IN a "Reader," properly so called, it is obvious that such exercises are most appropriate as are best for the one purpose of elocutionary practice. Regard should be had to this requirement rather than to the scientific or encyclopedical character of the lessons. The author has been influenced by these views in the preparation of the present work. It will be found to represent quite a variety of styles. The greater number of the pieces have never before had a place in any similar collection ; but some will be recognized that are familiar to every cultivated taste.

It is difficult to see why, in commending to the young of our day a literary standard, we should offer them one lower than that their fathers looked up to. Indeed, our best teachers of elocution generally prefer, for drilling exercises, those they are already acquainted with ; such pieces as, from their marked power and superiority, can never become hackneyed. The book that is largely made up of these can not be justly set aside under the plea that

pupils have exhausted it; for those who can give proper effect to such pieces, in the delivery, will have little more to learn in the way of elocution. Let the young have the privilege, at the impressible period of their lives, of being made familiar with the *best*, whether old or new, since, in the words of Webster, "truth in taste is allied with truth in morality."

In this volume, to aid in the understanding of every reading exercise, the most difficult words in it have been selected for spelling and defining lessons; particular care being taken to keep the teacher on the alert against faults in pronunciation. The exercises in Part I., on the vowel and consonant sounds, ought to be practiced from time to time by the class. The subject of rhetorical delivery is treated in the Special Exercises in the body of the work.

The author submits his new Fourth Reader, in the belief that in practice it will be found easy and attractive by the young; containing a good proportion of stirring and spirited pieces, at the same time that the examples for colloquial and unimpassioned delivery are numerous and appropriate.

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PART I.

MARKS AND SOUNDS.

Good reading has been generally considered under three heads, namely, the *mechanical*, which supposes the ability to speak the names of words on seeing them; the *intellectual*, which includes a comprehension of the author's ideas; and the *rhetorical*, in which the tones appropriate to an expression of *feeling* are considered, together with such a management of the voice as may best convey to the hearer the full import and sentiment of what is read.

The pauses and marks in reading are the comma (,), indicating the shortest pause; the semicolon (;), indicating a pause somewhat longer than the comma; the colon (:), indicating a pause longer than the semicolon; the period (.), which indicates the longest pause.

To these we should add the interrogation mark (?), should we not?—indicating a question; the exclamation mark (!), indicating emotion; the dash (—), indicating a sudden break; the parenthesis marks (as here), used when words independent of the sentence are thrown in.

The apostrophe (') indicates the possessive case; as, Mary's book. It is also used to mark the omission of one letter or more; as, e'er for *ever*; 'gan for *began*.

The hyphen is used to separate syllables; also to connect compound words; as, in-ter-rupt, wood-shed.

The acute accent, as now generally used in English dictionaries, denotes that the stress of the voice should be put on a certain syllable; as, fam'i-ly, in-tim'i-date, in'stant, in-sist'. The pupil should distinctly understand this, as the pronunciation of words is frequently indicated, in the following lessons, by the help of this little mark.

The dis'eresis, a Greek word, signifying a *division*, divides into syllables two vowels that might otherwise seem to make a diphthong; as, Creātor. Here the *e* and *a* are separate in sound; but in *creature*, *ea* is a diphthong. The diseresis may be placed over a vowel, to show that the

vowel ought to be pronounced separately, as if commencing a new syllable ; as, *wing'ed, learn'ed, bless'ed, ag'ed.*

Marks of quotation are used " to denote that the words of another person, real or supposed, than the author, are quoted."

The ma'kron, a Greek word, signifying *long*, is merely the hyphen mark placed over a vowel, and denotes that the quantity is long ; as, *hāle, mēle, hīde, nōte, mūle.* The breve (from the Latin *brevis*, short) denotes that the vowel over which it is placed is short ; as, *hūt, mēt, hīl, hōt, hūt, mēt.*

Our language contains thirty-four purely elementary sounds, and six compound sounds, that are generally classed as elementary. Five of the letters, *a, e, i, o, u,* are called vowels ; the rest consonants, except *w* and *y* when they end a syllable, and then they become vowels.

These elementary sounds are *a* in *far, fat, fate, fall* ; *e* in *me, met* ; *i* in *fit* ; *o* in *note, not* ; *u* in *bull* ; *oo* in *fool* ; *u* in *but* ; *w* in *wet* ; *y* in *yet* ; *h* in *hot* ; *ng* in *king* ; *m* in *man* ; *n* in *not* ; *l* in *let* ; *r* in *run* ; *p* in *pan, b* in *bag* ; *f* in *fan, v* in *van* ; *th* in *thin, th* in *thine* ; *t* in *tin, d* in *din* ; *k* in *kind, g* in *gun* ; *s* in *sin, z* in *zeal* ; *sh* in *shine, x* in *azure.*

There are four compound vowel sounds sometimes classed as elementary ; namely, *i* in *pine, u* in *cube, ou* in *house, oi* in *voice* ; and two compound consonant sounds, namely, *ch* in *chest, j* in *jest.*

The letters *c, q, and z,* do not appear in the above list, because, as representatives of sound, they are redundant ; *c* expressing only what is as well expressed by *s* or *k* (as in *city, can*) ; *q* being only *kw* ; and *x, ks* or *gs.*

By cognate consonant sounds is meant a class of sounds allied or related to each other ; as *p* and *b, f* and *v, th* in *thin* and *th* in *this.* The former, namely, *p, f,* and *th* in *thin,* are said to be *aspirate* ; the latter, *vocal.*

When two vowels unite to form a syllable, they are called a diphthong ; as, *aid, mean, hoist.* When three vowels unite to form a syllable, they are called a triphthong ; as, *beauty, view.*

In the following exercises, words are arranged illustrating the sound to be enunciated. Let the pupil first pronounce the representative sound by itself, and then apply it to the letter or letters conveying it in the Exercises.

It should be explained that different letters are often used to express the same sound. In *great* and *weigh,* *ea* and *ei* have the simple sound of long *a* as in *fāte,* and are its substitutes or equivalents.

Much trouble in the mispronunciation of common words, such as *again, been, none, catch, evil, even, &c.,* will be avoided by drilling a class in the following Exercises, the words of which have been carefully selected.

EXERCISES.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

- æ : — (as in *far*.) Fă'ther, arm, ar'my, are, alms, art, aunt, ah, laugh, taunt, flaunt, gaunt, bal'm, path, calf, cal'm, daunt, gape, guard, half, haunt, heart, hearth, hear'ken, sa've, ser'geant, wrath.
- ä : — (short, as in *hät*.) Ät, apt, ac'rid, am'ber, bade, bar'rel, clam'ber, ca-näl', catch, fi-nance', gam'ut, gas, gath'er, rath'er, plaid, bar'on, sac'ra-ment, mall, bal'co-ny, de-can'ter, stamp, in-hab'it, lar'um, rail'ler-y, tap'es-try, tar'ry.
- ā : — (long, as in *häte*.) Äle, au'gel, cham'ber, day, freight, o-bey', dan'ger, feign, gauge, grange, great, in-veigh't, jail, prey, sleigh, steak, straight, bla'son, range, cam'bric, fla'grant, pa'tri-ot, pas'try.
- a : — (broad, as in *füt*.) Äll, al'so, aught, aw'ful, awl, ba'ck, bal'sam, broad, cough, ex-alt', ought, salt, sauce, thought, trough (pronounced *trawf*), naugh'ty, daugh'ter, orb, lord, law, saw, morn, sau'cer, sau'cy, swarm, warn, ward, sward, swar'thy, hal'ter, al'ter, thrall'dom (spelt also *thral'dom*), ap-pall' (spelt also *ap-pal'*), auc'tion, halt.
- a : — (indeterminate, as in *ask*, *grasp*. By some authorities, including Walker and Smart, the *a* in this class of words has the sound of short *a*, as in *hüt*. Good usage, in some parts of the country, gives it a sound as open as that of *a* in *far*, *father*. Worcester assigns to it an intermediate place between the sounds of *a* in *füt* and *a* in *far*. As this intermediate sound is necessarily vague and undefined, teachers must use their discretion in choosing from the authorities.) Mask, grasp, ad-vance', pass, bas'ket, branch, glance, dance, clasp, cask, flask, last, mast, fast, grass.
- ä : — (as in *care*, *share*. Marked by Walker like long *d*, as in *häte*; but it is obviously a modification of this sound.) Dare, pair, bear, air, ere (meaning *before*), e'er (contraction of *ev'er*), ne'er (contraction of *nev'er*), rare, fair, lair, re-pair', snare.
- ē : — (long, as in *mä*.) Cede, brief, ea-prise', de-ceive', con-ceive', de'mon, ea'gle, e'en, e-go-tist, ei'ther, nei'ther, fa-tigue', field, fiend, key, in-veig'le, ma-rine', peo'ple, pique, quay (*kä*), re-ceive', seize, siege, eel, ma-chine', po-lice', ra-vine', beard, mien, lei'sure, deed.
- ē : — (short, as in *mät*.) Bed, a-gain', a-gainst', a'ny, bread, cel'lar, cleanse, deaf, en'g'ne, er'ring, fet'id, for-get', friend, get, guess.

heav'en, heifer, ket'tle, leap'ard, ma'ny, mer'ry, peas'ant, pref'ace,
read'y, realm, said, says, tap'id, yet.

- e :— (as in *her*.) Herd, fern, fer'vid, bird, pearl, learn, earl, earth,
heard, mer'cy, mirth, girl, con-firm', per'son, term, worm, stern,
germ, e-ter'nal, terse, word, worth, worse, nurse, de-ter'mine,
pert, re-hearse', first, nurst, worst, burst, furl, curl, world, whirl
(These sounds are now usually classed together, though some nice
critics would have a difference in the vowel sounds of first, burst,
girl, curl, &c.)
- i :— (short, as in *hit*.) Bid, fill, been, build, bus'y, Eng'land, give,
mir'ror, pret'ty, guilt, sieve, spir'it, syn'od, vine'yard, witt'y,
wom'en, withe (the *ih* aspirate, as in *hūth*), mount'ain, cap'tain,
fount'ain, min'ute, mas'cu-line, gen'u-ine.
- ī :— (long, as in *find*; a compound vowel sound.) Bind, ap-ply',
al-ly', buy, eye, guide, guile, high, in-dict', isle, o-blige', rye,
sigh, sky, time, mild, child.
- ō :— (long, as in *nōte*.) Boat, beau, bone, both, bol'ster, bowl, bourn,
bow'sprit, brooch, force, porch, por'trait, co'coa, do'tard, dough,
droll, en-gross', foe, fol'low, fel'low, mor'row, gourd, knoll, loth,
most, on'ly, o'ral, pa-trol', scroll, sew, strew, sloth, soap, stone,
soul, toad, troll, trow, whole, woe.
- ō :— (short, as in *gōt*.) Hot, dross, flor'id, prod'uct, col'ūsan, gloss,
grov'el, hov'el, joc'und, knowl'edge, moth, qual'i-ty, sor'ry, swamp,
squad'ron, trode, wan, wand, was, fore'head, watch, doll'ar, clock,
nov'el, log, frog.
- u :— (as in *full*.) Book, butch'er, could, cush'ion, hook, look, pull,
pul'pit, push, put, should, wolf, wool'en, wo'man, wood, would.
- oo :— (long, as in *cool*.) Bloom, bal-loon', bruise, ca-noe', croup, cruise,
do, fruit, group, lose, moon, move, poor, prove, pru'dent, rheum,
rou-tine' (pronounced *roo-teen'*), rude, rule, shoe, sur-tout', true,
two, un-couth', who, prune.
- ū :— (short, as in *būt*.) Cut, a-bove', a-mong', blood, broth'er, col'or,
com'bat, come, cous'in, does, done, dost, doth, doub'le, dove,
e-nough', flood, flour'ish, front, con-front', hur'ry, joust, mon'ey,
none, noth'ing, some, tongue, young, slough (pronounced *sluff*),
son, monk.
- ū :— (long, as in *mūte*. One of the vices of American pronunciation is
to pervert the *y* sound of long *u* into *oo*; calling *dūke* *dook*, *dūty*

dooty, tūne loon, &c. Long *u* after *r*, in the same syllable, owing to the trilled quality of the *r*, may take the sound of long *oo*; after the other consonants it should retain its normal sound.) Cube, dew, due, feud, knew, neu'tral, new, pro-duce', stew, stu'dent, stu'pid, tube, Tues'day, tu'mid, tu'tor, con'sti-tute, in'sti-tute, view.

OU :— (as in *house*. This sound is often perverted into *eeow*, as if *house* were *heecouse*; *cow*, *keecow*. Nothing could be more offensive to correct ears.) Brow, cloud, down, dow'ry, crowd, drought, noun, count'y, now, out, powder, pro-nounce', town, vow, en-dow-ment.

O :— (as in *voice*. This sound we often hear perverted into long *i*, as if *poi'son* were *pison*; *boys*, *bize*. Avoid the tendency.) Boil, broil, choice, coin, fo'ible, hoist, joist, join, joint, loin, lo'iter, oil, oys'ter, point, poise, soil, spoil, toil, voy'age, roy'al.

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

h :— (as in *hay*.) Hall, ex-hort', ex-haust', ex-hib'it, harts'horn, host'ler (pronounced *hos'ler*), hum'ble, hom'age, while, whim, why, white, which.

ng :— (as in *king*. This sound is often clipped by bad readers. Do not say *robin* for *rob'bing*, *mornin* for *morn'ing*, &c.) Act'ing, be'ing, length, bank, sing, wrong, wring, see'ing, fill'ing, black'ing, giv'ing, hang'ing.

m :— (as in *matm*. In such words as *helm*, *elm*, *realm*, *chasm*, *prism*, *en-thu'si-asm*, &c., beware of the tendency to convert them into *helum*, *elum*, &c.) Blame, col'ūmn, con-demn', emp'ty, gum, hymn, lamb, limn (*lim*), e'go-tism, lim'ner, phlegm (*flem*), sol'emn, tempt'er.

n :— (as in *nun*. In the following words we have Italicized the un-sounded letters) Ba'sin, chick'en, con-dign', dēad'en, dēafen, e'ven, for'eign, fro'zen, has'ten, hēav'en, kneel, Lat'in, off'en rea'son, sat'in, slo'ven, sto'len.

l :— (as in *lull*. In the following words we have Italicized the un-sounded letters). A'ble, cas'tle, chap'el, coun'sel, coun'cil, driv'el, e'vil, flan'nel, flow, grōv'el, isle, par'cel, ti'tle, trav'el, wea'sel.

r :— (trilled, as in *rough*; untrilled, as in *more*.) Bring, grape, li'bra-ry, pray, try, strive, trill, tray. Ar'dor, but'ter, care, ex-pire', or'der, pure, vir'tue, mar'tyr.

COGNATE CONSONANT SOUNDS.

p and b : -- (p, aspirate, as in *pipes*.) Apt, hap'py, pert, pomp, proper. — (b, vocal, as in *bribe*.) Babe, barb, bib, bulb, ebb, glebe, tube, cub, blab.

- and v : — (f, aspirate, as in *fife*.) Chase, draught, ep'i-taph, graph'ic, half, oft'en, soft'en, sphere, trough (*tröf*), pamph'let, phéas'ant, lymph, nymph, hy'phen. — (v, vocal, as in *valve*.) Brave, drive, hal'v'e, hive, of, Ste'phen, viv'id, void.

th in *thin*, and th in *this* : — (th, aspirate, as in *thin*.) Both, breath, e'ther, löth, mouth, oath, pan'ther, path, sixth, thank, think, trüth, truth, thou'sandth, twelfth. — (th, vocal, as in *this*.) Breathe, bathe, baths, be-neath', blithe, booth, booths, ei'ther, mouth (when a verb), mouths, oaths, paths, the, thither, with.

t and d : — (t, aspirate, as in *trite*.) Debt, doubt, drought, hurt, kite, in-dict', laughed, sub'tle, test, time, vict'ual, wrecked. — (d, vocal, as in *did*.) Deed, charmed, could, ebb'd, judged, made, would, should.

k and g : — (k, aspirate, as in *kick*.) Ache, af-fect', chord, clear, clock, conch, dis'tich, ep'och, folks, flac'cid (*flak'sid*), quaks, quick, skept'ic. — (g, vocal, as in *gag*.) Gib'ber, gid'dy, gig, gim'let, gimp, keg, phys-i-og'no-my, rag'ged, rogue, vague.

s and z : — (s, aspirate, as in *sister*.) Dose, gas, griefs, hosts, cent, cease, prec'i-pice, false, fas'ci-nate, scene, scept'er, sci'ence, tac'it, use (when a noun), verse, ver-bose'. — (z, vocal, as in *gaze*.) Doze, baths, caves, has, houses, is, oaths, ob-serves', re-sume', use (when a verb), ven'i-son, views, was, ways.

sh and z as in *az'ure* : — (sh, aspirate, as in *shine*.) Chaise, cha-rade', chan-de-lier', chiv'al-ry, ma-chine', marsh, shall, shriek, shrill, shrink, shrub, shrine, shrimp, shroud, shrew. — (z, vocal, as in *az'ure*.) Gla'sier, lei'sure, o'sier, rouge, treas'ure, vis'ion.

ch and j : — (ch, aspirate, as in *each*.) Beach, chair, chest, check, chin, inch, march, milch, much, niche, satch'el, scerah. — (j, vocal, as in *jar*.) Age, huge, jump, gel'a-tin, gel'id, gem, gib'bet, gibe, gib'let, gip'sy, gist, refuge, reg'is-ter, a-nal'o-gy, stage, jail, gin'ger, judge, sug-gest', gyve, je-june'.

W and y, when they end a word or syllable, as in *now, dow'ry, fly'ing, try*, become vowels. When they begin a word or syllable, as in *will, a-ward'*, ye, they are regarded as having the force of consonants.

THE UNACCENTED VOWEL SOUNDS, &c.

A feeble enunciation of the unaccented syllables is a common fault; but an over precision should be avoided; practice the following: *ev'er-y, de-liv'er-er, de-liv'er-ance, mu'sic-al, med'al, en'er-gy, rev'er-ent, civ'il, re'al.*

Of the perversion of the diphthongs *ou* and *oi*, by which *count* is converted into *caount*, *town* into *taown*, &c., and *voice* into *vice*, *joint* into *jint*, &c., we have already spoken. Persons habituated to this fault are generally unaware of it.

Do not change the *w* at the end of the words *saw, law, draw, &c.*, to *r*, as if they were *sor, lor, dror, &c.*

Do not give the sound of short *u* to short *a* before *nt* and *ss*, in a final unaccented syllable, as in *ar'ro-gant, in'fant, tres'pass, main'te-nance, dor'mant, re-luc'tant*; or the same sound of *u* to the final syllables *en, ent, and ence*, as in *con-tent'ment, gen'le-men, prov'i-dence, in'so-lent*. In these syllables there should be a delicate sound of short *a* and short *e*, without stress.

The vowel before final *l*, in *ev'il, driv'el, grov'el, &c.*, is unsounded; but in most other words it should be sounded in the unaccented syllable; as, *pen'cil, an'vil, f'nal, me'dal, nov'el, mod'el, par'cel, chap'el, rev'el*. Short *i* before *n* is subject to the same remark; as, *Lat'in, mat'in, sal'in, cer'tain, mount'ain, cap'tain, fount'ain* (pronounced *cer'tin, &c.*) But in *cous'in, ba'sin, &c.*, the *i* is not heard.

Short *e* before *n*, when they make a final syllable not under accent, should be sounded, in *sud'den, kitch'en, slov'en, chil'dren, lin'en, chick'en, &c.*, and also before *d* in *hun'dred*; but in nearly all other words ending in unaccented *en*, the *e* of this syllable should be silent; as, *heav'en, e-leven, gar'den, giv'en, e'ven, off'en, o'pen, soff'en, &c.*; and the *o* should be silent in *dea'con, par'don, trea'son, weap'on, ba'con, bea'con, per'son, rea'son, &c.*

EXPLANATIONS.

In the spelling and defining lessons, the following abbreviations have been used: *a* for *adjective*; *ad.* for *adverb*; *con.* for *conjunction*; *n.* for *name or noun*; *obs.* for *obsolete*; *pl.* for *plural*; *pp.* for *participle passive*; *ppr.* for *participle present*; *prep.* for *preposition*; *pret.* for *preterit tense*; *v. i.* for *verb intransitive*; *v. t.* for *verb transitive*.

Forms indicating the pronunciation of the whole or a part of a word are sometimes placed in parenthesis between the word and the definition.

The long vowel mark, or *mäkron*, and the short vowel mark, or *breve*, are occasionally placed over vowel letters, in the text. This is generally

done to indicate that the sound is apt to be slighted. Thus, long *o* in *bōth*, *bōne*, *mōst*, is often robbed of its fullness; and long *u* in *tū'tor*, *stū'pid*, *dūke*, &c., is often perverted into the sound of *oo* in *cool*. The force of these marks, and also that of the ac'cent, should be well understood by the pupil.

The figures between marks of parenthesis, after the names of authors, are designed to indicate the dates of birth and death.

PART II.

READING, SPELLING, AND DEFINING LESSONS.

I — DISTINCT PARAGRAPHS.

SLÖTH, n., laziness; slowness.

PRACTICE or PRACTISE, v. t., to do or perform habitually or often.

COURT'EOUS (kürt'cous), a., polite.

A-GREE'ABLE, a., pleasing.

A-WARE', a., apprised; knowing.

LAN'GUAGE, n., human speech.

CON'FLUX, n., a union of currents.

MUS'CLE (mus'sl), n., a fleshy fiber.

EX'ER-CISE, n., practice; use.

TRUNK, n., the body of an animal, without the limbs.

Pronounce *nothing*, nŭth'ing; *evil*, ē'vl. Do not say *feller* for *fel'low*; *futer* for *fu'ture*; *readin* for *read'ing*; *subdoos* for *sub-dŭes'*.

1. READING aloud, when rightly practiced, is good exercise for the health. It brings into active play most of the muscles of the trunk, to a degree of which few are aware till their attention is called to it.

2. The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying. Death has nothing terrible in it but what life has made so.

3. He is a wise man who is willing to receive instruction from all men. He is a mighty man who subdŭes his evil inclinations. He is a rich man who is contented with his lot.

4. Lost! Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty-diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are lost forever.

5. Be courteous. Remember that bad manners make bad morals. A kind *no* is often more agreeable than an uncourteous *yes*.

6. Present time is all-important. The poorest day that passes over us is the conflux of two eternities. It is made up of currents that come from the remotest past, and flow onward into the remotest future.

7. Reckoning the motion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles a minute, it follows that, if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go a long distance bareheaded without taking cold.

8. "I do not like to say any thing against the person in question," said a very polite man; "but I would merely remark, in the language of the poet, that to him 'truth is strange, stranger than fiction.'"

9. A lazy fellow once complained in company that he could not find bread for his family. "Neither can I," said an honest laborer; "I have to work for all the bread I get."

10. "Did you knock my hat over my head in earnest, sir?" asked one man of another, in a crowd. — "Certainly, I did, sir." — "It is well you did, sir; for I do not put up with jokes of that kind."

11. Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or sunburnt face. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and slôth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

12. Be slow to promise, and quick to perform. Let not the tongue run before the thought. He keeps his road well who gets rid of bad company. Credit lost is like a broken looking-glass. He is an ill boy who, like a top, goes no longer than he is whipped.

13. A young naval officer, when asked what period of a certain battle was the most dreadful, replied: "The few hushed moments when they sprinkled the deck with sand to drink the human blood as yet unshed."

II. — A TALKING BIRD.

YIELD, *v. t.*, to give up.

SCIS'SORS, *n. pl.*, small shears.

FEATH'ERED, *pp.*, covered with feathers.

RE-VEALED', *v. t.*, disclosed.

EN-SUED', *v. i.*, followed.

AN'EC-DOTE, *n.*, a private fact.

· VIS'1-BLE, *a.*, apparent.

IN'TER-VIEW, *n.*, mutual view.

AC'CU-RA-CY, *n.*, correctness.

MEM'O-RA-BLE, *a.*, worthy to be remembered.

OP'ER-A-TOR, *n.*, one who operates.

VO-CIF'ER-ATE, *v. t.*, to utter with a loud voice.

Give the *y* sound to *u* in *turne*. Do not say *pint* for *point*, *winder* for *win'dow*, *for-ward* for *for'ward*, *akyount* for *ac-count'*. Pronounce *toward* to rhyme with *board*.

1. As a talker the parrot has some rivals among birds. The magpie, the jay and the raven, may be taught to utter intelligible sentences; but all these, and even the parrot himself, must yield to the starling, who, to the faculty of speech, adds the charm of a wild but melodious song.

2. Anecdotes of the starling are not uncommon. Every body knows the story of Sternè's imprisoned bird, who complained unceasingly, "I can't get out—I can't get out;" and perhaps most of our readers could match that story with another as good.

3. But I once fell in with a starling whose genius soared far above that of the bird of Sterne; and I will give you an account of that memorable interview, in which I shall be careful to set down nothing more than the simple fact. Thus it was.

4. On a day, now many years ago, when I happened to require the services of a barber, I stepped into the shop of one in a rather retired street. It was verging toward sunset, and, the shop-window being darkened with wigs, busts, bottled hair-brushes, perfumes and sponges, the contents of the apartment were not clearly visible in the dim light.

5. On my opening the door, a voice called out: "Gentleman wants to be shaved—gentleman wants to be shaved!"—"No," said I, "I want my hair cut."

—“Gentleman wants to be shaved!” rang the voice again.

6. The barber came forward from an inner room, saying, “You’re wrong this time, Jacob;” and, drawing up a small blind to let in more light, revealed a starling in a cage, who, I then saw, had been the sole shopkeeper when I entered.

7. While I sat under the scissors, the operator commenced a conversation with the bird. “Come, Jacob, give us a song, now; come, Jacob!” — “Come and kiss me, then,” said the bird, in accents almost as plain as those of a child of six or seven years; “come and kiss me — come and kiss me — come and kiss me!”

8. The barber put his lips to the wires of the cage, and the bird thrust his bill between them, and a succession of loud kisses ensued, in which it was not possible to distinguish those of the human from those of the feathered biped, until the barber had resumed his task, when the bird continued kissing the air for some minutes.

9. “Come, that’s kissing enough, Jacob; now give us a song. Come, ‘Home, sweet home!’” With that the barber began whistling the air; the starling took it up, and continued it alone to the concluding bar of the second strain, whistling it with perfect accuracy up to that point, and then breaking into its own wild natural song.

10. “Ah! Jacob, Jacob! why don’t you finish your music? — That’s the way it is, sir; you can’t get them to sing a whole tune; they always go off into their own wild notes before they get to the end.”

11. Jacob now began again to insist that I wanted shaving; he would only be convinced to the contrary by more kissing. When he was quieted, I asked his owner how he had succeeded in teaching him so effectually.

12. "I had him young, sir," he said, "and he had nothing to unlearn when I got him. I sit by him nearly all day, perhaps weaving a wig, or doing some other quiet job; and I talk to him, and he talks to me. Of course I don't try to teach him more than one thing at a time. He can talk more than you have yet heard, and he'll speak again presently."

13. Of this I had some doubts, as the bird was then busy feeding; but no sooner was the cloth removed from my neck, and I rose from my seat, than up started Jacob to his perch, and began shouting, with the whole force of his little lungs: "Gentleman, pay your money — gentleman, pay your money!" and he continued to vociferate this delicate reminder long after the money was paid — as long, indeed, as I continued within hearing.

III.—SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

FEAT, *n.*, a rare deed; a trick.

STAFF, *n.*, officers about a general.

STEAD'Y, *a.*, firm.

CON'QUER (*könk'er*), *v. t.*, to overcome.

STAT'URE, *n.*, height of a man.

JUG'GLER, *n.*, a person who practices sleight of hand tricks.

DE-TERRED', *v. t.*, stopped by fear.

PER'IL-IOUS, *a.*, full of danger.

ES-PLA-NADE', *n.*, a sloping grass-plot.

MEN'A-CING, *a.*, threatening.

SEN'SI-TIVE, *a.* having acute feelings.

COL-LU'SION, *n.*, a secret agreement for fraud.

FOR'TI-TUDE, *n.*, endurance.

Pronounce *Napier*, *Näpeer*; *extraordinary*, *ex-trör'di-na-ry*; *wound*, *woond*; *sword*, *sörd*. Do not say *holler* for *hollow*, *meeount* for *mount*, *venter* for *venture*, *sperrit* for *spirit*.

1. SIR CHARLES NAPIER was an English general, of extraordinary courage and determination. He was born in the year 1782. As a child he was weak and sickly, but of a noble spirit. Bold and fearless, he was at the same time compassionate as a girl. Naturally sensitive, he could, by his force of will, call up daring and fortitude to conquer his timidity.

2. Unfucky as to accidents, he was never deterred thereby from striving in all the perilous feats of youth in youth, and in all great actions becoming age in age. When but ten years old, he struck his leg, in leaping, against a roughly-riveted bar with such force as to tear the flesh from the bone in a frightful manner. The wound was severe, but he bore the pain and fear with a spirit that excited the admiration of stern men.

3. His moral resolution was very early shown. When he was but six years old, a wandering showman was one day displaying his powers on the Esplanade at Castletown. This showman was short of stature, but huge of limb, with a savage expression of face, thick red hair and beard, and a harsh voice. He was rather an alarming object to a child.

4. A crowd of people gathered round him, and after displaying some of his tricks, the man, balancing a ladder on his chin, invited, or rather, with menacing tone, ordered a chimney-sweep to mount and sit on the top; but the boy shrank with fear from the shouting ruffian. Charles Napier was asked by his father if he would venture. Silent for a moment, he seemed to fear; but, suddenly looking up, said yes, and was borne aloft amid the cheers of the spectators.

5. Again: at ten years of age, having, when angling, caught a fish, he was surprised by the descent of a half-tamed eagle, of great size and fierceness, which, floating down from a tree, settled on his shoulders; covered him with its huge dark wings, and took the fish out of his hands. Far from being frightened, he pursued his sport, and, on catching another fish, held it up, inviting the eagle to try again, at the same time threatening the formidable bird with the spear-end of the rod.

6. When Napier became a general, he took the right method for inspiring his men with his own heroic

spirit. He worked as hard as any private soldier in the ranks. "The great art of commanding," he said, "is to take a fair share of the work. The man who leads an army can not succeed unless his whole mind is given to his task."

7. An anecdote of his interview with a famous Indian juggler shows his cool courage as well as his simplicity and honesty of character. After a certain battle, this juggler visited the camp, and performed his feats before the general, his family, and staff. Among other performances, the man cut in two with a stroke of his sword a lime or lemon placed in the hand of his assistant.

8. Sir Charles thought there was some collusion between this assistant and the juggler. To divide by a sweep of the sword on a man's hand so small an object without touching the flesh, he believed to be impossible. To determine the point, he offered his own hand for the experiment, and stretched out his right arm.

9. The juggler looked attentively at the hand, and said he would not make the trial. "I thought I would find you out!" exclaimed Sir Charles. "But stop," added the juggler; "let me see your left hand." The left hand was submitted, and the man then said, firmly, "If you will hold your arm steady, I will perform the feat."

10. "But why the left hand and not the right?" asked Sir Charles. "Because," replied the juggler, "the right hand is hollow in the center, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb; the left is high, and the danger will be less." Sir Charles was startled. "I got frightened," he afterward said; "I saw it was an actual feat of delicate swordsmanship."

11. "If I had not abused the man before my staff, and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowl-

edge I would have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand, and held out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and, with a swift stroke, cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand as if a cold thread had been drawn across it."

IV.—THE WILL AND THE WAY.

MAX'IM, *n.*, a saying ; a proverb.

MAR'SHAL, *n.*, a chief officer.

IRK'SOME, *a.*, tedious.

REAL-IZE, *v. t.*, to view as real.

VIVID-LY, *ad.*, with spirit.

IN'BE-CÏLE, *a.*, weak ; infirm.

PRIN'CI-PLE, *n.*, a fixed belief.

MAG'IS-TRATE, *n.*, a civil officer.

EN-COUN'TEE, *n.*, a meeting.

DES'UL-TO-RY, *a.*, without order.

CON-CEN-TRA'TION, *n.*, act of driving to a common center.

O'er is a contraction of *over*. Pronounce *Sirach*, *Sî'rak*; *details*, with accent on last syllable. Do not say *real* for *re'al*. Give the *y* sound to *u* in *stu'pid*.

1. NOTHING that is of real worth can be achieved without courageous working. Man owes his growth chiefly to that active striving of the will, that encounter with difficulty, which we call effort ; and it is astonishing to find how often results that seemed impracticable are thus made possible.

2. It is related of a young French officer that he used to walk about his apartment, exclaiming, "I will be Marshal of France and a great general." This ardent desire was the presentiment of his success ; for he did become a great commander, and he died a marshal of France.

3. The story is told of a working carpenter, who was observed one day repairing, with more than usual care, a magistrate's bench ; and when asked the reason, he replied, "Because I wish to make it easy against the time when I come to sit on it myself." And, singularly enough, the man actually lived to sit upon that very bench as a magistrate.

4. That which most easily becomes a habit in us is the *will*. Learn, then, to will strongly and decisively; thus fix your floating life, and leave it no longer to be carried hither and thither, like a withered leaf, by every wind that blows.

5. John Sterling, in a letter to his son, urges him to realize in his youth what a serious matter our life is; how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed; what a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature any one comes to be, who does not as soon as possible bend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to do whatever task lies before him.

6. One of Napoleon's favorite maxims was, "The truest wisdom is a resolute determination." His life, beyond most others, vividly showed what a powerful will could accomplish. He threw his whole force of body and mind direct upon his work. Imbecile rulers and the nations they governed went down before him in succession. He used to say that he beat the Austrians because they never knew the value of time. "Every moment lost," he said, "gives an opportunity for misfortune."

"For indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost, lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute —
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it."

7. Fowell Buxton, writing to one of his sons, remarks, "You must now give proofs of principle, determination, and strength of mind, or you must sink into idleness, and acquire the habits and character of a desultory, inefficient young man; and if you once fall to that point, you will find it no easy matter to rise again. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' I am sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases."

8. Energy enables a man to force his way through irksome drudgery and dry details, and carries him onward and upward in every station in life. It accomplishes more than genius, with not one half the disappointment and peril.

9. "Woe unto him that is faint-hearted!" says the son of Sirach. There is, indeed, no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. Even if a man fail in his efforts, it will be a great satisfaction to him to enjoy the consciousness of having done his best.

10. Lay it down as a maxim, that nothing can be accomplished without a fixed purpose — a concentration of mind and energy. Whatever you attempt to do, whether it be the writing of an essay, or the whittling of a stick, let it be done as well as you can do it. It was this habit that made great men of Franklin, and Newton, and hundreds whose labors have been of incalculable service to mankind.

11. Fix your mind closely and intently on what you undertake: in no other way can you have a reasonable hope of success. An energy that dies in a day is good for nothing. The inventions that bless mankind were not the result of a few moments' thought and investigation. A lifetime has often been given to a single object. It is *will* — force of purpose — that enables a man to do or be whatever he sets his mind on being or doing.

12. A strong desire may itself transform possibility into reality. A holy man was accustomed to say, "Whatever you *wish*, that you *are*; for such is the force of the human will, joined to the Divine, that whatever we wish to be, seriously, and with a true intention, that we become. No one ardently wishes to be submissive, patient, modest, or liberal, who does not become what he wishes."

V.—THE EVENING HOUR.

WEA'RY, *a.*, tired ; fatigued.

TWILIGHT, *n.*, the faint light after sunset and before sunrise.

CONVERSE, *n.*, familiar talk.

VAULT'ED, *a.*, arched.

RE-LEASE', *n.*, liberation.

SHAD'OW-Y, *a.*, like a shadow.

TEAM, *n.*, two or more horses or oxen yoked together.

THOUGHT'FUL, *a.*, attentive.

Do not say *doos* for *dews*, *creown* for *crown*, *evenin'* for *eve'ning*. Pronounce *heavenly*, *hēv'n-ly* ; *Daniel*, *Dān't-el*.

SWEET evening hour ! Dear evening hour !
That calms the air and shuts the flower ;
That brings the wild bird to its nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour ! that bids the laborer cease ;
That gives the weary team release,
And leads them home, and crowns them there
With rest and shelter, food and care.

O ! season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of tender memories, converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat !

Yes, lovely hour ! thou art the time ·
When feelings flow and wishes climb,
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.

Then, trembling, from the vaulted skies
The stars look out, like thoughtful eyes
Of angels calm reclining there,
And gazing on our world of care.

Sweet hour ! for heavenly musing made,
When Isaac walked, and Daniel prayed,
When Abram's offerings God did own,
And Jesus loved to be alone !

VI.—THE SAILOR'S LIFE.

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| NUMBED, <i>pp.</i> , torpid with cold. | ICE'BERG, <i>n.</i> , a great mass of ice. |
| SAIL'OR, <i>n.</i> , a seaman. | SEV'ER-AL, <i>a.</i> , separate ; many. |
| FOR'EIGN, <i>a.</i> , belonging to another country. | AR-TIL'LE-RY, <i>n.</i> , weapons for war, chiefly cannon. |
| OR'PHAN, <i>n.</i> , a child who has lost father or mother, or both. | LAZ-A-RET'TO, <i>n.</i> , a house for diseased persons. |
| MAR'TYR, <i>n.</i> , one who suffers death for the truth. | VOY'AGE, <i>n.</i> , a journey by sea. |
| | PIL'LAR, <i>n.</i> , a column ; a support. |

Do not say *insects* for *in'sects*, *shriek* for *shriek*, *widder* for *wid'ow*, *des'titoot* for *des'ti-tute*. Pronounce *often*, *of'fn* ; *against*, *a-génat'*.

1. O, THE difference between sea and land! The sailor lives a life of daily, hourly, momentary risk, and he reckons it by voyages. He goes on your errands, he dares dangers for you, he lives a strange life for you.

2. Think of what winter is at sea. Think of what it is to have the waves discharge themselves on a ship, with a roar like artillery, and a force not much less. Think of what it is for a sailor to be aloft in the rigging, holding on by a rope, wet with the rain, or numbed with the cold, and with the mast of the ship swaying, like a reed, with the wind.

3. Think of what it is when men drop from the yard arms into the sea, or when they are washed, like insects from the deck. Think of what it is, day and night, without rest and without sleep, to strive against a storm,—against the power of wind and waves,—every wave a mighty enemy to surmount.

4. Think what it is to strike a rock,—to shriek but once, and then, perhaps, be drowned. Think of the diseases that come of hardships at sea. Think of what it is to be sick in a lazaretto,—to be dying in a foreign hospital. Think of all this, and then, perhaps, you will think rightly of what it is to be a sailor.

5. Think of what you yourselves owe to the sailor. It is through his intervention that you are possessed

of those comforts that make of a house a home. Live comfortably you can not,—live at all, perhaps, you can not,—without seamen will expose themselves for you, risk themselves for you, and, alas! often, very often, drown,—drown in your service,—drown, and leave widows and orphans destitute.

6. O! what a consideration it is, that, so often, my happiness is from suffering somewhere! The church I worship in has every one of its pillars deep founded in a martyr's grave. The philosophy that delights me for its truth is what some wise man had first to learn in bitterness. My comforts are mine, many of them, through other men's miseries. Commerce spreads the world about with blessings, but not without there being shipwrecks from it on every coast, and deaths by drowning,—several every day, the year round.

7. Ah! yes; to beg with me, to plead with me, for the widow and orphan of the mariner, there comes, from many a place where seamen have died, a call, a prayer, a beseeching voice;—a cry from the coast of Guinea, where there is fever evermore; a cry from Arctic seas, where icebergs are death; a cry from coral reefs, that ships are wrecked on horribly; a cry from many a foreign city, where the sailor, as he dies, speaks of his family, and is not understood; a cry from mid-ocean, where many a sailor drops into a sudden grave!

8. They ask your help, your charity, for the widows and orphans of those who, in times past, have gone down to the sea,—have gone down to the sea in ships! They ask you to remember, amid the comforts and advantages of civilized life on dry land, the hourly perils and privations of the sailor; of him through whose daring and toil the products of nations are interchanged, and the intercourse that shall one day make brethren of all mankind is kept up.

or seduces. By any fascination of manner? His was only correct and agreeable.

9. By what was it, then? Merely by sense, industry, good principles, and a good heart—qualities which no well-constituted mind need ever despair of attaining. It was the force of his character that raised him; and this character not impressed on him by nature, but formed, out of no peculiarly fine elements, by himself.

10. There were many in the House of Commons of far greater ability and eloquence. But no one surpassed him in the combination of an adequate portion of these with moral worth. Horner was born to show what moderate powers, unaided by any thing whatever except culture and goodness, may achieve, even when these powers are displayed amidst the competitions and jealousies of public life.

VIII.—CATILINE DENOUNCED BY CICERO.

DAUNT'ED, *pp.*, frightened.

BAFF'LE, *v. t.*, to frustrate.

COUN'CIL, *n.*, an assembly for consultation.

SLAUGH'TER, *n.*, butchery.

ARCH'IVES (ark'ivz), *n.*, records.

SCAB'BARD, *n.*, a sheath for a sword.

FOR'FEIT, *n.*, fine for an offense.

STAT'UTE, *n.*, a law.

TREA'SON, *n.*, the crime of plotting against government.

CON-VOKED', *pp.*, called together.

CON-FRONT', *v. t.*, to stand face to face.

DE-FERRED', *pp.*, put off.

POST-PONE', *v. t.*, to defer.

CON-SPIRE', *v. i.*, to plot.

DE-VISE' (de-vize'), *v. t.*, to contrive.

PA-LA'TI-UM, *n.*, the imperial palace of Rome.

EX'E-CRA-BLE, *a.*, very hateful.

VIG'I-LANT, *a.*, watchful.

Pronounce *Cicero*, *Sis'e-ro*; *Catiline*, *Cat'i-line*; the *au* in *daunt'ed* like a in *father*; *sword*, *sord*; *heard*, *herd*; *are*, *r*; *noth'ing*, *nuth'ing*; *dost*, *dust*. Give the *y* sound to *u* in *du'ty*, *stat'ute*, &c. Mind the aspirate in *while*. Sound short *i* in *coun'cil*.

Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators, was born at Ar-pl'num, in Italy, 106 B. C., and was murdered by soldiers in his sixty-fourth year. One of his most celebrated speeches is that against Catiline, a high-born but profligate conspirator against the government.

1. How far, O! Catiline, wilt thou abuse our pa-
tience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad

career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present?

2. Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed?— that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to the knowledge of every man, here in the Senate?— that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before; the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concert'ed?

3. O, the times! O, the morals of the times! The Senate understand all this. The Consul sees it. And yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council, — presumes to take part in our deliberations, — and, with his calculating eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter! And we, the while, think we have amply discharged our duty to the State, if we do but succeed in warding off this madman's sword and fury!

4. Long since, O Catiline! ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the destruction thou hast been plotting against others! There was in Rome that virtue *once*, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. For thee, Catiline, we have still a law. Think not, because we are forbearing, that we are powerless.

5. We have a statute, — though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard, — a statute which makes thy *life* the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I do not doubt that all good men would say that the punishment, instead of being too cruel, was only too long deferred.

6. But, for sufficient reasons, I will a while postpone the blow. *Then* will I doom thee, when no man is to be found, so lost to reason, so depraved, so like *thyself*, that he will not admit the sentence was deserved. While there is one man who ventures to defend thee, live!

7. But thou shalt live so beset, so hemmed in, so watched, by the vigilant guards I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the Republic without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper. Thou shalt be seen and heard when thou dost not dream of a witness near. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason; the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice.

8. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret projects clear as noonday, what canst thou now devise? Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt; there is nothing thou canst contrive, propose, attempt, which I shall not promptly be made aware of. Thou shalt soon be convinced that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the State, than thou in plotting its destruction!

IX. — TURNING AWAY WRATH.

HOME'STEAD, *n.*, an old family place.

NEIGH'BOR, *n.*, one living near.

SPAN'IEL (span'yel), *n.*, a dog used in field-sports.

PAST'URE, *n.*, ground covered with grass for cattle.

TRES'PASSED, *v. i.*, transgressed.

A-VAIL', *n.*, advantage.

AD'VO-CATE, *n.*, one who maintains a cause by argument.

PAR-TI'TION, *n.*, that which separates.

AD-JOIN'ING, *a.*, lying near.

LIT'ER-AL-LY, *ad.*, according to the letter.

GAUNT, *a.*, lean; meager.

AN'SWERED, *v.*, replied.

Pronounce the *au* in *gaunt* like *a* in *father*; *pretty*, *pritt'y*; *were*, *wer*; *heard*, *herd*; *again*, *a-gén'*. Do not say *adjine* for *ad-join'*; *destrí* for *de-stroy'*; *acut* for *out*; *airnest* for *ear'nest* (the *ea* like *e* in *her*).

1. "I ONCE had," said William Ladd, the advocate of peace, "a fine field of grain growing upon an out-farm,

at some distance from the homest ad. Whenever I rode by I saw my neighbor Pulcifer's sheep in the lot, destroying my hopes of a harvest.

2. "These sheep were of the gaunt, long-legged kind, active as spaniels; they would spring over the highest fence, and no partition wall could keep them out. I complained to neighbor Pulcifer about them, and sent him frequent messages, but all without avail.

3. "Perhaps they would be kept out for a day or two; but the legs of the sheep were long, and my grain more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again: the sheep were still there. I became angry, and told my men to set the dogs on them; and, if that would not do, I would pay them if they would shoot the sheep.

4. "I rode away much agitated; for I was not so much of a peace man then as I am now, and I felt literally full of fight. All at once a light flashed in on me. I asked myself, 'Would it not be well for you to try in your own conduct the peace principle you are teaching to others?'

5. "I thought it all over, and settled down in my mind as to the best course to be pursued. The next day I rode over to see neighbor Pulcifer. I found him chopping wood at his door. 'Good morning, neighbor!' said I. No answer. 'Good morning!' I repeated. He gave a kind of grunt, without looking up.

6. "'I came,' continued I, 'to see about the sheep.' At this he threw down his ax, and exclaimed, in an angry manner, 'Now aren't you a pretty neighbor, to tell your men to kill my sheep? I heard of it; a rich man, like you, to shoot a poor man's sheep!'

7. "'I was wrong, neighbor,' said I; 'but it won't do to let your sheep eat up all that grain; so I came over to say that I would take your sheep to my home-

stead pasture, and put them in with mine; and in the fall you shall take them back, and if any one is missing you may take your pick out of my whole flock.'

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

9. "After a moment's silence, 'The sheep shall not trouble you any more,' exclaimed Pulcifer. 'I will fetter them all. But I'll let you know that when any man talks of *shooting*, I can shoot, too; and when a man is kind and neighborly, I can be kind and neighborly, too.' The sheep never again trespassed on my lot.

10. "Now, my friends, remember this: When nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready, too. Love will beget love; a wish to be at peace will keep you in peace. You can overcome evil with good. There is no other way."



X.—THE WORTH OF FAME.

SLOTH'FUL, *a.*, idle; lazy.

EMP'TY, *a.*, containing nothing.

MIGHT'Y, *a.*, powerful; strong.

PIL'GRIM, *n.*, a wanderer.

WIST'FUL, *a.*, full of thought.

OB-LIV'I-ON, *n.*, forgetfulness.

Do not say *pint* for *point*; *objeck* for *object*; *wile* for *while*. Pronounce the *o* in *nothing* like short *u*, as in *nut*.

O! who shall lightly say that Fame
 Is nothing but an empty name,
 While in that sound there is a charm
 The nerves to brace, the heart to warm,
 As, thinking of the mighty dead,
 The young from slōthful couch shall start,
 And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
 Like them to act a noble part!

O! who shall lightly say that Fame
 Is nothing but an empty name,
 When, but for those, — our mighty dead, —
 All ages past, a blank would be,
 Sunk in oblivion's murky bed, —
 A desert bare, a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen, —
 The lofty marks of what *hath* been.

O! who shall lightly say that Fame
 Is nothing but an empty name,
 When memory of the mighty dead,
 To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye,
 The brightest rays of cheering shed,
 That point to immortality?

JOANNA BAILLIE. (1765—1860.)

XI. — LAST DAYS OF MADAME ROLAND.

SCAF'OLD, *n.*, a temporary stage
 RIGHT'EUS, *a.*, just; right.
 DES'POT, *n.*, an absolute sovereign.
 CRA'VEN, *a.*, cowardly; base.
 CAR'RIAGE, *n.*, a vehicle with two or
 more wheels.
 RUFF'IAN, *n.*, a brutal fellow.
 RE-CEIVE', *v. t.*, to accept.
 CON-TRÔL', *n.*, governing power.
 PRO-SCRIBED', *pp.*, doomed; outlawed.

CON-VEN'TION, *n.*, an assembly.
 CO-LOS'SAL (from Colossus, a gigantic
 statue), *a.*, huge in size.
 COR'RI-DOR, *n.*, a passage; a gallery.
 COV'E-NANT (kû've-nant), *n.*, a mutual
 agreement.
 GUIL'LO-TINE (gîl'to-teen), *n.*, a ma-
 chine for beheading persons.
 I-RON'I-CAL, *a.*, spoken in irony or
 sarcastic praise.

In *Ro-land'*, the accent is on the last syllable. Give the *y* sound to *u* in *at'ti-tude*. The *c* in the last syllable of *sac'ri-fice* has the sound of *z*. Do not say *libutty* for *lib'er-ty*; *presunce* for *prés'ence*; *acrost* for *a-cross*.

1. DURING the reign of terror in France, Madame Roland was brought before the Convention on an absurd charge of treasonable correspondence with England. By her presence of mind, her acuteness, and her wit, she baffled and mortified her accusers.

2. But on the 31st of May, 1793, she was again

arrested, and sent to prison. As an officer was conducting her, he asked if she wished to have the windows of the carriage closed. "No," replied she; "oppressed innocence should not assume the attitude of crime and shame. I do not fear the looks of honest men, and I brave those of my enemies."

3. The cowards and ruffians who then had control of public affairs in France were afraid of the talents and the influence of this woman. They determined on her death. They gave her a trial; but it was a mere mockery of justice, a solemn farce. In her address before the Revolutionary Tribunal, on the 8th of November, 1793, she spoke as follows:

4. "Not to its own times merely does the generous mind feel that it belongs. It comprehends in its regard the whole human race, and extends its care even to posterity. It was my lot to be the friend of men proscribed and sacrificed by those who hated them for their superiority. And I must perish in my turn! I have a double claim to death at your hands.

5. "When Innocence walks to the scaffold at the command of error and of guilt, every step she takes is an advance to glory. Might I be the last victim of that furious spirit of party, by which you are impelled, with what joy would I quit this unfortunate earth, which swallows up the friends of virtue, and drinks the blood of the just!

6. "Truth! Friendship! 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. Righteous Heaven! enlighten this wretched people, for whom I invoked liberty.

7. "Liberty? Ah! that is for noble minds— not for weak beings who enter into a covenant with guilt, and try to varnish cowardice and selfishness with the

name of prudence;— not for corrupt wretches who rise from the bed of vice, or from the mire of indigence, to feast their eyes on the noble blood that streams from the scaffold.

8. "O, no! Liberty is the portion of a people who delight in humanity, who revere justice, despise flattery, and venerate truth. While you are *not* such a people, O! my fellow-citizens, in vain will you talk of liberty. Instead of liberty, you will have licentiousness; and to that you will all in your turns fall victims. You will ask for bread, and will get—dead bodies! And at length you will bow down your necks to the yoke, and find your vile refuge in the rule of a despot.

9. "I make no concealment of my sympathies, my opinions. I know that a Roman mother once 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.

10. "But I do not fear death. I never feared any thing but guilt; and I will not purchase life at the price of a lie. Woe to the times! Woe to the people, among whom to do homage to disregarded truth is to incur their hate! Happy he who, under such circumstances, is bold enough to defy that hate—as I do!"

11. All the eloquence, all the courage, all the feminine beauty of Madame Roland, could not save her from the guillotine. She heard herself sentenced to death, with the air of one who saw in her condemnation merely her title to immortality. She rose, and, slightly bowing to her craven judges, said, with an ironical smile, "I thank you for considering me worthy to share the fate of the good and great men you have murdered."

12. As she passed along the corridor, where the

other prisoners had assembled to greet her return, she looked at them smilingly, and, drawing her right hand across her throat, made a sign expressive of cutting off a head. This was her only farewell; it was tragic as her destiny, joyous as her deliverance; and well was it understood by those who saw it.

13. To the last moment did this remarkable woman preserve her presence of mind, her intrepidity, and even her gayety. A colossal statue of Liberty, composed of clay, like the liberty of the time, stood near the scaffold. Bowing before this statue, as though to do homage to a power for whom she was about to die, she exclaimed; "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" She then resigned herself to the hands of the executioner, and in a few seconds her head fell into the basket placed to receive it.

XII. — CAIUS GRACCHUS TO THE ROMANS.

TRIB'UNE, *n.*, a Roman magistrate.

AE'JECT, *a.*, mean; low.

VE'NAL, *a.*, set to sale.

FLA'GRANT, *a.*, burning; shameful.

QUE'STOR, *n.*, a Roman treasurer.

U-SURP (yu-zurp'), *v. t.*, to seize and hold by wrong.

IM-PUNI-TY, *n.*, exemption from punishment.

IN'STI-GATE, *v. t.*, to urge.

DEM'A-GÖGUE, *n.*, a leader of the mob.

EX-AG'GE-RATE, *v.*, to overstate.

FACTION-IST, *n.*, one who promotes faction or mischievous dissension.

AN'AR-CHIST (-kist), *n.*, one who promotes disorder.

IN-SA'TIATE, *a.*, not to be satisfied.

RA-PA'CIOUS, *a.*, given to plunder.

SPO-LI-A'TION, *n.*, robbery.

MER'CE-NA-RY, *a.*, hired; venal.

RE-IN-AUGU-RATE, *v. t.*, to enter upon again.

AR-IS-TOC'RA-CY, *n.*, literally, a government by the best; the gentry.

Pronounce *Caius*, *Kä'yus*; *Gracchus*, *Gräk'kus*. The abbreviation B. C. stands for *Before Christ*. Do not say *toomult* for *tü'mult*. Give the *y* sound to long *u*.

Caius Gracchus, born B. C. 163, was the son of that Cornelia who once said, pointing to her two boys, "These are my jewels!" Tiberius, his elder brother, an advocate of popular rights, was slain by the aristocratic party.

1. It is now ten years, O Romans! since my brother, Tiberius Gracchus, was elected your trib'üne. In what

a condition did he find you! The great body of the people pining in abject poverty; thousands suffering for the want of daily bread; eager to labor, but without a clod of earth they could call their own! A few men, rapacious, insatiate, reckless, claiming to be the aristocracy (the aristocracy!), having amassed enormous wealth by extortion and fraud, lorded it over you with remorseless rigor.

2. The class of small landed proprietors had disappeared. Mercenary idlers, their fingers itching for bribes, political tricksters, hungry usurers, desperate gamblers, all the vilest abettors of lawless power, had usurped the places of men once the strength and glory of the republic. Incalculable distress among the millions, unbounded wealth and prodigality among the hundreds, — such was the state of things!

3. The rich might crush and plunder the poor with impunity; for your rulers were corrupt, your judges cowardly and venal, and money could buy them all to aid in any act of spoliation. And bribery at elections — open, unblushing, flagrant — kept in power the men who were thus sapping the life-blood of the country. Do I exaggerate? Do I not rather too faintly picture the deep woe and degradation of the people, — the rapacity, arrogance, and depravity, of their oppressors!

4. It was at such a time that Tiberius Gracchus presented himself to you for the tribuneship, and was elected. His affectionate heart had been wrung by the spectacle of your distresses. He had seen with indignation the atrocious system under which you were plundered and down-trodden. He resolved upon your rescue. He flung defiance at your domestic tyrants. He swiftly put an end to that system of fraud by which they robbed you of the public lands.

5. No shelter of wealth, no privilege of rank or of high place, could save the guilty from his honest

wrath, his fiery denunciation. In vain did they retort with the cheap words "demagogue!" "factionist!" "an'archist!" There was that truthfulness in his very tones, that simplicity and nobleness in his very bearing, that dignity and gentleness in his very rage against wrong, that carried conviction of his sincerity to every heart.

6. O! how they grew pale with anger, those aris'tocrats, as they called themselves, when they felt their power melting away; when they saw the people recovering their rights, under the resistless eloquence of that young, devoted spirit! He must be silenced, this audacious trib'une, this questioner of the incorruptibility of the privileged classes, this friend and leader of the people;—he must be silenced! A bloody revenge must be taken for the fears, which he has made these plunderers endure, of being deprived of their illegally-got possessions.

7. Alas! the foul deed was done. In a tumult, instigated for the purpose, your illustrious trib'une, this champion of the poor, this friend of the friendless, was slain. His very body, which his friends sought from his murderers, was refused them; and your sacred river was made more sacred by receiving in its bosom all of Tiberius Gracchus that could perish.

8. And now, men of Rome, if you ask, as those who fear me have asked, why I have left my quęstorship in Sardinia without leave from the Senate, here is my answer: I must either have come to you without leave, or not at all. And if you ask why I have come at all, here is my reply: I have come to present myself for the office my brother held, and for serving you in which he was brutally murdered.

9. I have come to vindicate his memory, to reïnaugurate his policy. I have come—I avow it frankly—to strip the privileged classes of their privileges, to

restore popular rights, to uplift the crushed, to bring down the oppressor.

10. I come with clean hands, O Romans!— with no coffers filled with gold from desolated provinces and a ruined people. I can offer no bribe for votes. I come back poor as I went,— poor in all but hatred of tyrants, and zeal to serve my country. Shall I be your trib'une?*



XIII. — REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

SLEDGE, *n.*, a sled ; a sleigh.
 ANX'IOUS, *a.*, concerned ; uneasy.
 WAY'FAR-ER, *n.*, a traveler.
 GRAD'U-AL-LY, *ad.*, by degrees.
 RE-COVERED, *v. t.*, regained.

BAY'O-NET, *n.*, a dagger fixed at the end of a gun.
 SAT'IS-FIED, *pp.*, made content.
 THREAT'EN-ING, *ppr.*, menacing.
 PEOP'LE, *n.*, persons in general.

Pronounce the *u* in *Russian* like *u* in *rule* ; *exhaust*, *egz-hawst'* (not *ex-awst'*).

1. A FEW days before Christmas, in the year 1840, a Russian clergyman was going home, from a place at some distance from the village where he lived. Evening was fast approaching, and the weather was so bitterly cold that it was almost dangerous for any one to be out. The good man was wrapped in a fur cloak, and traveled in a sledge, drawn at great speed, by a single horse, over thē hard, smooth snow.

2. As the clergyman drove along, he saw something lying on the ground, and stopped to see what it was. He found that it was the body of a soldier, who seemed to have fallen down exhausted with the cold, and was, to all appearance, dead. The clergyman, however, would not leave him on the road, but lifted him and the gun lying beside him into the sledge, and, cheer-

* Caius Gracchus was elected tribune B. C. 124. He entered boldly upon his patriotic policy, and carried out many important reforms ; but the aristocracy, growing desperate, induced a creature of their own to outbid him in extreme measures, and brought about a state of things which resulted in the defeat and subsequent death of Caius Gracchus.

ing on his horse, drove as fast as he could to the next inn, which it took about half an hour to reach.

3. Although anxious to be at home, the clergyman was not satisfied with leaving the poor soldier in the care of the people at the inn. He stayed for an hour, directing and helping them to do all that was possible in order to bring the man to conscious life again. And at length their endeavors were successful. Gradually the half-frozen wayfarer recovered his senses and the use of his limbs.

4. Then the clergyman set off homeward, having first rewarded the people of the inn, and also given them money to pay for a good meal for the soldier. As soon as the latter was refreshed, and felt able to go, he insisted on doing so, although the people did all they could to persuade him not to venture out again that night. But he said that he was carrying important letters, and must not delay any longer than was necessary.

5. So, taking his gun, he proceeded on his way, which he found would very soon bring him to the village where lived the clergyman to whom he owed his life. On reaching the place, though it was now very late at night, he could not forbear going to the clergyman's house, that he might, if possible, see and thank the good old man for what he had done.

6. As the honest soldier went up to the house, he saw that, though it was so late, there were still lights in it; and, as he came nearer, he heard loud voices and great confusion within. He ran to the door, but it was fastened. Without waiting to knock, he went to the window close by, and, looking in, saw the clergyman surrounded by four armed robbers. They had just tied his hands and feet, and were threatening to murder him if he would not tell them where his money was to be found.

7. The soldier instantly forced his way in, and fired his gun at one of the robbers, wounding him severely. The others attacked the new comer, but he disabled one with his bayonet, and the other two, becoming alarmed, rushed out of the house, leaving the clergyman, as may be supposed, overpowered by astonishment and gratitude at his sudden deliverance. And then his still deeper and happier feelings may be imagined when he found that the poor man, whose life he had saved only a few hours before, had now been made the means of preserving his own!

XIV. — THE TEACHER'S VOCATION.

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| <p>PHRASE (frāze), <i>n.</i>, a form of speech. SCOURGE (skurj), <i>n.</i>, a torturing whip. MAR'TIAL, <i>a.</i>, pertaining to war. SPÉ'CIES, <i>n.</i>, a sort; class; kind. BRIL'LIANT, <i>a.</i>, shining; splendid. BE-QUEATH', <i>v. t.</i>, to give by will.</p> | <p>VO-CA'TION, <i>n.</i>, calling; trade. MED'I-TATE, <i>v.</i>, to muse; think. EP'I-TAPH (ep'e-taf), <i>n.</i>, an inscription on a tombstone. IN-DOM'I-TA-BLE, <i>a.</i>, not to be subdued.</p> |
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Do not say *re-nayown* for *re-nown'*; *appint* for *ap-point'*. See Exercises on the Elementary Sounds, paragraphs 15 and 16. The mark over the second *e* in *bles:ed* is a diseresis, and indicates that there is a separation from the preceding syllable in the sound of the vowel, thus: *bles'ed*. Sound the *h* in *hum'ble*. Pronounce *Broughwry*, *Broom*.

1. THERE is nothing which the ad'versaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry with, than what is termed the "march of intellect;" and here I will confess that I think, as far as the *phrase* goes, they are in the right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect, expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question.

2. It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceeding of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the prog'ress of the enemy to all improvement. The *conqueror* moves in a *march*. He stalks onward with the "pride, pomp, and circum-

stance" of war; banners flying, shouts rending the air, guns thundering, and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded and the lamentations for the slain.

3. Not thus the schoolmaster in his peaceful vocation! He meditates and purposes in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers round him those who are to further their execution; he quietly though firmly advances in his humble path, laboring steadily but calmly till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots all the weeds of vice.

4. His is a progress not to be compared with any thing like a *march*; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won.

5. Such men — men deserving the glorious title of Teachers of Mankind — I have found, laboring conscientiously, though, perhaps, obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone. I have found them among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French.

6. I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the high-minded Italians; and in our own country, Heaven be thanked, their numbers every where abound, and are every day increasing.

7. Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the prosperity of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times.

8. Each one of these great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed

course, awaits in patience the fulfillment of the promises, and, resting from his labors, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating "one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy."

LORD BROUGHAM.

XV. — THE SIMPLETON AND THE ROGUES.

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| MOSQUE (mōsk), n., a Mohammedan place of worship. | CON-CERT', n., self-flattering opinion. |
| CA'LIF, n., a title of the successors of Mohammed. | DR'A-MOND, n., the most precious stone. |
| PRAS'ANT (pēs'ant), n., a rustic. | STRAT'A-GEN, n., an artifice in war; a trick for victory. |
| CRUP'PER (krūp'per or kroop'er), n., a strap to secure a saddle. | CON-CERT'ED, v. t., planned together. |
| CAS'SOKE, n., a coat or frock. | PEN'SIVE-LY, ad., thoughtfully. |
| TUR'BAN, n., a Turkish head-dress. | PRE-CIP-I-TA'TION, n., rash haste. |
| | AU-THEEN'TIC, a., true; to be relied on. |
| | SHREWD'NESS, n., sly cunning. |

Give the *y* sound of alphabetic *u* to *ew* in *new*; also to *u* in *future*, *agured*, *venture*, *duped*, &c. Avoid saying *foller*, *feller*, for *follow*, &c. The *tā* in *with* has the vocal sound it has in *breathe*.

1. THERE once lived, on the banks of the river Tigris, in Asia, a peasant, whose name was Malek. He was distinguished for nothing except the very high opinion which he had of his own wisdom and shrewdness. How far he was right in this conceit may be judged from an adventure in which he figured, and of which I will give you an authentic account.

2. Malek was the owner of a goat and a mule; and, learning that he could get a good price for them in Bagdad, he mounted the mule, and took his way to the great city, followed by the goat, around whose neck was tied a bell.

3. "I shall sell these animals," said Malek to himself, "for thirty pieces of silver; and with that amount I can purchase a new turban and a rich robe of wool, which I will tie with a sash of purple silk. The young

damsels will then smile more favorably upon me, and I shall be the finest man at the Mosque."

4. Whilst he was thus reveling in the anticipation of his future conquests, three artful rogues concerted a stratagem for robbing him of all his possessions. As he was riding slowly along, one of the rascals slipped off the bell from the neck of the goat, and fastening it, without being perceived, to the crupper of the mule's saddle, led away the smaller beast.

5. Malek, hearing the bell, and supposing that the goat was near behind, continued to muse, without suspecting his loss. Happening, however, a short while afterward, to look round, he found with dismay that the animal which formed so large a part of his riches was gone; and he inquired with the utmost anxiety after his goat of every traveler he met.

6. The second rogue now accosted him, and said, "I have just seen, in yonder field, a man in great haste dragging along with him a goat." Malek dismounted with precipitation, and requesting the obliging stranger to hold his mule, that he might lose no time in overtaking the thief, instantly began the pursuit; but he soon returned from a fruitless search, only to find that neither his mule nor the obliging stranger, who had volunteered the information about the goat-stealer, was any where to be seen.

7. As Malek walked pensively onward, overwhelmed with shame, anger, and disappointment, his attention was roused by the loud lamentations of a poor man seated by the side of a well. "Good! Here is a brother in affliction!" thought Malek; and, turning out of his way to sympathize with him, he recounted his own misfortunes, and then inquired the reason of that violent sorrow with which his new friend seemed to be agitated.

8. "Alas!" said the poor man, in most piteous

tones, "as I was stooping here to drink, I accidentally dropped into the water a casket full of diamonds, which I was employed to carry to the Calif, at Bagdad. Unfortunate wretch that I am! I shall certainly be put to death, on suspicion of having stolen and concealed so valuable a treasure."

9. "Why do you not jump into the well, in search of the casket, instead of making such an outcry?" asked Malek, astonished at the stupidity of the man. "Because the water is deep," replied the fellow, "and I can neither dive nor swim. O! my good master, if you will venture for me, I will reward you with thirty pieces of silver."

10. Overjoyed at the prospect of making good his losses, Malek accepted the offer with exultation. Pulling off his cassock, vest, trowsers, and slippers, he plunged into the well, in search of the pretended casket. He had hardly touched the water when the whining individual—who, it is needless to say, was one of the three rogues who had laid this plot for the plunder of the poor peasant—seized upon his garments, and bore them off to a place of security.

11. After diving, and spending some time in the well, in an unavailing search, Malek climbed up, and looked round for his clothes. To his consternation he found that they were gone, and that with them had disappeared his bewailing friend, the loser of the imaginary diamonds.

12. Thus, through inattention, simplicity, and credulity, coupled with too confident a reliance on his own sagacity and wisdom, was poor Malek duped out of all his possessions. A wiser if not a better man, he hastened back to his own humble cottage, with no other covering than a tattered cloak, which a worthy sailor, to whom he told his sorrows, lent him on the road.

XVI.—RUTH TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

TREAS'URED, pp., hoarded; laid up. | CAV'ERN, n., a large cave.
 FUR'NACE, n., an enclosed fire-place. | PON'DER, v. t., to think on closely.

Do not say *heard* for *heard* (*heard*); *cauvns* for *caverns*; *dooty* for *duty*. The discrep over the e in *Israel* shows that the two vowels are distinct in sound.

The beautiful story of Ruth, on which the following poem is founded, must be well known to all readers of the Bible.

FAREWELL? O no! it may not be;
 My firm resolve is heard on high I
 I will not breathe farewell to thee,
 Save only in my dying sigh.
 I know not that I now could bear
 Forever from thy side to part,
 And live without a friend to share
 The treasured sadness of my heart.

Too well I've loved in other years
 To leave thee solitary now,
 When sorrow dims thine eye with tears,
 And shades the beauty of thy brow.
 I'll share the trial and the pain, —
 And strong the furnace fire must be,
 To melt away the willing chain
 That binds a daughter's heart to thee.

I will not boast a martyr's might
 To leave my home without a sigh, —
 The dwelling of my past delight,
 The shelter where I hoped to die! —
 In such a duty, such an hour,
 The weak are strong, the timid brave;
 For Love puts on an angel's power,
 And Faith grows mightier than the grave.

For rays of heaven, serenely bright,
 Have gilt the caverns of the tomb;
 And I can ponder with delight
 On all its gathering thoughts of gloom.

Then, mother, let us haste away
 To that blest land to Israël given,
 Where Faith, unsaddened by decay,
 Dwells nearest to its native heaven.

But where thou goest I will go ;
 With thine my earthly lot is cast ;
 In pain and pleasure, joy and woe,
 Will I attend thee to the last ;
 That hour shall find me by thy side, —
 And where thy grave is, mine shall be ;
 Death can but for a time divide
 My firm and faithful heart from thee !

W. B. O. PEABODY. (1799—1847.)

XVII. — REPLY TO LORD LYNDHURST.

STARK, *a.*, stiff ; — *ad.*, wholly.

ALIEN (*âle'yen*), *n.*, a foreigner.

GAL'LANT, *a.*, brave ; high-spirited.

PHIL'ANX, *n.*, a close body of troops.

LE'GION, *n.*, a body of soldiers.

BLENCHED, *n. i.*, shrank ; started back.

IM-POS'TURE, *n.*, deception ; cheat.

IN-FLEX-I-BIL'I-TY, *n.*, firmness.

CON-FED'ER-ATE, *n.*, an ally.

VO-GAB'U-LA-RY, *n.*, a list of words.

* Pronounce *Assaye* (in Hin-doo-tan) *As-er'ye* ; *Vimieira* (in Portugal) *Vim-e-a-e'ra* ; *Badajos* (in Spain) *Bad-a-jôs* ; *Albuera* (in Spain) *Al-doo-â'ra* ; *Toulouse* (in France) *Too-loor'*. Give the *g* sound to *u* in *Duke*.

The following eloquent remarks were made by Richard Lalor Shiel, in the British Parliament, in 1837, in reply to Lord Lyndhurst, who had spoken of the Irish as "aliens." Shiel was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1791. He died in 1851.

1. I SHOULD be surprised, indeed, if, while you are doing us wrong, you did not profess your solicitude to do us justice. Englishmen were never wanting in such protestations. There is, however, one exception.

2. There is a man of great abilities, — not a member of this House, but whose talents and boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party, — who has been heard to speak of the Irish as "aliens." Disdaining all imposture, and abandoning all reserve, he

distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; that they are "aliens." Aliens? Good heavens! Was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, "Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty?"

3. The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I can not help thinking that when he heard his countrymen designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply, — I can not help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown.

4. The "battles, sieges, fortunes, that he has passed," ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable, — from Assaye to Waterloo, — the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned.

5. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimieira through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor* climbed the steeps and filled the moats of Badajos?

* The tone of suspension should be given at *greatest*, the dash indicating a sudden break in the speaker's remarks. The battle he there refers to is Waterloo, fought against Napoleon, June 18th, 1815. The opposing forces were commanded by Wellington, whose "words," to which the orator alludes, were, "Up, Guards, and at them!" Sir Henry Hardinge was the "gallant soldier" to whom Shiel appealed.

All, all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory ; Vimieira, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse ; and, last of all, the greatest —

6. Tell me, for you were there, — I appeal to the gallant soldier before me, who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast ; — tell me, for you must needs remember, — on that day, when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers ; when the artillery of France, leveled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them ; when her legions, incited by the voice, inspired by the example, of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset, — tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the “ aliens ” blenched !

7. And when, at length, the moment for the last decisive movement had arrived ; when the valor, so long wisely checked, was at last let loose ; when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault, — tell me if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valor than the natives of your own glorious isle, precipitated herself upon the foe ! The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, flowed in the same stream, drenched the same field.

8. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together. In the same deep pit their bodies were deposited. The green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust ; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave ! Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate ? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out ?

SHIRL.

XVIII. — ICEBERGS.

ARCTIC, *a.*, lying far north.
 LIM'PID, *a.*, clear ; pure.
 GEL'ID (jel'id), *a.*, cold ; icy.
 CREVICE, *n.*, a crack or fissure.
 CANVAS, *n.*, coarse cloth for sails.
 PO'LAR, *a.*, near the Pole.
 WAL'RUS, *n.*, the sea-horse.
 CAR'CASS, *n.*, a dead body.
 A-BYSS', *n.*, a fathomless depth.
 FLEX'IBLE, *a.*, easily bent.
 AL'TI-TUDE, *n.*, height.
 CAV'I-TY, *n.*, a hollow place.

LAT'I-TUDE, *n.*, breadth ; distance from the Equator.
 A-ZORES' (A-zôrz), *n.*, islands in the Atlantic Ocean, belonging to Portugal.
 ES'QUI-AUX (Es'ke-me), *n.*, a race of Indians in the Arctic regions.
 CON'TI-NENT, *n.*, a large extent of land.
 IN-DE'NTED, *a.*, notched.
 AC-CU'MU-LA-TED, *a.*, piled up.
 PRE-CIP'I-TOUS, *a.*, very steep.
 COM-PACT', *a.*, close ; solid.

In *latitude*, *altitude*, *century*, *tube*, &c., attend to the *y* sound of the *u*. Do not say *levl* for *lev'el* ; *tremenduous* for *tre-men'duous* ; *Arctic* for *Arct'ic*.

1. ICEBERGS are those masses of ice, resembling mountains, which abound in the polar seas, and are sometimes found floating in the moderate latitudes. In the Arctic regions, the snow, which annually falls on the islands or continents, being again dissolved by the progress of the summer's heat, pours forth numerous rills and limpid streams, which collect along the indented shores, and in the deep bays enclosed by precipitous rocks.

2. Here this clear and gelid water soon freezes, and every successive year supplies an additional crust, till, after the lapse, perhaps, of several centuries, the icy mass rises, at last, to the size and aspect of a mountain, equal in elevation to the adjoining cliffs. The melting of the snow, which is afterward deposited on such enormous blocks, likewise contributes to their growth ; and, by filling up the accidental holes or crevices, it renders the whole structure compact and uniform.

3. Meanwhile the principle of destruction is already at work. The ceaseless agitation of the sea gradually wears and undermines the base of the icy mountain, till at length, by the action of its own accumulated

weight, when it has perhaps attained an altitude of a thousand, or even two thousand feet, it is torn from its frozen chains, and precipitated, with a tremendous plunge, into the abyss below.

4. This mighty launch now floats, like a lofty island, on the ocean, till, driven southward by winds and currents, it insensibly wastes and dissolves away in the wide Atlantic. Icebergs have been known to drift from Baffin's Bay to the Azores. Being composed of fresh water, the ice is clear and solid; and from the cavities the crews of the northern whalers are accustomed, by means of a hose or a flexible tube of canvas, to fill their casks easily with the purest and softest water.

5. Some of the masses of floating ice in the polar seas are two miles long, and a mile or more broad. An idea may be formed of the immense depth to which icebergs descend, from the fact that the mass of ice below the level of the water is about eight times greater than that above. Captain Scoresby once counted five hundred of these bergs drifting with the current. They rose above the surface, from the height of one hundred to two hundred feet, and measured from a few yards to a mile in circumference. Many of them were loaded with beds of earth and rocks.

6. An incident is related by Dr. Kane, that shows the wonderful powers of endurance of the Esquimaux. Two of these people were hunting the walrus, on the open ice of the frozen sea, when a north wind broke up the ice, and they found themselves afloat. An iceberg being near, they urged their dogs toward it, and made good their landing on it with them and the carcass of the walrus. It was at the close of the last moonlight of December, a season when daylight is unknown in the Arctic latitudes.

7. A complete darkness settled around them. They

tied the dogs down to knobs of ice, and built a sort of screen from the wind for themselves. The berg drifted toward the south, and here, for a whole month, drifting, drifting along the coast-line of Baffin's Bay, dwelt these two hardy adventurers, wedged in ice, eating their walrus-meat, and sustaining life in spite of the intense cold. At length the iceberg grounded, and they contrived to make their way, on a sort of ice-raft, to the main land.

XIX. — BELSHAZZAR.

HERD, *n.*, a drove ; a company.

COURTIER, *n.*, one who courts favor.

BEAK'ER, *n.*, a drinking cup.

MA'GI-AN, *n.*, an Eastern sage.

ME'NI-AL, *a.*, servile ; low.

PROPH'ET, *n.*, one who foretells future events ; an interpreter.

FES'TI-VAL, *n.*, a time of feasting.

Do not say *droring* for *draw'ing* ; *writin* for *writing* ; *toomult* for *tū'mult*.

The story of Belshazzar may be found in the Bible, in the Book of Daniel, Chap. v.

THE midnight hour was drawing on ;
 Hushed in repose lay Bābylon.
 But in the palace of the king
 The herd of courtiers shout and sing :
 There, in his royal banquet-hall,
 Belshazzar holds high festival.
 The servants sit in glittering rows,
 The beakers are drained, the red wine flows ;
 The beakers clash, and the servants sing, —
 A pleasing sound to the moody king.

The king's cheeks flush, and his wild eyes shine ;
 His spirit waxes bold with wine ;
 Until, by maddening passion stung,
 He scoffs at God with impious tongue ;
 And his proud heart swells as he wildly raves,
 'Mid shouts of applause from his fawning slaves.

He spoke the word, and his eyes flashed flame !
The ready servants went and came ;
Vessels of massive gold they bore,
Of Jehovah's temple the plundered store.

And, seizing a consecrated cup,
The king, in his fury, fills it up :
He fills, and hastily drains it dry,
From his foaming lips leaps forth the cry,
" Jehovah ! at thee my scorn I fling !
I am Belshazzar, Babylon's king !"
Yet scarce had the impious words been said,
When the king's heart shrank with a secret dread :
Suddenly died the shout and yell, —
A death-like hush on the tumult fell.

And, lo ! on the wall, as they gazed aghast,
What seemed like a human hand went past,
And wrote — and wrote, in sight of all —
Letters of fire upon the wall !
The king sat still, with a stōny look, —
His trembling knees with terror shook ;
The menial throng nor spoke nor stirred ;
Fear froze their blood, — no sound was heard !
The magians came ; but none of all
Could read the writing on the wall.

At length, to solve those words of flame,
Fearless but meek the prophet came ;
One glance he gave, and all was clear !
" King ! there is reason in thy fear ;
Those words proclaim, thy empire ends, —
The day of woe and wrath impends :
Weighed in the balance, wanting found,
Thou and thy empire strike the ground !"
That night, by the servants of his train,
Belshazzar, the mighty king, was slain !

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

XX. — ANECDOTES OF A SKYLARK.

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| <p>CHIL'ING, <i>n.</i>, the upper surface of a room, opposite to the floor.</p> <p>RIB'BOX, <i>n.</i>, a slip of silk or satin.</p> <p>KNUCK'LES, <i>n.</i>, joints of the fingers.</p> <p>DES-SERT' (dés-zert'), <i>n.</i>, a service of fruits, &c., after a meal.</p> <p>CON-CEIVE', <i>v. t.</i>, to imagine.</p> <p>HE'NI-AL, <i>a.</i>, enlivening.</p> | <p>SEW'ING (sū'ing), <i>ppr.</i>, uniting with needle and thread.</p> <p>IN'TER-EST-ING, <i>a.</i>, engaging.</p> <p>DE-MOL'ISS, <i>v. t.</i>, to pull down.</p> <p>OP'PO-SITE, <i>a.</i>, placed in front; <i>ad-verse</i>.</p> <p>DEX'TER-OUS-LY, <i>ad.</i>, expertly.</p> <p>W'HOOP (hoop), <i>n.</i>, a shout of pursuit.</p> |
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Avoid saying *burst* for *burst*. In *which*, *white*, *when*, &c., mind the aspirate.

1. THE skylark, which pours forth its animated song while floating high in the air, is an inhabitant of most parts of Europe, Asia, and North Africa, but is not found in America. A lady, belonging to a family in the south-east of Ireland, has recorded some very interesting anecdotes of a pet skylark, to which the name of "Tommy" had been given.

2. This little bird was so tame that, when the family were assembled at breakfast, he would fly upon the table, and walk round, picking up crumbs; and sometimes he would hop up on a loaf, and actually allow a slice to be cut under his feet. It was curious to see him watching the operation of threading a needle. When the thread was put ever so little into the eye, he would seize the end of it, and dexterously pull it through.

3. Sometimes, when one of the three young ladies of the family had fastened her thread to her work, and continued sewing, he would make a sudden plunge at the thread, and pull it out of the needle, then fly out of reach, and chuckle over the mischief. Sometimes he would hop on an open work-box, and, seizing the end of a cotton thread, would fly with it to the other side of the apartment, unwinding yard upon yard from the revolving spool.

4. The second of the young ladies to whom we

allude was remarkable for the elegance and neatness with which her hair was always braided. This did not escape Tommy's observation, and he frequently made an attack upon it. He would take the end of a ringlet in his bill, and, fluttering before her face, would leave it in the most admired disorder. He would then again chuckle, as we have heard a magpie do after any act of mischief.

5. There was a gentleman, an intimate friend of the family, who, in his repeated visits, had made the acquaintance of Tommy. Whenever he made a morning call, he would say, "Ha! Tommy! good-morning to you. Are you ready for a game at shuttlecock?" The little creature would instantly fly to his extended hand, and suffer itself to be thrown into the air, like that toy, and fall again into his hand; and so the game would continue for several minutes, until at length Tommy would fly to the ceiling, singing that splendid melody which, in his natural state, the lark pours forth as he ascends above the clouds.

6. Another game, which Tommy perfectly understood, was "hide-and-go-seek;" and for this he preferred, as his companion, the second of the three sisters. She would say, "Now, Tommy, I'm going to hide;" and then, drawing the room door open, she would place herself behind it, and cry, "Whoop!" Tommy would immediately commence strutting up and down the floor, and, stretching out his neck, would peer under this, and behind that, as if he were seeking for her. At length, coming opposite to where she stood, he would give a loud scream, and fly up to attack her hair.

7. When this was over, and he had again become quiet, she would say, "Now, Tommy, it is *your* turn to hide." Immediately the bird would stand still under a table, and she would commence a diligent

search, exclaiming, "Where is Tommy? Did any one see Tommy?" In the mean time he would never give, by sound or movement, the least indication that he was in the room; but the moment she thought proper to find him he would again scream, and fly up to her.

8. The mistress of the house, a little advanced in life, wore spectacles, which he would frequently pull off, in his flights, and immediately let fall, as they were too heavy for him to carry; and after every feat of this kind he would chuckle at his success. In the long days of summer, when the dinner things were removed, and the dessert was brought on, it was his practice to come upon the table, and, going round it, he would do something amusing to each person.

9. He would bite the fingers of the master of the house, and give an exulting chuckle when the latter affected to be hurt. At another gentleman's knuckles he would strike like a game-cock, and pretend to be in a wonderful passion. Then he would take a sudden flight at a lady's cap, and, catching the end of a ribbon, would gracefully flutter before her face, caroling a snatch of a song; and again he would visit his fair friend with the beautiful hair, and, plucking out her combs, would speedily demolish her glossy curls.

10. There remains one trait of sagacity, which those who recollect the entertaining little creature would scarcely pardon us if we omitted. The youngest of the three ladies was accustomed each night, before she retired, to take her candle over to Tommy's cage, to bid him good-night. He would instantly bring out his head from under his wing, and, standing up, sing one of the most beautiful little songs you could conceive it possible for a little throat like his to warble,—a song, too, that he never gave forth on any other occasion.

11. If she attempted to go out of the room without thus coming to bid him good-night, although his head was under his wing, and you thought him asleep, he would instantly scream out, to put her in mind. To this may be added the singular fact that he would not sing the same song for any one else who might take a candle to his cage, though he would respond by a chirp to his good-night.

12. What the usual duration of a lark's age is we can not say. Tommy himself lived a happy life for thirteen years. At length he grew ill; and care and skill were expended on him in vain. He was wrapped in cotton, and placed near the genial warmth of a moderate fire; yet still he languished. His young friend, for whom he used to sing his sweet good-night, approached him with her candle. He lifted his little head, and, as the dying swan is said to sing, he attempted to warble for her a last farewell. She burst into tears, and retired. In the morning Tommy was dead.

XXI. — THE PATHS OF SUCCESS.

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| CON-TRIB'UTE , <i>v. t.</i> , to give; to con-duce. MAR'QUIS , <i>n.</i> , a title of nobility. COUN'SEL , <i>n.</i> , advice; direction. LEI'SURE (lê'zhur), <i>n.</i> , vacant time. DE-TAIL' , <i>n.</i> , a particular account. MU'TI-NY , <i>v. i.</i> , to rise against officers at sea or in the army. PRO-PEN'SI-TY , <i>n.</i> , inclination. | EF-FI'CIENT (-fish'ent), <i>a.</i> , causing effects. IM-PROVI-DENCE , <i>n.</i> , lack of forethought. REC-RE-A'TION , <i>n.</i> , relief from toil. PUNCT-U-AL'I-TY , <i>n.</i> , careful exactness. SEC'RE-TA-RY , <i>n.</i> , one who writes for another; a scribe. |
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Pronounce *Hugh*, *Hû*. Do not say *cuss* for *curse*; *feound* for *found*. Give the *y* sound to long *u* in *man-â-fact'âr-er*, *fört'üne*, *reg'û-lar*, &c.

1. THE path of success in business is invariably the path of common sense. Notwithstanding all that is said about "lucky hits," the best kind of success, in

11. We naturally come to the conclusion that the person who is careless about time will be careless about business. When Washington's secretary excused himself for the lateness of his attendance, and laid the blame upon his watch, Washington quietly replied, "Then you must get another watch, or I another secretary." Franklin once said to a servant, who was always late, but always ready with an excuse, "I have generally found that the man who is good at an excuse is good for nothing else."

12. The unpunctual man is a general disturber of others' peace and serenity. He is systematically late; regular only in his irregularity. He always arrives at his appointment after the hour; gets to the railway station after the train has started; and posts his letter when the mail has closed. It will generally be found that the men who are thus habitually behind time are habitually behind success, and that they become grumblers and railers against fortune.

13. Integrity in word and deed ought to be the very corner-stone of all business transactions. To the tradesman, the merchant, and manufacturer, it should be what courage is to the soldier, and charity to the Christian. It was well said by Hugh Miller, of the honest mason with whom he served his apprenticeship, that he "put his conscience into every stone that he laid."

14. The truth of the old maxim, that "Honesty is the best policy," is upheld by the daily experience of life. The true mechanic will pride himself upon the excellence of his work; the high-minded contractor, upon the faithful performance of his contract in every particular; the upright manufacturer, upon the genuineness of the article he produces; and the good merchant, upon the fair value of what he sells. And all these will find that their substantial success is promoted by their probity and just dealing.

15. It must be admitted that trade tries character perhaps more severely than any other pursuit in life. Honor to those who stand the trial like true men! Money got by cheating, swindling, and overreaching, may for a time dazzle the eyes of the unthinking; but what is it worth, compared with the satisfactions of a free conscience? To the gains of swindlers and rogues the words of the apostle strongly apply: "Your gold and silver are cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire."

16. There may be success in life, without success in business. The merchant who failed, but who afterward recovered his fortune, and then spent it in paying his creditors their demands in full, principal and interest, thus leaving himself a poor man, had a glorious success; while he, who also failed, paid his creditors ten cents on a dollar, and afterward rode in his carriage, and occupied a magnificent mansion, was sorrowfully looked on by angels and by honest men as lam'entably unsuccessful.

17. True success in life is success in building up a pure, honest, energetic character; in so shaping our habits, our thoughts, and our aspirations, as to best qualify us for that higher life on which we shall enter after the death of the visible body. Wordsworth well describes the "happy warrior" as one who "makes his moral being his prime care."

18. " 'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
 Upon that law, as on the best of friends ;
 Who fixes good on good alone, and owes
 To Virtue every triumph that he knows ;
 Who, if he rise to station of command,
 Rises by open means, and there will stand
 On honorable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own desire ! "

XXII. — MAZEPPA'S STORY.

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| U'KRAINE (oo'kráin), <i>n.</i> , territory of Russia in Europe. | ROUÏ, <i>n.</i> , a clamorous multitude. |
| RAE'BLE, <i>n.</i> , a low mob. | LIEU (lū), <i>n.</i> , stead; place; behalf. |
| TUR'RET, <i>n.</i> , a small tower. | FAIR, <i>ad.</i> , gladly. |
| BÄE'RI-EE, <i>n.</i> , an obstruction. | PÖMT-CUL'LIS, <i>n.</i> , a machine over a gateway, ready to be let down to keep out an enemy. |
| UN-COURT'E-OUS (-kürt'e-us), <i>n.</i> , un- civil. | MÜAT, <i>n.</i> , a ditch round a castle. |

Sound the *es* in *heart* as in *heart*. Pronounce *e'er* (contraction of *ever*) like *air*.

“BRING forth the horse!” — the horse was brought:

In truth he was a noble steed, —

A Tartar of the Ukraine breed, —

Who looked as though the speed of thought

Were in his limbs; but he was wild, —

Wild as the wild deer, and untaught;

With spur and bridle undefiled, —

'T was but a day he had been caught;

And, snorting, with erected mane,

And struggling fiercely, but in vain,

In the full foam of wrath and dread,

To me the desert-born was led.

They bound me on — that menial throng —

Upon his back, with many a thong;

Then loosed him, with a sudden lash.

Away! — away! — and on we dash!

Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away! — away! — my breath was gone;

I saw not where he hurried on.

'T was scarcely yet the break of day;

And on he foamed! — away! — away!

The last of human sounds which rose,

As I was darted from my foes,

Was the wild shout of savage laughter

Which on the wind came roaring after,

A moment from that rabble rout.

With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,
 And snapped the cord which to the mane
 Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
 And, writhing half my form about,
 Howled back my rage ; but 'mid the tread,
 The thunder of my courser's speed,
 Perchance they did not hear nor heed.
 It vexes me, for I would fain
 Have paid their insult back again

I paid it well in after days :
 There is not of that castle-gate,
 Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
 Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left ;
 Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
 Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
 Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall ;
 And many a time ye there might pass,
 Nor dream that e'er that fortress was !

I saw its turrets in a blaze,
 Their crackling battlements all cleft,
 And the hot lead pour down like rain
 From off the scorched and blackening roof,
 Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.

They little thought, that day of pain,
 When launched, as on the lightning's flash,
 They bade me to destruction dash,
 That one day I should come again,
 With twice five thousand horse, to thank
 The Count for his uncourteous ride.

They played me then a bitter prank,
 When, with the wild horse for my guide,
 They bound me to his foaming flank.
 At length I played them one as frank ;
 For time at last sets all things even ;
 And if we do but watch the hour,
 There never yet was human power

Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

LORD BYRON. (1788—1824.)

XXIII.—THE AMERICANS NOT TO BE CONQUERED.

FŪL'SOME, *a.*, nauseous ; gross.

ÉRA, *n.*, a date ; a period.

DE-FILE', *n.*, a narrow passage.

FE-LO'NI-OUS, *a.*, malignant.

MIN'IS-TER, *n.*, an officer of state ; also, a clergyman.

LEN'I-TY, *n.*, mercy ; clemency.

AD'U-LA-TO-RY, *a.*, flattering.

PR'IMA-RY, *a.*, first in order.

AN'ARCH-Y (an'ark-y), *n.*, confusion.

FUN-DA-MENT'AL, *a.*, serving for the foundation ; essential.

Do not say *bruthren* for *bréth'ren* ; *fax* for *facts* ; *presunt* for *pres'ent*.

Ther-mop'y-læ was a pass, celebrated in Grecian history for the stand made by Leonidas, with three hundred Spartans, against the host of Xerxes.

1. SIR, it ill becomes the duty and dignity of Parliament to lose itself in such a fūlsome, adulatory Address to the Throne as that now proposed. We ought rāther to approach it with sound and wholesome advice, and even with remonstrances against the ministers who have precipitated the British nation into an unjust, ruinous, murderous, and felonious war.

2. I call the war with our brethren in America an unjust and felonious war, because the primary cause and confessed origin of it is to attempt to take their money from them without their consent, con'trary to the common rights of all mankind, and to those great fundamental principles of the English constitution, for which Hampden bled.

3. I assert that it is a murderous war, because it is an effort to deprive men of their lives for standing up in the defense of their property and their clear rights. Such a war, I fear, will draw down the vengeance of Heaven on this devoted kingdom. Sir, is any minis-

ter weak enough to flatter himself with the conquest of America? You can not, with all your allies', with all the mercenary ruffians of the North, you can not effect so wicked a purpose.

4. The Americans will dispute every inch of territory with you, every narrow pass, every strong defile, every Thermop'ylæ, every Bunker's Hill! More than half the empire is already lost, and almost all the rest is in confusion and anarchy. We have appealed to the sword, and what have we gained? Bunker's Hill only, and that with a loss of twelve hundred men! Are we to pay as dear for the rest of America? The idea of the conquest of that immense country is as romantic as it is unjust.

5. The honorable gentleman who moved this Address says, "The Americans have been treated with lenity." Will facts justify the assertion? Was your Boston Port Bill a measure of lenity? Was your Fishery Bill a measure of lenity? Was your bill for taking away the charter of Massachusetts Bay a measure of lenity? I omit your many other gross provocations and insults, by which the brave Americans have been driven to their present state.

6. Whether that state is one of rebellion, or of fit and just resistance to unlawful acts of power, I shall not declare. This I know: a *successful* resistance is a revolution, not a rebellion. Rebellion, indeed, appears on the back of a flying enemy, but Revolution flames on the breast-plate of the victorious warrior. Who can tell whether, in consequence of this day's action, the scabbard may not be thrown away by *them*, as well as by *us*; and, should success attend them, whether, in a few years, the independent Americans may not celebrate the glorious era of the revolution of 1775, as we do that of 1688?

JOHN WILKES (1717 - 1795.)

XXIV.—A MAGPIE AT CHURCH.

PRE'CIPICT, *n.*, a boundary.

E-JECT', *v. t.*, to cast out.

E-VADE', *v. t.*, to elude; to shun.

A-NOW', *ad.*, soon; *ever and anon*,
now and then.

KNOW'S-NICE, *v. a.*, to know again.

GAM-SAY', *v. t.*, to damp.

AISLE (ile), *n.*, a passage in a church.

COM-MUTE', *v. t.*, to exchange.

IN-TRUD'ER, *n.*, one who intrudes.

UN-OR'THO-DOX, *a.*, not according to
sound doctrine.

IG-NO-MIN'-OUS-LY, *ad.*, shamefully.

WENT (wünt), *a.*, accustomed.

Do not say doe for doe; dooring for dooring; joined for joined; knounty for county, window for win'dow; were for were (wer). Pronounce went, wünt; against, a-gainst.

1. THE following authentic story of a magpie was communicated to Fraser's London Magazine, by a clergyman. It proves the truth of the Rev. Sydney Smith's observation, that, whatever powers of oratory a minister may have, all command over the attention of his audience is at once lost when a bird makes its appearance in the church. Such, certainly, was the case with Jack, a magpie, well known in a village in the county of Kent, in England, for his mis'chievous propensities, and who entered the village church, in the afternoon of Sunday, July 25th, 1852, during the time of divine service.

2. Our friend hopped quietly in at the open door, and, for a time, surveyed the congregation, rec'ognizing many a friend, who was wont to greet him with words of kindness and familiarity. But on this occasion Jack was surprised at finding that no notice was taken of him. At last he seemed determined that he would not be thus overlooked; and down the middle aisle he marched, knocking at the door of each pew, and announcing his arrival to the inmates with a clear, loud, "Here am I!" This move had the desired effect; for in a very few moments every eye was turned upon our hero.

3. The worthy minister, finding himself in a decided minority, and perceiving broad grins coming over the

before solemn faces of his flock, at once stopped the service, and desired the clerk to eject the intruder. But the order was more easily given than executed. Jack was determined not to leave; and so, finding himself pursued, took refuge in a forest of legs belonging to his young friends, the school-children, who did not appear at all unwilling to afford him shelter.

4. The clerk rushed on, intent upon catching the enemy, and putting an end to this unorthodox proceeding; and over, first a bench and then a child, he stumbled, in his attempts to pounce upon the fugitive, who easily evaded his grasp, and always appeared just where the clerk was not, informing him, ever and anon, of his whereabouts, by the old cry, "Here am I!" At last, with the help of two or three of the congregation who had joined in the pursuit, a capture was effected, and Jack was ignominiously turned out, and the door closed upon him.

5. After the lapse of a few minutes, order and solemnity were restored in the church; and the prayers were commenced and ended without further disturbance. The minister, in due time, ascended to the pulpit. He gave out his text, and commenced a discourse calculated, no doubt, to be of much benefit to his hearers; but he had not proceeded far when he was interrupted by a loud noise, accompanied by rapping at the little window at the back of the pulpit.

6. Turning round, to ascertain the cause, he beheld our friend Jack pecking away at the window, flapping his wings against it, and screaming, at the top of his voice, "Here am I! here am I!"—a fact which no one could gainsay, or resist laughing at. The worthy minister, finding his own gravity and that of his congregation so entirely upset by what had occurred, brought his sermon to a speedy conclusion, and dismissed the congregation. Sentence of death was re-

corded against the offender; but, upon the petition of a number of the parishioners, it was commuted to banishment for life from the precincts of the church. Such is the story of friend Jack.

XXV. — ON THE TREATMENT OF BOOKS.

LŌTH, *a.*, reluctant; unwilling.

KNACK, *n.*, skill or dexterity.

SEIZE, *v. t.*, to take hold of.

KNUCK'LES, *n.*, joints of the fingers.

PŪR'TRAIT, *n.*, picture drawn from life.

MIS'CHIEF, *n.*, harm; injury.

EN-DEAV'OR, *n.*, effort; exertion.

PŪRT-FOL'IO, *n.*, a portable case for papers.

SE-CLU'SION, *n.*, a shutting out.

DE-LIN'QUENT, *n.*, an offender.

PRO-PRI'E-TOR, *n.*, an owner.

AT'MOS-PHERE (-fere), *n.*, the air encompassing the earth.

IL-LUS'TRI-OUS, *a.*, very distinguished.

Do not say *sence* for *since*; *vollum* for *vol'ume*; *steecout* for *stout*. Give the vocal sound (as in *breathe*) to *th* in *beneath*. Sound the *t* in the last syllable of *instincts*.

1. WHAT a world is the book world! What an illustrious companionship does it offer for the gratification of our social and spiritual instincts and likings! The great, the brave, the good; the oppressed and their deliverers; the sages, the instructors, the benefactors of mankind, in all ages, live again in books.

2. In books they reveal to us, in the seclusion of our chambers and firesides, what were the thoughts and motives of their secret lives; why they lived laborious days, and spurned the tempting delights of sense; what was the spiritual atmosphere in which they breathed; what the secret source of endeavor, never slackening till the goal was won.

3. Books, like men, have a two-fold nature. Paper, print, and binding, are their bodily substances, and the thoughts that breathe along their pages may be called their spirit. And since we would be lōth to abuse our living friend and benefactor, or his dead remains, we ought not to abuse a good book. That, in

the present day, books are cheap, is no reason why they should be cheaply estimated.

4. Some persons of our acquaintance are, we are sorry to say, grossly wanting in a reverence for books. Thus, one excellent gentleman never takes up a volume without grasping it firmly between finger and thumb of both hands, and twisting it suddenly, as it were, inside out, by bringing his knuckles together behind. He may thus break the back of the book, especially if it be in boards, or only bound in cloth.

5. Another of our friends has a knack of pulling at each leaf, as he reads it, and thumbing and pinching it, like a man in the paper market trying the stoutness of a sample. We happened, once, to take this gentleman with us into a shop where prints were sold. While we were turning over a portfolio, in search of a portrait, he opened another, of new prints, and began looking at them for pastime. The proprietor flew forward, and seized his arm, saying, "I will show you those prints, sir, with pleasure; but can not allow you to handle them."

6. Why not? Other gentlemen are handling prints."—"Pardon me,—you do not know what you are about," said the shop-keeper, as he tied up the portfolio. "Were I to suffer you to proceed, you would do two hundred dollars' worth of mischief in a quarter of an hour. You should handle no prints but your own."

7. The rebuke was perfectly just; and, like the delinquent in question, there are numbers of inconsiderate people, whose touch, albeit with fingers of the very cleanest, is ruin to a fine print or drawing, which, when once crumpled, or "kinked," as the dealers say, can never again be pressed flat, or offered for sale as new. Books in folio or in quarto, especially when illustrated, require as delicate handling as prints; and

those who maltreat them will find their error, should it ever become convenient to turn them into cash.

8. Some persons never lose the habit they acquired at the primary school, where they learned to spell "a, b, ab," and "b, a, ba"; and, to the end of their lives, hold their books by sheer force of thumb pressed between the margins at the foot of the page. If this class of persons read much, — which they never do, — their books would perish by the tortures of the thumb-screw.

9. Books should be handled tenderly. It should be remembered that their nerves and sinews are but sewing-thread and thin glue, and that they are *not* brickbats. They should never be forced open too wide; should not be swung by a single cover; not thumbed, like a child's primer; not folded down at the corners, to mark where the reader left off; not ground beneath the elbow; not consigned to the mercy of pitch-and-toss accidents.

10. When read, they should lie comfortably in the hollow of the hand, or rest on the table or reading-stand; and there is not really the slightest necessity for dropping a spoonful or two of bread-crumbs between the leaves. If they are good books (and if they are bad, the sooner the owner gets rid of them the better), they have a solid right to good treatment, and should have it.

11. It was a habit of Sir Peter Lely, the celebrated painter, never, if he could help it, to look at a bad picture; he having found, by experience, that whenever he did so he would unconsciously get something bad from it, which his pencil would reproduce. Apply Sir Peter's rule to bad books and bad company. "The knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom." There is no worse robber than a bad book.

XXVI.—THE GOOD TIME COMING.

IM'PULSE, *n.*, communicated force.
 WĒAP'ON, *n.*, instrument of offense.
 SLAUGH'TER, *n.*, butchery.

IN-IQ'UI-TY, *n.*, wickedness.
 TEM'PER-ATE, *a.*, calm ; sober.
 SU-PER-SEDE', *v. t.*, to take the place of.

Pronounce *glisten, glis'en*. 'T *will* is a contraction of *it will*. Do not say *comin* for *com'ing*. Mind the *ng* sound.

THERE 's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray
 Of the good time coming.
 Cannon balls may aid the truth,
 But thought 's a wĒapon stronger ;
 We 'll win our battle by its aid ; —
 Wait a little longer.

There 's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 The pen shall supersede the sword,
 And Right, not Might, shall be the lord,
 In the good time coming.
 Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
 And be acknowledged stronger ;
 The proper impulse has been given ; —
 Wait a little longer.

There 's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 War in all men's eyes shall be
 A monster of iniquity,
 In the good time coming.
 Nations shall not quarrel then,
 To prove which is the stronger ;
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake ; —
 Wait a little longer.

There 's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 The people shall be temperate,
 And shall love instead of hate,
 In the good time coming.
 They shall use, and not abuse,
 And make all virtue stronger :
 The reformation has begun ;—
 Wait a little longer.

There 's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 Let us aid it all we can,
 Every woman, every man,
 The good time coming.
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger ;
 'T will be strong enough one day ;—
 Wait a little longer.

CHARLES MACKAY.

XXVII. — SPEECH OF BLACK HAWK.

WAR'RIOR (war'yur), *n.*, a person engaged in war ; a soldier.
 AM'BUSH (the *u* as in bull), *n.*, the place or act of lying in wait.
 VICT'UALS (vit'tlz), *n. pl.*, food.
 DE-CEIT'FUL, *a.*, full of deceit.

TOM'A-HAWK, *n.*, an Indian hatchet.
 HYP'O-CRÏTE, *n.*, a dissembler.
 BULL'ET, *n.*, a ball for a gun.
 WAR'-WHOOF (-hoop); *n.*, the war-cry of the American Indians.
 DE-FRAT', *v. t.*, to overthrow.

Avold saying *pison* for *poi'son* (poi'zn) ; *caouncil* for *coun'cil* ; *caoward* for *cow'ard* ; *wuss* for *worse* (the *or* like *er* in *her*) ; *wite* for *white* ; *wiz* for *whiz*. The *th* in *with* has the vocal sound as in *breathe*.

1. You have taken me prisoner, with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to get you into an ambush ; but your last general understands Indian fighting. I determined to rush on you,

and fight you face to face. I fought hard; but your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter.

2. My warriors fell around me. I saw that my evil day was at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men. They will do with him as they wish.

3. But he can defy torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian. He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, against white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them, and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men,—known, to their shame. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak ill of the Indian, and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies. Indians do not steal.

4. An Indian bad as the white men could not live in our nation. He would be put to death, and be eaten up by wolves. The white men who come to us are bad schoolmasters. They carry false looks, and deal in false actions; they smile in the face of the poor Indian, to cheat him; they shake him by the hand, to gain his confidence, to make him drunk, and to deceive him. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they followed on, and beset our paths, and coiled themselves among us, like the snake, poisoning us by their touch.

5. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We

were becoming, like them, hypocrites and liars, — all talkers, and no workers. We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our Father, at Washington. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we obtained no satisfaction. Things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled; the springs were drying up, and our people were without victuals, to keep them from starving.

6. We called a great council, and made a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose, and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We all spoke before the council-fire. It was warm and pleasant. We uttered the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. His father will meet him there, and commend him. Black Hawk has done his duty.

7. He is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and his friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for his people. They will suffer. He laments their fate. The white men do not scalp heads; but they do worse, — they poison hearts. His countrymen will not be scalped, but they will, in a few years, become like the white men, so that you can not trust them; and there must be, as in the white settlements, nearly as many officers as men, to take care of them, and keep them in order.

8. Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He spilt the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped. He can do no more! He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!

XXVIII. — CATILINE EXPELLED.

SCHEME (skēme), *n.*, a plot.
 HÖRDE, *n.*, a wandering band.
 TRAITOR, *n.*, one who betrays trust.
 FEL'ON, *n.*, one guilty of a capital
 crime.
 RAP'INE, *n.*, act of plundering.
 FUL'MI-NATE, *v. t.*, to thunder.
 DIS'SO-LUTE, *a.*, loose.

AB'SO-LUTE, *a.*, complete; certain.
 MIS'CRE-ANT, *n.*, a vile wretch.
 GAR'RISON, *n.*, soldiers stationed in
 a fort or town.
 GLAD'I-A-TOR, *n.*, a sword-player.
 CON-GENI-AL, *a.*, of the same nature.
 AD'VER-SA-RY, *n.*, an enemy.
 TRÉACH'ER-Y, *n.*, breach of faith.

Do not say *rejine* for *re-join*; *just* for *first*. In *forti-tude*, *lux'u-ry*, *vir'tue*, *ab'so-lute*, *con-spic'u-ous*, &c., give the long or *y* sound to the *u*. In *open* the *e* is not sounded.

1. At length, Romans, we are rid of Catiline! We have driven him forth, drunk with fury, fulminating mischief, threatening to revisit us with fire and sword. He has gone; he has fled; he has escaped; he has broken away. No longer, within the very walls of the city, shall he plot her ruin.

2. We have forced him from secret schemes into open rebellion. The bad citizen is now the avowed traitor. His flight is the confession of his treason. Would that his attendants had not been so few! Be speedy, ye companions of his dissolute pleasures, — be speedy, and you may overtake him, before night, on the Aurelian road.

3. Let him not languish, deprived of your society. Haste to rejoin the congenial crew that compose his army; — his army, I say; for who can doubt that the army under Manlius expect Catiline for their leader? And such an army! Outcasts from honor, and fugitives from debt; gamblers and felons; miscreants, whose dreams are of rapine, murder, and conflagration!

4. Against these desperate troops of your adversary, prepare, O! Romans, your garrisons and armies. And first, to that maimed and battered gladiator oppose your consuls and generals. Next, against that

miserable outcast hōrde lead forth the strength and flower of all Italy!

5. On the one side chastity contends; on the other, wantonness; here purity, there pollution; here integrity, there treachery; here piety, there profanity; here constancy, there rage; here honesty, there baseness; here continence, there lust.

6. In short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, rashness; every virtue with every vice! And, lastly, the contest lies between well-grounded hope and absolute despair. In such a conflict, were every human aid to fail, would not Providence empower such conspicuous virtue to triumph over such complicated vice?

CICERO.*

XXIX.—THE CUSTOM OF DUELING.

CHAL'LENGE, *n.*, a summons to fight.
 UN-TIL', *prep.*, to the time that.
 TRIV'I-AL, *a.*, trifling; petty.
 LU'DI-CROUS, *a.*, laughable.
 AN-TAG'O-NIST, *n.*, an enemy.
 FE-RO'CIOUS, *a.*, fierce; cruel.

DE-PRAV'I-TY, *n.*, wickedness.
 RE-VOLT'ING, *a.*, shocking.
 OP-PO'NENT, *n.*, one who opposes.
 VIR'TU-AL-LY, *ad.*, effectually.
 IM-PER-TURB'A-BLE, *a.*, that can not be disturbed.

Pronounce *er* in *therefore* like *er* in *her*; *sword*, *sōrd*; *England*, *ing'land*; *clothes*, *klothz*. In *en-sue'*, *du'el*, *tu'tor*, give the long or *y* sound to the *u*. In *out*, *now*, *count'e-nance*, &c., give the pure sound of *ou*. Do not say *instid* for *in-stead*; *diff-kilty* for *dif'fi-cul-ty*; *presunt* for *pres'ent*; *drowned* for *drown'd*.

1. If two boys, who disagreed about a game of marbles or a penny tart, should, therefore, walk out by the river side, quietly take off their clothes, and, when they had got into the water, each try to keep the other's head down until one of them was drowned, we should, doubtless, think that these two boys were mad.

2. If, when the survivor returned to his school-fellows, they were to pat him on the shoulder, tell

* See page 32 for a brief account of the great Roman orator.

him he was a spirited fellow, and that if he had not tried the feat in the water they would never have played at marbles or any other game with him again, we should, doubtless, think that these boys were infected with a most revolting and disgusting depravity and ferociousness.

3. And yet society does both tolerate and encourage such depravity every day. Change the penny tart for some other trifle; instead of boys put men, and, instead of a river, a pistol, and we encourage it all. We virtually pat the survivor's shoulder, tell him he is a man of honor, and that we would never have dined with him again if he had not shot at his acquaintance.

4. For what trivial causes have men gone out to kill each other! A gentleman accidentally runs against another, in the street, or treads on his toe, in a crowd. Harsh words ensue; a challenge is given; and two human beings, who, perhaps, never met each other before, go out to see which can succeed in taking the other's life.

5. As civilization advances, and Christian principles prevail, dueling must be more and more discountenanced. The present law of England makes no distinction between the killing of a man in a duel and any other species of murder; and the seconds of both parties are also guilty of murder.

6. A ludicrous story is told of an affair which occurred in Paris, when duels were more frequent than now. Two Englishmen stepped into a coffee-house, and took their seats at a table. Near them, at another table, sat a tall, grave-looking man, who appeared to be deeply absorbed in studying a book.

7. Soon after the two Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived in Paris. At this the tall man with the serious coun-

tenance opened his mouth and spake. "I arrive," said he, "thou arrivest, he arrives; we arrive, ye or you arrive, they arrive."

8. The Englishman, whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious outbreak, stepped up to the stranger, and inquired, "Did you speak to me, sir?"—"I speak," replied the stranger, "thou speakest, he speaks; we speak, ye or you speak, they speak."

9. "How is this, sir?" exclaimed the Englishman, who now began to be seriously indignant. "You have the appearance of a gentleman. Do you mean to insult me?" To which the tall man responded, "I insult, thou insultest, he insults; we insult ye or you insult, they insult."

10. "This is too much!" said the Englishman. "I must have satisfaction. If you have any spirit to back your rudeness, come along with me." To this defiance the imperturbable stranger, putting his book in his pocket, replied, "I come, thou comest, he comes; we come, ye or you come, they come." And thereupon he rose, with great coolness, and followed his challenger.

11. In those days, when every gentleman wore a sword, duels were speedily dispatched. The hostile parties, on this occasion, went into a neighboring fencing saloon, and the Englishman, unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist, "Now, sir, you must fight me."—"I fight," replied the other, "thou fightest, he fights; we fight,"—here he made a thrust,— "ye or you fight, they fight;" and here he disarmed his opponent.

12. "Well," said the Englishman, "you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied."—"I am satisfied," replied the victor, "thou art satisfied, he is satisfied; we are satisfied; ye or you are satisfied, they are satisfied."—"I am glad every body is satisfied,"

said the puzzled Englishman; "but pray leave off quizzing me in this strange and unmerciful manner, and tell me what is your object, if you have any, in doing it."

13. The grave-looking gentleman now, for the first time, became intelligible. "I am a Dutchman," said he, "and am learning your language. The book you saw in my hand was an English Grammar. I find much difficulty in remembering the peculiarities of the verbs; and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do. I do not like to have my studies broken in upon, or I would have told you this before."

14. The Englishman laughed heartily at this explanation, and invited the conjugating Dutchman to dine with him and his friend. "I will dine," replied he, "thou wilt dine, he will dine; we will dine, ye or you will dine, they will dine, — we will all dine together!" This they accordingly did; and the first sentiment that was proposed was, "May all duels have as harmless a termination as ours!"

XXX.—THE HIGHEST CATARACT IN THE WORLD.

SHEER, *a.*, clear; perpendicular.
 FISURE, *n.*, a cleft.
 BASIN, *n.*, a hollow place; a dish.
 GRANITE, *n.*, a hard rock.
 NODULE, *n.*, a small knot.
 SYCAMORE, *n.*, a tree.
 SERPENTINE, *a.*, winding; spiral.

OPULENCE, *n.*, wealth; riches.
 COMPARABLE, *a.*, worthy to be compared.
 GEOLOGY, *n.*, the science which treats of the structure of the earth.
 COMPLEXITY, *n.*, state of being complex or intricate.

Pronounce *Yosemite*, *Yo-sem'i-te*; *Sierra*, *Se-er'ra*; *a* in *Ne-va'da* like *a* in *father*, *s* in *lux-u'ri-ant* like *gz*; *th* in *beneath* and in *paths* vocal as in *breathe*; *toward*, *toward*; *basin*, *ba'sn*. Do not say *eastun* for *east'ern*; *opposite* for *op-po-site*; *medder* for *mead'ow*.

1. THE Yo-Semite valley, in California, is a pass about ten miles long. At its eastern extremity it

leads into three narrower passes, each of which extends several miles, winding, by the wildest paths, into the heart of the Sierra Nevada chain of mountains. For seven miles of the main valley, which varies in width from three quarters of a mile to a mile and a half, the walls on either side are from two thousand to nearly five thousand feet above the road, and are nearly perpendicular. From these walls, rocky splinters, a thousand feet in height, start up, and, every winter, drop a few hundred tons of granite, to adorn the base of the rampart with picturesque ruin.

2. The valley is of such irregular width, and bends so much, and often so abruptly, that there is great variety and frequent surprise in the forms and combinations of the overhanging rocks, as one rides along the bank of the stream. The patches of luxuriant meadow, with their dazzling green, and the grouping of the superb firs, two hundred feet high, that skirt them, and that shoot above the stout and graceful oaks and sycamores, through which the horse-path winds, are delightful rests of sweetness and beauty amid the threatening awfulness.

3. The Merced, which flows through the main pass, is a noble stream, a hundred feet wide and ten feet deep. It is formed chiefly of the streams that leap and rush through the narrower passes, and it is swollen, also, by the bounty of the marvelous waterfalls that pour down from the ramparts of the wider valley. The sublime poetry of Hab'akkuk is needed to describe the impression, and, perhaps, the geology, of these mighty fissures: "Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers."

4. At the foot of the break-neck declivity of nearly three thousand feet, by which we reach the banks of the Merced, we are six miles from the hotel; and every rod of the ride awakens wonder, awe, and a solemn

joy. As we approach the hotel, and turn toward the opposite bank of the river, what is that

“ Which ever sounds and shines,
A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs aloof descried ” ?

That, reader, is the highest waterfall in the world, the Yo-Semite cataract, nearly twenty-five hundred feet in its plunge, dashing from a break or depression in a cliff thirty-two hundred feet sheer.

5. A writer, who visited this valley in September, calls the cataract a mere tape-line of water dropped from the sky. Perhaps it is so, toward the close of the dry season; but as we saw it, the blended majesty and beauty of it, apart from the general sublimities of the Yo-Semite gorge, would repay a journey of a thousand miles. There was no deficiency of water. It was a powerful stream, thirty-five feet broad, fresh from the Nevada, that made the plunge from the brow of the awful precipice.

6. At the first leap it clears fourteen hundred and ninety-seven feet; then it tumbles down a series of steep stairways four hundred and two feet, and then makes a jump to the meadows five hundred and eighteen feet more. The three pitches are in full view, making a fall of more than twenty-four hundred feet.

7. But it is the upper and highest cataract that is most wonderful to the eye, as well as most musical. The cliff is so sheer that there is no break in the body of the water during the whole of its descent of more than a quarter of a mile. It pours in a curve, from the summit, fifteen hundred feet, to the basin that hoards it but a moment for the cascades that follow.

8. And what endless complexities and opulence of beauty in the forms and motions of the cataract! It is comparatively narrow at the top of the precipice,

although, as we said, the tide that pours over is thirty-five feet broad. But it widens as it descends, and curves a little on one side as it widens; so that it shapes itself, before it reaches its first bowl of granite, into the figure of a comet. More beautiful than the comet, however, we can see the substance of this watery loveliness ever renew itself, and ever pour itself away.

9. The cataract seems to shoot out a thousand serpentine heads or knots of water, which wriggle down deliberately through the air, and expend themselves in mist before half the descent is over. Then a new set burst from the body and sides of the fall, with the same fortune on the remaining distance; and thus the most charming fretwork of watery nodules, each trailing its vapory train for a hundred feet or more, is woven all over the cascade, which swings, now and then, thirty feet each way, on the mountain side, as if it were a pendulum of watery lace. Once in a while, too, the wind manages to get back of the fall, between it and the cliff, and then it will whirl it round and round, for two or three hundred feet, as if to try the experiment of twisting it to wring it dry.

10. Of course I visited the foot of the lowest fall of the Yo-Semite, and looked up through the spray, five hundred feet, to its crown. And I tried to climb to the base of the first or highest cataract, but lost my way among the steep, sharp rocks; for there is only one line by which the cliff can be scaled. But no nearer view that I found, or heard described, is comparable with the picture, from the hotel, of the Comet-Curve of the upper cataract, fifteen hundred feet high, and the two falls immediately beneath it, in which the same water leaps to the level of the quiet Merced.

REV. T. S. KING.

XXXI.—THE KEEPING OF THE BRIDGE.

STRAIGHT (*strāte*), *a.*, not crooked ;—
ad., directly ; in the shortest time.
 CREST, *n.*, an ornament on a helmet.
 QUOTH (*kwōth*), *v.* *is defective*, said.
 ERE (like *ere* in *there*), *ad.*, before.
 DAUNT'LESS (*au* as in *father*), *a.*, fear-
 less.

VAN'GUARD, *n.*, first line of an army.
 LE'VEYER, *n.*, bar for raising weights.
 DEIGN'ING, *ppr.*, condescending.
 A-THEWART', *prep.*, across.
 HAR'NESS, *n.*, armor ; furniture for a
 horse.
 GÖR'Y, *a.*, stained with clotted blood.

In *cap'tain*, *villain*, &c., give *ai* the sound of short *i*. Do not say *bi'ing* for *boi'ing*.

It is recorded in the annals of ancient Rome that Horatius, assisted by Larcius and Herminius, defended the Sublician Bridge, over the Tiber, against the whole Etruscan army, under *Por'sena*, while the Romans broke down the bridge behind the "dauntless Three." When the work was nearly finished, Horatius sent back his two companions. As soon as the bridge was quite destroyed, he plunged into the stream, and swam across to the city in safety, amid the arrows of the enemy.

1. Out spake the Consul roundly :
 "The bridge must straight go down ;
 For, since Janic'ulum * is lost,
 Naught else can save the town."
 Then out spake brave Hora'tius,
 The Captain of the Gate :
 "To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his gods ?
2. "Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed you may ;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon straight path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now, who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me ?"

* One of the hills of ancient Rome, from which it was separated by the river Tiber. *Por'sena* took the fort of Janiculum, and compelled the Romans to retreat, over the bridge, into the city.

3. Then out spake Spu'rius Lar'tius, --
 A Ram'nian * proud was he : —
 "Lo, I will stand on thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee."
 And out spake strong Hermin'ius, --
 Of Tatian blood was he : —
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."
4. "Horatius," quoth the Consul,
 "As thou say'st, so let it be."
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless three.
 For Romans, in Rome's quarrel,
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.
5. The three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose.
 But soon Etruria's noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses,
 In the path the dauntless three!
6. Meanwhile the ax and lever
 Have manfully been plied,
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Hora'tius!"
 Loud cried the Fathers † all;
 "Back, Lar'tius! back, Hermin'ius!
 Back, ere the ruin fall!"

* Romulus divided the Romans into three tribes, called Rhamnenses, Tatienses, and Lucerenses.

† The Roman Senators were called Fathers, or Conscrip Fathers.

7. Back darted Spu'rius Lartius ;
 Herminius darted back ;
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the further shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.
8. But, with a crash like thunder,
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream ;
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.
9. Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind ;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 "Down with him !" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
 "Now yield thee !" cried Lars* Por'sena,
 "Now yield thee to our grace."
10. Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see ;
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus naught spake he ;
 But he saw on Palati'nus
 The white porch of his home ;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome :
11. "O Tiber ! Father Tiber !
 To whom the Romans pray !

* In the Etruscan language *Lars* meant "mighty chief," or lord.

A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day ! ”
 So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And, with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

12. No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank ;
 But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank ;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.
8. “ Out on him ! ” quoth false Sextus ;
 “ Will not the villain drown ?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town ! ” —
 “ Heaven help him ! ” quoth Lars Por'sena,
 “ And bring him safe to shore ;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.”
14. And now the ground he touches,
 Now on dry earth he stands ;
 Now round him throng the Fathers,
 To press his gory hands ;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

LORD MACAULAY. (1800—1860.)

XXXII. — SPECIAL EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION.

PART I.

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| <p>CLAUSE (klauz), <i>n.</i>, a separate member of a sentence.</p> <p>STRESS, <i>n.</i>, force; weight.</p> <p>COUP'LET (küp'let), <i>n.</i>, two verses.</p> <p>SPE'CIAL (spësh'al), <i>a.</i>, designed for a particular purpose.</p> <p>PEER'AGE, <i>n.</i>, the class of peers.</p> <p>AP-PRO'PRI-ATE, <i>a.</i>, fit.</p> | <p>DIS-PERSE', <i>v. t.</i>, to scatter; to dispel.</p> <p>PROM'I-NENT, <i>a.</i>, standing out.</p> <p>AR'BI-TRARY, <i>a.</i>, absolute; governed by will only.</p> <p>IN-VIS'I-BLE, <i>a.</i>, not to be seen.</p> <p>TRAG'E-DY (traj'e-dy), <i>n.</i>, a dramatic poem; a fatal event.</p> |
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Pronounce *Mirabeau*, Mir'a-bo. Do not say *emphasis* for *em'pha-sis* (*em'fa-sis*); *spiled* for *spoiled*; *do* for *dûe*; *particular* for *par-ti-cu-lar*. *Re'al-ty* is in three syllables. Do not call it *reely*. In *certain*, *cap'tain*, *crun'tain*, &c., *ai* has the sound of short *i*.

1. ARTICULATION is the correct formation, by the organs of speech, of certain sounds. Every word of more than one syllable is distinguished by the more forcible utterance, called accent, of *one* particular syllable, and the lighter utterance of the other, or others. The following words afford examples of accent: A com'pound, to com-pound'; an ac'cent, to ac-cent'; blas'phe-mous, blas-phêm'ing; com-mand'er, com-mandant'.

2. Pronunciation is the utterance of words with those vowel and consonant sounds, and that accent, which the best usage has established. Thus, pronunciation teaches us to say, *ve'he-ment* instead of *ve-he-ment*; *mis'chiev-ous* instead of *mis-chiev'ous*; and to sound the *ou* in *group* and *soup* like *o* in *move*, instead of like *ou* in *house*. The correct pronunciation of words can be best learnt by reference to the dictionary.

3. Pronunciation properly includes articulation. "In just articulation," says Austin, "the words are not hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable. They are delivered out from the lips, as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately im-

pressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs; distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight."

4. Inflections of the voice are those upward and downward slides in tone, by which we express either the suspension or the completion of the meaning of what we utter. Read the following sentence: "As trees and plants necessarily arise from seeds, so are you, An'tony, the seed of this most calamitous war." Here the voice slides up at the end of the first clause, at *seeds*, as the sense is not perfected, and slides down at the completion of the sense, at the word *war*, where the sentence ends. •

5. Emphasis is that peculiar stress which we lay upon particular words, to bring out their meaning or importance more directly. Thus, in the following couplet from Pope, there is an example of emphasis:

"Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill."

Here the words *writing* and *judging* are opposed to each other, and are, therefore, the emphatical words.

6. Another example: "When a Persian soldier was reviling Alexander the Great, an officer reprimanded him, by saying, Sir, you were paid to fight against Alexander, and not to rail at him." Here the reader who fully comprehends the force and meaning of the sentence, will not go astray in laying stress on the prominent words. We may apply the same remark to the following couplet, by Cowper:

"A modest, sensible, and well-bred man
Would not insult me, and no other can."

7. Arbitrary rules are of little value in teaching to read. If you fully understand and feel what you are reading,—if you can pronounce all the words correctly, and if you have acquired facility of utterance

by practice,—you will be likely to read aright. “Probably not a single instance,” says Archbishop Whately, “could be found, of any one who has attained, by the study of any system of instruction, a really good delivery; but there are many—probably nearly as many as have fully tried the experiment—who have by this means been totally spoiled.”

8. In familiar discourse we rarely fail to place the emphasis properly; and this is because we fully understand what we are saying. In order, therefore, to give the right emphasis to what we read aloud, we should acquaint ourselves with the meaning and construction of every sentence; for emphasis is, as it were, the invisible *gesticulation* of the mind through the voice, and all rules must give way to it.

9. Dispose the emphasis aright in the following sentence: “The pleasures of the imagination are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding.” In this example, the emphatic words, *gross* and *refined*, are opposed to each other, and contrasted with *sense* and *understanding*.

“He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.”

Here three emphatic words in the first line are opposed to three in the second.

10. In the following passage, from Addison’s tragedy of “Cato,” the italicized words ought to be the most emphatic; and the parenthetical clause ought to be spoken in a lower tone of voice, and with a more rapid utterance, than the principal sentence; a slight pause, both before and after the parenthesis, being appropriate.

“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.”

11. The reply of Mirabeau, to the messenger of the king, who had ordered the French National Assembly to disperse, presents two emphatic words, which the reader who comprehends and feels the speech will not be slow to detect: "Go say to those who sent you, that we are here by the power of the people, and that we will not be driven hence save by the power of the bayonet."

12. The following passage, in the reply of Lord Thurlow to the Duke of Grafton, contains at least eight prominently emphatic words: "No one venerates the Peerage more than *I* do; but, my lords, I must say that the Peerage solicited *me*,—not *I* the Peerage. Nay, more,—I can say, and *will* say, that, as a peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honorable House, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England,—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny *me*,—as a *man*,—I am, at this moment, as *respectable*—I beg leave to add, as much *respected*—as the proudest peer I now look down upon."

13. Few positive rules for reading can be laid down, to which many unforeseen exceptions can not be taken. "Give the *sense* of what you read," says Mr. Knowles. "*Mind* is the thing. Pauses are essential only where the omission would obscure the sense. The orator who, in the act of delivering himself, is studiously solicitous about parceling his words, is sure to leave the best part of his work undone. He delivers words, not thoughts. Deliver thoughts, and words will take care enough of themselves,—providing always that you have acquired the proper accuracy in pronunciation."

XXXIII.—THE SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND.

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| <p>SIEGE (seej), <i>n.</i>, the besetting of a place with troops.</p> <p>SERVILE, <i>a.</i>, slavish; cringing.</p> <p>BĒS'TIAL, <i>a.</i>, like a beast.</p> <p>SOR'DID, <i>a.</i>, foul; covetous.</p> <p>BOM-BARD', <i>v. t.</i>, to attack with bombs.</p> <p>FO-MENT', <i>v. t.</i>, to excite with heat.</p> <p>IN'CU-BUS, <i>n.</i>, the nightmare.</p> | <p>IN-CUL'GATE, <i>v. t.</i>, to urge upon by frequent repetition.</p> <p>DE-VEL'OP, <i>v. t.</i>, to uncover.</p> <p>ES-SEN'TIAL, <i>a.</i>, necessary; pure.</p> <p>DE-MŪR'AL-IZ-ING, <i>a.</i>, tending to destroy moral principles.</p> <p>MAG-NA-NIM'I-TY, <i>n.</i>, greatness of mind; generosity.</p> |
|---|--|

Avoid saying *wuss* for *worse*; *exhibit* for *ex-hib'it*; *tremendous* for *tre-men'dous*. Sound *er* in *prop'er-ty*, *en'er-gy*, *lib'er-ty*, &c.

1. If we are not fully prepared for war, let the sublime fact be soon exhibited, that a free and valiant nation, with our numbers, and a just cause, is always a powerful nation,—is always ready to defend its essential rights. In the Congress of 1774, among other arguments used to prevent a war, and discourage separation from Great Britain, the danger of having our towns battered down and burnt was zealously urged.

2. The venerable Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, rose and replied to it in these memorable words: "Our seaport towns, Mr. President, are composed of brick and wood. If they are destroyed, we have clay and timber enough in our country to rebuild them. But, if the liberties of our country are destroyed, where shall we find the materials to replace *them*?"

3. During the siege of Boston, General Washington consulted Congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town. Mr. Hancock was then President of Congress. After General Washington's letter was read, a solemn silence ensued. This was broken by a member making a motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee of the whole, in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion upon the important sub-

ject, as he was so deeply interested, from having all his estate in Boston.

4. After he left the chair, he addressed the chairman of the committee of the whole in the following words: "It is true, sir, nearly all the property I have in the world is in houses, and other real estate, in the town of Boston; but if the expulsion of the British army from it, and the liberties of our country, require their being burnt to ashes, *issue the order for that purpose immediately.*"

5. What inspiring lessons of duty do examples like these inculcate! War, fellow-citizens, is a great evil; but not the greatest of evils. Submission to injustice is worse. Loss of honor is worse. A peace purchased by mean and inglorious sacrifices is worse. That sordid or that self-indulgent spirit, which would lead a man to prize the satisfactions of avarice or of worldly ease above country, above manliness, above freedom, is worse, far worse.

6. I am no apologist of war. I hate and deplore it. It should be the last resort of nations. It should be shunned on every principle, Christian and humane. It brings tremendous evils in its train. It fomented some of the vilest passions of our nature, even as it often develops the most heroic virtues. If the money lavished in keeping up great naval and military establishments were spent in employing labor, and educating the people, how much good might be effected, how much evil might be prevented!

7. But an ignoble peace may be even more demoralizing than a sanguinary war. It may corrupt all the springs of a people's energy and magnanimity. It may make them servile, sensual, selfish. It may be such an incubus on a nation's character, that every true patriot must feel crushed and degraded under its weight, till he could almost exclaim, with disgraced

Cassio, "O! I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bēstial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!"

BROWN. (1812.)

XXXIV. — SUNRISE ON MOUNT ETNA.

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|--|--|
| CA-TA'NI-A, n., a town on the east coast of Sicily. | IM-PLIC'IT (im-plis'it), a., wrapped up in; trusting to another. |
| DE-CLIV'I-TY, n., a slope. | PLAS'TIC, a., giving form. |
| PROG'E-NY (prōj'e-ny), n., offspring. | CHA'OS (ka'os), n., a confused mass. |
| E-RUP'TION, n., a breaking forth. | PĀR'AL-LĒL, n., a line equally distant at all points from another line; a resemblance. |
| LA'VA, n., the melted matter which flows from a volcano. | SCĒN'ER-Y, n., the objects that make up a scene or view. |
| VOL-CĀ'NO, n., a burning mountain. | DE-SCRY', v. t., to see at a distance. |
| AR-O-MAT'IC, a., fragrant; spicy. | DI-VER'SI-TY, n., difference. |
| DIS-SIM'I-LAR, a., unlike. | |
| SEP'A-RATE, v. t., to disjoin; to part. | |

Pronounce *Alicudi*, *Al-e-coo'de*. The *ph* in *atmosphers* has the sound of *f*. Do not say *trax* for *tracts*. *Perfume*, the noun, has the accent on the first syllable, to distinguish it from the verb *per-fume*'.

1. AT daybreak, we set off from Cata'nia, to visit Mount Etna, that venerable and respectable father of mountains. His base and his immense declivities are covered with a numerous prōgeny of his own; for every great eruption produces a new mountain, and perhaps by the number of these, better than by any other method, the number of eruptions, and the age of Etna itself, might be ascertained. The whole mountain is divided into three distinct regions, called the fertile, the woody, and the barren region. These three are as different, both in climate and productions, as the three zones of the earth, and, perhaps, with equal propriety, might have been styled the Torrid, the Temperate, and the Frigid Zone.

2. The first region surrounds the mountain, and constitutes the most fertile country in the world,

It extends to the distance of fourteen or fifteen miles, where the woody region begins. It is composed almost entirely of lava, which, after a number of ages, is at last converted into the most fertile of all soils. After leaving Nicolò'si, twelve miles up the mountain, in an hour and a half's traveling, over barren ashes and lava, we arrived on the confines of the woody region, or temperate zone. As soon as we came to these delightful forests, we seemed to have entered another world. The air, which before was sultry and hot, was now cool and refreshing; and every breeze was loaded with a thousand perfumes, the whole ground being covered with the richest aromatic plants. Many parts of this region are surely the most delightful spots upon earth.

3. This mountain unites every beauty and every horror, and the most opposite and dissimilar objects in nature. Here you observe a gulf, that formerly threw out torrents of fire, now covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, and from an object of terror become one of delight. Here you gather the most delicious fruit, rising from what was but lately a barren rock. Here the ground is covered with flowers; and we wander over these beauties, and contemplate this wilderness of sweets, without considering that, under our feet, but a few yards separate us from lakes of liquid fire and brimstone.

4. But our astonishment still increases, upon raising our eyes to the higher region of the mountain. There we behold, in perpetual union, the two elements which are at perpetual war,—an immense gulf of fire, forever existing in the midst of snows, which it has not power to melt; and immense fields of snow and ice, forever surrounding this gulf of fire, which they have not power to extinguish. The woody region of Etna ascends for about eight or nine miles, and forms a

zone or girdle, of the brightest green, all around the mountain.

5. This night we passed through little more than half of it, arriving some time before sunset at our lodging, which was a large cave, formed by one of the most ancient eruptions. Here we were delighted with the contemplation of many beautiful objects, the prospect on all sides being immense; and we already seemed to have been lifted from the earth. After a comfortable sleep, and other refreshments, at eleven o'clock at night we recommenced our expedition.

6. Our guide now began to display his great knowledge of the mountain, and we followed him with implicit confidence where, perhaps, human foot had never trod before; sometimes through gloomy forests, which by day were delightful, but now, from the universal darkness, the rustling of the trees, the heavy, dull bellying of the mountain, the vast expanse of ocean stretched at an immense distance below us, inspired a kind of awful horror.

7. Sometimes we found ourselves ascending great rocks of lava, where, if our mules should make but a false step, we might be thrown headlong over the precipice. However, by the assistance of our guide, we overcame all these difficulties, and in two hours we had ascended above the region of vegetation, and had left far below the forests of Etna, which now appeared like a dark and gloomy gulf surrounding the mountain.

8. The prospect before us was of a very different nature. We beheld an expanse of snow and ice, which alarmed us exceedingly, and almost staggered our resolution. In the center of this we descried the high summit of the mountain, rearing its tremendous head, and vomiting out torrents of smoke. The ascent, for some time, was not steep, and, as the surface of the

snow sank a little, we had tolerably good footing; but, as it soon began to grow steeper, we found our labor greatly increased.

9. However, we determined to persevere, calling to mind, in the midst of our labor, that the Emperor Adrian and the philosopher Plato had undergone the same; and from a like motive, too,—to see the rising sun from the top of Etna. At this point we at length arrived. But here description must ever fall short; for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene; neither is there, on the surface of this globe, any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects.

10. The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single point, without any neighboring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon, and recover from their astonishment, in their way down to the world; this point, or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf, as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island; the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity, and the most beautiful scenery in nature, with the rising sun advancing in the east to illumine the wondrous scene,—formed a combination to which I do not know a parallel.

11. The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and showed, dimly and faintly, the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos; and light and darkness seemed still undivided, till the morning, by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from which no ray was reflected to show their form or colors, appear a new creation

rising to the sight, and catching life and beauty from every increasing beam.

12. The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides, till the sun, like the great Creator, appears in the east, and with his plastic rays completes the mighty scene. All appears enchantment, and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to the sublimity of such a scene, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it. The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracts both of sea and land intervening. The islands of Lip'ari, Pana'ri, Alicu'di, Strom'boli, and Volca'no, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet.

13. You look down on the whole of Sicily, as on a map, and can trace every river, through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side, nor is there any one object within the circle of vision to interrupt it; so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity; and I am persuaded it is only from the imperfection of our organs that the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon. The circumference of the visible horizon, on the top of Etna, can not be less than two thousand miles.

14. The highest point of the mountain is 10,874 feet above the level of the sea. About eleven hundred feet from the summit there is an irregular plane, estimated to be nine miles in circumference, and from this plane rises the steep terminating cone, at the top of which is the great crater or opening, continually throwing out sulphureous vapors, and which is so hot that it is very dangerous to go down into it.

PATRICK BRYDONE. (1743—1818.)

XXXV.—WHERE IS HE?

WEND, *v. i.* and *t.*, to go.VAL'LEY, *n.*, a hollow between hills.RA'DI-ANCE, *n.*, sparkling luster.FA'VOR-ITE, *a.*, regarded with favor.Do not say *were*, *wisper*, &c., for *where*, *whis'per*, &c. Heed the aspirate.

Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?—JOB xiv. 10.

“AND where is he?” Not by the side
 Of her whose wants he loved to tend;
 Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
 Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend.
 That form beloved he marks no more,
 Those scenes admired no more shall see;
 Those scenes are lovely as before,
 And *she* as fair, but where is *he*?

No, no! the radiance is not dim,
 That used to gild his favorite hill;
 The pleasures that were dear to him
 Are dear to life and nature still.
 But, ah! his home is not as fair;
 Neglected must his garden be;
 The lilies droop and wither there,
 And seem to whisper, Where is he?

His was the pomp, the crowded hall;
 But where is now the proud display?
His, riches, honors, pleasures,—all,
 Desire could frame; but where are they?
 And he, as some tall rock that stands,
 Protected by the circling sea,
 Surrounded by admiring bands,
 Seemed proudly strong; and where is he?

The church-yard bears an added stone;
 The fire-side shows a vacant chair;
 Here Sadness dwells, and weeps alone;
 And Death displays his banner there!

The life has gone ; the breath has fled ;
 And what has been, no more shall be ;
 The well-known form, the welcome tread, —
 O ! where are they ? and where is he ?

HENRY NEELE. (1798—1828.)

XXXVI. — THE RETORT.

CRAFT, *n.*, manual art.
 FAIN, *ad.*, gladly.

CON-CEIVE', *v. t.*, to form in the mind.
 LIV'N'-HOOD, *n.*, means of living.

ONE day, a rich man, flushed with pride and wine, —

Sitting with guests at table, all quite merry, —

Conceived it would be vastly fine

To crack a joke upon his secretary.

“ Young man,” said he, “ by what art, craft, or trade,

Did your good father earn his livelihood ? ” —

‘ He was a saddler, sir,” the young man said ;

“ And in his line was always reckoned good.”

‘ A saddler, eh ? and had you stuffed with Greek,

Instead of teaching you like *him* to do !

And pray, sir, why did not your father make

A saddler, too, of you ? ”

At this each flatterer, as in duty bound,

The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.

At length, the secretary, bowing low,

Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),

“ Sir, by your leave, I fain would know

Your father's trade.”

“ *My father's trade ?* Why, sir, but that's too bad !

My father's trade ? Why, blockhead, art thou mad ?

My father, sir, was never brought so low :

He was a gentleman, I'd have you know ! ”

“ Indeed ! excuse the liberty I take ;

But, if your story's true,

How happened it your father did not make

A gentleman of you ? ”

XXXVII.—MARCO BOZZARIS.

SENTRY, *n.*, a soldier on guard.MOS'LEM, *n.*, a Mohammedan.COMRADE, *n.*, a companion.SA'BER or SA'ERE, *n.*, a short sword.NURY'URE, *v. t.*, to feed; to bring up.MOUNTA'IN (mount'ain), *n.*, a high hill.

Marco Bozzaris fell, in a night attack on the Turkish camp, at Laspi, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. Pronounce the *s* in *Boz-zar'is* like *s* in *far*.

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. * * *

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Su'liote band,
True, as the steel of their tried blades, —
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plataea's day;
And now these breathed that haunted air —
The sons of sires who conquered there —
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they!

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentry's shriek,
"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!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well ;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
 They conquered — 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.

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. HALLECK.

XXXVIII. — ON RECONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.

RE-PEAL, *v. t.*, to make void.
 RE-TRACT, *v. t.*, to take back.
 AL-LAY, *v. t.*, to repress ; to check.
 FOR’EIGN (for’en), *a.*, belonging to
 another nation or country.
 CON-CES’SION, *n.*, act of yielding.
 AL’IEN-ATE (âl’yên-âte), *v. t.*, to
 transfer to another ; to estrange.
 EX-TOR’TION, *n.*, unlawful exaction.

RE-MOVAL, *n.*, act of removing.
 OB’VI-OUS, *a.*, easily discovered.
 DEL’E-GATE, *n.*, one sent to act for
 others.
 COM-PLI-CA’TION, *n.*, an entanglement.
 UL’TI-MATE-LY, *ad.*, finally.
 POL’I-CY, *n.*, management of public
 affairs.
 DES’POT-ISM, *n.*, absolute power.

In *acts, subjects, &c.*, sound the *t*. Do not say *civil* for *civîl*.

1. AMERICA can not be reconciled — she ought not to be reconciled — till the troops of Britain are withdrawn. How can she trust you, with the bayonet at her breast? How can she suppose that you mean less than bondage or death? It is not repealing this or that act of Parliament, — it is not repealing a piece of parchment, — that can restore America to our bosom.

2. You must repeal her fears and her resentments; and you may then hope for her love and gratitude. But now, insulted with an armed force posted at Boston, irritated with a hostile array before her eyes, her concessions, if you *could* force them, would be suspicious and insecure,—the dictates of fear, and the extortions of force!

3. But it is more than evident that, principled and united as they are, you can not force the Americans to your unworthy terms of submission. Repeal, therefore, my lords, I say! But bare repeal will not satisfy this enlightened and spirited people. You must go through the work. You must declare you have no right to tax. Then they may trust you.

4. There is no time to be lost. Every moment is big with dangers. While I am speaking, the decisive blow may be struck, and millions involved in the consequence. The very first drop of blood shed in a civil and unnatural war will make a wound which years, perhaps ages, may not heal.

5. When your lordships look at the papers transmitted to 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. I must declare and avow, that, in the master states of the world, I know not the people nor the senate who, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the delegates of America, assembled in General Congress at Philadelphia. For genuine sagacity, for singular moderation, for solid wisdom, manly spirit, sublime sentiments, and simplicity of language,—for every thing respectable and honorable,—they stand unrivaled.

6. 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. This wise people speak out. They do not hold the language of slaves. They tell you what they mean. They do not ask you to repeal your laws as a favor. They claim it as a right; they demand it. They tell you they will not submit to them. And I tell you the acts must be repealed. We shall be forced ultimately to retract.

7. Let us retract while we can, not when we must. 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.* Avoid, then, this humiliating, this disgraceful necessity.

8. Every motive 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. 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 the maturity of your errors!

9. 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 the crown, but I will affirm that they will make his crown not worth his wearing. I will not say that the king is betrayed, but I will pronounce that the kingdom is undone!

LORD CHATHAM. (1708—1778.)

* This prediction was verified. After a three years' fruitless war, the repeal of the offensive acts was sent out as a peace-offering to the Colonies; but it was too late. The speech from which our extracts are made was delivered in the House of Lords, January 20, 1776, on a motion to withdraw the British troops from Boston.

XXXIX.—I WILL TRY.

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|---|---|
| <p>PAL'LET, <i>n.</i>, a painter's color-board for the hand.</p> <p>CAN'VAS, <i>n.</i>, a coarse cloth.</p> <p>COS'TUME, <i>n.</i>, style of dress.</p> <p>DE-TER', <i>v. t.</i>, to stop by fear.</p> <p>A-DO' (a-doo'), <i>n.</i>, trouble ; <i>stia</i></p> <p>MA-TURE', <i>a.</i>, ripe ; full-grown.</p> | <p>ART'I-SAN (art'e-zan), <i>n.</i>, a person skilled in any art.</p> <p>MIN'IA-TURE (min'e-tür), <i>n.</i>, a small likeness or picture.</p> <p>THEOR'OUGH-LY (thür'ro-ly), <i>ad.</i>, with completeness ; fully.</p> <p>OB-LITER-ATE, <i>v. t.</i>, to blot out.</p> |
|---|---|

Do not say *costoom*, *pictor*, *dook*, &c. Heed the *y* sound of long *u*.

1. THERE is a society in London known as the Society of Arts. Its object is the encouragement of talent in the various departments of art. Prizes are awarded by the society, sometimes to painters for their pictures, and sometimes to humble artisans for improvements in weaving, or in the manufacture of bönnets, lace, or artificial flowers.

2. More than half a century ago, a little fellow, named William Ross, not twelve years of age, was talking with his mother about an exhibition of paintings at the society's rooms. William was very fond of paintings, and could himself draw and color with remarkable skill. "Look you, William," said his mother ; "I saw some paintings in the exhibition which did not seem to me half as good as some of yours."

3. "Do you really think so, mother?" asked he. — "I am sure of it," she replied. "I saw paintings inferior, both in color and drawing, to some that are hanging in your little chamber." William knew that his mother was no flatterer, and he said, "I have a mind to ask permission to hang one or two of my paintings on the walls, at the next exhibition." — "Why not try for one of the prizes?" asked his mother.

4. "O! mother dear, do you think I should stand any chance of success?" said William. — "Nothing

venture, nothing have," said his mother. "You can but try." — "And I *will* try, mother dear," said William. "I have a historical subject in my head, out of which I think I can make a picture." — "What is it, William?"

5. "The death of Wat Tyler. You have heard of him? He led a mob in the time of Richard the Second. Having behaved insolently before the king, at Smithfield, Tyler was struck down by Walworth, Mayor of London, and then killed by the king's attendants."

6. "It is a bold subject, William; but I will say nothing to deter you from trying it." — "If I fail, mother, where will be the harm? I can try again." — "To be sure you can, William. So we will not be disappointed should you not succeed in winning the silver pallet offered by the society for the best historical painting."

7. Without more ado, little William went to work. He first acquainted himself with the various costumes of the year 1381. He learnt how the king and the noblemen used to dress, and what sort of clothes were worn by the poor people and laborers, to which class Wat Tyler belonged. He also learnt what sort of weapons were carried in those days.

8. After having given some time to the study of these things, he acquainted himself thoroughly with the historical incidents attending the death of the bold rioter. He grouped, in imagination, the persons who were present at the scene, — the king and his attendants, Walworth, the mayor, Wat Tyler himself, and, in the background, some of his ruffianly companions.

9. The difficulty now was to select that period of the action best fitted for a picture, and to group the figures in attitudes the most natural and expressive. Many times did little William make a sketch of the

scene on paper, and then obliterate it, dissatisfied with his work. At times he almost despaired of accomplishing any thing that should do justice to the conception in his mind. But, after many trials and many failures, he completed a sketch which he decided to transfer to canvas.

10. He now labored diligently at his task, and took every opportunity to improve himself in a knowledge of colors and their effects. At length the day for handing in his picture arrived. He then had to wait a month before there was any decision as to its merits. On the day appointed for the announcement of the decision many persons of distinction were present, including ladies. The meeting was presided over by the Duke of Norfolk.

11. William's mother was present, of course. She sat waiting the result, with a beating heart. What a proud mother she was when, after the transaction of some uninteresting business, it was announced that the prize of a silver pallet, for the best historical picture, was awarded to the painter of the piece entitled "The Death of Wat Tyler"! Poor Mrs. Ross could not refrain from weeping, she was so very glad.

12. When it was found by the audience that little William Ross was the successful artist, their applause broke forth with enthusiasm. To see such a little fellow gain a prize over competitors of mature age, was a novelty and a surprise. William was summoned with his picture to the duke's chair, and there he received such counsel and encouragement as were of great service to him in his future career. He afterward became *Sir* William Ross, miniature painter to Queen Victoria; having risen to fortune and rank by carrying out, with determination and perseverance, his simple promise to his mother of "I will try."

XL. — QUARREL OF THE AUTHORS.

DIC'TION, *n.*, language ; style.

SON'NET, *n.*, a poem of fourteen lines.

PED'ANT, *n.*, one who makes a vain parade of his knowledge.

FOOL'S'CAP, *n.*, a kind of writing paper.

BAL'LAD, *n.*, a short narrative song.

PLA'GI-A-RIST (-je), *n.*, one who passes off another's writings as his own.

MÈ'TER or **MÈ'TRE**, *n.*, measure as applied to verse.

MAIN-TAIN', *v. t.*, to uphold.

Do not say *Latin* for *Lat'in* ; *statoo* for *stat'ue*. Pronounce often, *sf'n*.

Enter BAVIUS and MEVIUS, meeting.

Bavius. Sir, I'm proud to have met you. Long have I known

Your productions, and often I've wished them my own.
Your verses have beauties in none other found.

Mevius. In *yours* all the graces of diction abound.

Ba. Your phrases are neat, your style charmingly light.

Me. We find the pathetic in all that you write.

Ba. Your odes, how delightful ! how tender and true !

Who now will compare Pope or Dryden with you ?

Me. Your songs have a noble and elegant vein,

That even old Horace could never attain.

Ba. 'Can any thing equal your love-ditties rare ?

Me. Can aught with your wonderful sonnets compare ?

Ba. If the public could estimate half of your worth —

Me. If merit now met its due honors on earth —

Ba. You'd roll through the streets in a carriage of gold.

Me. Every square in the city your statue would hold.

Hem ! this ballad of mine — your opinion upon it.

I should like to —

Ba. Pray, sir, have you met with a sonnet
On the flag of our country ?

Me. A sonnet ? — Just so.

'T was read at a party, a few nights ago.

Ba. Do you know who's the author ?

Me. I know not — nor care ;

For 't is an exceedingly trifling affair.

Ba. Yet many admire it — or so they tell *me*.

Me. No matter for that ; it's as bad as can be.

And if *you* had but seen it, sir, you 'd think so too.

Ba. Dear sir, I am sorry to differ from you ;
But I hold that its merit must every one strike.

Me. May the Muses preserve me from making the like .

Ba. I maintain that a better the world can not show ;
For I am the author — yes, *I*, you must know.

Me. You ?

Ba. I.

Me. Well, I wonder how that came to pass.

Ba. I had the bad luck not to please you, alas !

Me. Perhaps there was something distracted my head ;
Or else the man spoiled it, so badly he read.

But here is my ballad, concerning which I —

Ba. The days of the ballad methinks are gone by ;
'Tis very old-fashioned, and out of date quite.

Me. Yet, even now, many in ballads delight.

Ba. No matter ; I think them decidedly flat.

Me. *You* think them ! Perhaps they 're no worse, sir,
for that.

Ba. For pēdants, indeed, they have charms beyond
measure.

Me. And yet we perceive they afford *you* no pleasure.

Ba. You give others qualities found but in *you*.

Me. You call others names that are justly *your* due.

Go, blotter of foolscap ! contemptible creature !

Ba. Go, scribbler of sonnets, and butcher of meter !

Me. Go, impudent pla'giarist ! Pedant, gēt out !

Ba. Go, rascal ! Be careful ! mind what you 're about !

Me. Go, go ! strip your writings of each borrowed
plume ;

Let the Greeks and the Latins their beauties resume.

Ba. Go, you, and ask pardon of Venus and Bacchus,
For your lame imitations of jolly old Flaccus.*

Me. Remember your book's insignificant sale.

Ba. Remember your bookseller driven to jail.

* Quintus Horatius Flaccus, or Horace, a famous Roman poet, born 65 B. C. Venus was the goddess of love, and Bacchus the god of wine, in the ancient mythology.

Me. My pen shall avenge me — to your great disaster.

Ba. And mine shall let *you* know, sir, who is your master.

Me. I defy you in verse, prose, Latin, and Greek!

Ba. You shall hear from me, sir, in the course of the week.
Imitated from MOLIERE.

XLI.—THE TWO HOMES.

HEARTH (the *ea* like *a* in *far*), *n.*,
place on which a fire is made.

YON (*yŏn*), *a.*, within view.

TEN'DRIL, *n.*, a spiral shoot of a climbing plant.

SOL'EMN (*sol'em*), *a.*, sacredly serious.

Do not say *haunt* for *haunt* (the *au* is like *a* in *far*). Give *on* in *fount* and *oi* in *re joic'ing* their pure sounds. Do not say *across* for *a-cross'*. Do not alight the articulation of *ask'st*. Practice it well.

FIRST SPEAKER.

SEEST thou my home? — 't is where yon woods are waving,
In their dark richness, to the summer air;
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,
Leads down the hill a vein of light, — 't is there!

'Mid those green wilds how many a fount lies gleaming,
Fringed with the violet, colored with the skies!
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaming,
Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

My home! the spirit of its love is breathing
In every wind that plays across my track;
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved, there prayed for; there my mother
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye;
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother; —
Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
All the home-voices meet at day's decline;

One are those tones, as from one heart ascending :
There laughs *my* home, — sad stranger ! where is *thine* ?

SECOND SPEAKER.

Ask'st thou of mine ? — In solemn peace 't is lying,
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away ;
'T is where *I*, too, am loved with love undying,
And fond hearts wait my step : but where are they ?

Ask where the earth's departed have *their* dwelling ;
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air !
I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling
My lonely heart that love unchanged is there.

And what is home and where, but with the loving ? —
Happy *thou* art, that so canst gaze on *thine* !
My spirit knoweth, in its weary roving,
That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother !
Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene !
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,
I will believe — but dark seas roll between.

FELICIA HEMANS. (1795 — 1835.)

 XLII. — WARREN'S ADDRESS

AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

PRAL, *n.*, a succession of loud sounds, DES'POT, *n.*, a tyrant.
as of cannon, &c. MARTYRED, *pp.*, put to death for the
QUAIL, *v. i.*, to sink in spirit. truth or for patriotism.

The *e* in the last syllable of *laden* and *heaven* is not sounded.

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.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
 Will ye to your *homes* retire?
 Look behind you! they're a-fire!
 And, before you, see
 Who have done it! — From the vale
 On they come! — and will ye quail? —
 Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
 Die we may — and die we must:
 But, O, 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?

JOHN PIERPONT.

XLIII. — ARNOLD, THE TEACHER.

PRIS'TINE, *a.*, first; earliest.
 NEU'TRAL, *a.*, indifferent.
 PLI'ANT, *a.*, easily bent.
 CA-REER', *n.*, a course; a race.
 IN-TENSE', *a.*, stretched; extreme.
 IN-STRUCTOR, *n.*, a teacher.
 CHAR-AC-TER-IS'TIC, *a.*, marking character.
 ZEST, *n.*, relish; flavor.

CON'SCIENCE, *n.*, the faculty of knowing right from wrong.
 I-DE'AL, *a.*, existing in idea.
 TEM'PO-RAL, *a.*, relating to time and to things of this world.
 EX-POUND'ER, *n.*, an explainer.
 IN-VENT'OR, *n.*, one who invents.
 EAR'NEST, *a.*, zealous; serious.
 IN-GEN'U-OUS (-jen), *a.*, frank.

Do not say *umble* for *hum'ble*; *nootral* for *neu'tral*; *ideel* for *i-de'al*; *appint* for *ap-point'*. Pronounce *discern*, *dix-zern'*.

1. THE career of Thomas Arnold, the distinguished instructor of youth, though teeming with the poetry

of common life, was not one of stirring incident, or romance; it consisted in laboring to his best in his sacred vocation. Born in England in 1795, he was educated at Winchester College, and in 1827 became head-master of Rugby School. He died in 1842, at the early age of forty-seven.

2. His professional life began at Rugby; and he plunged into fourteen years of uninterrupted toil. Holding labor to be his appointed lot on earth, he harnessed himself cheerfully to his work. A craving for rest was to him a sure sign that neither mind nor body retained its pristine vigor; and he determined, while blessed with health, to proceed like the camel in the wilderness, and die with his burden on his back. His characteristic trait was intense earnestness. He felt life keenly; its responsibilities as well as its enjoyments. His very pleasures were earnest. In nothing was he indifferent or neutral.

3. His principles were few: the fear of God was the beginning of his wisdom, and his object was not so much to teach knowledge, as the means of acquiring it; to furnish, in a word, the key to the temple. He desired to awaken the intellect of each individual boy, and contended that the main movement must come from within, and not from without, the pupil; and that all that could be should be done by him, and not for him.

4. In a word, his scheme was to call forth in the little world of school those capabilities which best fitted boys for their career in the great world. He was not only possessed of strength, but had the art of imparting it; he had the power to grasp a subject himself, and then ingraft it on the intellect of others.

5. His pupils were made to feel that there was a work for them to do; that their happiness, as well as their duty, lay in doing that work well. Hence an

indescribable zest was communicated to a young man's feeling about life; a strange joy came over him on discerning that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy. He was inspired with a humble, profound, and most religious consciousness that work is the appointed calling of man on earth; the element in which his nature is ordained to develop itself, and in which his progressive advancement toward heaven is to lie.

6. The three ends at which Arnold aimed, in the order of their relative importance, were first and foremost to inculcate religious and moral principle, then gentlemanlike conduct, and lastly intellectual ability. To his mind, religion and politics — the doing one's duty to God and to man — were the two things really wanting. Unlike the schoolmasters of his early life, he held all the scholarship man ever had to be infinitely worthless in comparison with even a very humble degree of spiritual advancement.

7. He loved tuition for itself, of which he fully felt the solemn responsibility and the ideal beauty, and which he was among the first to elevate to its true dignity. It was the destiny and business of his entire life. His own youthfulness of temperament and vigor fitted him better for the society of the young than of the old; he enjoyed their spring of mind and body, and by personal intercourse hoped to train up and mould to good their pliant minds, while wax to receive, and marble to retain.

8. He led his pupils to place implicit trust in his decisions, and to esteem his approbation as their highest reward. He gained his end by treating them as gentlemen, as reasonable beings, in whose conscience and common sense he might confide; and to this appeal to their nobler faculties, to his relying on their honor, the ingenuous youth responded worthily.

9. Once, at Laleham, when teaching a rather dull boy, he spoke somewhat sharply to him, on which the pupil looked up in his face, and said, "Why do you speak so angrily, sir?—indeed, I am doing the best I can." Arnold at once acknowledged his error, and expressed his regret for it. Years afterward he used to tell the story to his children, and added, "I never felt so much in my life: that look and that speech I have never forgotten."

10. One of his principal holds was in his boy-sermons; that is, in sermons to which his young congregation could and did listen, and of which he was the absolute inventor. The secret of that power lay in its intimate connection with the man himself. He spoke with both spiritual and temporal authority, and truths divine seemed mended by the tongue of an expounder whose discourse was a living one,—doctrine in action,—and where precept was enforced by example.

11. His was the exhibition of a simple, earnest man, who practiced what he preached, who probed the depths of life, and expressed strongly and plainly his love of goodness and abhorrence of sin. There was, indeed, a moral supremacy in him; his eyes looked into the heart, and all that was base and mean cowered before him; and, when he preached, a sympathetic thrill ran through his audience.

XLIV.—THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

CORSE, n., a corpse.

RE-NOUNCE', v. t., to cast off.

EQUA-BLE, a., even; smooth.

OB-TAIN', v. t., to get; to gain.

Sound the *er* in *worth* like *er* in *her*; the *th* in *with* as in *breath*.

FIRST SPEAKER.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits

Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!

It seems a story from the world of spirits
 When any man obtains that which he merits,
 Or any merits that which he obtains.

SECOND SPEAKER.

For shame, my friend!—renounce this idle strain!
 What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
 Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
 Or heap of corpses which his sword hath slain?
 Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
 The good great man? Three treasures,—love, and light,
 And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
 And three fast friends, more sure than day or night,—
 Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.

S. T. COLERIDGE. (1770—1834.)

XLV.—THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

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| IM-PŌST'URE, n., deception; fraud. | CEM'ENT, n., a substance which makes bodies unite. |
| CHI-MĒ'RA (ke-mē'ra), n., idle fancy. | PRED'I-CATE, v. t., to affirm. |
| FRIV'G-LOUS, a., trifling; vain. | IM-BE-CLĪ'TY, n., weakness. |
| PER'JU-RY, n., crime of false swearing. | LE-GIT'I-MATE, a., lawful. |
| PROB'I-TY, n., honesty; truthfulness. | IL-LU'SIVE, a., deceiving by false show. |
| IN-SEN'SATE, a., senseless; stupid. | AN-NI-HI-LA'TION, n., destruction. |
| RET-RI-BU'TION, n., repayment. | EFFI-CACY, n., power; use. |
| DE-NAT'U-RAL-IZED, pp., made unnatural. | BUG'BEAR, n., an imaginary terror. |
| VAUNT'ED (as like a in <i>far</i>), pp., boasted. | IR-RE-SPON'SI-BLE, a., not answerable. |

Do not say *air* for *are* (like *r*); *gouvenment* for *gov'ernment*; *issoo* for *is'sue*.

1. IF we wholly perish with the body, what an imposture is this whole system of laws, manners and usages, on which human society is founded! If we wholly perish with the body, those maxims of charity, patience, justice, honor, gratitude and friendship, which sages have taught and good men have practiced, what are they but empty words, possessing no real and binding efficacy?

2. Why should we heed them, if in this life only we have hope? Speak not of duty. What can we owe to the dead, to the living, to ourselves, if all *are*, or *will* be, nothing? Who shall dictate our duty, if not our own pleasures,— if not our own passions? Speak not of morality. It is a mere chimera, a bugbear of human invention, if the life of man terminates with the grave.

3. If we must wholly perish, what to *us* are the sweet ties of kindred? what the tender names of parent, child, sister, brother, husband, wife, or friend? The characters of a drama are not more illusive! We have no ancestors, no descendants; since succession can not be predicated of nothingness. Would we honor the illustrious dead? How absurd to honor that which has no existence!

4. Would we take thought for posterity? How frivolous to concern ourselves for those whose end, like our own, must soon be annihilation! Have we made a promise? How can it bind nothing to nothing? Perjury is but a jest. The last injunctions of the dying,—what sanctity have they, more than the last sound of a chord that is snapped, of an instrument that is broken?

5. To sum up all: If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws but an insensate servitude; rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up; justice is an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men,— an imposition, a usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty, a prejudice; honor and probity, such stuff as dreams are made of; and the most heartless cruelties, the blackest crimes, are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature!

6. Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers must inevitably lead! Here is

that social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation from error, of which they eternally prate, as the fruit of their doctrines! Accept those doctrines, and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos; and all the relations of life are confounded; and all ideas of vice and virtue are reversed; and the most inviolable laws of society vanish; and all moral discipline is discredited.

7. Accept those doctrines, and the government of states and nations has no longer any cement to uphold it; and all the harmony of the body politic becomes discord; and the human race is no more than an assemblage of reckless barbarians, shameless, remorseless, brutal, denaturalized, with no other law than force, no other check than passion, no other bond than irreligion, no other God than self. Such would be the world which impiety would make! Such would be *this* world, were a belief in God and immortality to die out of the human heart!

From the French of MASSILLON. (1717—1742.

XLVI. — BREVITIES.

EXERCISES IN LEVEL OR COLLOQUIAL DELIVERY.

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|---|--|
| <p>COM'PASS (kūm'pass), <i>n.</i>, space; an instrument by which ships are steered.</p> <p>CAN'VASS, <i>v. i.</i>, to solicit votes.</p> <p>SUR'GEON, <i>n.</i>, one who cures by the hand or by instruments.</p> <p>EP'OKH (ep'ok or e'pok), <i>n.</i>, era; date.</p> | <p>VOY'AGE, <i>n.</i>, a journey by sea.</p> <p>PAT'TEN, <i>n.</i>, a sort of shoe.</p> <p>SUP'PLI-ANT, <i>n.</i>, a humble petitioner.</p> <p>FRIV'O-LOUS, <i>a.</i>, slight; vain.</p> <p>MO-MENT'OUS, <i>a.</i>, important.</p> <p>MA-RINE' (-reen), <i>a.</i>, belonging to the sea.</p> |
|---|--|

The *au* in *haunt* has the sound of *a* in *far*. In *govern-or*, *in'ter-est*, *ex'er-cise*, heed the sound of *er*; in *town* and *count'er*, the sound of *ou*.

1. THE DULL RAZOR. — “Does this razor go easy?” asked a barber of his customer, who was writhing under a clumsy instrument, the chief recommendation of which was a strong handle. — “Well,” replied the

poor fellow, "that depends upon what you call this operation. If you 're skinning me, the razor goes tolerably easy; but if you 're shaving me, it goes rather hard." — "Does n't it take hold?" asked the barber. — "Yes, it takes hold, but it won't let go," replied the victim.

2. **HOW TO RUIN YOUR HEALTH.** — A humorous writer gives the following rules for ruining health: Stop in bed late. Eat hot suppers. Turn day into night, and night into day. Take no exercise. Always ride when you can walk. Never mind about wet feet. Have half a dozen doctors. Take all the medicine they give you. Try every new quack. If that doesn't kill you, quack yourself.

3. **CARRYING A JOKE TOO FAR.** — A fellow stole a saw, and on his trial told the judge that he only took it in joke. "How far did you carry it?" inquired the judge. — "Two miles," answered the prisoner. — "Ah! that's carrying a joke too far!" said the judge; and the prisoner was sentenced to hard labor, in the House of Correction, for three months.

4. **TOO OFFICIOUS.** — "Your house is on fire!" exclaimed a stranger, rushing into the parlor of a pompous and formal citizen. — "Well, sir," replied the latter, "to what cause am I indebted for the extraordinary interest which you seem to take in the affairs of my house?"

5. **MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.** — "I have told you," says Southey, "of the Spaniard who always put on spectacles when about to eat cherries, in order that the fruit might look larger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my eyes away from my troubles, I pack them in as small a compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

6. **FATE OF IDLERS.** — The man who did not think it was respectable to bring up his children to work

has just heard from his three sons. One of them is a driver on a canal; another has been taken up as a vagrant; and the third has gone to a certain public institution, to learn to hammer stone, under a keeper.

7. **REBUKING ARROGANCE.**—When Abernethy was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew Hospital, in London, he called upon a rich grocer, one of the governors. The great man behind the counter, seeing the poor surgeon enter, immediately assumed the grand air toward the supposed suppliant for his vote, and said: "I presume, sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life." Abernethy, who hated humbugs, and felt nettled at the tone, replied, "No, I don't; I want a pennyworth of figs. Come, look sharp, and wrap them up; I want to be off!"

8. **OPPOSITION TO REFORM.**—"I do not mean,"—said the Rev. Sydney Smith, at a meeting on the Reform Bill,— "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."

9. **MURDERING A TUNE.** — Foote once asked a man without a sense of a tune in him, "Why are you forever humming that tune?" — "Because it haunts me," was the reply. — "No wonder," said Foote; "you are forever murdering it."

10. **THE QUAKER'S RETORT.** — A Quaker and a hot-headed youth were, on a recent occasion, quarreling in the street. The man with the broad-brimmed hat kept his temper most equably, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other. "Fellow," said the latter, with an oath, "I don't know a bigger fool than you are." — "Stop, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou dost forget thyself."

11. **ON EARLY RISING.** — Said Lord Chatham to his son: "I would inscribe on the curtains of your bed, and the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself.'"

12. **A STUPID QUESTION.** — Professor Porson, being once at a dinner party, where the conversation turned upon Captain Cook and his celebrated voyages round the world, an ignorant young man, in order to contribute his mite toward the general conversation, asked the professor, thoughtlessly, "Pray, sir, was Cook killed on his *first* voyage?" — "I believe he was," answered Porson, "though he does not seem to have minded it much; for he immediately entered on a second."

13. **THE JUDGE AND THE LAWYER.** — On a certain occasion, when pleading a cause at the bar, Lawyer

Brooks observed to Judge Rice, that he would conclude his remarks on the following day, unless the Court would consent to *set* late enough for him to finish them that evening. "*Sit*, sir," said the judge; "not *set*: hens *set*." — "I stand corrected, sir," replied the lawyer, bowing. Not long after, the judge, while giving an opinion in a marine case, asked, in regard to a certain ship, "At what wharf does she *lay*?" — "*Lie*, may it please your honor," exclaimed Mr. Brooks; "not *lay*: hens *lay*."

XLVII. — THE DYING TRUMPETER.

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|--|---|
| FIELD-MAR'SHAL, n., the commander of an army. | VIC-TOR'IA, n., a Latin word, meaning victory. |
|--|---|

The ew in news has the y sound of long u. Pronounce wound, wound.

UPON the field of battle
The dying trumpeter lay,
And from his side the life-blood
Was streaming fast away.

His deadly wound is burning,
And yet he can not die
Till his company returning
Bring news of victory.

Hark! as he rises reeling
Upon the bloody ground, —
Hark! o'er the field is pealing
A well-known trumpet's sound.

It gives him life and vigor;
He grasps his horse's mane;
He mounts, and lifts his trumpet
To his dying lips again.

And all his strength he gathers
To hold it in his hand,

Then pours, in tones of thunder,
 "Victoria!" o'er the land.

"Victoria!" sounds the trumpet!
 "Victoria!" all around;
 "Victoria!" like loud thunder
 It runs along the ground.

And in that blast so thrilling,
 The trumpeter's spirit fled;
 He breathed his last breath in it,
 And from his steed fell dead.

The company returning
 Stood silent round their friend;
 "That," said the old field-marshal,
 "That was a happy end!"

From the German of JULIUS MOSER.

XLVIII.—TO A CHILD.

GAUR, *n.*, a pleasing trifle.

HOARD, *v. t.*, to lay up; to amass.

LOWER (lou'er), *v. i.*, to appear dark.

WRESTLER, *n.*, one who wrestles.

TALIS-MAN, *n.*, a magical figure cut
 or engraved; a charm.

IM'PORT, *n.*, weight; consequence.

CE-LES'TIAL, *a.*, heavenly.

Practice the consonant termination *sts* in *tem'pests*. Heed the pure sound of *o:* in *soiled*, *toiled*. In *'neath* (a contraction of *beneath*) the *th* is vocal.

THINGS of high import sound I in thine ears,

Dear child, though now thou mayst not feel their power;
 But hoard them up, and in thy coming years

Forget them not, and, when earth's tempests lower,
 A talisman unto thee shall they be,
 To give thy weak arm strength—to make thy dim eyes see.

Seek Truth,—that pure celestial Truth,—whose birth
 Was in the heaven of heavens, clear, sacred, shrined
 In Reason's light.—Not oft she visits earth,
 But her majestic port, the willing mind,

Through Faith, may sometimes see. Give her thy soul,
Nor faint, though Error's surges loudly 'gainst thee roll.

Be free — not chiefly from the iron chain,

But from the one which Passion forges — be
The master of thyself. If lost, regain

The rule o'er chance, sense, circumstance. Be free.
Trample thy proud lusts proudly 'neath thy feet,
And stand erect, as for a heaven-born one is meet.

Seek Virtue. Wear her armor to the fight ;

Then, as a wrestler gathers strength from strife,
Shalt thou be nerved to a more vigorous might

By each contending, turbulent ill of life.

Seek Virtue. She alone is all divine ;

And, having found, be strong, in God's own strength and
thine.

Truth — Freedom — Virtue — these, dear child, have power,

If rightly cherished, to uphold, sustain,
And bless thy spirit, in its darkest hour.

Neglect them — thy celestial gifts are vain ;

In dust shall thy weak wing be dragged and soiled ;

Thy soul be crushed 'neath gauds for which it basely toiled.

REV. EPHRAIM PEABODY.

XLIX. — ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.

LEGACY, *n.*, a bequest.

VULTURE, *n.*, a bird of prey.

CRAFTY, *a.*, cunning ; sly.

AVARICE, *n.*, greed of gain.

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 these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has com-

pared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.

2. 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,—a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.

3. 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. Yes: such protection as vultures give to lambs.—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.

4. 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 of bliss 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!

WHY praise we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that sets the world on flame?
My guiltless Muse *his* brow shall bind
Whose godlike bounty spares mankind.
For those whom bloody garlands crown,
The brass may breathe, the marble frown;—
To *him*, through every rescued land,
Ten thousand *living* trophies stand!

L.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

HAM'LET, *n.*, a small village.CAL'LOW, *a.*, unfledged.FURZE, *n.*, a prickly shrub.SE-DAN', *n.*, a portable carriage.MA-CHINE' (-sheen), *n.*, any complicated work; an engine.WHIM'SI-CAL, *a.*, full of whims.I-DEN'TI-FY, *v. t.*, to prove or to make the same.COUN'TER-PART, *n.*, a copy.COUN'TER-FEIT-ED, *pp.*, feigned.DIF'FI-DENT, *a.*, not confident.DRAM'A-TIZE, *v. t.*, to compose in the form of a play.LU'DI-CROUS, *a.*, laughable.ACT'U-ATE, *v. t.*, to put in action.E-QUIV'A-LENT, *n.*, that which is equal in worth.

Pronounce *Ardagh*, *Ar'da* (the final *a* like *a* in *far*). Do not say *respeks* for *re-spects*. Give the *ew* in *knew* the *y* sound of long *u*.

1. THERE are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith; for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings: We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read.

2. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical, yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the unforced humor, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed at times with a pleasing melancholy, even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing, and softly tinted style,—all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author.

3. While the productions of writers of loftier pretension and more sounding names are suffered to moulder on our shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men.

4. Oliver Goldsmith was born on the 10th of November, 1728, at the hamlet of Pallas, or Pallasmore, county of Longford, in Ireland. Let us draw from his own writings one or two of those pictures which, under feigned names, represent his father and his family, and the happy fireside of his childish days.

5. "My father" — says the Man in Black, who, in some respects, is a counterpart of Goldsmith himself — "my father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers poorer than himself. For every dinner he gave them, they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted.

6. "The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of his army, influenced my father at the head of his table. He told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan-chair was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave. He loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him.

7. "As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it. He had no intention of leaving his children money, for that was dröss; he resolved that they should have learning, for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose he undertook to instruct us himself, and took as much care to form our morals as to improve our understanding.

8. "We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society. We were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard the *human face divine* with affection and esteem:

He wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse, made either by real or fictitious distress. In a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands before we were taught the necessary qualifications of getting a farthing."

9. In Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" we have another picture of his father and his father's fireside:

"His house was known to all the vagrant train, —
 He chid their wanderings, 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 claims 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."

10. Oliver's education commenced when he was about three years old; that is to say, he was gathered under the wings of one of those good old motherly dames, found in every village, who cluck together the whole callow brood of the neighborhood, to teach them their letters and keep them out of harm's way. At six years of age he passed into the hands of the village schoolmaster, one Thomas Byrne, or, as he was commonly and irreverently named, *Paddy* Byrne, a capital tutor for a poet.

11. Goldsmith is supposed to have had him and his school in view in the following sketch in the "Deserted Village":

"Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,

There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view, —
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned."

12. Byrne had brought with him from the wars a world of campaigning stories, of which he was generally the hero, and which he would deal forth to his wondering scholars, when he ought to have been teaching them their lessons. These stories had a powerful effect upon the vivid imagination of Goldsmith, and awakened an unconquerable passion for wandering and seeking adventure.

13. An amusing incident is related as occurring to Goldsmith, while yet a lad, in one of his journeys. He had procured a horse, and a friend had furnished him with a guinea for traveling expenses. He was but a stripling of sixteen, and being thus suddenly mounted on horseback, with money in his pocket, it is no wonder that his head was turned. He determined to play the man, and to spend his money in independent traveler's style.

14. Accordingly, instead of pushing directly for home, he halted for the night at the little town of Ardagh, and, accosting the first person he met, inquired, with somewhat of a consequential air, for the best house in the place. Unluckily, the person he had accosted was one Kelly, a notorious wag, who was quartered in the family of one Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune. Amused with the self-consequence of the stripling, and willing to play off a practical joke at his expense, Kelly directed him to

what was literally "the best house in the place," namely, the family mansion of Mr. Featherstone.

15. Goldsmith accordingly rode up to what he supposed was an inn, ordered his horse to be taken to the stable, walked into the parlor, seated himself by the fire, and demanded what he could have for supper. On ordinary occasions he was diffident and even awkward in his manners, but here he was "at ease in his inn," and felt called upon to show his manhood and enact the experienced traveler.

16. His person was by no means calculated to play off his pretensions; for he was short and thick, with a pock-marked face, and an air and carriage by no means of a distinguished cast. The owner of the house, however, soon discovered his whimsical mistake, and, being a man of humor, determined to indulge it, especially as he accidentally learned that this intruding guest was the son of an old acquaintance. Accordingly Goldsmith was "fooled to the top of his bent," and permitted to have full sway throughout the evening. Never was schoolboy more elated.

17. When supper was served, he most condescendingly insisted that the landlord, his wife and daughter, should partake, and ordered a bottle of wine to crown the repast and benefit the house. His last flourish was on going to bed, when he gave especial order to have a hot cake at breakfast. His confusion and dismay, on discovering the next morning that he had been swaggering in this free and easy way in the house of a private gentleman, may be readily conceived. True to his habit of turning the events of his life to literary account, he dramatized this chapter of ludicrous blunders and cross purposes, many years afterward, in his comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer; or, the Mistakes of a Night."

WASHINGTON IRVING. (1783—1860.)

LI. — THE SUMMONS AND THE LAMENT.

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| PÍBROCH (pi'brök), n., martial music produced by the bagpipe. | CUM'BER, n., vexation ; trouble. |
| HĒAD'Y, a., rash ; impetuous. | COR'EI (oor'ray), n., side of the hill where the game lies. |
| PLAID (pläd), n., a striped cloth. | FO'RAY, n., a sudden attack. |
| GEAR, n., dress ; furniture. | PEN'NON, n., a banner. |
| RHYTHM (rithm), n., measure of time in poetry or music. | SUF'FRAGE, n., vote ; assent. |
| COR'O-NACH (-nak), n., a dirge. | CUMU-LA-TIVE, a., heaped up. |
| | VAS'SAL, n., a dependent. |

Pronounce Beattie, Beet'y ; Donuil, Don'nil ; de-ceased', not deceazed.

1. WE are told by Sir Walter Scott that those persons acquainted with the pipe-music of Scotland affect to discover, in a well-composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of a march, conflict, pursuit, and all the current of a heady fight. To this opinion Dr. Beattie has given his suffrage in the following passage :

2. "A pibroch is a species of tune peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. It is performed on a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rhythm is so irregular, and its notes, especially in the quick movement, so mixed and huddled together, that a stranger finds it impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to perceive its modulation.

3. "Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion, resembling a march ; then gradually quicken into the onset ; run off with noisy confusion and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit ; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy ; and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession."

4. In the following admirable poem, Sir Walter Scott seems to have tried to convey, as far as he could by language, an idea of this imitative modulation. The first two stanzas should be delivered in a moderate

though animated style. At the third stanza the reader's utterance should increase in rapidity, and then rise louder and louder, and quicker and quicker, with cumulative force, to the conclusion.

- " Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew, summon Clan Conuil!
Come away, come away — hark to the summons!
Come in your war array, Gentles and Commons!
- " Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and true heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and strong hand that bears one.
- " Leave untended the herd, the flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred, the bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear, broadswords and targes.
- " Come, as the winds come, when forests are rended;
Come, as the waves come, when navies are stranded.
Faster come, faster come, faster and faster!
- " Chief, vassal, page and groom, tenant and master!
- " Fast they come, fast they come, see how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle's plume, blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades; forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, knell for the onset!"

5. The coronach of the Highlanders, like the *ululoo* or funeral song of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death. Sir Walter Scott has given us an exquisite imitation of the coronach in the following lines. They afford an excellent exercise in low vocal pitch, and in a modulation, slow, impressive, and pathetic as a funeral march.

“ He is gone on the mountain, he is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain, when our need was the sōrest.
The fount, reappearing, from the rain-drops shall borrow;
But to us comes no cheering, to Duncan no morrow !

“ The hand of the reaper takes the ears that are hōary,
But the voice of the weeper wails manhood ‘in glory;
The autumn winds, rushing, waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing when blighting was nearest.

“ Fleet foot on the corei, sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray, how sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain, like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain, thou art gone, and forever ! ”

LII.—JOAN OF ARC.

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|--|--|
| <p>LIN'E-AL, <i>a.</i>, being in a direct line ; hereditary.</p> <p>AB'JECT, <i>a.</i>, mean ; base.</p> <p>DAUPHIN, <i>n.</i>, title of the French king's eldest son.</p> <p>BIL'LET, <i>n.</i>, a log of wood cut with a bill or small hatchet.</p> <p>RE-LAPSE', <i>v. i.</i>, to fall back.</p> <p>PRE-TER-NAT'U-RAL, <i>a.</i>, beyond what is natural.</p> | <p>CHIV'AL-BOUS (shiv-), <i>a.</i>, knightly.</p> <p>SÖR'CER-Y, <i>n.</i>, magic ; witchcraft.</p> <p>HĒR'E-TIC, <i>n.</i>, one who rejects an es- tablished religious creed.</p> <p>VĪTIATE (vish'yāte), <i>v. t.</i>, to spoil.</p> <p>A-POS'TATE, <i>n.</i>, one who forsakes his religion.</p> <p>IN-EV'I-TA-BLE, <i>a.</i>, not to be shunned.</p> <p>MA-LIG'NI-TY, <i>n.</i>, malice ; spite.</p> <p>LAG'GARD, <i>a.</i>, backward ; slow.</p> |
|--|--|

Pronounce *Jo'an* in two syllables ; *Domremy*, *Dong-rē-mē'* ; *Orleans*, *Or-te-ahnŋ'* ; *Troyes*, *Trō-ah'* ; *Rheims*, *Rāngz* ; *coup-de-main* (a rapid, successful attack), *koo-de-mang'* ; *neither*, *ne'ther* or *ni'ther* ; the former mode is preferred.

1. JOAN OF ARC was born, in 1412, in the little village of Domremy, on the bōrders of Lorraine, in France. Her parents were pōor, and maintained themselves by their own labor upon a little land, with a few cattle. Jo'an worked in the field in summer, and in winter she sewed and spun. Small was her stock of learning, for she could neither read nor write; but she would often go apart by herself, in the pasture, as if to talk with God. She was a devout attendant at church, and gave to the poor to the utmost extent

of her means; a girl of natural piety, that saw God in forests, and hills, and fountains, but did not the less seek him in places consecrated by religion.

2. Her native land was, at this period, in a distracted state. Paris was occupied by English troops, and the King of England was declared by a strong party the rightful heir of the throne of France. The people of the north of France, seeing in his success the end of strife, favored his cause; but in the south the country people and a part of the nobility stood by the lineal heir, Charles the Seventh, and by the old nationality. Meanwhile the English were extending their power; and the city of Orleans was so closely besieged by them that its fall seemed inevitable. It was a dark day for France.

3. For some time Joan had entertained the belief that she was in communion with the spirits of departed saints; that she saw angelic visions, and heard angelic voices. These voices now whispered to her the duty imposed upon herself of delivering France and restoring its nationality. She found the means of making her way to the presence of the true heir of the throne, Charles the Seventh; and although, as he stood among his courtiers, he at first, in order to test her prophetic gift, maintained that he was not the king, she fell down and embraced his knees, declaring that he was the man. She offered to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct Charles to Rheims to be crowned.

4. At this time she was eighteen years old, slender and delicate in shape, with a pleasant countenance, a somewhat pale complexion, eyes rather melancholy than eager, and rich chestnut-brown hair. As the king's affairs were hopeless, he did not refuse what seemed the preternatural aid proffered by Joan. She demanded for herself a particular sword in the church

of St. Catharine, which was given to her. She put on a male dress, and unfurled her banner at the head of the French army, whom she had inspired with her own strong convictions of help from on high through her means.

5. She now appeared frequently in battle, and was several times wounded; still no unfeminine cruelty ever stained her conduct. She never killed any one, never shed blood with her own hand. She interposed to protect the captive or the wounded. She mourned over the excesses of her countrymen, and would throw herself from her horse to administer comfort to a dying foeman. Resolute, chivalrous, gentle, and brave, wise in council, constant in her faith in her high mission, and inspiring the whole immense host by her enthusiasm, the secret of her success seemed to lie as much in her good sense as in her courage and her visions. This girl of the people clearly saw the question before France, and knew how to solve it.

6. When she had first appeared before the king, he had been on the point of giving up the struggle with the English, and of flying to the south of France. Joan taught him to blush for such abject counsels. She liberated Orleans, that great city, so decisive by its fate for the issue of the war. Entering the city after sunset, on the 29th of April, 1429, she took part, on Sunday, May 8th, in the religious celebration for the entire disappearance of the besieging force. On the 29th of June, she gained, over the English, the decisive battle of Patay'; on the 9th of July, she took Troyes by a coup-de-main; on the 15th of that month, she carried the dauphin into Rheims; on Sunday, the 17th, she crowned him; and there she rested from her labor of triumph. She had accomplished the capital objects which her own visions had dictated. She had saved France. What remained was — to suffer.

7. Having placed the king on his throne, it was her fortune thenceforward to be thwarted. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. Too well she felt that the end was now at hand. Still, she continued to jeopard her person in battle as before; severe wounds had not taught her caution; and at length she was made prisoner by the Burgun'dians, and finally given up to the English. The object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles the Seventh as the work of a witch; and, for this end, Joan was tried for sorcery. She resolutely defended herself from the absurd accusation.

8. Never, from the foundations of the earth, was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defense, and all its malignity of attack. O, child of France! shepherdess, peasant-girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect, — quick as the lightning, and as true to its mark, — that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! "Would you examine me as a witness against myself?" was the question by which many times she defied their arts. The result of this trial was the condemnation of Joan to be burnt alive. Never did grim inquisitors doom to death a fairer victim by baser means.

9. Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Yet, sister, woman, — cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of men, — you can die grandly! On the 20th of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted, before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen,

to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air-currents.

10. With an undaunted soul, but a meek and saintly demeanor, the maiden encountered her terrible fate. Upon her head was placed a miter, bearing the inscription, "*Relapsed heretic, apostate, idolatress.*" Her piety displayed itself in the most touching manner to the last; and her angelic forgetfulness of self was manifested in a remarkable degree. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upward in billowing volumes. A monk was then standing at Joan's side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers.

11. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*,—the one friend that would not forsake her,—and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. "Go down," she said; "lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end." Then, protesting her innocence, and recommending her soul to Heaven, she continued to pray as the flames leaped up and walled her in. Her last audible word was the name of Jesus. Sustained by faith in him, in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted death.

12. A soldier, who had sworn to throw a fagot on the pile, turned away, a penitent for life, on hearing her last prayer to her Saviour. He had seen, he said, a white dove soar to heaven from the ashes where the brave girl had stood. THOMAS DE QUINCEY (*altered*).

LIII.—THE AMERICAN FLAG.

A'ZURE (ä'zhür), a., sky-blue.

BALD'RICK (a as in fall), n., a belt.

SYM'BOL, n., a sign; an emblem.

GOR'GEOUS (gör'jus), a., splendid

RE'GAL, a., belonging to a king.

WEL'KIN, n., the vault of heaven.

BEL'LIED, pp., swollen out.

ME'TE-OR, n., a luminous body passing in the air.

HAR'BIN-GER (-jer), n., a forerunner.

Pronounce ere (meaning before, sooner than) like air.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there.
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,
 And striped its pure, celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light.
 Then from his mansion in the sun
 She called her eagle bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest trummings loud
 And see the lightning lances driven,
 When strive the warriors of the storm,
 And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
 Child of the Sun! to thee 't is given
 To guard the banner of the free,
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,
 To ward away the battle-stroke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high,
 When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming off.—

¹³ Ere yet the life-blood, ¹⁴ warm and wet,
 Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
 Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn;
 And, as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

¹ And, when the cannon-mouthings loud
² Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
 And gory sabers rise and fall,
³ Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave.
 When Death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel hands to Valor given;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

J. R. DRAKE. (1795-1822.)

LIV.—THE HOSTESS AND THE QUACK.

BRUISE, *n.*, a hurt on the flesh.LUX, *v. t.*, to put out of joint.DRAUGHT (draft), *n.*, the quantity drunk at once.BRAY, *v. t.*, to beat in a mortar.PHLE-BOT'O-MIZE, *v.*, to let blood with a lancet.FĀR'RI-ER, *n.*, one who shoes or cures horses.GĒ'NUS (jē'nus), *n.*, kind; sort.

Pronounce none, nān. Do not say swaller for swallow.

Enter HOSTESS and LAM-PE'DO, followed by BAL-THAZ'AR unperceived. The latter carries a drawn sword, and overhears what is said of him.

Hostess. Doctor Lampedo, you must keep this man, if you can so contrive it, another fortnight in my house. Come, you shall not be the loser. Your bill already must be almost as long as mine is. Another fortnight, doctor.

Lampedo. It can not be. The man's as well as I am. Have some mercy. He has been here almost three weeks already. His accident ought not to have detained him half a day.

Host. Well, then, a week — detain him a week.

Lam. You talk now like a reasonable hostess that sometimes has a reckoning with her conscience. We may keep him a week.

Host. He still believes he has an inward bruise.

Lam. I would he had! Or that he had slipped his shoulder-blade, or broke a leg or two (not that I bear his person any malice), or luxed an arm, or even sprained his ankle.

Host. Ay, broken any thing except his neck.

Lam. However, for a week I'll manage him. He has the constitution of a horse — but I'll manage him. A farrier should prescribe for him — but I'll manage him.

Host. Do so, doctor. Custom is scarce; but the occupant of the best room must pay a big price.

Lam. Let me see—let me see. To-morrow we phlebotomize again; the next day I make him swallow my new-invented patent draught; then I have some pills prepared; on Thursday we throw in the bark; on Friday—

Balthazar (coming forward). Well, sir, on Friday—what on Friday? Come, proceed.

Lam. Discovered!

Host. Mercy, noble sir!

Lam. We crave your mercy.

Bal. On your knees! 'T is well. Pray,—for your time is short.

Host. Nay, do not kill us.

Bal. You have been tried, condemned, and only wait for execution. Which shall I begin with?

Lam. The elder one, by all means.

Bal. Come, then, prepare!

Host. Have pity on my weakness.

Bal. Tell me, thou quaking mountain of gross flesh—tell me, and in a breath—how many poisons you have cooked up for me.

Host. None, as I hope for mercy.

Bal. Is not thy wine a poison?

Host. No, indeed, sir. 'T is not, I own, of the first quality, but—

Bal. But what? Speak out.

Host. I always give short measure, sir, and ease my conscience that way.

Bal. Ease your conscience, indeed! I'll ease your conscience for you.

Host. Mercy, sir! The times are hard.

Bal. Rise, if you can, and hear me.

Host. Your commands, sir?

Bal. If, in five minutes, all things are prepared for my departure, you may yet survive.

Host. It shall be done in less time.

Bal. Away! Be speedy. (*The Hostess goes out.*)

Lam. So! now comes *my* turn. 'Tis all over with me. There's dagger, rope, and ratsbane, in his looks!

Bal. And now, thou sketch and outline of a man! thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun!—thou——

Lam. I do confess my leanness. I am spare, and therefore spare me.

Bal. Why! wouldst thou have made me a thoroughfare for thy whole shop?

Lam. Man, you know, must live.

Bal. Yes: he must die, too.

Lam. For the sake of my patients, good sir,——

Bal. I'll send you to the major part of them. The window, sir, is open. Come, prepare!

Lam. Pray, consider; I may hurt some one in the street.

Bal. Why, then, I'll rattle thee to pieces in a dice-box, or grind thee in a coffee-mill to powder; for thou must sup with Pluto! So, make ready; whilst I, with this good small-sword for a lancet, let thy starved spirit out (for blood thou hast none), and nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look like a dried beetle, with a pin stuck through him.

Lam. Consider my poor wife.

Bal. Thy wife!

Lam. My wife, sir.

Bal. Hast thou dared think of matrimony, too?

Lam. I have a wife, and three angelic babes, who, by those looks, are well-nigh fatherless.

Bal. Well, well! your wife and children shall plead for you. Come, come; the pills! where are the pills? Produce them.

Lam. Here is the box.

Bal. Were it Pando'ra's, and each single pill had ten diseases in it, you should take them.

Lam. What, all?

Bal. Ay, all; and quickly, too. Come, sir, begin!—
That's well! another.

Lam. One's a dose.

Bal. Proceed, sir! Good! Swallow it fairly. Is
it down?

Lam. It is down, sir, I regret to say.

Bal. Now another.

Lam. I dare not do it.

Bal. You must. That's well! One more, now.

Lam. What will become of me? Let me go home,
and set my shop to rights, and, like immortal Cæsar,
die with decency.

Bal. Away! and thank thy lucky star I have not
brayed thee in thine own mortar, or exposed thee for
a large specimen of the lizard genus.

Lam. Would I were one! for they can feed on air.

Bal. Home, sir, and be more honest!

Lam. If I am not, I'll be more wise, at least.

Altered from JOHN TOBIN. (1770—1804.)

LV.—THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

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|---|---|
| <p>LIEGE (leej), <i>n.</i>, a superior lord.</p> <p>LEAGUE (leeg), <i>n.</i>, alliance of states.</p> <p>VAN, <i>n.</i>, front of an army.</p> <p>TRUN'CHEON (trun'shun), <i>n.</i>, a staff of command; a club.</p> <p>CHIV'AL-RY (shiv-), <i>n.</i>, the body or order of knights.</p> | <p>OR'I-FLAMME (or'e-flahm), <i>n.</i>, old royal banner of France.</p> <p>CUL'VER-IN, <i>n.</i>, a cannon.</p> <p>SOV'ER-EIGN (sü'ver-in), <i>a.</i>, supreme in power.</p> <p>FOR'EIGN-ER, <i>n.</i>, one not a native.</p> <p>HIRE'LING, <i>a.</i>, serving for hire.</p> |
|---|---|

The battle of Ivry, in France, in which Henry IV. defeated the Duke of Mayenne, took place March 14, 1590. Pronounce *Rochelle, Ro-shèl'*; *Seine, Sane*; *Coligni, Ke-Jeen'yee*; *Guelders, Gwèl'ders*; *D'Aumale, De-mahl'*.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land of
France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy, —
 For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
 Hurra! hurra! a single field hath turned the chance of war.
 Hurra! hurra! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

O! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day;
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Esmond's Flemish spears!
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
 And good Coligni's hoary hair, all dabbled with his blood;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
 To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king has come to marshal us, in all his armor drest;
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
 Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the
king!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, — as fall full well he may, —
 (For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray),
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war.
 And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurra! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
 Of file, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culveria.
 The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies now, upon them with the lance!
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amid the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, Heaven be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned
 his rein;
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter — the Flemish count is slain;

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale,
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail
 And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van
 "Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
 But out spake gentle Henry, then: "No Frenchman is my foe;
 Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go."
 O! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

LORD MACAULAY.

LVI. — IN FAVOR OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

DELIVERED IN PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 1st, 1776, TWENTY-SEVEN DAYS
 AFTER THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

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| AN'NALS, <i>n. pl.</i> , records of events year by year. | A-SY'LUM, <i>n.</i> , a refuge. |
| AU-GUST', <i>a.</i> , grand; imposing. | DE-LIN'E-ATE, <i>v. t.</i> , to sketch. |
| DE-VICE', <i>n.</i> , scheme; trick. | EX-PE'DI-EN-CY, <i>n.</i> , fitness. |
| CLEM'EN-CY, <i>n.</i> , mildness. | VOL'UN-TA-RI-LY, <i>ad.</i> , of one's own free will. |
| PAL'PA-BLE, <i>a.</i> , gross; plain. | U-NA-NIM'I-TY, <i>n.</i> , agreement. |
| IN-TER'PRET, <i>v. t.</i> , to explain. | AC-QUI-ES'CE-NC-ENCE, <i>n.</i> , compliance. |
| IN-TER'INE, <i>a.</i> , internal; domestic. | E-VINCE', <i>v. t.</i> , to prove; to show. |

Do not say *gradooal* for *grad'u-al*; *prodoocs* for *pro-duce*; *freemun* for *free'men*.

1. My countrymen, from the day on which an accommodation takes place between England and America, on any other terms than as independent States, I shall date the ruin of this country. We are now, to the astonishment of the world, three millions of souls united in one common cause.

2. This day we are called on to give a glorious example of what the wisest and best of men were rejoiced to view only in speculation. This day presents the world with the most august spectacle that its annals ever unfolded: Millions of freemen voluntarily and deliberately forming themselves into a society for their common defense and common happiness!

3. Immortal spirits of Hampden, Locke, and Sydney! Will it not add to your benevolent joys to behold your posterity rising to the dignity of *men* — evincing to

the world the reality and expediency of your systems, and in the actual enjoyment of that equal liberty which you were happy when on earth in delineating and recommending to mankind?

4. Other nations have received their laws from conquerors; some are indebted for a constitution to the sufferings of their ancestors through revolving centuries;—the people of this country alone have formally and deliberately chosen a government for themselves, and with open, uninfluenced consent, bound themselves into a social com'pact.

5. And, fellow-countrymen, if ever it was granted to mortals to trace the designs of Providence, and interpret its manifestations in favor of their cause, we may, with humility of soul, cry out, NOT UNTO US, NOT UNTO US, BUT TO THY NAME BE THE PRAISE. The confusion of the devices of our enemies, and the rage of the elements against them, have done almost as much toward our success as either our counsels or our arms.

6. The time at which this attempt on our liberties was made,—when we were ripened into maturity, had acquired a knowledge of war, and were free from the incursions of intestine enemies,—the *gradual* advances of our oppressors, enabling us to prepare for our defense,—the unusual fertility of our lands, the clemency of the seasons, the success which at first attended our feeble arms, producing unanimity among our friends, and compelling our internal foes to acquiescence,—these are all strong and palpable marks and assurances that PROVIDENCE IS YET GRACIOUS UNTO ZION, THAT IT WILL TURN AWAY THE CAPTIVITY OF JACOB!

7. Driven from every other corner of the earth, freedom of thought and the right of private judgment in matters of conscience direct their course to this

happy country, as their last asylum. Let us cherish the noble guests! Let us shelter them under the wings of universal toleration! Be this the seat of UNBOUNDED RELIGIOUS FREEDOM! She will bring with her in her train Industry, Wisdom, and Commerce.

8. Our union is now complete. You have in the field armies sufficient to repel the whole force of your enemies. The hearts of your soldiers beat high with the spirit of freedom. Go on, then, in your generous enterprise, with gratitude to Heaven for past success, and confidence of it in the future! For my own part, I ask no greater blessing than to share with you the common danger and the common glory. If I have a wish dearer to my soul than that my ashes may be mingled with those of a Warren and a Montgomery, it is — THAT THESE AMERICAN STATES MAY NEVER CEASE TO BE FREE AND INDEPENDENT!

SAMUEL ADAMS. (1722—1803.)

LVII.—WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

ME-THINKS', *v. imp.*, it seems to me.
 BUOY (*bwoy*), *v. t.*, to keep afloat.
 GORGE (*gorje*), *n.*, the throat; a
 narrow pass between mountains.
 EX-PAND'ED, *pp.*, spread out.

THRALL'DOM (the *a* as in *fall*), *n.*, the
 state of bondage.
 IM'PRESS, *n.*, mark; stamp.
 ECH'ō (*ek'ō*), *n.*, the reverberation of
 a sound.

Do not say *hans* for *hands*. Pronounce *again*, *a-geen'*; *ay*, *ah-ee'* without separation of the syllables in utterance.

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 home again. —
 O sacred forms, how fair, 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!

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 wheeled he, heeding not
 The death that threatened him! I could not shoot!
 'T was liberty! I turned my bow aside,
 And let him soar away..

Once Switzerland was free! O, with what pride
 I used to walk these hills, look up to heaven,
 And bless God that it was so! It was free!
 From end to end, from cliff to lake, 't was 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! Ay, often have I sat
 In my boat, at night, when down the mountain gorge
 The wind came roaring—sat in it, 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!

You 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 to pass abreast? O'ertaken there
 By the mountain-blast, I've laid me flat along;
 And while gust followed gust more furiously,
 As if 't would sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
 And I have thought of other lands, whose 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!"

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

LVIII. — BIRTH OF A VOLCANIC ISLAND.

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| <p>DEAD RECK'ON-ING, <i>n.</i>, calculation of position at sea by the log.</p> <p>LARBOARD, <i>a.</i>, the left on shipboard as one looks toward the bow.</p> <p>ON'SLAUGHT, <i>n.</i>, an attack.</p> <p>BECK'ET, <i>n.</i>, a ring of rope.</p> <p>A-PORT, <i>ad.</i>, to the larboard.</p> <p>BE-LAY', <i>v. t.</i>, to make fast.</p> <p>SHOAL, <i>n.</i>, a crowd, as of fishes.</p> | <p>BA-ROM'E-TER, <i>n.</i>, an instrument for showing the weight of the atmosphere.</p> <p>CIR-CUM'FER-ENCE, <i>n.</i>, the line that bounds a circle.</p> <p>POB-TENT'OUS, <i>a.</i>, betokening evil.</p> <p>LEAGUE (leeg), <i>n.</i>, three English miles.</p> <p>PSALM'IST (sahm'ist), <i>n.</i>, a writer of psalms.</p> |
|---|---|

Do not say *helum* for *helm*; *colume* for *column*; *fas* for *facts*; *just* for *first*.

1. It was a night of pitchy darkness. At four bells, in the first watch, not a breath of air was moving, and the drenched sails, wet by the afternoon and evening rains, hung heavily from the yards, or flapped against the masts and rigging, as the ship rolled lazily on the long leaden swells of the Pacific Ocean. A number of days had passed without an observation of the sun or stars. The ship had been navigated by "dead reckoning," and no one, therefore, was sure of the latitude or of the longitude. Danger might be nearer than any one supposed.

2. The captain had gone below at eight bells, but feeling troubled at the portentous appearance of the

weather, he had been unable to sleep, and was on deck again, walking nervously fore and aft, now peering on this side, and then on the other side of the quarter-deck, looking anxiously out into the darkness, then aft, then at the compass, and then at the barometer, which hung in the cabin gangway.

3. Round and round went the ship, heedless of her helm, and the mercury told the same tale it had told for hours before. In vain did the eyes of anxious men peer into the darkness; only inky blackness met their straining gaze every where. Thus matters stood till six* bells, when the mercury began to fall suddenly. The quick, jerking voice of the captain was then heard.

4. "Mr. Smalley, you may take in the light sails."—"Ay, ay, sir;" and, stepping to the main-mast, he called out, "For'ard there!" and was immediately answered, "For'ard, sir."—"Stand by the top-gallant and the flying-jib halyards." In a moment he heard the report, "Ready, sir."—"Let go the halyards, and clew down; let go the sheets, and clew up; that'll do; belay all; now jump up and furl them; be lively, lads."

5. While this was going on, the captain took another look at the barometer, and found the mercury still going down fast. Thoroughly aroused now, he caught his speaking-trumpet from the beackets, and cried out, "Hold on, there. Down from aloft, every man of you. Call all hands." Down came the men again. "All hands ahoy!" was called with great strength of voice at both the cabin and fore-castle gangways, and then followed one of those scenes which defies such de-

* Indicating eleven o'clock at night. The time at sea is marked every half hour by strokes on a bell. At noon eight strokes are made, at half past twelve one stroke, and so on, — one being added every half hour, till, at four o'clock, eight bells are again struck. Then, at half past four, one stroke is made, and so on till at eight o'clock, when eight strokes are again made, and the first night watch begins.

scription as would make it intelligible to a landsman, but which any sailor readily understands.

6. The top-sails were close-reefed, a reef taken in the mainsail, the jib, and flying-jib, and all the light sails were furled, and the ship made ready for the expected gale. But yet no breath of air had been felt moving. An unnatural stillness and heaviness of the atmosphere were observed by all. Several of the seamen saw a dim purple streak suddenly appear right ahead of the ship, and called out, "Here it comes, sir." — "Where?" cried the captain. — "Right ahead, sir." "Hard a-port your helm." — "Hard a-port it is, sir." — "Brace round the yards." — "Ay, ay, sir."

7. The yards were braced round, and the ship was got ready to receive the expected blast on the larboard tack. That dreadful streak of cloud grew almost crimson; and there was heard what seemed the heavy roar of the coming gale, and every man held his breath, awaiting the shock. Good men and courageous sailors were on that ship's deck, but they shrank, like frightened children, from the terrible onslaught. When God speaks in those fearful storms, His voice is awful to the ear, and many a strong man has quailed before it. And the storm itself is scarcely more trying to one's nerves than the dreadful suspense of the moment before it strikes.

8. Thus they waited till the minutes lengthened into hours, and the only change perceptible was in the deepening color of that lowering cloud of crimson light. At length eight bells told that four o'clock had arrived, and daylight was looked for even as those men in the ship with Paul looked for it when they "wished for day." But the struggling light of morning seemed only to reveal the thickness of the darkness to the wondering vision. Just at daylight the ears of all on board were stunned with successive, quick reports,

louder than whole broad-sides from a hundred-gun ship; and the heavens were lighted up with a fiery red light.

9. The ocean at the same time was stirred from her profoundest depths; great waves, without any visible cause, ran in the most awful commotion, now striking together and throwing the white foam and spray high in air, then parting, to meet again in fearful embrace as before. A shoal of sperm whales ran athwart the ship's bows, making every exertion to escape from the strangely-troubled water. Within a few cable lengths of the ship an immense column of water was thrown mast-head high, and fell back again with a roar like Niagara. A deep, mournful noise, like the echo of thunder among mountain caverns, was constantly heard, and none could tell whence it came. The noble ship was tossed and shaken like a plaything. "Heaven have mercy upon us!" cried officers and men. "What is this? What is coming next? Is it the day of judgment?" The royal Psalmist described them accurately: "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end."

10. Soon the mystery was solved, when right before their eyes, about one league from them, there arose the rough sides of a mountain out of the yielding water, and reared its head high in the air! Then, from its summit, flames burst forth, and melted lava ran like a river down the declivity, and fell like a cascade of flame into the seething ocean. It was a birth-throe of nature, and an island was born which was miles in circumference.

11. Two years afterward I sailed over that very place, but the placid water gave no intimation that an island had been there. Yet no man has said that he saw the death and burial of that land whose birth I have thus chronicled! "They that go down to the

sea in ships, that do business in the great waters,— these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.”

D. C. WRIGHT.

12. The foregoing narrative, from the Western Christian Advocate, is vouched for as entirely true by its author. Volcanic eruptions similar to that he describes are on record. Upon the coasts of Iceland, and in great depths of water, new islands have been thrown up, some of which have remained, and others disappeared. In the year 1783, a new island was thrown up off the coast, consisting of high cliffs; and with such an ejection of pum'ice, that the ocean was covered to the distance of one hundred and fifty miles, and ships were impeded in their course by the shoals of floating stones.

13. In 1811, a volcano forced its way from beneath the sea, off the island of St. Michael, one of the Azores. It formed a crater above the water a mile in circumference, and about three hundred feet high. In the middle of the seventeenth century, an island was thrown up among the Heb'ri-dēs, which in a month disappeared. In the Bay of Naples, Monte Nuovo was thrown up in one day nearly five hundred feet high, and a mile and a half in circumference. These facts sufficiently show that the incidents of Mr. Wright's narrative are not unexampled.

LIX. — THANKSGIVING FOR EXISTENCE.

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| CLEAVE, v. i., to adhere to; to stick. | | BEAU'TE-OUS, a., fair; pleasing. |
| CON-TEN'PLATE, v. t., to consider. | | MAG'NI-FY, v. t., to exalt. |

AVoid saying eer for ere (like air); heerd for heard (herd); bust for burst.

1. BLESS'ED be thy name, O Lord! my Creator.
Blessed be thy name forever and ever. Thou didst

call me from nothingness, from the deep sleep of the dust, that I might breathe the air of life, and drink the light of thy glorious sun. When I look around, what multitudes of living things salute mine eyes! The earth is full of beauty; the voice of delight and joyousness is heard on every side.

2. Thou hast given me a *mind* to contem'plate thee; and when I gaze on the bright sky, or the fair earth, or the deep sea, I read the wonders of thy power, thy wisdom, and thy tender mercies, and I *know* that THOU art God. Thou hast given me a heart to melt with love, and to rejoice in goodness; thou hast given me feelings, to spring up like beauteous flowers, and blossom in thy smile; above all, thou hast given me the promise of life beyond the grave. Blessed be thy glorious name!

3. When I feel the full burst of joy in the early morning; when my heart is full of gaysomeness and mirth, when my limbs are fresh with vigor, and rejoice in their strength, then, O Lord! my Creator, let me praise and bless thy name; for all my joy, and health, and strength, are thine. Thou providest for me daily; the air I breathe is full of life and sweetness; my daily bread is joyful to me; the eye makes beauty where it looks; and the ear turns barren sounds to harmony.

4. Thy hand is ever open to my wants, and thy blessings fall like the sunlight and the rain. Thine ear never faileth to listen to my prayers. Grant them as may seem best in thy sight. Be thou the guide and comfort of my early youth. What a gift is MIND! Surely it is a shadow of thyself! Great and marvelous is its power, its glory, and its strength; but all its path of good is thine!

5. Thou hast given me *sense*, that I may enjoy; *understanding*, that I may gather knowledge; *affections*, that I may love; and *reason*, that I may distin-

guish truth from error, good from evil! Enlighten my mind, O Lord! with thy brightness, which is truth itself, that I may cleave to the good, and abhor the evil. Teach me to know thee in spirit and in *truth*, so that I may show forth thy glory in all my works and ways.

6. Let me make an offering to thee, O Lord, of the blossoms of my early youth! Ere the days come "in which I shall say, I have no pleasure in them," let me praise thee in the freshness of my heart, and think of thee in all my moments of joy. Like the early dawn of a bright day to come, let my youth be glorious; so that in the mid-day I may find *rest* and *peace*, and at evening time there may be *light*. Blessed be thy name, O God, my Creator! Let all things bless thee and magnify thee, for thy goodness; world without end!

LX.—ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

HEEL, *v. t.*, to incline; to lean.
SHEATH, *n.*, a scabbard.

SHROUDS, *n. pl.*, ropes to support a ship's masts.

Do not say *shrouds* for *skrouds*; *fall* for *fatal*; *hunderd* for *hundred*.

In September, 1782, while at anchor off Spithead, near Portsmouth, in England, the Royal George, the finest ship in the British navy, was sunk under circumstances correctly related in the poem. She had been heeled over to one side, for some slight repairs.

TOLL for the brave! the brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave, fast by their native shore!
Eight hundred of the brave, whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel, and laid her on her side.
A land-breeze shook the shrouds, and she was overset;
Down went the Royal George, with all her crew complete!

Toll for the brave! Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought—his work of glory done.
It was not in the battle; no tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak; she ran upon no rock.
His sword was in its sheath, his fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down with twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up, once dreaded by our foes !
 And mingle with our cup the tear that England owes.
 Her timbers yet are sound, and she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder, and plow the distant
 main.

But Kempenfelt is gone ; his victories are o'er ;
 And he and his eight hundred shall plow the wave no
 more. WILLIAM COWPER. (1731—1800.)

LXI. — THE BIRTH-DAY OF SPRING.

PÆAN, *n.*, a song of joy.

CÆROL, *v. i.*, to warble ; to sing.

JUBILEE, *n.*, a season of joy.

FLOWERET, *n.*, a small flower.

VER'NAL, *.,* belonging to spring.

PROPH'E-CY (*prof'e-sy*), *n.*, prediction.

CHO'RUS (*ko'rus*), *n.*, part of music in
 which all join.

In *at-tune'*, &c., heed the caution as to long *u*. The *at* in *fairy* is the same as in *str*.

CRY Holiday ! Holiday ! let us be gay,
 And share in the rapture of heaven and earth ;
 For, see ! what a sunshiny joy they display,
 To welcome the Spring on the day of her birth ;
 While the elements, gladly outpouring their voice,
 Nature's pæan proclaim, and in chorus rejoice !

Loud cærols each rill, as it leaps in its bed ;
 The wind brings us music and balm from the south,
 And Earth in delight calls on Echo to spread
 The tidings of joy with her many-tongued mouth ;
 Over sea, over shore, over mountain and plain,
 Far, far doth she trumpet the jubilee strain.

Hark ! hark to the robin ! its magical call
 Awakens the flowerets that slept in the dells ;
 The snow-drop, the primrose, the hyacinth, all
 Attune at the summons their silvery bells.
 Hush ! ting-a-ring-ting ! don't you hear how they sing ?
 They are pealing a fairy-like welcome to Spring.

The love-thrilling wood-birds are wild with delight ;
 Like arrows loud whistling the swallows flit by ;

The rapturous lark, as he soars out of sight,
 Sends a flood of rich melody down from the sky.
 In the air that they quaff, all the feathery throng
 Taste the spirit of Spring, that outbursts in a song.

To me do the same vernal whisperings breathe,
 In all that I scent, that I hear, that I meet
 Without and within me, above and beneath:
 Every sense is imbued with a prophecy sweet
 Of the pomp and the pleasantness Earth shall assume
 When adorned, like a bride, in her flowery bloom.

In this transport of nature each feeling takes part;
 I am thrilling with gratitude, reverence, joy;
 A new spring of youth seems to gush from my heart,
 And the man is transformed all at once to a boy.
 O! let me run wild, as in earlier years;
 If my joy be withheld, I shall burst into tears.

HORACE SMITH. (1779—1849.)

LXII.—OUR NATIVE LAND.

PELF, *n.*, money ill gotten.
 PRI-ME'VAL, *a.*, original; first.

EM-BEL'LISH, *v. t.*, to adorn.
 CAP'I-TAL, *n.*, a chief city.

Avoid saying *objez* for *objects*; *neaz* for *ne'er* (as if *nâre*).

1. SIR, I dare not trust myself to speak of my country with the rapture which I habitually feel when I contem'plate her marvelous history. But this I will say,—that, on my return to it, after an absence of only four years, I was filled with wonder at all I saw and all I heard. What is to be compared with it? I found New York grown up to almost double its former size, with the air of a great capital, instead of a mere flourishing commercial town, as I had known it.

2. I listened to accounts of voyages of a thousand miles, in magnificent steamboats, on the waters of those great lakes, which, but the other day, I left

sleeping in the primeval silence of nature, in the recesses of a vast wilderness; and I felt that there is a grandeur and a majesty in this irresistible onward march of a race, created, as I believe, and elected, to possess and people a continent, which belong to few other objects, either of the moral or material world.

3. We may become so accustomed to such things that they shall make as little impression upon our minds as the glories of the heavens above us; but, looking on them, lately, as with the eye of the stranger, I felt, what a recent English traveler is said to have remarked, that, far from being without poetry, as some have vainly alleged, our whole country is one great poem.

4. Sir, it is so; and if there be a man who can think of what is doing, in all parts of this most blessed of all lands, to embellish and advance it,— who can contemplate that living mass of intelligence, activity, and improvement, as it rolls on, in its sure and steady progress, to the uttermost extremities of the West,— who can see scenes of savage desolation transformed, almost with the suddenness of enchantment, into those of fruitfulness and beauty, crowned with flourishing cities, filled with the noblest of all populations,— if there be a man, I say, that can witness all this, passing under his very eyes, without feeling his heart beat high, and his imagination warmed and transported by it, be sure that the raptures of song exist not for him.

“Breathes there a 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!

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.*

HUGH S. LEGA-RE. (1797—1843.)

LXIII. — THE NOBLEST PUBLIC VIRTUE.

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| COV'ET (kū'vet), <i>v. t.</i> , to desire wrong-fully or strongly. | SAC'RIFICE (-fīx), <i>n.</i> , an offering. |
| AB-SORBED', <i>pp.</i> , swallowed up. | E'GO-TISM, <i>n.</i> , the magnifying of one's self. |
| AG-GRAND'IZE-MENT, <i>n.</i> , state of being ag'grandized or made great. | GRÖV'EL (grö'v'el), <i>v. i.</i> , to cringe. |
| VOL'UN-TA-RY, <i>a.</i> , acting by choice. | IM-PU-TA'TION, <i>n.</i> , reproach. |
| | IM-MEÄS'U-RA-BLE, <i>a.</i> , immense. |

Do not slur the final consonant combinations in *in'ter-ests*, *prompts*, *acts*, *feelings*, *e'go-tism*, *pa'tri-ot-ism* (not *-isum*), *a-cross*' (not *acrost*), &c.

1. THERE is a sort of courage, to which — I frankly confess it — I do not lay claim; a boldness to which I dare not aspire; a valor which I can not covet. I can not lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That, I can not, I have not the courage, to do. I can not interpose the power with which I may be invested, — a power conferred, not for my personal benefit or aggrandizement, but for my country's good, — to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough, — I am too cowardly for that!

2. I would not, I dare not, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his

* From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," by Sir Walter Scott.

private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

3. Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the *want* of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions can not see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interest. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself.

4. The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring toward heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspiration from on high, and, leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings,—animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself,—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!

HENRY CLAY. (1777—1852.)

“Live while you live,” the epicure would say,
 “And seize the pleasures of the present day!”—
 “Live while you live,” the Christian preacher cries,
 “And give to God each moment as it flies.”
 Lord! in my view, let both united be:—
 I live to pleasure, while I live to Thee.

LXIV.—BREATHE PURE AIR.

| | |
|---|---|
| STRUCTURE , <i>n.</i> , internal organization; a building. | PER-NĪCIOUS , <i>a.</i> , hurtful. |
| FUNCTION , <i>n.</i> , employment; hence, the acting of any bodily organ. | SAN'I-TA-RY , <i>a.</i> , relating to health. |
| TRAVERSE , <i>v. t.</i> , to cross. | RES-PI'RÁ-TO-RY , <i>a.</i> , having power to respire or breathe. |
| A-DULT' , <i>n.</i> , a grown-up person. | DOR'MI-TO-RY , <i>n.</i> , a place to sleep in. |
| IN-FRINGE' , <i>v. t.</i> , to break. | NEUTRAL-IZE , <i>v. t.</i> , to render neutral or inert. |
| IN-SPI-RÁTION , <i>n.</i> , an in-breathing. | VEN'TI-LATE , <i>v.</i> , to expose to air. |
| CAR-BON'IC , <i>a.</i> , pertaining to carbon. | OX'Y-GEN (-jen), <i>n.</i> , the vital part of atmospheric air. |
| HOGS'HEAD , <i>n.</i> , a measure of sixty- three gallons. | VI-TAL'I-TY , <i>n.</i> , principle of life. |

Give *er* in *traverse*, *ex'er-cise*, &c., its full sound, without stress. In *at'mos-phere* *ph* has the sound of *f*; *ere*, in *there'fore*, like *er* in *her*.

1. IT is estimated that during one day's healthful existence no less than sixty hogsheads of pure atmosphere must enter the human lungs. This is allowing but one pint for each inspiration, and but eighteen inspirations for each minute; though it must be clear to all that during active exercise it frequently happens that in one minute of time more than twice eighteen inspirations take place, and considerably more than a pint of air enters the lungs at a single inspiration. The fact may be easily tested.

2. Now, this immense volume of air is on purpose to give life to the liquid essence of our food—life to the dead blood. Until acted upon by the atmosphere, the fluid which is traversing the lungs is, to all intents and purposes, dead, and consequently totally incapable of repairing worn structures, of carrying on functions, or of maintaining any vitality in the system; nay, it even contains in its elements a considerable quantity of pernicious poison, brought to the lungs to be given out in the act of breathing, lest it should kill the human fabric. The poison alluded to is carbonic acid. To breathe in an atmosphere of carbonic acid is death, and as it is certain.

3. Let us imagine, then, forty individuals to have entered a room of sufficient size to receive them without overcrowding. We may as well consider it an ordinary school-room, and the forty individuals forty industrious pupils. This will give us an opportunity of noticing, among other things, how impure air affects the thinking brain. Suppose them diligently at work, then, in an unventilated apartment, with the door and windows closed. Now, calculating from the same estimates as before, in one minute from the time of entry each of the forty pairs of lungs has performed eighteen respirations, and with every respiration a pint of air has been deprived of a fourth part of its oxygen, and the same volume of carbonic acid has been mingled with the atmosphere of the school-room.

4. In one minute of time, therefore, forty times eighteen pints, that is, seven hundred and twenty pints,—as we are not speaking of adults, we will say six hundred pints of the inclosed air,—have been deprived of no less than a fourth of their creative oxygen; while an equal volume of the destroying acid is floating in the apartment, and influencing the blood at every inspiration. Or,—which will be found, upon calculation, to amount to the same thing,—in one single minute, as much as one hundred and fifty pints—upward of eighteen gallons of air—have altogether lost their life-creating power; the deficiency being made up by a deadly poison.

5. Now, since such a change takes place in one minute, let me beg of you to reflect what takes place in ten, what in twenty, what in half an hour; what must be the amount of poison which the lungs of these unfortunate victims are inhaling, after an hour of such confinement. And yet how common it is, not for school-children alone, but for persons of all ages and conditions, to be shut up in low-pitched, badly-venti-

lated apartments, for more than five, six, or seven hours together !

6. Allow me to remind you that in the human body the blood circulates once in two and a half minutes. In two and a half minutes all the blood contained in the system traverses the respiratory surface. Every one, then, who breathes an impure atmosphere two and a half minutes, has every particle of his blood acted on by the vitiating air. Every particle has become less vital—less capable of repairing structures, or of carrying on functions ; and the longer such air is respired, the more impure it becomes, and the more corrupted grows the blood.

7. Permit me to repeat, that, after breathing for two and a half minutes an atmosphere incapable of properly oxygenating the fluids which are traversing the lungs, every drop of blood in the human being is more or less poisoned ; and in two and a half minutes more even the minutest part of all man's fine-wrought organs has been visited and acted upon by this poisoned fluid,—the tender, delicate eye, the wakeful ear, the sensitive nerves, the heart, the brain ; together with the skin, the muscles, the bones throughout their structure,—in short, the entire being. There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by vitiated blood,—not a point but must have suffered injury !

8. Without food or exercise, man may enjoy life some hours ; he may live some days. He can not exist a few minutes without air. And yet, what laws are so infringed as the laws of respiration ? In our temples of public worship, in our courts of justice, in our prisons, our mines, our factories, and our schools, ventilation was, until lately, almost disregarded ; nay, is still, in many places, entirely disregarded. And as for private dwellings, it may be most unhesitatingly affirmed that even for the wealthier classes of society

not one house in a hundred—perhaps not one in a thousand—is constructed on sound sanitary principles with respect to its ventilation.

9. I allude not so much to lower stories as to dormitories. How rare to find a dormitory whose atmosphere at early morning would not be more tainted than when it was entered for repose the previous night! Yet, be it borne in mind that whenever, after a night's repose, the slightest degree of closeness is perceptible in a chamber, it is an incontrovertible proof that the chamber is not well ventilated; and that, whatever may have been the benefit which the system may have received from sleep, that benefit has been partly neutralized by the ill effects of an impure atmosphere.

LXV.—THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

PAL'TRY (*a* as in *fall*), *a.*, worthless. | COURT'IER (kōrt'yer), *n.*, one who
MĒA'GER, or MĒA'GEE, *a.*, lean. | courts favor.

In *new* and *stu-pen'dous*, give the *y* sound of long *u*. The first five stanzas of the following poem afford a remarkably fine exercise in low pitch and a solemn, measured delivery. At the sixth stanza the voice should change to a high pitch and the tone of exultation.

TREAD softly, — bow the head,—
In reverent silence bow ;
No passing bell doth toll,—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With holy reverence bow ;—
There 's one in that poor shed,—
One by that paltry bed,—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo ! death doth keep his state ;

Enter,— no crowds attend ;

Enter,— no guards defend

This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,

No smiling courtiers tread ;

One silent woman stands,

Lifting, with meager hands,

A dying head.

No mingling voices sound,—

An infant wail alone ;

A sob suppressed,— again

That short, deep gasp, and then

The parting groan.

O, change!—O, wondrous change!—

Burst are the prison bars,—

This moment, there, so low,

So agonized,— and now

Beyond the stars!

O, change!—stupendous change!

There lies the soulless clod ;

The Sun eternal breaks,—

The new immortal wakes,—

Wakes with his God!

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY. (1794—1854.)

LXVI. — THE AMERICAN ROBIN.

DE-TACH'MENT, *n.*, a party sent off for
special duty.

NEIGH'BOURHOOD, *n.*, vicinity.

PÖR'LY, *a.*, bulky ; corpulent.

AT'TRI-BUTE, *n.*, a quality.

GAIT, *n.*, manner of walking.

CON-SPIC'U-OUS, *a.*, open to view.

GAUD'Y, *a.*, showy.

O'RI-OLE, *n.*, a bird.

VOL'UN-TA-RY, *a.*, willing.

Avold saying *feels* for *fields* ; *idee* for *i-de'a* ; *grav'ul* for *grav'el*.

1. It is now the thirtieth of March. The song-sparrows and bluebirds are here, and have been with us

several days. The robins are getting quite numerous; they seem to come in detachments, or possibly they only pass from one neighborhood to another in flocks. Their note is very pleasant, and, after the silent winter, falls with double sweetness on the ear. Their portly persons and warm red jackets make them very conspicuous, flying about among the naked branches, or running over the wilted grass.

2. They are more frequently seen on the ground than any other bird we have, excepting the sparrow; and it is amusing to watch the different gait of the two. The sparrow glides along with great agility and ease; whether in the grass or on the gravel, his movement is light and free. But the robin usually makes more fuss; he runs by starts, drops his head, moves rapidly for a few feet, and then stops suddenly, with an upward jerk of his head, repeating the same course until he takes flight.

3. The European robin is a smaller bird than ours, and lives, through the year, as far north as England, cheering his native fields with a simple lay, even during the cold weather. His habits are different from those of our own bird; he builds in grassy banks, and has a trick of scraping dead leaves together before his door, probably with the idea of concealing his nest. With us, the robin never builds on the ground; his nest is placed in trees, where, from its size, it is very conspicuous. Once in a while, however, he builds about a house, but in such a case usually fixes his nest in some spot shaded by a vine or the branches of a tree.

4. For two summers in succession we had a nest on a window-sill of the second story, and this spring two pairs seem to be building about the eaves; but in these instances the spots chosen are screened by Virginia creepers. Passing through one of the village

streets, this afternoon, we saw a robin's nest in a very low and exposed situation. The honest creatures must have great confidence in their neighbors, which, it is to be hoped, will not be abused. The nest was in the corner of an out-building facing the street, and so near the side-walk that one could almost reach it across the paling.

5. It was entirely unscreened; a stray branch of a locust tree projected, indeed, above it; but if the robins expect the foliage to shelter them, at this early day, they have made a sad miscalculation. The mother-bird was on the nest, as we passed, sitting, of course. She slowly moved her large brown eyes toward us, as we stopped to watch her, but without the least expression of fear; — indeed, she must see the village people coming and going all day long, as she sits there on the nest.

6. What a very remarkable instinct is that of a sitting bird! By nature the winged creatures are full of life and activity, apparently needing little repose, flitting the livelong day through the fields and gardens, seldom pausing except to feed, to dress their feathers, or to sing; — abroad, many of them, before dawn, and still passing to and fro across the darkening sky of the latest twilight; — capable, also, when necessary, of a prolonged flight, which stretches across seas and continents.

7. And yet there is not one of these little winged mothers but will patiently sit, for hour after hour, day after day, upon her unhatched brood, warming them with her breast, — carefully turning them, that all may share the heat equally, and so fearful lest they should be chilled, that she will rather suffer hunger herself than leave them long exposed. That it is no unusual drowsiness which comes over them at this time, rendering the duty more easy, is evident, for you seldom

find them sleeping; their bright eyes are usually open, and they look, indeed, quite thoughtful, as though already reflecting about their little family.

8. The male, among some tribes, occasionally relieves his mate, by taking her place awhile, and among all varieties he exerts himself to bring food to her, and to sing for her amusement. But, altogether, this voluntary imprisonment of those busy, lively creatures, is a striking instance of that generous, enduring patience which is a noble attribute of parental affection.

9. The robin with us is musical only in early spring; the rest of the year he is a very silent bird. Some few occasionally linger through the cold weather as far north as the Mohawk; but this seems accidental. Many take a south-eastern direction toward the sea shore, and many more go still further south to a milder climate. They are with us, however, eight or nine months of the year,—honest, homely creatures, running through plowed furrows, and about the grass-plots and paths around our doors; so that they are every where considered as friends of the house.

10. I have seen it asserted that the early colonists gave to the gaudy oriole the name of "English robin;" showing how fondly memory colored all they had left behind, since one bird is very plain in his plumage, the other remarkably brilliant. The name of robin, however, has now attached itself decidedly to the large red-breasted thrush, with which we are all familiar. This bird, though differing in many respects from the Robin Redbreast of Europe, yet with the name inherits also the favor of his kinsman, getting all the credit, in this part of the world, of watching over the Babes in the Woods, picking berries to feed them, and gathering leaves for their covering.

MISS SUSAN F. COOPER.

LXVII.—THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

| | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| IN-STILL', v. t., to infuse by drops. | A-NAL'O-GY, n., resemblance. |
| EN-GEN'DER (-jen-), v. t., to produce. | CON'VER-SANT, a., familiar with. |
| SPE'CIES (spē'shēz), n., a sort. | TRANS-CEND'ENT, a., surpassing. |
| MET-A-MORPH'O-SIS (-morf-), n., a change of form. <i>Plural, metamorphosēs.</i> | IN-QUI'RY, n., search for truth. |
| | AD-AP-TA'TION, n., fitness. |
| | MAN'I-FEST, a., evident; plain. |

Avoid saying *produx, insex, objez, &c.*, for *products, in'sects, objects, &c.*

1. THOUGH it be impossible and absurd to wish that every young person should grow up a naturalist by profession, yet this age offers no more wholesome training, both moral and intellectual, than that which is given by instilling into the young an early taste for out-door physical science.

“ Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 't is her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy.”

2. How to give habits of enterprise, patience, accurate observation,—above all, how to develop the physical powers without engendering brutality and coarseness,—are questions becoming daily more puzzling, while they need daily more to be solved, in an age of enterprise, travel, and emigration, like the present. Without undervaluing other branches of science, it may be safely affirmed that Natural History, or the history of the natural products of the earth, is capable of affording more to interest and instruct, more to refresh and relax, the well-disposed mind, on a very slight acquaintance with it, than any other pursuit.

3. Not a step can the learner advance in it, but he meets with wonders previously unsuspected. The more he knows, the more he desires to know ; and the

further he advances, the more does he perceive how much delight is yet in store for him. The beneficent Creator of all has not only ordained that every part of his works should be *good*,—should be adapted to answer its designed end, and should contribute, in the highest degree of which it is capable, to the well-being of his creatures,—but he has made every thing “beautiful in its season.”

4. He has so formed the mind of man that it derives pleasure from the contemplation of the glorious works around us. And it is, therefore, a worthy employment of our faculties to encourage this pleasure, and to place it upon a more solid and extended foundation than that afforded by the mere forms and colors of objects, however beautiful these may be. One great source of the pleasure derived from the inquiry into the structure and mode of existence of the living beings around us, arises from the adaptation of their parts to each other, and of the whole to the place it has to occupy.

5. The philosopher who studies the motions of the heavenly bodies, and the station of this earth among them, traces these adaptations no less clearly; but it requires profound and long-continued study to be able to comprehend them aright. The naturalist, however, can discern them, with far less re-search', in every plant that grows, in every animal that breathes; and he meets with a constant variety, which prevents him from growing weary of the pursuit.

6. Yet the young are too frequently kept in ignorance of the wonders and beauties around them; and, whilst encouraged to learn many languages, and read many books, they remain unacquainted with the bright volume of creation, the pages of which are daily and hourly unrolled before them, “written,” to use the impressive words of Lord Bacon, “in the only language

which hath gone forth to the ends of the world, unaffected by the confusion of Babel."

7. If boys were acquainted with the wonderful structure of insects, and of other animals low in the scale, they would not be found sticking pins into flies, or tormenting cats; nor, when men, would they treat those noble domestic animals, the horse and the ox, with cruelty. The girl who has learned to derive enjoyment from observing the operations and watching the metamorphoses of insects,—who knows their history, and is conversant with their structure, habits, and curious economy,—will mark these circumstances in animals higher in the scale; and, ascending to her own species, will learn also the elevation of her own nature.

8. The young person who, in strolling through the fields and woods, can tell you the name of every wild flower and every bird you see,—can inform you as to its habits, the time of its appearance, and in what regions of the earth it is to be found,—possesses a fund of useful and entertaining knowledge which must lend a charm to every ramble, and make his or her society prized by all who have souls to recognize and admire the manifold indications in creation of Providential bounty and Omniscient skill.

9. The just relations of all created things to one another prove them to be the work of one almighty Designer. The great globe may be considered as a museum, furnished forth with the works of the Supreme Being; man being placed in the midst of it, as alone capable of comprehending and valuing it. And, if this be true, as certainly it is, what then becomes man's duty? Moralists and divines, with nature herself, testify that the purpose of so much beauty and perfection being made manifest to man, is that he may study and celebrate the works of God. If we have no

vital and intelligent faith in the things which are *seen*, how shall we believe those which are *not* seen?

10. A happy sensibility to the beauties of nature should, therefore, be actively cherished and developed by the young. It engages them to contem'plate the Creator in his wonderful works; it purifies and harmonizes the soul, and prepares it for moral and intellectual discipline; it supplies a never-failing source of amusement; it contributes largely to bodily health; and, as a strict analogy subsists between material and moral beauty, it leads the heart by an easy transition from the one to the other, and thus recommends virtue for its transcendent loveliness, and makes vice appear the object of contempt and abomination.



LXVIII.—CATO'S MESSAGE TO CÆSAR.

| | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| ROS'TRUM, n., a platform for speakers. | CAP'I-TOL, n., a temple in Rome. |
| LE'GION, n., a body of soldiers. [vice. | SAC'RI-LEGE, n., the crime of violat- |
| DIS-BAND', v. t., to dismiss from ser- | ing sacred things. |
| DIC-TA'TOR, n., an absolute ruler. | EX-POST'U-LATE, v. i., to plead with. |

Decius. Cæsar sends health to Cato.

Cato. Could he send it

To Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome.—
Are not your orders to address the Senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato. Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato? bid him spare his country!
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which *he* has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who checked his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend.
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it!
Still may you stand high in your country's honors.
Do but comply and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more!

I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman Senate:
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom,—

Cato. Nay, more,— though Cato's voice was ne'er employed

To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favor,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let *him* consider *that* who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's Senate little
And thinned its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him.

Didst thou but view him right, thou 'dst see him black
 With murder, treason, sacrilege, and — crimes
 That strike my soul with horror but to name them
 I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch
 Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes ;
 But, as I love my country, millions of worlds
 Should never buy me to be like your Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
 For all his generous cares and proffered friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain :
 Presumptuous man ! the *gods* take care of Cato.
 Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
 Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
 And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
 By sheltering men much better than himself.

JOSEPH ADDISON. (1672 -- 1714)

LXIX. — LINES TO LITTLE MARY.

CHĀ'RY, *a.*, careful ; cautious.
 PA'GAN, *a.*, heathen.
 IN'TRI-CATE, *a.*, entangled.

BEN'I-SON (-zon), *n.*, a blessing.
 LAB'Y-RINTH, *n.*, a maze.
 SUC'CINCT-LY, *ad.*, briefly ; compactly.

I'm bidden, little Mary, to write verses unto thee ;
 I'd fain obey the bidding, if it rested but with me ;
 But the mistresses I'm bound to (nine ladies, hard to please !),
 Of all their stores poetic so closely keep the keys,
 That 't is only now and then — by good luck, as we may say —
 A couplet or a rhyme or two falls fairly in my way.

Fruit forced is never half so sweet as that comes quite in season ;
 But some folks must be satisfied with rhyme, in spite of reason ;
 So, Muses, all befriend me, — albeit of help so chary, —
 To string the pearls of poësy for loveliest little Mary.

And yet, ye pagan damsels,* not over-fond am I
 To invoke your haughty favors, your fount of Cas'taly :

* By the pagan damsels, the "nine ladies hard to please," the author means the Nine Muses ; female deities that were imagined by the ancients to preside over poetry, music, &c. The fount of Castaly was on Mount Parnassus, in Greece, and was sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

I've sipped a purer fountain ; I've decked a holier shrine ;
I own a mightier mistress ; — O Nature, *thou* art mine !

And only to that well-head, sweet Mary, I'll resort,
For just an artless verse or two,— a simple strain and short,—
Befitting well a pilgrim, wayworn with care and strife,
To offer thee, young traveler, in the morning track of life.

There's many a one will tell thee, 't is all with roses gay ;
There's many a one will tell thee, 't is thorny all the way.
Deceivers are they every one, dear child, who thus pretend :
God's ways are not unequal ; make Him thy trusted friend,
And many a path of pleasantness He'll clear away for thee,
However dark and intricate the labyrinth may be.

I need not wish thee beauty, I need not wish thee grace ;
Already both are budding in that infant form and face.
I *will* not wish thee grandeur, I *will* not wish thee wealth ;
But only a contented heart, peace, competence, and health ;
Fond friends to love thee dearly, and honest friends to chide,
And faithful ones to cleave to thee, whatever may betide.

And now, my little Mary, if better things remain
Unheeded in my blindness, unnoticed in my strain,
I'll sum them up succinctly in " English undefiled," —
My mother-tongue's best benison,— God bless thee, precious child !

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY.

LXX. — WOMAN IN AMERICA.

| | |
|---|--|
| PRO-MUL-GA'TION, n., open teaching. PER-PE-TU'I-TY, n., endless duration. AR-TIF'I-CER, n., a mechanic. | A-CHIEVE'MENT, n., a deed ; a feat. FRAN'CHISE, n., a privilege. TRUS-TEE', n., one who has a trust. |
|---|--|

Pronounce *Stael*, *Stak'el*. Do not slur the sound of *er* in *govern-ment*. In *con-ducts*, *con'tests*, &c., heed the consonant terminations.

1. It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and, more especially, by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part toward the preservation of a free government. It is generally admitted that public liberty, the perpe-

tuity of a free constitution, rests on the virtue and intelligence of the community which enjoys it. How is that virtue to be inspired and how is that intelligence to be communicated? Bonaparte once asked Madame de Staël in what manner he could most promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said: "Instruct the mothers of the French people."

2. Mothers are, indeed, the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins her process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs, so to speak, its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressible years of childhood and youth, and hopes to deliver it to the rough contests and tumultuous scenes of life, armed by those good principles which her child has received from maternal care and love.

3. If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist forever. We applaud the artist, whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and celebrate the sculptor, who works out that same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and the fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the great vocation of human mothers! They work, not upon the canvas that shall fail, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout its duration, the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

4. I have already expressed the opinion, which all allow to be correct, that our security for the duration

of the free institutions which bless our country depends upon the habits of virtue, and the prevalence of knowledge and of education. Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the larger term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined; the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated, under all circumstances.

5. All this is comprised in education. Mothers who are faithful to this great charge will tell their children that neither in political nor in any other concerns of life can man ever withdraw himself from the perpetual obligations of conscience and of duty; that in every act, whether public or private, he incurs a just responsibility; and that in no condition is he warranted in trifling with important rights and obligations.

6. They will impress upon their children the truth, that the exercise of the elective franchise is a social duty, of as solemn a nature as man can be called to perform; that a man may not innocently trifle with his vote; that every free elector is a trustee, as well for others as himself; and that every man and every measure he supports has an important bearing on the interests of others, as well as on his own. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals, such as these, that, in a free republic, woman performs her sacred duty, and fulfills her destiny.

DANIEL WEBSTER. (1782-1852.)

FATHER of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
 O, teach *me* what is good! teach me thyself!
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit; and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

LXXI. — THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

BALM'Y, *a.*, fragrant ; sweet.
 CLUS'TER, *n.*, a bunch.

COURT'LY, *a.*, elegant ; polite.
 BRILL'ANT, *a.*, shining.

In *perfume*, the accent is on the first syllable when it is a noun ; on the second, when it is a verb. Do not say *doocy* for *dew'y*.

1. It is summer ! it is summer ! How beautiful it looks ! There is sunshine on the old gray hills, and sunshine on the brooks ; a singing-bird on every bough ; soft per'fumes on the air ; a happy smile on each young lip, and gladness every where. O ! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods, — to look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds ; — or, seated in the deep, cool shade, at some tall ash-tree's root, to fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit !

2. They tell me that my father's poor ; — *that* is no grief to *me*, when such a blue and brilliant sky my up-turned eye can see. They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy and gem. It *may* be so ; and yet, methinks, I do not envy them. When forth I go upon my way, a thousand toys are mine : the clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild vine. My jewels are the primrose pale, the bind-weed, and the rose. O ! show me any courtly gem more beautiful than these.

3. And then, the fruit ! the glowing fruit ! how sweet the scent it breathes ! I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves. Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share, — the wild-wood fruit, — my eager eye is seeking every where. O ! summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights ; its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil, calm delights. I sigh when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the plain ; and all the winter long I sing, — Sweet summer ! come again !

MARY HOWITT.

LXXII.—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

VISION-A-RY (*viz.*), *n.*, a dreamer.MER-CU'RI-AL, *a.*, lively; spirited.REV'ER-IE, *n.*, deep musing.SOOTH'SAY-ER, *n.*, a foreteller.DE-CIPHER, *v. t.*, to explain.OP'U-LENT, *a.*, rich; wealthy.Pronounce *Ophir*, *O'fer* · *His-pan-i-o'la*, as marked; *Asia*, *A'she-a*.

1. HE was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent imagination and mercurial nature were controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of wasting itself in idle soarings, lent wings to his judgment, and bore it away to conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived; nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out.

2. To his intellectual vision it was given to read, in the signs of the times and the reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world, as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. "His soul," observes a Spanish writer, "was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprise to plow a sea which had given rise to so many fables, and to decipher the mystery of his time."

3. With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia.

4. What visions of glory would have broke upon

his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated, by two vast oceans, from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amid the chills of age and cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations and tongues and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LXXIII.—THE STORY OF GINEVRA.

NUP'TIAL, *a.*, pertaining to marriage. | PAN'IC, *n.*, a sudden fright.
TEN'ANT-LESS, *a.*, unoccupied. | QUEST, *n.*, act of seeking.

Avoid saying *ared* for *shred*. In *first*, *nurst*, *burst*, give the sound of *er* in *her*.
Pronounce *Ginevra*, *Je-né'vra*; *Francesco*, *Fran-chés'co*.

SHE was an only child, her name Ginevra,—
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent father,—
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.

But now the day was come,— the day, the hour;
Now frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in her shining youth, Ginevra gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,
When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting;
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,

“’T is but to make a trial of our love !”
 And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.

’T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
 Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger ;
 But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;
 Nor, from that hour, could any thing be guessed,
 But that she was not !

Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 The father lived, and long might you have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,—
 Something he could not find, he knew not what.
 When he was dead, the house remained a while
 Silent and tenantless ; then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
 When, on an idle day,— a day of search,
 ’Mid the old lumber in the gallery,—
 A mouldering chest was noticed, and ’t was said,
 By one as young, as thoughtless, as Ginevra,
 “ Why not remove it from its lurking-place ? ”

’T was done as soon as said ; but, on the way,
 It burst — it fell ; and, lo ! a skeleton,
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
 A golden clasp clasping a shred of gold !
 All else had perished, save a wedding ring,
 And a small seal, her mother’s legacy,
 Engraven with a name,— the name of both,— *Ginevra*

There, then, she had found a grave !
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
 When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
 Fastened her down forever !

LXXIV.—APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

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|--|---|
| <p>A-POS'TRO-PHE, <i>n.</i>, a digressive address.</p> <p>RAV'AGE, <i>n.</i>, desolation ; ruin.</p> <p>TOR'RID, <i>a.</i>, violently hot.</p> <p>AR-MA'DA, <i>n.</i>, a large fleet of ships of war.</p> <p>UN-KNELLED' (-nelled), <i>a.</i>, untolled.</p> | <p>YEST or YEAST, <i>n.</i>, the foam or froth of liquor in fermentation.</p> <p>LE-VI'A-THAN, <i>n.</i>, a sea-monster.</p> <p>AR-BI-TER, <i>n.</i>, an umpire.</p> <p>TRA-FAL-GAR', <i>n.</i>, a cape in Spain, off which was fought, in 1805, the great naval battle in which Nelson fell.</p> |
|--|---|

Pronounce *none, nun ; were, wer ; been, bin ; ne'er, nare ; are, r*

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin ; — his control
 Stops with the shore ; — upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitols, —
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yest of waves, which mar
 Alike the armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee ;—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :— not so thou,
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play ;
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm—
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone !

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers : they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear,
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

BE brave, be just ; and, when your country's laws
 Call you to witness in a dubious cause,
 Though Power should plant his rack before your eye,
 And, frowning, dictate to your lips the lie,—
 Think it a crime no tears can e'er efface
 To purchase safety with compliance base,—
 At honor's cost, a feverish span extend,
 And sacrifice, for life, life's only end ! — GIFFORD.

LXXV.—INFLUENCE OF HUMAN EXAMPLE.

FRUC'TI-FY, *v. i.*, to bear fruit.COM-PO'NENT, *a.*, helping to compose.VIBRATE, *v. i.*, to quiver.AS-SO'CIATE, *n.*, a companion.IN-DEL'I-BLE, *a.*, not to be effaced.MAN'NA, *n.*, a honey-like juice got from a kind of ash-tree.RAM-I-FI-CA'TION, *n.*, a branching.

Avoid saying *ax* for *acts*. Give *o* in *nothing* and *none* the sound of short *u*.

1. EVERY morning we enter upon a new day, that carries an unknown future in its bosom. How stirring the reflection! Thoughts may be born to-day, which may never die. Feelings may be awakened to-day, which may never be extinguished. Hopes may be excited to-day, which may never expire. Acts may be performed to-day, the consequence of which may not be realized till eternity.

2. There is something solemn and awful in the consideration that there is not an act nor a thought in the life of a human being, that does not carry with it a train of consequences, the end of which we may never trace. We all, to a certain extent, influence the lives and minds of those about us. The good deed or thought will live, even though we may not see it fructify; but so will the bad; and no person is so insignificant as to be sure that his example will not do good on the one hand, or evil on the other.

3. There is, indeed, an element of immortality in the life of man, even in this world. No individual in the universe stands alone; he is a compo'nent part of a system of mutual dependences; and by his several acts he either increases or diminishes the sum of human good now and forever. As the present is rooted in the past, and the lives and examples of our forefathers still to a great extent influence *us*, so are we by our daily acts contributing to form the condition and character of the future.

4. No man's acts die utterly. It is a terrible thought to remember that nothing can be forgotten. I have somewhere read that not an oath is uttered that does not continue to vibrate through all time, in the wide-spread current of sound; not a prayer lisped, that its record is not to be found stamped on the laws of nature by the indelible seal of the Almighty's will.

“ We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;
 And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest.”

5. Every act we do, or word we utter, as well as every act we witness, or word we hear, carries with it an influence which not only extends over our whole future life, and gives to it color and direction, but produces some effect, slight or important, upon the whole frame of society. We may not, and indeed can not, trace the influence working itself into action in its various ramifications among children, friends, associates; yet there it is, assuredly, working on forever. And herein lies the great significance of setting forth a good example,—a silent teaching, which even the poorest person and the humblest child can enforce by his daily life.

6. Let us first take heed to our thoughts; for thoughts resolve themselves, sooner or later, into habits and deeds. To think is to live. Let us, then, reject all evil and impure thoughts, and give entertainment only to those that are good and kind, noble and forgiving, instructive and elevating. Time and life, unfilled with thought, are useless, unenjoyed, bringing no pleasure for the present, storing no good for future need. To-day is the golden chance, wherewith to snatch thought's blessed fruition,—the joy of the

present, the hope of the future. To-day is the time for all good resolutions, and for all first steps in improvement: —

O, bright presence of To-day, let me wrestle with thee, gracious angel!
 I will not let thee go except thou bless me; bless me, then, To-day!
 O, sweet garden of To-day, let me gather of thee, precious Eden;
 I have stolen bitter knowledge, give me fruits of life To-day.
 O, true temple of To-day, let me worship in thee, glorious Zion;
 I find none other place nor time than where I am To-day.
 O, living rescue of To-day, let me run into thee, ark of refuge;
 I see none other hope nor chance, but standeth in To-day.
 O, rich banquet of To-day, let me feast upon thee, saving manna,
 I have none other food nor store but daily bread To-day.

LXXVI. — AMERICA'S OBLIGATIONS TO ENGLAND.

FROM THE SPEECH IN REPLY TO CHARLES TOWNSHEND, A MEMBER OF
 THE BRITISH MINISTRY, 1765.

GRUDGE, *v. t.*, to murmur at.
 MITE, *n.*, any thing very small.
 SUBTLE (*süt'tl*), *a.*, sly; crafty.
 FRONTIER (*frónt'eer*), *n.*, a border.

DE-FENSE' or DE-FENCE', *n.*, protection
 from injury; resistance to evil.
 RE-COIL', *v. i.*, to start back.
 E-MOL'U-MENT, *n.*, gain; income.

Pronounce distinctly the consonant terminations here represented: *askt; handz; frendz; beasts; sub'jekts; akts; tri'umfs; feel'ingz; bandz*. These and similar consonant combinations are too often slighted.

1. THE honorable member has asked: — “And now will these Americans, children planted by our care, nourished up by our indulgence, and protected by our arms,—will they grudge to contribute their mite?” *They planted by your care!*—No, your oppressions planted them in America! They fled from your tyranny to a then uncultivated and inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to almost all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and, among others, to the cruelties of a savage foe the most subtle, and I will take upon me to say the most formidable,

of any people upon the face of the earth; and yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, our American brethren met all hardships with pleasure, compared with those they suffered in their own country from the hands of those that should have been their friends.

2. *They nourished up by your indulgence!*—They grew by your neglect of them! As soon as you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule them, in one department and another, who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to some members of this House, sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon them;—men whose behavior, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them; men promoted to the highest seats of justice,—some who, to my knowledge, were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to the bar of a court of justice in their own.

3. *They protected by your arms!*—They have nobly taken up arms in your defense!—have exerted a valor, amid their constant and laborious industry, for the defense of a country whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emolument. And, believe me,—remember I this day told you so,—that same spirit of freedom which actuated that people at first will accompany them still; but prudence forbids me to explain myself further.

4. Heaven knows I do not at this time speak from motives of party heat. What I deliver are the genuine sentiments of my heart. However superior to me, in general knowledge and experience, the respectable body of this House may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you, having seen that country and been conversant with its affairs. The people,

I believe, are as truly loyal as any subjects the King has ; but they are a people jealous of their liberties, and who, if those liberties should ever be violated, will vindicate them to the last drop of their blood.

ISAAC BARRE.

LXXVII. — RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT.

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| SHIELD (sheeld), <i>n.</i> , a broad piece of defensive armor. | CAVALRY, <i>n.</i> , mounted troops. |
| SCYTHE, <i>n.</i> , an instrument for mowing. | INFANTRY, <i>n.</i> , foot soldiers. |
| CONQUER (konk'er), <i>v. t.</i> , to gain by force. | PEASANTRY, <i>n.</i> , rustics. |
| | LEVY, <i>v. t.</i> , to raise ; to collect. |
| | MERCE-NARY, <i>a.</i> , hired ; venal. |

Pronounce *Winkelried*, *Vink'kel-reed* ; *Sempach*, *Zem'pak* ; *Zurich*, *Zoo'rik* ; *Unterwalden*, *Oon'ter-val-den* (the *a* as in *fall*).

1. On the ninth of July, in the year 1368, a remarkable scene might have been witnessed in a forest on the borders of Lake Sempach, in Switzerland. An army of Austrians, led by Duke Leopold, was drawn up in order of battle against a small force of Swiss, composed chiefly of the peasantry of the land. The Austrians, claiming to rule the country, had laid enormous taxes on commerce, and levied heavy tolls on all the produce carried to market.

2. The peasantry were at last so roused by the oppression of their tyrants that they rose in rebellion, fully resolved to throw off the hateful yoke. The army of Leopold was followed by carts to hang the rebellious rustics. He advanced to the attack with his splendid cavalry and mercenary infantry ; the former comprising many of the haughty nobles of Austria, and the latter made up of ströling bands from the south of Europe.

3. On arriving at the foot of a hill, the nobles dismounted and gave their horses to their squires, disdain- ing to fight in knightly fashion against "base-looking

peasants." Great, indeed, was the contrast between the two armies. The Austrians, cased in steel from head to foot, marched onward, four thousand strong, with weapons gleaming in the sun, and gilt helmets, glittering brightly, in "all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of war,"—a spectacle that might well strike terror into the hearts of men less fearful than the hardy mountaineers, who, with heroic front, awaited the onset.

4. It was the spirit, indeed, that sustained the man; for the arms of the Swiss were mostly scythes, clubs, or clumsy spears; and their only defense against the weapons of their foes was the rudest sort of shields,—mere boards fastened to their arms; while their whole number was thirteen hundred men. Truly is it said of Switzerland at this hour:

"Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory."

5. The nobles formed a close phalanx, the spears of the fourth rank projecting in front; and thus they advanced to the attack. The Baron de Hazenburg, an experienced warrior, feared the determination of the Swiss, and advised the duke to send for a reserve which he had left behind, near Zurich. But his cautions were treated with scorn. The nobles, however, wished Leopold not to engage personally in the combat, or, at least, to remain on horseback; but he replied, "What! will Leopold of Austria look on while his barons are dying for him? No! I will either conquer, or remain on the field!"

6. And now from the Swiss arose the shout, "Make way for liberty!" But though they rushed onward to the encounter with loud shouts, they were brought

to a sudden halt by what seemed a wall of steel. In vain did they strive to break through that forest of lances presented by the foe. Their best and bravest were flung back, bleeding, and almost in despair. Every moment their peril was increasing. The wings of the Austrian army gradually advanced, so as to form a part of a circle, which, completed, would place the heroic Swiss all within the very jaws of death.

7. Who shall stop the approaching ruin? Just as all seemed lost, Arnold Winkelried (ever honored be the name!), a native of Unterwalden, cried out, "I'll open a way for you! Take care of my wife and children! Switzerland forever! Make way for liberty!" Then, rushing upon the enemy, and "gathering, with a wide embrace, into his single heart, a sheaf of fatal Austrian spears," he made an opening, through which, with sword and ax, poured the impetuous Swiss. Nothing could withstand their fury. Leopold and his nobles were routed with terrific slaughter. Let James Montgomery describe the act of the martyr of liberty:

"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
 Then ran, with arms extended wide,
 As if his dearest friend to clasp;—
 Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
 "Make way for liberty!" he cried;
 Their keen points crossed from side to side;
 He bowed amongst them like a tree,
 And thus made way for liberty.
 Swift to the breach his comrades fly,—
 "Make way for liberty!" they cry,
 And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
 As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart!
 While, instantaneous as his fall,
 Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all.
 An earthquake could not overthrow
 A city with a surer blow.
 Thus Switzerland again was free;
 Thus Death made way for liberty!

LXXVIII.—NOTHING TO WEAR.

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| <p>WRITHE (rithe), <i>v. i.</i>, to twist one's self violently, as if in pain.</p> <p>RICK'ET-Y, <i>a.</i>, affected with rickets; weak; imperfect.</p> <p>TRAP'PINGS, <i>n. pl.</i>, ornaments.</p> | <p>TIN'SEL, <i>n.</i>, a kind of shining cloth; any thing showy.</p> <p>PRE-TENSE' or PRE-TENCE', <i>n.</i>, a false show or claim.</p> <p>DIS-EN-CHANT', <i>v. t.</i>, to free from spells.</p> |
|--|--|

Avoid saying *sphere* for *sphere* (*afere*); *cuss* for *curse*; *spile* for *spoil*; *retum* for *realm*. In such words as *helm*, *elm*, *charm*, &c., some speakers have a bad habit of introducing a decided vowel sound before the *m*.

O! LADIES, dear ladies, the next sunny day
 Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
 From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
 And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
 To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, *their* city have built;—
 Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
 Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair.
 Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt;
 Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt;
 Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
 To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
 Half-starved, and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold!

See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
 All bleeding and bruised by the stōnes of the street;
 Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
 From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor.
 Hear the curses that sound like Hope's dying farewell,
 As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;
 Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare,—
 Spoiled children of Fashion,—you've nothing to wear

And, O! if perchance there *should* be a sphere
 Where all is made right which so puzzles us here;
 Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
 Fade and die in the light of that region sublime;
 Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
 Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretense,

Must be clothed, for the life and the service above,
 With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love ;
 O, daughters of Earth ! foolish virgins, beware !
 Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear !

W. A. BUTLER.

LXXIX. — SPECIAL EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION.

PART II.*

VOL'U-BLE, *a.*, fluent in words.

YEO'MAN (*yo'man*), *n.*, a common man
 of the first class.

CHOL'ER-IC (*kol-*), *a.*, irascible.

RAN'SOM, *v. t.*, to redeem from captiv-
 ity or punishment.

RE-SPECT'IVE, *a.*, belonging to each ;
 having respect to.

IN-GRATE' or IN'GRATE, *a.*, unthankful.
 CAN'ERED, *pp.*, corrupted.

RE-TAL'I-ATE, *v.*, to return like for
 like ; to requite.

Pronounce *Cicero*, *Sis'e-ro*. Do not say *srill* for *shrill* ; *helm* for *helm*.

Student. How shall we know what words we ought to make emphatic, in reading aloud ?

Professor. The only sure rule is this: Acquaint yourself fully with the meaning and spirit of what you have to utter, and then you will bestow your emphasis in a manner the best fitted to bring out that meaning and spirit.

Stu. I readily comprehend the importance of that rule. If I ask you for the loan of your pencil, and you hand me your penknife, and I say, "No, it is your pencil I want,"—it is easy to see that I should lay the principal stress on the word *pencil*.

Pro. Even so in reading ; if you understand the language, you will be likely to lay the right *stress* upon the right *words*.

Stu. I have been reading what Walker says on the modulation of the voice.

Pro. Walker is good authority. What does he say ? How does he define the word ?

* For Part I. see page 91.

Stu. He says that modulation in speaking signifies that agreeable variety of changes through which the voice may be made to pass. The Latin word *mod'ulo* simply means *to measure off properly*; *to regulate*.

Pro. Yes, the voice is capable of assuming three keys, or pitches, — the high, the middle, and the low. We use the *high* pitch in calling to a person at a distance; the *middle*, in ordinary conversation, like that we are now having; the *low*, when we wish no one to hear except the person to whom we speak, or when we would say something solemn or impressive to an audience.

Stu. Walker cautions us, however, that the difference between *loud* and *high*, and *low* and *soft* tones, ought to be well understood. We can speak louder or softer, and still continue the same pitch, or key; but we can not speak higher or lower without shifting the key.

Pro. Let it be borne also in mind that it is not he who speaks the loudest who can be heard the furthest. Very loud speakers are seldom heard to advantage. Burke's voice is said to have been a sort of shrill cry, which marred the effect of what he uttered. Lord Chat'ham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard; and his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied.

Stu. I have seen it stated that musical notes will be heard to a much greater distance than mere noises however loud.

Pro. We will devote the rest of this conversation to the consideration of EXERCISES IN HIGH PITCH, quoting our illustrations from Shakspeare. High Pitch, though uncommon in level speaking or reading, is appropriate to the delivery of passages where great excitement, anger, or indignation, is to be conveyed; as in the following address of Richard the Third to his troops:

“ Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head :
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves. —
 A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes !
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
 Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms.”

Stu. Do you remember the speech which Romeo utters, on encountering Tyb'alt, who has just slain Romeo's friend, Mercutio ?

Pro. Yes ; it should be uttered in a high, but not in a very loud, key. Intense passion may sometimes be better expressed by suppressed tones than by a loud, voluble enunciation.

Stu. That agrees with what Walker says: “The tones which mark the passions and emotions of the speaker are entirely independent of the modulation of the voice, though often confounded with it; for modulation relates only to speaking either loudly or softly, in a high or a low key; while the tones of the passions or emotions mean only that *quality* of sound that indicates the feelings of the speaker, without any reference to the pitch or loudness of his voice.” But how are we to acquire that peculiar quality of sound that indicates the passions we wish to express ?

Pro. The answer is easy: by *feeling* the passion which expresses itself by that peculiar quality of sound.

Stu. But how are we to acquire a feeling of the passion ?

Pro. The advice of Cicero is this: “Represent to your imagination, in the most lively manner possible, all the most striking circumstances of the transaction you describe, or of the passion you wish to feel.” What are the circumstances in Romeo's case ?

Stu. He has been grossly insulted by Tybalt, but has avoided quarreling with him. Mercutio, Romeo's friend, takes up the quarrel, and is slain by Tybalt; and the latter, immediately after, is met by Romeo, who accosts him thus :

“ Alive ! in triumph, and Mercutio slain !
 Away to heaven, respective lenity,
 And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now ! —
 Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again
 That late thou gavest me ; for Mercutio's soul
 Is but a little way above our heads,
 Staying for thine to keep him company ;
 And thou or I, or both, must go with him.”

Pro. There is a good exercise in high pitch in the reply of Cōriola'nus to Aufid'ius. The latter has sneered at the haughty soldier as a “ boy of tears ” ; and Coriolanus retaliates, in words showing overpowering rage. Let me hear you read the passage.

Stu. It requires practice ; but I will do my best.

“ Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
 Too great for what contains it. ‘ Boy ? ’ O slave !
 Cut me to pieces, Volcians ; men and lads,
 Stain all your edges on me. ‘ Boy ! ’ False hound !
 If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
 That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
 Fluttered your Volcians in Co-r'i'o-li :
 Alone I did it ! ‘ Boy ! ’ ”

Pro. The tone of choleric defiance in these words of Hotspur affords another exercise in high pitch :

“ Not speak of Mortimer ?
 But I *will* speak of him ; and let my soul
 Want mercy if I do not *join* with him !
 Yea, on his part, I 'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high in the air as this unthankful king, —
 As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke.”

Stu. The king has refused to ransom Mortimer, who happens to be the brother of Hotspur's wife. The indignant Hotspur again breaks out as follows:

“ He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;
 Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
 But I will find him when he lies asleep,
 And in his ear I 'll hollo *Mortimer!*
 Nay, I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
 Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him
 To keep his anger still in motion.”

Pro. With one more exercise we will conclude our illustrations for the present. It is the contemptuous speech of Coriolanus, the haughty patrician of Rome, to the populace:

“ What would you have ... you curs,
 That like not peace nor war? The one affrights you,
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
 Where he should find you lions, finds you ... *HARES* ;
 Where foxes ... *GEESE* : you are no surer, no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. He that depends
 Upon your favors, swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ... *Trust ye?*
 With every minute you do change a mind,
 And call *him* noble, that was now your *hate*,
Him vile, that was your *garland!* ”

Stu. These exercises seem to me to require a good deal of practice to do them justice.

Pro. That is true: therefore let them have practice. Learn some of them by heart, and give them forth as you have opportunity; first being sure, from your teacher's authority, that you deliver them aright and in good taste. The physical benefit derived from such exercise of the lungs, prudently pursued, is as great as that got in many of the feats of the gymnasium. It is an exercise which any one can advantageously take, in-doors or out.

LXXX. — CATILINE'S LAST SPEECH TO HIS TROOPS.

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|---|--|
| <p>TAUNT (the <i>au</i> like <i>a</i> in <i>far</i>), <i>n.</i>, bitter or sarcastic reproach.</p> <p>GALL'ING (<i>a</i> as in <i>fall</i>), <i>a.</i>, fretting.</p> | <p>CO'HORT, <i>n.</i>, a troop of soldiers, about four or five hundred.</p> <p>BUR'DEN (<i>bur'dn</i>), <i>v. t.</i>, to encumber.</p> |
|---|--|

The following exercise should be read with much spirit and energy. Commencing in the tone of sorrow and despair, the voice should be gradually raised till, at the climax, it should attain an explosive force, expressive of reckless resolve and defiance.

BRAVE cōmrādes! all is ruined! I disdain
 To hide the truth from you. The die is thrown!
 And now, let each that wishes for long life
 Put up his sword, and kneel for peace to Rome.
 Ye are all free to go. — What! no man stirs!
 Not one! — a soldier's spirit in you all?
 Give me your hands! — This moisture in my eyes
 Is womanish — 't will pass.

My noble hearts!
Well have you chosen to die! For, in my mind,
 The grave is better than o'erburdened life; —
 Better the quick release of glorious wounds,
 Than the eternal taunts of galling tongues; —
 Better the spear-head quivering in the heart,
 Than daily struggle against Fortune's curse;
 Better, in manhood's muscle and high blood,
 To leap the gulf, than totter to its edge
 In poverty, dull pain, and base decay.

Once more, I say, — Are ye resolved?
 Then, each man to his tent, and take the arms
 That he would love to die in, — for this hour
 We storm the Consul's camp. — A last farewell!
 When next we meet, we'll have no time to look
 How parting clouds a soldier's countenance: —
 Few as we are, we'll rouse them with a peal
 That shall shake Rome! —
 Now to your cohorts' heads! The word's Revenge!

REV. GEORGE CROLY. (1788 — 1860.)

LXXXI.—SONG OF HIAWATHA.

LE'GEND (lě'jend), n., a wild story.

PA'THOS, n., feeling; passion.

PAL-I-SADE', n., a fence or fortification of sharpened stakes.

ER'RY (ě're), n., a place where birds of prey build and hatch.

TRA-DY'TION, n., oral account handed down from age to age.

Pronounce *Hiawatha*, *He-a-wa'tha* (the second *a* as in *fall*); the *ax* is *áaxant* like *a* in *far*. Heed the long *o* in *shad'ow*, *mead'ow*.

1. YE who love the haunts of nature, love the sunshine of the meadow, love the shadow of the forest, love the wind among the branches, and the rain-shower and the snow-storm, and the rushing of great rivers through their palisades of pine-trees, and the thunder in the mountains, whose innūmerable echoes flap like eagles in their eyries, — listen to these wild traditions, to this Song of Hiawatha!

2. Ye who love a nation's lēgends, love the ballads of a people, that, like voices from afar off, call to us to pause and listen, speak in tones so plain and childlike, scarcely can the ear distinguish whether they are sung or spoken, — listen to this Indian legend, to this Song of Hiawatha!

3. Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple, who have faith in God and nature, who believe that in all ages every human heart is human; that, in even savage bosoms, there are longings, yearnings, strivings, for the good they comprehend not; that the feeble hands and helpless, groping blindly in the darkness, touch His right hand in the darkness, and are lifted up and strengthened, — listen to this simple story, to this Song of Hiawatha!

4. Ye who sometimes in your rambles through the green lanes of the country, where the tangled barberry-bushes, hang their tufts of crimson berries over stone walls gray with mosses, — pause by some neglected graveyard, for a while to muse and wonder on a half

effaced inscription, writ with little skill of song-craft, homely phrases, but each letter full of hope and yet of heart-break, full of all the tender p athos of the Here and the Hereafter, — stay and read this rude inscription, read this Song of Hiawatha! LONGFELLOW.

LXXXII. — THE CHAMPION SPELLER.

CE-LEE'I-TY, *n.*, swiftness.

PROD'I-GY (-jy), *n.*, any thing astonishing; a monster.

THRESH'OLD, *n.*, the door-sill.

EX-TRAOR'DI-NAR-Y (eks-tror'-), *a.*, out of the usual order.

WIELD (weeld), *v. t.*, to use with power.

TEM'PO-RAR-Y, *a.*, lasting only for a time.

OR-THOG'RA-PHY, *n.*, art of spelling.

SI-MUL-TA'NE-OUS, *a.*, being at the same time.

AC-QUI-SI'TION (ak-we-zish'un), *n.*, the act of gaining; the thing gained.

PEN'E-TRATE, *v. t.*, to pierce.

The habit which the two boys, introduced in this story, had of clipping the sound of *ng* in such words as *spelling*, *chopping*, &c., is one which, we hope, every youth will avoid in serious delivery.

1. LET no one suppose that in the following story I would underrate the importance of learning to spell correctly. In these days the young person who hopes to attain to positions of trust and profit must be a good speller. What I would impress upon your minds is, that you must not only learn the orthography of a word but acquaint yourself with its meaning; not only know the outside form of a word, its letters and syllables, but penetrate to its inner spirit and life.

2. The most extraordinary spelling, and, indeed, reading machine, in our school, was a boy whom I shall call Mem'orus Wordwell. He was mighty and wonderful in the acquisition and remembrance of words, — of signs without the ide as signified. The alphabet he acquired at home before he was two years old. What exultation of parents, what exclamation from admiring visitors! "There was never any thing like it." He had almost accomplished his a-b abs before he was

thought old enough for school. At an earlier age than usual, however, he was sent; and then he went from *Ache* to *Abomination* in half the summers and winters it took the rest of us to go over the same space. It was astonishing how quickly he mastered column after column, section after section, of obstinate orthographies.

3. Those martial terms I have just used, together with our hero's celerity, put me in mind of Cæsar; so I will quote him. Memorus might have said, in respect to the hosts of the spelling-book, "I came, I saw, I conquered." He generally stood at the head of a class every member of which was two years his elder. Poor creatures! they studied hard, some of them, but it did no good: Memorus Wordwell was born to be above them, as some men are said to have been "born to command."

4. Master Wordwell was a remarkable reader, too. When but five years old he could rattle off a word as extensive as the name of a Russian noble, as easily as the schoolmaster himself. "He can read in the hardest chapters of the Testament as fast ag'in as I can," said his mother. — "I never did see any thing beat it!" exclaimed his father; "he speaks up as loud as a minister." But I have said enough about this prodigy. I have said thus much because, although he was thought so surpassingly bright, he was the most decided ninny in the school. The fact is, he did not know what the sounds he uttered meant. It never entered his head, nor the heads of his parents and most of his teachers, that words and sentences were written, and should be read, only to be understood.

5. One little anecdote about Memorus Wordwell before we let him go. It happened one day that the "cut and split" wood for the fire fell short, and Jonas Patch was out wielding the ax in school-time. He had

been at work about half an hour, when Memorus, who was perceived to have less to do than the rest, was sent out to take his place. He was about ten years old, and four years younger than Jonas. "Memorus," said the teacher, "you may go out and spell Jonas." Our hero did not think of the Yankee sense in which the master used the word *spell*. Indeed, Memorus had never attached but one meaning to it whenever it was used with reference to himself. He supposed the master was granting him a ride extraordinary on his favorite hobby. So he put his spelling-book under his arm, and was out at the wood-pile with the speed of a boy rushing to play.

6. "Have you learnt your spellin'-lesson, Jonas?" was his first salutation. — "I have n't looked at it yit," was the reply. "I mean to cut up this plaguy great log, spellin' or no spellin', before I go in. I had as lief keep warm here choppin' wood, as freeze up there in that cold back seat." — "Well, the master sent me out to hear you spell." — "Did he? Well, put out the words, and I'll spell." Memorus being so distinguished a speller, Jonas did not doubt but that he was really sent out on this errand. So our deputy spelling-master mounted the top of the wood-pile, just in front of Jonas, to put out words to his temporary pupil, who still kept on cutting out chips.

7. "Do you know where the lesson begins, Jonas?" — "No, I don't; but I s'pose I shall find out now." — "Well, here 't is." (They both belonged to the same class.) "Spell A-bom-i-na'tion." Jonas spells: *A bom bom a-bom*—in the mean time up goes the ax high in air—*i a-bom-i*—down it goes again into the wood—*na na a-bom-i-na*—up it goes again—*tion tion, a-bom-i-na-tion*. Chuck goes the ax again, and at the same time out flies a furious chip, and hits Memorus on the nose. At this moment the master appeared.

just at the corner of the school-house, with one foot still on the threshold. "Jonas, why don't you come in? Didn't I send Memorus out to spell you?"—"Yes, sir; and he has been spelling me. How could I come in, if he spelt me here?"

8. At this the master's eye caught Memorus perched up on the top stick, with his book open upon his lap, rubbing his nose, and just in the act of putting out the next word of the column. "Ac-com-mo-da'tion," pronounced Memorus, in a broken but louder voice than before; for he had caught a glimpse of the master, and he wished to let him know that he was doing his duty. This was too much for the master's gravity. He perceived the mistake, and, without saying more, wheeled back into the school-room, almost bursting with the most tumultuous laugh he ever tried to suppress. The scholars wondered at his looks, and grinned in sympathy.

9. In a few moments Jonas came in, followed by Memorus with his spelling-book, who exclaimed, "I have heard him spell clean through the whole lesson, and he did n't spell one quarter of 'em right." The master could hold in no longer. The scholars, too, perceived the blunder, and there was one simultaneous roar from teacher and pupils; the scholars laughing twice as loud and uproariously in consequence of being permitted to laugh in school-time, and to do it with the accompaniment of the master.

10. It was some time before Memorus could be made to see where the joke lay. At last the teacher told him to look out the word *spell* in the dictionary. He did so, and found among the definitions under *spell*, when a transitive verb, the following: "*to take the turn or place of.*" Light began to dawn on the mind of the champion.

WARREN BURTON.

LXXXIII. — CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

BAÑE, n., poison ; ruin.

SO-LIL'O-QUY, n., a talking alone or to
one's self.

AN'TI-DOZE, n., a medicine to prevent
the effects of poison.

IN'TI-MATE, v. t., to hint.

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 ?
'T is the divinity that stirs within us,
'T is Heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,
And intimātes eternity to man.

Eternity !— thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
The wide, the 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.

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This * in a moment brings me to my end ;
But this † informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure 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 crush of worlds. **ADDISON.**

* A dagger.

† Plato's treatise on the immortality of the soul.

LXXXIV. — MARULLUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.

STREW (stro), *v. t.*, to scatter.TIBER, *n.*, a river in Italy.CONCAVE, *a.*, hollow ; arched.TRIB'U-TA-RY, *n.*, one paying tribute.REP-LI-CATION, *n.*, return or repur-
cussion of sound.IN-TER-MIT', *v. t.*, to cause to cease
for a time.

Avoid saying *win'der* for *win'dow* ; *foller* for *fol'low* ; *wus* for *worae* ; *wecle* for *wheel* ; *wen* for *when* ; *neow* for *now*. The *th* in *underneath* is vocal as in *breath*, not aspirate as in *breath*. The first *s* in *where'fore* should have the sound it has in *where*. Do not give the *a* in *many* (pronounced *men'ny*) a long sound. Give the *u* in *ingratitude* its *y* sound.

WHEREFORE rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph ?
What conquest brings he home ?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels ?
You blocks, you stōnes, you worse than senseless things !
O you hard hearts ! you cruel men of Rome !

Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers, and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.

And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores ?

And do you now put on your best attire ?
And do you now cull out a holiday ?
And do you now strew flowers in *his* way,
That comes in triumph over *Pompey's blood* ?—
Begone ! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude !

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. (1564 — 1616.)

LXXXV.—BARBARITY OF WAR.

EN'GINE (ĕn'jin), *n.*, a machine.
 DE-LU'SIVE, *a.*, tending to deceive.
 IM-PE'RI-OUS, *a.*, commanding.
 RE-CIP'RO-CAL, *a.*, acting in return.

A-TRĒ'CI-ŪS, *a.*, very wicked.
 LAC'ER-ATE (lĕs-), *v. t.*, to tear.
 AL-LE'VI-ATE, *v. t.*, to lighten.
 SUB-OR'DI-NATE, *a.*, inferior.

Be careful in the pronunciation of the following words: *em-bellish-ments* (not *munts*), *ten'der-ness*, *figures*, *drawing-room* (not *droring-*), *en-ter-tain'ments*, *chiv'al-ry* (*shiv-*), *wound* (*woond*).

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 background 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.

2. 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.

3. 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 prevail-

ing 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.

4. 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.

REV. THOMAS CHALMERS.

5. Nobody sees a battle. The common soldier fires away amid a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd which hides every thing from him. The officer is too anxious about the performance of what he is specially charged with to mind what others are doing. The commander can not be present every where; he learns from his reports how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without daring to look upon.

6. Over miles of country, at every field-fence, in every gorge of a valley or entry into a wood, there is murder committing — wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form — God's image — is mutilated, deformed, lacerated, in every possible way, and with every variety of torture. The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and roar without assistance — and fever and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely.

7. The ripening grain is trampled down; the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit-trees, bending

beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the can-
non-shot. Churches and private dwellings are used as
fortresses, and ruined in the conflict. Barns and
stack-yards catch fire, and the conflagration spreads
on all sides. And yet the desolation which a battle
spreads over the battle-field is as nothing when com-
pared with the moral blight which war diffuses through
all ranks of society in the country where it rages.

8. Such is war, with its sufferings and sorrows.
Such is war in Christian and civilized Europe — war
in an age when most has been done to alleviate its
horrors. Whitewash it as we will, it still remains full
of dead men's bones and rottenness within. Those
who trust most to it will be sure to feel most severely
that it is an engine the direction and efficacy of which
defy calculation — which is as apt to recoil upon those
who explode it as to carry destruction into the ranks
of their adversaries.



LXXXVI. THE PRUSSIAN GENERAL ON THE RHINE.

Pronounce *Blucher*, *Blook'er*; *yea*, *ya* or *yt*. The former is most in use.

'T WAS on the Rhine the armies lay : —
To France, or not? Is 't yea' or nay?
They pondered long, and pondered well;
At length old Blucher broke the spell :
 "Bring here the map to me!
The road to France is straight and free.
Where is the foe?" — "The foe? Why, here!" —
"We'll beat him. Forward! Never fear!
Say, where lies Paris?" — "Paris? — here!" —
"We'll take it. Forward! Never fear!
So throw a bridge across the Rhine;
Methinks the Frenchman's sparkling wine
Will taste the best where grows the vine!"

From the German of KOPISCH.

LXXXVII. — LAST CHARGE OF NEY.

CON-TI-NENTAL, *a.* As here used, it refers to the continent of Europe, as apart from the British isles.

EN-SAN'GUINED, *pp.*, blood-stained.

SQUAD'RON (skwōd'rūn), *n.*, a body of troops in any regular form.

BAT-TAL'ION, *n.*, a body of soldiers from five to eight hundred.

ZE'NITH, *n.*, the point in the heavens directly over our head.

SA'BER or SA'BRE, *n.*, a sword.

PLOW or PLOUGH, *n.*, an agricultural implement.

AL-LIED', *pp.*, united by treaty.

REF'LU-ENT, *a.*, flowing back.

EX-HAUST' (ēgz-hawst'), *v. t.*, to empty.

Pronounce *Prussia*, *Proo'she-a*. Do not slight *er* in *en'er-gy*; *e* in *sud'den-ly*; *h* in *ex-haust'*, *ex-hib'it*; *ow* in *fol'low*, *shad'ow*.

1. THE whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimier spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle.

2. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith, — now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single chance.

3. Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe; and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge.

4. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over

the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down; yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each, treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on.

5. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sank to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn saber, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and, driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines.

6. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose, and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled.

7. Ney was borne back in the reflux tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen on his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so, had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks.

8. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plow through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ; and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star, that had blazed so brightly over the world, went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name; and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

J. T. HEADLEY.

LXXXVIII.—A FIELD OF BATTLE.

ZEPHYR (zef'ur), *n.*, a soft breeze.

EB'ON, *a.*, black like ebony.

CLANG'OR (klang'gor), *n.*, a loud, shrill sound.

POŒ-TENT'OUS, *a.*, foretoking ill.

IN-EBRI-ATE, *a.*, drunk.

LINE-A-MENT, *n.*, outline; feature.

VER'NAL, *a.*, pertaining to spring.

How beautiful this night! The balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
Above the sleeping world.

Ah! whence yon glare,
That fires the arch of heaven?—that dark red smoke,
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round.
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale midnight on her starry throne!

Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;

The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,—
 The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
 Inebriate with rage!— Loud and more loud
 The discord grows; till pale Death shuts the scene,
 And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
 His cold and bloody shroud!

Of all the men

Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
 In proud and vigorous health,— of all the hearts
 That beat with anxious life at sunset there,—
 How few survive! how few are beating now!—
 All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
 That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause,
 Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
 Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
 With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
 Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn

Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphur-ous smoke
 Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
 And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
 Along the spangled snow. There, tracks of blood,
 Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
 And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
 Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
 Of the out-sallying victors. Far behind
 Black ashes note where a proud city stood.
 Within yon forest is a gloomy glen;—
 Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
 Waves o'er a warrior's tomb!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. (1792—1822.)

TRUTH, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among her worshipers. BRYANT

LXXXIX.—CAUSE FOR INDIAN RESENTMENT.

ŪM-PLA'CA-BLY, *ad.*, irreconcilably.
 YŪ-RO'CIUS, *a.*, fierce; savage.

VIN-DIC'TIVE, *a.*, revengeful.
 IM'PO-TENCE, *n.*, want of power.

In *how'er*, *noth'ing*, *nowe*, give *e* the sound of short *u* as in *love*, *a-beve'*, &c.

1. You say that you have bought the country. Bought it? Yes;—of whom? Of the poor, trembling natives, who knew that refusal would be vain; and who strove to make a merit of necessity, by seeming to yield with grace what they knew that they had not the power to retain.—Alas, the poor Indians! No wonder that they continue so impla'cably vindictive against the white people. No wonder that the rage of resentment is handed down from generation to generation. No wonder that they refuse to associate and mix permanently with their unjust and cruel invaders and exterminators.

2. No wonder that, in the unabating spite and frenzy of conscious impotence, they wage an eternal war, as well as they are able; that they triumph in the rare opportunity of revenge; that they dance, sing, and rejoice, as the victim shrieks and faints amid the flames, when they imagine all the crimes of their oppressors collected on his head, and fancy the spirits of their injured forefathers hovering over the scene, smiling with ferocious delight at the grateful spectacle; and feasting on the precious odor as it arises from the burning blood of the white man.

3. Yet the people here affect to wonder that the Indians are so very unsusceptible of civilization; or, in other words, that they so obstinately refuse to adopt the manners of the white man. Go, Virginians, erase from the Indian nation the tradition of their wrongs. Make them forget, if you can, that once this charming country was theirs; that over these fields, and through

these forests, their beloved forefathers once, in careless gayety, pursued their sports and hunted their game; that every returning day found them the sole, the peaceful and happy proprietors of this extensive and beautiful domain. Go, administer the cup of oblivion to recollections like these; and then you will cease to complain that the Indian refuses to be civilized.

4. But, until then, surely it is nothing wonderful that a nation, even yet bleeding afresh from the memory of ancient wrongs, perpetually agonized by new outrages, and goaded into desperation and madness at the prospect of the certain ruin which awaits their descendants, should hate the authors of their miseries, of their desolation, their destruction,—should hate their manners, hate their color, hate their language, hate their name, hate every thing that belongs to them! No; never, until time shall wear out the history of their sorrows and their sufferings, will the Indian be brought to love the white man, and to imitate his manners.

WILLIAM WIRT. (1772—1835.)

XC.—TOO LATE I STAYED.

Too late I stayed — forgive the crime;
 Unheeded flew the hours;—
 How noiseless falls the foot of Time
 That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
 The ebbing of his glass,
 When all its sands are diamond sparks,
 That dazzle as they pass!

Ah! who to sober measurement
 Time's happy swiftness brings,
 When birds of Paradise have lent
 Their plumage for his wings! W. R. SPENCER.

XCI.—BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

GAGE, *n.*, a challenge to combat.
 YEARN (*yernd*), *v. i.*, to long.
 SWERVE, *v. i.*, to deviate.
 CON'DE, *n.*, a Spanish earl.
 GRAN-DEE', *n.*, a man of rank.
 CAI'TIFF (*kâ-*), *n.*, a base fellow.
 PAL'TER-ING (*pawl-*), *ppr.*, shifting.

FAL'CHION (*fawl'chun*), *n.*, a sword.
 LORD'LING, *n.*, a petty nobleman.
 CHAM'PI-ON, *n.*, the leading combatant in a cause.
 DUN'GEON, *n.*, a close dark prison.
 LOY'AL, *a.*, faithful ; true.
 VAS'SAL, *n.*, a subject ; a serf.

Pronounce *Sancho*, *Sank'ko* ; *Castile*, *Kas-tee'*. Do not say *baird* for *beard*.

King Alfonso, of Spain, according to the old chronicle, had offered Bernardo del Carpio immediate possession of the person of his father, the king's prisoner, in exchange for the castle of Carpio, held by Bernardo. The latter gave up the stronghold ; whereupon the mocking king caused the father to be put to death, and his corpse placed on horseback, in which state it was led out to the son, the trusting Bernardo. In Mrs. Hemans's ballad, Bernardo is represented as letting the false king go free. In Lockhart's ballad, which is far the superior in spirit, Bernardo lets the king hear from him again. By a combination of parts of the two ballads (placing that by Mrs. Hemans first), with slight alterations, we get a clear story ; though chroniclers leave us in the dark as to Bernardo's history after the murder of his father.

THE warrior bowed his crested head,
 And tamed his heart of fire,
 And sued the haughty king to free
 His long-imprisoned sire :—
 " 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 ! "

" 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.

And lo ! from far, as on they pressed,
 There came a glittering band,
 With one that 'mid them stately rode,
 As a leader in the land :—

“ Now haste, Bernardo, haste ! for there,
 In very truth, is he,
 The father whom thy faithful heart
 Hath yearned so long to see.”

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved,
 His cheek's hue came and went ;
 He reached 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 ?

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 !

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.

Then, starting suddenly, he rushed
 And seized the monarch's rein,
 Amid 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 !

" 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!

" 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!"

Upon his horse Bernardo sprang,
Defiance in his look;
 Then at the pale and trembling king
 A warning finger shook.
 And ere, of all that arm'd train,
 Vassal or chief dared stir,—
 "I shall return!" Bernardo cried—
 And gave his steed the spur.

With some good ten of his chosen men,
 Bernardo hath appeared,
 Before them all, in the palace hall,
 The lying king to bear;
 With cap in hand and eye on ground,
 He came in reverend guise;
 But ever and anon he frowned,
 And flame broke from his eyes.

" And dar'st thou, caitiff," cries the king,
 " Thus come unbid to me?
 But what from traitor's blood should spring,
 Save traitor like to thee?

His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart,—
 Perchance our champion brave
 May think it were a pious part
 To share Don Sancho's grave."

"Whoever told this tale the king,
 Will he the tale repeat?"
 Cries Ber'nard; "here my gage I fling
 Before the liar's feet.
 No treason was in Sancho's blood,—
 No stain in mine doth lie :
 Below the throne, what knight will own
 The coward calumny ?

"Your horse was down,—your hope was flown,—
 I saw the falchion shine,
 That soon had drunk your royal blood,
 Had I not ventured mine ;
 But memory soon of service done
 Deserteth the in-grate ;
 You've thanked the son for life and crown
 By the father's bloody fate.

"You swore upon your kingly faith
 To set Don Sancho free ;
 But (out upon your paltering breath !)
 The light he ne'er did see :
 He died in dungeon cold and dim,
 By Alfonzo's base decree ;
 And visage blind, and mangled limb,
 Were all you gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word
 Hath stained his purple black,—
 No Spanish lord will draw the sword
 Behind a liar's back ;
 But noble vengeance shall be mine,—
 An open hate I'll show ;—
 The king hath injured Carpio's line,
 And Bernard is his foe !"

"Seize—seize him!" loud the king doth scream;
 "There are a thousand here;
 Let his foul blood this instant stream;—
 What! caitiffs, do ye fear?
 Seize—seize the traitor!" But not one
 To move a finger dareth:
 Bernardo standeth by the throne,
 And calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath,
 And held it up on high;
 And all the hall was still as death:—
 Cries Bernard, "Here am I;
 And here 's the sword that owns no lord,
 Excepting Heaven and me:
 Fain would I know who dares its point,—
King, condé, or grandee."

Then to his mouth his horn he drew;
 (It hung below his cloak;)

His ten true men the signal knew,
 And through the ring they broke.
 With helm on head, and blade in hand,
 The knights the circle brake,*
 And back the lordlings 'gan to stand,
 And the false king to quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alfonzo,
 "What means this warlike guise?
 Ye know full well I jested;—
 Ye know your worth I prize!"
 But Bernard turned upon his heel,
 And, smiling, passed away:—
 Long rued Alfonzo and Castile
 The jesting of that day!

* Obsolete preterit of *to break*. We now say *break*.

XCII.—THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

MACE, *n.*, a short staff.

FANE, *n.*, a temple ; a church.

SCISM (sism), *n.*, a division.

PA-CHA' (pa-shaw'), *n.*, a governor of a Turkish province.

IS'LAM (is-), *n.*, the body of Mahometan believers.

OT'TO-MAN, *a.*, Turkish.

AT'A-BAL, *n.*, a kettle-drum.

JAN'I-ZA-RY, *n.*, a soldier of the Turkish foot-guards.

IN-VET'ER-ATE, *a.*, old ; deep-rooted.

HA-RANGUE' (ha-rang'), *n.*, a speech.

CHRIS'TEN-DOM (kris'sn-), *n.*, the whole body of Christians.

CRESCENT, *n.*, the figure of the new moon, as borne in the Turkish flag.

RE-HEAR'SAL (-her-), *n.*, repetition ; recital.

CA-THE'DRAL, *n.*, the principal church in a bishop's see.

RIT'U-AL, *n.*, ceremonial.

COM-PACT', *a.*, close ; solid.

MYR'I-AD, *n.*, ten thousand.

A. D. stands for *an'no dom'i-ni*, Latin for in the year of the Lord ; *St.* for *Saint*. Pronounce *Constantine*, *Kon'stan-teen* ; *Sophia*, *So-f'a* ; *a* in *Ca-la-ta'* as in *far*.

1. THE attacks which, during successive centuries, the walls of Constantinople had sustained, were but the rehearsal of the tragedy in store. That power, which, as early as the year 668, had appeared in arms before them, had continued century after century to watch for their downfall. The might of Islam burned to fling itself upon the ancient Christian capital, and was resolved to hang about its neck until one or the other had perished. In that wonderful career of success which had attended it within but a few years of the prophet's* death, the capture of Constantinople had been its highest aspiration. That aspiration was never lost sight of ; for instinctively and inveterately the Crescent hated the Cross.

2. The fatal hour had at last arrived. On the sixth of April, 1453, Ma'homet II. planted his standard before the gate of St. Roma'nus, and commenced that siege which ended in the loss to Christendom of what had for so many centuries been revered as her eastern metrop'olis. One thing alone, it is probable, could have averted that calamity. Had it been possible to heal

* Mohammed, the so-called prophet, founder of the Mohammedan religion.

the great schism in the church, the western world would not have calmly stood by to witness the downfall of eastern Christendom.

3. After a separation of six centuries, the Greek and Latin churches had been solemnly reunited at the Council of Florence, A. D. 1438; but on the return of the emperor, and the prælates who accompanied him, all that they had effected was disowned, and the flames of religious hatred broke out more furiously than ever. The consequences were fatal. Distracted by their own internal quarrels, the princes of western Europe could spare neither time nor thought, neither money nor arms, to protect from the Ottoman invasion a Christian power with which, it not being in communion with them, they had little religious sympathy, and with which, owing to its remoteness, they had no other bond.

4. The events of that terrible siege can never be forgotten by a sojourner at Constantinople. Every thing that he sees and hears is a memorial of it, and the spot is still pointed out, close to the widest breach in the wall, on which the heroic Constantine was seen last before his death. Never, perhaps, was so unequal a battle so long and so direfully contested; and even at the last it seems probable that Mahomet would have been repulsed by those mighty walls, had he not resorted to an expedient almost without precedent in the annals of war.

5. Finding that success was not to be hoped for, except through a double attack by sea and land, and unable to force the narrow channel of the Bosphorus, he transported his lighter vessels by land, dragging them in a single night over the high grounds of Galata and launched them again in the shallow waters of the harbor, inaccessible to the deeper ships of the Greeks. He was thus enabled to construct a floating battery,

which opened its fire upon the weakest part of the city walls, and a breach was ere long effected. Disaster followed up disaster, and within a few days four towers, near the gate of St. Roma'nus, had crumbled to the ground.

6. The conclusion ceased to be doubtful; but Constantine, resolved that the Eastern empire, like its last monarch, should perish by an honorable death, refused all disgraceful conditions of peace. After consulting his astrologers, Mahomet fixed the twenty-ninth of May as the day for the final assault. On the previous day he harangued his chiefs, and sent heralds through the camp, who threatened with his implacable displeasure all who might shrink from their duty. The ardor of the troops burned with a steady flame, and the camp resounded with shouts of "There is no God but God; and Mahomet is his Prophet."

7. History contains no passage more solemn or more pathetic than the last farewell of the Greek chiefs, summoned by Constantine to his palace, the night before the general assault. The emperor, in his final appeal, held out small hopes of success; but the heroic band needed none, resolved to die in the discharge of duty. They wept; they embraced each other; finally, they repaired to the cathedral of St. Sophia, and, for the last time before that fane was converted into a mosque, partook of the Holy Communion.

8. The emperor asked pardon of all whom he might ever have injured, and received from his people, as from his confessor, an absolution confirmed ere long by that of death. That sad ritual over, the chiefs mounted their horses once more, and each proceeding to the spot on the ramparts confided to his especial care, waited there for the morning light. Day broke at last, and with it the battle. The assault was begun at the same time by sea and land; and in a few

moments a mighty and multitudinous host, wielded as if by some unseen power like that which directs the tides of the sea, was precipitated to the attack.

9. To retreat or to stand still for a moment became impossible, even if any in that assailing army had wavered. Wave after wave was repulsed, but the conquering tide rushed on: those in the front ranks were pushed forward by the compact masses behind, and the myriads who fell successively beneath the walls, whose gaping ruins we still behold, filled up the trenches with their bodies, and bridged a way for the myriads that followed.

10. The pachas of Romania, and Anatolia, and Syria, and every Eastern province that bowed to the Crescent, advanced successively, with jeweled turban, at the head of their respective hosts. Attended by his household troops, and holding an iron mace in his hand, Mahomet II., seated on horseback close by, witnessed every assault, and rewarded every high action with his eye. During a temporary lull, the voice of the emperor was heard urging his exhausted band to one effort more. At that moment, Mahomet, lifting his mace, gave the final sign; and the irresistible Janizaries, whose strength had been reserved until then, rose up and dashed themselves on their prey.

11. From that instant the details of the battle were lost in clouds of smoke and flame, and the clamor of drums, trumpets, and atabals. It is only known that Justinia'ni, wounded in the hand by an arrow, and despairing of the event, abandoned the walls, in spite of the remonstrances of the emperor. Constantine himself continued to fight to the last, surrounded by his nobles and friends, who strengthened themselves, as their ranks thinned, by shouting his name.

12. The last words which he was heard to utter were, "Can not there be found a Christian to slay

money, and, when asked whither they were going, they would reply, "We go to seek the Holy Cross beyond the seas."

6. The same spirit spread rapidly through Germany, where the standard of the cross was followed, not only by boys of humble rank, but by some of noble families, who resisted all the efforts of their friends to restrain them. The German boys, several thousands in number, clad in long pilgrim robes marked with a cross, and bearing scrips and staves in their hands, commenced their march toward Italy, across the Alps. But their fanatical illusions were destined soon to give place to hardships and sufferings of the most pitiable description. Many perished in traversing the rugged and desert mountains; some from excessive fatigue, others from hunger and privation.

7. The expedition of Stephen of Vendôme and his young crusaders was destined to meet with a termination still more deplorable than that of their German imitators. About thirty thousand in number, they marched toward Marseilles, to embark for Palestine, headed by Stephen, who rode in a chariot adorned with tap'etry, attended by armed sat'ellites. Their dreams of glory faded very quickly.

8. A more atrocious plot is not recorded in history than that laid for these simple-minded children, on their arrival in Marseilles, by two slave-merchants of that city. These traders offered them the use of their ships to convey them to Syria, without remuneration, pretending to rejoice in such an opportunity of aiding a pious enterprise. The unsuspecting boys accepted the offer with joy.

9. Convinced that Providence had favored them, and would soon crown all their hopes, they embarked in seven vessels. After two days' sail, a violent storm swept the Mediterranean; two of the vessels were

wrecked on the west coast of Sardinia, and all on board perished. In after years, a church was built upon the coast, in memory of the New Innocents, as they were termed, and the bones of those washed on shore were shown as sacred relics.

10. The other five ships escaped the storm; but, instead of landing in Syria, the ruthless merchants, who accompanied their prey, sailed for Egypt, and sold every one of their helpless victims in the slave-market of Alexandria. The merchants took care that not one should remain to return to Europe with the tale of their base treachery. After eighteen years had passed away, one poor captive escaped to his native land. He related the sad story, and told that several hundred boys had been purchased by the Governor of Alexandria, and were passing their days in servitude; eighteen had been tortured to death at Bagdad for refusing to embrace the Mahometan faith; while four hundred had been bought by the Calif, and humanely treated.

11. While pitying the superstition which for a moment tolerated so wild and calamitous an enterprise as the crusade of the children, we might reflect with profit on the energies put forth in that chivalrous age in pursuit of the imaginary and unattainable, so much greater than the efforts made in the cause of truth and righteousness by those who now walk in the full noon-tide of gospel light. If we consider the romantic spirit of those times, we may perceive that the recital of the wrongs endured by pilgrims to the Holy Land, joined to the appeals of Christian preachers, the processions and ceremonies in furtherance of the object, may all have so worked on youthful imaginations as to incite them to deem it practicable to execute a work which had fallen unaccomplished from the hands of kings.

XCIV. — THE READING OF THE WILL.

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| <p>CHAIR (shaz), <i>n.</i>, a light two-wheeled carriage.</p> <p>LACK'Y, <i>n.</i>, a waiter or footman.</p> <p>NEPHEW (pronounced <i>nĕf'ys</i> by Webster; <i>nĕv'ys</i> by Walker), <i>n.</i>, the son of a brother or sister.</p> <p>CON-VENED', <i>pp.</i>, assembled.</p> | <p>IN VA-LID (so pronounced by Webster; <i>is-ee-lead'</i> by Walker), <i>n.</i>, one weak or infirm.</p> <p>REP'RO-BATE, <i>n.</i>, a worthless fellow.</p> <p>IN-PRE'MIS (Latin), <i>ad.</i>, in the first place.</p> <p>PREM'IS-ES, <i>n. pl.</i>, things premised.</p> |
|---|--|

Avoid giving the *s* in *de-ceas'd*, *re-lease'd*, &c., the sound of *s*. In *be-queath'*, *th* has its vocal sound, as in *breathe*.

CHARACTERS. — SWIPES, a brewer; CURRIE, a saddler; FRANK MILLINGTON, a young man about town; 'SQUIRE DRAWL, a lawyer.

Swipes. 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. Those who live the 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 her last will and testament 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 a miser's purse. But one of the witnesses hinted to me that she has cut off her graceless nephew with 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 own

beer-barrels, brother Swipes. But here comes the graceless nephew,—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 so 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. 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 you will bear your fortune as modestly as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire. (*Enter '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.

'Squire. No, I believe not. You know I never hurry. *Slow and sure* is my maxim. Well, since the heirs at law are all convened, I shall proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swipes. It's a trying scene 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. I will put on my spectacles, and proceed to the reading. Here it is:—"Imprimis: Whereas my nephew, Francis Milington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and 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,—(Excuse me, gentlemen, while I wipe my spectacles.)

Swipes. (*Dreadfully overcome.*) Generous creature! kind soul! I always loved her.

Cur. She *was* good, she *was* kind, she *was* in her right mind! Brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I will 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 n't I lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence—

Swipes. Am not I 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 do not see that my presence will be of any use here. I must leave you.

'Squire. Remain, Frank. Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats. I have not done yet. Let me see; where was I?—Ay, ay; here's the place: "All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt street, brewer—"

Swipes. Yes! The dear soul!

'Squire. "And Christopher Currie, Fly-court, saddler——"

Cur. Yes! The good old lady!

'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's all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!*—how does that appear? Where is it?

'Squire. There! On the parchment, in two words of as good old English as I ever 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 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'll make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with!

Cur. That will we!

'Squire. Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago, and the young gentleman must already be of age, and able to take care of himself; so your services as trustees are null and void. Is it not so, Francis?

Frank. It is, sir. I shall be twenty-two in May.

'Squire. Then gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of this seal according to law, you are released from any further trouble in the premises.

XCV.—THE LIFE AND LIGHT.

VISTA, *n.*, a view ; a prospect. | WON'DROUS (*wūn-*), *a.*, admirable.
 EVEN (*ēvn*), *n.*, the close of the day. | RA'DI-ANT, *a.*, emitting rays.

Pronounce *where'er* (a contraction of *wher-ev'er*) *where-air'*.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine !

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of Even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into Heaven,—
 Those hues that make the Sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'er shadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the Summer wreathes,
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THOMAS MOORE. (1780—1852)

XCVI.—ALLEN'S CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA.

CEN'TER or CEN'TRE, *n.*, the middle.

FU-SEE' (fu-zee'), *n.*, a firelock.

FIRE'LOCK, *n.*, a gun with a lock.

WICK'ET, *n.*, a small gate.

CAM-PAIGN' (kam-pane'), *n.*, the time
an army keeps the field in one
year.

PÉR'EMP-TO-RI-LY, *ad.*, positively.

Do not say *poize* for *poise* (*poiz*); *mornin* for *morn'ing*; *just* for *first*.

1. THE men were at once drawn up in three ranks, and, as the first beams of morning broke upon the mountain peaks, Ethan Allen addressed them thus: "Friends and fellow-soldiers, we must this morning quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, I do not urge it on, contrary to will. You that will undertake it voluntarily, poise your firelock."

2. At the word every firelock was poised. "Face to the right!" cried Allen; and, placing himself at the head of the center file, Arnold keeping emulously at his side, he marched to the gate. It was shut, but the wicket was open. The sentry snapped a fusee at him. The Americans rushed into the fort, darted upon the guards, and raising the Indian war-whoop, such as had not been heard there since the days of Montcalm, formed on the parade in hollow square, to face each of the barracks.

3. One of the sentries, after wounding an officer, and being slightly wounded himself, cried out for quarter, and showed the way to the apartment of the commanding officer. "Come forth instantly, or I will sacrifice the whole garrison," cried Allen, as he reached the door. At this, Delaplace, the commander, came out, half dressed, with some of his clothes in his hand.

4. "Deliver to me the fort instantly," said Allen.—"By what authority?" asked Delaplace.—"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" answered Allen. Delaplace began to speak

again, but was peremptorily interrupted; and, at sight of Allen's drawn sword near his head, he gave up the garrison, ordering his men to be paraded without arms.

5. Thus was Ticonderoga taken, in the gray of the morning of the tenth of May, 1775. What cost the British nation eight millions sterling, a succession of campaigns, and many lives, was won in ten minutes, by a few undisciplined men, without the loss of life or limb.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

XC VII.—MAN'S IMMORTALITY.

| | |
|---|---|
| DE-DUCE', <i>v. t.</i> , to conclude by reason- ing. | CON-SIST'ENT, <i>a.</i> , agreeing. |
| AN-NIH-I-LATE, <i>v. t.</i> , to destroy ut- terly. | IN-COM-PAT'I-BLE, <i>a.</i> , not able to co- exist; inconsistent. |
| | DE-PEND'ENT, <i>a.</i> , relying on. |

Pronounce *design*, *de-si-ne'* or *de-zine'*. The former mode is preferred.

1. *What is to become of man?* Is the being who, surveying nature, rec'ognizes, to a certain extent, the great scheme of the universe,—but who sees infinitely more which he does *not* comprehend, and which he ardently desires to know,—is *he* to perish like a mere brute; all his knowledge useless; all his most earnest wishes ungratified? How are we to reconcile such a fate with the wisdom, the goodness, the impartial justice, so strikingly displayed throughout the world by its Creator?

2. Is it consistent with any one of these attributes, thus to raise hopes in a dependent being, which are never to be realized?—thus to lift, as it were, a corner of the veil,—to show this being a glimpse of the splendor beyond,—and after all to annihilate him? With the character and attributes of the benevolent Author of the universe, as deduced from his works, such conceptions are absolutely incompatible. The question then recurs—*What is to become of man?*

3. That he is mortal, like the lower animals, sad experience teaches him; but does he, like them, die *entirely*? Is there no part of him that, surviving the general wreck, is reserved for a higher destiny? Can that within man which reasons like his immortal Creator, — which sees and acknowledges his wisdom, and approves of his designs, — be mortal like the rest? Is it probable, nay, is it possible, that what can thus comprehend the operations of an immortal Agent, *is not itself immortal*?

4. Thus has reasoned man in all ages; and his desires and his feelings, his hopes and his fears, have all conspired with his reason to strengthen the conviction that there is something within him which *can not die*; that he is destined, in short, for a future state of existence, where his nature will be exalted, and his knowledge perfect'ed, and where the GREAT DESIGN of his Creator, commenced and left imperfect here below, WILL BE COMPLETED.

WILLIAM PROUT.



KCVIII. — PARTING OF DOUGLAS AND MARMION.

PLAIN, *v. i.*, to complain.

LIST, *v. i.*, to desire or choose.

RAZE, *v. t.*, to cut clear off; erase.

PEER, *n.*, an equal; a nobleman.

MAN'OR, *n.*, a lord's estate in land.

GAUNT'LET (*au* as *a* in *far*), *n.*, an iron glove.

UN-MEET', *a.*, unfit.

SWARTH'Y (*a* as in *war*), *a.*, of dark hue.

ROW'EL (*ow* as in *now*), *n.*, the little wheel of a spur.

ASH'EN, *a.*, of the color of ashes; also, made of ash.

BE-HEST', *n.*, command.

UN-SCATHED', *a.*, not hurt.

Avoid saying *ferce* for *fierce* (*fierce*); *adoo* for *a-dieu*'. Pronounce *sovereign*, *säv'er-in*; *open*, *o'pn*; *howe'er*, *how-air'*; *even*, *e'vn*; *said*, *säd*.

THE train from out the castle drew;

But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—

“Though something I might plain,” he said,

“Of cold respect to stranger guest,

Sent hither by your king's behest,
 While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
 " My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
 Be open, at my sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, how'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer ;
 My castles are my king's alone,
 From turret to foundation stone ;—
 The hand of Douglas is his own,—
 And never shall in friendly grasp
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

• Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
 And shook his very frame for ire ;
 And " This to me ! " he said ;
 " An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head !
 And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
 He, who does England's message here
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus,* be thy mate.

" And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
 Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 I tell thee, thou 'rt defied !
 And if thou saidst, I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied ! "

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age :

Angus was one of the titles of Douglas.

Fierce he broke forth : " And dar'st thou, then,
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall ?
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go ?
 No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no !—
 Up drawbridge, grooms !— what, warder, ho !
 Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
 And dashed the rowels in his steed.
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,
 The ponderous grate behind him rung ;—
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.
 The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise ;
 Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim :
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts, and turns with clench'ed hand,
 A shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shakes his gauntlet at the towers !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XCIX.—WILLIAM THE SILENT.

ERIC, *n.*, a heroic poem.

BIG'OT, *n.*, an illiberal believer.

AN-TIQUE' (an-teek'), *a.*, ancient.

E-VOKE', *v. t.*, to call forth.

O'DI-OUS, *a.*, deserving hatred.

SYM-MET'RI-CAL-LY, *a.*, with due proportions.

COL-LA'TION, *n.*, comparison ; a repast.

FULL'NESS or FUL'NESS, *n.*, state of being full.

REV'E-NUE, *n.*, income.

TORT'U-OUS, *a.*, twisted ; crooked.

PO'TENT-ATE, *n.*, a prince or sovereign.

COUN'SEL-OR or COUN'SEL-LOR, *a.*, one who gives counsel.

PAR'SI-MO-NY, *n.*, stinginess.

CON-FRONT' (-frant), *v. t.*, to face ; to oppose.

TAC-I-TURN'I-TY (tas-), *n.*, silence.

PRE-MA-TURE'LY, *ad.*, too early.

Avoid saying *endoord* for *en-dured* ; *moddl* for *mod'el* ; *attempts* for *at-tempt's*.

1. THE history of the rise of the Netherland Republic is at the same time the biography of William the

Silent. That life was a noble Christian epic; inspired with one great purpose from its commencement to its close; the stream flowing ever from one fountain with expanding fullness, but retaining all its original purity.

2. In person, William was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard and complexion, were brown. His head was small, symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier, with the capacious brow furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organization, which was of antique model.

3. Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. He was, more than any thing else, a religious man. From his trust in God, he ever derived support and consolation in his darkest hours. Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. No man ever felt more keenly than he that the reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious.

4. His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of a struggle as unequal as men have ever undertaken, was the theme of admiration, even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil amid raging billows," was the favorite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness. A prince of high rank, and with royal revenues, he stripped himself of station, wealth, almost at times of the common necessities of life, and became, in his country's cause, nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw. He lived and died, not for himself, but for

his country: "God pity this poor people!" were his dying words.

5. The sup^remacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of the age. The quickness of his perception was only equaled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observation. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument; and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony, even out of the wildest storms.

6. He possessed a ready eloquence — sometimes impassioned, oftener argumentative, always rational. His influence over his audience was unexampled in the annals of that country or age; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and of honor, and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement, wherever it was due, to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity; nor feared to confront the states or the people, in their most angry hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces.

7. He had the rare quality of caution, a characteristic by which he was distinguished from his youth. At fifteen he was the confidential counselor, as at twenty-one he became the general-in-chief, to the most politic as well as the most warlike potentate of his age; and if he at times indulged in wiles which modern statesmanship, even while it practices, condemns, he ever held in his hand the clue of an honorable purpose to guide him through the tortuous labyrinth.

8. His enemies said that he was governed only by ambition — by a desire of personal advancement.

They never attempted to deny his talents, his industry, his vast sacrifices of wealth and station; but they ridiculed the idea that he could have been inspired by any but unworthy motives. God alone knows the heart of man. He alone can upweave the tangled skein of human motives, and detect the hidden springs of human action; but as far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public and private documents, it would seem that no man—not even Washington—has ever been inspired by a purer pa'triotism.

9. Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle—in the deadly air of pestilential cities—in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labor and anxiety—amid the countless conspiracies of assassins—he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years, five different attempts against his life had been discovered. Rank and fortune were offered to any mal'efactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head, and almost mortally wounded.

10. Under such circumstances even a brave man might have seen a pitfall at every step, a dagger in every hand, and poison in every cup. On the contrary, he was ever cheerful, and hardly took more precaution than usual. "God, in his mercy," said he, with unaffected simplicity, "will maintain my innocence and my honor during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to His service. He will do therewith what pleases Him for His glory and my salvation."

11. William the Silent went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his

lips, save the simple affirmative, with which the soldier, who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying "to his great Captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind, to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

12. William of Orange, the founder of the Dutch Republic, whose eulogy his American historian has here given, fell before the pistol of an assassin, July 10th, 1584, in the fifty-second year of his age. Three poisoned balls had been fired into his body. He received his title of Orange from the principality of that name in France, which had been held by his ancestors. He was called "the Silent" because of his prudence and taciturnity on occasions when an incautious word or look might have betrayed great interests.

C. — THE DEATH OF MARMION:

DOFFED, *pp.*, put off; taken off.

CASQUE (*cask*), *n.*, a helmet.

SLO'GAN, *n.*, the war-ory of a Scottish clan.

PEN'NON, *n.*, a small flag.

FAL'CON (*faw'kn*), *n.*, a hawk.

HOUS'ING (*houz-*), *n.*, a saddle-cloth.

SIG'NET, *n.*, a private seal.

VAR'LET, *n.*, a scoundrel; a footman.

A-MAIN', *ad.*, with all force; without stop; at once.

UN-NURT'URED, *a.*, ill-bred.

Pronounce *Dacre*, *D'aker*; *wound*, *woond*. 'Gan is a contraction of *do-gan*'

WIDE raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;

And crests of Scottish chieftains brave
 Floated like foam upon the wave;
 Yet still amid the tumult high
 England saw Marmion's pennon fly.

The bōrder slōgan rent the sky :
 " A Home ! a Gordon ! " was the cry ;
 Loud were the clanging blows !
 Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
 The pennon sank and rose ;
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It wavered 'mid the foes.

Swift to the fray Blount rode amain,
 Followed by all the archer train.
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
 Made, for a space, an opening large ;—
 The rescued banner rose ;
 But darkly closed the war around,—
 Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,
 It sank among the foes !

Then, fast as shaft can fly,
 Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 The loose rein dangling from his head,
 Housing and saddle bloody red,
 Lord Marmion's steed rushed by.

And soon, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drenched with gore,
 And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
 His hand still strained the broken brand,
 His arms were smeared with blood and sand.
 Dragged from among the horses' feet,
 With dented shield, and helmet beat,
 The falcon crest and plumage gone,—
 Can that be haughty Marmion ?

Young Blount his armor did unlace,
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said, "By Saint George, he's gone!
 That spear-wound has our master sped;
 And see the deep cut on his head!

Good-night to Marmion!"—

"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
 He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
 "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustace 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.
 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!"

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.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CL — GOING UP IN A BALLOON.

| | |
|---|---|
| CON'CLAVE, n., an assembly of cardinals. | VER'TI-CAL, a., being in the zenith, or perpendicularly over head. |
| BRA'SIER (-zher), n., a pan for coals. | THE'O-RIST, n., one given to speculation. |
| IN FLATE', v. t., to swell with wind. | AL'TI-TUDE, n., height. |
| PRO-TRUDE', v. t., to thrust out. | PAR'A-CHUTE (-shoot), n., an instrument like an umbrella, for safety against a fall from a balloon. |
| HY'DRO-GEN (-jen), n., a gas which is one of the elements of water. | A-E'RI-AL, a., belonging to the air. |
| E-LON'GATE (e-long'gâte), v. t., to lengthen. | A'ER-O-NAUT, n., one who goes up in a balloon. |
| CO-HE'SION (ko-he'zhun), n., the act of sticking together. | PEN'AL-TY, n., punishment. |
| DEM-O-LÏTION, n., destruction. | |

Avoid saying *attempts* for *attempts'*; *objez* for *objects*. Pronounce *Bologna*, *Ba-lon'ya*; *Montgolfier*, *Mông-gôl-fe-ê'*; the *e* in *Re'no* as in *prey*; *Rozier*, *Ro-ze-â'*.

1. WILD and daring as was the act, it is no less true that men's first attempts at a flight through the air were literally with wings. They supposed that, by elongating their arms with a broad mechanical covering, they could convert them into wings. They did not consider that birds possess air-cells, which they can inflate; that they have enormous strength of sinew, expressly for the purpose of flying; and that their bones are full of air instead of marrow.

2. And so there have been desperate half-theorists, who, in their ignorance, have launched themselves from towers and other high places, and floundered down, to the démolition of their necks or limbs, according to the obvious laws and penalties of nature. The most successful of these instances of the extraordinary but misapplied force of human energies and daring was that of a certain citizen of Bologna, in the thirteenth century, who actually managed, with some kind of wing contrivance, to fly from a mountain of Bologna to the River Reno, without injury.

3. "Wonderful! admirable!" cried all the citizens. "Stop a little," said the religious authorities of the

times; "this must be looked into." They sat in sacred conclave. "If the man had been killed," said they, "or even mutilated shockingly, our religious scruples would have been satisfied; but, as he has escaped unhurt, it is clear he must be in league with the evil one." The poor "successful" man was therefore condemned to be burnt alive, and the sentence was carried into execution.

4. So far as we can see, the first real discoverer of the balloon was Dr. Black, who, in 1767, proposed to inflate a large skin with hydrogen gas; and the first who brought theory into practice were the brothers Montgolfier. But their theory was that of the "fire-balloon," or the formation of an artificial cloud of smoke, by means of heat from a lighted brasier placed beneath an enormous bag, or balloon, and fed with fuel while up in the air. The Academy of Sciences immediately gave the invention every encouragement, and two gentlemen volunteered to risk an ascent in this alarming machine.

5. The first of these was De Rozier, a gentleman of scientific attainments, who was to conduct the machine; and he was accompanied by an officer of the Guards. They ascended, in the year 1783, in the presence of the Court of France and all the scientific men in Paris. The intrepid voyagers had several narrow escapes. The whole machine was near taking fire; but eventually they returned to the ground in safety, after a journey of about six miles. Both these courageous men subsequently came to untimely ends.

6. But let us ascend into the sky. Taking balloons as they are, "for better, for worse," let us for once have an aerial flight. The first thing you naturally expect is some extraordinary sensation, which takes away your breath for a time, in springing high up into the air. But no such matter occurs. The extraordinary

thing is, that you experience no sensation at all, so far as motion is concerned.

7. A very amusing illustration of this is given in a letter published by Mr. Poole, the well-known author, shortly after his ascent. "I do not despise you," says he, "for talking about a balloon going up, for it is an error which you share in common with some millions of our fellow-creatures; and I, in the days of my ignorance, thought with the rest of you. I know better now. The fact is, we do not go up at all; but at about five minutes past six, on the evening of Friday, the 14th of September, 1838—at about that time, Vauxhall Gardens, with all the people in them, went down!"

8. Feeling nothing of the ascending motion, the first impression that takes possession of you, in "going up" in a balloon, is the quietude, the silence, that grows more and more entire. The restless heaving to and fro of the huge inflated sphere above your head (to say nothing of the noise of the crowd), the flapping of ropes, the rustling of silk, and the creaking of the basket-work of the car—all has ceased. There is a total cessation of all atmospheric resistance. You sit in a silence which becomes more perfect every second. After the bustle of many moving objects, you stare before you into blank air.

9. So much for what you first feel; and now what is the thing you first do? In this case every body is alike. We all do the same thing. We look over the side of the car. We do this very cautiously, keeping a firm seat, as though we clung to it by a certain attraction of cohesion; and then, holding on by the edge, we carefully protrude the peak of our traveling-cap, and then the tip of the nose, over the edge of the car, upon which we rest our mouth.

10. Every thing below is seen in so new a form, so flat, compressed, and so simultaneously,—so much

too-much-at-a-time, — that the first look is hardly so satisfactory as could be desired. But soon we thrust the chin fairly over the edge, and take a good stare downward; and this repays us much better. Objects appear under very novel circumstances from this vertical position. They are stunted and foreshortened, and rapidly flattened to a map-like appearance; they get smaller and smaller, and clearer and clearer.

11. Away goes the earth, with its hills and valleys, its trees and buildings, its men, women and children, its horses and cattle, its rivers and vessels, — all sinking lower and lower, and becoming less and less, but getting more and more distinct and defined as they diminish in size. But, besides the retreat toward minuteness, the outspread objects flatten as they lessen; — men and women are five inches high, then four, three, two, one inch — and now a speck. As for the Father of Rivers, he becomes a dusky-gray, winding streamlet, and his largest ships are no more than flat, pale decks, all the masts and rigging being foreshortened to nothing. We soon come, now, to the shadowy, the indistinct, and then all is lost in air. Floating clouds fill up the space beneath.

12. How do we feel, all this time? “Calm, sir, — calm and resigned.” Yes, and more than this. After a little while, when you find nothing happens, and see nothing likely to happen, a delightful serenity takes the place of all other sensations; to this the extraordinary silence, as well as the pale beauty and floating hues that surround you, chiefly contribute. The silence is perfect — a wonder and a rapture. We hear the ticking of our watches. Tick! tick! — or is it the beat of our own hearts? We are sure of the watch; and now we think we can hear both.

13. Two other sensations must by no means be forgotten. You become very cold, and desperately

hungry. Of the increased coldness which you feel on passing from a bright cloud into a dark one, the balloon is quite as sensitive as you can be; and probably much more so, for it produces an immediate change of altitude. The expansion and contraction which two romantic gentlemen fancied took place in the size of their heads, does really take place in the balloon, according as it passes from a cloud of one temperature into that of another.

14. But here we are, still above the clouds! We may assume that you would not like to be "let off" in a parachute, even on the improved principle; we will therefore prepare for descending with the balloon. The valve-line is pulled!—out rushes the gas from the top of the balloon—you see the flag fly upward—down through the clouds you sink, faster and faster, lower and lower. Now you begin to see dark masses below—there's the old earth again!—The dark masses now discover themselves to be little forests, little towns, tree-tops, house-tops. Out goes a shower of sand from the ballast-bags, and our descent becomes slower—another shower, and up we mount again, in search of a better spot to alight upon.

15. Our guardian aeronaut gives each of us a bag of ballast, and directs us to throw out its contents when he calls each of us by name, and in such quantities only as he specifies. Moreover, no one is suddenly to leap out of the balloon when it touches the earth; partly because it may cost him his own life or limbs, and partly because it would cause the balloon to shoot up again with those who remained, and so make them lose the advantage of the good descent already gained, if nothing worse happened. Meantime, the grapnel-iron has been lowered, and is dangling down at the end of a strong rope of a hundred and fifty feet long. It is now trailing over the ground.

16. Three journeymen bricklayers are in chase of it. It catches upon a bank — it tears its way through. Now the three bricklayers are joined by a couple of fellows in smock-frocks, a policeman, five boys, followed by three girls, and, last of all, a woman with a child in her arms, — all running, shouting, screaming, yelling, as the grapnel-iron and rope go trailing and bobbing over the ground before them. At last the iron catches upon a hedge — grapples with its roots; the balloon is arrested, but struggles hard; three or four men seize the rope, and down we are hauled.

CHARLES DICKENS.

CII.—FROM A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY.

PROLOGUE (pro'lög), *n.*, introduction to a discourse or play.

PRELUDE or PRELUDE, *n.*, music introductory to a piece or concert.

BAIZE, *n.*, a coarse woolen cloth.

LÖRN, *a.*, forsaken; forlorn.

PRI'MA DON'NA (pre-) *n.*, the principal female singer.

MILL'ION-AIRE, *n.*, one worth a million.

The satire on certain stage representations in the following lines will be found as just as it is lively and amusing.

WHAT is a prologue! Let our Tutor teach:
Pro means beforehand; *logos* stands for speech.
 'T is like the harper's prelude on the strings,
 The prima donna's courtesy ere she sings.

"The world's a stage," — as Shakspeare said, one day;
 The stage a world, was what he meant to say.
 The outside world's a blunder, that is clear;
 The real world that Nature meant is here.

Here every foundling finds its lost mamma;
 Each rogue, repentant, melts his stern papa;
 Misers relent, the spendthrift's debts are paid,
 The cheats are taken in the traps they laid;
 One after one, the troubles all are past,
 Till the fifth act comes right side up, at last,

When the young couple, old folks, rogues, and all,
Join hands, so happy, at the curtain's fall!

Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,
And black-browed ruffians always come to grief.
When the lörn damsel, with a frantic screech,
And cheeks as hueless as a brandy peach,
Cries, "Help, kyind Heaven;" and drops upon her knees
On the green baize beneath the (canvas) trees,
See to her side avenging Valor fly:—
"Ha! Villain! Draw! Now, Terator, yield or die!"

— When the poor hero flounders in despair,
Some dear lost uncle turns up millionaire,
Clasps the young scapegrace with paternal joy,
Sobs on his neck, "My boy! *My boy!* MY BOY!"
O W. HOLMES.

CHIL.—THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

MYRTLE, *n.*, a fragrant shrub.
CEDAR, *n.*, an evergreen tree-

SEVERED, *pp.*, separated.
NAUGHT (*nawt*), *n.*, nothing.

The *ea* in *hearth* has properly the sound it has in *heart*; though in the *next stanza* of the following beautiful poem the author gives it the sound of *ea* in *earth*.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,—
They filled one house with glee;
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight;—
Where are those dreamers now?

One 'mid the forests of the west,
By a dark stream is laid;—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,—
 He lies where pearls lie deep ;
 He was the loved of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
 Above the noble slain ;
 He wrapt his colors round his breast
 On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one — o'er her the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
 She faded 'mid Italian flowers,—
 The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, *they* rest who played
 Beneath the same green tree ;
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed
 Around one parent knee,—

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with song the hearth !
 Alas, for love ! if *thou* wert all,
 And naught *beyond*, O Earth !

MRS. HEWAN^a

CIV. — THE RESCUE OF THE LAMB.

SUCOUR, *n.*, aid in distress.

GUARD'I-AN, *n.*, a defender.

TRI'UMPH (-umf), *n.*, joy for success.

CHAN'NEL, *n.*, course for a stream.

Walker and Worcester pronounce *leaped leſt*, rhyming with *kept*.

SEEK who will delight in fable,
 I shall tell you *truth*. A lamb
 Leaped from this steep bank to follow
 'Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.

Far and wide on hill and valley
 Rain had fallen, unceasing rain ;
 And the bleating mother's young one
 Struggled with the flood in vain.

But, as chanced, a cottage maiden
 (Ten years scarcely had she told)
 Seeing, plunged into the torrent,
 Clasped the lamb, and kept her hold.

Whirled adown the rocky channel,
 Sinking, rising, on they go,
 Peace and rest, as seems, before them
 Only in the lake below!

O! it was a frightful current,
 Whose fierce wrath the girl had braved;—
 Clap your hands with joy, my hearers,
 Shout in triumph — bōth are saved!

Saved by courage that with danger
 Grew — by strength, the gift of love!
 And belike a guardian angel
 Came with succor from above.

WM. WORDSWORTH. (1770—1850.)

CV.—EARLY HISTORY OF KENTUCKY.

POULTRY *n.*, domestic fowls.

LĒIS'URE, *n.*, vacant time.

SKILL'FUL or SKIL'FUL, *a.*, ex-pert'.

STOCK-ADE', *n.*, a line of stakes as a
 defense or barrier.

KNIGHT-ĒR'RANT-RY, *n.*, the feats, &c.,
 of an errant or roving knight.

IN'STI-GATE, *v. t.*, to urge; to incite.

BUFFA-LOES, *n. pl.*, of buffalo.

PI-O-NEER', *n.*, one who goes before
 to clear the way.

BA-RO'NI-AL, *a.*, relating to a baron.

VO-LU'MI-NOUS, *a.*, consisting of many
 volumes.

In *dis-cov'er-y*, *cover'ed*, *mod'ern*, &c., heed the sound of *er*. Do not say *thust* for *thirst*; *keous* for *cows*. The second *a* in *ap-par'ent* has the sound of *a* in *care*.

1. THE English have never displayed the same thirst of discovery as the Spaniards and French, either in North or South America. A love of adventure, an eager curiosity, a desire of change, or some like motive, had carried the French all over the continent, while the English colonists continued quietly vñ hin

their own limits. The French missionaries coasted along the lakes, and descended the Mississippi, a whole century before the Virginians began to cross the Alleghany ridge, to get a glimpse of the noble inheritance, which had remained undisturbed for centuries, waiting their coming.

2. It was not till the year 1767,— only eight years before the breaking out of the revolutionary war,— that John Finley, of North Carolina, descended into Kentucky for the purpose of hunting and trading. The feelings of wonder and delight experienced by this early pioneer in passing through the rich lands, which were filled with deer, buffaloes, and every kind of game, and covered with the majestic growth of centuries, soon communicated themselves to others. Like the spies, who returned from Pal'estine, they declared, "The land, which we passed through to search it, is an exceeding good land." They compared it to parks and gardens, or a succession of farms stocked with cattle, and full of birds tame as barn-yard poultry.

3. Instigated by these descriptions, in 1769, Daniel Boone, a man much distinguished for bravery and skill, entered Kentucky. And now commenced a scene of enterprise, romantic adventure, chiv'alric daring, and patient endurance, not surpassed in the history of modern times. Nothing in those voluminous tales of knight-errantry, which occupied the leisure of pages and squires of old baronial days, or in the Waverley novels and their train of romances of the second class, which amuse modern gentlemen and ladies,— nothing in these works of imagination can exceed the realities of early Kentucky history.

4. From 1769 till Wayne's victory on the Maumee, in 1794, a period of twenty-five years; including the whole revolutionary war, the people of Kentucky were engaged in Indian warfare, for life and home.

Surrounded by an enemy far outnumbering them,—deadly in hatred, of ferocious cruelty, wielding the same rifle with themselves, and as skillful in its use,—the intrepid immigrants took possession of the country, felled the forest, built towns, laid out roads, and changed the wilderness into a garden.

5. No man could open his cabin-door, in the morning, without danger of receiving a rifle-bullet from a lurking Indian; no woman could go out to milk the cows, without risk of having a scalping-knife at her forehead before she returned. Many a man returned from hunting, only to find a smoking ruin where he had left a happy home with wife and children. But did this constant danger create a constant anxiety? Did they live in terror? Fightings were without; were fears within? By no means.

6. If you talk with the survivors of those days, they will tell you: "We soon came to think ourselves as good men as the Indians. We believed we were as strong as they, as good marksmen, as quick of sight, and as likely to see them as they were to see us; so there was no use in being afraid of them." The danger produced a constant watchfulness, an active intelligence, a prompt decision; traits still strongly apparent in the Kentucky character; traits which have done much for the prosperity of the people.

7. By the same causes, other, more amiable and social qualities, were developed. While every man was forced to depend on himself, and trust to his own courage, coolness and skill, every man felt that he depended on his neighbor for help in cases where his own powers could no longer avail him. And no man could decline making an effort for another, when he knew that he might need a like aid before the sun went down. Hence we have frequent examples of one man risking his life to save that of another, and of des-

perate exertions made for the common safety of the dwellers in fort or stockade.

8. Can we, then, wonder at the strong family attachments still existing in Kentucky? The remembrance of hours of common danger, and mutual sacrifice, and generous disregard of self, must have sunk deep into the hearts of those earnest men, the early settlers. "He saved my life, at the risk of his own." "He helped me bring back my wife from the Indians." "He shot the man who was about to dash out my infant's brains." Here was a foundation for friendships, which nothing could root up.

9. "Whispering tongues can poison truth;" but no tongues could do away such evidences of true friendship as these. No subsequent coldness, no after injury, could efface their remembrance. They must have been treasured up, in the deepest cells of the heart, with a sacred gratitude, a religious care. And hence, while Indian warfare developed all the stronger and self-relying faculties, it cultivated also all the sympathies, the confiding trust, the generous affections, which, to the present hour, are marked on the heart of that people's character.

CVI.—ON INDIFFERENCE TO POPULAR ELECTIONS.

MAND'I-CRAFT, *n.*, work of the hand.

AP'A-THY, *n.*, want of feeling.

LETH'AR-GY (-jy), *n.*; a morbid (diseased) drowsiness.

VES'TAL, *s.*, pertaining to Vesta; pure; chaste.

RE-LUME', *v. t.*, to re-light.

AS-CEND'EN-CY, *n.*, influence; power.

CRISIS, *n.*, a critical time.

FACTION-IST, *n.*, one who promotes faction and disagreement.

SPE'CIAL (spesh'al), *a.*, particular.

GAN'GRENE (gang'grene), *n.*, mortification of flesh.

PRO-ME'THE-AN, *a.*, having the life-giving quality of the fire Prometheus stole from heaven.

DE-POS'IT, *n.*, a thing intrusted.

In en'er-gy, in'ter-cst, lib'er-ty, ex'er-cise, &c., do not slur the er.

1. WE have been frequently told that the farmer should attend to the plow, and the mechanic to his

handicraft, during the canvass for the presidency. Sir, a more dangerous doctrine could not be inculcated. If there is any spectacle from the contemplation of which I would shrink with peculiar horror, it would be that of the great mass of the American people sunk into a profound apathy on the subject of their highest political interests.

2. Such a spectacle would be more portentous, to the eye of intelligent patriotism, than all the monsters of the earth, and fiery signs of the heavens, to the eye of trembling superstition. If the people could be indifferent to the fate of a contest for the presidency, they would be unworthy of freedom. If I were to perceive them sinking into this apathy, I would even apply the power of political galvanism, if such a power could be found, to rouse them from their fatal lethargy.

3. "Keep the people quiet! Peace! peace!" Such are the whispers by which the people are to be lulled to sleep, in the very crisis of their highest concerns. Sir, "you make a solitude, and call it peace!" Peace? 'Tis death! Take away all interest, from the people, in the election of their chief ruler, and liberty is no more. What, sir, is to be the consequence? If the people do not elect the President, somebody must. There is no special providence to decide the question. Who, then is to make the election, and how will it operate?

4. The general patriotic excitement of the people, in relation to the election of the President, is as essential to the health and energy of the political system, as circulation of the blood is to the health and energy of the natural body. Check that circulation, and you inevitably produce local inflammation, gangrene, and ultimately death. Make the people indifferent, destroy their legitimate influence, and you communicate a morbid violence to the efforts of those who are ever ready

to assume the control of such affairs, — the mercenary intriguers and interested office-hunters of the country.

5. Tell me not, sir, of popular violence! Show me a hundred political factionists, — men who look to the election of a President as a means of gratifying their high or their low ambition, — and I will show you the very materials for a mob, ready for any desperate adventure connected with their common fortunes. The reason of this extraordinary excitement is obvious. It is a matter of self-interest, of personal ambition. The *people* can have no such motives; they look only to the interest and glory of the country.

6. There was a law of Athens which subjected every citizen to punishment, who refused to take sides in the political parties which divided the republic. It was founded in the deepest wisdom. In political affairs, the vicious, the ambitious, and the interested, are always active. It is the natural tendency of virtue, confiding in the strength of its own cause, to be inactive. It hence results that the ambitious few will inevitably acquire the ascendancy, in the conduct of human affairs, if the patriotic many, the people, are not stimulated and roused to a proper activity and effort.

7. Sir, no nation on earth has ever exerted so extensive an influence on human affairs as this will certainly exercise, if we preserve our glorious system of government in its purity. The liberty of this country is a sacred deposit, a vestal fire, which Providence has committed to us, for the general benefit of mankind. It is the world's last hope. Extinguish it, and the earth will be covered with eternal darkness. But once put out that fire, and I "know not where is the Pro-me'the-an heat which can that light relume."

GEORGE McDUFFIE. (1785—1851.)

CVII. — THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

LEAGUED (*leegd*), *pp.*, united.PAN'DOUR (-door), *n.*, a foot soldier in the Austrian service.TOC'SIN, *n.*, an alarm-bell.OM-NIP'O-TENT, *a.*, all-powerful.VOL'LEYED, *pp.*, discharged at once.PŪ-IS'SANT, *a.*, powerful.HUS-SAR' (huz-), *n.*, a mounted soldier.PRE-SAGE', *v. t.*, to foreshow.SAR-MA'TIA, *n.*, old name of Poland.Pronounce *Pharaoh*, *Fa'ro*. Avoid saying *crieked* for *shrieked*; *picter* for *picture*.

O! SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
 And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
 When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
 Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
 Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;—
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed
 Wide o'er the field a waste of ruin laid:
 O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!—
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
 Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
 And vow for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,—
 "Revenge, or death,"—the watchword and reply;
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
 From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:—
 O! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;

Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;—
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shrieked — as Kosciusko fell.

O! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
 Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
 Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
 That smote the foes of Zion and of God?
 That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
 Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
 Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
 Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
 Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
 And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
 Ye that at Mārathon and Leuctra bled!
 Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
 Yet for Sarmatīa's tears of blood atone,
 And make her arm puissant as your own!
 O! once again to Freedom's cause return
 The patriot TELL — the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN!

THOMAS CAMPBELL. (1777—1844.)

CVIII. — THE INQUISITIVE MAN.

DICKY, *n.*, a seat behind a carriage
 for servants.

NA'BOB, *n.*, a man of wealth.

PER-PET'U-AL-LY, *ad.*, constantly.

AT-TOR'NEY (-tur-), *n.*, one who acts
 for another, especially in law.

TRAVEL-ING or TRAVEL-LING, *ppr.*,
 journeying.

Avoid the habit of saying *aint you* for *are n't (arnt) you*; *skersly* for *scarce'ly*; *ast* for *asked*; *stupid* for *stu'pid*.

Doubledot. Here comes Mr. Paul Pry! I wish he was further. He is one of those idle, meddling fellows, who, having no employment, are perpetually interfer-

ing in other people's affairs. He doesn't scruple to question you about your most private concerns. Then he will weary you to death with a long story about the loss of a sleeve-button, or some such idle matter. But I'll soon get rid of him. (*Enter PRY.*)

Pry. Ha! how d'ye do, Mr. Doubledot?

Doub. Very busy, Mr. Pry, and have scarcely time to say "Pretty well, thank you."

Pry. Well, since you're busy, I won't interrupt you; only, as I was passing, I thought I might as well drop in.

Doub. Then you may now drop out again. The London coach will be in, presently, and ——

Pry. No passengers by it to-day; for I have been to the hill to look for it.

Doub. Did you expect any one by it, that you were so anxious?

Pry. No; but I make it my business to see the coach come in every day. I can't bear to be idle.

Doub. Useful occupation, truly!

Pry. I always see it go out. Have done so these ten years.

Doub. (*Aside.*) Tiresome blockhead! (*Aloud.*) Well, good-morning to you.

Pry. Good-morning, Mr. Doubledot. Your house does n't appear to be very full just now.

Doub. No, no; and I wish it was n't as full as it is.

Pry. Ha! you are at a heavy rent—eh? I've often thought of that. No supporting such an establishment without a deal of custom. If it is n't asking an impertinent question, don't you find it rather a hard matter to make both ends meet, when Christmas comes round?

Doub. If it is n't asking an impertinent question, what's that to you?

Pry. O, nothing; only some folks have the luck of

it. They have just taken in a nobleman's family at the Green Drägon.

Doub. What! What's that? A nobleman at the Green Dragon?

Pry. Traveling carriage and four. Three servants on the dicky and an outrider, all in blue liveries. They dine and stop all night. A pretty bill there will be to-morrow; for the servants are not on board wages.

Doub. Plague take the Green Dragon! How did you discover that the servants are not on board wages?

Pry. I was curious to know, and asked one of them. You know I never miss any thing for want of asking. 'Tis no fault of mine the nabob is not here.

Doub. Why, what had you to do with it?

Pry. You know I never forget my friends. I stopped the carriage, as it was coming down hill, brought it to a dead stop, and said that if his lordship—I took him for a lord, at first—that if his lordship intended to make any stay, he could n't do better than go to Doubledot's.

Doub. Well?

Pry. Well,—would you believe it?—out pops a saffron-colored face from the carriage window, and says, "You're an impudent rascal, for stopping my carriage! and I'll not go to Doubledot's if there's another inn to be found within ten miles of it!"

Doub. There! that comes of your stupid meddling! If you had n't interfered, I should have stood an equal chance with the Green Dragon.

Pry. I'm very sorry; but I did it for the best.

Doub. Did it for the best, indeed! You meddling booby! By your officious attempts to serve, you do more mischief in the neighborhood than the excise-man, the apothecary, and the attorney, all together.

Pry. Well, there's gratitude! Now, really, I *must* go. Good-morning. (*Goes.*)

Doub. I'm rid of him, at last, thank fortune! (*Par reënters.*) Well, are n't you gone? What now?

Pry. I've dropped one of my gloves. No! Now, that's very odd—here it is in my hand, all the time.

Doub. O! get out of my way. (*Goes out.*)

Pry. Come, that's civil. If I were the least of a bore, now, it would be pardonable; but—— Hullo! there's the postman! I wonder whether the Parkins's have got letters again to day? They have had letters every day this week, and I can't, for the life of me, think what they can be about. (*Runs off, and returns.*) Dear me! I was going off without my umbrella.

Altered from JOHN POOLE.

CIX.—NIGHT REVEALS WHAT DAY CONCEALS.

HES'PERUS, *n.*, a Greek name given to the planet Venus when she appears in the evening.

CAN'OPY, *n.*, a covering of state over head,

TRANS-LUCENT, *a.*, clear; lucid.

A sonnet is properly a poem of fourteen lines, with rhymes occurring like those in the following, pronounced by Coleridge one of the finest in the English language.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
 Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hes'perus, with the host of heaven, came;
 • And, lo! Creation widened in man's view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun! Or who could find,
 While fly, and leaf, and insect, stood revealed
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
 Why do we, then, shun *death*, with anxious strife?
 If *Light* can thus deceive, wherefore not *Life*?

J. BLANCO WHITE.

CX.—DEATH THE GATE OF LIFE.

| | |
|---|--|
| COM'PASS (kum-), <i>v. t.</i> , to pass round; hence, to secure; to obtain. | FA-CIL'I-TY, <i>n.</i> , easiness. |
| HA'LO, <i>n.</i> , <i>pl.</i> HA'LOS, a bright circle round the sun or moon. | UN-TO'WARD, <i>a.</i> , perverse. |
| FUL-FILL' or FUL-FIL', <i>v. t.</i> , to perform. | AP-PA-RA'TUS, <i>n.</i> , the furniture or means for some art or purpose. |
| | RET-RI-BU'TION, <i>n.</i> , repayment. |

The *o* in *shone* is short, according to Worcester; long, according to Webster. Pro-
nounce *open*, *ô'p'n*; *hasten*, *hâ's'n*.

1. I HAVE seen one die: she was beautiful; and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfill. Angelic loveliness enrobed her; and a grace, as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallôwed every affection, shone in every action—invested as a halo her whôle existence, and made it a light and a blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness, to all around her; but she died! Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weak-ness, stretched out their hand to save her; but they could not save her; and she died! What! did all that loveliness die? Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones, for such to live in? Forbid it reason, religion, bereaved affection, and undying love! forbid the thought!

2. I have seen one die—in the matûrity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty; when many temptations had been overcome, and many hard lessons had been learnt; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a facility to action, and a success to endeavor; when wisdom had been wrung from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers; and the being I looked upon had just compassed that most useful, most practical of all knowledge, how to live and to act well and wisely; yet I have seen such a one die!

3. Was all this treasure gained, only to be lost? Were all these faculties trained, only to be thrown into utter disuse? Was this instrument—the intelligent soul, the noblest in the universe—was it so laboriously fashioned, and by the most varied and expensive apparatus, that, on the very moment of being finished, it should be cast away forever? No; the dead, as we call them, do not so die. They carry their thoughts to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strange and seemingly un-to-ward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they, and we, shall live forever. They open the future world, then, to our faith.

4. O, death!—dark hour to hopeless unbelief! hour to which, in that creed of despair, no hour shall succeed! being's last hour! to whose appalling darkness, even the shadows of an avenging retribution were brightness and relief—death! what art thou to the Christian's assurance? Great hour! answer to life's prayer—great hour that shall break asunder the bond of life's mystery.

5. Hour of release from life's burden—hour of reünion with the loved and lost—what mighty hopes hasten to their fulfillment in thee! What longings, what aspirations, breathed in the still night, beneath the silent stars—what dread emotions of curiosity—what deep meditations of joy—what hallowed impossibilities shadowing forth realities to the soul, all verge to their consummation in *thee*! O, death! the *Christian's* death! What art thou, but a gate of life, a *pōrtal* of heaven, the threshold of eternity?

“ Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
 This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
 When shall I die to vanity, pain, death!
 When shall I die? — When shall I live forever!”

DEWEY.

CXI.—BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

CEN'SURE, *n.*, fault-finding ; blame.EX-TEN'U-ATE, *v. t.*, to lessen.OF-FENSE' or OF-FENCE', *n.*, transgression.NONE (nūn), *s.*, not one ; not any.

When a noun ends in *s*, the *s* of the possessive case is sometimes omitted for the sake of euphony ; as, " Brutus' love," " For Jesus' sake." When *mine* is used adjectively, as below, the absence of accental force will permit the shortening of the sound into *min*.

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 not 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. —

None ? — Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall 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.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark An'tony ; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the com'monwealth : 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. SHAKSPEARE.

CXII. — WOLSEY TO CROMWELL.

IN'VEN-TO-RY, n., a list of goods. | PRAY'EE, corruption of *pray thee*.

Avoid saying *deps* for *depths*. Pronounce *Wolsey*, *Wool'zy* ; *heard*, *herd*.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy 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 must more be heard,— say, then, 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, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that which 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 :
 Corruption wins not more than honesty ;
 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
 fall'st a bless'ed martyr !

Serve the king.

And — Prithee, lead me in :

There, take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny; 't is the king's ; my robe,

And my integrity to Heaven, is all

I dare now call mine 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 ! SHAKSPEARE

CXIII. — SPEECH OF VAN ARTEVELDE.

AX or AXE, *n.*, an iron tool.

SCOURGE (*skurj*), *v. t.*, to lash.

VEN'OM-OUS, *a.*, poisonous.

PEAS'ANT, *n.*, a rustic laborer.

Pronounce *Navarre*, *Na-var'* ; *against*, *a-génst'* ; *heaven*, *hév'un* ; *weapon*, *wép'pn.*

WHAT, then, remains,

But in the cause of nature to stand forth,

And turn this frame of things the right side up ?

For this the hour is come, the sword is drawn ;

—And tell your masters vainly they resist.

Nature, that slept beneath their poisonous drugs,

Is up and stirring, and from north and south,

From east and west, from England and from France,

From Germany, and Flanders, and Navarre,

Shall stand against them like a beast at bay.

The blood that they have shed will hide no longer

In the blood-slāken soil, but cries to heaven.

Their cruelties and wrongs against the poor

Shall quicken into swarms of venomous snakes,

And hiss through all the earth, till o'er the earth,

That ceases then from hissings and from groans,

Rises the song—How are the mighty fallen !

And by the peasant's hand !

Low lie the proud,

And smitten with the weapons of the poor,—

The blacksmith's hammer and the woodman's ax !
 Their tale is told ; and for that they were rich,
 And robbed the poor ; and for that they were strong,
 And scourged the weak ; and for that they made laws
 Which turned the sweat of labor's brow to blood,—
 For these their sins the nations cast them out.

These things come to pass
 From small beginnings, because God is just.

HENRY TAYLOR.

CXIV. — MARIE ANTOINETTE.*

SCAB'BARD, n., a sheath.

SOPH'IS-TER (sof-), n., an artful reasoner.

DIS-AS'TER, n., a sad mishap.

MIT'I-GATE, v. t., to soften.

CAV-A-LIER' (-leer), n., a knight.

DAU'PHIN-ESS, n., the Dauphin's wife.
 (See definitions, p. 136).

Pronounce *Versailles*, *Ver-sáiz'* ; *sphere*, *sférs* ; *even*, *e'vn* ; *chivalry*, *shiv'al-ry*.

1. It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles ; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the hori'zon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. O, what a revolution ! and what a heart must I have, to contem'plate without emotion that elevation and that fall !

2. Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom. Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her, in a nation of gal'lant men,—in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers ! I thought ten thousand swords must have

* Born 1755 ; beheaded 1792. Pronounce *Mü-ri' An-twah-nét'*.

leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

3. But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom!

4. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

EDMUND BURKE. (1730—1797.)

CXV.—DR. ARNOLD AT RUGBY.*

TIER (teer), *n.*, a rank; a row.

TRUCE, *n.*, suspension of hostilities; temporary peace.

GAL'LANT, *a.*, brave; noble.

LIS'TEN (lis'n), *v. t.*, to hearken.

THOR'OUGH-NESS (thür'ro-), *n.*, completeness.

MI-NOR'-ITY, *n.*, smaller number.

UN-DAUNTED (*au* like *a* in *far*), *a.*, fearless; intrepid.

Avoid saying *chappl* for *chap'el*. The *t* and *e* in *often* are not sounded.

1. MORE worthy pens than mine have described that scene: the oak pulpit standing out by itself, above the school-seats; the tall, gallant form, the kindling eye, the voice—now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light infantry bugle—of him who stood there, Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of

* For some account of Dr. Arnold, the teacher, see page 115.

righteousness, and love, and glory, with whose spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke; the long lines of young faces rising, tier above tier, down the whole length of the chapel, from the little boy's who had just left his mother, to the young man's who was going out next week into the great world, rejoicing in his strength. It was a great and solemn sight.

2. But what was it, after all, which seized and held these three hundred boys, — dragging them out of themselves, willing or unwilling, for twenty minutes, on Sunday afternoons? True, there were boys scattered up and down the school, who, in heart and head, were worthy to hear, and able to carry away, the deepest and wisest words then spoken. But these were a minority always, generally a very small one, often so small a one as to be countable on the fingers of your hand. What was it that moved and held us, the rest of the three hundred reckless, childish boys, who feared the Doctor with all our hearts, and very little besides in heaven or earth?

3. We couldn't enter into half that we heard; we had n't the knowledge of our own hearts, or the knowledge of one another, and little enough of the faith, hope, and love, needed to that end. But we listened, as all boys, in their better moods, will listen, — ay, and men too, for the matter of that, — to a man whom we felt to be, with all his heart, and soul, and strength, striving against whatever was mean, and unmanly, and unrighteous, in our little world. It was not the cold, clear voice of one giving advice and warning, from serene heights, to those who were struggling and sinning below; but the warm, living voice, of one who was fighting for us and by our side, and calling on us to help him and ourselves, and one another.

4. And so, wearily and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young

boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life: that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise, into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field, ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he, who roused this consciousness in them, showed them, at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood there before them, their fellow-soldier and the captain of their band.

5. The true sort of captain, too, for a boys' army; one who had no misgivings, and gave no uncertain word of command, and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out—so every boy felt—to the last gasp, and the last drop of blood. Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence boys, here and there, but it was this thoroughness and undaunted courage which, more than any thing else, won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe, first in him, and then in his Master.

HUGHES.

CXVI. — ONWARD.

RAMP'ANT, *a.*, violently active.

| **TRI-UMPH'ANT**, *a.*, joyfully victorious

Not as though I had already attained. — PHILIPPIANS, III. 12

Not, my soul, what thou hast done,
 But what thou art doing;
 Not the course which thou hast run,
 But which thou 'rt pursuing;
 Not the prize already won,
 But that thou art wooing!

Thy progression, not thy rest,—
 Striving, not attaining,—
 Is the measure and the test

Of thy hope remaining ;
 Not in gain thou 'rt half so blest
 As in conscious gaining.

If thou to the Past wilt go,
 Of Experience learning,
 Faults and follies it can show,—
 Wisdom dearly earning ;
 But the path once trodden, know,
 Hath no more returning.

Let not thy good hope depart,
 Sit not down bewailing ;
 Rouse thy strength anew, brave heart !
 'Neath despair's assailing :
 This will give thee fairer start,—
 Knowledge of thy failing.

Yet shall every rampant wrong
 In the dust be lying,—
 Soon thy foes, though proud and strong,
 In defeat be flying ;
 Then shall a triumphant song
 Take the place of sighing.

J. K. LOMBARD.

CXVII.—HANNIBAL TO HIS ARMY.

AL-LIES', *n. pl.*, confederates.

A-MASSED', *pp.*, heaped up.

PRE-SCRIBE', *v.*, to give law.

AS-SAIL'ANT, *n.*, one who attacks.

IM-PET'U-OUS, *a.*, violent ; forcible.

VET'ER-AN, *a.*, long exercised.

AL-TER'NA-TIVE (*äl-*), *n.*, a choice given of two things.

Pronounce *Alpine*, *äl-pin* ; *hostile*, *hos'til* ; *Carthaginians*, *Kar-tha-jin'yans*.

1. HERE, soldiers, you must either conquer or die. On the right and left two seas enclose you ; and you have no ship to fly to for escape. The river Po around you,—the Po, larger and more impetuous than the Rhone,—the Alps behind, scarcely passed by you

when fresh and vigorous, —hem you in. Here Fortune has granted you the termination of your labors; here she will bestow a reward worthy of the service you have undergone.

2. All the spoils that Rome has amassed by so many triumphs will be yours. Think not that, in proportion as this war is great in name, the victory will be difficult. From the Pillars* of Her'cu-lès, from the ocean, from the remotest limits of the world, over mountains and rivers, you have advanced victorious through the fiercest nations of Gaul and Spain. And with whom are you now to fight? With a raw army, which this very summer was beaten, conquered and surrounded; an army unknown to their leader, and he to them!

3. Shall I compare *myself*, almost born, and certainly bred, in the tent of my father, that illustrious commander, — myself, the conqueror, not only of the Alpine nations, but of the Alps themselves, — myself, who was the pupil of you all, before I became your commander, — to this six months' general? or shall I compare *his* army with *mine*?

4. On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength: — a veteran infantry; a most gal'lant cavalry; you, our allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The valor, the confidence of invaders, are ever greater than those of the defensive party. As the assailants in this war, we pour down, with hostile standards, upon Italy. We bring the war. Suffering, injury and indignity, fire our minds.

5. First they demanded me, your leader, for punishment; and then all of you, who had laid siege to Sagun'tum. And, had we been given up, they would have visited us with the severest tortures. Cruel and

* An ancient name for the heights of Gibraltar and of the opposite coast.

haughty nation! Every thing must be *yours*, and at *your* disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall have war — with whom peace! You are to shut us up by the boundaries of mountains and rivers, which we must not pass!

6. But you — *you* are not to observe the limits you yourselves have appointed! “Pass not the I-be’rus!” — What next? “Saguntum is on the Iberus. You must not move a step in any direction!” — Is it a small thing that you have deprived us of our most ancient provinces, Sicily and Sardinia? Will you take Spain also? Should we yield Spain, you will cross over into Africa. *Will* cross, did I say? They have sent the two Consuls of this year, one to Africa, the other to Spain!

Soldiers, there is nothing left to us, in any quarter, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Let those be cowards who have something to look back upon; whom, flying through safe and unmolested roads, their own country will receive. There is a necessity for *us* to be brave. There is no alternative but victory or death; and, if it must be *death*, who would not rather encounter it in battle than in flight? The immortal gods could give no stronger in-cen’tive to victory. Let but these truths be fixed in your minds, and once again I proclaim, you are conquerors! LIVR.



CEASE, then, nor order imperfection name;
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good;
 And spite of pride, in èrring reason’s spite,
 One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right. POPE

CXVIII.—RESULTS OF THE AMERICAN WAR, 1780.

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| <p>AR-RAIGN' (ar-râne'), <i>v. t.</i>, to accuse, as in a court of justice.</p> <p>RÉSCRIPT, <i>n.</i>, an imperial edict.</p> <p>BAY'ONET, <i>n.</i>, a dagger at the end of a gun; so called from Bayonne, in France, where it was first made.</p> <p>AS-CRIBE', <i>v. t.</i>, to attribute to.</p> | <p>PRO-SCRIBED', <i>pp.</i>, put out of the protection of the law.</p> <p>MAS'SA-CRE (mas'sa-ker), <i>n.</i>, promiscuous slaughter; butchery.</p> <p>MAN-I-FES'TO, <i>n.</i>, a public declaration.</p> <p>SAN'GUIN-A-RY (sang'win-a-ry), <i>a.</i>, bloody; murderous.</p> |
|---|--|

Pronounce *Parliament*, *Par'le-ment*. In *produced*, &c., heed the sound of long *u*.

1. WE are charged with expressing joy at the triumphs of America. True it is that, in a former session, I proclaimed it as my sincere opinion, that if the Ministry had succeeded in their first scheme against the liberties of America, the liberties of this country would have been at an end. Thinking this, as I did, in the sincerity of an honest heart, I rejoiced at the resistance which the Ministry had met to their attempt. That great and glorious statesman, the late Lord Chatham, feeling for the liberties of his native country, thanked Heaven that America had resisted.

2. But, it seems, "all the calamities of the country are to be ascribed to the wishes, and the joy, and the speeches, of Opposition." O, miserable and unfortunate Ministry! O, blind and incapable men! whose measures are framed with so little foresight, and executed with so little firmness, that they not only crumble to pieces, but bring ruin on the country, merely because one rash, weak or wicked man, in the House of Commons, makes a speech against them!

3. But who is he who arraigns gentlemen on this side of the House with causing, by their inflammatory speeches, the misfortunes of their country? The accusation comes from one whose inflammatory harangues have led the nation, step by step, from violence to violence, in that inhuman, unfeeling system of blood

and massacre, which every honest man must detest, which every good man must abhor, and every wise man condemn! And this man imputes the guilt of such measures to those who had all along foretold the consequences; who had prayed, entreated, and supplicated, not only for America, but for the credit of the nation and its eventual welfare, to arrest the hand of Power, meditating slaughter, and directed by injustice!

4. What was the consequence of the sanguinary measures recommended in those bloody, inflammatory speeches? Though Boston was to be starved, though Hancock and Adams were proscribed, yet at the feet of these very men the Parliament of Great Britain was obliged to kneel, flatter, and cringe; and, as it had the cruelty, at one time, to denounce vengeance against these men, so it had the meanness, afterward, to implore their forgiveness. Shall he who called the Americans "Hancock and his crew,"—shall he presume to reprehend any set of men for inflammatory speeches?

5. It is this accursed American war that has led us, step by step, into all our present misfortunes and national disgraces. What was the cause of our wasting forty millions of money, and sixty thousand lives? The American war! What was it that produced the French rescript and a French war? The American war! What was it that produced the Spanish manifesto and Spanish war? The American war! What was it that armed forty-two thousand men in Ireland with the arguments carried on the points of forty thousand bayonets? The American war! For what are we about to incur an additional debt of twelve or fourteen millions? This accursed, cruel, diabolical American war!

CHARLES JAMES FOX. (1749—1806.)

CXIX.—BATTLE HYMN, AND FAREWELL TO LIFE.

LOW'ER (lou'er), v. i., to appear dark. | SERAPH-IC (se-raf'ic), a., pertaining
 GUISSE, n., garb; manner. | to or like a seraph.

Theodore Korner, the martial poet of Germany, and author of the following poems, was born in the year 1791, and fell in battle August 25, 1813, when scarcely twenty-two years old.

FATHER of earth and heaven! I call thy name!
 Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
 My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;—
 Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul.
 Or life, or death, whatever be the goal
 That crowns or closes round the struggling hour,
 Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole
 One deeper prayer, 't was that no cloud might lower
 On my young fame!—O hear! God of eternal power!

Now for the fight! Now for the cannon-peal!
 Forward—through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire!
 Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
 The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire!
 They shake! like broken waves their squares retire!
 On them, hussars! Now give them rein and heel;
 Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire:
 Earth cries for blood! In thunder on them wheel!
 This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal!

My deep wound burns; my pale lips quake in death,—
 I feel my fainting heart resign its strife;
 And, reaching now the limit of my life,
 Lord, to thy will I yield my parting breath!
 Yet many a dream hath charmed my youthful eye,—
 And must life's fairý visions all depart?
 O, surely no! for all that fired my heart
 To rapture here, shall live with me on high.

And that fair form that won my earliest vow,
 That my young spirit prized all else above,
 And now adored as freedom, now as love,

Stands in seraphic guise before me now ;
 And, as my failing senses fade away,
 It beckons me on high, to realms of endless day !

KORNER.

—◆—
 CXX. — WATERLOO.

NICHE (nitch), n., a small recess in the side of a wall. | REVEL-RY, n., noisy merriment.
 BIER, n., a carriage for the dead.

On the night previous to the battle of Waterloo, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels. To this the poet alludes in the introductory stanza. The battle was fought June 18, 1815, when the allied army, composed of 67,655 men, commanded by the Duke of Wellington, defeated the French army, of 71,947 men, commanded by Napoleon in person.

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 !

Did ye not hear it ? No ; 't was but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stōny 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 !—
 But, hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.
 Arm ! arm ! it is, it is the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain ;* he did hear

* Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick, and brother of Queen Caroline. He distinguished himself in the Peninsular war. He was killed at the head of his troops two days before the battle of Waterloo. He was born in 1771.

That sound the first amid the festival,
 And caught its 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!

Ah! then and there was 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 ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

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!"

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 o'er 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.

BYRON.

CXXI. — LOVE IS POWER.

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| <p>AR-BI-TRA'TION, n., the reference of a cause to persons chosen by the parties to decide it.</p> <p>DEV-AS-TA'TION, n., waste.</p> <p>SUB-TRAC'TION, n., the taking of a part from the rest.</p> <p>AC-COU'TER-MENTS or AC-COU'TRE-MENTS (-koo'ter-), n. pl., equipage.</p> <p>MAR-TEL'LO TOWER, n., a vaulted round tower for coast defense.</p> | <p>PER AN'NUM (Latin), by the year.</p> <p>AP-PUR'TE-NANCE, n., what belongs to.</p> <p>PAR'A-LYZE, v. t., to affect as with palsy; to deaden.</p> <p>BEL-LIG'ER-ENT (-lij-), a., war-making.</p> <p>PEC-U-LA'TION, n., theft of public money.</p> <p>EN-GEN'DER (-jen-), v. t., to produce.</p> <p>EX'I-GEN-CY, n., pressing necessity.</p> |
|---|--|

The *h* in *humble* ought to be sounded. Give *er* in *ex'er-cise*, *govern-ments*, &c., its true sound, as in *her*, without stress.

1. WAR may be defined as a people's expedient for accomplishing a purpose by violence. - It is expressly so; and all the ingenuity in the world would fail to make it out as any thing else. What a strange idea! A man who would seek to assert a right, or to defend himself from wrong, by violence, — taking arms, and wounding or killing those who oppose him, — would be regarded as an intolerable tyrant. The laws of his country would hold him as guilty of a capital offense, and he would suffer the severest penalty they were empowered to inflict.

2. But when a collection of men, forming what is called a nation, have a right to be asserted, or a wrong to be redressed, or perhaps only an opinion to be advanced, it is thought quite fair and reasonable that they should use these violent and murderous means. What is forbidden to individuals in every state above the most savage, and hardly tolerated even there, is freely granted to civilized nations, which, accordingly, are every now and then seen falling into bloody fights about matters which, with private men, would be settled by a friendly arbitration, or, at most, a decision in a law court.

3. Some of the evils of war are so manifest as to need only to be mentioned. Such is the destruction of life which it occasions, always followed, of course, by misery to many survivors. Such is the devastation it often introduces into a country which is its seat. The injury it does, by misapplying the national energies and funds, is less apt to be understood. Yet this is one of its greatest evils. War destroys—it never creates or produces. All it does is in the way of subtraction—nothing in the way of addition.

4. The men who become soldiers are kept from useful employment; the money spent in their pay, accommodations, and all the appurtenances of war, is laid out on what makes no return, and is gone forever as truly as if it had been thrown into the sea. The persons, indeed, who furnish the articles required for war, have lived upon the profits of their work; but their work has been unserviceable, whereas it might have been otherwise. Their talents and labor have all been misdirected. Thus, in every point of view, the money expended in war is misspent.

5. War not only takes largely of our existing means, but it anticipates the future, but it paralyzes and weakens the powers by which means are acquired. The commerce of a country is usually much deranged by the war, in consequence of the shutting up of certain markets, and the danger incurred in reaching others. Manufacturers are consequently thrown idle. All this descends in incalculable miseries upon the humbler classes.

6. But perhaps the most fatal effect of war is the lowering of the moral tone of the people. It sets all their sympathies into wrong directions, and introduces a new set of objects to public notice. Idle parade and gewgaws take the place of solidly-useful matters; men worship what destroys; merit is estimated, not by the

extent of good that a man does, but by his power of inflicting evil. The modest benefactors of their race are overlooked; while praise is heaped upon him who has shown an unusual amount of perhaps merely animal courage, or, at best, exercised ingenuity in inflicting suffering upon his fellow-creatures.

7. In the progress of such a dispute with another nation the selfish feelings are called into powerful play. We wish for victory, and seek to obtain it, without the least regard to the merits of the case. "Our own country and cause, right or wrong," is practically the maxim of all belligerent parties. This selfishness and injustice diffuse themselves into the administration of the government, and even into private affairs; so that corruption, speculation and fraud, abound on all hands. In such a state of things all that conduces to moral progress is sensibly checked; and it may be said that, for every year spent in war, we would require five to do away with its bad effects, and enable us to start at the point where we formerly were.

8. It is not wonderful that war should be so ruinous; for men are so constituted as to be benefited only by mutual kindness and a firm union, and not by doing each other harm. It is a great mistake to suppose even that we can be benefited, in the long run, by only consulting our own interests. A much greater mistake is to suppose that we can, as a rule, derive good from what does harm to our neighbors. All our highest gratifications are found in the efforts we make to give happiness to others. A nation, therefore, on the outlook for happiness to itself, ought to promote the benefit of its neighbors; it should seek to form friendly relations with them; to produce an interchange of benefits by commerce and other means; to do them, in short, all the good in its power.

9. But now a policy of suspicion, attended with immense expense, is established among states. France keeps up an army and navy, lest Britain should some day fall upon her. Britain does the same, dreading some outbreak on the part of France. Forts are raised beside harbors, to protect shipping from these imaginary hostilities. Half the men who are at the prime of life are obliged to go into discipline as soldiers, for a month per annum, that they may be ready to repel any assault from their neighbors, who are drilling under the same terror for them.

10. Thus money is misexpended, and human labor misapplied, to an enormous amount, from a mere sentiment of jealousy,—a fear which actually engenders its own assailants. How strange that no people have ever yet been found capable of the gallantry of saying to a neighbor, “We arm not, for we mean no harm, and wish to apprehend none. Here we offer you love, instead of hostility. You are too magnanimous, in such circumstances, to refuse the one or offer the other”! No nation, civilized to the degree of those in western Europe, could withstand this. There is no nation but would, like Orlando, blush and hide its sword.

11. There is nothing Quixotic in this doctrine. It proceeds upon the most familiar principles in human nature, namely, that an honest good-will generates the same in the bosoms to which it is addressed. Would governments but try the relaxation of an import duty, instead of the putting a war-vessel into commission; would they but hold out a friendly hand in any case of exigency,—such as occurred when Hamburgh was burnt,—instead of raising up jealous forts and martello towers, they would find how much better it is to do good than to threaten or inflict evil, and how truly LOVE IS POWER.

CHAMBERS.

CXXII.—THE CHOLERIC FATHER.

PIT'TANCE, *n.*, a small allowance.

O'GLE (*ŏ'gl*), *v. t.*, to look at with side glances.

RE-CRUIT'ING, *ppr.*, raising troops.

THWART (*a* as in *war*), *v. t.*, to come across; hence to frustrate; to defeat.

JACK'A-NAPES, *n.*, a monkey.

MU-NIF'I-CENCE, *n.*, liberality.

For practicing the voice in the level tones of ordinary conversation, and forming a natural, easy and colloquial style of reading, no exercise is more suitable than a lively, well-written dialogue. Readers, who enter into the spirit and humor of the following, can hardly fail of giving it the proper effect.

Capt. Absolute. Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well! Your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anthony. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Capt. A. Yes, sir; I am on duty.

Sir A. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir A. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir A. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Such

generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir A. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention; and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Capt. A. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude. I can not express the sense I have of your munificence. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir A. O, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir?

Sir A. Ay, ay, settle that between you — settle that between you

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir A. Ay, a wife — why, did not I mention her before?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir A. Upon my word, I must n't forget *her*, though! Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage,— the fortune is saddled with a wife; but I suppose that makes no difference?

Capt. A. Sir, sir, you amaze me!

Sir A. What's the matter? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not one word of a wife.

Sir A. Why, what difference does that make? Sir, if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir A. What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure, sir, that's not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir A. I am sure, sir, 't is more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that on this point I can not obey you.

Sir A. Hark you, Jack! I have heard you for some time with patience; I have been cool,— quite cool; but take care; you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led— when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it; in this I can not obey you.

Sir A. Now, shoot me, if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir A. Sir, I won't hear a word— not a word!— not one word! So, give me your promise by a nod; and I'll tell you what, Jack,— I mean, you dog,— if you don't—

Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness; to—

Sir A. Sir, the lady shall be as ugly as I choose; she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's mu-se'um; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew;— she shall be all this, sir! yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty!

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation, indeed!

Sir A. None of your sneering, puppy!— no grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life.

Sir A. 'T is false, sir! I know you are laughing in your sleeve: I know you'll grin when I am gone, sir!

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir A. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please! It won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir A. I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! But it won't do!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word —

Sir A. So, you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like me? What good can passion do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! Don't provoke me! But you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog! You play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet, take care; the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! But, mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why, I may, in time, forgive you. If not, don't enter the same hemisphere with me; don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light, with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-three-pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest! I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you! I'll never call you Jack again! (*Exit.*)

Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hand.

R. B. SHERIDAN. (1751—1816.)

O! my young friend, be obstinately just;
 Indulge no passion, and betray no trust.
 Let never man be bold enough to say,
 Thus, and no further, shall my passion stray:
 The first crime past compels us into more,
 And guilt grows *fate*, that was but *choice* before.

AARON HILL. (1684—1749.)

CXXIII. — TO-MORROW.

GULL, *v. t.*, to cheat ; to trick.

AR'EANT (ār-) *a.*, vile ; downright.

AU'DIT, *n.*, a final account.

PA'TRI-ARCH (-ark), *n.*, the head of a family or church.

PEN'U-RY, *n.*, poverty.

SEN'TI-NEL, *n.*, a soldier on guard.

IM-PLEAD'ED, *pp.*, accused ; sued

FAN-TAS'TIC, *a.*, fanciful.

HOOD'WINKED, *a.*, blinded.

In "Go to," *to* is pronounced *too*. Do not say *morrer* for *morrow*. Justice is spoken of as "hoodwinked," because the ancient painters personified her with a bandage over her eyes as emblematical of her impartiality. The following admirable exercise should be carefully conned and practiced.

To-morrow, didst thou say ?

Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow !

Go to — I will not hear of it. To-morrow ?

It is a sharper, — who stakes penury

Against thy plenty ; — takes thy ready cash,

And pays thee naught but wishes, hopes, and promises,

The currency of idiots ; — injurious bankrupt,

That gulls the easy creditor !

To-morrow ?

It is a period no where to be found

In all the hoary registers of Time, —

Unless perchance in the *fool's* calendar.

Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society

With those who own it. No, my dear Horatio,

'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father ;

Wrought of such stuff as *dreams* are ; and as baseless

As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend, arrest the *present* moments, —

For, be assured, they *all* are arrant telltales ;

And though their flight be silent, and their paths

Trackless as the winged couriers of the air,

They post to Heaven, and there record thy folly ;

Because, though stationed on the important watch,

Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,

Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.

And know, for that thou slumberedst on thy guard,

Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar

For every fugitive ; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hoodwinked Justice,—who shall tell thy audit?

Then stay the *present* instant, dear Horatio ;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings ;
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms ! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's foun
O ! let it not elude thy grasp,——
But, like the good old patriarch* upon rec'ord,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

NATHANIEL COTTON. (1707 — 1788.)

CXXIV — SPECIAL EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION.

PART III.†

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| <p>FIBER or FIBRE, <i>n.</i>, a slender thread.</p> <p>SCPTER or SCEP'TRE, <i>n.</i>, a short staff borne by kings.</p> <p>SHAM'BLER, <i>n. pl.</i>, a flesh-market.</p> <p>RAP'INE <i>n.</i>, act of plunder.</p> <p>EP'I-THET, <i>n.</i>, an adjective denoting a quality.</p> <p>EX-CHEQ'UER (eks-chék'er), <i>n.</i>, an English court for revenue cases.</p> <p>PAR'A-SITE, <i>n.</i>, one who fawns on the rich.</p> | <p>OM'I-NOUS, <i>a.</i>, foreboding ill.</p> <p>PAL'PA-BLE, <i>a.</i>, that may be felt, gross ; evident.</p> <p>EP'I-TAPH (ep'e-taf), <i>n.</i>, an inscription on a tomb.</p> <p>COL-LO'QUI-AL, <i>a.</i>, pertaining to or used in conversation.</p> <p>AU-RO'RA, <i>n.</i>, the dawning light ; the morning.</p> <p>UN-IM-PRACHED', <i>a.</i>, not accused.</p> |
|--|---|

Pronounce *Schiller, Skil'ler ; Wallenstein, Vall'en-stine* (as in *far*.)

Professor. In our last conversation, we considered the obvious fact that the voice may be exercised in three ranges, or pitches, namely, the *high*, the *middle*, and the *low*. It is in the middle range that it has the greatest variety ; and this range includes the tones which we habitually make use of when we speak to a person at a moderate distance from us.

* An allusion to Jacob's wrestling with the angel (Genesis, chap. 32, verses 24, 26.) Jacob says: "I will not let thee go until thou bless me." See the beautiful lines, page 189.

† For Part I., see page 91 ; Part II., page 195.

Student. Our present tones, as I understand it, are in this middle pitch. Walker tells us that the voice naturally slides into a higher key when we want to speak louder, but not so easily into a lower key when we would speak more softly.

Pro. Yes; experience shows us that we can raise our voice to any pitch it is capable of; but the same experience tells us that it requires much art and practice to bring the voice to a lower key when it is once raised too high.

Stu. What am I to understand by the *ō'rotund* quality of voice?

Pro. The word is made up of two Latin words, *ō're* and *ro-tun'do*, and literally means *with a round mouth*. It was first introduced, I believe, by Dr. James Rush, in his work on the Voice; and he simply meant by it that *ampler middle tone* which one might employ before a large public audience, as distinguished from the more colloquial pitch which we might use in addressing a friend at the breakfast table. The following passage, from Lord Chatham's speech, of November 18, 1777, on the American war, ought to be delivered with the *orotund* body and fullness, although, with the exception of the last impassioned sentence, it should be given in the middle pitch. Try it.

Stu. The difficulty will be, I think, to preserve that middle quality of voice. I fear that, in aiming at the *orotund*, I shall reach the *high*; but I will do my best:

“ You can not, I venture to say it, you CAN NOT conquer America. 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. You may swell every expense, and strain every effort, still more extravagantly; accumulate every assistance you can beg or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince, that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign country; your efforts are forever vain and impotent,— doubly so from this mer'cenary aid on which you rely; for it irri-

ates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the sordid sons of rapine and of 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!”

Pro. In order to acquire strength in the middle tones, it is well to practice the voice in passages like the preceding, and some from Cicero's speeches, preserving all the energy of which we are capable in the middle range, but not suffering the voice to rise to a very high pitch. Here is something in a different vein; but, in the delivery, the voice should be in the middle pitch, and have an orotund smoothness and purity of tone:

“ I care not, Fortune, what you me deny ;
 You can not rob me of free Nature's grace ;
 You can not shut the windows of the sky,
 Through which Auro'ra shows her brightening face ;
 You can not bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve.
 Let Health my nerves and finer fibers brace,
 And I their toys to the great children leave :
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave ! ”

Byron's Apostrophe to the Ocean affords a good exercise in orotund delivery. Select, now, a passage to suit your own taste.

Stu. I will read Job's noble description of the war-horse,—taking Noyes's translation:

“ Hast thou given the horse strength ?
 Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder ?
 Hast thou taught him to bound like the locust ?
 How majestic his snorting ! how terrible !
 He paweth in the valley ; he exulteth in his strength,
 And rusheth into the midst of arms.
 He laugheth at fear ; he trembleth not,
 And turneth not back from the sword.
 Against him rattleth the quiver,

The flaming spear, and the lance.
 With rage and fury he devoureth the ground ;
 He standeth not still when the trumpet soundeth.
 He saith among the trumpets, Aha ! aha !
 And snuffeth the battle afar off,—
 The thunder of the captains, and the war-shout.”

Pro. The reply of Grattan to Corry furnishes the following impassioned example :

“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 courage to give the blow ! I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councilor. I will not call him 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 language which, if spoken out of this House, I should answer only with a blow ! I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech ; whether a privy councilor or a parasite,—my answer would be a blow !”

Portia’s celebrated address, from Shakspeare’s Merchant of Venice, affords one of the most beautiful exercises in the language for a pure orotund delivery, in middle pitch, unbroken by passion. It can not be too often and carefully practiced :

“The quality of mercy is not strained ;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed :
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
 ’Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The enthroned monarch better than his crown :
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above the scepter’d sway,—
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God’s

When mercy seasons justice : therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.”

But we have now to consider the question of *low* pitch. “There are few voices,” says Walker, “so perfect as to combine the three ranges, or, in other words, a full compass of voice; those which have a good lower range often wanting an upper range, and those which have a good upper range often wanting a lower range. Care should be taken to improve that part of the voice which is most deficient.” The following beautiful passage, from Coleridge’s translation of Schiller’s “*Wallenstein*,” presents an example for practice. It begins in quite a low pitch, in the tone — almost a whisper — of tearful anguish and despondency; but at the eighteenth line the voice rises; and the twentieth and twenty-first lines should be delivered in the high pitch of abandonment to an overmastering sentiment of enthusiasm and regret :

“ He is gone — is dust !
 He, the more fortunate ! yea, he hath finished !
 For him there is no longer any future.
 His life is bright — bright without spot it *was*,
 And can not cease to be. No ominous hour
 Knocks at *his* door with tidings of mishap.
 Far off is he, above desire and fear ;
 No more submitted to the change and chance
 Of the unsteady planets. O, ’t is well
 With *him* ! but who knows what the coming hour,
 Veiled in thick darkness, brings for *us* ?

This anguish will be wearied down, I know ;—
 What pang is permanent with man ? From the highest,
 As from the vilest thing of every day,
 He learns to wean himself ; for the strong hours
 Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
 In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.

For, O! he stood beside me, like my youth,—
 Transformed for me the real to a dream,
 Clothing the palpable and the familiar
 With golden exhalations of the dawn!
 Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
 The *beautiful* is vanished — and returns not.”

Stu. There is a well-known poem, by James Shirley, which seems to me to afford an example of low pitch:

“The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armor against fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings!
 Scepter, crown,
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crook’ed scythe and spade.”

Pro. The closing sentences from the address of the young and gifted Robert Emmett, who was hung, in 1803, in Dublin, having been convicted of high treason against the British crown, afford another appropriate example of low pitch:

“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 dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, 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.”

Stu. Thomas Moore’s lines, on the death of the same Robert Emmett, are in a like subdued strain:

“O! breathe not his name; let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid:
 Sad, silent and dark, be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o’er his head.”

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

Pro. The following passage from Young's Night Thoughts has been often quoted as an appropriate exercise in low pitch:

"Night, sable goddess! from her ébon throne,
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.
 Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
 Nor eye nor listening ear can object find.
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
 An awful pause, prophetic of her end."

Stu. What do you understand by a mōn'otone?

Pro. A monotone is intonation without change of pitch; that is, a fullness of tone without ascent or descent on the scale. The following passage, from Milton, exemplifies the tone:

"High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,—
 Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
 Showers, on her kings barbaric, pearl, and gold,—
 Satan exalted sat."

The tone is often appropriate in solemn and sublime descriptions; and there are many passages in the Book of Job in which it may be employed with suitable effect; as in the following:

"Fear came upon me, and trembling,
 Which made all my bones to shake.
 Then a spirit passed before my eyes,—
 The hair of my flesh stood up;
 It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof:
 An image was before my eyes;
 There was silence, and I heard a voice saying,
 Shall mortal man be more just than God?
 Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

CXXV.—COLUMBUS DISCOVERS THE NEW WORLD.

PRONE, *a.*, inclined ; bending down.
 TRAN'SIENT (-silent), *a.*, fleeting.
 IN-TENSE', *a.*, strained close.

SUAVI-TY (swäv-), *n.*, sweetness.
 AR-O-MAT'IC (är-) *a.*, fragrant.
 O-RI-EN'TAL, *a.*, eastern.

In his computations Columbus supposed that the island of *Cl-pan'go*, or *Jap-an'*, was to about the situation of *Florida* ; and at this island he hoped first to arrive.

1. THE breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were plowing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships ; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the cabin of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch.

2. About ten o'clock he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro, a gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction. The latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called still another, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house the light had disappeared.

3. They saw it once or twice afterward, in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them. Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

4. They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo; but the reward was afterward adjudged to Columbus, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant; whereupon they took in sail, and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

5. The thoughts and feelings of Columbus, in this little space of time, must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object; the great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

6. It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man at such a moment; or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land before him, covered with darkness! That it was fruitful was evident, from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants?

7. Were they like those of the other parts of the globe? or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination was prone in those days to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian Sea? or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering

fanés, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of oriental civilization.

8. It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned, he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods, and running to the shore.

9. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and holding the royal standard. As he approached the shore, he was delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. On landing, he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and with tears of joy returned thanks to God.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CXXVI.—HOW TO HAVE WHAT WE LIKE.

AT'TIC, *n.*, the upper story.

AL'CHE-MIST (-ke-), *n.*, one skilled in occult or secret chemistry.

CON'JUR-ER (kūn'jur-er), *n.*, a juggler.

SANCTUM SANCTO'RUM (Latin), the holy of holy places.

EN-CO-MI-AS'TIC, *a.*, full of praise.

TRANS-MU-TA'TION, *n.*, change into another substance or form.

E-LIX'IR VITÆ, *n.*, an imaginary liquor for transmuting metals into gold.

SUB-LIMED', *pp.*, brought into a state of vapor by heat.

Do not say *mettles* for *met'als*; *kine* for *coin*; *kittles* for *kēt'tles*.

HARD by a poet's attic lived a chemist,
 Or alchemist, who had a mighty
 Faith in the elixir vitæ;
 And, though unflattered by the dimmest
 Glimpse of success, kept credulously groping

And grubbing in his dark vocation ;
 Stupidly hoping
 To find the art of changing metals,
 And so coin guineas, from his pots and kettles,
 By mystery of transmutation.

Our starving poet took occasion
 To seek this conjurer's abode ;
 Not with encomiastic ode,
 Or laudatory dedication,
 But with an offer to impart,
 For twenty pounds, the secret art
 Which should procure, without the pain
 Of metals, chemistry, and fire,
 What he so long had sought in vain,
 And gratify his heart's desire.

The money paid, our bard was hurried
 To the philosopher's sanctorum,
 Who, as it were sublimed and flurried
 Out of his chemical decorum,
 Crowed, capered, giggled, seemed to spurn his
 Crucibles, retort, and furnace,
 And cried, as he secured the door,
 And carefully put to the shutter,
 " Now, now, the secret, I implore !
 For heaven's sake, speak, discover, utter ! "

With grave and solemn air, the poet
 Cried : " List ! O, list, for thus I show it :
 Let this plain truth those ingrates strike,
 Who still, though blessed, new blessings crave :
 THAT WE MAY ALL HAVE WHAT WE LIKE,
 SIMPLY BY LIKING WHAT WE HAVE ! "

HORACE SMITH. (1779—1849.)

CXXVII.—MY FATHER'S LOG CABIN.

TAUNT (as like a in far), *n.*, bitter re- | PRIM'I-TIVE, *a.*, first; original.
proach; upbraiding words. | AN'NU-AL, *a.*, coming yearly.

Do not say *shaller* for *shallow*. Pronounce *sacrifice*, *sac'ri-fiz*.

1. It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin matter of personal merit, or obscure origin matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them; and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.

2. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, which was raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

3. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents, which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode.

4. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, — cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrank

from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to save his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, — may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

CXXVIII. — IMPORTANCE OF HABIT.

WRENCH, *v. t.*, to pull with a twist.
 PROMENESS, *n.*, habitual disposition.
 AVA-LANCHE (-lanah), *n.*, a mass of snow sliding down a mountain.
 IN-DI-VID-U-AL'I-TY, *n.*, separate existence.

IN'TE-GRAL, *a.*, whole; entire.
 DE-VI-A'TION, *n.*, a turning aside from the way.
 RE-VOLT'ING (-völt- or -völt-), *a.*, shocking.
 WONT'ED (wünt'ed), *a.*, accustomed.

Pronounce *Brougham*, *Broom*. Remember that *i. e.* stands for *id est* (Latin for *that is*).

1. MAN, it has been said, is a bundle of habits; and habit is second nature. A celebrated Italian poet had so strong an opinion as to the power of repetition in act and thought, that he said, "All is habit in mankind, even virtue itself." Butler, in his "Analogy," impresses the importance of careful self-discipline and firm resistance to temptation, as tending to make virtue habitual; so that at length it may become more easy to be good than to give way to sin. "As habits belonging to the body," he says, "are produced by external acts, so habits of the mind are produced by the execution of inward practical purposes,—*i. e.*, carrying them into act, or acting upon them,—the principles of obedience, veracity, justice, and charity."

2. And again, Lord Brougham says, when enforcing the immense importance of training and example in youth, "I trust every thing, under God, to habit, on which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance;—habit, which makes every thing easy, and casts the difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course." Thus, make

sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will become revolting to every principle of conduct which regulates the life of the individual.

3. Hence the necessity for the greatest care and watchfulness against the inroad of any evil habit; for the character is always weakest at that point at which it has once given way; and it is long before a principle restored can become so firm as one that has never been moved. It is a fine remark of a Russian writer, that "Habits are a necklace of pearls: untie the knot, and the whole unthreads."

4. Wherever formed, habit acts involuntarily and without effort; and it is only when you oppose it that you find how powerful it has become. What is done once and again, soon gives facility and proneness. The habit at first may seem to have no more strength than a spider's web; but, once formed, it binds as with a chain of iron. The small events of life, taken singly, may seem exceedingly unimportant, like snow that falls silently, flake by flake; yet, accumulated, these snow-flakes form the avalanche.

5. Self-respect, self-help, application, industry, integrity,—all are of the nature of habits, not beliefs. Principles, in fact, are but the names which we assign to habits; for the principles are words, but the habits are the things themselves,—benefactors or tyrants, according as they are good or evil. It thus happens that, as we grow older, a portion of our free activity and individuality becomes suspended in habit; our actions become of the nature of fate, and we are bound by the chains which we have woven around ourselves:

6. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to over-estimate the importance of training the young to virtuous habits. In them they are the easiest formed, and,

when formed, they last for life. Like letters cut on the bark of a tree, they grow and widen with age. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The beginning holds within it the end; the first start on the road of life determines the direction and the destination of the journey. As habit strengthens with age, and character becomes formed, any turning into a new path becomes more and more difficult. Hence it is often harder to unlearn than to learn; and for this reason the Grecian flute-player was justified, who charged double fees to those pupils who had been taught by an inferior master.

7. To uproot an old habit is sometimes a more painful thing, and vastly more difficult, than to wrench out a tooth. Try and reform an habitually indolent, or improvident, or drunken person, and, in a large majority of cases, you will fail; for the habit, in each case, has wound itself in and through the life, until it has become an in'tegral part of it, and can not be uprooted. Hence the wisest habit of all is the habit of care in the formation of good habits. Even happiness itself may become habitual. There is a habit of looking at the bright side of things, and also of looking at the dark side.

8. Dr. Johnson has said that the habit of looking at the best side of a thing is worth more to a man than a thousand pounds a year; and we possess the power, to a great extent, of so exercising the will as to direct the thoughts upon objects calculated to yield happiness and improvement, rather than their opposites. In this way the habit of happy thought may be made to spring up like any other habit. And to bring up men or women with a genial nature of this sort, a good temper, and a happy frame of mind, is perhaps of even more importance, in many cases, than to perfect them in much knowledge and many accomplishments.

CXXIX.—MOUNT SINAI.

BLAZK, *a.*, exposed to wind or cold.

TRAVEL-ER or **TRAVEL-LER**, *n.*, one who travels.

PEAK, *n.*, a sharply pointed hill.

GRAN'ITE, *n.*, a hard rock.

PIN'NA-CLE, *n.*, a summit.

GE-OG'RA-PHER, *n.*, one skilled in geography.

Avoid saying *scrub* for *shrub*. Pronounce *Sinai*, *Si'nā*; *Ararat*, *Ar'a-rat*.

1. I STAND upon the very peak of Sinai, where Moses stood when he talked with the Almighty. Can this be, or is it a mere dream? Can this naked rock have been the witness of that great interview between man and his Maker?—where, amid thunder and lightning, and a fearful quaking of the mountain, the Almighty gave to his chosen people the precious tables of his law,—those rules of infinite wisdom and goodness, which, to this day, best teach man his duty toward God, his neighbor and himself?

2. The scenes of many of the incidents recorded in the Bible are extremely uncertain. Historians and geographers place the garden of Eden, the paradise of our first parents, in different parts of Asia; and they do not agree upon the site of the tower of Babel, the mountain of Ararat, and many of the most interesting places in the Holy Land; but of Sinai there is no doubt. This is the holy mountain; and among all the stupendous works of nature not a place can be selected more fitted for the exhibition of Almighty power.

3. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Etna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it, upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the distant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava, and the ruined and half-recovered cities at its foot; but they are nothing compared with the terrific solitudes and bleak majesty of Sinai.

4. An observing traveler has well called it "a per-

fect sea of desolation." Not a tree, a shrub, or blade of grass, is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies; while the crumbling masses of granite around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture, that imagination can conceive.

5. The level surface of the very top, or pinnacle, is about sixty feet square. There, on the same spot where they were given, I opened the sacred book in which those laws are recorded, and read them with a deeper feeling of devotion, as if I were standing nearer, and receiving them more directly from, the Deity himself.

J. L. STEPHENS.

CXXX.—ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

ELF, *n.*, an imaginary spirit.
 PÖTH'ER (the *th* vocal, as in *breathē*),
n., a stir; a bustle.
 DUM'MY, *n.*, one who is dumb.
 IN-COM-MU'NI-CA-TIVE, *a.*, unsocial.
 POST'HU-MOUS, *a.*, born or done after
 one's death.

TEG'U-MENT, *n.*, a covering.
 SE'CRE-CY, *n.*, state of being hidden.
 HOE'A-NOB or HOE'NOB, *v.*, to touch
 glasses and drink healths.
 GI-GAN'TIC (ji-gan-), *a.*, mighty.
 EV-A-NES'CENTCE, *n.*, a vanishing.
 ARCH'I-TECT (ark'e-), *n.*, a builder.

The Mem-no'ni-um was the palace of King Memnon, in Thebes. The pyramid of Cheops (pronounced *Ké'ops*) still stands, its base covering about eleven acres. The pyramid of Ce-phrē'nēs is somewhat smaller. In front of it is the great Sphinx (pronounced *sfnx*), a stupendous figure, having the body of a lion and a human head. There was a colossal statue of Memnon, from which music was said to proceed at sunrise. To this the poet alludes in the tenth stanza.

AND thou hast walked about—how strange a story!—

In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago;

When the Memno'nium was in all its glory,

And Time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,

Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;

Thou hast a tongue,—come, let us hear its tūne;

Thou 'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy !
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?
 Was Cheops or Ce-phrē'nēs architect
 Of either pyramid that bears his name ?
 Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
 By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade ;
 Then say what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?
 Perhaps thou wert a priest, and hast been dealing
 In human blood, and horrors past revealing.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat ;
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass ;
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch, at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
 Has any Roman soldier mauled or knuckled ;
 For thou wert dead and buried, and embalmed,
 Ere Rōm'ulus and Re'mus had been suckled !
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy pri-me'val race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
 And the great deluge still had left it green.
 Or was it then so old that history's pages
 Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf?

Art sworn to secrecy? — then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself,—

Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house!
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,

We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,—

New worlds have risen,— we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled;
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,

When the great Persian conqueror, Camby'ses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb, with thundering tread,—

O'erthrew O-si'ris, O'rus, A'pis, I'sis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,

The nature of thy private life unfold:

A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,

And tears adown thy dusty cheek have rolled.

Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?

What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! — immortal of the dead! —

Imperishable type of evanescence! —

Pösthous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,

And standest undecayed within our presence! —

Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,

When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning!

Why should this worthless tegument endure,

If its undying guest be lost forever?

O! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure

In living virtue; that, when both must sever,

Although corruption may our frame consume,

The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom! HOR. SMITH.

CXXXI.—LIFE.

AR'ID (ăr'id), *a.*, dry; parched.

GOR'GEOUS (gor'jus), *a.*, splendid.

TŪBER, *n.*, a fleshy stem, formed under ground and filled with starch.

MON'AD, *n.*, an atom.

PET'RIFIED, *a.*, changed to stone.

CON-SUM-MĀ'TION, *n.*, completion.

CATĀ-LOGUE (-log), *n.*, a list.

MI-NUTE', *a.*, very small.

VI-TAL'I-TY, *n.*, the principle of life.

PAR-A-SIT'IC, *a.*, growing on another plant or animal.

AN-I-MAL'CULE, *n.*, a minute animal.

AP-PRE'CIATE, *v. t.*, to value duly.

Avoid saying *exhibit* for *ex-hib'it*; *insec* for *in'sects*; *deps* for *depths*. In *tuber*, *during*, *per-pet'u-al*, *dewed*, &c., give long *u* or *ew* its *y* sound.

1. OF all miracles the most wonderful is that of life—the common, daily life which we carry with us, and which every where surrounds us. The sun and stars, the blue firmament, day and night, the tides and seasons, are as nothing compared with it. Life—the soul of the world, but for which creation were not! It is life which is the grand glory of the world. It was, indeed, the consummation of creative power, at which the morning stars sang together for joy. Is not the sun glorious, because there are living eyes to be gladdened by his beams? Is not the fresh air delicious, because there are living creatures to inhale and enjoy it? Are not odors fragrant, and sounds sweet, and colors gorgeous, because there is the living sensation to appreciate them?

2. Without life, what were they all? What were a Creator himself, without life—intelligence—understanding—to know and to adore Him, and to trace his finger in the works that he hath made? Boundless variety and perpetual change are exhibited in the living beings around us. Take the class of insects alone. Of these, not fewer than one hundred thousand distinct species are already known and described; and every day is adding to the catalogue. Wherever you penetrate, where life can be sustained, you find living beings to exist,—in the depths of ocean, in the arid desert,

or at the icy polar regions. The air teems with life. The soil, which clothes the earth all round, is swarming with life, vegetable and animal.

3. During how many thousands of years has the vitality of seeds been preserved deep in the earth's bosom! Not less wonderful is the fact stated by Lord Lindsay, who took from the hand of an Egyptian mummy a tuber, which must have been wrapped up more than two thousand years before. It was planted, was rained and dewed upon, the sun shone on it again, and the root grew, and budded, bursting forth and blooming into a beautiful dahlia!

4. Take a drop of water, and examine it with the microscope. Lo! it is swarming with living creatures. Within life exists other life, until it recedes before the powers of human vision. The parasitic animalcule, which preys upon or within the body of a larger animal, is itself preyed upon by parasites peculiar to itself. Each of these monads is endowed with its appropriate organs, possesses spontaneous power of motion, enjoys an independent vitality!



5. Here is a drop of stagnant water magnified six hundred times its original size. These living beings appear too close together to admit of the existence of a greater number; and yet science affirms that such a drop contains forms of life which

—to whatever perfection microscopic power may attain—human perseverance will never accurately detect. A cubic inch of stagnant water is calculated to contain more than five hundred millions of living, active, and organized beings.

6. With lime and soda we may manufacture glass out of invisible animalcules. The hone, by which we

give an edge to the razor and to mechanical tools, is composed of myriads of these little beings, in a petrified state. Yea, every grain of dust on which we set our feet may have been a living creature.

7. Here, then, we pause in our study of these minute beings. We call them minute; but before the eye of Omnipotence all such distinctions vanish. The small and the weak are regarded by Him with the same benignity as the massive and the mighty. We, therefore, have the most powerful inducement to the exercise of an implicit confidence in Him, who not only caused the mountains to rise, the seas to flow, and the planets to revolve in their orbits, but has also created, with various animal functions, points of life far beyond the reach of our unassisted vision, and provides for them their daily food.

CXXXII.—THE WINDS.

STRAIGHT, *ad.*, directly.
WHIRLPOOL, *n.*, an eddy.

CAT'ACT, *n.*, a large waterfall.
WAIL'ING, *ppr.*, lamenting.

Avoid saying *cataraks* for *cat'act's*. The *th* in *beneath* is vocal as in *breath's*, not aspirate as in *breath*.

YE winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
Softly ye played a few brief hours ago;
Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye tossed the hair
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow;
Ye rolled the round white clouds through depths of blue;
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew;
Before you the catalpa blossoms flew,—
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

How are ye changed! Ye take the cataract's sound;
Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might;
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground;
The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight.

The clouds before you shoot like eagles past ;
 The homes of men are rocking in your blast ;
 Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast,
 Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
 To escape your wrath ; ye seize and dash them dead.
 Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain ;
 The harvest field becomes a river's bed ;
 And torrents tumble from the hills around ;
 Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned,
 And wailing voices, mid the tempest's sound,
 Rise, as the rushing waters swell and spread.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
 A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray ;
 Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird
 Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.
 See ! to the breaking mast the sailor clings ;
 Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,
 And take the mountain billow on your wings,
 And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

W. C. BRYANT.

CXXXIII. — CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

FOS'TER, *v. t.*, to cherish.

COUN'CIL, *n.*, an assembly for consultation or advice.

SAN'GUINE (*sang'gwin*), *a.*, ardent.

CON-SERVE', *v. t.*, to preserve.

COM'PLI-CA-TED, *a.*, entangled.

CON-SUM'MATE, *a.*, complete ; perfect.

RE-LIN'QUISH-MENT (*-link'wish-*), *n.*,
 the act of quitting.

STEAD'I-NESS, *n.*, firmness.

Avoid saying *joined* for *joined* ; *spile* for *spoil* ; *worst* for *worst* ; *just* for *first*.

1. How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue, experiences, when, turning from the contemplation of such a character as Napoleon, his eye rests upon the greatest man of our own or any age, — the only one upon whom an epithet, so thoughtlessly lavished by men, to foster the crimes of

their worst enemies, may be innocently and justly bestowed!

2. This eminent person is presented to our observation, clothed in attributes as modest, as unpretending, as little calculated to strike or to astonish, as if he had passed unknown through some secluded region of private life. But he had a judgment sure and sound; a steadiness of mind which never suffered any passion, or even any feeling, to ruffle its calm; a strength of understanding which worked rather than forced its way through all obstacles,—removing or avoiding rather than overleaping them.

3. If these things, joined to the most absolute self-denial, the most habitual and exclusive devotion to principle, can constitute a great character, without either quickness of apprehension, remarkable resources of information, or inventive powers, or any brilliant quality that might dazzle the vulgar,—then surely Washington was the greatest man that ever lived in this world, uninspired by divine wisdom, and unsustained by supernatural virtue.

4. His courage, whether in battle or in council, was as perfect as might be expected from this pure and steady temper of soul. A perfect just man, with a thoroughly firm resolution never to be misled by others, any more than to be by others overawed; never to be seduced or betrayed, or hurried away by his own weaknesses or self-delusions, any more than by other men's arts; nor ever to be disheartened by the most complicated difficulties, any more than to be spoilt on the giddy heights of fortune;—such was this great man.

5. Great he was, preëminently great, whether we regard him sustaining alone the whole weight of campaigns all but desperate, or gloriously terminating a just warfare by his resources and his courage; presiding over the jarring elements of his political council,

alike deaf to the storms of all extremes, or directing the formation of a new government for a great people, the first time that so vast an experiment had ever been tried by man; or, finally, retiring from the supreme power to which his virtue had raised him over the nation he had created, and whose destinies he had guided as long as his aid was required, — retiring with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example never might be appealed to by vulgar tyrants.

6. This is the consummate glory of Washington: a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; but a warrior, whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; and a ruler who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the cup might pass from him, nor would suffer more to wet his lips than the most solemn and sacred duty to his country and his God required!

7. To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a captain the patron of peace, and a statesman the friend of justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the sword which he had worn in the war for liberty, and charged them “never to take it from the scabbard but in self-defense, or in defense of their country and her freedom;” and commanded them that, “when it should thus be drawn, they should never sheathe it, nor ever give it up, but prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof;” — words, the majesty and simple eloquence of which are not surpassed in the oratory of Athens and Rome.

8. It will be the duty of the historian and the sage,

in all ages, to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of WASHINGTON!

LORD BROUGHAM.

CXXXIV.—MARK ANTONY'S ADDRESS,

OVER THE DEAD BODY OF CÆSAR.

DINT, *n.*, an impression.

GRIEVOUS-LY, *ad.*, with grief.

COFFER, *n.*, a chest; a treasure.

VESTURE, *n.*, a garment; a robe.

STATUE (stāt'yū), *n.*, an image.

LUPERCAL (-kal), *n.*, a Roman festival in honor of Pan.

MUTI-NY, *n.*, an insurrection.

MAN'TLE, *n.*, a loose cloak.

JUDG'MENT, *n.*, the power or the act of judging.

COM'MONS, *n. pl.*, the common people.

IS'SUE, *n.*, progeny; offspring.

TEST'A-MENT, *n.*, a will.

NER'VI-I (ner'vê-i), *n.*, a warlike race once inhabiting Belgium.

Mark Antony's oration, from Shakspeare's tragedy of Julius Cæsar, is deservedly celebrated. It is immediately preceded by Brutus's address, which may be found on page 267. Cæsar, on account of his desigus against the liberties of the people, had been slain by Brutus and others. Mark Antony artfully rouses the people against the slayers.

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 inter'ed 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.

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!

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-belov'd Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his curs'ed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!

This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's 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;
-Whilst 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, by traitors! —

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 it; 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 grator, 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! SHAKESPEARE.

CXXXV.—ADDRESS OF CARADOC, THE BARD.

SEP'UL-CHEB or SEP'UL-CHEB (-ker), | QUAIL, v. i., to sink; to shrink.
 n., a tomb or grave. | WAR'RIOR (wōr'yur), n., a soldier.

Cym'ria was the ancient name of Wales. By one of the primitive laws of the country, no Cymrian bard could bear weapons.

HARK to the measured march!—the Saxons come!
 The sound earth quails beneath the hollow tread!
 Your fathers rushed upon the swords of Rome,
 And climbed her war-ships, when the Cæsar fled!
 The Saxons come!—why wait within the wall?
 They scale the mountain;—let its torrents fall!

Mark, ye have swords, and shields, and armor, YE!
 No mail defends the Cymrian Child of Song;
 But where the warrior, there the bard shall be!
 All fields of glory to the bard belong!
 His realm extends wherever godlike strife
 Spurns the base death, and wins immortal life.

Unarmed he goes—his guard the shield of all,
 Where he bounds foremost on the Saxon spear!
 Unarmed he goes, that, falling, even his fall
 Shall bring no shame, and shall bequeath no fear!
 Does the song cease?—avenge it by the deed,
 And make the sepulcher—a nation freed! BULWER.

CXXXVI.—HEALTH AND EXERCISE.

VAGUE, *a.*, loose ; unsettled.

THE'A-TRE or THE'A-TRE, *n.*, a play-house ; a field of action.

EX'PI-ATE, *v. t.*, to atone for.

MOD'I-FY, *v. t.*, to vary.

DIS-OR'GAN-IZE, *v. t.*, to destroy order or system.

STREN'U-OUS, *a.*, bold and active.

RE-TEN'TIVE, *a.*, able to retain.

NU-TRI'TION, *n.*, that which nourishes.

IR-REP'A-RA-BLE, *a.*, not to be repaired.

CON-DU'CIVE, *a.*, leading to.

VALVE, *n.*, a folding door.

Avoid saying *maintainance* for *main'te-nance*. The Greek plural of *gymnasium* (*jim-na'zhe-um*) is *gymnasia*.

1. THE reproach of selfishness is sometimes ignorantly brought against persons who are very careful of their health. But, in reality, no man is so thoroughly selfish as he who, in the ardent pursuit of pleasure or of profit, heedlessly neglects those habits and conditions of life, without proper attention to which, health can not be preserved. The burden of such a man's support may, through his own fault, be thrown on society or on his friends ; and he may, too late, regret his inattention to a few simple rules, by the observance of which he might have maintained his constitution unimpaired.

2. In proportion as we give to the matter the consideration it deserves, we shall become anxious rather to take care of health when we have it, than first to lose it, and then exert ourselves to recover it. Says an old writer : " You that have health, and know not how to prize it, I 'll tell you what it is. Health is that which makes your meat and drink both sāvory and pleasant. Health is that which makes your bed easy, and your sleep refreshing ; which revives your strength with the rising sun, and makes you cheerful at the light of another day.

3. " 'T is that which makes exercise a sport, and walking abroad the enjoyment of your liberty ! 'T is that which makes fertile the natural endowments of

your mind, and preserves them long from decay; makes your wit active, and your memory retentive. 'T is that which supports the fragility of a corruptible body, and preserves the verdure, vigor, and beauty of youth. 'T is that which makes the soul take delight in her mansion, sporting herself at the casements of your eyes! 'T is that which makes pleasure to be pleasure, and delights delightful."

4. Let it once become a part of ordinary school-training to acquire a knowledge of the laws of health, and instead of going through life with vague ideas of the right way,—vague notions of the importance of exercise, circulation, pure air, and diet,—our youth would grow up with sound opinions; they would perceive not only why exercise is conducive to health, but why without due exercise the main'tenance of health is impossible.

5. All those to whom the training of children is intrusted would perceive that, so often as they permit those children to pass *one single day* without due muscular exercise, so often do they permit them to inflict an irrep'arable wrong upon their systems. The omission of a single day's due muscular exercise, even though it occasion no feeling of discomfort, is a wrong inflicted on the growing system which can never be expiated; for *a day's development is sacrificed*.

6. The Creator, be it remembered, has designed the first thirty-five years of human life for the development of the system. For thirty-five years the creative power exceeds the disorganizing power. Day by day, during the whole of that period, man might, by constant obedience to the Creator's laws, be growing stronger and stronger, throughout his entire organization. Let these facts be considered, and then reflect what man's prime might be, and what it too frequently is.

7. The benefits of exercise, to those whose occupa

tion does not require physical exertion, can not be too highly estimated. The body must undergo a certain amount of fatigue, to preserve its natural strength, and maintain all the muscles and organs in proper vigor. This activity equalizes the circulation, and distributes the blood more effectually through every part. Cold feet, or a chill any where, shows that the circulation is languid. The muscles, during exercise, press on the veins, and help forward the currents of blood by quickening every vessel into activity. The valves of the heart are in this way aided in the work of sending on this stream, and relieved of a certain amount of labor.

8. When exercise is neglected, the blood gathers too much about this central region, and the oppression about the heart, difficulty of breathing, lowness of spirits, anxiety and heaviness, numerous aches and stitches, are evidences of this stagnation. People are afraid to take exercise, because they fancy they want breath, and feel weak. But the very effort would free the heart from this burden, by urging the blood forward to the extremities; it would ease their breathing, by liberating the lungs from the same superabundance; it would make the frame feel active and light, as the effect of equalized circulation and free action.

9. The important position which physical education should occupy, in the education of youth, has attracted the attention of philosophers and lawgivers from the earliest ages. It was provided by one of the laws of Solon that every Athenian should be taught to read and to swim. The regular liberal education of a Greek youth consisted of three parts,—grammar, music, and gymnastics; but the latter occupied as much attention as all the others put together.

10. From the age of sixteen to eighteen, the youth of ancient Greece devoted themselves exclusively to

gymnastics. The academy and the ly-ce'um — names which among us are associated with intellectual culture — were originally gymnasia, theaters of strenuous bodily discipline, as well as scenes of mental exercise.

11. In modern times, physical training has been strangely neglected. It is erroneously assumed that the natural instincts of the young will lead them to take as much exercise as they require. If they dwelt out of doors, like wild animals, this might be true; but how often do the more studious allow themselves to be detained by an entertaining book, or some other in-door attraction, from taking the proper amount of exercise in the open air!

12. Excessive exercise should always be avoided. Instances are not uncommon in which undue exertion has produced effects scarcely less injurious than those which result from inactivity. The existence of either class of evils is sufficient to prove that some general system of physical teaching and training should be established in all schools, by which one sex may be preserved from the evils of deficiency, and the other from those of excess, in exertion.

CXXXVII.—THE CHILD OF EARTH.

GLIMPSE, *n.*, a momentary light.
SLANT, *v. i.*, to turn aslant.

LATTICE, *n.*, a window made by crossing latins or bars.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day;
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
 Yet doth she fondly cling to life, and say,
 "I am content to die,—but, O! not now!—
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing;
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreathe;—

Spare me, great God ! lift up my drooping brow ;
I am content to die,— but, O ! not now ! ”

The spring hath ripened into summer time ;
The season's viewless boundary is past ;
The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime ;
O ! must this glimpse of beauty be the last ?—
“ Let me not perish while o'er land and sea,
With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on ;
Not while the murmur of the mountain bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone !
Pale sickness dims my eye, and clouds my brow ;
I am content to die,— but, O ! not now ! ”

Summer is gone ; and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn ;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo ! and winds the eager horn.—
“ Spare me a while, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows, and the quiet stream ;
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam !
Cooler the breezes play around my brow ;
I am content to die,— but, O ! not now ! ”

The bleak wind whistles ; snow-showers, far and near
Drift without echo to the whitening ground.
Autumn hath passed away ; and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound ;
Yet still that prayer ascends.— “ O ! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd ;
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud :
Spare me a while ! raise up my drooping brow !
I am content to die,— but, O ! not now ! ”

The spring is come again — the joyful spring !
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread ;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing ;—
The child of earth is numbered with the dead !—

“Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
 Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
 The steps of friends thy slumber may not break,
 Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
 Death’s silent shadow veils thy darkened brow:
 Why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now!”

CAROLINE NORTON.

CXXXVIII.—GO TO WORK.

Do-MAIN', *n.*, estate; dominion.

COM'PE-TENCE, *n.*, a sufficiency.

STREN'U-OUS, *a.*, bold; active.

A-NOM'A-LY, *n.*, a deviation from the
 common rule; irregularity.

DUCTILE, *a.*, easily led; pliable.

OR-GAN'IC, *a.*, consisting of organs,
 structural.

UN-SEN'TIENT (-sen'shent), *a.*, not hav-
 ing sensation or feeling.

IN-TEN'SI-FIED, *pp.*, made intense.

EX-U'BER-ANT (egz-), *a.*, abundant.

Avoid saying *wust* for *worst*; *noo*, *constitootion*, &c., for *new*, *con-sti-tu'tion*, &c.

1. “Go to work.” Such is the brief but significant admonition which Nature utters aloud in every human ear; an admonition, in fact, which the God of Nature has put into her mouth, and which she is ever and anon repeating to all the dwellers upon earth. She reminds us, by a thousand plain signs, that every thing within her domain is at work, and that therefore we have no right to stand still. She shows us that every atom and particle of the material world is in a state of constant activity,—that change and modification, of some sort or other, are going on unceasingly, and that nothing does or can remain at rest.

2. The ground we tread; the air we breathe; every thing we touch, taste, or handle; the very bones, muscles, and fluids, which make up our frames,—all are passing in an unceasing progression to a new organic condition. Action, action! is the living voice of un-sentient matter. There is not even a possibility of standing still: each passing moment contributes something toward a new complexion to the face of the

material universe; the very processes of decay and death are but new constitutions and elements of vitality and activity. If these things be so, then what a disgraceful anomaly is laziness!

3. Having nothing to do is the very worst excuse that could be preferred for doing nothing. To have nothing to do is a disgrace to a reasonable being; to love it is a vice, and to persist in it is a crime. Whether by circumstances adverse to us we are deprived of employment, or are in no need of it through the possession of a competence, we are morally bound to find or to create a vocation for our activities and faculties.

4. "I have faith in labor," says Channing; "and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labor alone can keep us alive. I would not change, if I could, our subjection to physical laws, our exposure to hunger and cold, and the necessity of constant conflicts with the material world. I would not, if I could, so temper the elements that they should infuse into us only grateful sensations; that they should make vegetation so exuberant as to anticipate every want, and the minerals so ductile as to offer no resistance to our strength or skill. Such a world would make a contemptible race."

5. The lazy die and are buried, and no man misses them; the workers live on in their works, and, in a true sense, possess the earth long after the earth holds their lifeless clay. Their monuments are around us, and above us, and under us; and we honor them for their work's sake, whether we will or not. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," is a well-worn maxim, embodying in a small compass the results of vast human experience.

6. The spirit of self-help is the root of all genuine growth in the individual. Fortune has been often blamed for her blindness; but fortune is not so blind

as men are. Those who look into practical life will find that fortune is almost invariably on the side of the industrious, the self-denying, and the prudent, as the winds and waves are on the side of the best navigators. Nor are the qualities necessary to insure success at all extraordinary. They may, for the most part, be summed up in these two — common sense and perseverance.

7. Some writers have even defined genius to be only common sense intensified. A distinguished teacher spoke of it as "the power of making efforts." John Foster held it to be "the power of lighting one's own fire." Buffon said of genius, "It is patience." Newton's was, unquestionably, a mind of the very highest order; and yet, when asked by what means he had worked out his extraordinary discoveries, he modestly said, "If I have done the public any service, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought."

8. "The fact is," says the Rev. Sydney Smith, "that, in order to do any thing in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in, and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances. It did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for one hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his cousins, and his particular friends, till, one fine day, he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, — that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice."

9. The habit of strenuous, continued labor, will

become comparatively easy, in time, like every other habit. Thus, even men with the commonest brains and the most slender powers will accomplish much, if they will but apply themselves wholly and indefatigably to one thing at a time. "The longer I live," said a successful man, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is *energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed; and then—death or victory!*"

"If what shone afar so grand
Turn to nothing in thy hand,
On again! the virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize."

—◆—

CXXXIX. — SPECIAL EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION.

PART IV.*

| | |
|---|---|
| BEAR, <i>a.</i> , dry; withered. | LE'GION, <i>n.</i> , a body of soldiers |
| GOR'GON, <i>n.</i> , a fabled monster that turned beholders to stone. | AUG-MENT', <i>v. t.</i> , to increase. |
| SOD'DEN, <i>pp.</i> of <i>seethe</i> , to boil. | IM-MURE', <i>v. t.</i> , to confine closely. |
| GIB'BET (jib'bet), <i>n.</i> , a gallows. | IM-MAC'U-LATE, <i>a.</i> , without spot. |
| BAIT'ED, <i>pp.</i> , attacked; har'assed. | A-MEN'I-TY, <i>n.</i> , pleasantness. |
| DRACH'MA (drak'ma), <i>n.</i> , a Greek coin. | IN-DI-REC'TION, <i>n.</i> , a course not <i>right</i> . |
| CON-JUNCTION, <i>n.</i> , union. | CON-TRITION, <i>n.</i> , repentance. |
| MEN'ACE, <i>n.</i> , a threat. | CON-PUNCTION, <i>n.</i> , remorse. |
| | PRO-LIF'IC, <i>a.</i> , fertile. |

I. — PATHOS AND PATRIOTISM. — *Grattan.*

I do not give up my country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty.

"Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And Death's pale flag is not advanced there."

While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not

* For Part I., see page 91; Part II., page 195; Part III., page 291.

leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind; I will remain anchored here, with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall!

2. — INDIGNANT DENIAL. — *Knowles.*

Lucius. Justice will be defeated.

Virginus. Who says that?

He lies in the face of the gods. She is immutable, Immaculate, and immortal! And, though all The guilty globe should blaze, she would spring up Through the fire, and soar above the crackling pile, With not a downy feather ruffled by Its fierceness!

3. — HORROR AND ALARM. — *Shakspeare.*

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. — Do not bid me speak:
See, and then speak yourselves. — Awake! awake!
Ring the alarm-bell! — Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! — up, up, and see
The great doom's image! — Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites
To countenance this horror!

4. — DYING FOR FREEDOM. — *Byron.*

They never fail who die
In a great cause! The block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls; —
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
E lapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world, at last, to freedom!

5. — REMORSE AND DESPONDENCY. — *Shakspeare.*

I have lived long enough ; my way of life
 Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf ;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, — *mouth-honor* — breath !
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

6. — EULOGY. — *Shakspeare.*

This was the noblest Roman of them all :
 All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
 He, only, in a general honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle ; and the elements
 So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world, " This was a man ! "

7. — IMPROVE THE PRESENT MOMENT. — *Dryden.*

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call *to-day* his own :
 He who, secure within, can say,
 To-morrow ! do thy worst, for I have lived TO-DAY !
 Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
 The joys I *have* possessed, in spite of fate are mine.
 Not Heaven itself upon the past has power ;
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

8. — THE MURDERER'S CONFESSION. — *Horace Smith.*

The country's amenity brings no serenity ;
 Each rural sound seeming a menace or screaming ;
 Not a bird or a beast but cries, " Murder !
 There goes the offender !
 Dog him, waylay him, encompass him, stay him,
 And make him surrender ! "
 Nerves a thousand times stronger could bear it no longer !

Grief, sickness, compunction, dismay in conjunction,
 Nights and days ghost-prolific, more grim and terrific
 Than judges and juries,
 Make the heart writhe and falter more than gibbet and
 halter !
 Arrest me, secure me, seize, handcuff, immure me !
 I own my transgression — will make full confession ! —
 Quick ! quick ! let me plunge in some dark-vaulted du-
 geon,
 Where, though tried and death-fated, I may not be baited
 By fiends and by furies !

9. — BRUTUS TO CASSIUS. — *Shakspeare.*

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.
 O, Heaven ! I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands 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 ?
 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 !

10. — MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

O ! dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrevocably dark — total eclipse —
 Without all hope of day !
 O, first created beam, and thou, great Word,
 " Let there be light," and light was over all,
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?

CXI.—HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

COIL' n., tumult ; bustle.

CAST, n., a tinge ; a slight coloring.

BOURN (börn or boorn) n., a limit or bound.

PITE, n., force ; energy.

SHUFFLED, pp., shifted off.

OUT-RA'GEOUS, a., intolerable.

RUB, n., difficulty ; pinch.

BOD'KIN, n., a large needle ; an ancient term for a small dagger.

FAR'DEL, n., a little pack ; a burden.

A-WRY' (a-rî'), ad., not in a straight direction.

QUI-ETUS (Latin), n., final rest.

CON-TU-ME-LY, n., insolence.

CON-SUM-MA'TION, n., completion.

The reader should study the author's meaning in this Soliloquy. In the fifth, sixth lines, &c., he seems to mean simply this : " Death — sleep — they are equal ; they do not differ ; and if, by the sleep of death, we could throw off all our cares and troubles, such a sleep would be desirable indeed." But the thought of what may come after death immediately checks him in his suicidal speculations.

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 !

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 ?

* That is, the *consideration*. Shakspeare often uses the word in this sense.

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. SHAKSPEARE.

CXLI. — CATILINE'S DEFIANCE,

ON BEING BANISHED FROM ROME BY THE SENATE

WAN (wŏn), *a.*, pale and sickly.

SLACK, *a.*, loose ; weak.

LOATHE, *v. t.*, to abhor.

BANISHED, *pp.*, expelled ; exiled.

CONTACT, *n.*, touch ; close union.

AL-LE'GI-ANCE (-je-), *n.*, the duty of a
 subject to government.

TAR'TA-RUS (Greek), *n.*, a name for
 the infernal regions.

AN'ARCH-Y (-ark-), *n.*, political con-
 fusion ; want of rule.

PRO-SCRIP'TION, *n.*, a dooming to
 death, exile, or loss of property.

CON-VICT'ED, *pp.*, proved guilty.

In *hearth* (*harth*) *th* is aspirate in the singular, but vocal (as in *breathe*) in the plural. Pronounce *massacre*, *mas'sa-ker*. In *thirsty* and *burst*, give the vowel the sound of *e* in *her*. Do not pervert *oi* in *poi'son*.

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 prövocations, 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 hair of Catiline.

"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,
 Or make the infant sinew 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 Tar'tarus! — 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.

I go — but not to leap the gulf alone.
 I go — but when I come, 't will be the burst
 Of ocean in the earthquake, — rolling back
 In swift and mount'ainous ruin. Fare you well !
 You build my funeral-pile ; but your best blood
 Shall quench its flame. Back, slaves !
 I will return.

GEORGE CROLY

IMMORTALITY.

O, no ! it is no flattering lure, no fancy weak or fond,
 When Hope would bid us rest secure in better life beyond ;
 Nor loss, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin, her promise may
 gainsay ;
 The voice divine hath spoke within, and God did ne'er
 betray.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

CXLII. — THE UNSEARCHABLE ONE.

VERGE, *n.*, the outside of a border.

SPHERE (*sphère*), *n.*, a globe ; an orb.

CHA'OS, *n.*, a confused mass.

IN-EFFA-BLE, *a.*, unspeakable.

RE-SEARCH', *n.*, laborious search.

PO'TENT-ATE, *n.*, a sovereign ; a prince.

MAR'VEL-OUS or MAR'VEL-LOUS, *a.*, wonderful.

PRI-ME'VAL, *a.*, original.

GRA-DA'TION, *n.*, regular progress.

In *plenitude*, *gratitude*, heed the *y* sound of long *u*. Do not say *returns* for *realms* (*rélms*). Pronounce *ere* (meaning before) like *air* ; *nothing*, *nothing*.

IN its sublime research, philosophy

May measure out the ocean-deep ; may count

The sands, or the sun's rays ; but, God ! for thee

There is no weight nor measure : — none can mount

Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,

Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try

To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark ;

And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,

Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call

First chaos, then existence. Lord, on thee

Eternity had its foundation : all

Sprang forth from thee — of light, joy, harmony,

Sole origin ; — all life, all beauty thine.

Thy word created all, and doth create,

Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.

Thou art, and wert, and shalt be, glorious ! great !

Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !

Thou art ! directing, guiding all, thou art !

Direct my understanding, then, to thee ;

Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart. —

Though but an atom 'mid immensity,

Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand !

I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,

On the last verge of mortal being stand,

Close to the realms where angels have their birth,

Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land !

The chain of being is complete in me ;
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,
 And the next step is spirit — Deity !
 I can command the lightning, and am dust !
 A monarch — and a slave ! a worm — a god !
 Whence came I here, and how so marvelously
 Constructed and conceived ! Unknown ! This clod
 Lives surely through some higher energy ;
 For, from itself alone, it could not be !

Creator, yes : thy wisdom and thy word
 Created me ! Thou Source of life and good !
 Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !
 Thy light, thy love, in their bright plénitude,
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
 Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
 Even to its Source — to Thee — its Author, there !

O, thought ineffable ! O, vision blest !
 Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
 Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast
 And waft its homage to thy Deity.
 God, thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
 Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good !
 'Mid thy vast works admire, obey, adore ;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude !
From the Russian of GABRIEL R. DERZHAVINE.

THE END.



