

*"A thousand years scarce seem to form a state
An hour may lay it in the dust"*
Byron

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On! for the eloquence of fervid speech!
The rhetoric which drives the will to duty,
The all persuasive force and power to teach,
The glowing words instinct with strength and beauty,
Oh! were these mine,—perchance I should be heard,
Dulled ears would hearken to my cry appealing,
And torpid hearts to action might be stirred,
Each deadened sense again aroused to feeling,—
But, lacking these,—let simple words prevail;
These armed with Truth,—Conviction can not fail.