



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

THE HEROES OF THE HEART.

The world hath many a battle-field, and many a hero bold,
 Their names unchronicled in song, their valiant deeds untold;
 Yet nobler than the belted knight's, or warrior's clouded fame,
 The peaceful glory of their lives, the blessings on their name,
 All honor to the wisely good, who bravely bear their part,
 And battle with a thousand wrongs—the Heroes of the Heart!

In foul alleys, dark and fared—in the close, o'ercrowded room,
 Where the seamstress pierces her needle, or the weaver tends his loom,
 Where daily bread is scarce and dear, where fever taints the air,
 And the morning wakes to sorrow, and the night brings dreams of death;

Never yet, 'mid cannon's roar, was waged so fierce a strife,
 As that stern battle with the world, that bitter fight for life,
 Who proudly, in their conscious truth, face shame, neglect and scorn,
 Who seek to save the outcast ones? who succor the forlorn?
 Who champion the poor oppressed—the lowly ones by birth?
 Who tell the tyrants in their might, God judgeth on the earth?
 Who tell them who in their unswayed pride assume the hero's part,
 That those true souls who dare to be the Heroes of the Heart!

Who who no plaudits seek to gain, no crowd's approving din,
 Who would not kneel at falsehood's shrine an empty crown to win;
 Content to bear the humblest toil, and proudly keep aloof
 From sin, arrayed in sumptuous state, beneath the lordly roof;
 Who seek to live a truthful life—to do the good they can,
 And care that noblest name of all—the name of a Man!

Where proud sepulchral stones arise, no shrine or obelisk tall,
 To mark the spot where, battling, these godlike heroes fall,
 They perish in the throng of life, unhonoured and unknown,
 And sorrowing nations echo back these warriors' dying moan,
 Nobler far than epitaph, or sculptor's labored art,
 Their deeds remain their monument—these "Heroes of the Heart!"

G. R. EXTENSER.

PATRICK HENRY, THE GREAT VIRGINIAN PATRIOT.

"It is the mind that makes the body rich;
 And as the sun shines through the darkest clouds,
 So honor peareth in the meanest habits."

Among those of our proud land who have reared for themselves, on the solid foundation of real merit, a fame which shall endure, a monument of glory, "amid the volutes of time," to his commenced lower and risen higher than Patrick Henry, claiming for Mr. Henry this proud station, I would not detract the least from the dearly-bought and well-deserved fame of his worthy compatriots, many of whose names appear more conspicuously on the page which records the great events of our country's history. In the hearts of their countrymen, in the eulogies and plaudits of millions who are yet to come along the path of the future, to enjoy these glorious privileges and casualties, there is glory and honor enough for them all. Their names have not been written in the sand, that the first gale that sweeps along the plain might bury them in oblivion. They have been interwoven with the very fabric of our free government, and will be craved only when that shall have crumbled and wasted in the vortex of political dissolution.

The heroism of a Washington might lead a brave people to glory. The wisdom of a Jefferson might direct the decisions of our legislators; but it required the eloquence of a Henry to kindle that feeling of patriotism which prompted the heroes of seventy-six to that soul-striving struggle for freedom. And when American people cease to do honor to his name, we must be bound in chains—weeping at the throne of liberty. He was the first American legislator who opposed the odious and obstructive Stamp Act. When the Continental Congress had assembled he dared to break through the gloomy cloud of taxation which overhung that venerable body, and portrayed with unflinching skill the oppression of the colonial wrongs. He first proclaimed the "war is inevitable; let it come." He proposed and headed the first military movement in his own native State, in support of the cause of Independence. He was the first Republican Governor of the State of Virginia. Then may we not call him with America's great statesman in saying, "Mr. Henry gave the first impulse to the will of the revolution." The first impulse was given by Mr. Henry, in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, in which the character of the King, for the first time in America, was publicly arraigned and denounced.

It was during this speech that he gave utterance to that memorable sentence, which created against him, from the minions of an arbitrary Prince, the cry of *Treason!* He said—"Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III. may profit by their example."

Patrick Henry is a prominent example that Greek and Latin alone do not form the man; that true greatness is native in the man, not dependent upon external conditions. At twelve years of age he was an ardent fishing-boy—at fifteen, a clerk in a counting-house—at twenty-four, a bankrupt merchant—at twenty-seven, suddenly bursting into a rich popularity, by a bold, noble and astonishing display of those mammoth powers of mind, which had so long remained shrouded in darkness by the mantle of his own sublime contemplation—at forty the first orator in America, and, in the language of Thomas Jefferson, "the greatest orator that ever lived."

There is something in genuine eloquence at once so supremely grand and majestic, as to constrain us to confess it the summit of human dignity. The artist may please the eye, the musician the ear, the poet the imagination, and the inspiring power of song, and the sweet melody of the vocal harp, attuned in harmonious unison, may warble forth their loftiest strains, and gratify for a while the finer feelings of our nature; but it is left to the orator to combine all these supereminent powers in thought, word and action,—for the orator to strike all the pleasure-giving chords of our being's nature, and make them vibrate sympathies of delight to the human heart.

The cunning of logic may convince the understanding. Eloquence does more. It unlocks the human heart, unhinges obduracy, har's down superstition, arouses to real and engaged activity, elevates, charms and enraptures all the ennobling energies, aways the judgment, and strikes the human soul.

Such was the power wielded by Patrick Henry; and never was a power wielded in a better cause, and with better success. His genius was an accurate mirror of the human heart, and reflected all its practical shapes and character lines, which enabled him to spring the chord appropriate to the occasion, and always command the feelings of his hearers. His eloquence came from the full fountain of his understanding, and flowed in a channel far superior to the splendid decorations of art, because it was nature's own.

At times, like the limpid stream, it purled along the grassy dale, murmuring in tones of sweetest melody, then, in comic playfulness, dashing down some little sweep, then swelling into a broad stream, washing and rounding its hard rugged beauties, woods and streams and landscape, enriched by the choicest evergreens of fancy, nurtured by the various coloring of passion, then making many circuitous windings, unobstructed, in the extensive field of argument, then, in matchless grandeur, like the flaming cascade, with boundless force, pouring down a huge precipice, overthrusting with high rocks and craggy mountains, of the deep, dark, swift and irresistible, overwhelming oppression in the depth of its waters. He did not resemble the eccentric meteor, which shoots along the sky, dazzles and sinks below the horizon, but exuding out world-long continuity. Nor did he resemble the society man, of elegant wit, or of light, but, like the sun, in some such manner as the latter,—like that emblem of superior greatness, he ever presented the same appearance. He was always the ardor lover of liberty—the patriot, the philanthropist, and the great. He rose with the splendour of the morning sun, illuminated an evening as day, and set amid the grandeur of moral grandeur.

His modesty, his object's noble, his achievements great, he was the glory of his countrymen, and immortality for himself.

His last appearance in public forms an anecdote which, as related by his biographer, is illustrative of the whole man. Thinking his country needed his services as a legislator, he offered himself as a candidate in his county. As he appeared on his constituents on the morning of the election, the people thronged about him with unfeeling ardor and reverence with which the great and noble benefactors of mankind are ever beheld.

A candidate present, raising his voice in reproof against the people, said, "Why do you flock about with so much adoration—he is not a god, but a man."

Mr. Henry replied with a pathos which sufficed all to tears, "I have heard him: 'No, no, indeed, my friend, I am not a god, but a poor worm of the dust, as fleeing and unsubstantial as the shadow of the cloud that floats over your field—it disappears and is remembered no more.'"

THE DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

BY REV. J. F. TUTTLE.

How rapid, how splendid, how complete the ascendancy of this man! Three years ago and capricious fortune had no such plaything as Mirabeau. His father and king wd what they could to embitter his life. His country had no dwelling-place for him except in her dungeons, and in foreign lands he was not safe. His great heart had its affections all embittered into unrelenting gall. Unwittingly the demon of French tyranny had been educating, by the most fiery discipline, the mightiest as well as the wickedest mind in France, to grapple in a death struggle with a heavy oppressor.

France trembles as with the throes of dissolution, and lo! suddenly as a rocket exploding in the darkness, Mirabeau blazes out on the vision of mankind. The tenant of dungeons becomes the idol of all oppressed men, and the foot-ball of fortune becomes the evil genius of kings and all oppressors. In a few brief days, not only a king of venerable ancestry trembles before him, but the stormy spirits of blood and division, Brissot, Marat, Robespierre, and Danton tear him as their master. He bends men and things to his will. One shake of his "boar's head"—as he himself called it—casts the Jacobins, and one sharp word subdues the heroes of the Gironde. Scarce two years passed and his end draws on. Those years were crowded with success of personal inquiry as would hardly be credible in the long life of a common man. And yet, iron man as he was, even he could not endure such an enormous draft on the power of life. "The excesses of our youth are drafts on our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date." The corruption of Mirabeau was too enormous to a man of so long an extension of the debt of nature.

On the 25th of March, 1791, Mirabeau went to the Convention for the last time. The powers of nature were almost exhausted. He would strip the leeches from his neck, and then, swathed with bloody towels, be carried to the scenes of his tribunals triumph. On this occasion, as usual, he was attended by an immense rabble, who doted on him as their idol and defender. In the midst of his progress he fainted, and as his pale remains were then carried to a friend's house, a wild shriek went up "he is dead, the friend of the people is dead!"

In a short time he was restored and undaunted, proceeded to the Hall to speak for the last time. His broad face was haggard, and the marks of the small-pox seemed more ludicrous than ever. His long hair hung in masses on his shoulders, and its lengthiness was set off by the bloody bandages about his neck. The eye alone proved his spirit unbroken.

The Jacobins, astounded, and now perceiving the weakness of the only man they feared, attempted to carry some peculiarly displeasing to him. The powers in him were witted, and nerve by mental energy alone, he completed his coded body to carry him to the tribune. He had not strength to waste in preliminaries, and hurled a thunderbolt among his enemies, which annihilated their position.

They attempted to cry him down, but one short, "Silence, ye many tyrants!" stifled them. Some inferior men attempted to overcome his feebleness by various devices, but his inflamed eye blazing on them, and his "terrible head" anking at them, silenced them. In the face of the President's decision he spoke and wrung concessions from his enemies.

It was an eventful morning. Five times he spoke, or rather thundered, and as often triumphed. Never had he seemed so grand, never had he been so impetuous, and never had he proved himself more perfectly to be the greatest mind in France.

But even that scene of triumph was only a part of his dying agonies. To all human endurance there is a limit, and now Mirabeau was earned fainting and dying in his own house. The denunciations of the convention had crowded before the lion for the last time.

Paris had never felt an event like this. "The great Mirabeau is dying!" rang from lip to lip. Business and amusement were suspended. The populace crowded to carnage to ramble over the stone pavement, lest it would disturb him. Those who were in tears and spoke in whispers.

"Who will defend us now that Mirabeau is dying?" was the agonized question of one.

"Who will give us bread now?" asked another, fully believing this man to be the dispenser of food.

"Who will cut off the heads of those aristocrats, who are such