

"I am not afraid," said Edward ; and he looked almost ready to give up ; for John Taylor came forward and said, "Come on, then, and show that you are not afraid."

A gentleman passing by, said, "Why do you not fight my boy ?—Tell me the reason."

The boys all stood still, while Edward said, "I will not do a wicked thing, sir, if they do call me a coward."

"That is right, my noble boy," said the gentleman: "If you fight with that boy you will disgrace yourself, and will show that you are more afraid of the laugh and ridicule of your companions, than of breaking the commandments of God."

"It is more honorable to bear an insult with meekness, than to fight about it."

"Beasts and brutes which have no reason, know of no other way to avenge themselves ; though it be hard to be called a coward, and to submit to indignity and insult, yet remember the words of the wise man—"He that ruleth his spirit is wiser than he that taketh a city."

"Suppose you fight with this boy, and your companions all call you a brave fellow, what will this be when we are called to stand before God ?

"Many a poor deluded man has been drawn in to accept a challenge and fight a duel to show his bravery, and thus displayed to all, that he was a miserable coward, who was afraid of the sneer and laugh of his companions. Rather follow the example of the brave soldier, who, when he was challenged to fight said I do not fear the cannon's mouth, but I fear God."—*Juvenile Reformer.*

BOLD IMPIETY !

Extracts from a speech delivered in Congress by Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, on the resolution of Mr. Prentiss to expel Alexander Duncan, of Ohio, from his seat—and in reference to the death of Cilley.

Let Puritans shudder as they may—I here proclaim that I belong to the class of the Cavaliers, not to the Roundheads ! The parties met on the point of honor and veracity—they fought—fought fairly—one fell and his fate might have been that of my friend ; it is a wonder it was not. I was present, a second—I am amenable to the laws of Maryland upon indictment ; and am ready to submit to any trial by the House for a breach of its privileges. I have again and again demanded a trial. I desire it. I seek it. I court the sentence of the House. I repeat, many of you have propagated the vilest slanders concerning my conduct in this affair. I have been vilified by every species of vituperation which malice here, among yourselves, could invent. I have been stigmatized as a *murderer* ; and yet I challenge you, O just and righteous judges ! who have just demanded yourselves in your high seats of justice, to *try* me for what many of you have condemned me already.—The gentleman has himself named the horrid word—*murder* ! Murder ! Sir, there are two sorts of murder. There is one description of that offence which deserves the hangman's knot. There is another form of murder—murder by the law—which *public sentiment* higher than the law, the great law-breaker—defines to be *honorable*.

By the latter, life is taken by mutual consent—with notice—openly, fairly—by an equal mode prescribing