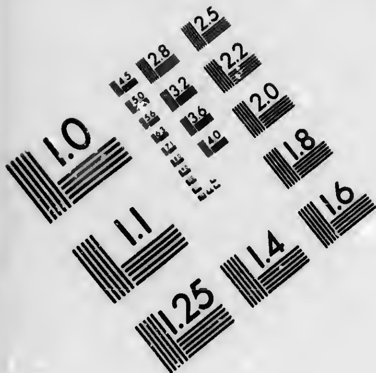

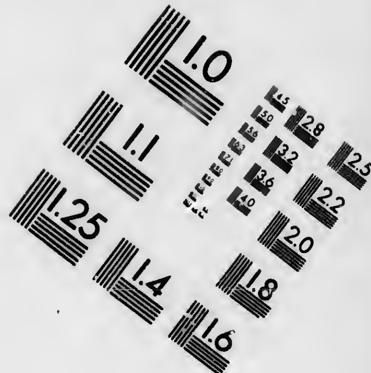

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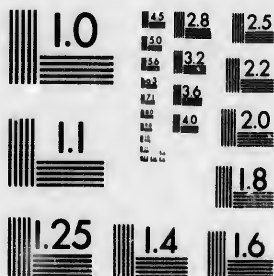

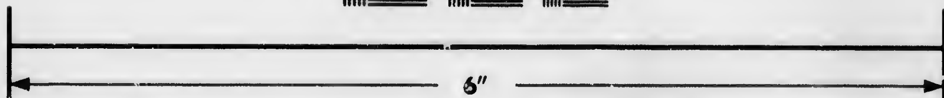

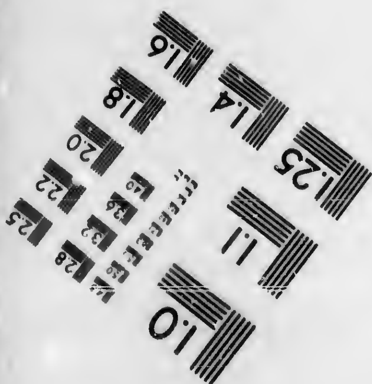

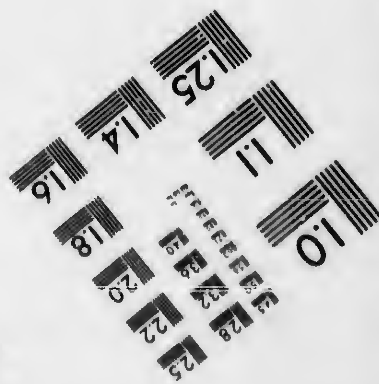

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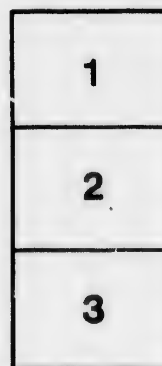
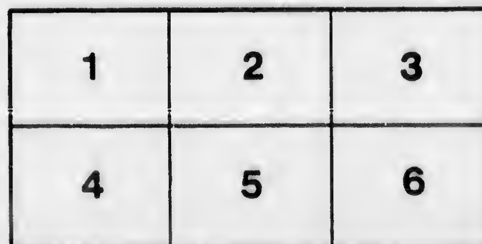




THE

ELOCUTIONIST,

AND

RHETORICAL READER,

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM

KNOWLES' ELOCUTIONIST,

AND

ADDITIONAL PIECES FROM ALISON, CHALMERS, MACAULAY,

&c., &c.,

WITH

GENERAL RULES INTERSPERSED AS READING LESSONS.

COMPILED

BY SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

SECRETARY OF THE PROTESTANT BOARD OF EXAMINERS FOR COMMON SCHOOLS IN LOWER CANADA.

Montreal:

PUBLISHED BY R. & A. MILLER,

ST. FRANÇOIS XAVIER STREET.

1856.

PREFACE.

THE compiler of the following pages having felt in common with others, the want of a class book for reading and reciting, which, whilst it should contain a selection suitable to the requirements of more advanced Pupils, might from its price be within the reach of all classes of the community, has been induced for the convenience of his own school, and he trusts for the benefit of his fellow laborers in Canada, to edit this publication, which he now offers to the notice of Teachers and Scholars generally, with the hope that it may facilitate the labors of the former and accelerate the progress of the latter.

Possessing as it does two decided advantages over works of a similar kind, cheapness in price, and a more extensive and better collection of pieces for Reading and Recitation, he trusts that this effort for the benefit of the rising generation, may not altogether be unappreciated and in vain; but that

the result may be a marked improvement in the style of reading, and an increased taste for elegant literature, in every school into which it may be introduced.

It was the intention of the compiler to have given rules for Pronunciation, Emphasis and Gesture as is generally done by writers on Elocution, but being persuaded that such rules are to the majority of Pupils a dead-letter, and that few teachers avail themselves of their use, he has deemded it preferable to intersperse some chapters on these subjects, as reading lessons in the body of the work, and has thereby been enabled to present a more copious selection to the public.

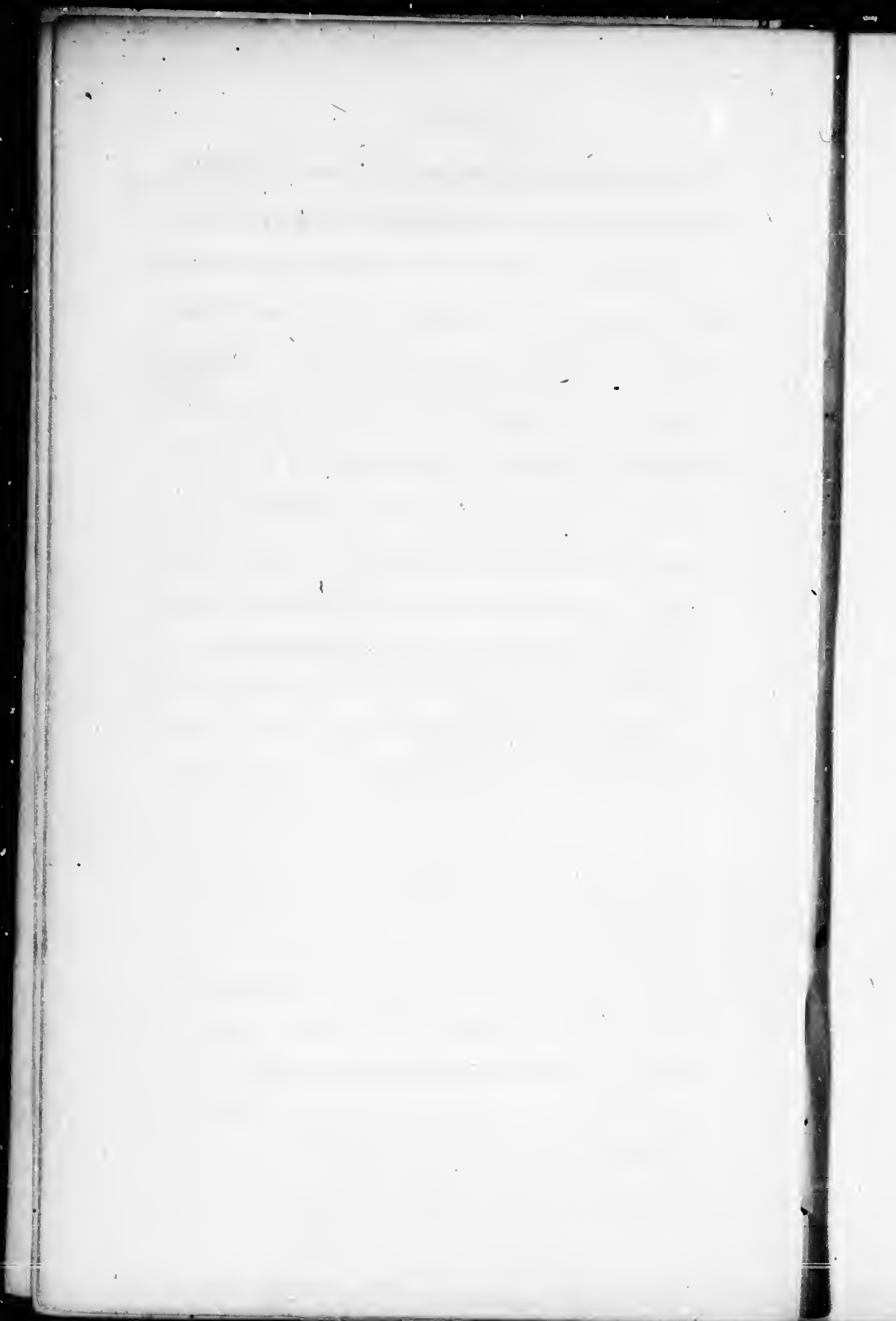
Containing, as most works on Reading and Recitation do, the same pieces, the observant Teacher will perceive, that Knowles's admirable work on Elocution has formed the basis of the present publication, which circumstance of itself, should be a sufficient inducement for its admission into Schools and Colleges where such a book is required; and from the additional subjects from the pages of Macaulay, Alison, D'Aubigné, Hemans, Dr. Thompson and others, some of which for the first time appear in print, and from the care taken in selecting extracts

of a religious or strictly moral tendency, a stronger recommendation is given to the Volume.

Should this attempt of the Author to promote the publication of Canadian Works for Educational purposes, be received with that encouragement which he hopes for, it is his intention in a forthcoming edition to add, if it seem necessary, a treatise on the rules of Reading, Recitation and Gesture, though at the same time he is fully of opinion with many of our best Writers, that to read and recite naturally is to read and recite well.

St. Urbain Street Academy,

Montreal, May 1st. 1850.



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THE

ELOCUTIONIST.

PROMISCUOUS SELECTIONS IN PROSE.

Pronunciation.

BEFORE we enter upon particular rules, I would advise all who can, to study the ART OF SPEAKING *betimes*, and to practise it as often as possible, before they have contracted any of the common imperfections or vices of speaking; for these may easily be avoided at first, and when they are once learnt, it is extremely difficult to unlearn them. I advise all young persons to be governed in speaking, as in all other things, by reason rather than example, and therefore to have an especial care whom they imitate therein; and to imitate only what is right in their manner of speaking, not their blemishes and imperfections. The first business of the speaker is, so to speak that he may be heard and understood with ease. In order to this, it is a great advantage to have a clear strong voice:—such at least, as will fill the place where you speak, so as to be heard by every person in it. To strengthen a weak voice, read or speak something aloud, for at least half an hour every morning; but take care not to strain your voice at first; begin low and raise it by degrees to the height. If you are apt to falter in your speech, read something in private daily, and pronounce every word and syllable so distinctly, that they may all have their full sound and proportion. If you are apt to stammer at such and such particular expressions, take particular care, first, to pronounce them plainly. When you are once able to do this, you may learn to pronounce them more fluently and at your leisure. The chief faults of

speaking are, the speaking too loud; this is disagreeable to the hearers, as well as inconvenient to the speaker:—For they must impute it either to ignorance or affectation, which is never so inexcusable as in preaching. Every man's voice should indeed fill the place where he speaks; but if it exceeds its natural key, it will neither be sweet, nor soft, nor agreeable, were it only on this account, that he cannot then give every word its proper and distinguishing sound. The speaking too low, is, of the two, more disagreeable than the former. Take care, therefore, to keep between the extremes, to preserve the key, the command of your voice, and adapt the loudness of it to the place where you are, or the number of persons to whom you speak. In order to this, consider whether your voice be naturally loud or low; and if it incline to either extreme, correct this first in your ordinary conversation. If it be too low, converse with those that are deaf; if too loud, with those who speak softly. By speaking in a thick, cluttering manner, some persons mumble, or swallow some words or syllables; and do not utter the rest articulately or distinctly. This is sometimes owing to a natural defect; sometimes to a sudden flutter of the spirits, but oftener to a bad habit. To cure this, accustom yourself both in conversation and reading, to pronounce every word distinctly. Observe how full a sound some give to every word, and labour to imitate them. If no other way avail, do as Demosthenes did, who cured himself of this natural defect, by repeating orations every day with pebbles in his mouth. The speaking too fast, is a common fault; but not a little one, particularly when we speak of the things of God. It may be cured by habituating yourself to attend to the weight, sense, and propriety of every word you speak. The speaking too slow is not a common fault; and when we are once warned of it, it may be easily avoided. The speaking with an irregular, desultory, and uneven voice, raised or deprest unnaturally or unseasonably. To cure this, you should take care not to begin your periods either too high or too low; for that would necessarily lead you to an unnatural and improper variation of the voice; and remember, never

either to raise or sink your voice without a particular reason, arising either from the length of the period, or the sense or spirit of what you speak. But the greatest and most common fault of all is, speaking with a tone; some have a womanish squeaking tone ; some a singing or canting one ; some an high, swelling, theatrical tone, laying too much emphasis on every sentence ; some have an awful, solemn tone ; others, an odd, whimsical, whining one, not to be expressed in words. To avoid all kinds of unnatural tones, the only rule is this, endeavour to speak in public, just as you do in common conversation. Attend to your subject, and deliver it in the same manner as if you were talking to a friend. This, if carefully observed, will correct both this and almost all the other faults of a bad pronunciation ; for a good pronunciation is nothing but a natural, easy, and graceful variation of the voice, suitable to the nature and importance of the sentence we deliver. If you would be heard with pleasure, in order to make a deeper impression on your hearers, study to render your voice as soft and sweet as possible ; and the more, if it be naturally harsh, hoarse, or obstreperous, which may be cured by constant exercise. By carefully using this every morning, you may in a short time wear off these defects, and contract such a smooth and tuneful delivery, as will recommend whatever you speak. Secondly, labour to avoid the odious custom of coughing or spitting while you are speaking ; and if at some time you cannot wholly avoid it, yet take care you do not stop in the middle of a sentence, but only at such times as will least interrupt the sense of what you are delivering. Above all, take care to vary your voice according to the matter on which you speak. Nothing more grates the ear, than a voice still in the same key, and yet nothing is more common. Although this monotony is not only unpleasant to the ear, but destroys the effect of what is spoken, the best way to learn how to vary the voice is, to observe common discourse ; take notice how you speak yourself in ordinary conversation, and how others speak on various occasions. After the very same manner you are to vary your voice in public, allowing for the largeness of the place, and the

distance of the hearers. The voice may be varied three ways, first, as to height or lowness ; secondly, as to vehemence or softness ; thirdly, as to swiftness or slowness :—And first, as to height, a medium between the extremes is carefully to be observed. You must neither strain your voice by raising it always to the highest note it can reach, nor sink it always to the lowest note, which would be to murmur rather than to speak. As to vehemence, have a care how you force your voice to the last extremity ; you cannot hold this long without danger of its cracking, and failing you on a sudden ; nor yet ought you to speak in too faint and remiss a manner, which destroys all the force and energy of what is spoken. As to swiftness, you ought to moderate the voice so as to avoid all precipitation ; otherwise you give the hearers no time to think, and so are not likely either to convince or persuade them ; yet neither should you speak slower than men generally do in common conversation. It is a fault to draw out your words too slow, or to make needless breaks or pauses ; nay to drawl is (of the two) worse than to hurry ; the speech ought not to drop, but to flow along; but then it ought to flow like a gliding stream, not as a rapid current. Yet let it be observed, that the medium I recommend does not consist in an indivisible point ; it admits of a considerable latitude. As to the height or lowness of the voice, there are five or six notes whereby it may be varied, between the highest and the lowest : so here is abundant room for variation, without falling into either extreme. There is also sufficient room between the extremes of violence and of softness, to pronounce either more vehemently or more mildly, as different subjects may require ; and as to swiftness or slowness, though you avoid both extremes, you may nevertheless speak faster or slower, and that in several degrees, as best answers the subject and passions of your discourse. But it should likewise be observed, that the voice ought not to be varied too hastily in any of these respects ; but the difference is to be made by degrees, and almost insensibly ; too sudden a change being unnatural and affected, and consequently disagreeable to the hearers. If you speak

of natural things, merely to make the hearers understand them, there needs only a clear and distinct voice; but if you should display the wisdom and power of God therein, do it with a stronger and more solemn accent. The good and honourable actions of men should be described with a full and lofty accent; wicked and infamous actions, with a strong and earnest voice, and such a tone as expresses horror and detestation. In congratulating the happy events of life, we speak with a lively and cheerful accent; in relating misfortunes, (as in funeral orations) with a slow and mournful one.

The voice should also be varied according to the greatness and importance of the subject; it being absurd either to speak in a lofty manner where the subject is of little concern, or to speak of great and important affairs with a low, unconcerned, and familiar voice. On all occasions, let the thing you are to speak be deeply imprinted on your own heart; and when you are sensibly touched yourself, you will easily touch others, by adjusting your voice to every passion which you feel. Love is shewn by a soft, smooth, and melting voice: hate by a sharp and sullen one; joy by a full and flowing one; grief by a dull, languishing tone; sometimes interrupted by a sigh or groan. Fear is expressed by a trembling and hesitating voice; boldness by speaking loud and strong. Anger is shewn by a sharp and impetuous tone, taking the breath often, and speaking short. Compassion requires a soft and submissive voice. After the expression of any violent passion, you should gradually lower your voice again. Readiness in varying it on all kinds of subjects as well as passions, is best acquired by frequently reading or repeating aloud, either dialogues, select plays, or such discourses as come nearest to the dramatic style. You should begin a discourse low, both as it expresses modesty, and as it is best for your voice and strength; and yet so as to be heard by all that are present: you may afterwards rise as the matter shall require. The audience likewise being calm and unmoved at first, are best suited by a cool and dispassionate address; yet this rule admits of some exceptions, for on some extraordinary occasions, you may begin a discourse abruptly

and passionately, and consequently with a warm and passionate accent. You may speak a little louder in laying down what you design to prove, and explaining it to your hearers. But you need not speak with any warmth or emotion yet; it is enough if you speak articulately and distinctly. When you prove your point, and refute your adversary's objections, there is need of more earnestness and extension of voice: and here chiefly it is, that you are to vary your voice according to the rules above recited. A little pause may then precede the conclusion, in which you may gradually rise to the utmost strength of pronunciation, and finish all with a lively, cheerful voice, expressing joy and satisfaction. An *exclamation* requires a loud and strong voice; and so does an *oath* or strong *asseveration*, as O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! I call God to record upon my soul. In a *prosopopœia*, the voice should be varied, according to the characters of the persons introduced; in an *apostrophe*, according to the circumstances of the person or thing to which you address your speech; which if directed to God, or to inanimate things, ought to be louder than usual. In reciting and answering objections, the voice should be varied, as if two persons were speaking; and so in dialogues, or whenever several persons are introduced, as disputing or talking together. In a *climax*, the voice must be gradually raised to answer every step of the figure. In a *postopesis*, the voice (which was raised to introduce it) must be lowered considerably. In an *antethesis*, the points are to be distinguished, and the former to be pronounced with a stronger tone than the latter: but in an *anadiplosis*, the word repeated is pronounced the second time louder and stronger than the first. Take care never to make a pause in speaking in the middle of a word or sentence; but only where there is such a pause in the sense, as requires, or at least allows of it. You may make a short pause after every period, and begin the next generally a little lower than you concluded the last; but on some occasions a little higher, which the nature of the subject will easily determine. I would likewise advise every speaker to

observe those who speak well, that he may not pronounce any word in an improper manner; and in case of doubt, let him not be ashamed to ask how such a word should be pronounced; as also to desire others that they would inform him whenever they hear him pronounce any word improperly. Lastly, take care not to sink your voice too much at the conclusion of a period; but pronounce the very last words loud and distinctly, especially if they have but a weak and dull sound of themselves.

On Study.

STUDIES′ serve` for delight′, for ornament′, and for ability`. Their chief use for delight′, is in privateness′ and retiring`; for ornament`, is in discourse′; and for ability′, is in the judgment` and disposition′ of business`. For expert` men can execute′, and perhaps judge` of particulars, one` by one′; but the general′ counsels` and the plots`, and marshaling′ of affairs, come` best′ from those that are learned`. To spend too` much time′ in studies, is sloth`; to use′ them too much for ornament`, is affectation′; to make judgment wholly` by their′ rules, is the humour′ of a scholar`. They perfect` nature′, and are perfected′ by experience`; for natural` abilities′ are like natural plants`, that need pruning by study′; and studies themselves` do give forth directions` too much at large′, except they be bounded` in′ by experience`. Crafty′ men contemn` studies, simple` men admire′ them, and wise′ men use` them: for they teach not their own′ use, but that is a wisdom without` them, and above′ them, won′ by observation`. Read′—not to contradict` and refute′, not to believe` and take for granted′, nor to find talk` and discourse′—but to weigh′ and consider`. Some′ books are to be tasted`; others`, to be swallowed′; and some` few′, to be chewed′ and digested`: that is, some′ books are to be read only in parts`; others`, to be read`—but not curiously′; and some` few′, to be read wholly′, and with diligence′ and attention`. Some books also may be read by deputy`, and extracts of them made by others′; but that should be only in the less′ important

arguments, and the meaner\ sort of books; else distilled′ books\ are like common\ distilled waters′—flashy′ things\. Reading′ maketh a full\ man; conference\, a ready′ man; and writing′, an exact\ man. And, there fore, if a man write′ little, he had need have a present′ wit\; if he confer\ little, he had need have a good\ memory′; and if he read′ little, he had need have much\ cunning′ to seem\ to know′ that he doth not.\

Bacon.

On the Love of Life.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade: hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? Whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips Imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded

with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery: but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession—they love the world, and all that it produces; they love life, and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long. *Goldsmith.*

On Grieving for the Dead.

WE sympathize even with the dead; and, overlooking what is of real importance in their situation—that awful futurity which awaits them—we are chiefly affected by those circumstances which strike our senses, but can have no influence upon their happiness. It is miserable, we think, to be deprived of the light of the sun; to be shut out from life and conversation; to be laid in the cold grave, a prey to corruption, and the reptiles of the earth; to be no more thought of in this world, but to be obliterated, in a little time, from the affections, and almost from the memory, of their dearest friends and relations. Surely, we imagine, we can never feel too much for those who have suffered so dreadful a calamity. The tribute of our fellow-feeling seems doubly due to them now, when they are in danger of being forgot by every body; and, by the vain honours which we pay to their memory, we endeavour, for our own misery, artificially to keep alive our me-

lancholy remembrance of their misfortune. That our sympathy can afford them no consolation, seems to be an addition to their calamity; and to think that all we can do is unavailing, and that, what alleviates all other distresses—the regret, the love, and the lamentations of friends—can yield no comfort to them, serves only to exasperate our sense of their misery. The happiness of the dead, however, most assuredly, is affected by none of these circumstances; nor is it the thought of these things which can ever disturb the profound security of their repose. The idea of that dreary and endless melancholy, which the fancy naturally ascribes to their condition, arises altogether from our joining, to the change which has been produced upon them, our own consciousness of that change, from our putting ourselves in their situation, and from our lodging—if I may be allowed to say so—our own living souls in their inanimated bodies, and thence conceiving what would be our emotions in this case. It is from this very illusion of the imagination, that the foresight of our own dissolution is so terrible to us, and that the idea of these circumstances, which undoubtedly can give us no pain when we are dead, makes us miserable while we are alive. And from thence arises one of the most important principles in human nature—the dread of death; the great poison to the happiness, but the great restraint upon the injustice of mankind; which, while it afflicts and mortifies the individual, guards and protects the society. *Dr. Adam Smith.*

On Remorse.

As the greater and more irreparable the evil that is done, the resentment of the sufferer runs naturally the higher; so does likewise the sympathetic indignation of the spectator, as well as the sense of guilt in the agent. Death is the greatest evil which one man can inflict upon another, and excites the highest degree of resentment in those who are immediately connected with the slain. Murder, therefore, is the most atrocious of all crimes which affect individuals only, in the sight both of mankind, and of the person who has

committed it. To be deprived of that which we are possessed of, is a greater evil than to be disappointed of what we have only the expectation. Breach of property, therefore, theft and robbery, which take from us what we are possessed of, are greater crimes than breach of contract, which only disappoints us of what we expected. The most sacred laws of justice, therefore—those whose violation seems to call loudest for vengeance and punishment—are the laws which guard the life and person of our neighbour; the next are those which guard his property and possessions; and last of all come those which guard what are called his personal rights, or what is due to him from the promises of others.

The violator of the more sacred laws of justice, can never reflect on the sentiments which mankind must entertain with regard to him, without feeling all the agonies of shame, and horror, and consternation. When his passion is gratified, and he begins coolly to reflect on his past conduct, he can enter into none of the motives which influenced it. They appear now as detestable to him, as they did always to other people. By sympathizing with the hatred and abhorrence which other men must entertain for him, he becomes in some measure the object of his own hatred and abhorrence. The situation of the person who suffered by his injustice, now calls upon his pity. He is grieved at the thought of it; regrets the unhappy effects of his own conduct; and feels, at the same time, that they have rendered him the proper object of the resentment and indignation of mankind, and of what is the natural consequence of resentment—vengeance and punishment. The thought of this perpetually haunts him, and fills him with terror and amazement. He dares no longer look society in the face, but imagines himself as it were rejected, and thrown out from the affections of all mankind. He cannot hope for the consolation of sympathy, in this his greatest and most dreadful distress: the remembrance of his crimes has shut out all fellow-feeling with him from the hearts of his fellow-creatures. The sentiments which they entertain with regard to him, are the very thing which he

is most afraid of; every thing seems hostile; and he would be glad to fly to some inhospitable desert, where he might never more behold the face of a human creature, nor read in the countenance of mankind the condemnation of his crimes. But solitude is still more dreadful than society. His own thoughts can present him with nothing but what is black, unfortunate and disastrous—the melancholy forebodings of incomprehensible misery and ruin. The horror of solitude drives him back to society; and he comes again into the presence of mankind, astonished to appear before them, loaded with shame, and distracted with fear, in order to supplicate some little protection from the countenance of those very judges, who he knows have already all unanimously condemned him. Such is the nature of that sentiment, which is properly called remorse; of all the sentiments which can enter the human breast, the most dreadful. It is made up—of shame, from the sense of the impropriety of past conduct; of grief, for the effects of it; of pity, for those who suffer by it, and of the dread and terror of punishment, from the consciousness of the justly-provoked resentment of all rational creatures.

Dr. Adam Smith.

Discontent, the common Lot of all Mankind.

Such is the emptiness of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust. Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that wakens the fancy, to the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made and materials accumulated, day glides after day through Elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope.

Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many content

themselves with a succession of visionary schemes; and wear out their allotted time in the calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others—not able to feast their imagination with pure ideas—advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they stand waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to show him the vanity of speculation: for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it; difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are necessitated to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end: for, though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellencies not comprised in the first plan; yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach; that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours, than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual resuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly are weariness and vexation the concomitants of our undertakings, that every man, in what-

ever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change. He that has made his way by assiduity and vigilance to public employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight of retirement: he whom the necessity of solitary application secludes from the world, listens with a beating heart to its distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves, when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take his fill of merriment and diversion, or to display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasures of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour; or to forbear some precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower added to its growth; scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it; and, because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves so desirous to finish, as in the latter part of our work; or so impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unseasonable importunity of discontent may be justly imputed to languor and weariness—which must always oppress us more, as our toil has been longer continued: but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which we now consider as near and certain; and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be longer withheld. *Johnson.*

On the Sublime in Writing.

It is, generally speaking, among the most ancient authors, that we are to look for the most striking instances of the sublime. The early ages of the world, and the rude unimproved state of society, are peculiarly favourable to the strong emotion of sublimity. The genius of men is then much turned to admiration and astonishment. Meeting with many objects, to them new and strange, their imagination is kept glowing, and their passions are often raised to the utmost. They think and express themselves boldly, and without restraint. In the progress of society, the genius and manners of men undergo a change more favourable to accuracy, than to strength or sublimity.

Of all writings, ancient or modern, the Sacred Scriptures afford us the highest instances of the sublime. The descriptions of the Deity, in them, are wonderfully noble, both from the grandeur of the object, and the manner of representing it. What an assemblage, for instance, of awful and sublime ideas is presented to us, in that passage of the XVIIIth Psalm, where an appearance of the Almighty is described: "In my distress I called upon the Lord; he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him. Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills were moved, because he was wroth. He bowed the heavens and came down, and darkness was under his feet: and he did ride upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the sky." We see with what propriety and success the circumstances of darkness and terror are applied for heightening the sublime. So, also, the prophet Habakkuk, in a similar passage: "He stood, and measured the earth; he beheld, and drove asunder the nations. The everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow. His ways are everlasting. The mountains saw thee, and they trembled; the overflowing of the water passed by; the deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high."

The noted instance given by Longinus from Moses—"God said, let there be light; and there was light"—is not liable to the censure, which was passed on some of his instances, of being foreign to the subject. It belongs to the true sublime; and the sublimity of it arises from the strong conception it gives of an exertion of power, producing its effect with the utmost speed and facility. A thought of the same kind is magnificently amplified in the following passage of Isaiah (chap. xliv. 24, 27, 28): "Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, and he that formed thee from the womb; I am the Lord that maketh all things, that stretcheth forth the heavens alone, that spreadeth abroad the earth by myself—that saith to the deep, Be dry, and I will dry up thy rivers; that saith of Cyrus, He is my Shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure; even saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built; and to the temple, Thy foundations shall be laid." There is a passage in the Psalms, which deserves to be mentioned under this head: "God," says the Psalmist, "stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumults of the people. The joining together two such grand objects, as the raging of the waters, and the tumults of the people, between which there is such resemblance as to form a very natural association in the fancy, and the representing them both as subject, at one moment, to the command of God, produces a noble effect.

Homer is a poet, who, in all ages, and by all critics, has been greatly admired for sublimity; and he owes much of his grandeur to that native and unaffected simplicity, which characterizes his manner. His description of hosts engaging; the animation, the fire, the rapidity, which he throws into his battles, present, to every reader of the Iliad, frequent instances of sublime writing. His introduction of the gods, tends often to heighten, in a striking degree, the majesty of his warlike scenes. Hence Longinus bestows such high and just commendations on that passage, in the XVth Book of the Iliad, where Neptune, when preparing to issue forth into the engagement, is described as shaking the mountains with his steps, and driving his chariot

along the ocean. Minerva arming herself for fight, in the Vth Book; and Apollo, in the XVth, leading on the Trojans, and flashing terror with his ægis on the face of the Greeks; are similar instances of great sublimity, added to the description of battles, by the appearance of those celestial beings. In the XXth Book, where all the gods take part in the engagement, according as they severally favour either the Grecians or the Trojans, the poet's genius is signally displayed, and the description rises into the most awful magnificence. All nature is represented as in commotion; Jupiter thunders in the heavens; Neptune strikes the earth with his trident; the ships, the city, and the mountains shake; the earth trembles to its centre; Pluto starts from his throne in dread, lest the secrets of the infernal regions should be laid open to the view of mortals.

The works of Ossian abound with examples of the sublime. The subjects of which that author treats, and the manner in which he writes, are particularly favourable to it. He possesses all the plain and venerable manner of the ancient times. He deals in no superfluous or gaudy ornaments; but throws forth his images with a rapid conciseness, which enables them to strike the mind with the greatest force. Among poets of more polished times, we are to look for the graces of correct writing: for just proportion of parts, and skilfully-connected narration. In the midst of smiling scenery and pleasurable themes, the gay and beautiful will appear, undoubtedly, to more advantage; but amidst the rude scenes of nature and of society, such as Ossian describes—amidst rocks, and torrents, and whirlwinds, and battles—dwells the sublime; and naturally associates itself with the grave and solemn spirit which distinguishes the author of Fingal. "As autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so towards each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet, and mix, and roar on the plain; loud, rough, and dark—in battle, met Lochlin and Innis-fail. Chief mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man. Steel clanging sounded on steel. Helmets are cleft on high; blood bursts, and smokes around. As the troubled noise of the ocean,

when roll the waves on high; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven; such is the noise of battle. As roll a thousand waves to the rock, so Swaran's host came on; as meets a rock a thousand waves, so Innis-fail met Swaran. Death raises all his voices around, and mixes with the sound of shields. The field echoes from wing to wing, as a hundred hammers that fall by turns on the red sun of the furnace. As a hundred winds on Morven, as the streams of a hundred hills, as clouds fly successive over the heavens, or as the dark ocean assaults the shore of the desert—so roaring, so vast, so terrible, the armies mixed on Lena's echoing heath. The groan of the people spread over the hills. It was like the thunder of night, when the clouds burst on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind." Never were images of more awful sublimity employed to heighten the terror of battle. *Blair.*

Reflections in Westminster Abbey.

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church; amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another—the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence—whether brass or marble—as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragments of a bone or skull—intermixed with a kind of a fresh mouldering

earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together, under the pavement of that ancient cathedral;—how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass;—how beauty, strength, and youth; with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter!

I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations: but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out: When I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contest and disputes—I reflect, with sorrow and astonishment, on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind: When I read the several dates of the tombs—of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago—I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together! *Addison.*

Virtue, Man's Highest Interest.

I FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion.—Where am I? What sort of a place do I inhabit? Is

it exactly accommodated, in every instance, to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself?—No—nothing like it—the farthest from it possible. The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not. But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry?—If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth—if this be beyond me—it is not possible. What consequence then follows? or can there be any other than this?—If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence.

How, then, must I determine? Have I no interest at all? If I have not, I am a fool for staying here: 'tis a smoky house, and the sooner out of it the better. But why no interest? Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me that the thing is somewhere at least possible; how, then, am I assured that it is not equally true of man? Admit it; and what follows? If so, then honour and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest: without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society. But farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth—Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again—I must have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself? to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? to that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of

heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governor—our common Parent. *Harris.*

The Monk.

A poor Monk of the order of St. Francis, came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was determined not to give him a single sous; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him. There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure—a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it—might be about seventy; but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them—which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years—could be no more than sixty. Truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five: and the general air of his countenance—notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time—agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating; free from all common-place ideas of fat-contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—It looked forwards; but looked—as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows: but it would have suited a Bramin; and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few

strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design; for it was neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so. It was a thin, spare form, something above the common size—if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and, as it now stands present in my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast—a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it——

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

'Tis very true, said I—replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true; and heaven be their resource who have no other than the charity of the world; the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words "*great claims,*" he gave a slight glance with his eyes downward upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal. I acknowledge it, said I; a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: but the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm. The captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am—continued I, pointing at my portmanteau—full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The monk made me a bow—but, resumed I, the unfortunate of our

own country surely have the first right; and I have left thousands in distress upon the English shore. The monk gave a cordial wave with his hand—as much as to say, "No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent."——But we distinguish, said I—laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour; and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God*—

The poor Franciscan made no reply. A hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry. Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him: he showed none—but letting his staff fall within his arms he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast—and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door—"Pshaw!" said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times.—But it would not do! Every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination. I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his gray hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter; and gently ask me what injury he had done me, and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—"I have behaved very ill," said I within myself; "but I have only just set out on my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along."

Sterne.

On Military Glory.

"You will grant me, however," interposed Tiberius, "that there are refined and sensible delights, in their nature proper for the gratification of a monarch, which are always sure to give rational enjoyment, without the danger of disgusting by repetition?"—"As for instance?" says Belisarius.—"The love of glory, for

instance," replied the young man.—"But what sort of glory?"—"Why, of all the various classes of glory, renown in arms must hold the foremost place."—Very well; that is your position: and do you think the pleasure that springs from conquest has a sincere and lasting charm in it? Alas! when millions are stretched in mangled heaps upon the field of battle, can the mind in that situation taste of joy? I can make no allowance for those who have met danger in all its shapes: They may be permitted to congratulate themselves, that they have escaped with their lives; but, in the case of a king born with sensibility of heart, the day that spills a deluge of human blood, and bids the tears of natural affection flow in rivers round the land; that cannot be a day of true enjoyment. I have more than once traversed over a field of battle; I would have been glad to have seen a Nero in my place: the tears of humanity must have burst from him. I know there are princes who take the pleasure of a campaign, as they do that of hunting; and who send forth their people to the fray, as they let slip their dogs: but the rage of conquest is like the unrelenting temper of avarice, which torments itself, and is to the last insatiable. A province has been invaded, it has been subdued, it lies contiguous to another not yet attempted. Desire begins to kindle, invasion happens after invasion, ambition irritates itself to new projects; till at length comes a reverse of fortune, which exceeds, in the mortification it brings, all the pride and joy of former victories. But, to give things every flattering appearance, let us suppose a train of uninterrupted success: yet, even in that case, the conqueror pushes forward, like another Alexander, to the limits of the world, and then, like him, re-measures back his course; fatigued with triumphs, a burden to himself and mankind, at a loss what to do with the immense tracts which he has depopulated, and melancholy with the reflection, that an acre of his conquests would suffice to maintain him, and a little pit-hole to hide his remains from the world. In my youth I saw the sepulchre of Cyrus; a stone bore this inscription: '*I am Cyrus, he who subdued the Persian empire. Friend,*

whoever thou art, or wherever thy native country, envy me not the scanty space that covers my clay-cold ashes.' "Alas!" said I, turning aside from the mournful epitaph, "is it worth while to be a conqueror!"

Tiberius interrupted him with astonishment: "Can these be the sentiments of Belisarius!"—"Yes, young man, thus thinks Belisarius: he is able to decide upon the subject. Of all the plagues which the pride of man has engendered, the rage of conquest is the most destructive."

Marmontel.

Liberty and Slavery.

DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages, have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty! thrice sweet and gracious goddess! whom all, in public or in private, worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch; from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! grant me but health, thou great bestower of it! and give me but this fair goddess as my companion! and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table; and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—I took a single captive; and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—but here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little kalendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand; and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery, to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door—then cast it down—shook his head—and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. —He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul.—I burst into tears.—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

Sterne.

Reyno and Alpin.

Reyno. The wind and rain are over; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven; over the green hills flies the inconstant sun; red, through the stony vale, comes down the stream of the hill.—Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear.—It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead.—Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye.—Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou as a blast in the wood—as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin. My tears, O Reyno! are for the dead—my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the plain—But

thou shalt fall like Morar; and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more, thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill—terrible as a meteor of fire.——Thy wrath was as the storm—thy sword, in battle, as lightning in the field.——Thy voice was like a stream after rain—like thunder on distant hills.——Many fell by thy arm—they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain—like the moon in the silence of night—calm as the breast of the lake, when the loud wind is hushed into repose.——Narrow is thy dwelling now—dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree, with scarce a leaf—long grass whistling in the wind—mark, to the hunter's eye, the grave of the mighty Morar!—Morar! thou art low indeed: thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love: dead is she that brought thee forth; fallen is the daughter of Morglan.—Who, on his staff, is this? who this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are galled with tears, who quakes at every step?——It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son, but thee.——Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead—low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice—no more awake at thy call.——When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?—Farewell! thou bravest of men: thou conqueror in the field: but the field shall see thee no more; nor the gloomy wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel.——Thou hast left no son—but the song shall preserve thy name.

Ossian.

Story of the Siege of Calais.

Edward III. after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual

to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, under Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After suffering unheard-of calamities, they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens who survived the slaughter retired within their gates. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance. To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly:—"My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives, and daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiers. Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you, on the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked city, on the other? There is one expedient left!—a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient left! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind."—He spoke;—but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked

around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed: "I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be; though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?"—"Your son," exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity.—"Ah! my child!" cried St. Pierre; "I am then twice sacrificed.—But no; I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality! Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes."—"Your kinsman," cried John de Aire.—"Your kinsman," cried James Wissant.—"Your kinsman," cried Peter Wissant.—"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was not I a citizen of Calais?" The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisonners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take the last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting! what a scene! they crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced; they clung around; they fell prostrate before them: they groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp.

The English, by this time, were apprized of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals, to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as

their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way. At length, St. Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire, this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed to them on all sides; they murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter. As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?"—"They are," says Mauny: "they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my Lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling."—"Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward: "Was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?"—"Not in the least, my Lord: the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted; and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands." Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he, "has ever shown, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary to compel subjects to submission by punishment and example.—Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution."

At this instant, a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The Queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive Her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience—"My Lord,'

said she, "the question I am to enter upon, is not touching the lives of a few mechanics—it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage on which they would suffer, would be to them a stage of honour; but a stage of shame to Edward—a reproach to his conquests—an indelible disgrace to his name. Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended; but we may cut them short of their desires. In the place of that death by which their glory would be consummated, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."—"I am convinced: you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward: "prevent the execution: have them instantly before us." They came: when the Queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:—"Natives of France and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure, in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You noble burghers! you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing, on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us, that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinc-

tions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen—to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed—provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and, for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons."—"Ah, my country!" exclaimed Pierre; "it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities; but Philippa conquers our hearts." *Fool of Quality.*

On Living to One's-Self.

WHAT I mean by living to one's-self, is living in the world, as in it, not of it: it is as if no one knew there was such a person, and you wished no one to know it: it is to be a silent spectator of the mighty scene of things, not an object of attention or curiosity in it; to take a thoughtful, anxious interest in what is passing in the world, but not to feel the slightest inclination to make or meddle with it. It is such a life as a pure spirit might be supposed to lead, and such an interest as it might take in the affairs of men—calm, contemplative, passive, distant, touched with pity for their sorrows, smiling at their follies without bitterness, sharing their affections, but not troubled by their passions, not seeking their notice, nor once dreamed of by them. He who lives wisely to himself and to his own heart, looks at the busy world through the loop-holes of retreat, and does not want to mingle in the fray. "He hears the tumult, and is still." He is not able to mend it, nor willing to mar it. He sees enough in the universe to interest him, without putting himself forward to try what he can do to fix the eyes of the universe upon him. Vain the attempt! He reads the clouds, he looks at the stars, he watches the return of the seasons—the falling leaves of autumn, the perfumed breath of spring—starts with delight at the note of a thrush in a copse near him, sits by the fire, listens to the moaning of the wind, pores upon a book, or discourses the freezing hours

away, or melts down hours to minutes in pleasing thought. All this while, he is taken up with other things, forgetting himself. He relishes an author's style, without thinking of turning author. He is fond of looking at a print from an old picture in the room, without teasing himself to copy it. He does not fret himself to death with trying to be what he is not, or to do what he cannot. He hardly knows what he is capable of, and is not in the least concerned, whether he shall ever make a figure in the world. He feels the truth of the lines—

> "The man whose eye is ever on himself,
> Doth look on one, the least of nature's works:
> One who might move the wise man to that scorn
> Which wisdom holds unlawful ever."

He looks out of himself at the wide extended prospect of nature, and takes an interest beyond his narrow pretensions in general humanity. He is free as air, and independent as the wind. Wo be to him when he first begins to think what others say of him. While a man is connected with himself and his own resources, all is well. When he undertakes to play a part on the stage, and to persuade the world to think more about him than they do about themselves; he is got into a a track where he will find nothing but briars and thorns, vexation and disappointment. *Hazlitt.*

On the Psalms.

Besides the figure, supplied by the history of Israel, and by the law; there is another set of images often employed in the Psalms, to describe the blessings of redemption. These are borrowed from the natural world, the manner of its original production, and the operations continually carried on in it. The visible works of God are formed to lead us, under the direction of his word, to a knowledge of those which are invisible; they give us ideas, by analogy, of a new creation rising gradually, like the old one, out of darkness and deformity, until at length it arrives at the perfection of glory and beauty: so that while we praise the Lord for all the wonders of his power, wisdom,

and love, displayed in a system which is to wax old and perish; we may therein contemplate, as in a glass, those new heavens, and that new earth, of whose duration there shall be no end.* The sun, that fountain of life, and heart of the world, that bright leader of the armies of heaven, enthroned in glorious majesty; the moon shining with a lustre borrowed from his beams; the stars glittering by night in the clear firmament; the air giving breath to all things that live and move; the interchanges of light and darkness; the course of the year, and the sweet vicissitude of seasons; the rain and the dew descending from above, and the fruitfulness of the earth caused by them; the bow bent by the hands of the Most High, which compasseth the heavens about with a glorious circle; the awful voice of thunder, and the piercing power of lightning; the instincts of animals, and the qualities of vegetables and minerals; the great and wide sea, with its unnumbered inhabitants—all these are ready to instruct us in the mysteries of faith, and the duties of morality.

> "They speak their maker as they can,
> But want and ask the tongue of man."

The advantages of Messiah's reign are represented in some of the Psalms, under images of this kind. We behold a renovation of all things; and the world, as it were, new created, breaks forth into singing. The earth is clothed with sudden verdure and fertility: the field is joyful, and all that is in it; the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord; the floods clap their hands in concert, and ocean fills up the mighty chorus, to celebrate the advent of the great king. *Horne.*

On the Pleasure of Painting.

To give one instance more, and then I will have done with this rambling discourse. One of my first attempts was a picture of my father, who was then in a green old age, with strong-marked features, and

* Read nature; nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is Christian, preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.

scarred with the small-pox. I drew it with a broad light crossing the face, looking down, with spectacles on, reading. The book was Shaftesbury's Characteristics, in a fine old binding, with Gribelin's etchings. My father would as lieve it had been any other book; but for him to read was to be content—was "riches fineless." The sketch promised well; and I set to work to finish it, determined to spare no time nor pains. My father was willing to sit as long as I pleased; for there is a natural desire in the mind of man to sit for one's picture, to be the object of continued attention, to have one's likeness multiplied: and, besides his satisfaction in the picture, he had some pride in the artist—though he would rather I should have written a sermon, than painted like Rembrandt or like Raphael. Those winter days, with the gleams of sunshine coming through the chapel windows, and cheered by the notes of the robin-redbreast in our garden—that "ever in the haunch of winter sings"—as my afternoon's work drew to a close, were among the happiest of my life. When I gave the effect I intended to any part of the picture for which I had prepared my colours, when I imitated the roughness of the skin by a lucky stroke of the pencil, when I hit the clear pearly tone of a vein, when I gave the ruddy complexion of health—the blood circulating under the broad shadows of one side of the face—I thought my fortune made; or rather, it was already more than made, in my fancying that I might one day be able to say with Corregio, "I also am a painter!" It was an idle thought, a boy's conceit; but it did not make me less happy at the time. I used regularly to set my work in the chair, to look at it through the long evenings; and many a time did I return to take leave of it, before I could go to bed at night. I remember sending it with a throbbing heart to the exhibition, and seeing it hung up there by the side of one of the Honourable Mr. Skeffington (now Sir George.) There was nothing in common between them, but that they were the portraits of two very good-natured men. I think, but am not sure, that I finished this portrait (or another afterwards) on the same day that the news of

the battle of Austerlitz came. I walked out in the afternoon, and, as I returned, saw the evening-star set over a poor man's cottage, with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again. Oh, for the revolution of the great Platonic year, that those times might come over again! I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly!—The picture is left; the table, the chair, the window where I learned to construe Livy, the chapel where my father preached, remain where they were; but he himself is gone to rest, full of years, of faith, of hope, and charity! *Hazlitt.*

Damon and Pythias.

When Damon was sentenced by Dionysius of Syracuse to die on a certain day, he begged permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the king intended peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon. He instantly offered himself as security for his friend; which being accepted, Damon was immediately set at liberty. The king and all the courtiers were astonished at this action; and, therefore, when the day of execution drew near, his majesty had the curiosity to visit Pythias, in his confinement. After some conversation on the subject of friendship, in which the king delivered it as his opinion, that self-interest was the sole mover of human actions; as for virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of one's country, and the like, he looked upon them as terms invented by the wise, to keep in awe and impose upon the weak. "My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech

the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours, and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I shall have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, of more value, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon!" Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner in which they were uttered: he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to perplex than undeceive him.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guards with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there; he was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive, and attentive to the prisoner. Pythias came; he vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and, beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned with a placid countenance, and addressed the spectators: "My prayers are heard," he cried, "the gods are propitious! You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come; he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O could I erase from your bosom every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble; that his truth is unimpeachable; that he will speedily prove it; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods: but I hasten to prevent his speed. Executioner, do your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to rise among the remotest of the people—a distant voice was heard—the crowd caught the words, and, "Stop, stop the execution," was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed—the throng gave way to his approach: he was

mounted on a steed of foam: in an instant, he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. "You are safe," he cried, "you are safe. My friend, my beloved friend, the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer, and am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pale, cold, and half-speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents—"Fatal haste!—Cruel impatience! What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly disappointed. —Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you." Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; he wept; and, leaving his throne, he ascended the scaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair!" he cried, "ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue! and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned; and, oh! form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy the participation of so sacred a friendship."

Fool of Quality.

On the Abuse of Genius, with reference to the Works of Lord Byron.

I HAVE endeavoured to show, that the intrinsic value of genius is a secondary consideration, compared with the use to which it is applied; that genius ought to be estimated chiefly by the character of the subject upon which it is employed, or of the cause which it advocates—considering it, in fact, as a mere instrument, a weapon, a sword, which may be used in a good cause, or in a bad one; may be wielded by a patriot, or a highwayman; may give protection to the dearest interests of society, or may threaten those interests with the irruption of pride, and profligacy, and folly—of all the vices which compose the curse and degradation of our species. I am the more disposed to dwell a little upon this subject, because I am persuaded that it is not sufficiently attended to—nay, that in ninety-nine in-

stances out of a hundred, it is not attended to at all! That works of imagination are perused, for the sake of the wit which they display; which wit not only reconciles us to, but endears to us, opinions, and feelings, and habits, at war with wisdom and morality—to say nothing of religion. In short, that we admire the polish, the temper, and shape of the sword, and the dexterity with which it is wielded; though it is the property of a lunatic, or of a bravo; though it is brandished in the face of wisdom and virtue; and, at every wheel, threatens to inflict a wound, that will disfigure some feature, or lop some member; or, with masterly adroitness, aims a death-thrust at the heart! I would deprive genius of the worship that is paid to it, for its own sake. Instead of allowing it to dictate to the world, I would have the world dictate to it—dictate to it, so far as the vital interests of society are affected. I know it is the opinion of many, that the moral of mere poetry is of little avail; that we are charmed by its melody and wit, and uninjured by its levity and profaneness; and hence, many a thing has been allowed in poetry, which would have been scouted, deprecated, reviled, had it appeared in prose: as if vice and folly were less pernicious, for being introduced to us with an elegant and insinuating address; or, as if the graceful folds and polished scales of a serpent, were an antidote against the venom of its sting.

There is not a more prolific source of human error, than that railing at the world, which obtrudes itself so frequently upon our attention, in the perusing of Lord Byron's poems—that sickness of disgust, which begins its indecent heavings, whensoever the idea of the species forces itself upon him. The species is not perfect; but it retains too much of the image of its Maker, preserves too many evidences of the modelling of the hand that fashioned it, is too near to the hovering providence of its disregarded, but still cherishing Author, to excuse, far less to call for, or justify, desertion, or disclaiming, or revilings, upon the part of any one of its members. I know not a more pitiable object, than the man, who, standing upon the pigmy eminence of his own self-importance, looks round upon the species, with

an eye that never throws a beam of satisfaction on the prospect, but visits with a scowl, whatsoever it lights upon. The world is not that reprobate world, that it should be cut off from the visitation of charity; that it should be represented, as having no alternative, but to inflict or bear. Life is not one continued scene of wrestling with our fellows. Mankind are not for ever grappling one another by the throat. There is such a thing as the grasp of friendship, as the outstretched hand of benevolence, as an interchange of good offices, as a mingling, a crowding, a straining together, for the relief, or the benefit of our species. The moral he thus inculcates, is one of the most baneful tendency. The principle of self-love—implanted in us for the best, but capable of being perverted to the worst of purposes—by a fatal abuse, too often disposes us to indulge in this sweeping depreciation of the species, founded upon some fallacious idea of superior value in ourselves; with which imaginary excellence we conceive the world to be at war. A greater source of error cannot exist. We are at once deprived of the surest prop of virtue—distrust of our own pretensions, and compound, as it were, with our fellows, for an interchange of [illegible] and jostlings; or else, withdrawing from all intercourse with them, commune with rocks, and trees, and rivers; fly from the moral region of sublimity and beauty, to the deaf, voiceless, sightless, heartless department of the merely physical one.

Knowles.

Advantages of uniting Gentleness of Manners, with Firmness of Mind.

I MENTIONED to you, some time ago, a sentence which I would most earnestly wish you always to retain in your thoughts, and observe in your conduct; it is *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* I do not know any one rule so unexceptionably useful and necessary in every part of life.

The *suaviter in modo*, alone, would degenerate and sink into a mean, timid complaisance, and passiveness, if not supported and dignified by the *fortiter in re;*

which would also run into impetuosity and brutality, if not tempered and softened by the *suaviter in modo:* however, they are seldom united. The warm, choleric man, with strong animal spirits, despises the *suaviter in modo*, and thinks to carry all before him by the *fortiter in re.* He may, possibly, by great accident, now and then succeed, when he has only weak and timid people to deal with; but his general fate will be, to shock, offend, be hated, and fail. On the other hand, the cunning, crafty man, thinks to gain all his ends by the *suaviter in modo* only: he becomes all things to all men; he seems to have no opinion of his own, and servilely adopts the present opinion of the present person; he insinuates himself only into the esteem of fools, but is soon detected, and surely despised by every body else. The wise man—who differs as much from the cunning, as from the choleric man—alone joins the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re.*

If you are in authority, and have a right to command, your commands, delivered *suaviter in modo*, will be willingly, cheerfully, and—consequently—well obeyed; whereas, if given only *fortiter*, that is, brutally, they will rather, as Tacitus says, be *interpreted* than *executed.* For my own part, if I bade my footman bring me a glass of wine, in a rough, insulting manner, I should expect, that, in obeying me, he would contrive to spill some of it upon me; and, I am sure, I should deserve it. A cool, steady resolution should show, that, where you have a right to command, you will be obeyed; but, at the same time, a gentleness in the manner of enforcing that obedience, should make it a cheerful one, and soften, as much as possible, the mortifying consciousness of inferiority. If you are to ask a favour, or even to solicit your due, you must do it *suaviter in modo*, or you will give those, who have a mind to refuse you either, a pretence to do it, by resenting the manner; but, on the other hand, you must, by a steady perseverance, and decent tenaciousness, show the *fortiter in re.* In short, this precept is the only way I know in the world, of being loved, without being despised; and feared, without

being hated. It constitutes that dignity of character which every wise man must endeavour to establish.

If, therefore, you find, that you have a hastiness in your temper, which unguardedly breaks out into indiscreet sallies, or rough expressions, to either your superiors, your equals, or your inferiors; watch it narrowly, check it carefully, and call the *suaviter in modo* to your assistance: at the first impulse of passion, be silent, till you can be soft. Labour even to get the command of your countenance so well, that those emotions may not be read in it—a most unspeakable advantage in business! On the other hand, let no complaisance, no gentleness of temper, no weak desire of pleasing, on your part; no wheedling, coaxing, nor flattery, on other people's; make you recede one jot from any point, that reason and prudence have bid you pursue: but, return to the charge, persist, persevere; and you will find most things attainable, that are possible. A yielding, timid meekness, is always abused and insulted, by the unjust and the unfeeling; but, meekness, when sustained by the *fortiter in re*, is always respected, commonly successful. In your friendships and connections, as well as in your enmities, this rule is particularly useful—let your firmness and vigour preserve and invite attachments to you; but, at the same time, let your manner prevent the enemies of your friends and dependants from becoming yours; let your enemies be disarmed by the gentleness of your manner; but, let them feel, at the same time, the steadiness of your just resentment; for, there is a great difference between bearing malice—which is always ungenerous—and a resolute self-defence—which is always prudent and justifiable.

I conclude with this observation, That gentleness of manners, with firmness of mind, is a short, but full, description of human perfection, on this side of religious and moral duties. *Chesterfield.*

The Elder's Death-bed.

"JAMIE, thy own father has forgotten thee in thy infancy, and me in my old age; but, Jamie, forget not

thou thy father, nor thy mother; for that thou knowest and feelest, is the commandment of God."

The broken-hearted boy could give no reply. He had gradually stolen closer and closer unto the loving old man; and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, in his grandfather's bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees, and hid her face with her hand. "Oh! if my husband knew but of this—he would never, never desert his dying father!" And I now knew, that the Elder was praying on his death-bed for a disobedient and wicked son.

At this affecting time, the Minister took the Family-Bible on his knees, and said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, part of the fifteenth psalm;" and he read, with a tremulous and broken voice, those beautiful verses,

> "Within thy tabernacle, Lord,
> Who shall abide with thee?
> And in thy high and holy hill,
> Who shall a dweller be?—
>
> "The man that walketh uprightly,
> And worketh righteousness,
> And as he thinketh in his heart,
> So doth he truth express."

Ere the psalm was yet over, the door was opened, and a tall, fine looking man entered, but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery, and remorse. Agitated, confounded, and awe-struck by the melancholy and dirge-like music, he sat down on a chair and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's bed. When the psalm ceased, the Elder said, with a solemn voice, "My son—thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shine over the Hazel-glen, win thee from the error of thy ways! Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, whom thou hast forgotten."

The Minister looked, if not with a stern, yet with an upbraiding countenance, on the young man, who had not recovered his speech, and said, "William! for

three years past your shadow has not darkened the door of the house of God. They who fear not the thunder, may tremble at the still small voice—Now is the hour for repentance—that your father's spirit may carry up to Heaven tidings of a contrite soul saved from the company of sinners!"

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bed-side, and at last found voice to say, "Father—I am not without the affections of nature—and I hurried home the moment I heard that the minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover; and, if I have ever made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness—for, though I may not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father! I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness."

"Come near to me, William; kneel down by the bed-side, and let my hand feel the head of my beloved son—for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first-born, and thou art my only living son. All thy brothers and sisters are lying in the church-yard, beside her whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wert thou the joy, the pride of my soul,—ay, too much the pride! for there was not in all the parish such a man, such a son, as my own William. If thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts. I have sorely wept for thee—ay, William, when there was none near me—even as David wept for Absalom—for thee, my son, my son!"

A long deep groan was the only reply; but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The Pastor said, with a sterner voice, and austerer countenance than were natural to him, "Know you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word father to him who has denied God, the Father of us all?"

"Oh! press him not too hardly," said his weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she tried to conceal herself in grief, fear, and shame. "Spare, oh! spare my husband—He has

ever been kind to me;" and, with that, she knelt down beside him, with her long soft white arms mournfully, and affectionately laid across his neck. "Go thou, likewise, my sweet little Jamie," said the Elder, "go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother, so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer." The child did as the solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father's side; nor did the unhappy man decline encircling with his arm, the child too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood, in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity.

"Put the word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud to his dying father, the 25th, 26th, and 27th verses of the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. John." The Pastor went up to the kneelers, and, with a voice of pity, condolence, and pardon, said, "There was a time when none, William, could read the Scriptures better than couldst thou—can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth?" He had not forgotten them—There was no need for the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bed-side. The sacred stream of the Gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice he said, "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? She said unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

"That is not an unbeliever's voice," said the dying man, triumphantly; "nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever's heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast now read, and thy father will die happy?" "I do believe; and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my Father who is in heaven." The Elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with a new life. His faded eyes kindled—his pale cheeks glowed—his palsied hand seemed to wax strong—and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its prime. "Into thy hands, O God! I commit my spirit;" and, so saying, he gently

sunk back on his pillow; and I thought I heard a sigh. —There was then a long deep silence; and the father, the mother, and the child, rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white placid face of the figure now stretched in everlasting rest; and, without lamentations—save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul—we stood around the DEATH-BED OF THE ELDER.

Wilson.

On Lord Byron's Lines upon the Field of Waterloo.

HERE is the very cunning of the poet—one train of ideas excited to prepare you for receiving, in its full force, the shock of their opposite. The ball-room thrown open to you; beauty and chivalry, in all the splendour that should grace the festive hour, presented to you; the voluptuous swell of music awakened for you; your senses, your imagination, and your affections, environed with scenes and images of sweetness, and grace, and loveliness, and joy—to strike you aghast with alarm, to bring trepidation and terror before you, in their most appalling shapes and attitudes. The whole scene, as by the waving of an enchanter's wand, changed in a moment! For smiles, tears; for blushes, paleness; for meetings, partings; for the assembly, the muster; for the dance, the march; for the music, the cannon; for the ball-room, the battle-field! This is one of the most favourite feats of poetry, and occurs frequently in the works of all great masters. It is a means by which they provoke that agitation and hurry of spirits, which enable them to take possession of their readers; and which consists in bringing contraries into sudden collision. The luxuriant valley opens upon the sterile heath; the level plain borders upon the rugged mountain; you walk in imagined security, and find yourself upon the brink of an abyss; you fall asleep with the languor of the calm, and awaken with the fury of the tempest! Campbell soothes the apprehensions of Gertrude—places Albert and his interesting family in their lighted bower, prolonging the joy of converse—when Outalissi rushes in to tell them, that

"The mammoth comes! the foe! the monster Brandt,
With all his howling—desolating band!"

Thomson avails himself of the serenity of a placid summer's day, and the security and calm of requited, happy, communing love—to introduce the tempest, whose lightning strikes Amelia to the earth, a blackened corse! Milton works up his infernal hero to the highest pitch of demoniac exultation, to prepare his ear for the dismal, universal hiss, that aptly gratulates his triumph—extends, expands him into the full dimensions of monarchal pride, to throw him down, a reptile, upon the floor of Pandemonium! Shakspeare prepares a feast for the reception of the ghost of Banquo—brings the exultation and the agony of triumphant guilt, into immediate contact—exhibits to us, at the same moment, and in the same person, the towering king, and the grovelling murderer!—or, in the tragedy of Hamlet, makes the grave-digger's carol, the prelude to the dirge of Ophelia! *Knowles.*

The Perfect Orator.

IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended—How awful such a meeting! how vast the subject!—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion?—Adequate! Yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man; and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination and his passions!——To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external, testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy: without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks.

The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude; by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice.—The universal cry is—LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP, LET US FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES—LET US CONQUER OR DIE! *Sheridan.*

Lord Byron considered as a Moralist, and a Poet.

As a moralist, Lord Byron is most exceptionable. There is not a more prolific source of positive virtue, than the habit of feeling benevolently towards our fellow-creatures. This he endeavours to cut up by the root. There is nothing of benignity, or even of urbanity, in his writings; all his sourness and harshness, a perpetual dreariness, sterility, that puts forth no medicinal shoot or cheering flower. So far as the kindly movements of the heart are concerned, among his species, Lord Byron is a rock; and among rocks only, a man. His works are not absolutely destitute of touches of virtuous emotion; but those that occur, are never of the social kind, unless you allow some few traits of merely animal affection. Lord Byron's morality counsels you to relax the grasp of friendship, to withhold the trust of confidence, to shut out your fellow from your heart, and lock it upon him. But, putting aside the tone of misanthropy which pervades his writings, how chaotic an idea does he give you of the government of his own mind, when he dedicates to his daughter the song in which he celebrates his mistress; when he can find no more fitting office for the hand of a parent, than that of imprinting upon the mind of a daughter, the indulgent position, that a woman may surrender her honour, and preserve her purity! We do not pretend to scan the real character of Lord Byron. We know nothing of him, but what we learn from his works; and it is they that are to blame, if we do not profess the most exalted opinion

of him. We slight him upon the warrant of his own hand. There is something perfectly puerile in the sketch that he so repeatedly gives us of his own character—a man whining forth his private discontents and dislikings, vending them, as it were, in every village, town, and city of the empire; making them as notorious, as if they had been committed to the oratory of the town-sergeant. A father, professing the most passionate tenderness for his offspring; and making her, in the fervour of his love, a gift of the public record of his weakness, caprices, passions, and vices, collected, drawn up, and authenticated by his own paternal hand.

As a poet, Lord Byron is the most easy, the most nervous, and—with the exception perhaps of Wordsworth—the most original of the day. His verses possess all the flowing property of extemporaneous eloquence. His diction seems to fall into numbers, rather than to be put into them. He reminds us of one who has written down his ideas just as they occurred, and finds that he has expressed himself in rhyme. No ekeing out of the verse; no accommodating of the sense to the sound; nothing that indicates a looking out for materials; every thing at hand, to be had only for the reaching, and fitting at the first trial. It would savour too much of pedantry, to point out errors of a merely grammatical description; but, it is somewhat singular, that so classical a writer should abound more in solecisms, than all his cotemporaries put together. This may be readily pardoned, however, if we take into consideration the rapidity with which he is reputed to compose. In all other respects, Lord Byron is seldom incongruous, rarely redundant, never vapid; often pathetic, frequently sublime, always eloquent. If once he lays hold of your attention—unless, indeed, it be by some sudden start of displeasure—the chances are against your getting loose again, until he is satisfied to let you go. *Knowles.*

The Distressed Father.

HENRY NEWBERRY, a lad of thirteen years, and Edward Chidley, aged seventeen, were fully committed for trial, charged with stealing a silver tea-pot from the house of a gentleman, in Grosvenor-place. There was nothing extraordinary in the circumstances of the robbery. The younger lad was observed to go down into the area of the house, whilst his companion kept watch, and they were caught endeavouring to conceal the tea-pot under some rubbish in the Five-fields: but the case was made peculiarly interesting by the unsophisticated distress of Newberry's father.

The poor old man, who it seems had been a soldier, and was at this time a journeyman pavier, refused at first to believe that his son had committed the crime imputed to him, and was very clamorous against the witnesses; but, as their evidence proceeded, he himself appeared to become gradually convinced. He listened with intense anxiety to the various details; and when they were finished, he fixed his eyes in silence, for a second or two, upon his son; and turning to the magistrate, with his eyes swimming in tears, he exclaimed—"I have carried him many a score miles on my knapsack, your honour!"

There was something so deeply pathetic in the tone with which this fond reminiscence was uttered by the old soldier, that every person present, even the very gaoler himself, was affected by it. "I have carried him many score miles on my knapsack, your honour," repeated the poor fellow, whilst he brushed away the tears from his cheek with his rough unwashed hand, "but it's all over now!—He has done—and—so have I!"

The magistrate asked him something of his story. He said he had formerly driven a stage-coach, in the north of Ireland, and had a small share in the proprietorship of the coach. In this time of his prosperity, he married a young woman with a little property, but failed in business, and, after enduring many troubles, enlisted as a private soldier in the 18th, or Royal Irish Regiment of Foot; and went on foreign service, taking

with him his wife and four children. Henry (the prisoner) was his second son, and his darling pride." At the end of nine years he was discharged, in this country, without a pension, or a friend in the world; and coming to London, he, with some trouble, got employed as a pavier, by "the gentlemen who manage the streets at Mary-la-bonne."—"Two years ago, your honour," he continued, "my poor wife was wearied out with the world, and she deceased from me, and I was left alone with the children; and every night, after I had done work, I washed their faces, and put them to bed, and washed their little bits o' things, and hanged them o' the line to dry, myself—for I'd no money, your honour, and so I could not have a house-keeper to do for them, you know. But, your honour, I was as happy as I well could be, considering my wife was deceased from me, till some bad people came to live at the back of us, and they were always striving to get Henry amongst them; and I was terribly afraid something bad would come of it, as it was but poorly I could do for him; and so I'd made up my mind to take all my children to Ireland. If he had only held up another week, your honour, we should have gone, and he would have been saved. But now!——"

Here the poor man looked at his boy again, and wept; and when the magistrate endeavoured to console him by observing that his son would sail for Botany Bay, and probably do well there; he replied, somewhat impatiently,—"Aye, it's fine talking, your worship; I pray to the great God he may never sail any where, unless he sails with *me* to Ireland!" and then, after a moment's thought, he asked, in the humblest tone imaginable, "Doesn't your honour think a little bit of a petition might help him?"

The magistrate replied, it possibly might; and added, "If you attend his trial at the Old Bailey, and plead for him as eloquently in word and action as you have done here, I think it would help him still more."

"Aye, but then *you* wont be there, I suppose, will you?" asked the poor fellow, with that familiarity which is in some degree sanctioned by extreme distress; and when his worship replied that he certainly

should not be present, he immediately rejoined, "Then —what's the use of it? There will be nobody there who knows *me;* and what stranger will listen to a poor old broken-hearted fellow, who can't speak for crying?"

The prisoners were now removed from the bar, to be conducted to prison; and his son, who had wept incessantly all the time, called wildly to him, "Father, father!" as if he expected that his father could snatch him out of the iron grasp of the law: but the old man remained rivetted, as it were, to the spot on which he stood, with his eyes fixed on the lad; and, when the door had closed upon him, he put on his hat, unconscious where he was; and, crushing it down over his brows, he began wandering round the room in a state of stupor. The officers in waiting reminded him that he should not wear his hat in the presence of the magistrate, and he instantly removed it: but he still seemed lost to every thing around him; and, though one or two gentlemen present put money into his hands, he heeded it not, but slowly sauntered out of the office, apparently reckless of every thing.

Mornings at Bow-street.

On Shakspeare.

THE four greatest names in English poetry are almost the four first we come to—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. There are no others that can really be put in competition with these. The two last have had justice done them by the voice of common fame. Their names are blazoned in the very firmament of reputation; while the two first (though "the fault has been more in their stars than in themselves that they are underlings") either never emerged far above the horizon, or were too soon involved in the obscurity of time. The three first of these are excluded from Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets, (Shakspeare, indeed, is so from the dramatic form of his compositions); and the fourth, Milton, is admitted with a reluctant and churlish welcome.

In comparing these four writers together, it might

be said, that Chaucer excels as the poet of manners, or of real life; Spenser, as the poet of romance; Shakspeare, as the poet of nature (in the largest use of the term); and Milton, as the poet of morality. Chaucer most frequently describes things as they are; Spenser, as we wish them to be; Shakspeare, as they would be; and Milton, as they ought to be. As poets, and as great poets, imagination—that is, the power of feigning things according to nature,—was common to them all: but the principle, or moving power, to which this faculty was most subservient in Chaucer, was habit, or inveterate prejudice; in Spenser, novelty, and the love of the marvellous; in Shakspeare, it was the force of passion, combined with every variety of possible circumstances; and in Milton, only with the highest. The characteristic of Chaucer is intensity; of Spenser, remoteness; of Milton, elevation; of Shakspeare, every thing.

It has been said by some critic, that Shakspeare was distinguished from the other dramatic writers of his day, only by his wit; that they had all his other qualities but that; that one writer had as much sense, another as much fancy, another as much knowledge of character, another the same depth of passion, and another as great a power of language. This statement is not true; nor is the inference from it well founded, even if it were. This person does not seem to have been aware, that, upon his own showing, the great distinction of Shakspeare's genius was its virtually including the genius of all the great men of his age, and not its differing from them in one accidental particular.—But to have done with such minute and literal trifling.

The striking peculiarity of Shakspeare's mind, was its generic quality, its power of communication with all other minds—so that it contained a universe of thought and feeling within itself, and had no one peculiar bias, or exclusive excellence more than another. He was just like any other man, but that he was like all other men. He was the least of an egotist that it was possible to be. He was nothing in himself; but he was all that others were, or that they could become. He not only had in himself the germs of every faculty

and feeling, but he could follow them by anticipation, intuitively, into all their conceivable ramifications, through every change of fortune, or conflict of passion, or turn of thought. He had "a mind reflecting ages past," and present:—all the people that ever lived, are there. There was no respect of persons with him. His genius shone equally on the evil and on the good, on the wise and the foolish, the monarch and the beggar: "All corners of the earth, kings, queens, and states, maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave," are hardly hid from his searching glance. He was like the genius of humanity, changing places with all of us at pleasure, and playing with our purposes as with his own. He turned the globe round for his amusement; and surveyed the generations of men, and the individuals as they passed, with their different concerns, passions, follies, vices, virtues, actions, and motives—as well those that they knew, as those which they did not know, or acknowledge to themselves. The dreams of childhood, the ravings of despair, were the toys of his fancy. Airy beings waited at his call, and came at his bidding. Harmless fairies "nodded to him, and did him curtesies;" and the night-hag bestrode the blast, at the command of "his so potent art." The world of spirits lay open to him, like the world of real men and women: and there is the same truth in his delineations of the one as of the other; for, if the preternatural characters he describes could be supposed to exist, they would speak, and feel, and act, as he makes them. He had only to think of any thing, in order to become that thing, with all the circumstances belonging to it. When he conceived of a character, whether real or imaginary, he not only entered into all its thoughts and feelings, but seemed instantly, and as if by touching a secret spring, to be surrounded with all the same objects, "subject to the same skyey influences,"—the same local, outward, and unforeseen accidents, which would occur in reality. Thus the character of Caliban not only stands before us with a language and manners of his own, but the scenery and situation of the enchanted island he inhabits, the traditions of the place, its strange noises, its

hidden recesses, "his frequent haunts and ancient neighbourhood," are given with a miraculous truth of nature, and with all the familiarity of an old recollection. The whole "coheres semblably together" in time, place, and circumstance. In reading this author, you do not merely learn what his characters say,—you see their persons. By something expressed or understood, you are at no loss to decipher their peculiar physiognomy, the meaning of a look, the grouping, the bye-play, as we might see it on the stage. A word, an epithet, paints a whole scene, or throws us back whole years in the history of the person represented. So (as it has been ingeniously remarked) when Prospero describes himself as left alone in the boat with his daughter, the epithet which he applies to her, "Me and thy *crying* self," flings the imagination instantly back from the grown woman to the helpless condition of infancy, and places the first and most trying scene of his misfortunes before us, with all that he must have suffered in the interval. How well the silent anguish of Macduff is conveyed to the reader, by the friendly expostulation of Malcolm — "What! man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows!" Again, Hamlet, in the scene with Rosencraus and Guildenstern, somewhat abruptly concludes his fine soliloquy on life, by saying, "Man delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so." Which is explained by their answer—"My lord, we had no such stuff in our thoughts. But we smiled to think, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you, whom we met on the way:"—as if, while Hamlet was making this speech, his two old schoolfellows from Wittenberg had been really standing by, and he had seen them smiling by stealth, at the idea of the players crossing their minds. It is not "a combination and a form" of words, a set speech or two, a preconcerted theory of a character, that will do this: but all the persons concerned must have been present in the poet's imagination, as at a kind of rehearsal; and whatever would have passed through their minds on the occasion, and have been observed by others, passed through his, and is made known to the reader. *Hazlitt.*

Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

To bring together in a narrower compass what seem to us the great leading features of the intellectual and moral character of Napoleon Bonaparte, we may remark, that his intellect was distinguished by rapidity of thought. He understood by a glance what most men, and superior men, could learn only by study. He darted to a conclusion rather by intuition than reasoning. In war, which was the only subject of which he was master, he seized in an instant on the great points of his own, and his enemy's positions; and combined at once the movements by which an overpowering force might be thrown with unexpected fury on a vulnerable part of the hostile line, and the fate of an army be decided in a day. He understood war as a science; but his mind was too bold, rapid, and irrepressible to be enslaved by the technics of his profession. He found the old armies fighting by rule; and he discovered the true characteristic of genius, which, without despising rules, knows when and how to break them. He understood thoroughly the immense moral power which is gained by originality and rapidity of operation. He astonished and paralyzed his enemies by his unforeseen and impetuous assaults, by the suddenness with which the storm of battle burst upon them; and, whilst giving to his soldiers the advantages of modern discipline, breathed into them, by his quick and decisive movements, the enthusiasm of ruder ages. This power of disheartening the foe, and of spreading through his own ranks a confidence, and exhilarating courage, which made war a pastime, and seemed to make victory sure, distinguished Napoleon in an age of uncommon military talent, and was one main instrument of his future power.

The wonderful effects of that rapidity of thought by which Bonaparte was marked, the signal success of his new mode of warfare, and the almost incredible speed with which his fame was spread through nations, had no small agency in fixing his character, and determining, for a period, the fate of empires. These stirring influences infused a new consciousness of his own

might. They gave intensity and audacity to his ambition; gave form and substance to his indefinite visions of glory, and raised his fiery hopes to empire. The burst of admiration, which his early career called forth, must, in particular, have had an influence in imparting to his ambition that modification by which it was characterized, and which contributed alike to its success and to its fall. He began with *astonishing* the world, with producing a sudden and universal *sensation*, such as modern times had not witnessed. To *astonish*, as well as to sway, by his energies, became the great aim of his life. Henceforth to rule was not enough for Bonaparte. He wanted to amaze, to dazzle, to overpower men's souls, by striking, bold, magnificent, and unanticipated results. To govern ever so absolutely would not have satisfied him, if he must have governed silently. He wanted to reign through wonder and awe, by the grandeur and terror of his name, by displays of power which would rivet on him every eye, and make him the theme of every tongue. Power was his supreme object; but a power which should be gazed at as well as felt, which should strike men as a prodigy, which should shake old thrones as an earthquake, and, by the suddenness of its new creations, should awaken something of the submissive wonder which miraculous agency inspires.

Such seems to us to have been the distinction or characteristic modification of his love of fame. It was a diseased passion for a kind of admiration, which from the principles of our nature, cannot be enduring, and which demands for its support perpetual and more stimulating novelty. Mere esteem he would have scorned. Calm admiration, though universal and enduring, would have been insipid. He wanted to electrify and overwhelm. He lived for effect. The world was his theatre; and he cared little what part he played, if he might walk the sole hero on the stage, and call forth bursts of applause which would silence all other fame. In war, the triumphs which he coveted were those in which he seemed to sweep away his foes like a whirlwind; and the immense and unparalleled sacrifice of his own soldiers, in the rapid marches and

daring assaults to which he owed his victories, in no degree diminished their worth to the victor. In peace, he delighted to hurry through his dominions; to multiply himself by his rapid movements; to gather at a glance the capacities of improvement which every important place possessed; to suggest plans which would startle by their originality and vastness; to project, in an instant, works which a life could not accomplish, and to leave behind the impression of a superhuman energy.

Our sketch of Bonaparte would be imperfect indeed, if we did not add, that he was characterized by nothing more strongly than by the spirit of *self-exaggeration.* The singular energy of his intellect and will, through which he had mastered so many rivals and foes, and overcome what seemed insuperable obstacles, inspired a consciousness of being something more than man. His strong original tendencies to pride and self-exaltation, fed and pampered by strange success and unbounded applause, swelled into an almost insane conviction of superhuman greatness. In his own view, he stood apart from other men. He was not to be measured by the standard of humanity. He was not to be retarded by difficulties, to which all others yielded. He was not to be subjected to laws and obligations which all others were expected to obey. Nature and the human will were to bend to his power. He was the child and favourite of fortune; and, if not the lord, the chief object of destiny. His history shows a spirit of self-exaggeration, unrivalled in enlightened ages, and which reminds us of an Oriental king to whom incense had been burnt from his birth as to a deity. This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow-beings. He had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood, which is developed in truly great souls with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him. His heart, amidst all its wild beatings, never had one throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to man he broke asunder. The

proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of moral energy and social affection over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the beneficent Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind,—to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude,—that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder; and for this selfish, solitary good, parted with peace and imperishable renown. *Channing.*

On Milton.

From this very imperfect view of the qualities of Milton's poetry, we hasten to his great work, Paradise Lost, perhaps the noblest monument of human genius. The two first books, by universal consent, stand pre-eminent in sublimity. Hell and Hell's King have a terrible harmony; and dilate into new grandeur and awfulness, the longer we contemplate them. From one element—"solid and liquid fire"—the poet has framed a world of horror and suffering, such as imagination had never traversed. But fiercer flames, than those which encompass Satan, burn in his own soul. Revenge, exasperated pride, consuming wrath, ambition though fallen, yet unconquered by the thunders of the Omnipotent, and grasping still at the empire of the universe,—these form a picture more sublime and terrible than Hell. Hell yields to the spirit which it imprisons. The intensity of its fires reveals the intenser passions and more vehement will of Satan; and the ruined Archangel gathers into himself the sublimity of the scene which surrounds him. This forms the tremendous interest of these wonderful books. We see mind triumphant over the most terrible powers of nature. We see unutterable agony subdued by energy of soul. We have not indeed in Satan those bursts of passion, which rive the soul, as well as shatter the outward frame of Lear. But we have a depth of passion which only an Archangel could manifest.

The all-enduring, all-defying pride of Satan, assuming so majestically Hell's burning throne, and coveting the diadem, which scorches his thunder-blasted brow, is a creation requiring in its author almost the spiritual energy with which he invests the fallen seraph. Some have doubted whether the moral effect of such delineations of the storms and terrible workings of the soul, is good; whether the interest felt in a spirit so transcendently evil as Satan, favours our sympathies with virtue. But our interest fastens in this and like cases, on what is not evil. We gaze on Satan with an awe not unmixed with mysterious pleasure, as on a miraculous manifestation of the *power of mind.* What chains us, as with a resistless spell, in such a character, is spiritual might made visible by the racking pains which it overpowers. There is something kindling and ennobling in the consciousness, however awakened, of the energy which resides in mind; and many a virtuous man has borrowed new strength from the force, constancy, and dauntless courage of evil agents.

Milton's description of Satan attests, in various ways, the power of his genius. Critics have often observed, that the great difficulty of his work was to reconcile the spiritual properties of his supernatural beings with the human modes of existence, which he was obliged to ascribe to them; and the difficulty is too great for any genius wholly to overcome; and we must acknowledge, that our enthusiasm is, in some parts of the poem, checked by a feeling of incongruity between the spiritual agent, and his sphere and mode of agency. But we are visited with no such chilling doubts and misgivings in the description of Satan in Hell. Imagination has here achieved its highest triumph, in imparting a character of reality and truth to its most daring creations. That world of horrors, though material, is yet so remote from our ordinary nature, that a spiritual being, exiled from heaven, finds there an appropriate home. There is, too, an indefiniteness in the description of Satan's person, which incites without shocking the imagination, and aids us to combine in our conception of him the massiness of a real form, with the vagueness of spiritual existence. To

the production of this effect, much depends on the first impression given by the poet; for this is apt to follow us through the whole work; and here we think Milton eminently successful. The first glimpse of Satan is given us in the following lines, which, whilst too indefinite to provoke the scrutiny of the reason, fill the imagination of the reader with a form which can hardly be effaced:

> Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
> With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
> That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
> Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
> Lay floating many a rood, * * *
>
> Par. Lost, b. i. lines 192—196.

> Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
> His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
> Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
> In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
>
> Ibid. 221—224.

We have more which we should gladly say of the delineation of Satan; especially of the glimpses which are now and then given of his deep anguish and despair, and of the touches of better feelings which are skilfully thrown into the dark picture; both suited and designed to blend with our admiration, dread, and abhorrence, a measure of that sympathy and interest with which every living, thinking being, ought to be regarded, and without which all feelings tend to sin and pain. But there is another topic which we cannot leave untouched. From Hell we flee to Paradise, a region as lovely as Hell is terrible; and which, to those who do not know the universality of true genius, will appear doubly wonderful, when considered as the creation of the same mind which had painted the infernal world.

Paradise and its inhabitants are in sweet accordance, and together form a scene of tranquil bliss, which calms and soothes, whilst it delights the imagination. Adam and Eve, just moulded by the hand, and quickened by the breath of God, reflect in their countenances, and forms, as well as minds, the intelligence, benignity, and happiness of their Author. Their new existence has the freshness and peacefulness of the

dewy morning. Their souls, unsated and untainted, find an innocent joy in the youthful creation, which spreads and smiles around them. Their mutual love is deep—for it is the love of young, unworn, unexhausted hearts, which meet in each other the only human objects on whom to pour forth their fulness of affection: and still it is serene—for it is the love of happy beings, who know not suffering even by name; whose innocence excludes not only the tumults, but the thought of jealousy and shame; who "imparadised in one another's arms," scarce dream of futurity—so blessed is their present being. We will not say, that we envy our first parents; for we feel that there may be higher happiness than theirs,—a happiness won through struggle with inward and outward foes, the happiness of power and moral victory, the happiness of disinterested sacrifices and wide-spread love, the happiness of boundless hope, and of "thoughts which wander through eternity." Still there are times, when the spirit, oppressed with pain, worn with toil, tired of tumult, sick at the sight of guilt, wounded in its love, baffled in its hope, and trembling in its faith, almost longs for the "wings of a dove, that it might fly away," and take refuge amidst the "shady bowers," the "vernal airs," the "roses without thorns," the quiet, the beauty, the loveliness of Eden. It is the contrast of this deep peace of Paradise with the storms of life, which gives to the fourth and fifth books of this poem a charm so irresistible, that not a few would sooner relinquish the two first books, with all their sublimity, than part with these. It has sometimes been said, that the English language has no good pastoral poetry. We would ask, In what age or country has the pastoral reed breathed such sweet strains, as are borne to us on "the odoriferous wings of gentle gales," from Milton's Paradise?

We should not fulfil our duty, were we not to say one word on what has been justly celebrated,—the harmony of Milton's versification. His numbers have the prime charm of expressiveness. They vary with, and answer to the depth, or tenderness, or sublimity of his conceptions; and hold intimate alliance with the

soul. Like Michael Angelo, in whose hands the marble was said to be flexible, he bends our language, which foreigners reproach with hardness, into whatever forms the subjects demands. All the treasures of sweet and solemn sound are at his command. Words, harsh and discordant in the writings of less gifted men, flow through his poetry in a full stream of harmony. This power over language is not to be ascribed to Milton's musical ear. It belongs to the soul. It is a gift or exercise of genius, which has power to impress itself on whatever it touches; and finds or frames in sounds, motions, and material forms, correspondences and harmonies with its own fervid thoughts and feelings.

Channing.

Wit injures Eloquence.

To all those rules which art furnishes for conducting the plan of a discourse, we proceed to subjoin a general rule, from which orators, and especially Christian orators, ought never to swerve.

When such begin their career, the zeal for the salvation of souls which animates them, doth not render them always unmindful of the glory which follows great success. A blind desire to shine and to please, is often at the expense of that substantial honour which might be obtained, were they to give themselves up to the pure emotions of piety, which so well agree with the sensibility necessary to eloquence.

It is, unquestionably, to be wished, that he who devotes himself to the arduous labour which preaching requires, should be wholly ambitious to render himself useful to the cause of religion. To such, reputation can never be a sufficient recompense. But if motives so pure have not sufficient sway in your breast, calculate, at least, the advantages of self-love; and you may perceive how inseparably connected these are with the success of your ministry.

Is it on your own account that you preach? Is it for you that religion assembles her votaries in a temple? You ought never to indulge so presumptuous a thought. However, I only consider you as an orator.

Tell me, then, what is this you call Eloquence? Is it the wretched trade of imitating that criminal, mentioned by a poet in his satires, who "balanced his crimes before his judges with antithesis?" Is it the puerile secret of forming jejune quibbles?—of rounding periods?—of tormenting one's self by tedious studies, in order to reduce sacred instruction into a vain amusement? Is this, then, the idea which you have conceived of that divine art, which disdains frivolous ornaments, which sways the most numerous assemblies, and which bestows on a single man the most personal and majestic of all sovereignties? Are you in quest of glory?—You fly from it. Wit alone is never sublime; and it is only by the vehemence of the passions, that you can become eloquent.

Reckon up all the illustrious orators. Will you find among them conceited, subtle, or epigrammatic writers? No: these immortal men confined their attempts to affect and persuade; and their having been always simple, is that which will always render them great. How is this? You wish to proceed in their footsteps, and you stoop to the degrading pretensions of a rhetorician? and you appear in the form of a mendicant, soliciting commendations from those very men who ought to tremble at your feet. Recover from this ignominy. Be eloquent by zeal, instead of being a mere declaimer through vanity. And be assured, that the most certain method of preaching well for yourself, is to preach usefully to others. *Maury.*

On the Dignity of Human Nature.

I ANTICIPATE from some an objection to this position, drawn, as they will say, from experience. I may be told, that I have talked of the godlike capacities of human nature, and have spoken of man as a divinity; and where, it will be asked, are the warrants of this high estimate of our race? I may be told that I dream, and that I have peopled the world with the creatures of my lonely imagination. What! Is it only in dreams that beauty and loveliness have beamed on me from the human countenance,—that I have

heard tones of kindness, which have thrilled through my heart,—that I have found sympathy in suffering, and a sacred joy in friendship? Are all the great and good men of past ages only dreams? Are such names as Moses, Socrates, Paul, Alfred, Milton, only the fictions of my disturbed slumbers? Are the great deeds of history, the discoveries of philosophy, the creations of genius, only visions? Oh! no. I do not dream when I speak of the divine capacities of human nature. It was a real page in which I read of patriots and martyrs,—of Fenelon and Howard, of Hampden and Washington. And tell me not, that these were prodigies, miracles, immeasurably separated from their race; for the very reverence, which has treasured up and hallowed their memories,—the very sentiments of admiration and love with which their names are now heard, show that the principles of their greatness are diffused through all your breasts. The germs of sublime virtue are scattered liberally on our earth. How often have I seen, in the obscurity of domestic life, a strength of love, of endurance, of pious trust, of virtuous resolution, which in a public sphere would have attracted public homage! I cannot but pity the man who recognizes nothing god-like in his own nature. I see the marks of God in the heavens and the earth; but how much more in a liberal intellect, in magnanimity, in unconquerable rectitude, in a philanthropy which forgives every wrong, and which never despairs of the cause of Christ and human virtue! I do and I must reverence human nature. Neither the sneers of a worldly scepticism, nor the groans of a gloomy theology, disturb my faith in its godlike powers and tendencies. I know how it is despised,—how it has been oppressed,—how civil and religious establishments have for ages conspired to crush it. I know its history. I shut my eyes on none of its weaknesses and crimes. I understand the proofs, by which despotism demonstrates that man is a wild beast, in want of a master, and only safe in chains. But injured, trampled on, and scorned as our nature is, I still turn to it with intense sympathy, and strong hope. The signatures of its origin and its end,

are impressed too deeply to be ever wholly effaced. I bless it for its kind affections, for its strong and tender love. I honour it for its struggles against oppression, for its growth and progress under the weight of so many chains and prejudices, for its achievements in science and art, and still more for its examples of heroic and saintly virtue. These are marks of a divine origin, and the pledges of a celestial inheritance; and I thank God that my own lot is bound up with that of the human race. *Channing.*

The Hill of Science.

In that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock, overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expressions of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top; but, as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared:—" The mountain be-

fore thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive."

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the Gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. "Happy," said I, "are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!"—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. "Happier," said she, "are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content!"—"What," said I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?"—"I am found," said she, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain: I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowds of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence; but I alone can guide to felicity!"—While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation. *Aikin's Miscellanies.*

The Planetary and Terrestrial Worlds.

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations; whereas, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears a uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances, it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star—as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night; in the other, ushers in and anticipates the dawn—is a planetary world. This planet, and the nine others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life: all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun, which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is, in this respect, fixed and immoveable; it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side, through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out, in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled so prodigious a fire; and keeps alive, from age to age, so enormous a mass of flame!"

let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe: every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of day. So that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence; all which are lost to our sight, in unmeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive, and scarcely distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is; since a ball, shot from a loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel, at this impetuous rate, almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While, beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishingly grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, are so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would scarcely leave a blank in the immensity of God's works. If, then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so-much-admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own

little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions: but, when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size! how contemptible their figure! They shrink into pompous nothings.

Addison.

Effects of Sympathy in the Distresses of Others.

To examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider, how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow-creatures in circumstances of real distress. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others; for, let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us shun such objects,—if, on the contrary, it induces us to approach them—if it makes us dwell upon them; in this case, I suppose, we must have a delight or pleasure, of some species or other, in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature, with as much pleasure as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious? The prosperity of no empire, and the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the state of Macedon, and the distresses of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history, as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight, in cases of this kind, is very greatly heightened, if the sufferer be some excellent person, who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other; for terror is a passion which always produces delight when it does not press too close, and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure, because it arises from love and social affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or a pleasure of some kind, let the subject-matter be what it will: and, as our Creator has de-

signed we should be united together by so strong a bond as that of sympathy, he has therefore twisted along with it a proportionable quantity of this ingredient; and always in the greatest proportion where our sympathy is most wanted, in the distresses of others. If this passion was simply painful, we should shun, with the greatest care, all persons and places that could excite such a passion; as some, who are so far gone in indolence as not to endure any strong impressions, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind: there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue, as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity; so that, whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight; but it is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in such things, hinders us from shunning scenes of misery; and the pain we feel, prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who suffer: and all this, antecedent to any reasoning, by an instinct that works us to its own purposes, without our concurrence.

Burke.

An Exhortation to the Study of Eloquence.

I CANNOT conceive any thing more excellent, than to be able, by language, to captivate the affections, to charm the understanding, and to impel or restrain the will of whole assemblies, at pleasure. Among every free people, especially in peaceful, settled governments this single art has always eminently flourished, and always exercised the greatest sway. For what can be more surprising, than that, amidst an infinite multitude, one man should appear, who shall be the only, or almost the only man capable of doing what Nature has put in every man's power? Or, can any thing impart such exquisite pleasure to the ear, and to the intellect, as a speech in which the wisdom and dignity of the sentiments, are heightened by the utmost force and beauty of expression? Is there any thing so commanding, so grand, as that the eloquence of one man

should direct the inclinations of the people, the consciences of judges, and the majesty of senates? Nay, farther, can aught be esteemed so great, so generous, so public-spirited, as to assist the suppliant, to rear the prostrate, to communicate happiness, to avert danger, and to save a fellow-citizen from exile? Can any thing be so necessary, as to keep those arms always in readiness, with which you may defend yourself, attack the profligate, and redress your own, or your country's wrongs?

But, let us consider this accomplishment as detached from public business, and from its wonderful efficacy in popular assemblies, as the bar, and in the senate; can any thing be more agreeable, or more endearing in private life, than elegant language? For the great characteristic of our nature, and what eminently distinguishes us from brutes, is the faculty of social conversation, the power of expressing our thoughts and sentiments by words. To excel mankind, therefore, in the exercise of that very talent, which gives them the preference to the brute creation, is what every body must not only admire, but look upon as the just object of the most indefatigable pursuit. And now, to mention the chief point of all, what other power could have been of sufficient efficacy to bring together the vagrant individuals of the human race; to tame their savage manners; to reconcile them to social life; and, after cities were founded, to mark out laws, forms, and constitutions, for their government?—Let me, in a few words, sum up this almost boundless subject. I lay it down as a maxim, that upon the wisdom and abilities of an accomplished orator, not only his own dignity, but the welfare of vast numbers of individuals, and even of the whole state, must greatly depend. Therefore, young gentlemen, go on: ply the study in which you are engaged, for your own honour, the advantage of your friends, and the service of your country. *Cicero.*

On the Cultivation of the Intellectual Powers.

A DUTY peculiarly applicable to the season of youth, is the diligent cultivation of the intellectual powers. Yours is the time, my young friends, for forming good mental habits, and acquiring those liberal and rational tastes, which will prove a source of the purest happiness to the very close of existence. Now or never is the time for giving a bent to the character. As yet, you are not deeply involved in the perplexing cares of life; as yet, you are not the slaves of any low and debasing habits: your minds and all their best powers are your own; your curiosity is awake; and your attention capable of being easily directed and fixed to any object—to any pursuit. Yours are the light and cheerful spirits—the ever-active interest—the clear and unembarrassed memory; yours, the joyous hope and eager expectation, which at once dispose your minds to seek for knowledge, and qualify them for gaining it. For you, nature unlocks her stores, and art displays her thousand wonders; to you, are opened the wide fields of science; to you, is unrolled the ample page of history; and for your instruction and delight, is recorded all that the sage has thought, and the poet sung. To aid your progress, and increase your knowledge, innumerable schemes are devised, and institutions reared, which invite you into the paths of wisdom, and lavish on you the opportunities of improvement. These are the prospects of your happy period. Let them not be offered you in vain. Let not "wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice, in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths;" while you turn a deaf ear to her counsels, and go aside into the ways of folly: but rather, in every thing good and liberal—in every thing connected with the progress of truth and knowledge and virtue and vital religion—endeavour to prove yourselves worthy of the age in which you live, and of the country to which you belong.

Learn, also, to be modest in your demeanour, lowly in heart, and humble in your opinion of yourselves. There is no quality more engaging and attractive in youth than modesty. What says the wisest of men?

"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him." An individual's modest opinion of himself, is a tolerably accurate test of his real merit; and if this be true of men in general, it is still more so of young people, who can have but little knowledge, and still less experience. Rashness, petulance, and self-conceit, will sometimes hurry even well-meaning young persons into mistakes, which they could not foresee—perhaps into crimes, which they would have blushed and trembled to think of beforehand. Enter, then, the paths of life, cautiously and circumspectly, distrustful of yourselves, and willing to be advised and directed by those who are wiser and more experienced. Feel your own weakness and liability to err, and it will lead you to cultivate a devotional spirit; acknowledge your own ignorance and want of experience, and it will dispose you to lean upon your parents; confess the feebleness of your abilities, and the small extent of your knowledge, and it will stimulate you to improve your minds diligently, and may be a means of ultimately leading you to the highest attainments in knowledge and wisdom.

Taylor.

The Fallen Leaf.

"The fallen leaf!" Again and again I repeated this sentence to myself, when, after traversing the avenue for some time, I had inadvertently stepped into a heap of these mementoes of the departing year. This trivial incident broke in upon a gay and buoyant train of thought; and, as for a single moment I stood fixed to the spot, the words of the prophet fell with a deep and painful meaning upon my heart. I resumed my walk, and would have resumed with pleasure the train of thought that had been broken, but in vain; and when I again reached the place where the fallen leaves were collected, I made a longer pause. With how loud a voice did they speak of the end of all things! how forcibly remind me, that those busy projects which at that moment agitated my heart, would, like them, fade, and be carried away in the tide of life!

The leaves fade away, and leave the parent stem desolate: but, in a few short months, they will bud and bloom again; other leaves, as gay as those were, will supply their place, and clothe the forest with as bright a green. And is it not so with the heart? We are separated from those who are now most dear to us, or they fade away into the tomb; new interests are excited, new friendships contracted, and every former image is effaced and forgotten.

My eye now rested on the venerable pile of building before me: it seemed but as yesterday, since the master of that stately mansion stood at the gate to welcome my arrival; and now, where was he?—Gone—and for ever! The accents of his voice were never again to be heard; my eye was to behold him no more.—As these thoughts passed through my mind, a slight breeze for a moment agitated the naked branches; it helped to complete the work of desolation; and several of the still remaining leaves were wafted to my feet. How indiscriminately were here mingled—the pride of the forest, the majestic oak, the trembling aspen, the graceful poplar, with all the tribe of inferior shrubs! Here lay all that remained of their once-gay foliage—one undistinguishable mass of decay; with no mark to point out to which they had originally belonged. And shall not Death, the great leveller, reduce us to the same state of equality? The great, the noble, the learned, the beautiful—when they lay down their heads in the grave—what are they more than the mean, the lowly, and the worthless? They leave a name behind them for a short time, and then—how soon are the best beloved forgotten! Feelings such as these must have been felt by thousands; and, whilst they serve to temper the enjoyment of prosperity, they contribute also to smooth the rugged path of life, and calm the sufferings of the wounded spirit. Since, whether one day has been bright or cloudy, spring and summer must, ere long, give place to autumn; and then comes the winter, when we, too, must fade as the leaf.

Anonymous.

Happiness.

WHAT is earthly happiness?—that phantom, of which we hear so much and see so little; whose promises are constantly given, and constantly broken, but as constantly believed; that cheats us with the sound instead of the substance, and with the blossom intead of the fruit. Anticipation is her herald, but disappointment is her companion; the first addresses itself to our imagination, that *would* believe; but the latter to our experience, that *must.* Happiness, that grand mistress of the ceremonies in the dance of life, impels us through all its mazes and meanderings, but leads none of us by the same route. Aristippus pursued her in pleasure, Socrates in wisdom, and Epicurus in both; she received the attentions of each, but bestowed her endearments on none of them. Warned by their failure, the stoic adopted another mode of preferring his suit: he thought, by slandering, to obtain her; by shunning, to win her; and proudly presumed, that, by fleeing her, she would turn and follow him. She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane; smooth as the water at the edge of the cataract; and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm: but, like the image in the desert, she tantalizes us with a delusion, that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys; yet, often, when unsought she is found, and when unexpected, often obtained: while those who search for her the most diligently, fail the most, because they seek her where she is not. Anthony sought her in love; Brutus, in glory; Cæsar, in dominion. The first found disgrace; the second disgust; the last, ingratitude; and each, destruction.

To some she is more kind, but not less cruel; she hands them her cup, and they drink even to stupefaction, until they doubt whether they are men—with Philip, or dream that they are gods—with Alexander. On some she smiles, as on Napoleon, with an aspect more bewitching than that of an Italian sun; but it is only to make her frown the more terrible, and, by one short caress, to embitter the pangs of separation. Ambition, avarice, love, revenge, all these seek her, and her alone: alas! they are neither presented to her,

nor will she come to them. She despatches, however, to them her envoys. To ambition, she sends power; to avarice, wealth; to love, jealousy; to revenge, remorse:—alas! what are these, but so many other names for vexation or disappointment! Neither is she to be won by flatteries nor bribes: she is to be gained by waging war against her *enemies*, much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those that conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her; for she will come unto them.

None bid so high for her as kings; few are more willing, none more able, to purchase her alliance at the fullest price. But she has no more respect for kings, than for their subjects; she mocks them, indeed, with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train; but she comes not herself. What, then, detains her? She is travelling incognito, to keep a private assignation with contentment, and to partake of a conversation and a dinner of herbs, with some humble, but virtuous peasant, in a cottage. *Anonymous.*

The Idiot.

A POOR widow, in a small town in the north of England, kept a booth or stall of apples and sweetmeats. She had an idiot child, so utterly helpless and dependent, that he did not appear to be ever alive to anger or self-defence. He sat all day at her feet, and seemed to be possessed of no other sentiment of the human kind, than confidence in his mother's love, and a dread of the schoolboys, by whom he was often annoyed. His whole occupation, as he sat on the ground, was in swinging backwards and forwards, singing "pal-lal" in a low pathetic voice, only interrupted at intervals on the appearance of any of his tormentors, when he clung to his mother in alarm. From morning to evening he sung his plaintive and aimless ditty; at night, when his poor mother gathered up her little wares to return home, so deplorable did his defects appear, that, while she carried her table on her head, her stock of little merchandise in her lap, and her stool in one

hand, she was obliged to lead him by the other. Ever and anon, as any of the schoolboys appeared in view, the harmless thing clung close to her, and hid his face in her bosom for protection. A human creature so far below the standard of humanity, was nowhere ever seen: he had not even the shallow cunning which is often found among these unfinished beings; and his simplicity could not even be measured by the standard we would apply to the capacity of a lamb. Yet it had a feeling rarely manifested even in the affectionate dog, and a knowledge never shown by any mere animal. He was sensible of his mother's kindness, and how much he owed to her care. At night, when she spread his humble pallet, though he knew not prayer, nor could comprehend the solemnities of worship, he prostrated himself at her feet; and, as he kissed them, mumbled a kind of mental orison, as if in fond and holy devotion. In the morning, before she went abroad to resume her station in the market-place, he peeped anxiously out to reconnoitre the street; and, as often as he saw any of the schoolboys in the way, he held her firmly back, and sung his sorrowful "pal-lal."

One day the poor woman and her idiot boy were missed from the market-place; and the charity of some of the neighbours induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch, and the boy sitting beside her, holding her hand, swinging and singing his pitiful lay more sorrowfully than he had ever done before. He could not speak, but only utter a brutish gabble; sometimes, however, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said. On this occasion, when the neighbours spoke to him, he looked up with the tear in his eye; and clasping the cold hand more tenderly, sunk the strain of his mournful "pal-lal" into a softer and sadder key. The spectators, deeply affected, raised him from the body; and he surrendered his hold of the earthly hand without resistance, retiring in silence to an obscure corner of the room. One of them, looking towards the others, said to them, "Poor wretch! what shall we do with him?" At that moment, he resumed his chant; and, lifting two handfuls of dust from the floor, sprinkled it

on his head, and sung, with a wild and clear heart-piercing pathos, "pal-lal—pal-lal."

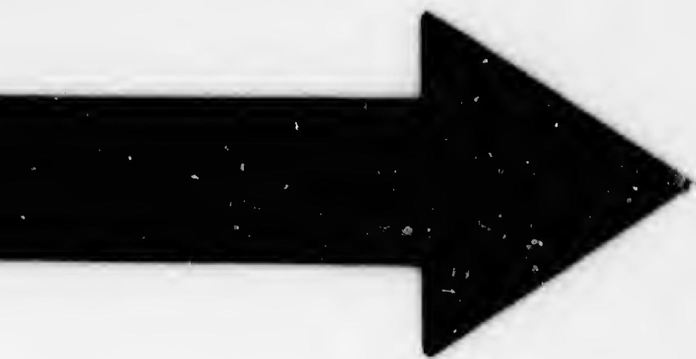
Blackwood's Magazine.

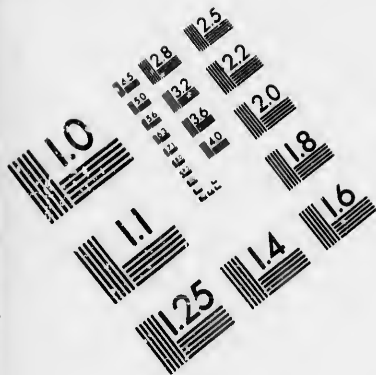
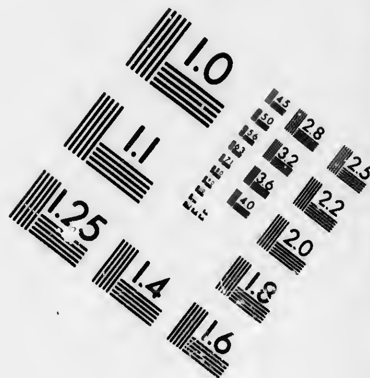
Emphasis, Pauses, and Tones.

By emphasis is meant a fuller and stronger sound of voice, by which we distinguish the accented syllable of some word, on which we intend to lay particular stress, and to show how it affects the rest of the sentence. To acquire the proper management of emphasis, the only rule is, study to acquire a just conception of the force and spirit of those sentiments which you are to deliver. In all prepared discourses, it would be extremely useful, if they were read over or rehearsed in private, with a view of ascertaining the proper emphasis, before they were pronounced in public; marking, at the same time, the emphatical words in every sentence, or at least in the most important parts of the discourse, and fixing them well in memory. A caution, however, must be given against multiplying emphatical words too much. They become striking, only when used with prudent reserve. If they recur too frequently, if a speaker attempt to render every thing he says of high importance, by a multitude of strong emphasis, they will soon fail to excite the attention of his hearers.

Next to emphasis, pauses demand attention. They are of two kinds: first, emphatical pauses; and secondly, such as mark the distinction of sense. An emphatical pause is made after something has been said of peculiar moment, on which we wish to fix the hearers' attention. Sometimes a matter of importance is preceded by a pause of this nature. Such pauses have the same effect with strong emphasis, and are subject to the same rules; especially to the caution just now given, of not repeating them too frequently. For, as they excite uncommon attention, and consequently raise expectation, if this be not fully answered, they occasion disappointment and disgust.

But the most frequent and the principal use of pauses is, to mark the divisions of the sense, and at the



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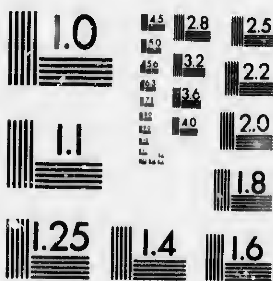

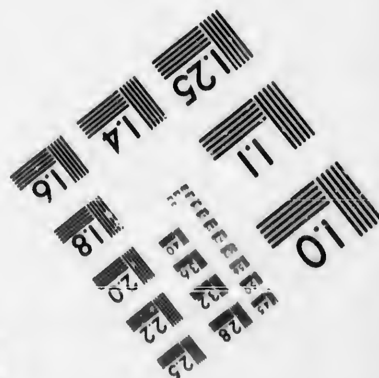

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same time to permit the speaker to draw his breath; and the proper management of such pauses is one of the most nice and difficult articles in delivery. A proper command of the breath is peculiarly requisite. To obtain this, every speaker should be very careful to provide a full supply of breath for what he is to utter. It is a great mistake to suppose that the breath must be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may easily be gathered at the intervals of a period, when the voice suffers only a momentary suspension. By this management, a sufficient supply may be obtained for carrying on the longest period, without improper interruptions.

Pauses in public discourse must be formed upon the manner in which we express ourselves in sensible conversation, and not upon the stiff, artificial manner which we acquire from perusing books according to common punctuation. Punctuation, in general, is very arbitrary; often capricious and false; dictating a uniformity of tone in the pauses, which is extremely unpleasing. For it must be observed, that to render pauses graceful and expressive, they must not only be made in the right places, but also be accompanied by proper tones of voice; by which the nature of these pauses is intimated much more than by their length, which can never be exactly measured. Sometimes, only a slight and simple suspension of the voice is proper; sometimes a degree of cadence is requisite; and sometimes that peculiar tone and cadence which mark the conclusion of a period. In these cases, a speaker is to regulate himself by the manner in which he speaks when engaged in earnest discourse with others.

In reading or reciting verse, there is a peculiar difficulty in making the pauses with propriety. There are two kinds of pauses, which belong to the music of verse; one at the end of a line, and the other in the middle of it. Rhyme always renders the former sensible, and compels observance of it in pronunciation. In blank verse, it is less perceivable; and when there is no suspension of the sense, it has been doubted whether in reading such verse, any regard should

be paid to the close of a line. On the stage, indeed, where the appearance of speaking in verse should be avoided, the close of such lines as make no pause in the sense should not be rendered perceptible to the ear. On other occasions, we ought, for the sake of melody, to read blank verse in such manner as to make each line sensible to the ear. In attempting this, however, every appearance of singsong and tone must be cautiously avoided. The close of a line, where there is no pause in the meaning, should be marked only by so slight a suspension of sound as may distinguish the passage from one line to another, without injuring the sense.

The pause in the middle of the line falls after the 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th syllable, and no other. When this pause coincides with the slightest division in the sense, the line may be read with ease; as in the first two lines of Pope's Messiah:

> Ye nymphs of Solyma, begin the song,
> To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.

But if words that have so intimate a connexion as not to admit even a momentary separation be divided from each other by this cesural pause, we then perceive a conflict between the sense and sound, which renders it difficult to read such lines gracefully. In such cases, it is best to sacrifice sound to sense. For instance, in the following lines of Milton:

> What in me is dark,
> Illumine; what is low, raise and support.

The sense clearly dictates the pause after "illumine," which ought to be observed; though if melody only were to be regarded, "illumine" should be connected with what follows, and no pause made before the 4th or 6th syllable. So also in the following line of Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot:

> I sit; with sad civility I read,

The ear points out the pause as falling after "sad," the fourth syllable. But to separate "sad" and "civility" would be very bad reading. The sense allows no other pause than after the second syllable,

"sit;" which therefore, is the only one to be observed.

We proceed to treat of tones in pronunciation, which are different both from emphasis and pauses; consisting in the modulation of the voice, the notes or variations of sound which are employed in public speaking. The most material instruction which can be given on this subject is, to form the tones of public speaking upon the tones of animated conversation. Every one who is engaged in speaking on a subject which interests him nearly, has an eloquent, persuasive tone and manner. But when a speaker departs from his natural tone of expression, he becomes frigid and unpersuasive. Nothing is more absurd than to suppose, that as soon as a speaker ascends a pulpit, or rises in a public assembly, he is instantly to lay aside the voice with which he expresses himself in private, and to assume a new, studied tone, and a cadence altogether different from his natural manner. This has vitiated all delivery, and has given rise to cant and tedious monotony. Let every public speaker guard against this error. Whether he speak in private or in a great assembly, let him remember that he still speaks. Let him take nature for his guide, and she will teach him to express his sentiments and feelings in such manner, as to make the most forcible and pleasing impression upon the minds of his hearers. *Blair.*

Gestures.

It now remains to treat of gesture, or what is called action in public discourse. The best rule is, attend to the looks and gesture in which earnestness, indignation, compassion, or any other emotion, discovers itself to most advantage in the common intercourse of men; and let these be your model. A public speaker must, however, adopt that manner which is most natural to himself. His motions and gestures ought all to exhibit that kind of expression which nature has dictated to him; and unless this be the case, no study can prevent their appearing stiff and forced. But, though nature is the basis on which every grace of gesture must be founded, yet there is room for some

improvements of art. The study of action consists chiefly in guarding against awkward and disagreeable motions, and in learning to perform such as are natural to the speaker in the most graceful manner. Numerous are the rules which writers have laid down for the attainment of proper gesticulation. But written instructions on this subject can be of little service. To become useful, they must be exemplified. A few of the simplest precepts, however, may be observed with advantage. Every speaker should study to preserve as much dignity as possible in the attitude of his body. He should generally prefer an erect posture; his position should be firm, that he may have the fullest and freest command of all his motions. If any inclination be used, it should be toward the hearers, which is a natural expression of earnestness. The countenance should correspond with the nature of the discourse; and, when no particular emotion is expressed, a serious and manly look is always to be preferred. The eyes should never be fixed entirely on any one object, but move easily round the audience. In motion made with the hands consists the principal part of gesture in speaking. It is natural for the right hand to be employed more frequently than the left. Warm emotions require the exercise of them both together. But whether a speaker gesticulate with one or with both his hands, it is important that all his motions be easy and unrestrained. Narrow and confined movements are usually ungraceful; and, consequently, motions made with the hands should proceed from the shoulder, rather than from the elbow. Perpendicular movements are to be avoided. Oblique motions are most pleasing and graceful. Sudden and rapid motions are seldom good. Earnestness can be fully expressed without their assistance.

We cannot conclude this subject, without earnestly admonishing every speaker to guard against affectation, which is the destruction of good delivery. Let his manner, whatever it be, be his own; neither imitated from another, nor taken from some imaginary model, which is unnatural to him. Whatever is native, though attended by several defects, is likely to please,

because it shows us the man; and because it has the appearance of proceeding from the heart. To attain a delivery extremely correct and graceful is what few can expect; since so many natural talents must concur in its formation. But to acquire a forcible and persuasive manner is within the power of most persons. They need only to dismiss bad habits, follow nature, and speak in public as they do in private, when they speak in earnest, and from the heart. *Blair.*

Death of Charles the Second.

The death of King Charles the Second took the nation by surprise. His frame was naturally strong, and did not appear to have suffered from excess. He had always been mindful of his health even in his pleasures; and his habits were such as promise a long life and a robust old age. Indolent as he was on all occasions which required tension of the mind, he was active and persevering in bodily exercise. He had, when young, been renowned as a tennis player, and was, even in the decline of life, an indefatigable walker. His ordinary pace was such that those who were admitted to the honor of his society found it difficult to keep up with him. He rose early, and generally passed three or four hours a day in the open air. He might be seen, before the dew was off the grass in St. James' Park, striding among the trees, playing with his spaniels, and flinging corn to his ducks; and these exhibitions endeared him to the common people, who always love to see the great unbend.

At length, towards the close of the year 1684, he was prevented, by a slight attack of what was supposed to be gout, from rambling as usual. He now spent his mornings in his laboratory, where he amused himself with experiments on the properties of mercury. His temper seemed to have suffered from confinement. He had no apparent cause for disquiet. His kingdom was tranquil: he was not in pressing want of money: his power was greater than it had ever been: the party which had long thwarted him had been beaten down: but the cheerfulness which had supported him against

adverse fortune had vanished in this season of prosperity. A trifle now sufficed to depress those elastic spirits which had borne up against defeat, exile, and penury. His irritation frequently showed itself by looks and words, such as could hardly have been expected from a man so eminently distinguished by good humour and good breeding. It was not supposed, however, that his constitution was seriously impaired.

His palace had seldom presented a gayer or a more scandalous appearance than on the evening of Sunday, the first of February, 1685. Some grave persons who had gone thither, after the fashion of that age, to pay their duty to their sovereign, and who had expected that, on such a day, his court would wear a decent aspect, were struck with astonishment and horror. The great gallery of Whitehall, an admirable relic of the magnificence of the Tudors, was crowded with revellers and gamblers.

A party of twenty courtiers was seated at cards, round a large table, on which gold was heaped in mountains. Even then the king had complained that he did not feel quite well. He had no appetite for his supper; his rest that night was broken; but on the following morning he rose, as usual, early.

To that morning the contending factions in his council had, during some days, looked forward with anxiety. The struggle between Halifax and Rochester seemed to be approaching a decisive crisis. Halifax, not content with having already driven his rival from the board of Treasury, had undertaken to prove him guilty of such dishonesty or neglect in the conduct of the finances as ought to be punished by dismission from the public service. It was even whispered that the lord president would probably be sent to the Tower before night. The king had promised to inquire into the matter. The second of February had been fixed for the investigation; and several officers of the revenue had been ordered to attend with their books on that day. But a great turn of fortune was at hand.

Scarcely had Charles risen from his bed when his

attendants perceived that his utterance was indistinct, and that his thoughts seemed to be wandering. Several men of rank had, as usual, assembled to see their sovereign shaved and dressed. He made an effort to converse with them in his usual gay style; but his ghastly look surprised and alarmed them. Soon his face grew black; his eyes turned in his head; he uttered a cry, staggered, and fell into the arms of Thomas Lord Bruce, eldest son of the Earl of Ailesbury. A physician, who had charge of the royal retorts and crucibles, happened to be present. He had no lancet; but he opened a vein with a penknife. The blood flowed freely; but the king was still insensible.

And now the gates of Whitehall, which ordinarily stood open to all comers, were closed. But persons whose faces were known were still permitted to enter. The antechambers and galleries were soon filled to overflowing; and even the sick room was crowded with peers, privy councillors, and foreign ministers. All the medical men of note in London were summoned. So high did political animosities run that the presence of some Whig physicians was regarded as an extraordinary circumstance. One Roman Catholic, whose skill was then widely renowned, Doctor Thomas Short, was in attendance. Several of the prescriptions have been preserved. One of them is signed by fourteen doctors. The patient was bled largely. Hot iron was applied to his head. A loathsome volatile salt, extracted from human skulls, was forced into his mouth. He recovered his senses; but he was evidently in a situation of extreme danger.

The queen was for a time assiduous in her attendance. The Duke of York scarcely left his brother's bedside. The primate and four other bishops were then in London. They remained at Whitehall all day, and took it by turns to sit up at night in the king's room. The news of his illness filled the capital with sorrow and dismay. For his easy temper and affable manners had won the affection of a large part of the nation; and those who most disliked him preferred his unprincipled levity to the stern and earnest bigotry of his brother.

On the morning of Thursday, the fifth of February, the London Gazette announced that his majesty was going on well, and was thought by the physicians to be out of danger. The bells of all the churches rang merrily; and preparations for bonfires were made in the streets. But in the evening it was known that a relapse had taken place, and that the medical attendants had given up all hope. The public mind was greatly disturbed; but there was no disposition to tumult. The Duke of York, who had already taken on himself to give orders, ascertained that the city was perfectly quiet, and that he might without difficulty be proclaimed as soon as his brother should expire.

The king was in great pain, and complained that he felt as if a fire was burning within him. Yet he bore up against his sufferings with a fortitude which did not seem to belong to his soft and luxurious nature. The sight of his misery affected his wife so much that she fainted, and was carried senseless to her chamber. The prelates who were in waiting had from the first exhorted him to prepare for his end. They now thought it their duty to address him in a still more urgent manner. William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, an honest and pious man, used great freedom. "It is time," he said, "to speak out; for, sir, you are about to appear before a Judge who is no respecter of persons." The king answered not a word.

Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, then tried his powers of persuasion. He was a man of parts and learning, of quick sensibility and stainless virtue. His elaborate works have long been forgotten; but his morning and evening hymns are still repeated daily in thousands of dwellings. Though, like most of his order, zealous for monarchy, he was no sycophant. Before he became a bishop, he had maintained the honour of his gown by refusing, when the court was at Winchester, to let Eleanor Gwynn lodge in the house which he occupied there as a prebendary. The king had sense enough to respect so manly a spirit. Of all the prelates he liked Ken the best. It was to no purpose, however, that the good bishop now put forth all

his eloquence. His solemn and pathetic exhortation awed and melted the bystanders, to such a degree that some among them believed him to be filled with the same spirit which, in the old time, had, by the mouths of Nathan and Elias, called sinful princes to repentance. Charles, however, was unmoved. He made no objection indeed when the service for the Visitation of the Sick was read. In reply to the pressing questions of the divines, he said that he was sorry for what he had done amiss; and he suffered the absolution to be pronounced over him according to the forms of the Church of England: but, when he was urged to declare that he died in the communion of that Church, he seemed not to hear what was said; and nothing could induce him to take the Eucharist from the hands of the bishops. A table with bread and wine was brought to his bedside, but in vain. Sometimes he said that there was no hurry, and sometimes that he was too weak.

Many attributed this apathy to contempt for divine things, and many to the stupor which often precedes death. But there were in the palace a few persons who knew better. Charles had never been a sincere member of the Established Church. His mind had long oscillated between Hobbism and Popery. When his health was good and his spirits high, he was a scoffer. In his few serious moments he was a Roman Catholic. The Duke of York was aware of this, but was entirely occupied with the care of his own interests. He had ordered the outports to be closed. He had posted detachments of the guards in different parts of the city. He had also procured the feeble signature of the dying king to an instrument by which some duties, granted only till the demise of the crown, were let to farm for a term of three years. These things occupied the attention of James to such a degree that, though, on ordinary occasions, he was indiscreetly and unseasonably eager to bring over proselytes to his church, he never reflected that his brother was in danger of dying without the last sacraments. This neglect was the more extraordinary because the Duchess of York had, at the request of the queen,

suggested, on the morning on which the king was taken ill, the propriety of procuring spiritual assistance. For such assistance Charles was at last indebted to an agency very different from that of his pious wife and sister-in-law. A life of frivolity and vice had not extinguished in the Duchess of Portsmouth all sentiments of religion, or all that kindness which is the glory of her sex. The French ambassador, Barillon, who had come to the palace to inquire after the king, paid her a visit. He found her in an agony of sorrow. She took him into a secret room, and poured out her whole heart to him. "I have," she said, "a thing of great moment to tell you. If it were known, my head would be in danger. The king is really and truly a Catholic; but he will die without being reconciled to the Church. His bedchamber is full of Protestant clergymen. I cannot enter it without giving scandal. The duke is thinking only of himself. Speak to him. Remind him that there is a soul at sake. He is master now. He can clear the room. Go this instant, or it will be too late."

Barillon hastened to the bedchamber, took the duke aside, and delivered the message of the mistress. The conscience of James smote him. He started as if roused from sleep, and declared that nothing should prevent him from discharging the sacred duty, which had been too long delayed. Several schemes were discussed and rejected. At last the duke commanded the crowd to stand aloof, went to the bed, stooped down, and whispered something which none of the spectators could hear, but which they supposed to be some question about affairs of state. Charles answered in an audible voice, "Yes, yes, with all my heart." None of the bystanders, except the French ambassador, guessed that the king was declaring his wish to be admitted into the bosom of the Church of Rome.

"Shall I bring a priest?" said the duke. "Do, brother," replied the sick man. "For God's sake do, and lose no time. But no; you will get into trouble." "If it costs me my life," said the duke, "I will fetch a priest."

To find a priest, however, for such a purpose, at a

moment's notice, was not easy. For, as the law then stood, the person who admitted a proselyte into the Roman Catholic Church was guilty of a capital crime. The Count of Castel Melhor, a Portuguese nobleman, who, driven by political troubles from his native land, had been hospitably received at the English court, undertook to procure a confessor. He had recourse to his countrymen who belonged to the queen's household; but he found that none of her chaplains knew English or French enough to shrive the king. The duke and Barillon were about to send to the Venetian minister for a clergyman, when they heard that a Benedictine monk, named John Huddleston, happened to be at Whitehall. This man had, with great risk to himself, saved the king's life after the battle of Worcester, and had, on that account, been, ever since the Restoration, a privileged person. In the sharpest proclamations which were put forth against popish priests, when false witnesses had inflamed the nation to fury, Huddleston had been excepted by name. He readily consented to put his life a second time in peril for his prince, but there was still a difficulty. The honest monk was so illiterate that he did not know what he ought to say on an occasion of such importance. He however obtained some hints, through the intervention of Castel Melhor, from a Portuguese ecclesiastic, and, thus instructed, was brought up the back stairs by Chiffinch, a confidential servant, who, if the satires of that age are to be credited, had often introduced visitors of a very different description by the same entrance. The duke then, in the king's name, commanded all who were present to quit the room, except Lewis Duras, Earl of Feversham, and John Granville, Earl of Bath. Both these lords professed the Protestant religion; but James conceived that he could count on their fidelity. Feversham, a Frenchman of noble birth, and nephew of the great Turenne, held high rank in the English army, and was chamberlain to the queen. Bath was groom of the stole.

The duke's orders were obeyed; and even the physicians withdrew. The back door was then opened, and Father Huddleston entered. A cloak had been

thrown over his sacred vestments, and his shaven crown was concealed by a flowing wig. "Sir," said the duke, "this good man once saved your life. He now comes to save your soul." Charles faintly answered, "He is welcome." Huddleston went through his part better than had been expected. He knelt by the bed, listened to the confession, pronounced the absolution, and administered extreme unction. He asked if the king wished to receive the Lord's Supper. "Surely," said Charles, "if I am not unworthy." The host was brought in. Charles feebly strove to rise and kneel before it. The priest bade him lie still, and assured him that God would accept the humiliation of the soul, and would not require the humiliation of the body. The king found so much difficulty in swallowing the bread that it was necessary to open the door and to procure a glass of water. This rite ended, the monk held up a crucifix before the penitent, charged him to fix his last thoughts on the sufferings of the Redeemer, and withdrew. The whole ceremony had occupied about three quarters of an hour; and, during that time, the courtiers who filled the outer room had communicated their suspicious to each other by whispers and significant glances. The door was at length thrown open, and the crowd again filled the chamber of death.

It was now late in the evening. The king seemed much relieved by what had passed. His natural children were brought to his bedside; the Dukes of Grafton, Southampton, and Northumberland, sons of the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duke of St. Alban's, son of Eleanor Gwynn, and the Duke of Richmond, son of the Duchess of Portsmouth. Charles blessed them all, but spoke with peculiar tenderness to Richmond. One face which should have been there was wanting. The eldest and best beloved child was an exile and a wanderer. His name was not once mentioned by his father.

During the night Charles earnestly recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth and her boy to the care of James; "And do not," he good-naturedly added, "let poor Nelly starve." The queen sent excuses for her

absence, by Halifax. She said that she was too much disordered to resume her post by the couch, and implored pardon for any offence which she might unwittingly have given. "She ask my pardon, poor woman!" cried Charles; "I ask hers with all my heart."

The morning light began to peep through the windows of Whitehall; and Charles desired the attendants to pull aside the curtains, that he might have one more look at the day. He remarked that it was time to wind up a clock which stood near his bed. These little circumstances were long remembered, because they proved beyond dispute that, when he declared himself a Roman Catholic, he was in full possession of his faculties. He apologized to those who had stood round him all night for the trouble which he had caused. He had been, he said, a most unconscionable time dying; but he hoped that they would excuse it. This was the last glimpse of that exquisite urbanity, so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation. Soon after dawn the speech of the dying man failed. Before ten his senses were gone. Great numbers had repaired to the churches at the hour of morning service. When the prayer for the king was read, loud groans and sobs showed how deeply his people felt for him. At noon on Friday, the sixth of February, he passed away without a struggle. *Macaulay.*

Execution of Louis XVI.

At nine o'clock Santerre presented himself in the Temple. "You come to seek me," said the king; "allow me a minute." He went into his closet, and immediately came out with his testament in his hand. "I pray you," said he, "to give this packet to the queen, my wife." "That is no concern of mine," replied the worthy representative of the municipality; "I am here only to conduct you to the scaffold." The king then asked another member of the commune to take charge of the document, and said to Santerre, "Let us set off." The municipality next day published the testa-

ment, "as a proof of the fanaticism and crimes of the king:" without intending it, they thereby raised the noblest monument to his memory.

In passing through the court of the Temple, Louis cast a last look to the tower, which contained all that was dear to him in the world; and immediately summoning up his courage, seated himself calmly in the carriage beside his confessor, with two gendarmes on the opposite side. During the passage to the place of execution, which occupied two hours, he never ceased reciting the psalms which was pointed out by the venerable priest. Even the soldiers were astonished at his composure. The streets were filled with an immense crowd, who beheld in silent dismay the mournful procession: a large body of troops surrounded the carriage; a double file of soldiers and National Guards, and a formidable array of cannon, rendered hopeless any attempt at rescue. When the procession arrived at the place of execution, between the gardens of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, he descended from the carriage, and undressed himself without the aid of the executioners, but testified a momentary look of indignation when they began to bind his hands. M. Edgeworth exclaimed, with almost inspired felicity, "Submit to that outrage as the last resemblance to the Saviour, who is about to recompense your sufferings." At these words he resigned himself, and walked to the foot of the scaffold. He there received the sublime benediction from his confessor, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" No sooner had he mounted, than, advancing with a firm step to the front of the scaffold, with one look he imposed silence on twenty drummers, placed there to prevent his being heard, and said, with a loud voice, "I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge; I pardon the authors of my death, and pray God that my blood may never fall upon France. And you, unhappy people—" At these words Santerre ordered the drums to beat; the executioners seized the king, and the descending axe terminated his existence. One of the assistants seized the head and waved it in the air; the blood fell on the confessor, who was still on his knees beside the lifeless body of his sovereign.

Alison.

School-days of Napoleon.

AT an early age he was sent to the military school of Brienne. His character there underwent a rapid alteration. He became thoughtful, studious, contemplative, and diligent in the extreme. His proficiency, especially in mathematics, was soon remarkable; but the quickness of his temper, though subdued, was not extinguished. On one occasion, having been subjected to a degrading punishment by his master, that of dining on his knees at the gate of the refectory, the mortification he experienced was so excessive that it produced a violent vomiting, and a universal tremor of the nerves. But in the games of his companions he was inferior to none in spirit and agility, and already began to evince, in a decided predilection for military pursuits, the native bias of his mind.

During the winter of 1783–4, so remarkable for its severity even in southern latitudes, the amusements of the boys without doors were completely stopped. Napoleon proposed to his companions to beguile the weary hours by forming intrenchments and bastions of snow; with parapets, ravelins, and horn-works. The little army was divided into two parties, one of which was intrusted with the attack, the other with the defence of the works; and the mimic war was continued for several weeks, during which fractures and wounds were received on both sides. On another occasion, the wife of the porter of the school, well known to the boys for the fruit which she sold, having presented herself at the door of their theatre, to be allowed to see the *Death of Cæsar*, which was to be played by the youths, and been refused an entrance, the sergeant at the door, induced by the vehemence of her manner, reported the matter to the young Napoleon, who was the officer in command on the occasion. "Remove that woman, who brings here the license of camps!" said the future ruler of the Revolution.

It was the fortune of the school at Brienne at this time to possess among its scholars, besides Napoleon, another boy, who rose to the highest eminence in the Revolution, Pichegru, afterwards conqueror of Holland. He was several years older than Napoleon, and in-

structed him in the elements of mathematics and the four first rules of arithmetic. Pichegru early perceived the firm character of his little pupil; and when many years afterwards he had embraced the Royalist party, and it was proposed to him to sound Napoleon, then in command of the army of Italy, he replied, "Don't waste time upon him: I have known him from his infancy; his character is inflexible; he has taken his side, and will never swerve from it." The fate of these two illustrious men afterwards rose in painful contrast to each other: Pichegru was strangled in a dungeon when Napoleon was ascending the throne of France.

The speculations of Napoleon at this time were more devoted to political than military subjects. His habits were thoughtful and solitary; and his conversation, even at that early age, was so remarkable for its reflection and energy, that it attracted the notice of the Abbé Raynal, with whom he frequently lived in vacations, and who discoursed with him on government, legislation, and the relations of commerce. He was distinguished by his Italian complexion, his piercing look, and the decided style of his expression: a peculiarity which frequently led to a vehemence of manner, which rendered him not generally popular with his schoolfellows. The moment their playtime arrived, he flew to the library of the school, where he read with avidity the historical works of the ancients, particularly Polybius, Plutarch, and Arrian. His companions disliked him on account of his not joining their games at these hours, and frequently rallied him on his name and Corsican birth. He often said to Bourrienne, his earliest friend, with much bitterness, "I hate these French: I will do them all the mischief in my power." Notwithstanding this, his animosity had nothing ungenerous in it; and when he was intrusted, in his turn, with the enforcing of any regulation which was infringed, he preferred going to prison to informing against the young delinquents.

Though his progress at school was respectable, it was not remarkable; and the notes transmitted to government in 1784 exhibited many other young men

much more distinguished for their early proficiency--a circumstance frequently observable in those who ultimately rise to greatness. In the private instructions communicated to government by the masters of the school, he was characterized as of a "domineering, imperious, and headstrong character."

During the vacations of school, he returned, in general, to Corsica, where he gave vent to the ardour of his mind in traversing the mountains and valleys of that romantic island, and listening to the tales of feudal strife and family revenge by which its inhabitants are so remarkably distinguished. The celebrated Paoli, the hero of Corsica, accompanied him in some of these excursions, and explained to him on the road the actions which he had fought, and the positions which he had occupied, during his struggle for the independence of the island. The energy and decision of his companion at this period made a great impression on that illustrious man. "Oh, Napoleon!" said he, "you do not resemble the moderns—you belong only to the heroes of Plutarch."

Alison.

Battle of the Pyramids.

The sight of the Pyramids, and the anxious nature of the moment, inspired the French general with even more than usual ardour; the sun glittered on those immense masses, which seemed to arise in height every step the soldiers advanced, and the army, sharing his enthusiasm, gazed, as they marched, on the everlasting monuments. "Remember," said he, "that from the summit of those Pyramids forty centuries contemplate your actions."

With his usual sagacity, the general had taken extraordinary precautions to ensure success against the formidable cavalry of the Desert. The divisions were all drawn up as before, in hollow squares six deep, the artillery at the angles, the generals and baggage in the centre. When they were in mass, the two sides advanced in column, those in front and rear moved forward in their ranks, but the moment they were charged, the whole were to halt, and face outward on every side. When they were themselves to charge, the three

front ranks were to break off and form the column of attack, those in the rear remaining behind, still in square, but three deep only, to constitute the reserve. Napoleon had no fears for the result, if the infantry were steady; his only apprehension was that his soldiers, accustomed to charge, would yield to their impetuosity too soon, and would not be brought to the immovable firmness which this species of warfare required.

Mourad Bey no sooner perceived the lateral movement of the French army, than, with a promptitude of decision worthy of a skilful general, he resolved to attack the columns while in the act of completing it. An extraordinary movement was immediately observed in the Mameluke line, and speedily seven thousand horsemen detached themselves from the remainder of the army, and bore down upon the French columns. It was a terrible sight, capable of daunting the bravest troops, when this immense body of cavalry approached at full gallop the squares of infantry. The horsemen, admirably mounted and magnificently dressed, rent the air with their cries. The glitter of spears and cimiters dazzled the sight, while the earth groaned under the repeated and increasing thunder of their feet. The soldiers, impressed, but not panic-struck, by the sight, stood firm, and anxiously waited, with their pieces ready, the order to fire. Desaix's division being entangled in a wood of palm-trees, was not completely formed when the swiftest of the Mamelukes came upon them; they were, in consequence, partially broken, and thirty or forty of the bravest of the assailants penetrated, and died in the midst of the square at the feet of the officers: but before the mass arrived the movement was completed, and a rapid fire of musketry and grape drove them from the front round the sides of the column. With matchless intrepidity, they pierced through the interval between Desaix's and Regnier's divisions, and riding round both squares, strove to find an entrance; but an incessant fire from every front mowed them down as fast as they poured in at the opening. Furious at the unexpected resistance, they dashed their horses against the rampart of bay-

onets, and threw their pistols at the heads of the grenadiers, while many who had lost their steeds crept along the ground and cut at the legs of the front rank with their cimiters. In vain thousands succeeded, and galloped round the flaming walls of steel; multitudes perished under the rolling fire which, without intermission, issued from the ranks, and at length the survivors, in despair, fled towards the camp from whence they had issued. Here, however, they were charged in flank by Napoleon at the head of Dugua's division, while those of Vial and Bon, on the extreme left, stormed the intrenchments. The most horrible confusion now reigned in the camp; the horsemen, driven in in disorder, trampled under foot the infantry, who, panic-struck at the route of the Mamelukes, on whom all their hopes were placed, abandoned their ranks, and rushed in crowds towards the boats to escape to the other side of the Nile. Numbers saved themselves by swimming, but a great proportion perished in the attempt. The Mamelukes, rendered desperate, seeing no possibility of escape in that direction, fell upon the columns who were approaching from the right, with their wings extended in order of attack; but they, forming square again with inconceivable rapidity, repulsed them with great slaughter, and drove them finally off in the direction of the Pyramids. The intrenched camp, with all its artillery, stores, and baggage, fell into the hands of the victors. Several thousands of the Mamelukes were drowned or killed; and of the formidable array which had appeared in such splendour in the morning, not more than two thousand five hundred escaped with Mourad Bey into Upper Egypt. The victors hardly lost two hundred men in the action; and several days were occupied after it was over in stripping the slain of their magnificent appointments, or fishing up the rich spoils which encumbered the banks of the Nile. *Alison.*

Battle of the Nile.

The British ships had a severe fire to sustain as they successively passed along the enemy's line to take up

their appointed stations, and the great size of several of the French squadron rendered them more than a match for any single vessel the English could oppose to them. The Vanguard, which bore proudly down, bearing the admiral's flag and six colours on different parts of the rigging, had every man at the first six guns on the forecastle killed or wounded in a few minutes, and they were three times swept off before the action closed. The Bellerophon dropped her stern anchor close under the bow of the L'Orient, and, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, continued to engage her first-rate antagonist till her own masts had all gone overboard, and every officer was either killed or wounded, when she drifted away with the tide, overwhelmed, but not subdued, a glorious monument of unconquerable valour. As she floated along, she came close to the Swiftsure, which was coming into action, and not having the lights at the mizen-peak, which Nelson had ordered as a signal by which his own ships might distinguish each other, she was at first mistaken for an enemy. Fortunately, Captain Hallowell, who commanded that vessel, had the presence of mind to order his men not to fire till he ascertained whether the hulk was a friend or an enemy, and thus a catastrophe was prevented which might have proved fatal to both of these ships. The station of the Bellerophon in combating the L'Orient was now taken by the Swiftsure, which opened at once a steady fire on the quarter of the Franklin and the bows of the French admiral, while the Alexander anchored on his larboard quarter, and, with the Leander, completed the destruction of their gigantic opponent.

It was now dark, but both fleets were illuminated by the incessant discharge of above two thousand pieces of cannon, and the volumes of flame and smoke that rolled away from the bay gave it the appearance as if a terrific volcano had suddenly burst forth in the midst of the sea. Victory, however, soon declared for the British ; before nine, three ships of the line had struck, and two were dismasted ; and the flames were seen bursting forth from the L'Orient, as she still continued, with unabated energy, her heroic defence. They

spread with frightful rapidity ; the fire of the Swiftsure was directed with such fatal precision to the burning part, that all attempts to extinguish it proved ineffectual, and the masts and rigging were soon wrapped in flames, which threw a prodigious light over the heavens, and rendered the situation of every ship in both fleets distinctly visible. The sight redoubled the ardour of the British seamen, by exhibiting the shattered condition and lowered colours of so many of their enemies, and loud cheers from the whole fleet announced every successive flag that was struck. As the fire approached the magazine of the L'Orient, many officers and men jumped overboard, and were picked up by the English boats; others were dragged into the port-holes of the nearest British ships, who for that purpose suspended their firing ; but the greater part of the crew, with heroic bravery, stood to their guns to the last, and continued to fire from the lower deck. At ten o'clock she blew up, with an explosion so tremendous that nothing in ancient or modern war was ever equal to it. Every ship in the hostile fleets was shaken to its centre ; the firing, by universal consent, ceased on both sides, and the tremendous explosion was followed by a silence still more awful, interrupted only, after the lapse of some minutes, by the splash of the shattered masts and yards falling into the water from the vast height to which they had been thrown. The British ships in the vicinity, with admirable coolness, had made preparations to avoid the conflagration ; all the shrouds and sails were thoroughly wetted, and sailors stationed with buckets of water to extinguish any burning fragments which might fall upon their decks. By these means, although large burning masses fell on the Swiftsure and Alexander, they were extinguished without doing any serious damage.

After a pause of ten minutes the firing recommenced and continued without intermission till after midnight, when it gradually grew slacker, from the shattered condition of the French ships and the exhaustion of the British sailors, numbers of whom fell asleep beside their guns the instant a momentary cessation of loading took place. At daybreak the magnitude of the

victory was apparent ; not a vestige of the L'Orient was to be seen ; the frigate La Serieuse was sunk, and the whole French line, with the exception of the Guillaume Tell and Genereux, had struck their colours. These ships having been little engaged in the action, cut their cables, and stood out to sea, followed by the two frigates : they were gallantly pursued by the Zealous, which was rapidly gaining on them; but as there was no other ship of the line in a condition to support her, she was recalled, and these ships escaped. Had the Culloden not struck on the shoal, and the frigates belonged to the squadron been present, not one of the enemy's fleet would have escaped to convey the mournful tidings to France.

Early in the battle, the English admiral received a severe wound on the head, from a piece of Langridge shot. Captain Berry caught him in his arms as he was falling. Nelson, and all around him, thought, from the great effusion of blood, that he was killed. When he was carried to the cockpit, the surgeon quitted the seamen whose wounds he was dressing to attend to the admiral. "No," said Nelson ; "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." Nor would he suffer his wound to be examined till every man who had previously been brought down was properly attended to. Fully believing that the wound was mortal, and that he was about to die, as he had ever desired, in the moment of victory, he called for the chaplain, and desired him to deliver what he conceived to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson; and, seizing a pen, contrived to write a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which had already been obtained. When the surgeon came in due time to inspect the wound—for no entreaties could prevail on him to let it be examined sooner—the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men, and of the whole crew, when they found the injury was only superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure than the unexpected assurance that his own life was in no danger. When the cry rose that the L'Orient was on fire, he contrived to make his way, alone and unassisted, to the quarter-deck, where he instantly gave orders

that boats should be despatched to the relief of the enemy.

Nor were heroic deeds confined to the British squadron. Most of the captains of the French fleet were killed or wounded, and they all fought with the enthusiastic courage which is characteristic of their nation. The captain of the Tonnant, Petit Thouars, when both his legs were carried away by a cannon ball, refused to quit the quarter-deck, and made his crew swear not to strike their colours as long as they had a man capable of standing to their guns. Admiral Brueys died the death of the brave on his quarter-deck, exhorting his men to continue the combat to the last extremity. Casa Bianca, captain of the L'Orient, fell mortally wounded, when the flames were devouring that splendid vessel; his son, a boy of ten years of age, was combating beside him when he was struck, and, embracing his father, resolutely refused to quit the ship, though a gunboat was come alongside to bring him off. He contrived to bind his dying parent to the mast, which had fallen into the sea, and floated off with the precious charge; he was seen after the explosion by some of the British squadron, who made the utmost efforts to save his life; but, in the agitation of the waves following that dreadful event, both were swallowed up and seen no more. *Alison.*

Defeat of the Old Guard at Waterloo.

The Imperial Guard was divided into two columns, which, advancing from different parts of the field, were to converge to the decisive point on the British right centre, about midway between La Haye Sainte and the nearest enclosures of Hougoumont. Reille commanded the first column, which was supported by all the infantry and cavalry which remained of his corps on either flank, and advanced up the hill in a slanting direction, beside the orchard of Hougoumont. The second was headed by Ney in person, and moving down the *chaussée* of Charleroi to the bottom of the slope, it then inclined to the left, and leaving La Haye

Sainte to the right, mounted the slope, also in a slanting direction, converging towards the same point whither the other column was directing its steps. Napoleon went with this column as far as the place where it left the hollow of the high road, and spoke a few words—the last he ever addressed to his soldiers—to each battalion in passing. The men moved on with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, so loud as to be heard along the whole British line, above the roar of artillery, and it was universally thought the emperor himself was heading the attack. But, meanwhile, Wellington had not been idle. Sir Frederic Adam's brigade, consisting of the 52nd, 71st, and 95th, and General Maitland's brigade of Guards, which had been drawn from Hougoumont, with Chasse's Dutch troops, yet fresh, were ordered to bring up their right shoulders, and wheel inward, with their guns in front, towards the edge of the ridge; and the whole batteries in that quarter inclined to the left, so as to expose the advancing columns coming up to a concentric fire on either flank: the central point, where the attack seemed likely to fall, was strengthened by nine heavy guns: the troops at that point were drawn up four deep, in the form of an interior angle: the Guards forming one side, the 73rd and 30th the other; while the light cavalry of Vivian and Vandeleur was brought up behind the line, at the back of La Haye Sainte, and stationed close in the rear, so as to be ready to make the most of any advantage which might occur.

It was a quarter past seven when the first column of the Old Guard, under Reille, advanced to the attack; but the effect of the artillery on its flank was such, that the cavalry were quickly dispersed; and the French battalions uncovered, showed their long flank to Adam's guns, which opened on them a fire so terrible, that the head of the column, constantly pushed on by the mass in rear, never advanced, but melted away as it came into the scene of carnage. Shortly after, Ney's column approached with an intrepid step: the veterans of Wagram and Austerlitz were there; no force on earth seemed capable of resisting them: they had decided every former battle. Drouot was beside the marshal,

who repeatedly said to him they were about to gain a glorious victory. General Friant was killed by Ney's side: the marshal's own horse was shot under him; but bravely advancing on foot, with his drawn sabre in his hand, he sought death from the enemy's volleys. The impulse of this massy column was at first irresistible; the guns were forced back, and the Imperial Guard came up to within forty paces of the English Foot Guards, and the 73rd and 30th regiments. These men were lying down, four deep, in a small ditch behind the rough road which there goes along the summit of the ridge. "Up Guards, and at them!" cried the duke, who had repaired to the spot; and the whole, on both sides of the angle into which the French were advancing, springing up, moved forward a few paces, and poured in a volley so close and well directed, that nearly the whole first two ranks of the French fell at once. Gradually advancing, they now pushed the immense column, yet bravely combating, down the slope; and Wellington, at that decisive instant, ordered Vivian's brigade to charge the retiring body on one flank, while Adam's foot advanced against it on the other. The effect of this triple attack, at once in front and on both flanks, was decisive: the 52nd and 71st, swiftly converging inward, threw in so terrible a volley on their left flank, that the Imperial Guard swerved in disorder to the right; and at that very instant the 10th, 18th, and 21st dragoons, under Vivian, bore down with irresistible fury, and piercing right through the body, threw it into irrecoverable confusion. The cry, "Tout est perdu—la Garde recule!" arose in the French ranks, and the enormous mass, driven headlong down the hill, overwhelmed everything which came in its way, and spread disorder through the whole French centre.

Alison.

Effects of Steam Navigation.

CONTEMPORARY with the great development of civilized energy, has arisen a new power communicated to man, calculated, in an immeasurable manner, to aid the ex-

tension of civilization and religion through the desert or barbarous portions of the earth. At the moment when Napoleon's armies were approaching Moscow, when Wellington's legions were combating on the Tormes, Steam Navigation arose into existence, and a new power was let into human affairs, before which at once the forces of barbarism and the seclusion of the desert must yield. In January, 1812, not one steam-boat existed in the world ; now, on the rivers beyond the Alleghany Mountains alone, there are five hundred. Even the death-bestridden gales of the Niger will in the end yield to the force of scientific enterprise, and the fountains of the Nile themselves emerge from the solemn obscurity of six thousand years. The great rivers of the world have now become the highways of civilization and religion. The Russian battalions will securely commit themselves to the waves of the Euphrates, and waft again to the plains of Shinar the blessings of regular government and a beneficent faith: remounting the St. Lawrence and the Missouri, the British emigrants will carry into the solitudes of the Far West the Bible and the wonders of European civilization. Such have been the final results of the second revolt of Lucifer, the Prince of the Morning. Was a great and durable impression made on human affairs by the infidel race ? No ! It was overruled by Almighty Power ; on either side it found the brazen walls which it could not pass. In defiance of all its efforts, the British navy and the Russian army rose invincible above its arms ; the champions of Christianity in the East, and the leaders of religious freedom in the West, came forth like giants refreshed with wine from the termination of the fight. The infidel race, which aimed at the dominion of the world, served only by their efforts to augment the strength of its destined rulers ; and from amid the ruins of its power emerged the ark which was to carry the stream of religion to the Western, and the invincible host which was to spread the glad tidings of the Gospel through the Eastern world.

Alison.

Departure of the Reformer Zwingle for Battle.

ZWINGLE was seen to issue from a house before which a caparisoned horse was stamping impatiently; it was his own. His look was firm, but dimmed by sorrow. He parted from his wife, his children, and his numerous friends, without deceiving himself, and with a bruised heart. He observed the thick waterspout, which, driven by a terrible wind, advanced whirling towards him. Alas! he had himself called up this hurricane by quitting the atmosphere of the Gospel of peace, and throwing himself into the midst of political passions. He was convinced that he would be the first victim. Fifteen days before the attack of the Waldstettes, he had said from the pulpit: "I know what is the meaning of all this:—it is all about me. All this comes to pass—in order that I may die." The council, according to an ancient custom, had called upon him to accompany the army as its chaplain. Zwingle did not hesitate. He prepared himself without surprise and without anger,—with the calmness of a Christian who placed himself confidently in the hands of his God. If the cause of Reform was doomed to perish, he was ready to perish with it. Surrounded by his weeping wife and friends—by his children who clung to his garments to detain him, he quitted that house where he had tasted so much happiness. At the moment that his hand was upon his horse, just as he was about to mount, the animal violently started back several paces, and when he was at last in the saddle, it refused for a time to move, rearing and prancing backwards, like that horse which the greatest captain of modern times had mounted as he was about to cross the Niemen. Many in Zurich at that time thought, with the soldier of the Grand Army when he saw Napoleon on the ground: "It is a bad omen! a Roman would go back!" Zwingle having at last mastered his horse, gave the reins, applied the spur, started forward, and disappeared.

At eleven o'clock the flag was struck, and all who remained in the square—about 500 men—began their march along with it. The greater part were torn with difficulty from the arms of their families, and walked

sad and silent, as if they were going to the scaffold instead of battle. There was no order—no plan; the men were isolated and scattered, some running before, some after the colours, their extreme confusion presenting a fearful appearance; so much so, that those who remained behind—the women, the children, and the old men, filled with gloomy forebodings, beat their breasts as they saw them pass, and many years after, the remembrance of this day of tumult and mourning drew this groan from Oswald Myconius: "Whenever I recall it to mind. it is as if a sword pierced my heart." Zwingle, armed according to the usage of the chaplains of the Confederation, rode mournfully behind this distracted multitude. Myconius, when he saw him, was nigh fainting. Zwingle disappeared, and Oswald remained behind to weep.

He did not shed tears alone; in all quarters were heard lamentations, and every house was changed into a house of prayer. In the midst of this universal sorrow, one woman remained silent; her only cry was a bitter heart, her only language the mild and suppliant eye of faith:—this was Anna, Zwingle's wife. She had seen her husband depart—her son, her brother, a great number of intimate friends and near relations, whose approaching death she foreboded. But her soul, strong as that of her husband, offered to God the sacrifice of her holiest affections. Gradually the defenders of Zurich precipitate their march, and the tumult dies away in the distance. *D'Aubigné.*

Death of Zwingle.

The death of one individual far surpassed all others. Zwingle was at the post of danger, the helmet on his head, the sword hanging at his side, the battle-axe in his hand. Scarcely had the action begun, when, stooping to console a dying man, says J. J. Hottinger, a stone, hurled by the vigorous arm of a Waldstette, struck him on the head and closed his lips. Yet Zwingle arose, when two other blows, which struck him successively on the leg, threw him down again. Twice more he stands up; but a fourth time he receives a thrust

from a lance, he staggers, and sinking beneath so many wounds, falls on his knees. Does not the darkness that is spreading around him announce a still thicker darkness that is about to cover the Church? Zwingle turns away from such sad thoughts; once more he uplifts that head which had been so bold, and gazing with calm eye upon the trickling blood, exclaims: "What evil is this? They can indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul?" These were his last words.

He had scarcely uttered them ere he fell backwards. There under a tree (Zwingle's Pear-tree) in a meadow, he remained lying on his back, with clasped hands and eyes upturned to heaven.

As Zwingle lay extended under the tree, near the road by which the mass of the people was passing; the shouts of the victors, the groans of the dying, those flickering torches borne from corpse to corpse, Zurich humbled, the cause of Reform lost,—all cried aloud to him that God punishes his servants when they have recourse to the arm of man. If the German Reformer had been able to approach Zwingle at this solemn moment, and pronounce these oft-repeated words: "Christians fight not with sword and arquebus, but with sufferings and the cross," Zwingle would have stretched out his dying hand, and said: "Amen!"

Two of the soldiers who were prowling over the field of battle, having come near the reformer without recognising him, "Do you wish for a priest to confess yourself?" asked they. Zwingle, without speaking (for he had not strength), made signs in the negative. "If you cannot speak," replied the soldiers, "at least think in thy heart of the Mother of God, and call upon the saints!" Zwingle again shook his head, and kept his eyes still fixed on heaven. Upon this the irritated soldiers began to curse him. "No doubt," said they, "you are one of the heretics of the city!" One of them,being curious to know who it was,stooped down and turned Zwingle's head in the direction of a fire that had been lighted near the spot. The soldier immediately let him fall to the ground. "I think," said he, surprised and amazed, "I think it is Zwingle!" At this moment

Captain Fockinger, of Unterwalden, a veteran and a pensioner, drew near: he had heard the last words of the soldier. "Zwingle!" exclaimed he; "that vile heretic Zwingle! that rascal, that traitor!" Then raising his sword, so long sold to the stranger, he struck the dying Christian on the throat, exclaiming in a violent passion, "Die, obstinate heretic!" Yielding under this last blow, the reformer gave up the ghost: he was doomed to perish by the sword of a mercenary. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." The soldiers ran to other victims. All did not show the same barbarity. The night was cold; a thick hoarfrost covered the fields and the bodies of the dying.

At length the day appeared. The Waldstettes spread over the field of battle, running here and there, stopping, contemplating, struck with surprise at the sight of their most formidable enemies stretched lifeless on the plain; but sometimes also shedding tears as they gazed on corpses which reminded them of old and sacred ties of friendship. At length they reached the pear-tree under which Zwingle lay dead, and an immense crowd collected around it. His countenance still beamed with expression and with life. "He has the look," said Bartholomew Stocker of Zug, who had loved him, "he has the look of a living rather than of a dead man. Such he was when he kindled the people by the fire of his eloquence." All eyes were fixed upon the corpse. John Schonbrunner, formerly canon of Zurich, who had retired to Zug at the epoch of the Reformation, could not restrain his tears. "Whatever may have been thy creed," said he, "I know, Zwingle, that thou hast been a loyal Confederate! May thy soul rest with God!"

But the pensioners of the foreigner, on whom Zwingle had never ceased to make war, required that the body of the heretic should be dismembered, and a portion sent to each of the Five Cantons. "Peace be to the dead! and God alone be their Judge!" exclaimed the avoyer Golder, and the landamman Thoss of Zug. Cries of fury answered their appeal, and compelled them to retire. Immediately the drums beat to muster; the dead body was tried, and it was decreed that it

should be quartered for treason against the Confederation, and then burnt for heresy. The executioner of Lucerne carried out the sentence. Flames consumed Zwingle's disjointed members; the ashes of swine were mingled with his: and a lawless multitude rushing upon his remains, flung them to the four winds of heaven.

Zwingle was dead. A great light had been extinguished in the Church of God. Mighty by the Word as were the other reformers, he had been more so than they in action; but this very power had been his weakness, and he had fallen under the weight of his own strength. Zwingle was not forty-eight years old when he died. If the might of God always accompanied the might of man, what would he not have done for the Reformation in Switzerland, and even in the Empire! But he had wielded an arm that God had forbidden; the helmet had covered his head, and he had grasped the halberd. His more devoted friends were themselves astonished, and exclaimed: "We know not what to say!...a bishop in arms!" The bolt had furrowed the cloud, the blow had reached the reformer, and his body was no more than a handful of dust in the palm of a soldier. *D'Aubigné.*

Execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

On Tuesday, the seventh of February, the two earls arrived at Fotheringay, and demanded access to the queen, read in her presence the warrant for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, "That soul," said she, "is not worthy the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and though I did not expect that the queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot;" and laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of

that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life. She then mentioned the requests contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated with particular earnestness, that now in her last moments her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and though overawed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind herself, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief; and falling on her knees with all her domestics round her, she thanked Heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the king of France, and another to the duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness; she drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock the high sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution,

leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck; her beads at her girdle; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears; and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, "Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present great cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stewart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings, as she has long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his rights; and God forgive all those who have thirsted without cause for my blood."

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men-servants and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as a chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf; but she declared that she could not in con-

science hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and kneeling down, repeated a Latin prayer. When the dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and lifting up and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins."

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite gray with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood, and the dean crying out, "So perish all queen Elizabeth's enemies," the earl of Kent alone answered Amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears; being incapable, at that moment, of any other sentiment but those of pity or admiration.

Such was the tragical death of Mary, queen of Scots, after a life of forty-four years and two months, almost nineteen years of which she passed in captivity. The political parties which were formed in the kingdom during her reign, have subsisted under various denominations ever since that time. The rancour with which they were at first animated, hath descended to succeeding ages, and their prejudices, as well as their rage, have been perpetuated, and even augmented. Among historians, who were under the dominion of all these passions, and who have either ascribed to her every virtuous and amiable quality, or have imputed to

her all the vices of which the human heart is susceptible, we search in vain for Mary's real character. She neither merited the exaggerated praises of the one, nor the undistinguished censure of the other.

Robertson.

Abdication of the Emperor Charles V.

CHARLES resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction, and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp as might leave a lasting impression on the minds not only of his subjects but of his successor, called Philip out of England, where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries at Brussels, on the twenty-fifth of October, Charles seated himself for the last time in the chair of state, on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands, with a splendid retinue of the princes of the empire and grandees of Spain standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained in few words his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries, absolving his subjects there from the oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience, and from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted, with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things

which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughs and attention to public objects, reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure; that either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times. England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea; that while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue; that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire, nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to secure to them the happiness which he wished they should enjoy; that instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth all the attention and sagacity of maturer years; that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government, or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness; that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services, and in his last prayers to Almighty God would pour forth his most earnest petitions for their welfare.

Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand,—"If," says he, "I had left you by my death this rich inheritance, to which I

have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account; but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might have still retained, I may well expect the warmest expression of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense, and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects, and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I, this day, give of my paternal affection, and to demonstrate that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people; and if the time should ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you."

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair, exhausted and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears, some from admiration of his magnanimity, others softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow at losing a sovereign, who, during his administration, had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment. *Robertson.*

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The Departed Spirits of the Just are Spectators of our Conduct on Earth.

FROM what happened on the Mount of Transfiguration, we may infer, not only that the separated spirits of good men live and act, and enjoy happiness; but that they take some interest in the business of this world, and even that their interest in it has a connection with the pursuits and habits of their former life. The virtuous cares which occupied them on earth, follow them into their new abode. Moses and Elias had spent the days of their temporal pilgrimage in promoting among their brethren, the knowledge and the worship of the true God. They are still attentive to the same great object; and enraptured at the prospect of its advancement, they descend on this occasion to animate the labours of Jesus, and to prepare him for his victory over the powers of hell.

What a delightful subject of contemplation does this reflection open to the pious and benevolent mind! what a spring does it give to all the better energies of the heart! Your labours of love, your plans of beneficence, your swellings of satisfaction in the rising reputation of those whose virtues you have cherished, will not, we have reason to hope, be terminated by the stroke of death. No!—your spirits will still linger around the objects of their former attachment; they will behold with rapture, even the distant effects of those beneficent institutions which they once delighted to rear; they will watch with a pious satisfaction over the growing prosperity of the country which they loved; with a parent's fondness, and a parent's exultation, they will share in the fame of their virtuous posterity; and—by the permission of God—they may descend, at times, as guardian angels, to shield them from danger, and to conduct them to glory!

Of all the thoughts that can enter the human mind, this is one of the most animating and consolatory. It

scatters flowers around the bed of death. It enables us who are left behind, to support with firmness, the departure of our best beloved friends, because it teaches us that they are not lost to us for ever. They are still our friends. Though they be now gone to another apartment in our Father's house, they have carried with them the remembrance and the feeling of their former attachments. Though invisible to us—they bend from their dwelling on high, to cheer us in our pilgrimage of duty, to rejoice with us in our prosperity, and, in the hour of virtuous exertion, to shed through our souls, the blessedness of heaven. *Finlayson.*

Time and Manner of the Arrival of Death.

DEATH is called, in Scripture, the land without any order; and, without any order, the king of terrors makes his approaches in the world. The commission given from on high, was, "Go into the world: Strike! strike! so that the dead may alarm the living." Hence it is, that we seldom see men running the full career of life; growing old among their children's children, and then falling asleep in the arms of nature, as in the embraces of a kind mother—coming to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe, like flowers that shut up at the close of the day. Death walks through the world without any order. He delights to surprise, to give a shock to mankind. Hence, he leaves the wretched to prolong the line of their sorrows, and cuts off the fortunate in the midst of their career; he suffers the aged to survive himself, to outlive life, to stalk about the ghost of what he was; and aims his arrow at the heart of the young, who puts the evil day far from him. He delights to see the feeble carrying the vigorous to the grave, and the father building the tomb of his children. Often, when his approaches are least expected, he bursts at once upon the world, like an earthquake in the dead of night, or thunder in the serenest sky. All ages and conditions he sweeps away without distinction, the young man just entering into life, high in hope,

elated with joy, and promising to himself a length of years; the father of a family, from the embraces of his wife and children; the man of the world, when his designs are ripening to execution, and the long expected crisis of enjoyment seems to approach. These, and all others, are hurried promiscuously off the stage, and laid, without order, in the common grave. Every path in the world leads to the tomb, and every hour in life hath been to some the last hour.

Without order, too, is the manner of death's approach. The king of terrors wears a thousand forms: pains and diseases—a numerous and direful train—compose his host. Marking out unhappy man for their prey, they attack the seat of life, or the seat of understanding; hurry him off the stage in an instant, or make him pine by slow degrees. Blasting the bloom of life, or waiting till the decline, according to the pathetic picture of Solomon, "they make the strong men bow themselves, and the keepers of the house tremble; make the grinders cease; bring the daughters of music low; darken the sun and the moon, and the stars; scatter fears in the way, and make desire itself to fail; until the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken; when the dust returns to the dust as it was, and the spirit ascends to God who gave it. *Logan.*

On the Threatened Invasion in 1803.

By a series of criminal enterprises, by the success of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished. The subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere, who are in possession of equal laws, and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the Continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode: but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed

in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled—in the Thermopylæ of the world. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned—the most important by far of sublunary interests!—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine—under God—in what condition the latest posterity shall be born. Their fortunes are entrusted to your care; and on your conduct, at this moment, depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here; whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you, then, to decide, whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic torch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence—the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellish life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders—it is for you to decide, whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapped in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger, must vanish; and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the host to war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid. She will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet—many, to the sanctuary. The faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God. The feeble hands, which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from

myriads of humble contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven, with the shouts of battle, and the shock of arms. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall—you will have the satisfaction—the purest allotted to man—of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period—and they will incessantly revolve them—will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine, that the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever, that they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And thou, sole Ruler of the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, gird on thy sword, thou Most Mighty! Go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence! Pour into their hearts the spirits of departed heroes! Inspire them with their own; and, while led by thy hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire! Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.

Hall.

The Christian Mother.

If the sex, in their intercourse, are of the highest importance to the moral and religious state of society, they are still more so in their domestic relations. What a public blessing, what an instrument of the most exalted good, is a VIRTUOUS CHRISTIAN MOTHER! It would require a far other pen than mine, to trace the merits of such a character. How many perhaps who now hear me, feel that they owe to it all the virtue and piety that adorns them; or may recollect, at this moment, some saint in heaven, that brought them into light, to labour for their happiness, temporal and eternal! No one can be ignorant of the irresistible influence which such a mother possesses, in forming the hearts of her children, at a season when nature takes in lesson and example at every pore. Confined by duty and inclination within the walls of her own house, every hour of her life becomes an hour of instruction, every feature of her conduct a transplanted virtue. Methinks I behold her encircled by her beloved charge, like a being more than human, to whom every mind is bent, and every eye directed—the eager simplicity of infancy inhaling from her lips the sacred truths of religion, in adapted phrase, and familiar story—the whole rule of their moral and religious duties simplified for easier infusion. The countenance of this fond and anxious parent, all beaming with delight and love; and her eye raised occasionally to heaven, in fervent supplication for a blessing on her work. Oh what a glorious part does such a woman act on the great theatre of humanity; and how much is the mortal to be pitied, who is not struck with the image of such excellence! When I look to its consequences, direct and remote, I see the plant she has raised and cultivated, spreading through the community with the richest increase of fruit; I see her diffusing happiness and virtue through a great portion of the human race; I can fancy generations yet unborn, rising to prove and to hail her worth; and I adore that God, who can destine a SINGLE HUMAN CREATURE to be the stem of such extended and incalculable benefit to the world. *Kirwan.*

Christ our Consolation and Relief, under the apprehension of being separated by Death from those we Love.

JESUS CHRIST gives us the victory over death, by yielding us consolation and relief, under the fears that arise in the mind, upon the awful transition from this world to the next.

Who ever left the precincts of mortality, without casting a wishful look on what he left behind, and a trembling eye on the scene that is before him? Being formed by our Creator for enjoyments even in this life, we are endowed with a sensibility to the objects around us. We have affections, and we delight to indulge them: we have hearts, and we want to bestow them. Bad as the world is, we find in it objects of affection and attachment. Even in this waste and howling wilderness, there are spots of verdure and beauty, of power to charm the mind, and make us cry out, "It is good for us to be here." When after the observation and experience of years, we have found out the object of the soul, and met with minds congenial to our own, what pangs must it give to the heart, to think of parting for ever? We even contract an attachment to inanimate objects. The tree under whose shadow we have often sat; the fields where we have frequently strayed; the hill, the scene of contemplation, or the haunt of friendship; become objects of passion to the mind, and upon our leaving them excite a temporary sorrow and regret. If these things can affect us with uneasiness, how great must be the affliction, when stretched upon that bed, from which we shall rise no more, and looking about for the last time on the sad circle of our weeping friends,—how great must be the affliction, to dissolve at once all the attachments of life; to bid an eternal adieu to the friends whom we have long loved, and to part for ever with all that is dear below the sun! But let not the Christian be disconsolate. He parts with the objects of his affection, to meet them again; to meet them in a better world, where change never enters, and from whose blissful mansions sorrow flies away. At the resurrection of the just—in the great assembly of the sons of God, when all the family of heaven are gathered to-

gether—not one person shall be missing, that was worthy of thy affection or esteem. And if, among imperfect creatures, and in a troubled world, the kind, the tender, and the generous affections, have such power to charm the heart, that even the tears which they occasion, delight us; what joy unspeakable and glorious will they produce, when they exist in perfect minds, and are improved by the purity of the heavens! *Logan.*

Infatuation of Mankind, with regard to the Things of Time.

But if no danger is to be apprehended while the thunder of heaven rolls at a distance, believe me, when it collects over our heads, we may be fatally convinced, that a well spent life is the only conductor that can avert the bolt. Let us reflect, that time waits for no man. Sleeping or waking, our days are on the wing. If we look to those that are past, they are but as a point. When I compare the present aspect of this city, with that which is exhibited within the short space of my own residence, what does the result present, but the most melancholy proof of human instability? New characters in every scene; new events, new principles, new passions; a new creation insensibly arisen from the ashes of the old; which side soever I look, the ravage of death has nearly renovated all. Scarcely do we look around us in life, when our children are matured, and remind us of the grave. The great feature of all nature is rapidity of growth and declension. Ages are renewed, but the figure of the world passeth away. God only remains the same. The torrent that sweeps by, runs at the base of his immutability; and he sees, with indignation, wretched mortals, as they pass along, insulting him by the visionary hope of sharing that attribute, which belongs to Him alone.

It is to the incomprehensible oblivion of our mortality, that the world owes all its fascination. Observe for what man toils. Observe what it often costs him to become rich and great—dismal vicissitudes of hope and disappointment—often all that can degrade the dignity of his nature, and offend his God—study the

matter of the pedestal, and the instability of the statue. Scarce is it erected,—scarce presented to the stare of the multitude—when death, starting like a massy fragment from the summit of a mountain, dashes the proud colossus into dust! Where, then, is the promised fruit of all his toil? Where the wretched and deluded being, who fondly promised himself that he had laid up much goods for many years?—Gone, my brethren, to his account a naked victim, trembling in the hands of the living God! Yes, my brethren, the final catastrophe of all human passions, is rapid as it is awful. Fancy yourselves on that bed from which you never shall rise, and the reflection will exhibit, like a true and faithful mirror, what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. Happy they who meet that great, inevitable transition, full of days! Unhappy they who meet it but to tremble and despair! Then it is that man learns wisdom, when too late; then it is that every thing will forsake him, but his virtues or his crimes. To him the world is past; dignities, honours, pleasure, glory!—past like the cloud of the morning! nor could all that the great globe inherits, afford him, at that tremendous hour, as much consolation as the recollection of having given but one cup of cold water to a child of wretchedness, in the name of Christ Jesus! *Kirwan.*

Danger of Delay in Matters of Religion.

By long delaying, your conversion may become altogether impossible.

Habit, says the proverb, is a second nature; and indeed it is stronger than the first. At first, we easily take the bend, and are moulded by the hands of the master; but this nature of our own making is proof against alteration. The Ethiopian may as soon change his skin, and the leopard his spots; the tormented in hell may as soon revisit the earth; as those who have been long accustomed to do evil, may learn to do well. Such is the wise appointment of Heaven, to deter sinners from delaying their repentance. When the evil principle hath corrupted the whole capacity of the mind; when sin, by its frequency and its duration, is woven into the very

essence of the soul, and is become part of ourselves; when the sense of moral good and evil is almost totally extinct; when conscience is seared, as with a hot iron; when the heart is so hard, that the arrows of the Almighty cannot pierce it; and when, by a long course of crimes, we have become, what the Scripture most emphatically calls, "vessels of wrath fitted for destruction;"—then we have filled up the measure of our sins; then Almighty God swears in his wrath, that we shall not enter into his rest; then there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking-for of wrath and indignation, which shall devour the adversary. Almighty God, weary of bearing with the sons of men, delivers them over to a reprobate mind; when, like Pharaoh, they survive only as monuments of wrath; when, like Esau, they cannot find a place for repentance, although they seek it carefully with tears; when, like the foolish virgins, they come knocking—but the door of mercy is shut for ever!

Further let me remind you, my brethren, that if you repent not now, perhaps you will not have another opportunity. You say you will repent in some future period of time; but are you sure of arriving at that future period of time? Have you one hour in your hand? Have you one minute at your disposal? Boast not thyself of to-morrow. Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Before to-morrow, multitudes shall be in another world. Art thou sure that thou art not of the number? Man knoweth not his time. As the fishes that are taken in an evil net, as the birds that are caught in the snare; so are the sons of men snared in an evil hour. Can you recall to mind none of your companions—none of the partners of your follies and your sins, cut off in an unconverted state—cut off perhaps in the midst of an unfinished debauch, and hurried, with all their transgressions upon their head, to give in their account to God, the Judge of all? Could I show you the state in which they are now; could an angel from heaven unbar the gates of the everlasting prison; could you discern the late companions of your wanton hours, overwhelmed with torment and despair; could you hear the cry of their torment, which ascend-

eth up for ever and ever; could you hear them upbraiding you as the partners of their crimes, and accusing you as in some measure the cause of their damnation!—Great God! how would your hair stand on end! how would your heart die within you! how would conscience fix all her stings, and remorse, awaking a new hell within you, torment you before the time! Had a like untimely fate snatched you away then, where had you been now? And is this the improvement which you make of that longer day of grace with which Heaven has been pleased to favour you? Is this the return you make to the Divine goodness, for prolonging your lives, and indulging you with a longer day of repentance? Have you in good earnest determined within yourself, that you will weary out the long-suffering of God, and force destruction from his reluctant hand?

I beseech, I implore you, my brethren, in the bonds of friendship, and in the bowels of the Lord; by the tender mercies of the God of Peace; by the dying love of a crucified Redeemer; by the precious promises and awful threatenings of the Gospel; by all your hopes of heaven, and fears of hell; by the worth of your immortal souls; and by all that is dear to men, I conjure you to accept of the offers of mercy, and fly from the wrath to come.—"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." All the treasures of heaven are now opening to you; the blood of Christ is now speaking for the remission of your sins; the Church on earth stretches out its arms to receive you; the spirits of just men made perfect are eager to enrol you amongst the number of the blessed; the angels and archangels are waiting to break out into new hallelujahs of joy on your return; the whole Trinity is now employed in your behalf; God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, at this instant, call upon you weary and heavy laden, to come unto them, that ye may have rest unto your souls!

Logan.

On the Death of the Princess Charlotte.

THAT such an event should affect us in a manner very superior to similar calamities in private life, is agreeable

to the order of nature, and the will of God; nor is the profound sensation it has produced, to be considered as the symbol of courtly adulation. The catastrophe itself, it is true, apart from its peculiar circumstances, is not a rare occurrence. Mothers often expire in the ineffectual effort to give birth to their offspring: both are consigned to the same tomb; and the survivor, after witnessing the wreck of so many hopes and joys, is left to mourn alone, "refusing to be comforted, because they are not."

There is no sorrow which imagination can picture, no sign of anguish which nature, agonized and oppressed, can exhibit, no accent of wo—but what is already familiar to the ear of fallen, afflicted humanity; and the roll which Ezekiel beheld flying through the heavens, inscribed within and without, "with sorrow, lamentation and wo," enters, sooner or later, into every house, and discharges its contents into every bosom. But, in the private departments of life, the distressing incidents which occur, are confined to a narrow circle. The hope of an individual is crushed; the happiness of a family is destroyed; but the social system is unimpaired, and its movements experience no impediment, and sustain no sensible injury. The arrow passes through the air, which soon closes upon it, and all again is tranquil. But when the great lights and ornaments of the world, placed aloft to conduct its inferior movements, are extinguished—such an event resembles the apocalyptic vial poured into that element which changes its whole temperature, and is the presage of fearful commotions, of thunders, and lightnings, and tempests.

Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference, the Princess enjoyed the highest connubial felicity; and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private life, with the splendour of a royal station. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned, in her every hope was centered, and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity—excepting perpetuity. To a grandeur of

mind suited to her illustrious birth and lofty destination, she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature, and the charms of retirement; where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting, with her illustrious consort, the cottages of the poor, in improving her virtues, in perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power, and the cares of empire.

One thing was only wanting to render our satisfaction complete, in the prospect of the accession of such a Princess—it was, that she might become the living mother of children.

The long-wished-for moment at length arrived; but, alas! the event, anticipated with so much eagerness, will form the most melancholy page in our history. It is no reflection on this amiable Princess to suppose, that in her early dawn, with the "dew of her youth" so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation, which she was born to govern; and that, while she contemplated its pre-eminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions extending to the whole earth; she considered them as so many component parts of her own grandeur. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emotions of trembling ecstasy, when she reflected, that it was her province to live entirely for others; to compose the felicity of a great people; to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy, the most enlarged; of wisdom, the most enlightened; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society, which was to decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equalling, or surpassing, the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remem-

brance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add, that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her, in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped, that a life so inestimable would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon, amidst the embraces of her family, and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room, but the funeral pall and shroud; a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! Oh the unspeakable vanity of human hopes! the incurable blindness of man to futurity!—ever doomed to grasp at shadows, to seize with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hand, "to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind."

Without the slightest warning, without the opportunity of a moment's immediate preparation, in the midst of the deepest tranquillity—at midnight—a voice was heard in the palace, not of singing men and singing women, not of revelry and mirth; but the cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh!" The mother, in the bloom of youth, spared just long enough to hear the tidings of her infant's death, almost immediately, as if summoned by his spirit, follows him into eternity. "It is a night much to be remembered!" Who foretold this event? Who conjectured it? Who detected at a distance the faintest presage of its approach?—which, when it arrived, mocked the efforts of human skill, as much by their incapacity to prevent, as their inability to foresee it! Unmoved by the tears of conjugal affection, unawed by the presence of grandeur, and the prerogatives of power, inexorable death hastened to execute his stern commission, leaving nothing to royalty itself, but to retire and weep. Who can fail to discern, on this awful occasion, the hand of Him who "bringeth princes to nothing, who maketh the judges of the earth as vanity; who says, they

shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown; yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth; and he shall blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble?"

But is it now any subject of regret, think you, to this amiable Princess so suddenly removed, "that her sun went down while it was yet day;" or that, prematurely snatched from prospects the most brilliant and enchanting, she was compelled to close her eyes so soon on a world, of whose grandeur she formed so conspicuous a part? No! in the full fruition of eternal joys, for which, we humbly hope, religion prepared her, she is so far from looking back with lingering regret on what she has quitted, that she is surprised it had the power of affecting her so much; that she took so deep an interest in the scenes of this shadowy state of being, while so near to an "eternal weight of glory;" and, so far as memory may be supposed to contribute to her happiness, by associating the present with the past, it is not by the recollection of her illustrious birth and elevated prospects—but that she visited the abodes of the poor, and learned to weep with those that weep; that, surrounded with the fascinations of pleasure, she was not inebriated by its charms; that she resisted the strongest temptations to pride, preserved her ears open to truth, was impatient of the voice of flattery; in a word, that she sought and cherished the inspirations of piety, and walked humbly with her God.

The nation has certainly not been wanting in the proper expression of its poignant regret at the sudden removal of this most lamented Princess; nor of their sympathy with the royal family, deprived, by this visitation, of its brightest ornament. Sorrow is painted in every countenance, the pursuits of business and of pleasure have been suspended, and the kingdom is covered with the signals of distress.——But what (my friends) if it were lawful to indulge such a thought—what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle; or, could we realize the calamity, in all its extent, what tokens of commisera-

tion and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness? to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth? or, were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for it to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe? *Hall.*

On the Death of Princess Charlotte.

Oh! how it tends to quiet the agitations of every earthly interest and earthly passion, when death steps forward, and demonstrates the littleness of them all—when he stamps a character of such affecting insignificance on all that we are contending for—when, as if to make known the greatness of his power in the sight of a whole country, he stalks in ghastly triumph over the might and the grandeur of its most august family, and singling out that member of it in whom the dearest hopes and the gayest visions of the people were suspended, he, by one fatal and resistless blow, sends abroad the fame of his victory and his strength, throughout the wide extent of an afflicted nation! He has indeed put a cruel and impressive mockery on all the glories of mortality. A few days ago, all looked so full of life, and promise, and security—when we read of the bustle of the great preparation—and were told of the skill and the talent that were pressed into the service—and heard of the goodly attendance of the most eminent of the nation—and how officers of state, and the titled dignitaries of the land, were charioted in splendour to the scene of expectation, as to the joys of an approaching holiday—yes, and were told too, that the bells of the surrounding villages were all in readiness for the merry peal of gratulation, and that the expectant metropolis of our empire, on tiptoe for the announcement of her future monarch, had her winged couriers of despatch to speed the welcome message to the ears of her citizens, and that from her an embassy of gladness was to travel over all the provinces of the land; and the country, forgetful of all

that she had suffered, was at length to offer the spectacle of one wide and rejoicing jubilee. O death! thou hast indeed chosen the time and the victim, for demonstrating the grim ascendancy of thy power over all the hopes and fortunes of our species!—Our blooming Princess, whom fancy had decked with the coronet of these realms, and under whose sway all bade so fair for the good and the peace of the nation, has he placed upon her bier! and, as if to fill up the measure of his triumph, has he laid by her side, that babe, who, but for him, might have been the monarch of a future generation; and he has done that, which by no single achievement he could otherwise have accomplished—he has sent forth over the whole of our land, the gloom of such a bereavement as cannot be replaced by any living descendant of royalty—he has broken the direct succession of the monarchy of England—by one and the same disaster, has he awakened up the public anxieties of the country, and sent a pang as acute as that of the most woful visitation into the heart of each of its families.

Amongst the rich, there is apt, at times, to rankle an injurious and unworthy impression of the poor—and just because these poor stand at a distance from them—just because they come not into contact with that which would draw them out in courteousness to their persons, and in benevolent attentions to their families. Amongst the poor, on the other hand, there is often a disdainful suspicion of the wealthy, as if they were actuated by a proud indifference to them and to their concerns; and as if they were placed away from them at so distant and lofty an elevation, as not to require the exercise of any of those cordialities, which are ever sure to spring in the bosom of man to man, when they come to know each other, and to have the actual sight of each other. But, let any accident place an individual of the higher before the eyes of the lower order, on the ground of their common humanity—let the latter be made to see that the former are akin to themselves in all the sufferings and in all the sensibilities of our common inheritance—let, for example, the greatest chieftain of the territory die, and

the report of his weeping children, or of his distracted widow, be sent through the neighbourhood—or, let an infant of his family be in suffering, and the mothers of the humble vicinity be run to for counsel and assistance—or, in any other way, let the rich, instead of being viewed by their inferiors through the dim and distant medium of that fancied interval which separates the ranks of society, be seen as heirs of the same frailty, and as dependent on the same sympathies with themselves—and, at that moment, all the flood-gates of honest sympathy will be opened—and the lowest servants of the establishment will join in the cry of distress which has come upon their family—and the neighbouring cottagers, to share in their grief, have only to recognise them as the partakers of one nature, and to perceive an assimilation of feelings and of circumstances between them.

Let me further apply all this to the sons and the daughters of royalty. The truth is, that they appear to the public eye as stalking on a platform so highly elevated above the general level of society, that it removes them, as it were, from all the ordinary sympathies of our nature. And though we read at times of their galas, and their birth-days, and their drawing-rooms, there is nothing in all this to attach us to their interests and their feelings, as the inhabitants of a familiar home, as the members of an affectionate family. Surrounded as they are with the glare of a splendid notoriety, we scarcely recognise them as men and as women, who can rejoice and weep, and pine with disease, and taste the sufferings of mortality, and be oppressed with anguish, and love with tenderness, and experience in their bosoms the same movements of grief or of affection that we do ourselves. And thus it is, that they labour under a real and heavy disadvantage.

Now, if, through an accidental opening, the public should be favoured with a domestic exhibition—if, by some overpowering visitation of Providence upon an illustrious family, the members of it should come to be recognised as the partakers of one common humanity with ourselves—if, instead of beholding them in their

gorgeousness as princes, we look to them in the natural evolution of their sensibilities as men—if the stately palace should be turned into a house of mourning—in one word, if death should do what he has already done, —He has met the Princess of England in the prime and promise of her days; and, as she was moving onward on her march to a hereditary throne, he has laid her at his feet.—Ah! my brethren, when the imagination dwells on that bed where the remains of departed youth and departed infancy are lying—when, instead of crowns and canopies of grandeur, it looks to the forlorn husband, and the weeping father, and the human feelings which agitate their bosoms, and the human tears which flow down their cheeks, and all such symptoms of deep affliction as bespeak the workings of suffering and dejected nature—what ought to be, and what actually is, the feeling of the country at so sad an exhibition? It is just the feeling of the domestics and the labourers at Claremont. All is soft and tender as womanhood. Nor is there a peasant in our land, who is not touched to the very heart, when he thinks of the unhappy stranger, who is now spending his days in grief, and his nights in sleeplessness—as he mourns alone in his darkened chamber, and refuses to be comforted—as he turns in vain for rest to his troubled feelings, and cannot find it—as he gazes on the memorials of an affection that blessed the brightest, happiest, shortest year of his existence—as he looks back on the endearments of the bygone months, and the thought that they have for ever fleeted away from him, turns all to agony—as he looks forward on the blighted prospect of this world's pilgrimage, and feels that all which bound him to existence, is now torn irretrievably away from them! There is not a British heart that does not feel to this interesting visitor, all the force and all the tenderness of a most affecting relationship; and, go where he may, will he ever be recognised and cherished as a much-loved member of the British family! *Chalmers.*

On the Death of the Princess Charlotte.

YES, all earthly distinctions are destroyed at death. Sometimes, indeed, they may appear to remain. One man is honored with a splendid and imposing burial; another has a blazoned monument erected over him; a third may have historians to record his name, and poets to sing his praise. And in contrast to all these, a fourth may be laid in the base earth, and have not even a stone to tell where he lies, and fade from the remembrance, almost as soon as he passes from the sight of that world, in which he did little more than toil, and weep, and suffer. But let your eye penetrate through those showy and unsubstantial forms which custom, or affection, or vanity, has thrown over the graves of departed mortals, and behold how the mightiest and the meanest lie side by side in one common undistinguished ruin. Striking is the fact, and numerous are its proofs. Every day that passes over you, and every funeral that you attend, and every churchyard that you visit, gives you the affecting demonstration. And sometimes God, in his judgment, or in his mercy, sends a proof of it which knocks loudly at the door of every heart, and sets a broad and a lasting seal upon the humbling truth. This proof he has lately sent us in the most solemn and pathetic form which it could possibly assume. There was one who had all that earthly greatness can confer; who filled one of the most elevated and conspicuous stations to which mortals are ever born; who had all of personal dignity, and accomplishment, and honor, that this world could afford; and who, as her best and highest distinction, sat enthroned in the heart of her country, as their admiration and their hope. Such she was; but it pleased God, whose creature and whose child she was, to assert his own sovereignty, and to illustrate the emptiness of all terrestrial grandeur, by taking away her breath; and she died, and is returning to her dust. And what, think you, my friends, are the distinctions in which she is now rejoicing? Not in those with which she was surrounded and adorned on earth; these have lost all their importance and all their charms,

and even that universal and affectionate respect in which she was held appears to her now a very little thing. But there are distinctions which death cannot touch, and which are now, we trust, the glory and the joy of her departed spirit. To her, we trust, it is now given to rejoice, that in the high places of this wilderness, she was enabled, by divine grace, to confide in the mercy of her God, and in the merits of her Redeemer; that she paid a practical regard to the exercises of devotion; that she reverenced the Lord's day; that she performed her relative duties with fidelity and affection; that she set an example of virtue and piety, amidst strong temptation and abounding iniquity; and that, with the splendid prospects of an earthly crown, she did not forget her heavenly hopes, but aspired after that crown of righteousness and glory which fadeth not away. *Dr. Thomson.*

The Infinite Love of God.

There are resources in the eternal mind, which are equally beyond our reach and our comprehension. There is a power, and a magnitude, and a richness in the love of God towards those upon whom it is set, to which the love of the creature cannot even approximate, of which the imagination of the creature could not have formed any previous idea, and which, even to the experience of the creature, presents a subject of inscrutable mystery—a theme of wondering gratitude and praise. Man may love, man should love, man must love his fellows; but he never did, and never can love them like God. His is a love that throws man's into the distance and the shade. Had he only loved as man loves, there would have been no salvation—no heaven--no felicity for us—no glad tidings to cheer our hearts—no promised land on which to fix our anticipations—no table of commemoration and of communion spread for us in the wilderness, to refresh us amidst the toils, and the languishings, and the sorrows of our pilgrimage thither. His violated law must have taken its course; the vials of his wrath must have been poured out; and everlasting, unmiti-

gated ruin, must have been our portion. But, behold! God is love itself; and his love, in all its workings, and in all it influences, and in all its effects, can stoop to no parallel with the best and most ardent of human affections. Guilt, which forbids and represses man's love, awakens, and kindles, and secures God's. Death for the guilty is too wide a gulf for man's love to pass over. God's love to the guilty is infinitely "stronger than death," and spurns at all such limits, and smiles at the agonies and the ignominies of a cross, that it may have its perfect work. God, in the exercise of his love towards our sinful and miserable race, is concerned, where man would be unmoved, indifferent and cold. God is full of pity, where man would frown with stern and relentless aversion. God forgives, where man would condemn and punish. God saves, where man would destroy. *Dr. Thomson.*

Funeral Sermon on the Death of Dr. Thomson.

But the lesson is prodigiously enhanced when we pass from his pulpit to his household ministrations. I perhaps do him wrong, in supposing that any large proportion of his hearers did not know him personally—for such was his matchless superiority to fatigue, such the unconquerable strength and activity of his nature, that he may almost be said to have accomplished a sort of personal ubiquity among his people. But ere you can appreciate the whole effect of this, let me advert to a principle of very extensive operation in nature. Painters know it well. They are aware, how much it adds to the force and beauty of any representation of theirs, when made strikingly and properly to contrast with the back-ground on which it is projected. And the same is as true of direct nature, set forth in one of her own immediate scenes, as of reflex nature, set forth by the imagination and pencil of the artist. This is often exemplified in those Alpine wilds, where beauty may, at times, be seen embosomed in the lap of grandeur—as when at the base of a lofty precipice, some spot of verdure, or peaceful cottage-home, seems to smile in more intense loveliness, because of the towering

strength and magnificence which are behind it. Apply this to character, and think how precisely analogous the effect is—when, from the ground-work of a character that, mainly, in its texture and general aspect, is masculine, there do effloresce the forth-puttings of a softer nature, and those gentler charities of the heart, which come out irradiated in tenfold beauty, when they arise from a substratum of moral strength and grandeur underneath. It is thus, when the man of strength shows himself the man of tenderness: and he who, sturdy and impregnable in every righteous cause, makes his graceful descent to the ordinary companionships of life, is found to mingle, with kindred warmth, in all the cares and the sympathies of his fellow man. Such, I am sure, is the touching recollection of very many who now hear me, and who can tell, in their own experience, that the vigour of his pulpit, was only equalled by the fidelity and the tenderness of his household ministrations; they understand the whole force and significance of the contrast I have now been speaking of—when the pastor of the church becomes the pastor of the family, and he who, in the crowded assembly, held imperial sway over every understanding, entered some parent's lowly dwelling, and prayed and wept along with them over their infant's dying bed. It is on occasions like these, when the minister carries to its highest pitch the moral ascendancy which belongs to his station. It is this which furnishes him with a key to every heart,—and when the triumphs of charity are superadded to the triumphs of argument, then it is that he sits enthroned over the affections of a willing people. *Chalmers.*

Sitting in the Chair of the Scorner.

The third and last stage of impiety, is "sitting in the chair of the scorner," or laughing at all religion and virtue. This is a pitch of diabolical attainment, to which few arrive. It requires a double portion of the infernal spirit, and a long experience in the mystery of iniquity, to become callous to every sense of religion, of virtue, and of honour; to throw off the autho-

rity of nature, of conscience, and of God; to overleap the barrier of laws divine and human; and to endeavour to wrest the bolt from the red right-hand of the Omnipotent. Difficult as the achievement is, we see it sometimes effected. We have seen persons who have gloried in their shame, and boasted of being vicious for the sake of vice. Such characters are monsters in the moral world! Figure to yourselves, my brethren, the anguish, the horror, the misery, the damnation such a person must endure, who must consider himself in a state of enmity with heaven and with earth; who has no pleasant reflection from the past, no peace in the present, and no hopes from the future; who must consider himself as a solitary being in the world; who has no friend without to pour balm into the cup of bitterness he is doomed to drink; who has no friend above to comfort him, when there is none to help; and who has nought within him to compensate for that irreparable and that irredeemable loss. Such a person is as miserable as he is wicked. He is insensible to every emotion of friendship; he is lost to all sense of honour; he is seared to every feeling of virtue.

In the class of those who sit in the chair of the scorner, we may include the whole race of infidels, who misemploy the engines of reason, or of ridicule, to overthrow the Christian religion. Were the dispute concerning a system of speculative opinions—which of themselves were of no importance to the happiness of mankind—it would be uncharitable to include them all under this censure. But on the Christian religion, not only the happiness, but the virtue of mankind depends. It is an undoubted fact, that religion is the strongest principle of virtue with all men; and, with nine-tenths of mankind, is the only principle of virtue. Any attempt, therefore, to destroy it, must be considered as an attempt against the happiness, and against the virtue of the human kind. If the heathen philosophers did not attempt to subvert the false religion of their country, but, on the contrary, gave it the sanction of their example; because, bad as it was, it had considerable influence on the manners of the people, and was better than no religion at all; what shame.

what contempt, what infamy, ought they to incur, who endeavour to overthrow a religion which contains the noblest ideas of the Deity, and the purest system of morals that was ever taught upon earth? He is a traitor to his country, he is a traitor to the human kind, he is a traitor to Heaven, who abuses the talents that God has given him, in impious attempts to wage war against Heaven, and to undermine that system of religion, which, of all things, is the best adapted to promote the happiness and the perfection of the human kind. Blessed, then, is the man who hath not brought himself into this sinful and miserable state—who hath held fast his innocence and integrity, in the midst of a degenerate world; or if, in some unguarded hour, he hath been betrayed into an imprudent step, or overtaken in a fault, hath made ample amends for his folly, by a life of penitence and of piety. *Logan.*

The Plurality of Worlds not an Argument against the Truth of Revelation.

Keep all this in view, and you cannot fail to perceive how the principle, so finely and so copiously illustrated in this chapter, may be brought to meet the infidelity we have thus long been employed in combating. It was nature—and the experience of every bosom will affirm it—it was nature in the shepherd, to leave the ninety and nine of his flock forgotten and alone in the wilderness, and, betaking himself to the mountains, to give all his labour, and all his concern, to the pursuit of one solitary wanderer. It was nature—and we are told, in the passage before us, that it is such a portion of nature as belongs not merely to men, but to angels—when the woman, with her mind in a state of listlessness as to the nine pieces of silver that were in secure custody, turned the whole force of her anxiety to the one piece which she had lost, and for which she had to light a candle, and to sweep the house, and to search diligently until she found it. It was nature in her to rejoice more over that piece, than over all the rest of them; and to tell it abroad among friends and neighbours, that they might rejoice along with her. And,

sadly effaced as humanity is in all her original lineaments, this is a part of our nature, the very movements of which are experienced in heaven, "where there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance." For any thing I know, every planet that rolls in the immensity around me, may be a land of righteousness, and be a member of the household of God; and have her secure dwelling place within that ample limit, which embraces his great and universal family: But I know at least of one wanderer; and how wofully she has strayed from peace and from purity; and how, in dreary alienation from him who made her, she has bewildered herself amongst those many devious tracks, which have carried her afar from the path of immortality; and how sadly tarnished all those beauties and felicities are, which promised, on that morning of her existence when God looked on her, and saw that all was very good—which promised so richly to bless and to adorn her; and how, in the eye of the whole unfallen creation, she has renounced all this goodliness and is fast departing away from them into guilt, and wretchedness, and shame. Oh! if there be any truth in this chapter, and any sweet or touching nature in the principle which runs throughout all its parables; let us cease to wonder, though they who surround the throne of love should be looking so intently towards us—or though, in the way by which they have singled us out, all the other orbs of space should, for one short season, on the scale of eternity, appear to be forgotten—or though, for every step of her recovery, and for every, individual who is rendered back again to the fold from which he was separated; another and another message of triumph should be made to circulate amongst the hosts of paradise—or though, lost as we are, and sunk in depravity as we are, all the sympathies of heaven should now be awake on the enterprise of him who has travailed, in the greatness of his strength, to seek and to save us.

And here I cannot but remark how fine a harmony there is between the law of sympathetic nature in heaven, and the most touching exhibitions of it on the

face of our world. When one of a numerous household droops under the power of disease, is not that the one to whom all the tenderness is turned, and who, in a manner, monopolizes the inquiries of his neighbourhood, and the care of his family? When the sighing of the midnight storm sends a dismal foreboding into the mother's heart; to whom of all her offspring, I would ask, are her thoughts and her anxieties then wandering? Is it not to her sailor-boy, whom her fancy has placed amid the rude and angry surges of the ocean? Does not this, the hour of his apprehended danger, concentrate upon him the whole force of her wakeful meditations? and does not he engross, for a season, her every sensibility, and her every prayer? We sometimes hear of shipwrecked passengers thrown upon a barbarous shore; and seized upon by its prowling inhabitants; and hurried away through the tracks of a dreary and unknown wilderness; and sold into captivity; and loaded with the fetters of irrecoverable bondage; and who, stripped of every other liberty but the liberty of thought, feel even this to be another ingredient of wretchedness—for what can they think of but home? and, as all its kind and tender imagery comes upon their remembrance, how can they think of it but in the bitterness of despair? Oh, tell me, when the fame of all this disaster reaches his family, who is the member of it to whom is directed the full tide of its griefs and of its sympathies?—who is it that, for weeks and for months, usurps their every feeling, and calls out their largest sacrifices, and sets them to the busiest expedients for getting him back again?—who is it that makes them forgetful of themselves and of all around them?—And tell me, if you can assign a limit to the pains, and the exertions, and the surrenders, which afflicted parents and weeping sisters would make to seek and to save him? *Chalmers.*

Christ's Agony.

CHRISTIANS! what an hour was that, which our Saviour passed in the garden of Gethsemane! In the time of his passion, his torments succeeded one another.

He was not at the same time betrayed, mocked, scourged, crowned with thorns, pierced with a spear, extended on a cross, and forsaken by his Father: but here all these torments rose before him at once; all his pains were united together; what he was to endure in succession, now crowded into one moment, and his soul was overcome. At this time, too, the powers of darkness, it should seem, were permitted to work upon his imagination, to disturb his spirit, and make the vale through which he was to pass, appear more dark and gloomy.

Add to this, that our Saviour having now come to the close of his public life, his whole mediatorial undertaking presented itself to his view; his eye ran over the history of that race which he came to save, from the beginning to the end of time. He had a feeling of all the misery, and a sense of all the guilt of men. If he looked back into past times, what did he behold?—The earth a field of blood, a vale of tears, a theatre of crimes. If he cast his eyes upon that one in which he lived, what did he behold?—The nation, to whom he was sent, rejecting the counsel of God against themselves, imprecating his blood to be upon them and their children, and bringing upon themselves such a desolation as has not happened to any other people. When he looked forward to succeeding ages, what did he behold?—He saw, that the wickedness of men was to continue and abound, to erect a Golgotha in every age, and, by obstinate impenitence, to crucify afresh the Son of God;—he saw, that, in his blessed name, and under the banners of his cross, the most atrocious crimes were to be committed, the sword of persecution to be drawn, the best blood of the earth to be shed, and the noblest spirits that ever graced the world to be cut off;—he saw, that, for many of the human race, all the efforts of saving mercy were to be defeated; that his death was to be of no avail, that his blood was to be shed in vain, that his agonies were to be lost, and that it had been happy for them if he had never been born;—he saw, that he was to be wounded in the house of his friends, that his name was to be blasphemed among his own followers, that he was to be

dishonoured by the wicked lives of those who called themselves his disciples; that one man was to prefer the gains of iniquity, another the blandishments of pleasure, a third the indulgence of malicious desire, and all of you, at times, the gratification of your favourite passion—to the tender mercies of the God of peace, and the dying love of a crucified Redeemer. While the hour revolved that spread forth all these things before his eyes, we need not wonder that he began to be in agony, and that he sweated, as it were, great drops of blood.

Logan.

The Deluding Influence of the World.

My brethren, the true source of all our delusion, is a false and deceitful security of life. Thousands pass to their account around us, and we are not instructed. Some are struck in our very arms—our parents, our children, our friends—and yet we stand as if we had shot into the earth an eternal root. Even the most sudden transitions from life to dust, produce but a momentary impression on the dust that breathes. No examples, however awful, sink into the heart. Every instant we see health, youth, beauty, titles, reputation, and fortune, disappear like a flash. Still do we pass gaily on, in the broad and flowery way, the same busy, thoughtless, and irreclaimable beings; panting for every pleasure as before, thirsting for riches and pre-eminence, rushing on the melancholy ruins of one another, intriguing for the employments of those whose ashes are scarce cold; nay, often, I fear, keeping an eye on the very expiring, with the infamous view of seizing the earliest moment to solicit their spoils.

Great God! as if the all-devouring tomb, instead of solemnly pronouncing on the vanity of all human pursuits, on the contrary, emitted sparks to rekindle all our attachment to a perishable world! Let me suppose, my brethren, that the number of man's days were inscribed on his brow! Is it not clear, that an awful certainty of that nature must necessarily beget the most profound and operative reflection? Would it be possible to banish, even for a moment, the fatal term

from his thoughts? The nearer he approached it, what an increase of alarm! what an increase of light on the folly of every thing but immortal good! Would all his views and aspirings be confined, as they now are, to the little span that intervenes between his cradle and his grave; and care, and anxiety, and miserable agitation, be his lot, merely to die overwhelmed with riches, and blazing with honours?

No! wedded to this miserable scene of existence, our hopes are afloat to the last. The understanding, clear in every other point, casts not a ray on the nature of our condition, however desperate. Too frequently it happens, that every one around us at that awful moment, conspires to uphold this state of delusion. They shudder for us in their hearts, yet talk to us of recovery with their lips. From a principle of mistaken, or to give it its proper name, of barbarous lenity, the most important of all truths is withheld, till it is of little use to impart it. The consequence is obvious. We are surprised—fatally surprised. Our eyes are only opened when they are ready to close for ever. Perhaps an instant of reflection to be made the most of; perhaps to be divided between the disposition of worldly affairs, and the business of eternity! An instant of reflection, just God! to bewail an entire life of disorder—to inspire faith the most lively, hope the most firm, love the most pure! An instant of reflection, perhaps, for a sinner whom vice may have infected to the very marrow of his bones, when reason is half eclipsed, and all the faculties palsied by the strong grasp of death! Oh, my brethren, terrible is the fate of those, who are only roused from a long and criminal security, by the sword of his divine justice already gleaming in their eyes! Remember, that if any truth in religion be more repeatedly pressed on us than another, it is this—that as we live, so shall we inevitably die. Few of us, I am sure, but live in the intention of throwing an interval of most serious reflection between the world and the grave. But let me warn you on that point!—It is not given to man to bestow his heart and affection on the present scene, and recall them when he pleases. No; every hour will draw our chains closer. Those

obstacles to better practice, which we find insuperable at this moment, will be more insuperable as we go on. It is the property of years to give wide and immovable root to all passions. The deeper the bed of the torrent, the more impossible to change its course. The older and more inveterate a wound, the more painful the remedy, and more desperate the cure. *Kirwan.*

There is no Peace to the Wicked.

In truth, my brethren, there is not a sin, but what one way or another is punished in this life. We often err egregiously by not attending to the distinction between happiness, and the means of happiness. Power, riches, and prosperity—those means of happiness, and sources of enjoyment—in the course of Providence, are sometimes conferred upon the worst of men. Such persons possess the good things of life, but they do not enjoy them. They have the means of happiness, but they have not happiness itself. A wicked man can never be happy. It is the firm decree of Heaven—eternal and unchangeable as Jehovah himself—that misery must ever attend on guilt; that, when sin enters, happiness takes its departure. There is no such thing in nature, my brethren,—there is no such in nature, as a vicious or unlawful pleasure. What we generally call such, are pleasures in themselves lawful, procured by wrong means, or enjoyed in a wrong way; procured by injustice, or enjoyed with intemperance;—and surely neither injustice nor intemperance have any charm for the mind: and unless we are framed with a very uncommon temper of mind and body, injustice will be hurtful to the one, and intemperance fatal to the other. Unruly desires and bad passions—the gratification of which is sometimes called pleasure—are the source of almost all the miseries in human life. When once indulged, they rage for repeated gratification, and subject us, at all times, to their clamours and importuity. When they are gratified, if they give any joy—it is the joy of fiends, the joy of the tormented—a joy which is purchased at the expense of a good conscience, which rises on the ruins of the public peace, and proceeds

from the miseries of our fellow-creatures. The forbidden fruit proves to be the apples of Sodom, and the grapes of Gomorrah. One deed of shame is succeeded by years of penitence and pain. A single indulgence of wrath has raised a conflagration, which neither the force of friendship, nor length of time, nor the vehemence of intercession, could mitigate or appease; and which could only be quenched by the effusion of human blood. One drop from the cup of this powerful sorceress has turned living streams of joy into waters of bitterness. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

If a wicked man could be happy, who might have been so happy as Haman,—raised from an inferior station to great riches and power; exalted above his rivals, and above the princes of the empire; favourite and prime minister to the greatest monarch in the world? But with all these advantages on his side, and under all these smiles of fortune, his happiness was destroyed by the want of a bow, usual to those of his station, from one of the porters of the palace. Enraged with this neglect, this vain great man cried out, in the pang of disappointment, "All this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai sitting at the king's gate." This seeming affront sat deep on his mind. He meditated revenge. A single victim could not satisfy his malice. He wanted to have a glutting vengeance. He resolved, for this purpose, to involve thousands in destruction, and to make a whole nation fall a sacrifice to the indulgence of his mean-spirited pride.—His wickedness proved his ruin, and he erected the gallows on which he himself was doomed to be hanged!

If we consider man as an individual, we shall see a further confirmation of the truth contained in the text, that "There is no peace to the wicked."

In order to strengthen the obligations to virtue, Almighty God hath rendered the practice of sin fatal to our peace as individuals, as well as pernicious to our interests as members of society. From the sinner God withdraws his favour, and the light of his countenance. How dark will that mind be, which no beam from the Father of lights ever visits! How joyless that heart,

which the spirit of life never animates! When sin entered into paradise, the angels of God forsook the place. So from the soul that is polluted with guilt,—peace, and joy, and hope, those good angels, vanish and depart. What succeeds to this family of heaven?—Confusion, shame, remorse, despair. *Logan.*

On the Importance of an Interest in the Divine Favour.

If God be the great Ruler of the world, and governs it without interruption or control, of what infinite importance is his favour!

If an earthly ruler be our friend, we reckon that all our civil interests are secure: but if God doth according to his pleasure, both in heaven and in earth, in this world and the next; his favour must be life, and his loving kindness must be even better than life. It must be of all things the most desirable; for it comprehends in it all things that are good. If his power could be controlled, if his will could be eluded, if his government could be interrupted, if any interest of ours lay without the reach of his sceptre or his influence; we might then occasionally hesitate concerning the importance of his favour, and deliberate whether, in this season, or in that circumstance, we stood in need of it: but at all seasons, and in all circumstances, being absolutely in his hands; holding our lives and comforts at his pleasure; suffering only through his appointment, and prolonging our days in joy or in sorrow according to his will; capable, if he pleaseth, of immortal happiness, and liable, if he commands it, to everlasting destruction; unable to resist him, and unable to recommend ourselves to any who can maintain our interest against God; what is it that should be the first object of our anxiety—what is it that should be the constant subject of our concern, but that without which we must be wretched; possessed of which no enmity can hurt us, and no evil overwhelm or injure us? Would you that your friends should love you?—Make a friend of God. Would you that their neglect, if they do neglect you, should be better

to you than their love?—Make a friend of God. Would you that your enemies should be at peace with you?—Be ye reconciled to Heaven. Would you that their hatred should promote your interest?—Take care to have an interest in God. Would you prosper in the world?—You cannot do it without God's help. Say not that your prosperity may be the result of the right and vigorous application of your own powers. Ask yourselves from whom those powers are derived, by whom those powers are continued to you, and who it is that forms the connections, and constitutes the conjunctures, that are favourable to the right and successful application of your abilities? Whatever are your views in life, you cannot attain them without God: and though he should assist you to attain them, yet still you cannot improve your real interests, you cannot enjoy them in unalloyed comfort—without God. Would you that your souls should prosper?—It must be through his blessing. Are you weary of affliction?—There is no aid but in the divine compassion. Are you burdened with a load of guilt?—There is no hope for you but in the divine mercy. Is your heart sad?—Your comfort must come from God. Is your soul rejoicing?—God must prolong your joy; or, like the burning thorn, it will blaze and die. Does your inexperienced youth need to be directed?—God must be your guide. Does your declining age need to be supported?—God must be your strength. The vigour of your manly age will wither, if God does not nourish and defend it; and even prosperity is a curse, if God does not give a heart to relish and enjoy it. All hearts, all powers, are God's. Seek ye, then, the Lord while he is to be found; seek his favour with your whole souls. It is a blessing that will well reward you for all that you can sacrifice to purchase it; it is a blessing without which nothing else can bless you. His patience may, perhaps, for a moment suffer you to triumph; but do not thence conclude, that you enjoy his favour. If a good conscience do not tell you so, believe no other witness; for all the pleasures that you boast are but like the pleasures of a bright morning, and a gaudy equipage, to the malefactor, going to

his execution. Every moment you are in jeopardy; and every moment may put an end to your jollity, and transform your hopes and joys into desperate and helpless misery. It is but for God to leave you, and you are left by everything you delight in, and abandoned to every thing you fear. It is but for God to will it so, and this night your reason shall forsake you, your health shall fail you, your friends, on whom you lean shall fall, and your comforts, on which you are rejoicing, shall distress you. It is but for God to will it so, and this moment shall begin a series of perplexities, and fears, and griefs, which in this world shall never end. It is but for God to will it so, and this night thy soul shall be ejected from its earthly tabernacle; this night thy last pulse shall beat, and thy last breath expire; and thine eyes, for ever closed on all thou lovedst on earth, shall be opened on all thou dreadest in heaven. No, my brethren, there is not a moment's safety, but in peace with God; there is not a moment's solid comfort, but in friendship with our Maker. In every season, and in every state of life, his favour is absolutely necessary to us. What infatuation, then, has seized the sons of reason and of foresight, that you seek *first* what you fondly wish for, whatever it is that your hearts desire, and propose, if you propose at all, *afterwards* to seek for that favour which can alone fulfil the desires of your hearts, and without which their wishes can never be gratified!

Cappe.

The melancholy Effects of early Licentiousness (in a Sermon preached for the Female Orphan House).

PERHAPS of all sources of corruption in human society there is none greater than that lamentable degradation of the female sex——which this institution, from the extensive scale on which it is conducted, must go extensively to diminish. In the consideration of this point, I place the misfortune of fallen woman, as far as it involves her own fate, temporal and eternal, totally out of the question. To this I shall speak in the sequel; I would here only consider the effect which her depravity is known to produce on the morals of every rank of

the community; and I do say, when we deliberately look to the variously desperate complexion of that effect, there is no principle, Christian or social, that must not give superior importance to the preventive before us. How many parents, even in the highest order of life, can bear woful testimony to the total perversion of youth, by the seductions of the vicious part of the female sex! The fondest hopes of rising excellence disappointed; fortune opprobriously dissipated; constitution radically broken down; living spectres of early decreptitude! Every ingrafted virtue, every sacred principle of education effaced; every vice that can dishonour human nature and religion springing from this one impure root. Objects to whom they tenderly looked up for the pride and consolation of their age, often presenting nothing to their eyes but the premature compound of the demon and the brute. This may appear to be strong language on the subject; but to know the world at all, is to know that it is more than justified. When youth is once allured into the mysteries of libertinism, there is no excess or enormity that is not swallowed like water. It is the property of this fatal evil even to mar the finest qualities of nature. Often are talents and spirits, fitted for the greatest purposes of society, entombed for ever in this sepulchre of the soul; nothing that belongs to mind can have power to charm where mind would appear no more. If youths who might have pressed forward to the most honourable distinction, are daily to be seen without a spark of virtuous emulation —insensible even to that love of fame which, in default of purer motives, gives birth to such diversified objects of human ability—roaming through the capital with stupid and licentious gaze, dead to the respect of character, and equally lost to their country and the world—impute it to no other cause than that unhappy corruption of morals, which extinguishes the nobler aspirings of man, to substitute the pursuits of a vile instinct. Would you vindicate, my brethren, the honour of religion and nature? would you behold in youth, the ambition of pre-eminence in virtue and usefulness? establish purity and severity of morals, by cutting off

the foul source of their depravation. Do this, I say; and, instead of swarms of walking and ignominious nuisances, you will have men—you will have citizens—more—instead of the contempt of Christian practice, private and public; instead of the affected and blasphemous language of infidelity—for the libertine is invariably profane—you will have youth glorying in submission to the sacred principles of their religion, and affording the happy and edifying spectacle of its influence on their conduct. *Kirwan.*

Religion, the Distinguishing Quality of our Nature.

Religion is the distinguishing quality of our nature, and is one of the strongest features that marks the human character. As it is our distinguishing quality, so it possesses such extensive influence, that, however overlooked by superficial inquirers, it has given rise to more revolutions in human society, and to more changes in human manners, than any one cause whatever. View mankind in every situation, from the earliest state of barbarity, down through all the successive periods of civilization, till they degenerate to barbarity again; and you will find them influenced strongly by the awe of superior spirits, or the dread of infernal fiends. In the heathen world—where mankind had no divine revelation, but followed the impulse of nature alone—religion was often the basis of the civil government. Among all classes of men, the sacrifices, the ceremonies, and the worship of the gods, were held in the highest reverence. Judge what a strong hold religion must have taken of the human heart, when, instigated by horror of conscience, the blinded wretch has submitted to torture his own flesh before the shrine of the incensed deity; and the fond father has been driven to offer up with his own hands his first-born for his transgression,—the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul.' It is possible to shake off the reverence, but not the dread of a Deity. Amid the gay circle of his companions—in the hour of riot and dissipation—the fool may say in his heart, that there is no God; but his conscience will meet him when

he is alone, and tell him that he is a liar. Heaven will avenge its quarrel on his head. Judge then, my brethren, how miserable it must be for a being made after the image of God, thus to have his glory turned into shame. How dismal must the situation be for a subject of the divine government, to consider himself as acting upon a plan to counteract the decrees of God, to defeat the designs of eternal Providence, to deface in himself the image and the lineaments of heaven, to maintain a state of enmity and war with his Creator, and to associate with the infernal spirits, whose abode is darkness, and whose portion is despair!

Reflections upon such a state will give its full measure to the cup of trembling. Was not Belshazzar, the impious king of Babylon, a striking instance of what I am now saying? This monarch made a feast to a thousand of his lords; and assembled his princes, his concubines, and his wives. In order to increase the festivity, he sent for the consecrated vessels, which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken from the temple of Jerusalem; and, in these vessels which were holy to the Lord, he made libations to his vain idols, and, in his heart, bade defiance to the God of Israel. But whilst thus he defied the living God—forth came the fingers of a man's hand, and, on the wall which had lately resounded with joy, wrote the sentence of his fate! In a moment, his countenance was changed, his whole frame shook, and his knees smote one against another; whilst the prophet, in awful accents, denounced his doom: "O man, thy kingdom is departed from thee!" *Logan.*

On the Internal Proofs of the Christian Religion.

THE New Testament consists of histories and epistles. The historical books, namely, the Gospels and the Acts, are a continued narrative, embracing many years, and professing to give the history of the rise and progress of the religion. Now it is worthy of observation, that these writings completely answer their end; that they completely solve the problem, how this peculiar religion grew up and established itself in the

world; that they furnish precise and adequate causes for this stupendous revolution in human affairs. It is also worthy of remark, that they relate a series of facts which are not only connected with one another, but are intimately linked with the long series which has followed them, and agree accurately with subsequent history, so as to account for and sustain it. Now that a collection of *fictitious* narratives, coming from different hands, comprehending many years, and spreading over many countries, should not only form a consistent whole, when taken by themselves; but should also connect and interweave themselves with real history so naturally and intimately, as to furnish no clue for detection, as to exclude the appearance of incongruity and discordance, and as to give an adequate explanation, and the only explanation, of acknowledged events, of the most important revolution in society; this is a supposition, from which an intelligent man at once revolts, and which, if admitted, would shake a principal foundation of history.

I have before spoken of the unity and consistency of Christ's character, as developed in the Gospels, and of the agreement of the different writers, in giving us the singular features of his mind. Now there are the same marks of truth running through the whole of these narratives. For example, the effects produced by Jesus on the various classes of society; the different feelings of admiration, attachment, and envy, which he called forth; the various expressions of these feelings; the prejudices, mistakes, and gradual illumination of his disciples: these are all given to us with such marks of truth and reality, as could not easily be counterfeited. The whole history is precisely such as might be expected from the actual appearance of such a person as Jesus Christ, in such a state of society as then existed.

The Epistles, if possible, abound in marks of truth and reality, even more than the Gospels. They are imbued thoroughly with the spirit of the first age of Christianity. They bear all the marks of having come from men, plunged in the conflicts which the new religion excited, alive to its interests, identified with

its fortunes. They betray the very state of mind, which must have been generated by the peculiar condition of the first propagators of the religion. They are letters written on real business, intended for immediate effects, designed to meet prejudices and passions, which such a religion must at first have awakened. They contain not a trace of the circumstances of a later age, or of the feelings, impressions, and modes of thinking, by which later times were characterized, and from which later writers could not easily have escaped. The letters of Paul have a remarkable agreement with his history. They are precisely such as might be expected from a man of a vehement mind, who had been brought up in the schools of Jewish literature, who had been converted by a sudden overwhelming miracle, who had been entrusted with the preaching of the new religion to the Gentiles, who had been every where met by the prejudices and persecuting spirit of his own nation. They are full of obscurities growing out of these points of Paul's history and character, and out of the circumstances of the infant church, and which nothing but an intimate acquaintance with that early period can illustrate. This remarkable infusion of the spirit of the first age into the Christian records, cannot easily be explained, but by the fact, that they were written in that age by the real and zealous propagators of Christianity, and that they are records of real convictions and of actual events.

There is another evidence of Christianity, still more internal than any on which I have yet dwelt, an evidence to be *felt* rather than described, but not less real because founded on feeling. I refer to that conviction of the divine original of our religion, which springs up and continually gains strength in those who apply it habitually in their tempers and lives, and who imbibe its spirit and hopes. In such men, there is a consciousness of the adaptation of Christianity to their noblest faculties; a consciousness of its exalting and consoling influences, of its power to confer the true happiness of human nature, to give that peace which the world cannot give; which assures them that it is not of earthly origin, but a ray from the Everlasting

Light, a stream from the Fountain of Heavenly Wisdom and Love. This is the evidence which sustains the faith of thousands, who never read and cannot understand the learned books of Christian apologists; who want, perhaps, words to explain the ground of their belief, but whose faith is of adamantine firmness; who hold the Gospel with a conviction more intimate and unwavering than *mere* argument ever produced.

But I must tear myself from a subject which opens upon me continually as I proceed. Imperfect as this discussion is, the conclusion, I trust, is placed beyond doubt, that Christianity is true. And, my hearers, if true, it is the greatest of all truths, deserving and demanding our reverent attention and fervent gratitude. This religion must never be confounded with our common blessings. It is a revelation of pardon, which, as sinners, we all need. Still more, it is a revelation of human Immortality; a doctrine, which, however undervalued amidst the bright anticipations of inexperienced youth, is found to be our strength and consolation, and the only effectual spring of persevering and victorious virtue, when the realities of life have scattered our visionary hopes; when pain, disappointment, and temptation, press upon us; when this world's enjoyments are found unable to quench that deep thirst of happiness which burns in every breast; when friends, whom we love as our own souls, die, and our own graves open before us.—To all who hear me, and especially to my young hearers, I would say, Let the truth of this religion be the strongest conviction of your understandings; let its motives and precepts sway with an absolute power your character and lives.

Channing.

On the Regulation of Temper.

THE general history of mankind, and the brief page of our own observation and experience, incontestably prove, that men are almost entirely the creatures of education. Our knowledge, our tastes, our habits, our manners, our morals, nay, even our very religious opinions, principally depend upon it. There is no

being in creation so little what Nature formed it, as man. If we look to any of the inferior animals, we find the same species almost exactly similar, on every part of the globe: but we never see two tribes or two nations of men alike, nor even two individuals of the very same country and society. Manners and customs, virtues and vices, knowledge and ignorance, principles and habits, are, with but little variation, transmitted from one generation to another; and, if we look for man in a state of nature, he is a being no where to be found. In every country, education and circumstances chiefly form his principles and habits; and these almost invariably remain with him through life; so that he is much more permanently what he has become, than what he was created. The wise men and the fools, the saints and the sinners, the ornaments and the disgraces, the benefactors and the scourges of the world, are not the work of Nature but of man. Constitutional temperament and mental powers may render some an easier prey to temptation and circumstances, than others; but I do most firmly believe, that in almost every case, the natural energies and talents, which have carried unfortunate wretches onward to the commission of enormous crimes, would, if they had been properly directed from childhood, have exalted them to eminence in virtue. The very same misguided ingenuity that has brought many a miserable malefactor to the gallows, might have raised him, under happier circumstances and better instruction, to fortune and to fame. Do we not find, indeed, in strict conformity with this position, that almost all the wretched beings who forfeit their lives to the outraged laws of society, attribute their destruction to a neglected education, or to evil company in their earlier days. What an awful and important lesson is this circumstance calculated to teach parents, and, indeed, all who have, in any way, the oversight and guidance of the young! A single folly encouraged, a single evil passion suffered to triumph, a single vicious habit permitted to take root,—in what an awful catastrophe may it one day terminate.

It may not be unnecessary to state here, that by the

word *education*, which I have already used, and which I shall have occasion frequently to use in this discourse, I do not mean merely, nor even principally, school learning; but, in the widest sense, every thing which has a tendency to influence the mind, the principles, the temper, and the habits of the young. In this legitimate sense of the term, we are bound to consider the restraining of improper desires, and the encouragement of virtuous sentiments, to be a much more important part of education, than having children taught to read and write, and cast accounts. This valuable species of moral instruction, even the most illiterate parent is capable of bestowing, and has constant opportunities of bestowing: and, believe me, he or she who omits this duty, will, one day, have bitter cause to lament such negligence.

The temper and dispositions of a child, upon which so much of the happiness or misery of life depends, are the earliest objects of watchfulness and interest; and every person, who has at all observed children, must be aware how exceedingly early these begin to develope themselves. In fact, they appear almost with the first smile, or the first tear; and it is quite astonishing, how soon the infant can read the expression of the countenance, and how soon it becomes sensible of praise or blame. Long before it can either utter or understand a single syllable, the little physiognomist can decipher the sentiments of the mind, in the features of the face. So wonderful is this almost instinctive perception of character, that, I think, I have never seen a child spontaneously extend its arms to a person who was decidedly cruel or ill-natured. Even then, education may begin; nay, I am persuaded, ought to begin. I know that there is nothing more common with parents, and with others who have the care of children, than to laugh at violent bursts of bad temper, or instances of peevishness and selfishness: and this practice is usually palliated, upon the weak supposition, that such feelings may be easily subdued as the child grows older; or, to use the vulgar phrase, "when it gets more sense." But I firmly believe, that in nine cases out of ten, the requisite portion of sense never

comes; whilst the pernicious tendency and habit as certainly remain. This may appear a very trifling, perhaps undignified, or even ludicrous remark: but, from experience and observation, I am deeply convinced of its importance; well knowing, that nothing so materially tends to sweeten or to embitter the cup of human life, as TEMPER. A well-regulated temper is not only an abundant source of personal enjoyment and general respect to its fortunate possessor, but also of serious advantage to others, in all the social relations. I have seen the mother of a family, under its hallowed influence, moving in the domestic circle with a radiant countenance, and, like the sun in the firmament, diffusing light and joy on all around her. I have seen her children artless and happy, her domestics respectful and contented, and her neighbours emulous in offices of courtesy and kindness. Above all, I have seen her husband returning, with a weary body and an anxious mind, from the harassing avocations of the world: but, the moment he set his foot upon his own threshold, and witnessed the smiling cheerfulness within; the cloud of care instantly passed away from his brow, and his heart beat lightly in his bosom; and he felt how much substantial happiness a single individual, in a comparatively humble station, may be enabled to dispense. Yet, how many scenes of a very different character are every day exhibited in the world, where the evils of poverty are augmented tenfold, by the miserable burthen of a peevish and repining spirit; and where the blessings of affluence seem only to supply their possessors with additional means of manifesting the extent of wretchedness, personal and social, which ill-regulated tempers are able to produce! Many a man, whose judgment is adequate to direct the destinies of nations, whose eloquence enraptures senates, and whose playful wit and vivid fancy render him the idol of the brilliant circles of fashion, is, nevertheless, totally unable to govern his own temper; and never enters his home—that spot which, of all others upon earth, should be peculiarly consecrated to gentleness and affection—in any other character than of a cold, gloomy, and capricious tyrant.

Let it be remembered, too, that the influence of temper is co-extensive with society itself; and it will not appear a matter of trifling moment, to devise the best means of regulating and restraining a principle, so intimately associated with the general happiness of our species.

Montgomery.

Character of Ruth.

RUTH was a Moabitess by birth, bred among idolators, and, if not herself an idolator when she came to Bethlehem, her language, "Thy God shall be my God," at least implies the absence of those elevated views of the supremacy of the one God, and the universality of his dominion, which it was the object of Judaism to inculcate. Little of morality could she have learned from either the existing inhabitants, or the fabled gods, of her native land. How absurd is the bigotry which, merely on the evidence of erroneous opinions, pronounces the condemnation of individual character! The existence, or the absence, of moral worth, should always be ascertained as a matter of fact; and not assumed as matter of inference from any tenets whatever, however false, however extravagant. In proportion as their tendency is unfavourable, does it show the triumph of that law of God which is written on the heart. What a stimulus should such examples give to those who have every advantage for forming them to goodness! What a powerful and affecting memento is it to the young, of the multiplied privileges of their condition! How many of the youth of the present day are in circumstances which afford a most felicitous contrast to those of some, whose dispositions and conduct have yet done honour to humanity, and would have done honour to an infinitely purer faith than that in which they were educated! That you have the Bible in your hands, and so much of it peculiarly adapted to interest and influence your minds and hearts; that friends, parents, and teachers, combine, by the gentle power of affection, to draw you on in wisdom's ways—ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace, as they infallibly are; that religion appears before you

in the native loveliness of her spirit—that spirit embodied in the words of the sacred volume—embodied, as we hope, in the lives of those about you: these are privileges, which (could you, as others more advanced in life, see the full value of) would make you bless your God for his bounty, in the fulness of your hearts, and from the bottom of your hearts, every night and morning; would make you intensely anxious to act up to your advantages, by the discharge of every religious duty, and of every social obligation of respect and goodness; and, with a promptness, a justice, and a fervency, which would do yourselves good, would call forth your applause and honourable emulation of the good in character and conduct exhibited by others in less propitious circumstances.

The excellence of the character before us was severely tried. A whirlwind of calamity had passed over the fugitive Israelitish family, with which she had connected herself, and that in a land where they were strangers, and she a denizen; she clung to the blighted trunk which remained, when all its branches were torn off and scattered; she adhered to Naomi, when Orpah shrunk back from the melancholy companionship; she came into a land whose religion was strange, whose temper was unsocial, whose inhabitants always were proud and jealous of their privileges, and eminently exclusive in their spirit; she devoted herself to poverty and labour, and to all the resignation of personal enjoyment, and the forbearance and patience required in ministering to one on whom a forlorn old age, with its infirmities of body and of temper, was coming; and she nobly and triumphantly endured all that her lot imposed. Goodness is majestic and venerable, even in the poorest and youngest, when it can abide such tests. Sorrow is the refiner's fire of Providence, to try the purity, and exhibit in splendour the purity of early worth and virtue. The calamities of a parent, show the merits of a child. To our young friends we would say, Far from you may that trial be! but should it come, should the fluctuations of commerce, the inflictions of disease, or any other storm of distress burst over the heads of those to whom you owe so much; oh

then, may your sympathies, and attention, and exertion, be a shield of defence for them, as they will be a crown of glory to yourselves!

This excellence was honourably rewarded. It was rewarded by her coming into a land where that God was known, whose government is the security and blessedness of those who do his will; by the station to which she was ultimately raised; by her being one in the list of the progenitors of the promised seed of Abraham, which was a coveted glory in Israel; by the memorial which has made her name, and character, and history, known and celebrated through long ages and over distant regions; and by that final recompense of heaven, which awaits the excellent of earth. And heaven and earth conspire to reward goodness. Though the Jewish economy, with its temporal sanctions, has passed away; there is many a promise of the life that now is to godliness, as well as of that which is to come. Riches are not promised; fame is not promised; health is not promised: but rarely will earth's best blessing of the esteem of the estimable be withheld; and never an internal quiet, peace, self-approbation, and hope, which do for present happiness much more, while they harmoniously blend with the future happiness towards which they point and conduct. *Fox.*

The Union of Friendship with Religion recommended.

Friendship, considered as the medicine of life,—as the source of pure and rational enjoyment in this infancy of our being, possesses no mean value; but how infinitely is that value enhanced, when we regard it as the guide to immortality! Who might be satisfied to be a friend for time, when he might be one for eternity? Who would rest contented to minister to a mere temporary gratification, when he might impart a solid, substantial, never-fading bliss? Look around, my brethren, upon those who are dear to you. What is it you wish for them? Every blessing, your hearts reply, that a bounteous God can bestow,—bliss, pure, and strong, and permanent. Teach them, then, by your example and by your conversation, by the rever-

ence with which you speak of God's awful perfections, by the gratitude with which you make mention of his overflowing mercies, by the firm confidence which you express in his glorious promises,—only teach them to love God, with pure hearts, fervently; and the most ardent wishes that you can frame for their happiness, will be realized. Truth is always beautiful and lovely; but religious truth has a dignity and interest peculiar to itself. Who shall estimate its possible effects, when displayed in its native power, and urged home to the heart by the voice of a friend, at those seasons when the heart is warmest, and most susceptible of every virtuous impression? Were it not for the pernicious influence of false shame, which has often led even the wise and good, from a fear of being thought hypocritical or righteous overmuch, to withhold the honest expression of their best and purest feelings; the voice of virtuous friendship might have early reclaimed and persuaded many a lost sinner,—invigorated and warmed, with the holy glow of piety and benevolence, many a cold and lifeless Christian. "He who turns a sinner from the error of his way," says an Apostle, "shall save a soul from death, and cover its multitude of sins." This is an affecting consideration, and should actively influence our conduct, however remote and unconnected with us by ties of love or kindred the fellow-being who is the subject of it: but should this fellow-being be a friend, how unspeakably is the interest increased! Glorious office, to save the soul of a friend from death,—to open for a friend the gates of paradise! Blessed and happy privilege, to make the partners of our earthly journey our associates for evermore! This privilege every one may exercise and enjoy, in a greater or less degree, who is careful to cultivate in himself, and to carry with him into the familiar intercourses of social life, the purifying spirit of religion. Even where there is most virtue, such is the frailty of our nature, that many faults will still exist, both in ourselves and those who are dear to us, the removal, or even partial correction, of any one of which, cannot but prove an everlasting benefit. Every deficiency in moral excellence, in the degree in which

it prevails, must render him who discovers it, not merely unworthy, but incapable, of partaking the pure and perfect happiness, designed for the purely and perfectly virtuous. All those defects of temper and disposition which the discipline of this world fails to remove, will remain, we must suppose, still to be done away,—to delay, therefore, or to lessen, so long as they continue, the happiness of heaven. He, then, who releases the mind of a friend from the bondage of a single sin, advances him one degree farther,—a degree which he can never lose, in the infinite progress to perfection: by a milder and more delightful process, he renders needless the purifying but painful discipline of chastisement: he is the hastener and the heightener of his friend's everlasting joy. How little, then, does he understand of the true value of that influence which friendship gives, who makes it his highest aim to minister to the temporal wants, the short-lived gratifications, or the trifling amusements, of the beloved associate, whose immortal mind he might inform with wisdom and with virtue, and assist to qualify for a joyful admission into that world which flesh and blood cannot inherit!

Nor let us falsely imagine, that we are at liberty to act as we please, in this respect. The mutual influence that we have over each other, by means of those strong and delightful sympathies which God has implanted in our breasts, is a talent, and a most valuable and important one, for the use of which we are strictly accountable to Him. If we abuse this talent, or bury it in a napkin,—if we exert not this influence to the noblest purposes,—if we dare to squander these treasures of the heart, which, rightly employed, might purchase "everlasting habitations" for ourselves and for our friends, upon the trifles of earth and time; our guilt and our condemnation will indeed be great. Conscience, if we reflect for a moment on the subject, will pronounce our sentence. Suppose a friend upon the bed of death—suppose him even suddenly severed from you by the fortunes of life—is it no cause of sorrow and self-accusation, that you have suffered him to depart unblessed with any abiding memorial of your

love?—that, when you shall appear together before the awful judgment-seat of God, all traces of your connection shall have vanished for ever with the fleeting shadows of time? The case, had you acted otherwise, might have been very different. "Father," he might have had the power to say, "this was indeed my friend. He told me of Thy perfections, and he taught me to love Thee; he spake to me of the Saviour whom Thou didst send, and persuaded me to follow in his footsteps; he admonished me with truth and tenderness of my faults, and besought me, as I valued Thy favour, and his friendship, and my own salvation, to turn from them. If I now stand in Thy presence, a forgiven sinner, and rejoice in the light of Thy countenance, it is to him, under Thy favour and blessing, that I owe it; for 'we took sweet counsel together,' and 'walked to thy house of prayer in company,' and 'spake often one to another, as those who feared the Lord.' Religion sanctified and blessed our earthly intercourse. Father of mercies," might he have pleaded, "if it be Thy will, suffer not our intercourse to be interrupted now; let not remaining frailty separate between us; but, if it be possible, give me my friend."

O foolish mortal! to neglect to secure such a supporter in thy hour of need—such an advocate against thy day of trembling! But, what if thou hast been worse than negligent,—if thou hast ministered to the follies,—if thou hast corrupted the virtues,—if thou hast confirmed the vices, of thy friend, of him who loved thee, and sat at thy table, and drank of thy counsel like water? Unhappy man! hast thou not sins enough of thine own to answer for?—hast thou not sorrows enough of thine own to bear? How shalt thou endure to hear the groans, the lamentations, the bosom-rending sorrows of him whose hope thou hast cut off, whose bud of life thou hast blighted, whose stream of happiness thou hast polluted at its source! Then, indeed, shalt thou exclaim, with bitter anguish, "If it was an enemy, I could have borne it; but it was mine own familiar friend." O think—ye who in your misnamed friendships despise religion—ye who scruple not to pollute the virtue of those whom you profess to love—

think what ye are doing, and have mercy upon the objects of your cruel kindness, if ye will not upon yourselves. *With religion*, friendship is an everlasting possession; in oriental phrase, "beautiful as the dawn rising on the obscurity of night, precious as the water of immortality issuing from the land of darkness." It is, indeed, a cup mingled by the hand of God himself, and presented by him to the most favoured of his children, bringing joy to the heart, and life to the soul of him who quaffs it. But what is friendship *without* religion? It is at best, but a fleeting and transient good—a meteor, that sheds a momentary light upon our path, which the eager eye has no sooner caught, than it vanishes for ever—a cup of sweets, dashed from the lips almost before it can be tasted.

Hutton.

On the Education of Females.

Let it not be supposed, that I am an enemy to what are generally termed, "female accomplishments." On the contrary, I consider them, when moderately and rationally pursued, as eminently calculated to refine the taste, and harmonize the feelings of those who possess them; whilst they powerfully tend to sweeten the intercourse of the domestic and friendly circle, to augment the enjoyments of general society, and to cast a sunshine over the gloomy realities of life. Amidst the ten thousand pursuits and cares of the world, the mind and the spirit require relaxation, as well as the body; and the tastes and circumstances of women peculiarly fit them for the acquisition of those accomplishments, which interest the understanding, whilst they soothe the heart. Many a father have I seen, after a toilsome and anxious day, relaxing his brow of care, and considering all his exertions as more than repaid; whilst, with parental pride, he noted the improvement, or joined the innocent amusements of his children, and cast a look of gratified affection upon the faithful companion of his life. I know nothing in philosophy, I know nothing in religion, which forbids such feelings and such enjoyments. Yet, I am per-

suaded, that accomplishments should only be the adjuncts of education, and not its principal business, or its chief end: and, in my mind, there is nothing incompatible between elegance and solidity. On the contrary, I am convinced, that the mind which is most enlarged by the possession of substantial knowledge, is the best calculated to appreciate and to enjoy those less serious branches of education, which tend to cheer and to ornament society. I do not despair of seeing the time, when young females shall consider themselves infinitely better employed in reading the real history of nations, than in perusing volumes of unnatural fiction, which only fills the mind with false ideas, and the heart with injurious feelings—when they shall be no more ashamed of learning ancient than modern languages, or of attending instructions in philosophy which would enlarge their understandings, than of frequenting the gaudy circles of fashion and amusement—when they shall think it more honourable to possess such a knowledge of moral science, and the principles of human action and duty, as would render them useful mothers; than to imitate, after years of labour, "the wing of a butterly, or the hue of a rose."

It may be inquired, however, would I educate every woman for a governess? Yes, most assuredly. Every mother is, or at least ought to be, a teacher of the holiest and most interesting kind. Various avocations may prevent her from being a regular instructor; but no earthly consideration should preclude her from being the occasional, nay, the frequent teacher of her children. In order that she may be able to act thus, to select proper assistants in the sacred work, to judge of their fidelity in the execution, and to preserve a spirit of energy and zeal; it is absolutely necessary that she should, herself, possess the requisite qualifications. I care not what may be her station, this is her duty. If her rank be humble, prudence, economy, and a laudable desire to advance her family, demand it. If her rank be exalted, many considerations render it still more imperative. Too many, I fear, in affluent circumstances, imagine, that because they can afford ample remuneration to competent instructors, they are

therefore exempted from all personal attention to the education of their children. No error could be more fatal. In the higher ranks of life, where young persons are perpetually surrounded by fawning and interested flatterers—where the innate vanity and presumption of the human heart are inflamed by indulgence and conscious superiority—no authority less than parental, is adequate to restrain the passions, to discipline the principles, to form the habits, and to animate exertion. And, let it be farther considered, that in proportion as the station is exalted, so is the influence of the individual occupying it extended. The happiness of thousands frequently depends upon the disposition and character of a single person. The affluent man, of enlightened piety, humane sentiments, cultivated understanding, and enlarged views of public usefulness, is often the means of diffusing over a wide circle the inestimable blessings of religion and morality, of industry and prosperity, of cheerfulness and peace. On the other hand, the ignorant and profligate man of wealth, without knowledge, or inclination to do good, possessing ample means for the gratification of degrading passions and tyrannical propensities, necessarily becomes a moral pestilence, diffusing the contagion of vice and misery through all the channels of social life around him. Of what peculiar importance is it, therefore, not only for their own honour and happiness, but also for the good of society, that persons occupying influential stations, should receive a solid and virtuous education! The Christian mother, who imagines that her rank exempts her from the duties of parental vigilance and intruction, wofully miscalculates the nature of her office; and she who looks upon it as a degradation, to become the instructress of her own children, is a total stranger to that which would constitute the highest honour of her sex and station In the splendid circle of fashion, she may be fair and lovely; her rank may awaken envy, and command respect; her accomplishments may secure the admiration of others, and swell her own heart with vanity: but, after all, such is not the true scene of her genuine interest, and respectability, and happiness. The sphere of her substantial,

unfading honour, lies far away from the crowded haunts of amusement, in a peaceful and secluded apartment of her happy home. There, in the midst of her little ones, she represses the frowardness of one, encourages the diffidence of another, and, "in familiar phrase and adapted story," pours lessons of instruction into the minds of all. With a mother's gentleness, she draws forth their talents; with a mother's firmness, she regulates their tempers; with a mother's prudence, she prepares them to adorn their station upon earth; and with a mother's piety, she leads them in the onward path towards heaven. The wide expanse of the globe presents no object more interesting, more exalted, or more useful, than such a Christian parent; nor is there any spot of nature, on which the eye of Omniscience rests with more complacency, than upon the retired and peaceful scene of her virtuous labours. Such a mother becomes the centre of a system of usefulness, of whose extent, the imagination can form no adequate conception; for there is not a single worthy principle which she instils, that may not descend as the ornament and solace of ten thousand generations. For my own part, I have always considered parents, who devoted their leisure hours to the instruction of their offspring, as the most estimable and the most useful members of society; and I never could read the story of the Spartan king, who was found by the Persian ambassadors playing in the midst of his children, without looking upon that circumstance as more honourable than all his victories. I do especially believe, that no plan could be devised for elevating the entire frame of society, half so efficacious as that which would produce a succession of well-instructed, judicious, and virtuous Christian mothers. The laws of the statesman, and the lessons of the divine, would be but feeble instruments of prevention and reformation, in comparison with the hallowed, all-pervading agency of maternal wisdom, energy, and affection. Let it not be supposed, however, that I am the advocate of visionary schemes of education. It would neither be practicable nor desirable, for every woman to become deeply learned: but I would have every female substantially educated,

in proportion to her rank, her abilities, and her opportunities. This is surely neither unreasonable nor impracticable; and I am persuaded, that in this age of increasing light, it is a subject which will gradually secure a larger portion of public consideration.

Montgomery.

Exhortation to Youth to cultivate a Devotional Spirit.

I EARNESTLY wish, that I could induce all young persons to divest religion of every gloomy and repulsive association;—to feel, that it does not consist—as some would fain represent it—in grave and solemn looks, and a sanctified demeanour, or in an affected fondness for long sermons and long prayers: but that, properly understood, it is—and especially for the young—a cheerful and lightsome spirit, springing up naturally in pure and innocent hearts, whose affectionate confidence in the universal Father is not yet alloyed with fear, or weakened by distrust. Would you have within your bosoms that peace, which the world can neither give nor take away? Would you possess a source of the purest and sweetest pleasures? Would you have that richest of all blessings—a disposition to relish, in their highest perfection, all the innocent and rational enjoyments of life? Let me conjure you to cherish a spirit of devotion—a simple-hearted, fervent, and affectionate piety. Accustom yourselves to conceive of God, as a merciful and gracious parent—continually looking down upon you with the tenderest concern, and inviting you to be good, only that you may become everlastingly happy. Consider yourselves as placed upon earth, for the express purpose of doing the will of God; and remember, if this be your constant object, whatever trials, disappointments, and sorrows, you may be doomed to experience—you will be sustained under them all by the noblest consolations. With the view of keeping up a perpetual sense of your dependence on God, never omit to seek him habitually in prayer, and to connect the thought of Him with all that is affecting and impressive in the events of your lives—with all that is stupendous, and vast, and beau-

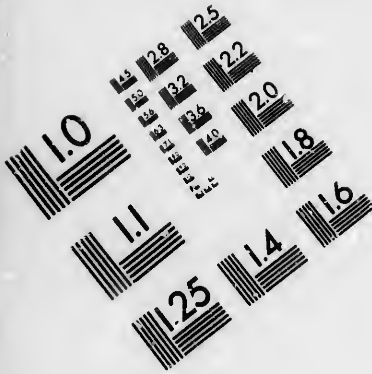
tiful in the productions of his creative power and skill. Whatever excites you—whatever interests you—whatever in the world of nature, or the world of man, strikes you as new and extraordinary—refer it all to God; discover in it some token of his providence, some proof of his goodness; convert it into some fresh occasion of praising and blessing his holy and venerable name. Do not regard the exercises of devotion as a bare duty, which have a merit in themselves, however they are performed; but recur to them as a privilege and a happiness, which ennobles and purifies your nature, and binds you by the holiest of ties to the greatest and best of all things.

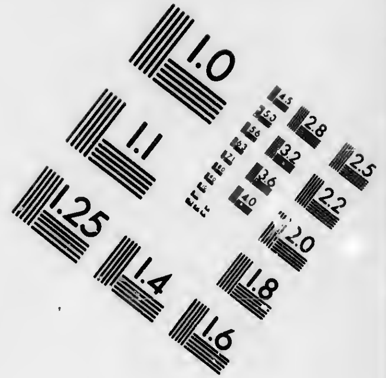
When you consider what God is, and what he has done—when you cast your eyes over the broad field of creation, which he has replenished with so many curious and beautiful objects; or raise them to the brilliant canopy of heaven, where other worlds and systems of worlds beam upon the wondering view—when day and night, and summer and winter, and seed-time and harvest—when the things nearest to you and most familiar to you, the very structure of your own bodily frame, and that principle of conscious life and intelligence which glows within you—all speak to you of God, and call upon your awakened hearts to tremble and adore:—when to a Being thus vast—thus awful—you are permitted to approach in prayer,—when you are encouraged to address him by the endearing appellation of a Father in heaven; and, with all the confidence and ingenuousness of affectionate children, to tell him your wants and your fears, to implore his forgiveness, and earnestly to besech him for a continuance of his mercies:—you cannot, my young friends, if you have any feeling—any seriousness about you, regard the exercises of devotion as a task; but must rejoice in it, as an unspeakable privilege, to hold direct intercourse with that great and good Being—that unseen, but universal Spirit, to whose presence all things in heaven and on earth bear witness; and in whom we all live and move and have our being. Thus excite and cherish the spirit of devotion: whenever any thing touches your hearts, or powerfully appeals to your moral feel-

ings—give way to the religious impulse of the occasion, and send up a silent prayer to the Power who heareth in secret. And, in your daily addresses to God, do not confine yourselves to any stated form of words which may be repeated mechanically, without any concurrence either of the heart or of the head; but, after having reviewed the mercies of your particular condition—after having collected your thoughts, and endeavoured to ascertain the wants and weaknesses of your character—give utterance, in the simple and unstudied language which comes spontaneously to the lips, to all those emotions of gratitude and holy fear, of submission and trust, which cannot fail to arise in your hearts, when you have previously reflected what you are, and find yourselves alone in the presence of an Almighty God.

Beloved friends, yours is the time to cultivate this pure, this heavenly frame of mind. You have as yet known God only in his countenance of love; you have felt his presence only in the communications of his loving-kindness and tender mercy. Your hearts are as yet strangers to the fear of habitual guilt; but swell, with a holy, trembling joy, to think, that He who made heaven and earth is your God and Father,—that He who controls the course of nature, and rules the destinies of nations, is not unmindful even of you. Seize, then, oh seize this precious, this golden period of existence! improve it, while it is yours; for, believe me, it will never return again. When the heart has once been alienated from God—when guilt has once polluted it—though repentance and reformation may at length bind up its broken peace, it will never more experience that warmth and fulness of affectionate confidence—that entire and unhesitating trust in the Father of mercies, which belong only to pure and innocent minds.

Taylor.





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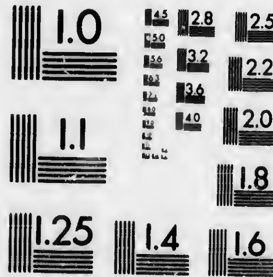

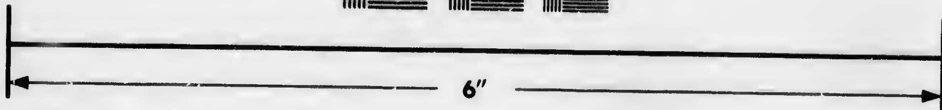

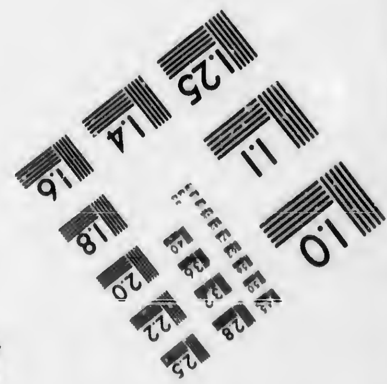

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ANCIENT AND MODERN ORATORY.

Hannibal to his Soldiers.

I KNOW not, soldiers, whether you′ or your prisoners‵* be encompassed by fortune′ with the stricter bonds′ and necessities‵. Two‵ seas′ enclose you on the right′ and left‵;—not a ship′ to flee to for escaping‵. Before′ you is the Po‵, a river′ broader‵ and more rapid‵ than the Rhone′; behind‵ you are the Alps′, over which′, even when your numbers were undiminished‵, you were hardly able to force a passage‵.—Here‵, then, soldiers, you must either conquer‵ or die′, the very‵ first‵ hour′ you meet′ the enemy‵. But the same fortune which has laid you under the necessity′ of fighting, has set before your eyes‵ those rewards of victory′, than which‵ no‵ men are ever wont to wish for greater′ from the immortal gods‵. Should we, by our valour, recover only Sicily′ and Sardinia‵, which were ravished from our fathers‵, those would be no inconsiderable′ prizes. Yet, what‵ are these? The wealth of Rome‵, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations′, all these′, with the masters‵ of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania‵ and Celtiberia′; you have hitherto met with no‵ reward worthy′ the labours‵ and dangers′ you have undergone. The time is now‵ come to reap the full′ recompense of your toilsome marches over so many mountains‵ and rivers′, and through so many nations′, all′ of them in arms‵. This‵ is the place, which fortune has appointed to be the limits′ of your labours; it is here‵ that you will finish′ your glorious warfare, and receive an ample‵ recompense′ of your completed′ service‵. For I would not have you imagine, that victory

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* Relative emphasis. In his contempt for the Romans, he treats them as if they were already conquered.

will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding′. It has often happened, that a despised′ enemy\ has given\ a bloody\ battle′, and the most renowned\ kings\ and nations′ have by a small′ force been overthrown\. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name′, what is there, wherein they may stand in competition with you\? For′—to say nothing of your service in war for twenty years together, with so much valour and success′—from the very Pillars of Hercules\, from the ocean\, from the utmost bounds of the earth\, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious′? And with whom are you now\ to fight? With raw\ soldiers, an undisciplined\ army, beaten\, vanquished\, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer\, an army unknown′ to their leader, and unacquainted\ with him.

Or shall I′, who was—born\, I might almost say—but certainly brought up′, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general′; shall I′, the conqueror of Spain′ and Gaul′, and not only of the Alpine\ nations′, but which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves\; shall I′ compare myself with this half′-year′ captain′?—A captain′! before whom, should one place the two armies without their ensigns′, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul\! I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one\ among you′, who has not often been an eye-witness of my′ exploits in war; not one′, of whose valour I myself\ have not been a spectator′, so as to be able to name the times′ and places\ of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand′ times praised′ and rewarded\, and whose pupil\ I was before I became their general′, I shall march\ against an army\ of men′, strangers\ to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes′, I behold all full of courage′ and strength\; a veteran′ infantry\! a most gallant′ cavalry\! you, my allies, most faithful\ and valiant′; you, Carthaginians′, whom not only your country's′ cause, but the justest anger\, impels\ to battle. The hope′, the courage′ of assailants′, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive′. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down

upon Italy\`; you\` bring the war. Grief\`, injuries\`, indignities′, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge\`.—First, they demanded me\`; that I′, your general\`, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you′, who had fought at the siege of Saguntum\`; and we were to be put to death by the extremest′ tortures.\` Proud′ and cruel\` nation! Every\` thing must be yours′, and at your disposal\`! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war′, with whom we shall make peace\`! You are to set us bounds\`; to shut us up within hills′ and rivers\`; but you\`—you are not to observe the limits which yourselves′ have fixed\`! "Pass not the Iberus\`." What next\`? "Touch not the Saguntines\`." Saguntum is upon\` the Iberus. "Move not a step\` towards that city." Is it a small′ matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily\` and Sardinia′; you would have Spain\` too? Well, we shall yield\` Spain; and then′—you will pass into Africa\`! Will′ pass, did I say? This′ very′ year they ordered one\` of their consuls into Africa′; the other′, into Spain\`. No\`, soldiers, there is nothing\` left′ for us but what we can vindicate with our swords\`. Come on′ then! Be′ men\`! The Romans′ may with more\` safety′ be cowards\`. They have their own country behind them\`, have places of refuge to flee\` to, and are secure from danger′ in the roads′ thither; but for you′ there is no\` middle\` fortune′ between death′ and victory\`. Let this be but well\` fixed\` in your minds′, and once\` again\`, I say′—you are conquerors\`! *Livy.*

Speech of Lord Chatham, in the House of Peers, against the American War, and against employing the Indians in it.

I CANNOT, my Lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and

genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world: now, none so poor as to do her reverence."—The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my Lords, you cannot 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, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to over-run them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American—as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms;——Never!—never!—never!—

But, my Lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbar-

ous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means, which God and nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. My Lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—"That God and nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and nature, that noble Lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature, to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that Right Reverend, and this most Learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the Judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution.——To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! Against whom?—our brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hounds of war!—Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She

armed herself with bloodhounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico! We, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your Lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure, the indelible stigma of public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong, to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

Cicero against Verres.

THE time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state—that in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you—to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation—one, whose life and actions condemn him, in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted—I mean Caius Verres. I demand justice of you, Fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily! If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public; but if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall

still gain one point—to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case, was—not a criminal nor a prosecutor—but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæstorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia—what did it produce but the ruin of those countries; in which houses, cities, and temples, were robbed by him? What was his conduct in the prætorship here at home? Let the plundered temples and public works—neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on—bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge? Let those who suffered by his injustice answer. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years, under the wisest and best of prætors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them: for it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws;—of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman Senate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth;—nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years; and his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies; Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures; the most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most

unexceptionable characters, condemned and banished unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers; the soldiery and sailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death; whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them; but, on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend, that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state committed the same outrage against the privileges of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. In vain the unhappy

man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen; I have served under Lucius Precius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence!" The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and from infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that, while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!—Oh liberty!—Oh sound, once delightful to every Roman ear!—Oh sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred!—now trampled upon! But what then?—Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of all liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

Invective against Hastings.

HAD a stranger, at this time, gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla—that man, who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character; and who, with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, pre-

served to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil—if this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burned up and extinguished—of villages depopulated, and in ruins—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry,—he would naturally inquire, What war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country?—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed those villages?—what disputed succession—what religious rage, has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties?—what merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword?—what severe visitation of Providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure?—Or, rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour? To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage—no merciless enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters—no, all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and, lo! those are the fruits of their alliance. What, then! shall we be told, that, under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus goaded and spurred on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums? When we hear the description of the fever—paroxysm—delirium, into which despair has thrown the natives, when, on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds,

to accelerate their dissolution; and, while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to Heaven; breathing their last and fervent prayer, that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country—Will it be said, that this was brought about by the incantations of these Begums, in their secluded Zenana? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive? That which Nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man; and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes part of his being—That feeling which tells him, that man was never made to be the property of man; but that, when, through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty—That feeling which tells him, that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury of the people; and that, when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed—That principle which tells him, that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which he gave him, in the creation!—to that common God, who, where he gives the form of man, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the feelings and the rights of man—That principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish!—That principle, which makes it base for a man to suffer when he ought to act—which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent quality of his race.

Sheridan.

Cicero for Milo.

My Lords,—That you may be able the more easily to determine upon that point before you, I shall beg the favour of an attentive hearing, while, in a few words, I lay open the whole affair.—Clodius, being determined, when created prætor, to harass his country with every species of oppression, and finding the comitia had been delayed so long the year before, that he could not hold this office many months, all on a sudden threw up his own year, and reserved himself to the next; not from any religious scruple, but that he might have, as he said himself, a full, entire year, for exercising his prætorship—that is, for overturning the commonwealth. Being sensible he must be controlled and cramped in the exercise of his prætorian authority under Milo, who, he plainly saw, would be chosen consul by the unanimous consent of the Roman people; he joined the candidates that opposed Milo—but in such a manner, that he overruled them in everything, had the sole management of the election, and, as he used often to boast, bore all the comitia upon his own shoulders. He assembled the tribes; he thrust himself into their councils, and formed a new tribe of the most abandoned of the citizens. The more confusion and disturbance he made, the more Milo prevailed. When this wretch, who was bent upon all manner of wickedness, saw that so brave a man, and his most inveterate enemy, would certainly be consul—when he perceived this, not only by the discourses, but by the votes of the Roman people, he began to throw off all disguise, and to declare openly that Milo must be killed. He often intimated this in the Senate, and declared it expressly before the people; insomuch, that when Favonius, that brave man, asked him what prospect he could have of carrying on his furious designs, while Milo was alive—he replied, that, in three or four days at most, he should be taken out of the way—which reply Favonius immediately communicated to Cato.

In the mean time, as soon as Clodius knew—nor indeed was there any difficulty to come at the intelligence—that Milo was obliged by the 18th of January to be at Lanuvium, where he was dictator, in order to

nominate a priest—a duty which the laws rendered necessary to be performed every year; he went suddenly from Rome the day before, in order, as it appears by the event, to waylay Milo in his own grounds; and this at a time when he was obliged to leave a tumultuous assembly, which he had summoned that very day, where his presence was necessary to carry on his mad designs—a thing he never would have done, if he had not been desirous to take the advantage of that particular time and place for perpetrating his villany. But Milo, after having stayed in the Senate that day till the house was broke up, went home, changed his clothes, waited a while, as usual, till his wife had got ready to attend him, and then set forward, about the time that Clodius, if he had proposed to come back to Rome that day, might have returned. He meets Clodius, near his own estate, a little before sun-set, and is immediately attacked by a body of men, who throw their darts at him from an eminence, and kill his coachman. Upon which, he threw off his cloak, leaped from his chariot, and defended himself with great bravery. In the meantime, Clodius's attendants, drawing their swords, some of them ran back to the chariot, in order to attack Milo in the rear; whilst others, thinking that he was already killed, fell upon his servants who were behind. These being resolute and faithful to their master, were, some of them, slain; whilst the rest, seeing a warm engagement near the chariot, being prevented from going to their master's assistance, hearing besides from Clodius himself that Milo was killed, and believing it to be a fact, acted upon this occasion—I mention it, not with a view to elude the accusation, but because it was the true state of the case—without the orders, without the knowledge, without the presence of their master, as every man would wish his own servants should act in the like circumstances.

This, my Lords, is a faithful account of the matter of fact: the person who lay in wait was himself overcome, and force subdued by force, or rather audaciousness chastised by true valour. I say nothing of the advantage which accrues to the state in general, to

yourselves in particular, and to all good men: I am content to waive the argument I might draw from thence in favour of my client—whose destiny was so peculiar, that he could not secure his own safety, without securing yours and that of the republic at the same time. If he could not do it lawfully, there is no room for attempting his defence. But, if reason teaches the learned; necessity, the barbarian; common custom, all nations in general; and even nature itself instructs the brutes to defend their bodies, limbs, and lives, when attacked, by all possible methods; you cannot pronounce this action criminal, without determining, at the same time, that whoever falls into the hands of a highwayman, must of necessity perish either by the sword or your decisions. Had Milo been of this opinion, he would certainly have chosen to have fallen by the hand of Clodius—who had, more than once before this, made an attempt upon his life—rather than be executed by your order, because he had not tamely yielded himself a victim to his rage. But, if none of you are of this opinion, the proper question is, not whether Clodius was killed? for that we grant: but whether justly or unjustly? If it appear that Milo was the aggressor, we ask no favour; but if Clodius, you will then acquit him of the crime that has been laid to his charge.

Every circumstance, my Lords, concurs to prove, that it was for Milo's interest Clodius should live; that, on the contrary, Milo's death was a most desirable event for answering the purposes of Clodius; that, on the one side, there was a most implacable hatred; on the other, not the least; that the one had been continually employing himself in acts of violence, the other, only in opposing them; that the life of Milo was threatened, and his death publicly foretold by Clodius, whereas nothing of that kind was ever heard from Milo; that the day fixed for Milo's journey was well known to his adversary, while Milo knew not when Clodius was to return; that Milo's journey was necessary, but that of Clodius rather the contrary; that the one openly declared his intention of leaving Rome that day, while the other concealed his intention

of returning; that Milo made no alteration in his measures, but that Clodius feigned an excuse for altering his; that, if Milo had designed to waylay Clodius, he would have waited for him near the city till it was dark; but that Clodius, even if he had been under no apprehensions from Milo, ought to have been afraid of coming to town so late at night.

Let us now consider whether the place where the encounter happened, was most favourable to Milo or to Clodius. But can there, my Lords, be any room for doubt or deliberation upon that? It was near the estate of Clodius, where at least a thousand able-bodied men were employed in his mad schemes of building. Did Milo think he should have an advantage, by attacking him from an eminence? and did he, for this reason, pitch upon that spot for the engagement? or was he not rather expected in that place by his adversary, who hoped the situation would favour his assault? The thing, my Lords, speaks for itself, which must be allowed to be of the greatest importance in determining a question. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs. When the one was sitting in his chariot, muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him; which of these circumstances was not a very great incumbrance?—the dress, the chariot, or the companion? How could he be worse equipped for an engagement, when he was wrapped up in a cloak, embarrassed with a chariot, and almost fettered by his wife? Observe the other, now—in the first place, sallying out on a sudden from his seat; for what reason? In the evening; what urged him? Late; to what purpose, especially at that season? He calls at Pompey's seat; with what view? To see Pompey?—He knew he was at Allium. To see his house?—He had been in it a thousand times. What, then, could be the reason of this loitering and shifting about?—He wanted to be upon the spot, when Milo came up.

But if, my Lords, you are not yet convinced—though the thing shines out with such strong and full evidence

—that Milo returned to Rome with an innocent mind, unstained with guilt, undisturbed by fear, and free from the accusations of conscience; call to mind, I beseech you, by the immortal gods, the expedition with which he came back, his entrance into the forum, while the senate-house was in flames, the greatness of soul he discovered, the look he assumed, the speech he made on the occasion. He delivered himself up, not only to the people, but even to the senate; nor to the senate alone, but even to guards appointed for the public security; nor merely to them, but even to the authority of him whom the senate had entrusted with the care of the whole republic; to whom he would never have delivered himself, if he had not been confident of the goodness of his cause.

What now remains, but to beseech and adjure you, my Lords, to extend that compassion to a brave man, which he disdains to implore; but which I, even against his consent, implore and earnestly entreat. Though you have not seen him shed a single tear, while all are weeping around him—though he has preserved the same steady countenance, the same firmness of voice and language; do not, on this account, withhold it from him.

On you—on you I call, ye heroes, who have lost so much blood in the service of your country! To you, ye centurions, ye soldiers, I appeal in this hour of danger to the best of men, and bravest of citizens! While you are looking on, while you stand here with arms in your hands, and guard this tribunal; shall virtue like this be expelled, exterminated, cast out with dishonour? By the immortal gods, I wish—Pardon me, oh my country! for I fear what I shall say, out of a pious regard for Milo, may be deemed impiety against thee—that Clodius not only lived, but were prætor, consul, dictator, rather than be witness to such a scene as this. Shall this man, then, who was born to save his country, die any where but in his country? Shall he not, at least, die in the service of his country? Will you retain the memorials of his gallant soul, and deny his body a grave in Italy? Will any person give his voice for banishing a man from this city, whom every city

on earth would be proud to receive within its walls? Happy the country that shall receive him! ungrateful this, if it shall banish him! wretched, if it should lose him! But I must conclude: my tears will not allow me to proceed, and Milo forbids tears to be employed in his defence. You, my Lords, I beseech and adjure, that, in your decision, you would dare to act as you think. Trust me, your fortitude, your justice, your fidelity, will more especially be approved of by him, who, in his choice of judges, has raised to the bench the bravest, the wisest, and the best of men.

Lord Chatham's Reply to Sir Robert Walpole.

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing, that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail, when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, Sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted; and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But, if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply, that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator, and a villain;—nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves,—nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment. But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them, is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

Caius Marius to the Romans.

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice. It is undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times. To carry on, with

effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition, from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But, besides the disadvantages which are common to me, with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard—that, whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment; my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care, that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you may not be disappointed in me; and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated.

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body? A person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but of no experience! What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What

could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander for direction in difficulties, to which he was not himself equal? Thus, your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself known those who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant—that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness, and Plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth: I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth, against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character or of mine; what would they answer, but that they would wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me?—let them envy likewise my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow; whilst they aspire to honours, as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are, in praise of

their ancestors. And they imagine they honour themselves, by celebrating their forefathers; whereas, they do the very contrary: for, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. "He has no statues," they cry, "of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors."—What, then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can show no statues of my family! I can show the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished. I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of—not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour; amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood;—scenes of action where these effeminate Patricians, who endeavour, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces. *Sallust.*

Demosthenes to the Athenians, exciting them to prosecute the War against Philip.

When I compare, Athenians, the speeches of some amongst us with their actions, I am at a loss to reconcile what I see with what I hear. Their protestations are full of zeal against the public enemy; but their measures are so inconsistent, that all their professions become suspected. By confounding you with a va-

riety of projects, they perplex your resolutions; and lead you from executing what is in your power, by engaging you in schemes not reducible to practice.

'Tis true, there was a time when we were powerful enough, not only to defend our own borders, and protect our allies, but even to invade Philip in his own dominions. Yes, Athenians; there was such a juncture; I remember it well. But, by neglect of proper opportunities, we are no longer in a situation to be invaders. It will be well for us, if we can provide for our own defence, and our allies. Never did any conjuncture require so much prudence as this. However, I should not despair of seasonable remedies, had I the art to prevail with you to be unanimous in right measures. The opportunities which have so often escaped us, have not been lost through ignorance, or want of judgment, but through negligence or treachery.—If I assume, at this time, more than ordinary liberty of speech, I conjure you to suffer patiently those truths which have no other end but your own good. You have too many reasons to be sensible how much you have suffered by hearkening to sycophants. I shall, therefore, be plain in laying before you the grounds of past miscarriages, in order to correct you in your future conduct.

You may remember, it is not above three or four years since we had the news of Philip's laying siege to the fortress of Juno in Thrace. It was, as I think, in October, we received this intelligence. We voted an immediate supply of threescore talents; forty men-of-war were ordered to sea; and so zealous we were, that, preferring the necessities of state to our very laws, our citizens above the age of five and forty years were commanded to serve. What followed?—A whole year was spent idly without anything done; and it was but in the third month of the following year, a little after the celebration of the feast of Ceres, that Charademus set sail, furnished with no more than five talents, and ten galleys not half manned.

A rumour was spread, that Philip was sick. That rumour was followed by another, that Philip was dead; and, ther[illegible] if all danger died with him, you dropped

your preparations. Whereas, then—then was your time to push and be active; then was your time to secure yourselves, and confound him at once. Had your resolutions, taken with so much heat, been as warmly seconded by action, you had been then as terrible to Philip, as Philip, recovered, is now to you.— "To what purpose, at this time, these reflections? What is done, cannot be undone."—But, by your leave, Athenians, though past moments are not to be recalled, past errors may be retrieved. Have we not, now, a fresh provocation to war? Let the memory of oversights, by which you have suffered so much, instruct you to be more vigilant in the present danger. If the Olynthians are not instantly succoured, and with your utmost efforts, you become assistants to Philip, and serve him more effectually than he can help himself.

It is not, surely, necessary to warn you, that votes alone can be of no consequence. Had your resolutions, of themselves, the virtue to compass what you intend, we should not see them multiply every day, as they do, and upon every occasion, with so little effect; nor would Philip be in a condition to brave and affront us in this manner. Proceed, then, Athenians, to support your deliberations with vigour. You have heads capable of advising what is best; you have judgment and experience to discern what is right; and you have power and opportunity to execute what you determine. What time so proper for action? what occasion so happy? and when can you hope for such another, if this be neglected? Has not Philip, contrary to all treaties, insulted you in Thrace? Does he not, at this instant, straiten and invade your confederates, whom you have solemnly sworn to protect? Is he not an implacable enemy—a faithless ally—the usurper of provinces to which he has no title nor pretence—a stranger, a barbarian, a tyrant? And indeed, what is he not?

Observe, I beseech you, men of Athens, how different your conduct appears from the practices of your ancestors:—they were friends to truth and plain dealing, and detested flattery and servile compliance. By unanimous consent, they continued arbiters of all Greece, for the space of forty-five years, without interruption. A

public fund, of no less than ten thousand talents, was ready for any emergency. They exercised over the kings of Macedon, that authority which is due to barbarians; obtained, both by sea and land, in their own persons, frequent and signal victories; and, by their noble exploits, transmitted to posterity an immortal memory of their virtue, superior to the reach of malice and detraction. It is to them we owe that great number of public edifices, by which the city of Athens exceeds all the rest of the world in beauty and magnificence. It is to them we owe so many stately temples, so richly embellished, but, above all, adorned with the spoils of vanquished enemies.—But visit their own private habitations; visit the houses of Aristides, Miltiades, or any other of those patriots of antiquity—you will find nothing, not the least mark or ornament, to distinguish them from their neighbours. They took part in the government, not to enrich themselves, but the public; they had no scheme or ambition, but for the public; nor knew any interest, but the public. It was by a close and steady application to the general good of their country, by an exemplary piety towards the immortal gods, by a strict faith and religious honesty betwixt man and man, and a moderation always uniform and of a piece, they established that reputation, which remains to this day, and will last to utmost posterity.

Such, O men of Athens! were your ancestors—so glorious in the eyes of the world; so bountiful and munificent to their country; so sparing, so modest, so self-denying to themselves. What resemblance of these great men can we find in the present generation? At a time when your ancient competitors have left you a clear stage—when the Lacedæmonians are disabled; the Thebans employed in troubles of their own—when no other state whatever is in a condition to rival or molest you;—in short, when you are at full liberty—when you have the opportunity and the power to become once more the sole arbiters of Greece;—you permit, patiently, whole provinces to be wrested from you; you lavish the public money in scandalous and obscure uses; you suffer your allies to perish in time of peace,

whom you preserved in time of war; and, to sum up all, you yourselves—by your mercenary court, and servile resignation to the will and pleasure of designing, insidious leaders—abet, encourage, and strengthen the most dangerous and formidable of your enemies. Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the contrivers of your own ruin. Lives there a man who has confidence enough to deny it? Let him arise, and assign, if he can, any other cause of the success and prosperity of Philip.—"But," you reply, "what Athens may have lost in reputation abroad, she has gained in splendour at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity; a greater face of plenty? Is not the city enlarged? Are not the streets better paved, houses repaired and beautified?"—Away with such trifles! Shall I be paid with counters? An old square new-vamped up! a fountain! an aqueduct! are these acquisitions to brag of? Cast your eye on the magistrate under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creature, raised, all at once, from dirt to opulence; from the lowest obscurity to the highest honours. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats, vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces? And how have their fortunes and their power increased, but as the commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished?

To what are we to impute these disorders, and to what cause assign the decay of a state so powerful and flourishing in past times?—The reason is plain. The servant is now become the master. The magistrate was then subservient to the people; punishments and rewards were properties of the people; all honours, dignities, and preferments, were disposed of by the voice and favour of the people: but the magistrate, now, has usurped the right of the people, and excercises an arbitrary authority over his ancient and natural lord. You, miserable people!—the meanwhile, without money, without friends,—from being the ruler, are become the servant; from being the master, the dependant: happy that these governors, into whose hands you have thus resigned your own power, are so good and so gracious as to continue your poor allowance to see plays.

Believe me, Athenians, if, recovering from this lethargy, you would assume the ancient freedom and spirit of your fathers—if you would be your own soldiers and your own commanders, confiding no longer your affairs in foreign or mercenary hands—if you would charge yourselves with your own defence; employing abroad, for the public, what you waste in unprofitable pleasures at home—the world might once more behold you making a figure worthy of Athenians.—"You would have us, then," you say, "do service in our armies in our own persons; and, for so doing, you would have the pension, we receive in time of peace, accepted as pay in time of war. Is it thus we are to understand you?"—Yes, Athenians, 'tis my plain meaning. I would make it a standing rule, that no person, great or little, should be the better for the public money, who should grudge to employ it for the public service. Are we in peace? the public is charged with your subsistence. Are we in war, or under a necessity, at this time, to enter into war? let your gratitude oblige you to accept, as pay in defence of your benefactor, what you receive, in peace, as mere bounty. Thus, without any innovation—without altering or abolishing any thing, but pernicious novelties, introduced for the encouragement of sloth and idleness; by converting only, for the future, the same funds, for the use of the serviceable, which are spent, at present, upon the unprofitable; you may be well served in your armies, your troops reguarly paid, justice duly administered, the public revenues reformed and increased, and every member of the commonwealth rendered useful to his country, according to his age and ability, without any further burden to the state.

This, O men of Athens! is what my duty prompted me to represent to you upon this occasion.—May the gods inspire you to determine upon such measures as may be most expedient for the particular and general good of our country!

Curran for Hamilton Rowan.

THIS paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland; and that is charged as part of the libel. If they had waited another year—if they had kept this prosecution impending for another year—how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public information was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the Legislature. In that interval, our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it seems it was a libel to propose. In what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? Has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? or has the stability of the government, or that of the country, been weakened? or is one million of subjects stronger than four millions? Do you think that the benefit they received, should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, "You have demanded emancipation, and you have got it: but we abhor your persons; we are outraged at your success; and we will stigmatize, by a criminal prosecution, the adviser of that relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country." I ask you, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language, at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think, that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own Parliament, by the humanity of their sovereign? Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths: do you think, that a blessing of that kind—that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression—should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon

men bold and honest enough to propose that measure? —to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it; giving, I say, in the so-much censured words of this paper, "Universal Emancipation!" I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot on British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery: the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation.

The Beginning of the First Philippic of Demosthenes.

HAD we been convened, Athenians, on some new subject of debate, I had waited till most of your usual counsellors had declared their opinions. If I had approved of what was proposed by them, I should have continued silent; if not, I should then have attempted to speak my sentiments. But, since those very points on which those speakers have oftentimes been heard already, are at this time to be considered; though I have arisen first, I presume I may expect your pardon: for, if they on former occasions had advised the proper measures, you would not have found it needful to consult at present.

First then, Athenians, however wretched the situation of our affairs at present seems, it must not by any

means be thought desperate. What I am now going to advance, may possibly appear a paradox; yet it is a certain truth, that our past misfortunes afford a circumstance most favourable to our future hopes. And what is that?—even that our present difficulties are owing entirely to our total indolence, and utter disregard of our own interest. For were we thus situated, in spite of every effort which our duty demanded, then indeed we might regard our fortunes as absolutely desperate. But now, Philip hath only conquered your supineness and inactivity: the state he hath not conquered. You cannot be said to be defeated: your force hath never been exerted.

If there is a man in this assembly who thinks, that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip; while he views, on one hand, the numerous armies which surround him; and, on the other, the weakness of our state, despoiled of so much of its dominions; I cannot deny that he thinks justly. Yet, let him reflect on this; there was a time, Athenians, when we possessed Pydna, Potidæa, and Mathone, and all that country round; when many of the states now subjected to him, were free and independent, and more inclined to our alliance than to his. If Philip, at that time weak in himself, and without allies, had desponded of success against you, he would never have engaged in those enterprises which are now crowned with success, nor could have raised himself to that pitch of grandeur at which you now behold him. But he knew well, that the strongest places are only prizes laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror. He knew that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field; the possessions of the supine, to the active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments, he overturns whole nations. He either rules universally, as a conqueror, or governs as a protector. For mankind naturally seek confederacy with such as they see resolved, and preparing not to be wanting to themselves.

If you, my countrymen, will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments; if each of you be disposed to approve himself an useful citizen, to the

utmost that his station and abilities enable him; if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those hopes which every single person entertains, that the active part of public business may lie upon others, and he remain at his ease: you may then, by the assistance of the gods, recall those opportunities which your supineness hath neglected, regain your dominions, and chastise the insolence of this man.

But when, O my countrymen! will you begin to exert your vigour? Do you wait till roused by some dire event?—till forced by some necessity? What, then, are we to think of our present condition? To free men, the disgrace attending on misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or, say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, each inquiring of the other, "What new advices?" Can any thing be more new, than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece? "Is Philip dead?" "No—but he is sick." Pray, what is it to you, whether Philip is sick or not? Supposing he should die, you would raise up another Philip, if you continue thus regardless of your interest.

Many, I know, delight in nothing more than in circulating all the rumours they hear, as articles of intelligence. Some cry, Philip hath joined with the Lacedæmonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes. Others assure us, he hath sent an embassy to the king of Persia; others that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about, framing our several tales. I do believe, indeed, Athenians, that he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary projects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him. But I cannot be persuaded, that he hath so taken his measures, that the weakest among us—for the weakest they are who spread such rumours—know what he is next to do. Let us disregard their tales. Let us only be persuaded of this, that he is our enemy; that we have long been subject to his insolence; that whatever we expected to have been done for us by others, hath turned against

us; that all the resource left us is in ourselves; and that, if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we shall be forced to engage him at home. Let us be persuaded of these things; and then we shall come to a proper determination, and be no longer guided by rumours. We need not be solicitous to know what particular events are to happen. We may be well assured, that nothing good can happen, unless we give due attention to our affairs, and act as becomes Athenians.

The First Oration of Cicero against Cataline.

CATALINE! how far art thou to abuse our forbearance? How long are we to be deluded by the mockery of thy madness? Where art thou to stop, in this career of unbridled licentiousness? Has the nightly guard at the Palatium nothing in it to alarm you; the patroles throughout the city, nothing; the confusion of the people, nothing; the assemblage of all true lovers of their country, nothing; the guarded majesty of this assembly, nothing; and all the eyes that, at this instant, are riveted upon yours—have they nothing to denounce, nor you to apprehend? Does not your conscience inform you, that the sun shines upon your secrets? and do you not discover a full knowledge of your conspiracy, revealed on the countenance of every man around you? Your employment on the last night—your occupations on the preceding night—the place where you met—the persons who met—and the plot fabricated at the meeting:—of these things, I ask not, who knows; I ask, who, among you all, is ignorant?

But, alas! for the times thus corrupted; or, rather, for mankind, who thus corrupt the times! The senate knows all this! The consul sees all this! and yet the man who sits there—lives. Lives! ay—comes down to your sennate-house; takes his seat, as counsellor for the commonwealth; and, with a deliberate destiny in his eye, marks out our members, and selects them for slaughter; while, for us, and for our country, it seems glory sufficient, to escape from his fury—to find an asylum from his sword.

Long, very long, before this late hour, ought I, the consul, to have doomed this ringleader of sedition to an ignominious death;—ought I to have overwhelmed you, Cataline, in the ruins of your own machinations. What! did not that great man, the high priest, Publius Scipio—although at the time, in private station—sacrifice Tiberius Gracchus for daring even to modify our constitution? and shall we, clothed as we are with the plenitude of consular power, endure this nuisance of our nation, and our name? Shall we suffer him to put the Roman empire to the sword, and lay waste the world, because such is his horrid fancy? With the sanction of so late a precedent, need I obtrude the fate of the innovator, Spurius Melius, immolated at the altar of the constitution, by the hand of Servilius Ahala? There has—yes, there has been, and lately been, a vindicatory virtue, an avenging spirit in this republic, that never failed to inflict speedier and heavier vengeance on a noxious citizen, than on a national foe. Against you, Cataline, and for your immediate condemnation, what, therefore, is wanting? Not the grave sanction of the senate—not the voice of the country—not ancient precedents—not living law. But *we* are wanting—I say it more loudly—WE, the consuls themselves.

When the senate committed the republic into the hands of the consul, L. Opimius, did presumptive sedition palliate the punishment of Caius Gracchus? or could his luminous line of ancestry yield even a momentary protection to his person? Was the vengeance of the executive power on the consular Fulvius and his children, arrested for a single night? When similar power was delegated to the consuls, C. Marius and L. Valerius, were the lives which the prætor Servilius, and the tribune Saturninus, had forfeited to their country, prolonged for a single day? But, now, twenty days and nights have blunted the edge of our axes, and our authorities. Our sharp-pointed decree sleeps, sheathed in the record—that very decree, which, a moment after its promulgation, was not to find you a living man. You do live; and live, not in the humiliating depression of guilt, but in the exultation and

triumph of insolence. Mercy, Conscript Fathers, is my dearest delight, as the vindication of the constitution is my best ambition; but I now stand self-condemned of guilt in mercy, and I own it as a treachery against the state.

Conscript Fathers, a camp is pitched against the Roman republic, within Italy, on the very borders of Etruria. Every day adds to the number of the enemy. The leader of those enemies, the commander of that encampment, walks within the walls of Rome; takes his seat in this senate, the heart of Rome; and, with venomous mischief, rankles in the inmost vitals of the commonwealth. Cataline, should I, on the instant, order my lictors to seize and drag you to the stake; some men might, even then, blame me for having procrastinated punishment: but no man could criminate me for a faithful execution of the laws. They shall be executed. But I will neither act, nor will I suffer, without full and sufficient reason. Trust me, they shall be executed, and then, even then, when there shall not be found a man so flagitious, so much a Cataline, as to say, you were not ripe for execution. You shall live, as long as there is one who has the forehead to say you ought to live; and you shall live, as you live now, under our broad and wakeful eye, and the sword of justice shall keep waving round your head. Without the possibility of hearing, or of seeing, you shall be seen, and heard, and understood.

What is it now you are to expect, if night cannot hide you, nor your lurking associates; if the very walls of your own houses resound with the secret, and proclaim it to the world; if the sun shines, and the winds blow upon it? Take my advice: adopt some other plan, wait a more favourable opportunity for setting the city in flames, and putting its inhabitants to the sword. Yet, to convince you, that you are beset on every side, I shall enter, for a little, into the detail of your desperations, and my discoveries,

Do you not remember, or is it possible you can forget my declaration on the 21st October last, in the senate, that Caius Manlius, your life-guards-man, and confidential bravo, would, on a certain day, take up

arms, and this day would be before the 25th? Was I mistaken in the very day selected for a deed so atrocious—so apparently incredible? Did not I, the same man, declare, in this house, that you had conspired the massacre of the principal men in the state, upon the 28th; at which time they withdrew, for the sake of repressing your design, rather than on account of safety to themselves? Are you daring enough to deny your being, on that very day, so manacled by my power—so entangled by my vigilance, that you durst not raise your finger against the stability of the state; although, indeed, you were tongue-valiant enough to say, that you must even be content with the heads which the runaways had left you? What! with all your full-blown confidence of surprising Preneste, in the night, on the 1st of November, did you not find me in arms, at the gate? did you not feel me in watch on the walls?—Your head cannot contrive, your heart cannot conceive, a wickedness of which I shall not have notice; I measure the length and breadth of your treasons, and I sound the gloomiest depth of your soul.

Was not the night before the last, sufficient to convince you, that there is a good genius protecting that republic, which a ferocious demoniac is labouring to destroy? I aver, that, on that same night, you and your complotters assembled in the house of M. Lecca. Can even your own tongue deny it? Yet secret! speak out, man; for, if you do not, there are some I see around me, who shall have an agonizing proof that I am true in my assertion.

Good and great gods! where are we? What city do we inhabit? Under what government do we live? Here, HERE, Conscript Fathers, mixed and mingled with us all—in the centre of this most grave and venerable assembly—are men sitting, quietly incubating a plot against my life, against all your lives; the life of every virtuous senator, and citizen: while I, with the whole nest of traitors brooding beneath my eyes, am parading in the petty formalities of debate; and the very men appear scarcely vulnerable by my voice, who ought, long since, to have been cut down with the sword.

In the house of Lecca, you were, on that night. Then and there did you divide Italy into military stations; did you appoint commanders of those stations; did you specify those whom you were to take along with you, and those whom you were to leave behind; did you mark out the limit of the intended conflagration; did you repeat your resolution of shortly leaving Rome, only putting it off for a little, as you said, until you could have the head of the consul. Two knights—Roman knights—promised to deliver that head to you before sunrise the next morning; but scarcely was this Stygian council dissolved, when the consul was acquainted with the result of the whole. I doubled the guards of my house; and, after announcing to a circle of the first men in the state—who were with me at the time—the very minute when these assassins would come to pay me their respects, that same minute they arrived, asked for entrance, and were denied it.

Proceed, Cataline, in your honourable career. Go where your destiny and your desire are driving you. Evacuate the city for a season. The gates stand open. Begone! What a shame that the Manlian army should look out so long for their general! Take all your loving friends along with you; or, if that be a vain hope, take, at least, as many as you can, and cleanse the city for some short time. Let the walls of Rome be the mediators between thee and me; for, at present, you are much too near me. I will not suffer you. I will not longer undergo you.

Lucius Cataline, away! Begin, as soon as you are able, this shameful and unnatural war. Begin it, on your part, under the shade of every dreadful omen; on mine, with the sure and certain hope of safety to my country, and glory to myself: and, when this you have done, then do Thou, whose altar was first founded by the founder of our state—Thou, the establisher of this city, pour out thy vengeance upon this man, and all his adherents. Save us from his fury; our public altars, our sacred temples, our houses, and household gods; our liberties—our lives. Pursue, tutelar god, pursue them—these foes to the gods and goodness—these plunderers of Italy—these assassins of Rome.

Erase them out of this life; and, in the next, let thy vengeance pursue them, insatiable, implacable, immortal!

An Extract from Mr. Brougham's Speech on Negro Slavery.

I TRUST that at length the time is come, when Parliament will no longer bear to be told, that slave-owners are the best lawgivers on slavery; no longer suffer our voice to roll across the Atlantic, in empty warnings and fruitless orders. Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny his right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world—the same in all times; such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge, to another all unutterable woes—such is it at this day: it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and, by that law, unchangeable and eternal—while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and hate blood—they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy, that man can hold property in man! In vain you appeal to treaties—to covenants between nations. The covenants of the Almighty, whether the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions. To these laws did they of old refer, who maintained the African trade. Such treaties did they cite—and not untruly; for, by one shameful compact, you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood. Yet, in despite of law and of treaty, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other pirates. How came this change to pass? Not, assuredly, by Parliament leading the way: but the country at length awoke; the indignation of the people was kindled; it

descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profits to the winds. Now, then, let the planters beware—let their assemblies beware—let the government at home beware—let the Parliament beware! The same country is once more awake—awake to the condition of Negro slavery; the same indignation kindles in the bosom of the same people; the same cloud is gathering that annihilated the slave-trade; and if it shall descend again, they on whom its crash may fall, will not be destroyed before I have warned them: but I pray that their destruction may turn away from us the more terrible judgments of God.

Peroration to Sheridan's Invective against Warren Hastings.

BEFORE I come to the last magnificent paragraph, let me call the attention of those who, possibly, think themselves capable of judging of the dignity and character of justice in this country;—let me call the attention of those who, arrogantly perhaps, presume that they understand what the features, what the duties of justice are here and in India;—let them learn a lesson from this great statesman, this enlarged, this liberal philosopher:—"I hope I shall not depart from the simplicity of official language, in saying, that the Majesty of Justice ought to be approached with solicitation, not descend to provoke or invite it, much less to debase itself by the suggestion of wrongs, and the promise of redress, with the denunciation of punishment before trial, and even before accusation." This is the exhortation which Mr. Hastings makes to his Counsel. This is the character which he gives of British justice.

But I will ask your Lordships, do you approve this representation? Do you feel, that this is the true image of Justice? Is this the character of British Justice? Are these her features? Is this her countenance? Is this her gait or her mien? No; I think even now I hear you calling upon me to turn from this vile libel, this base caricature, this Indian pagod, formed by the hand of guilty and knavish tyranny, to

dupe the heart of ignorance,—to turn from this deformed idol, to the true Majesty of Justice here. *Here*, indeed, I see a different form, enthroned by the sovereign hand of Freedom,—awful without severity—commanding, without pride—vigilant and active, without restlessness or suspicion—searching and inquisitive, without meanness or debasement—not arrogantly scorning to stoop to the voice of afflicted innocence, and in its loveliest attitude when bending to uplift the suppliant at its feet.

It is by the majesty, by the form of that Justice, that I do conjure and implore your Lordships, to give your minds to this great business; that I exhort you to look, not so much to words which may be denied or quibbled away, but to the plain facts,—to weigh and consider the testimony in your own minds; we know the result must be inevitable. Let the truth appear, and our cause is gained. It is this—I conjure your Lordships, for your own honour, for the honour of the nation, for the honour of human nature, now entrusted to your care,—it is this duty that the Commons of England, speaking through us, claim at your hands.

They exhort you to it by every thing that calls sublimely upon the heart of man—by the Majesty of that Justice which this bold man has libelled—by the wide fame of your own tribunal—by the sacred pledge by which you swear in the solemn hour of decision; knowing that that decision will then bring you the highest reward that ever blessed the heart of man—the consciousness of having done the greatest act of mercy for the world, that the earth has ever yet received from any hand but Heaven.—My Lords, I have done.

Panegyric on the Eloquence of Sheridan.

He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as is unparallelled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honour on himself—

lustre upon letters—renown upon Parliament—glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished; nothing has equalled what we have this day heard. No holy seer of religion, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we, this day, listened with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition, of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected. *Burke.*

Dr. McCrie on promoting Education in Greece, 1825.

I REGARD the society, which we are met to form, as a scion sprung from the interest which the public has taken in that cause, and which is now to be grafted on the native stock of British female benevolence. That interest is no burst of transient enthusiasm. It is deeply seated in the public mind. It is to this feeling, more than to the balancing of political interests, or to the jealousy with which nations may view the attempts of a rival already become too powerful, that I trust for the averting of the danger (dreaded by some more politically wise than I pretend to be) to the nascent liberties of modern Greece, from the ambitious projects of a certain Northern power. True it is, Sir, that that power dismembered the ancient Kingdom of Poland, and, retaining the body to itself, threw the mangled limbs to the Prussian eagle and Austrain vulture. It delivered Norway into the hands of a republican renegade, and more lately it stood grinning delight over the murdered liberties of Naples and of Spain.

These things it did, and the friends of fredom were silent. But let it venture to plant its foul paw on the sacred breast of Greece, and Liberty, who watches over that country for which she has now suffered the pangs of travail a second time, will utter a shriek more piercing than that which she gave when Kosciusko fell, which, reverberated from the breasts of every free man, and of every free woman, will drive him appalled into his native fens. Despair not the cause of Greece. Despondency as to the issue of the present struggle would paralyze every exertion for promoting her internal improvement. To what purpose, it would be said, establish schools which must be swept away on the successful return of the barbarous invader, or which would be an object of deadly jealousy to a despotical usurper, whose dread of knowledge is in proportion to his hatred of liberty? But I have no fear on this head. I would not have any friend of this sacred cause to cherish the least doubt on that subject, or to talk of it in a doubtful strain. Let our language be, "Greece *must* be free." And, Sir, she *is* free. The contest is already decided—the battle is o'er—the confused noise of the warrior is hushed—the daughters of Greece are gone forth to wash the bloodstained garments of their sons and brothers in the vale of Tempe, and at the springs of Helicon. And they will welcome their sisters of Britain, who come to testify their sympathy with them, and to assist them in preparing the old wastes—the desolation of many generations.

Against the union of Professorships with Cure of Souls.

It is far the sorest thing in this exception of the theological chairs, that you virtually give up thereby all that strength and massiveness which wont in other days to characterise the lore of theology, and that, too, by the very measure which will give a firmer staple than before to all the other sciences. It is not thus that theology was dealt with in the purer and better age of our old English literature, when the mightiest intellects of the world did their profoundest obeisance to

the theme, and felt it to be at once the noblest and the most arduous that the intellect of man could grapple with. And this sense of its importance was not confined to professional men—to those great masters in Israel, who framed the Polyglots, and the Harmonies, and the huge Prolegomina, and the mighty Thesauruses, both of devotional and practical divinity, which the stout and the sturdy authorship of that period, when learning was indeed a labour, has bequeathed to succeeding generations. In Lord Bacon's treatise on the advancement of human learning, theology is treated as the Queen of the sciences, and all the others are but as the attendants and the tributaries at her feet. But the greatest practical homage of this sort ever rendered to theology, was by Sir Isaac Newton, who did not simultaneously partition his mighty intellect between the intense studies of nature and of the Bible, but who successively turned it from the study of the works of God to the study of his Word. It is true that he felt a kindredness between his old and his new contemplations, but he found them both to be alike arduous. It was a transference that he made from the one to the other, when, after having seen further than all who went before him, into the God-like harmonies of the world, he was tempted to search, and at length did behold, the traces of a wisdom no less marvellous in the God-like harmonies of the Word; when, after having looked, and with steadfastness, for years on the mazy face of heaven, and evolved therefrom the magnificent cycles of astronomy, he then turned him to Scripture, and found in the midst of now unravelled obscurities, that its cycles of prophecy were equally magnificent; and, whether he cast his regard on the Book of Revelation, or on the Book of Daniel, who, placed on the eminence of a sublime antiquity, looked through the vista of many descending ages, and eyed from afar the structure and society of modern Europe: he whose capacious mind had so long been conversant with the orbits and the periods of the natural economy, could not but acknowledge the footsteps of the same presiding divinity in the still higher orbits of that spiritual economy, which is unfolded in the Bible. And while we cannot

but lament the deadly mischief which the second-rate philosophy of infidels has done to the inferior spirits of our world, we feel it almost a proud thing for Christianity that all the giants and the men of might of other days—the Newtons, and the Boyles, and the Lockes, and the Bacons of high England—worshipped so profoundly at its shrine; but chief of these is our great Sir Isaac, who, throned although he be by universal suffrage as the prince of philosophers, is still the most attractive specimen of humanity which the world ever saw, and just because the meekness of his Christian worth so softens, while it irradiates the majesty of his genius. Never was there realized in the character of man so rare and beauteous a harmony, that he who stands forth to a wondering species of loftiest achievement in science, should, nevertheless, move so gently and so gracefully among his fellow-men—not more honoured for the glories he won on the field of discovery, than loved by all for the milder glories of his name—his being the modest, the unpretending graces of a child-like nature—his being the pious simplicity of a cottage patriarch.

Chalmers.

On Slavery.

I do not deny, Sir, notwithstanding what I have now said, that the evils of practical slavery may be lessened. By parliamentary enactments, by appeals to the judgment and feelings of planters, and by various other means, a certain degree of melioration *may* be secured. But, I say in the first place, that, with all that you can accomplish, or reasonably expect, of mitigation, you cannot alter the nature of slavery itself. With every improvement you have superinduced upon it, you have not made it less debasing, less cruel, less destructive in its essential character. The black man is still the *property* of the white man. And that one circumstance, not only implies in it the transgression of inalienable right and everlasting justice, but is the fruitful and necessary source of numberless mischiefs, the thought of which harrows up the soul, and the infliction of which no superintendence of any government can either prevent

or control. Mitigate and keep down the evil as much as you can, still it is there in all its native virulence, and still it will do its malignant work in spite of you. The improvements you have made are merely superficial. You have not reached the seat and vital spring of the mischief. You have only concealed in some measure, and for a time, its inherent enormity. Its essence remains unchanged and untouched, and is ready to unfold itself whenever a convenient season arrives, notwithstanding all your precaution, and all your vigilance, in those manifold acts of injustice and inhumanity, which are its genuine and its invariable fruits. You may white-wash the sepulchre,—you may put upon it every adornment that fancy can suggest,—you may cover it over with all the flowers and evergreens that the garden or the fields can furnish, so that it will appear beautiful outwardly unto men. But it is a sepulchre still,—full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Disguise slavery as you will,—put into the cup all the pleasing and palatable ingredients which you can discover in the wide range of nature and of art,—still it is a bitter—bitter—bitter draught, from which the understanding and the heart of every man, in whom nature works unsophisticated and unbiassed, recoils with unutterable aversion and abhorrence. Why, Sir, slavery is the very Upas tree of the moral world, beneath whose pestiferous shade all intellect languishes, and all virtue dies. And if you would get quit of the evil, you must go more thoroughly and effectually to work than you can ever do by any or by all of those palliatives which are included under the term "mitigation." The foul sepulchre must be taken away. The cup of oppression must be dashed to pieces on the ground. The pestiferous tree must be cut down and eradicated; it must be, root and branch of it, cast into the consuming fire, and its ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven. It is thus that you must deal with slavery. You must annihilate it!—annihilate it now!—and annihilate it for ever!

It does appear to me that we have the amplest security for that measure, (immediate emancipation,) how soon soever it may be carried, being as bloodless and

peaceable as our hearts could desire. I have no fear,—no, not the shadow of it, that any of the dreaded mischiefs will ensue from the course of proceeding that we are pressing on the Legislature. In my conscience, I deem them all chimerical, and got up chiefly for the purpose of deterring us from insisting on that act of simple but imperative justice, which we call upon the British Parliament to perform.

But if you push me, and still urge the argument of insurrection and bloodshed, for which you are far more indebted to fancy than to fact, as I have shown you, then I say, be it so. I repeat that maxim, taken from a heathen book, but pervading the whole book of God, *Fiat justicia ruat cœlum.* Righteousness, Sir, is the pillar of the universe. Break down that pillar, and the universe falls into ruin and desolation. But preserve it, and though the fair fabric may sustain partial dilapidations, it may be rebuilt and repaired—it *will* be rebuilt and repaired, and restored to all its pristine strength and magnificence and beauty. If there must be violence, let it even come, for it will soon pass away—let it come and rage its little hour, since it is to be succeeded by lasting freedom, and prosperity, and happiness. Give me the hurricane, rather than the pestilence. Give me the hurricane, with its thunder and its lightning, and its tempest;—give me the hurricane, with its partial and temporary devastations, awful though they be;—give me the hurricane, with its purifying, healthful, salutary effects;—give me that hurricane, infinitely rather than the noisome pestilence, whose path is never crossed, whose silence is never disturbed, whose progress is never arrested by one sweeping blast from the heavens; which walks peacefully and sullenly through the length and breadth of the land, breathing poison into every heart, and carrying havoc into every home, enervating all that is strong, defacing all that is beautiful, and casting its blight over the fairest and happiest scenes of human life—and which, from day to day, and from year to year, with intolerant and interminable malignity, sends its thousands and its tens of thousands of hapless victims into the ever-yawning and never-satisfied grave.

On the Qualifications of Professors of Divinity.

THE circumstances attending the publication of my pamphlet were shortly as follows:—As far back as twenty years ago, I was ambitious enough to aspire to be successor of Professor Playfair, in the mathematical chair, in the University of Edinburgh. During the discussion which took place relative to the person who might be appointed his successor, there appeared a letter from Professor Playfair to the Magistrates of Edinburgh on the subject, in which he stated it as his conviction, that no person could be found competent to discharge the duties of the mathematical chair among the Clergymen of the Church of Scotland. I was at that time, Sir, more devoted to mathematics than to the literature of my profession; and feeling grieved and indignant at what I conceived an undue reflection on the abilities and education of our clergy, I came forward with that pamphlet to rescue them from what I deemed an unmerited reproach, by maintaining that a devoted and exclusive attention to the study of mathematics was not dissonant to the proper habit of a clergyman. Alas! Sir, so I thought in my ignorance and pride. I have now no reserve in saying that the sentiment was wrong, and that, in the utterance of it, I penned what was most outrageously wrong. Strangely blinded that I was! What, Sir, is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude and the proportions of magnitude. But, *then*, Sir, I had forgotten *two magnitudes*—I thought not of the littleness of time—I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity!

Chalmers.

PROMISCUOUS SELECTIONS IN VERSE.

The Battle of Morgarten.

The wine-month shone in its golden prime,
  And the red grapes clustering hung;
But a deeper sound, through the Switzer's clime,
  Than the vintage-music, rung.
    A sound through vaulted cave,
    A sound through echoing glen,
Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave,
  'Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
  'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
'Till the Alps replied to that voice of war,
  With a thousand of their own.
    And through the forest-glooms
    Flash'd helmets to the day,
And the winds were tossing knightly plumes,
  Like the larch-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's wilds there was gleaming steel,
  As the host of the Austrians pass'd;
And the Schreckhorn's rocks, with a savage peal,
  Made mirth of his clarion's blast.
    Up 'midst the Righi snows
    The stormy march was heard,
With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks rose,
  And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
  Through the rude Morgarten strait,
With blazon'd streamers and lances tall,
  Moved onwards in princely state.
    They came with heavy chains,
    For the race despised so long—
But amidst his Alp-domains,
  The herdsman's arm is strong.

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn,
  When they enter'd the rock-defile,
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
  Their bugles rung the while.
    But on the misty height,
    Where the mountain-people stood,
There was stillness, as of night,
  When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness, as of deep dead night,
  And a pause—but not of fear,
While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might
  Of the hostile shield and spear.
    On wound those columns bright,
    Between the lake and wood,
But they look'd not to the misty height,
  Where the mountain-people stood.

The pass was fill'd with their serried power,
  All helm'd and mail-arrayed,
And their steps had sounds like a thunder shower,
  In the rustling forest-shade.
    There were prince and crested knight,
    Hemm'd in by cliff and flood,
When a shout arose from the misty height
  Where the mountain-people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down,
  Their startled foes among,
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown—
  Oh! the herdsman's arm is strong!
    They came like lanwine hurl'd
    From Alp to Alp in play,
When the echoes shout through the snowy world,
  And the pines are borne away.

The fir-woods crash'd on the mountain side,
  And the Switzers rush'd from high,
With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride
  Of the Austrian chivalry.
    Like hunters of the deer,
    They storm'd the narrow dell,
And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,
  Was the arm of William Tell.

There was tumult in the crowded strait,
  And a cry of wild dismay,
And many a warrior met his fate
  From a peasant's hand that day!
    And the empire's banner then
    From its place of waving free,
Went down before the shepherd-men,
  The men of the Forest Sea.

With their pikes and massy clubs they broke
  The cuirass and the shield,
And the war-horse dash'd to the reddening lake
  From the reapers of the field!
    The field—but not of sheaves—
    Proud crests and pennons lay,
Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-wood leaves,
  In the autumn tempest's way.

Oh! the sun in heaven fierce havoc viewed,
  When the Austrian turn'd to fly,
And the brave, in the trampling multitude,
  Had a fearful death to die!
    And the leader of the war
    At eve unhelm'd was seen,
With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,
  And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills,
  Went back from the battle toil,
To their cabin homes 'midst the deep green hills,
  All burden'd with royal spoil.
    There were songs and festal fires
    On the soaring Alps that night,
When children sprung to greet their sires,
  From the wild Morgarten fight.

Hemans.

The Siege of Constantinople.

The streets grow still and lonely—and the star,
The last bright lingerer in the path of morn,
Gleans faint; and in the very lap of war,
As if young Hope with twilight's ray were born.
Awhile the city sleeps: her throngs, o'erworn

With fears and watchings, to their homes retire;
Nor is the balmy air of dayspring torn
With battle-sounds; the winds in sighs expire,
And quiet broods in mists that veil the sunbeams fire.

The city sleeps!—ay! on the combat's eve,
And by the scaffold's brink, and 'midst the swell
Of angry seas, hath Nature won reprieve
Thus from her cares. The brave have slumbered well,
And e'en the fearful, in their dungeon cell,
Chain'd between life and death! Such rest be thine,
For conflicts wait thee still! Yet who can tell
In that brief hour, how much of heaven may shine
Full on thy spirit's dream! Sleep, weary Constantine,

Doth the blast rise? the clouded east is red,
As if a storm were gathering; and I hear
What seems like heavy rain-drops, or the tread,
The soft and smother'd step of those that fear
Surprise from ambush'd foes. Hark! yet more near
It comes, a many toned and mingled sound;
A rushing, as of winds, where boughs are sear,
A rolling, as of wheels that shake the ground,
From far; a heavy rush, like seas that burst their bound.

Wake, wake! They come from sea and shore, ascending
In hosts your ramparts! Arm ye for the day!
Who now may sleep amidst the thunders rending,
Through tower and wall, a path for their array?
Hark! how the trumpet cheers them to the prey,
With its wild voice, to which the seas reply,
And the earth rocks beneath their engines' sway,
And the far hills repeat their battle cry,
Till that fierce tumult seems to shake the vaulted sky.

They fail not now, the generous band, that long
Have ranged their swords around a falling throne;
Still in those fearless men the walls are strong,
Hearts, such as rescue empires, are their own!
Shall those high energies be vainly shown?
No! from their towers th' invading tide is driven
Back, like the red sea waves, when God had blown
With his strong winds! the dark-brow'd ranks are riven—
Shout, warriors of the cross! for victory is of heaven.

Stand firm! Again the crescent host is rushing,
And the waves foam, as on the galleys sweep,
With all their fires and darts, though blood is gushing
Fast o'er their sides, as rivers to the deep.
Stand firm! there yet is hope, th' ascent is steep,
In the red moat, the dying and the slain,
And from on high no shaft descends in vain;
But those that fall swell up the mangled heap,
And o'er that fearful bridge th' assailants mount again.

Oh! the dread mingling, in that awful hour,
Of all terrific sounds! the savage tone
Of the wild horn, the cannon's peal, the shower
Of hissing darts, the crash of walls o'erthrown,
The deep dull tambour's beat,—man's voice alone
Is there unheard! Ye may not catch the cry
Of trampled thousands—prayer, and shriek, and moan,
All drown'd, as that fierce hurricane sweeps by,
But swell the unheeded sum earth pays for victory.

War clouds have wrapt the city! through their dun,
O'erloaded canopy, at times a blaze,
As of an angry storm-presaging sun,
From the Greek fire shoots up; and lightning rays
Flash, from the shock of sabres through the blaze,
And glancing arrows cleave the dusky air;
Ay! this is in the compass of our gaze,
But fearful things, uuknown, untold, are there,
Workings of wrath and death, and anguish, and despair!

Woe, shame and woe! A chief, a warrior flies,
A red cross champion, bleeding, wild, and pale;
O God! that nature's passing agonies,
Thus, o'er the spark which dies not, should prevail!
Yes! rend the arrow from thy shatter'd mail,
And stanch the blood-drops, Genoa's fallen son;
Fly swifter yet! the javelins pour as hail;
But there are tortures which thou canst not shun,
The spirit is their prey—thy pangs are but begun.

Oh, happy in their homes, the noble dead!
The seal is set on their majestic fame;
Earth has drunk deep the generous blood they shed,

Fate has no power to dim their stainless name.
They may not, in one bitter moment, shame
Long glorious years; from many a lofty stem
Fall graceful flowers, and eagle-hearts grow tame,
And stars drop, fading, from the diadem;
But the bright past is theirs—there is no change for
them!

The Cross of the South.

In the silence and grandeur of midnight I tread,
Where savannahs, in boundless magnificence, spread,
And bearing sublimely their snow-wreaths on high,
The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The fir-tree waves o'er me, the fire-fly's red light,
With its quick glancing splendour illumines the night;
And I read in each tint of the skies and the earth,
How distant my steps from the land of my birth.

But to thee, as thy lode-stars resplendently burn
In their clear depths of blue, with devotion I turn,—
Bright Cross of the South! and beholding thee shine,
Scarce regret the loved land of the olive and vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main
My fathers unfolded the ensign of Spain,
And planted their faith in the regions that see
Its unperishing symbol emblazon'd in thee.

How oft in their course o'er the oceans unknown,
Where all was mysterious, and awful, and lone,
Hath their spirit been cheer'd by thy light, when the
deep
Reflected its brilliance in tremulous sleep!

As the vision that rose to the Lord of the world,
When first his bright banner of faith was unfurl'd;
Even such, to the heroes of Spain, when their prow
Made the billows the path of their glory, wert thou

And to me, as I traversed the world of the west,
Through deserts of beauty in stillness that rest;
Thy hues have a language, thy course is a guide—
By forests and rivers untamed in their pride,

Shine on—my own land is a far distant spot,
And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not;
And the eyes that I love, though e'en now they may be
O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not on thee!

But thou to my thoughts art a pure blazing shrine,
A fount of bright hopes, and of visions divine;
And my soul, as an eagle exulting and free,
Soars high o'er the Andes to mingle with thee.

Hemans.

On the Destruction of the St. Lewis Theatre at Quebec.

THE castle of St. Lewis, of flame the former site,
Is now again the scene of woe, of death and time-less night;
The widowed wife and husband, the lonely orphan's wail,
In tones of deepest anguish, are wafted on the gale;
Thy broad waves, proud St. Lawrence! reflect the light on high;
St. Joseph's shores receive the cries as they mournfully pass by;
St. Ann's beholds the burning flames ascending high and higher,
But knows not that of human frames it is the funeral pyre;
And Stadacona, sorrowing, beholds her children's fate;
She rushed to save her loved ones, but came, alas! too late.
In piteous strains lamenting, in loud continuous wail,
Her plaintive lyre accompanying, she sings the mournful tale:—

The sun had tinged the silvery spires,
Of church and chapel in proud Quebec,
On roof and dome had cast its fires,
Had sunk behind thy hills, Lorette!
And evening's hour, with daylight's close,
Had brought the hour of sweet repose,
From labours, cares, and daily toil,
To ease the mind from life's recoil,

And, seated in St. Lewis' Hall,
The old, and young, and great, and small,
Husband and wife, intended bride,
And bridegroom gay, to be allied,
In wedlock's happy bands, were there,
Martial, and brave, and lovely fair,
To mix their souls, and lives, and breath!
Alas! their ashes to mix in death!
The wife, fond partner of man's joy,
Sweet soother of life's cold alloy,
With pledges of love's mutual bliss.
The parents' pride and happiness,
Of joy, and hope, the life, the breath,
Alas! their ashes to mix in death!
The father and his daughter fair,
With roseate cheek and lustrous eyes,
And flowing locks of beautiful hair—
Around such forms love ever flies,
Where heaving bosoms gently swell,
Where peace and innocence calmly dwell,
Where every look spoke fond delight,—
Alas! to part in endless night!

Each tier and row filled far and wide,
Parent and child, bridegroom and bride,
And brother and sister, and all allied
By nature's kindred, were side by side;
And brilliant lights lit up the scene
Of holy records that had been,
Of story from the sacred page,
To improve the winds of tender age,
To show the woes of life's thorny road,
To lead the soul to its Father, God,

Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!
Mene, Mene! the lamps, like stars in
The heavens clear, cast a wondrous light;
The awful scene prophetic seemed
Of the wail and woe of that sad night,
The picture with past and future teemed.

Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!
The assembly rises, part are gone;

The lamps burn bright like brilliant stars in
The vault of heaven, when, lo, anon
A sudden flash, a noise, a flame,
Burst from the scene; wild shrieks of fear
Arise within, without the same,
Heart-rending cries strike on the ear.
A deadly rush—the alarm is given—
A rush for life; all now hasten,
And steeds and engines, wildly driven,
Haste to the flames before they fasten
On dearest friends, with lurid breath,
And snap the chords of life by death.

The cry within is re-echoed without;
Oh! haste; no, stay; there's time for flight;
With wild dismay the answering shout
Came back of, Haste! With horrible fright,
Each hasted and crushed; the crowd makes way,
But, stumbling, fell, and there they lay;
Legs, and arms, and bodies entwined;
With frantic victims the passage was lined.
From each arose a shriek of despair,
And each scorched eye gave an anguished stare.
All there lay the maiden so fair,
Of eighteen summers—her bosom was bare—
Her hair was dishevelled—her looks were wild—
Her arms round her lover's, the father, his child;
Husband and wife, child and mother,
Youth and maiden, sister and brother,
All there lay. Hope there was none.
Alas! for the soldier, his bride is gone.

On to the rescue! save me, oh! brother,
Save me from death, father, oh! save—
Save me, oh! save me, save me, my mother!
Save me from death, and an early grave!
Leave me, my brother! save my dear daughter!
My limbs are now parting—spare me the pain!
Yet let me kiss thee—one cup of water:
Farewell! dear brother, we shall meet again.
Oh God! my wife and children dear,
To thee I leave, though not without a tear;
But I'm resigned, nor would rebel;
I die, brother—farewell! farewell!

The flames had gained that narrow way,
Where corpse and dying victims lay;
A calm submission paled each face,
The priest had said absolving grace;
They bowed their heads in that fiery place,
And all submissive to their lot,
Had sunk upon that scorching spot.
The flames, ascending, hovered nigh,
And drove back friends that stood close by;
Their heat and suffocating breath
Closed round with flaming shrouds of death;
The fires ascended high and higher,
An awful, solemn, funeral pyre! *Phillips.*

The Last Man.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom—
  The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
  Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
  Adown the gulf of time.
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
  As Adam saw her prime!
The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
  The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
  Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands—
  In plague and famine some:
Earth's cities had no sound or tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
  To shores where all was dumb.

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
  With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
  As if a storm passed by;
Saying, We are twins in death, proud sun,

Phillips.

Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou, ten thousand, thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.
* * * * *
This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark.
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death.

Campbell.

Last Verses of L. E. L.

A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light;
How many planets are on high—
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me;
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye.
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
That I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part,
 How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
 That says—We meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love;
 For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
 Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
 Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
 That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
 Thy radiant place unknown ;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
 And stand by it alone.

Farewell! ah, would to me were given
 A power upon thy light!
What words upon our English heaven
 Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
 Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
 Scarcely enough for me.

Oh! fancy vain, as it is fond,
 And little needed too;
My friends! I need not look beyond
 My heart to look for you.

The Cameronian's Dream.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood,
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east,
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntabb the clear shining dew;
Glistened there 'mong the heath bells and mountain
flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep;

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and
gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, Oh! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it tomor-
row.

Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were
lying,
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl was
crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were
hovering,
And their bridle reins rung through the thin misty
covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was un-
breathed;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were
shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded,

Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The hemlets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels, on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining;
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Though the path of the thunder the horsemem are riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

Kossuth's Soliloquy.

Renounce my faith? than which no greater loss—
Embrace the crescent? Spurn the holy cross?
Exchange my creed for Moslem's heathenish rite?
Reject my Saviour? Hail Mahomet's flight,
The dawn of day upon benighted man?
Pronounce the Bible false, but true the Alcoran?
Call Christians dogs, and to avoid the wrath
Of tyrants, take the name of Amurath?
What! shall I perjure faith, deny the truth,
And brand with infamy my name, Kossuth?
And shall I cower beneath a Despot's rod,
Reject my Saviour, and deny my God?
No! By that wretched land which gave me birth,
My bleeding country! while I tread this earth,

Land of my sires! be witness to my vow,
That Kossuth to the crescent ne'er will bow;
His soul unconquered shall remain as free
As if it breathed the air of liberty.
Sooner may Haynau with blood-thirsty hand,
Rush on me with his sanguinary band,
And sacrifice me on the felon's tree,
A martyr to my cause, and liberty.
Sooner may Russian despot gain my track,
And hurry me with Tartar and Cossack,
To barren wastes, Siberia's lonely spot,
With neither wife's nor children's soothing love
To cheer my pilgrimage to worlds above.
But though my country's wrongs are not redressed,
Though by misrule and tyranny opprest,
Though Austria's Flag waves over seas of blood,
From Magyar soldiers, staining field and flood—
What though our homes are plundered by the foe,
From wives and daughters tears of misery flow;
Our sons enslaved a tyrant prince to serve,
(Soon shall they from the forced allegiance swerve;)
What though the Magyar Chiefs, Bem, Dembinski,
Who oft our legions led to victory,
Shall recreants prove, and with apostate breath,
Deny their faith, to shun a lingering death—
Kossuth shall ne'er reject the Christian creed,
In which he lives, for which he'll fight and bleed.
Oh, Hungary! my country, beautiful wert thou,
When morning's sunlight tipt thy mountain's brow,
Upon thy fertile valleys cast its beams,
Lit up thy lakes and spangled all thy streams.
Brave are thy sons, thy daughters passing fair,
Thy chiefs like lions in the desert lair.
Strong were thy warriors in armour bright
And swift the Magyar bands to meet in fight;
Powerless the Austrians in the battle fray,
Unaided by the Russian's close array
Of countless myriads, who their sabres wield
In bloody onslaught, 'mid the battle field.
E'en then unconquered, Magyars would prevail
'Gainst Cossack hordes and Croatian coats of mail.
The recusant Jellachich with his might

Could not prevail upon the field of fight.
But blush, Hungarians! blush, the treachery
Of thy own sons has lost the victory.
For Austrian honours and the Russian gold,
The traitor Georgey has his country sold.
Proud Georgey! once the Idol of the State,
To thee is left the Magyar's scorn and hate;
In mournful strain thy country weeps for thee,
And tears of blood shall stain thy memory.
God of my country! God of battles, strong!
To thee, my countrymen, their prayers prolong.
Defend our wives and daughters from the power
Of cruel despots—shield them in the hour
Of blood and torture. Though our sins be great
In mercy save them from the oppressor's hate.
Oh! once again, my native land set free,
Land of my sires! my own loved Hungary! *Phillips.*

The Flag of England.

Raise high the flag of England!
The banner of the brave!
But not to desolate the world,
To conquer or enslave;
And not for civil warfare,
As in the days of yore,
When British steel beneath its folds
Was bathed in British gore.
Each flaunting rag,
A nation's flag,
May boast of deeds like these;
But we men,
The free men,
Claim nobler victories.

Raise high the flag of England!
If, 'mid the battle crush,
Its only triumphs had been won,
An Englishman might blush.
If, by aggressive armies,
Its brightest fame was bought,
We'd groan to think our fathers wrong,
And deem its glories nought;

We'd weep to own
Our power misgrown,
And to the world proclaim,
That we men,
The free men,
Would earn a better fame.

Raise high the flag of England!
The meteor of the fight!
That never flashed on battle-field,
Except to lead the right;
That never graced the triumphs
Of Cæsars or their hosts,
Or carried rapine and revenge
To unoffending coasts.
Unfurl it high,
In purity,
The flag without a stain!
That we men,
The free men,
May swear by it again.

Wherever it has floated,
Upon the sea or land,
There world-adorning Trade has stretch'd
Her civilizing hand;
There enterprise has ventured
Her argosies, high piled;
There science strewed the earth with flowers,
And kindly Knowledge smiled.
O'er deeds like these,
In storm and breeze,
Our flag has been unfurl'd
And we men,
The free men,
Can show them to the world.

It led our sons undaunted,
With earnest souls sublime,
To track the bounds of earthly space
In every zone and clime;—
Through savage lands, death-haunted,
Where southern oceans roll;
Through swamps and deserts of the Line,
Or ice-fields of the Pole.

Wherever Trade
Or Science bade,
Discovery turned her prow,
That we men,
The free men,
Might glory in it now. *C. S. Mackay.*

The Soldier's Dream.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die—

When, reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dream'd it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so soft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart—

"Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay:—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear—melted away!
Campbell.

Glenara.

Oh! heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?—
'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire and her people are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud;
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They march'd all in silence—they looked to the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;
"Now here let us place the grey-stone of her cairn—
"Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles? why cloud ye your brows?"
So spake the rude chieftain: no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

"I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
"And empty that shroud, and that coffin, did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

Oh! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no body was seen;
Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn—
'Twas the youth that had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn—

"I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her grief,
I dream'd that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne:
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

Campbell.

The Death of Marmion.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch, the gushing wound;
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear;
And that the priest he could not hear,

For that she ever sung,
"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;—
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
Oh look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine!
Oh, think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd 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.

Scott.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our Hero we buried.

We buried him darkly,—at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moon beams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
  And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
  And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought—as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
  And smoothed down his lonely pillow—
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
  And we far away on the billow!

"Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
  And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
  In the grave where a Briton has laid him."

But half of our heavy task was done,
  When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
  That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame fresh and gory!
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
  But we left him—alone with his glory! *Wolfe.*

The Battle of Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
  Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
  The darkness of her scenery!

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
  To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven!
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven!
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
  Far flash'd the red artillery!

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly!

'Tis morn—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy!

The combat deepens—On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!—

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre! *Campbell.*

On the Downfall of Poland.

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd 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, survey'd
Wide o'er the fields, 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 those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our COUNTRY yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear, for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
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 peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain—alas! in vain, ye gallant few!—
From rank to rank your vollied thunder flew:
Oh! 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 wo!
Dropp'd from her neverless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as KOSCIUSKO fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.
The storm prevails! the rampart yields away—
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook!—red meteors flash'd along the sky!
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

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 crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd, till the host
Of blood-stain'd 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 Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man.
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as you own!

Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of BANNOCKBURN!

Campbell.

Lord Ullin's Daughter.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
 To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this, Lord Ullin's daughter:—

"And fast before her father's men,
 Three days we've fled together;
For, should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather—

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
 Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
 When they have slain her lover?"—

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady!

"And, by my word, the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry;
So—though the waves are raging white—
 I'll row you o'er the ferry!"

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking,
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men!—
 Their trampling sounded nearer!

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries;
 "Though tempests round us gather,

I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When—oh! too strong for human hand!
The tempest gather'd o'er her—

And still they row'd, amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover!
One lovely arm was stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,—
My daughter!—oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain!—the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

Campbell.

The Exile of Erin.

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd when, at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion;
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fervour of youth's warm emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh!

"Sad is my fate!"—said the heart-broken stranger—
"The wild deer and wolf to the covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger:
A home and a country remain not to me!
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours;

Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike the bold numbers of ERIN GO BRAGH!

"Erin! my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore!
But, alas! in a far—foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more!
Oh! cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me!—
They died to defend me!—or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Ah! my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure!
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure;
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall!

"Yet—all its fond recollections suppressing—
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw:—
Erin!—an exile bequeathes thee—his blessing!
Land of my forefathers!—ERIN GO BRAGH!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
ERIN MAVOURNEEN! ERIN GO BRAGH!" *Campbell.*

Lochinvar.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broad-sword, he weapon had none:
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He stayed not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none—
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bridemen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all!
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—
"Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?
Or to dance at our bridal? young Lord Lochinvar!"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!
There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup!
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,—
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,

But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Scott.

A Beth Gelert.

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer:
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race!
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watch'd, he served, he cheer'd his lord,
And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare:
And scant and small the booty proved;
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle-door,
  Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore
  His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
  Unused such looks to meet:
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
  And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd—
  And on went Gelert too—
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
  Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'erturn'd his infant's bed, he found
  The blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
  With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied;
  He search'd—with terror wild;
Blood! Blood! he found on every side,
  But no where found the child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devour'd!"
  The frantic father cried;
And, to the hilt, his vengeful sword
  He plunged in Gelert's side!—

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
  No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
  Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
  Some slumberer waken'd nigh:
What words the parent's joy can tell,
  To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
  His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
  His cherub-boy he kiss'd!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
 But, the same couch beneath,
Lay, a great wolf, all torn and dead—
 Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
 For now the truth was clear:
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
 To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's wo;
 "Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
 This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
 Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
 And, oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
 Poor Gelert's dying yell!

Spencer.

Bruce to his Army.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
  Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power,
  Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
  Let him turn and flee!

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword would strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

Burns.

The Sailor's Orphan Boy.

Stay, lady—stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale:
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale!
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy:
But in the Nile's proud fight he died—
And I am now an orphan boy!

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
To see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought—
She could not bear to see my joy!
For with my father's life 'twas bought—
And made me a poor orphan boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud;
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears:
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd—
My mother answered with her tears!
"Oh! why do tears steal down your cheeks,"
Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"
She kiss'd me, and, in accents weak,
She call'd me—her poor orphan boy!

"What is an orphan boy?" I said;
  When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
And her eyes closed; I shriek'd for aid:—
  But, ah! her eyes were closed in death!
My hardships since—I will not tell:
  But now, no more a parent's joy,
Ah! lady I have learn'd too well
  What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

"Oh! were I by your bounty fed!—
  Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread—
  The sailor's orphan boy has pride!
"Lady, you weep:—what is't you say?
  You'll give me clothing, food, employ!
Look down, dear parents! look and see
  Your happy, happy orphan boy!"

Mrs. Opie.

Battle of the Baltic.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone:
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest—held his breath
For a time!

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd

O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun!

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom!

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save!—
So peace, instead of death, let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose;
As Death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun look'd smiling-bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away!

Now joy, old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light!—
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britian's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant—good Riou!
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

Campbell.

The Ocean.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society when more 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 thy 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, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown!

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise,
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals—
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 yeast 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!

Byron.

The Present Aspect of Greece.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress—
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fix'd, yet tender traits, that streak
The languor of the placid cheek—

And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality;
And curdles to the gazer's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes—but for these—and these alone—
Some moments—ay—one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd
The first—last look—by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore.
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
Which gleams—but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Byron.

The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer's evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done;
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found,
He came to ask what he had found;
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's scull," said he
"Who fell in the great victory!

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out:
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory!"

"Now, tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now, tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout:
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory!

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head!

"With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died!—
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say, it was a shocking sight
  After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
  Lay rotting in the sun!—
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
  And our good prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
  Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—Nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory!

"And every body praised the Duke
  Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
  Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory!" *Southey.*

Song of Fitz Eustace.

Where shall the lover rest
  Whom the Fates sever
From his true maiden's breast—
  Parted for ever?—
Where through groves deep and high
  Sounds the sad billow,
Where early violets die
  Under the willow—
  Soft shall be his pillow!

There through the summer days
  Cool streams are laving,
There while the tempest plays,
  Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
  Parted for ever!
Never again to wake.
  Never!—oh, never!

Where shall the traitor rest—
  He!—the deceiver,
Who would win woman's breast,
  Ruin and leave her?—
In the lost battle
  Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
  With groans of the dying,
  There shall he be lying.—

Her wings shall the eagle flap
  O'er the false-hearted!
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
  Ere life be parted!
Shame and dishonour sit
  By his grave ever!
Blessings shall hallow it—
  Never!—oh, never!

Scott.

The Field of Waterloo.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be.—
How that red rain—hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd 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 look'd 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; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
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 window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear:
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd 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
Blush'd 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 throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come, they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With their fierce native daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure; when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low!

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 marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover—heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

Byron.

Outalissi.

NIGHT came,—and in their bower, full late,
The joy of converse had endur'd—when, hark!
Abrupt and loud a summons shook their gate;
And, heedless of the dog's obstreperous bark,
A form had rush'd amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms,—and fallen upon the floor:
Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark;
But desolate he look'd and famish'd poor,
As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desert shore.

Uprisen, each wondering brow is knit and arch'd:
A spirit from the dead they deem him first!
To speak he tries; but quivering, pale, and parch'd,
From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed,

Emotions unintelligible burst;
And long his filmed eye is red and dim;
At length, the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst
Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering limb,
When Albert's hand he grasp'd—but Albert knew not
him.

"And hast thou then forgot,"—he cried forlorn,
And eyed the group with half indignant air,—
"Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
When I with thee the cup of peace did share?
Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
That now is white as Appalachia's snow;
But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
And age hath bow'd me, and the torturing foe,
Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer know!

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew:
"Bless thee, my guide!"—but, backward, as he came,
The chief, his old bewilder'd head withdrew,
And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and look'd him
through.
'Twas strange—r [illegible] ould the group a smile con-
trol—
The long, the dou[illegible] scrutiny to view:—
At last, delight o'er all his features stole,
"It is—my own!" he cried, and clasp'd him to his
soul.—

"Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
The bow-string of my spirit was not slack,
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd
men,
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;
Nor foeman then, nor cougar's couch I fear'd,
For I was strong as mountain-cataract!
And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd,
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts ap-
pear'd?

"Then welcome be my death-song, and my death!
Since I have seen thee, and again embraced!"

And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath,
But, with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretch'd around their guest,
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds, with fever'd joy, that more profusely bled.

"But this is not a time,"—he started up,
And smote his breast with wo-denouncing hand—
"This is no time to fill the joyous cup!
The Mammoth comes!—the foe!—the monster Brandt!—
With all his howling, desolating band!—
These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine
Awake, at once, and silence—half your land!
Red is the cup they drink;—but not with wine!
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine!

"Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
No!—not the dog, that watch'd my household hearth
Escaped, that night of blood, upon our plains!
All perish'd!—I alone am left on earth,
To whom nor relative nor blood remains—
No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

"But go and rouse your warriors!—for—if right
These old bewilder'd eyes could guess, by signs
Of striped and starred banners—on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines,
Some fort embattled by your country shines:
Deep roars the innavigable gulf below
Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.
Go, seek the light its warlike beacons show!
Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe!"

Campbell.

Outalissi's Death-Song.

"And I could weep;"—the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;

"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son!
Or bow his head in wo;
For, by my wrongs and by my wrath!
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

"But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep;—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

"To-morrow let us do or die!—
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?—
Seek we thy once-loved home?—
The hand is gone that cropp'd its flowers!
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?—
Ah! there, in desolation, cold,
The desert-serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old!
Then seek we not their camp—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair!

"But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shall dry thy tears!
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears
Amidst the clouds that round us roll!
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry—the last!—the first!
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul!
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief."

Campbell.

Lord William.

No eye beheld when William plunged
  Yound Edmund in the stream;
No human ear, but William's heard
  Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd
  The murderer for their lord;
And he, as rightful heir, possess'd
  The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
  Stood in a fair domain,
And Severn's ample waters near
  Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the wayfaring man
  Would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road,
  To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
  To gaze on Severn's stream;
In every wind that swept its waves
  He heard young Edmund scream.

In vain, at midnight's silent hour,
  Sleep closed the murderer's eyes;
In every dream, the murderer saw
  Young Edmund's form arise!

In vain, by restless conscience driven,
Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled—
But could not fly despair;
He sought his home again—but peace
Was still a stranger there.

Slow were the passing hours, yet swift
The months appear'd to roll;
And now the day return'd, that shook
With terror William's soul—

A day that William never felt
Return without dismay;
For well had conscience kalendar'd
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that! the rains
Fell fast with tempest roar,
And the swoln tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
The anguish of his soul—

The tempest, as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came,
With cold and deathlike feelings seem'd
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he press'd;
And wearied out, he sunk to sleep,—
To sleep—but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund, seem'd to stand;
Such and so pale, as when in death
He grasp'd his brother's hand.

Such and so pale his face, as when,
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge,
He left his orphan son.

"I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard—
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge!
Now take thy due reward!"

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonizing fear:
He only heard the storm of night,—
'Twas music to his ear.

When, lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals;
"What, ho! Lord Willian, rise in haste!
The water saps thy walls!"

He rose in haste, beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear;
It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight now,
No human aid was near!

He heard the shout of joy, for now
A boat approach'd the wall;
And, eager to the welcome aid,
They crowd for safety all.

"My boat is small," the boatman cried,
"'Twill bear but one away;
Come in, Lord William! and do ye
In God's protection stay."

Strange feeling fill'd them at his voice,
Even at that hour of wo,
That, save their lord, there was not one
Who wished with him to go.

But William leaped into the boat,
His terror was so sore;
"Thou shalt have half my gold!" cried he,
"Haste!—haste to yonder shore!"

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream—

Sudden Lord William heard a cry,
  Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paused: "Methought I heard
  A child's distressful cry!"
"'Twas but the howling wind of night,"
  Lord William made reply;

"Haste!—haste!—ply swift and strong the oar!
  Haste!—haste across the stream!"—
Again Lord William heard a cry
  Like Edmund's drowning scream.

"I heard a child's distressful voice,"
  The boatman cried again.
"Nay, hasten on!—the night is dark—
  And we should search in vain!"

"And, oh! Lord William, dost thou know
  How dreadful 'tis to die?
And can'st thou, without pitying, hear
  A child's expiring cry?

"How horrible it is to sink
  Beneath the chilly stream,
To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
  In vain for help to scream!"

The shriek again was heard: It came
  More deep, more piercing loud:
That instant, o'er the flood, the moon
  Shone through a broken cloud:

And near them they beheld a child,
  Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
  Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
  Approach'd its resting-place;
The moon-beam shone upon the child,
  And show'd how pale his face.

"Now reach thine hand!" the boatman cried,
  "Lord William, reach and save!"—
The child stretched forth his little hands,
  To grasp the hand he gave—

Then William shriek'd; the hand he touch'd
Was cold, and damp, and dead!
He felt young Edmund in his arms!
A heavier weight than lead!

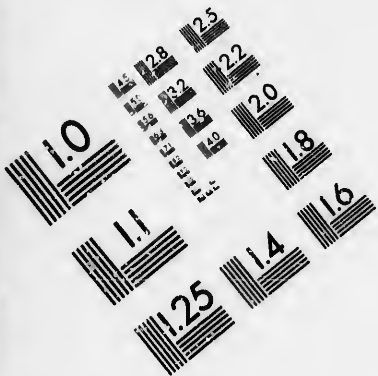
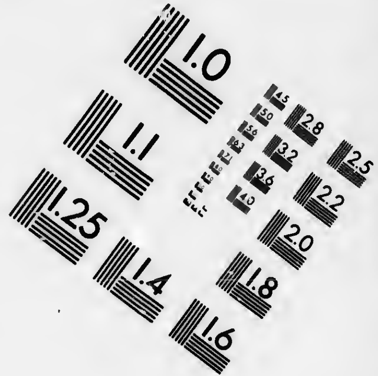
The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk
Beneath the avenging stream;
He rose, he shriek'd—no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream! *Southey.*

The Mariners of England.

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow!

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow!
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow!

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves!
Her home is on the deep!
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow!

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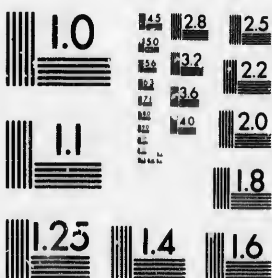
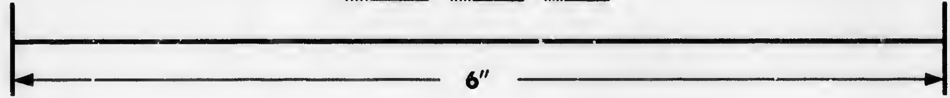

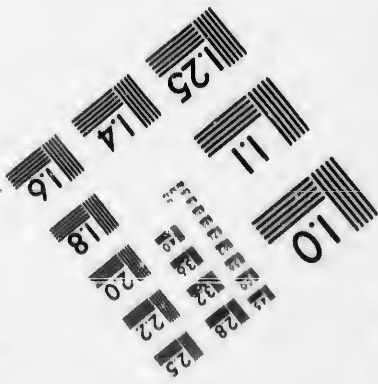

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The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow:
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow. *Campbell.*

Thunder Storm among the Alps.

It is the hush of night; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen—
Save darken'd Jura, whose capp'd heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar;
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill!
At intervals, some bird, from out the brakes,
Starts into voice a moment—then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill—
But that is fancy, for the star-light dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!—not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines!—a prosphoric sea!
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis back,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights—which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted!
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then—departed!—
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years—all winters!—war within themselves to wage!—

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand!
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around! of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

Byron.

Ode to Winter.

When first the fiery-mantled sun
His heavenly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue,
His children four, the Seasons, flew.
First in green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smiled with angel-grace:
Rosy Summer, next advancing,
Rush'd into her sire's embrace—

Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
On India's citron-cover'd isles:
More remote and buxom-brown,
The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone!

But howling Winter fled afar,
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren darkness by his side,
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale!
Round the hall where Runic Oden
Howls his war-song to the gale!—
Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm.
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form:
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume,
And crystal-cover'd shield!

O sire of storms!—whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy, with her blood-shot eye,
Implores thy dreadful deity—
Archangel! power of desolation!
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruin'd year;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;—
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend;
And gently on the orphan head
Of Innocence descend!—

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!
The sailor on his airy shrouds;
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep!
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
  Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
  Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
O winds of Winter! list ye there
  To many a deep and dying groan;
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
  At shrieks and thunders louder than your own!
Alas! even your unhallow'd breath
  May spare the victim, fallen low—
But man will ask no truce to death,—
  No bounds to human wo. *Campbell.*

The Arab Maid's Song.

Fly to the desert! fly with me!
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough—but, smiling there,
The acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet; nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare—but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs,
As o'er the marble courts of kings!

Then come!—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree;
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought!—

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone;
New—as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome—as if loved for years!

Then fly with me!—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come!—if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found!—

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake,
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine. *Moore.*

Flight of O'Connor's Child, and Death of her Lover.

At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love—"Oh, come with me!
Our bark is on the lake—behold
Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.
Come far from Castle-Connor's clans!—
Come with thy belted forestere,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild fowl and the honey-comb;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech by thy side—
Then come, my love!"—How could I stay?

Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way,
And I pursued by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes!

And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring, rush'd we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
Of Castle-Connor fade.
Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more!
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear;
While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness!
But oh, that midnight of despair,
When I was doom'd to rend my hair!
The night, to me of shrieking sorrow!
The night to him—that had no morrow!

When all was hush'd at even-tide,
I heard the baying of their beagle:
"Be hush'd!" my Connocht Moran cried,
"'Tis but the screaming of the eagle"—
Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound,
Their bloody bands had track'd us out;
Up-listening starts our couchant hound—
And, hark! again that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce!
In vain—no voice the adder charms;
Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms;
Another's sword has laid him low—
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah me! it was a brother's!
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld—O God! O God!—
His life-blood oozing from the sod!

Campbell.

Ode to Eloquence.

HEARD ye those loud-contending waves,
That shook Cecropia's pillar'd state?
Saw ye the mighty from their graves
Look up, and tremble at her fate?

Who shall calm the angry storm?
Who the mighty task perform,
And bid the raging tumult cease?
See the son of Hermes rise,
With siren tongue, and speaking eyes,
Hush the noise, and soothe to peace!

See the olive branches waving
O'er Ilissus' winding stream,
Their lovely limbs the Naiads laving,
The Muses smiling by supreme!,

See the nymphs and swains advancing,
To harmonious measures dancing:
Grateful Io Pæans rise
To thee, O Power! who can inspire
Soothing words—or words of fire,
And shook thy plumes in Attic skies!

Lo! from the regions of the north,
The reddening storm of battle pours,
Rolls along the trembling earth,
Fastens on the Olynthian towers.

"Where rests the sword? where sleep the brave?
Awake! Cecropia's ally save
From the fury of the blast:
Burst the storm on Phocis' walls!
Rise! or Greece for ever falls;
Up! or Freedom breathes her last."

The jarring states, obsequious now,
View the patriot's hand on high;
Thunder gathering on his brow,
Lightning flashing from his eye.

Borne by the tide of words along,
One voice, one mind, inspire the throng:
"To arms! to arms! to arms!" they cry;

"Grasp the shield, and draw the sword;
Lead us to Philippi's lord;
Let us conquer him, or die!"

Ah, Eloquence! thou wast undone;
Wast from thy native country driven,
When Tyranny eclipsed the sun,
And blotted out the stars of heaven!

When Liberty from Greece withdrew,
And o'er the Adriatic flew
To where the Tiber pours his urn—
She struck the rude Tarpeian rock,
Sparks were kindled by the stroke—
Again thy fires began to burn!

Now shining forth, thou madest compliant
The conscript fathers to thy charms,
Roused the world-bestriding giant,
Sinking fast in Slavery's arms.

I see thee stand by Freedom's fane,
Pouring the persuasive strain,
Giving vast conceptions birth:
Hark! I hear thy thunder's sound,
Shake the Forum round and round,
Shake the pillars of the earth!

First-born of Liberty divine!
Put on Religion's bright array:
Speak! and the starless grave shall shine
The portal of eternal day!

Rise, kindling with the orient beam,
Let Calvary's hill inspire the theme,
Unfold the garments roll'd in blood!
Oh, touch the soul--touch all her chords
With all the omnipotence of words,
And point the way to heaven—to God!

Anonymous.

The Sister's Curse.

"And go!" I cried, "the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalled bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek,

Go!—and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd."
O stranger! by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that sever'd nature's yoke;
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of heaven.

They would have cross'd themselves all mute;
They would have pray'd to burst the spell;
But, at the stamping of my foot,
Each hand down powerless fell!
"And go to Athunree!" I cried,
"High lift the banner of your pride!
But know that where its sheet unrolls,
The weight of blood is on your souls!
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain fern!
Men shall no more your mansion know;
The nettles on your hearth shall grow!
Dead as the green oblivious flood,
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood!
Away! Away to Athunree!
Where downward when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall;
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face!"

A bolt that overhung our dome,
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam,
Peal'd in the blood-red heaven!
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw:
But now, behold! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view,

O'Connor's plumed partisans,
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom:
A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,
A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd,
And all again was gloom! *Campbell.*

Alexander's Feast.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son,
Aloft in awful state,
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.—
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave, deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.——
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seat above—
Such is the power of mighty love!—
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound:
"A present deity!" they shout around;—
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound—
With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young!—
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets! beat the drums!
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath!—he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure;
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain!

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again:
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied—
Changed his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good!
By too severe a fate,
Fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen!
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood!
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes!
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving, in his alter'd soul,
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow!

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So love was crown'd; but music won the cause.—
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sign'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor—sunk upon her breast!

Now strike the golden lyre again!
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder!
Hark! hark!—the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead;
And, amazed, he stares around!
Revenge! Revenge! Timotheus cries—
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
And, unburied, remain
Inglorious on the plain!

Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold! how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!—
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey!
And, like another Helen, fired—another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage—or kindle soft desire.
At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down! *Dryden.*

The Passions.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;

And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for Madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all her song.
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden
hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo;
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat.
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,

Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight—seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd:
And, now, it courted Love; now, raving, call'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd;
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
Bubling runnels joined the sound.
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay—
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing—
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh! how alter'd was its splightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulders flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung;
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,

Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

Collins.

Childe Harold's Song.

Adieu, adieu!— my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his flight:
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—Good night!

A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies—
But not my mother earth.

Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall—
My dog howls at the gate.

Come hither, hither, my little page,
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,
Or tremble at the gale?

But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong;
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind:

"For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend save these alone,
But thee—and One above.

"My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh,
Till I come back again."—

Enough, enough, my little lad,
Such tears become thine eye—
If I thy guiltless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry!

Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman,
Or shiver at the gale?

"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake;
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?"

Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, that am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of friend or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes,
We late saw streaming o'er.

For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near:
My greatest grief is—that I leave
Nothing that claims a tear.

And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:

But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?

Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger-hands;
But long e'er I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine!

Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!——
My native land,—Good night! *Byron.*

Lochiel's Warning.

Wizard. LOCHIEL! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on the sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight:
They rally!—they bleed!—for their kingdom and crown;
Wo, wo to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword o'er Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-tell-[ing seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight!
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foeman outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let us speed—for the spoiler is nigh,
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling, all lonely!—return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan:
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But wo to his kindred, and wo to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Wizard. Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:

Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores:
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Campbell.

Gilderoy.

The last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me:
I hear the dead-note of the drum,
I mark the gallows-tree!

The bell has toll'd; it shakes my heart;
The trumpet speaks thy name;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom;
  No mourner wipes a tear:
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
  The sledge is all thy bier!

Oh, Gilderoy! bethought we then
  So soon, so sad, to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
  You triumph'd o'er my heart!

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,
  Your hunter garb was trim;
And graceful was the ribbon green
  That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore
  Those limbs in fetters bound;
Or hear upon the scaffold-floor,
  The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
  The guiltless to pursue!
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
  He could not injure you!

A long adieu!—but where shall fly
  Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
  Regards my wo with scorn?

Yes! they will mock thy widow's tears,
  And hate thy orphan boy!
Alas! his infant beauty wears
  The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
  That wraps thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the ground,
  And sigh my heart away!

Campbell.

My Mother.

At last, O my Mother! thou sleepest;
  At last, thy poor heart is still;
No longer, dear Mother! thou keepest

A watch in a world of ill.
Though I feel of all love forsaken,
When thine is no longer near;
Yet I thank my God, who hath taken
Thee hence, and I shed no tear.

I smile with a sorrowful gladness,
While I think, thou never more
Shalt drink from the black cup of sadness,
Which, through thy whole life, ran o'er.
When a hard lot pressed severest,
Oh! little had been my care,
Had I known that thou, best and dearest!
Didst a lighter portion share.

But as there ne'er was another
On earth more gentle and kind,
So none, my own dove-hearted Mother!
Did a heavier burthen find.
Yet it woke no voice of complaining,
Nor changed thy passionless air,
At a time, when to image thy paining,
Was more than I well could bear.

There needed no whisper of duty
To summon me to thy side;
To dwell near thy soul-stilling beauty,
Was a rapture and a pride.
Often now, when his peace is riven
With visions of shame and fear,
The thought that thou'rt happy in heaven,
Doth thy son's dark bosom cheer.

A thousand would call the spot dreary
Where thou takest a long repose;
But a rude couch is sweet to the weary,
And the frame that suffering knows.
I never rejoiced more sincerely
Than at thy funeral hour;
Assured, that the one I loved dearly,
Was beyond affliction's power.

Kennedy.

The Dream of Eugene Aram.

'TWAS in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four and twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf, he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"Oh God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then, leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—

Now up the mead, then down the mead,
  And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
  That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read—
  Romance, or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
  Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
  "It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
  As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
  Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
  And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
  Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
  And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
  And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
  Shriek upward from the sod,—
Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
  To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
  Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
  Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
  And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
  Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
  Their pangs must be extreme,—
Wo, wo, unutterable wo—
  Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
  A murder in a dream.

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old.
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
'Now here,' said I, 'this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!'

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And, lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead-man by the hand,
And call'd upon his name!

"Oh God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price;
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice

Of the blood-avenging Sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream.

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school!

"Oh Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit, I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And Peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river-bed,
For the faithlesss stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves
I hid the murder'd man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep;
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,

And years have rotted off his flesh—
  The world shall see his bones!

"Oh God! that horrid, horrid dream
  Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
  The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
  Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
  Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
  It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy look'd up, and saw
  Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
  The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
  Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
  With gyves upon his wrist. *Hood.*

The Death of Murat.

"My hour is come!—Forget me not!—My blessing is with you,
With you my last, my fondest thought; with you my heart's adieu.
Farewell—farewell, my Caroline! my children's doting mother;
I made thee wife, and fate a queen—an hour, and thou art neither:
Farewell, my fair Letitia, my love is with thee still:
Louise and Lucien, adieu, and thou, my own Achille!"
With quivering lip, but with no tear, or tear that gazers saw,
These words, to all his heart held dear, thus wrote the brave
  Murat.

Then of the locks which, dark and large, o'er his broad shoulders hung,
That stream'd war-pennons in the charge, yet like caressings clung
In peace around his forehead high, which, more than diadem,
Beseem'd the curls that lovingly replaced the cold hard gem;
He cut him one for wife—for child—'twas all he had to will;
But, with the regal wreath and state, he lost its heartless chill!
The iciness of alien power, what gushing love may thaw?
—The agony of such an hour as this—thy *last*—Murat!

"Comrade—though foe!—a soldier asks from thee a soldier's aid—
They're not a warrior's only tasks that need his blood and blade—
That upon which I latest gaze—that which I fondest clasp,
When death my eye-balls wraps in haze, and stiffens my hand's grasp!
With these love-locks around it twined, say, wilt thou see them sent—
Need I say where?—Enough!—'tis kind!—to death, then—I'm content!
Oh, to have found it in the field, not as a chain'd outlaw!
No more!—to Destiny I yield—with mightier than Murat!

They led him forth—'twas but a stride between his prison-room
And where, with yet a monarch's pride, he met a felon's doom.
"Soldiers!—your muzzles to my breast will leave brief space for pain,
Strike to the heart!"—His last behest was utter'd not in vain.
He turn'd him to the levell'd tubes that held the wish'd-for boon;
He gazed upon some love-clasp'd pledge,—then volleyed the platoon;
And when their hold the hands gave up, the pitying gazers saw,
In the dear image of a wife, thy heart's best trait, Murat!

T. Atkinson.

The Spanish Champion.

The warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprison'd sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train;
I pledge my faith, my liege, my lord, oh! break my father's chain."

"Rise! rise! even now thy father comes, a ransom'd man this day;
Mount thy good steed, 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 hand, his charger's foaming speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd, they met a glittering band,
With one that 'mid them stately rode, like a leader in the land;
Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father,—whom thy grateful heart hath yearned so long to see.

His proud breast heaved, his dark eye flash'd, his cheeks' hue came and went;
He reach'd that grey-hair'd 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 dropp'd from his like lead;
He look'd up to the face above, the face was of the dead;
A plume waved o'er the noble brow, the brow was fix'd and white
He met at length his father's eyes, but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed; but who can paint
that gaze?
They hush'd their very hearts who saw its horror and amaze:
They might have chain'd him, as before that noble form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his cheek
the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmur'd low, and wept like children
then—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his high renown;
Then flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down;

And, covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly-mournful
brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now;
My king is false, my hope betray'd, my father, oh! the worth,
The glory, and the lovelinees, are past away to earth!"

Up from the ground he sprung once more, and seized the monarch's
rein,
Amid the pale and wilder'd 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 here, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
Be still! and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this?
The look, the voice, the heart I sought—give answer, Where are
they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, put life in this cold clay.

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

He loosed the rein, his slack hand fell upon the silent face;
He cast one long, deep, mournful glance, and fled from that sad
place:
His after-fate no more was heard, amid the martial train;
His banner led the spears no more among the hills of Spain!

Mrs. Hemans.

Ouglou's Onslaught.

A Turkish Battle-Song.

TCHASSAN OUGLOU is on! Tchassan Ouglou is on!
And with him to battle the Faithful are gone.
Alla, il allah! The tambour is rung,
And in his war-saddle each Spahi hath swung.
Now the blast of the desert sweeps over the land,
And the pale fires of heaven gleam in each Damask brand.
Alla, il allah!

Tchassan Ouglou is on! Tchassan Ouglou is on!
Abroad on the winds all his horse-tails are thrown.
'Tis the rush of the eagle, down cleaving through air—
'Tis the bound of the lion, when roused from his lair.
Ha! fiercer, and wilder, and madder by far—
On thunders the might of the Moslemite war.
Alla, il allah!

Forth lash their wild horses with loose-flowing rein,
The steel grides their flank, their hoof scarce dints the plain.
Like the mad stars of heaven, now the Delis rush out,
O'er the thunder of cannon swells proudly their shout—
And sheeted with foam, like the surge of the sea,
Over wreck, death, and wo, rolls each fierce Osmanli.
Alla, il allah!

Fast forward, still forward, man follows on man
While the horse-tails are dashing afar in the van—
See where yon pale crescent and green turban shine,
There, smite for the prophet, and Othman's great line.
Alla, il allah! The fierce war-cry is given—
For the flesh of the Giaour shriek the vultures of heaven.
Alla, il allah!

Alla, il allah! How thick, on the plain,
The Infidels cluster, like ripe, heavy grain!
The reaper is coming, the crook'd sickle's bare:
And the shout of the Faithful is rending the air.
Bismillah! Bismillah! Each far-flashing brand
Hath piled its red harvest of death on the land!
Alla, il allah!

Mark, mark yon green turban that heaves through the fight!
Like a tempest-toss'd bark 'mid the thunders of night.
See, parting before it on right and on left,
How the dark billows tumble—each saucy crest cleft!
Aye, horseman and footman reel back in dismay,
When the sword of stern Ouglou is lifted to slay.
Alla, il allah!

Alla, il allah! Tchassan Ouglou is on!
O'er the Infidel breast hath his fiery barb gone—
The bullets rain on him, they fall thick as hail;
The lances crash round him, like reeds in the gale—

But onward, still onward, for God and his law,
Through the dark strife of death bursts the gallant Pacha.
Alla, il allah!

In the wake of his might,—in the path of the wind,
Pour the sons of the Faithful, careering behind;
And, bending to battle, o'er each high saddle-bow,
With the sword of Azrael they sweep down the foe.
Alla, il allah! 'Tis Ouglou that cries—
In the breath of his nostril the Infidel dies!
Alla, il allah!

Motherwell.

To the Clouds.

Ye glorious pageants! hung in air
To greet our raptured view;
What in creation can compare
For loveliness with you?
This earth is beautiful indeed,
And in itself appeals
To eyes that have been taught to read
The beauties it reveals.

Its giant-mountains, which ascend
To your exhalted sphere,
And seem, at times, with you to blend
In majesty austere;
Its lovely valleys—forests vast;
Its rivers, lakes, and seas;
With every glance upon them cast,
The sight, the sense must please.

When, through the eastern gates of heaven
The sun's first glories shine;
Or when his gentlest beams are given
To gild the day's decline;
All glorious as that orb appears,
His radiance still would lose
Each gentle charm, that most endears,
Without your softening hues.

When these with his refulgent rays
Harmoniously unite,

Who on your splendid pomp can gaze,
 Nor feel a hush'd delight?
'Tis then, if to the raptured eye
 Her aid the fancy brings,
In you our fancy can descry
 Unutterable things!

Not merely mountains, cliffs, and caves,
 Domes, battlements, and towers,
Torrents of light, that fling their waves
 O'er coral rocks and bowers;
Not only what to man is known
 In nature or in art;
But objects which on earth can own
 No seeming counterpart.

As once the Seer in Patmos saw
 Heaven's opening door reveal'd,
And scenes inspiring love and awe
 To his rapt sight reveal'd;
So, in a faint and low degree
 Through your unfoldings bright,
Phantoms of glory yet to be
 Dawn on the wondering sight.

Anonymous.

The Suicide.

She left her infant on the Sunday morn—
A creature doom'd to sin—in sorrow born,
She came not home to share our humble meal,
Her father thinking what his child might feel
From his hard sentence. Still she came not home.
The night grew dark, and yet she was not come;
The east wind roar'd, the sea return'd the sound;
And the rain fell, as if the world were drown'd:
There were no lights without; and my good-man,
To kindness frighten'd—with a groan began
To talk of Ruth, and pray—and then he took
The Bible down, and read the holy book:
For he had learning; and when that was done,
He sat in silence.—"Whither could we run?"
He said—and then rush'd frighten'd from the door,
For we could bear our own conceits no more.

We call'd on neighbours—there she had not been;
We met some wanderers—our's they had not seen;
We hurried o'er the beach, both north and south,
Then join'd and hurried to our haven's mouth,
Where rush'd the falling waters wildly out;
I scarcely heard the good-man's fearful shout,
Who saw a something on the billow's side:
And "Heaven have mercy on our sins!" he cried,
"It is my child!"—and, to the present hour,
So he believes that spirits have the power.

And she was gone—the waters wide and deep
Roll'd o'er her body as she lay asleep.
She heard no more the angry waves and wind,
She heard no more the threatenings of mankind;
Wrapt in dark weeds, the refuge of the storm,
To the hard rock was borne her comely form.

But oh! what storm was in that mind, what strife,
That could compel her to lay down her life!
For she was seen within the sea to wade
By one at distance, when she first had pray'd;
Then to a rock within the hither shoal,
Softly, and with a fearful step, she stole;
Then, when she gain'd it, on the top she stood
A moment still—and dropp'd into the flood! *Crabbe.*

The Last Tree of the Forest.

Whisper, thou tree, thou lonely tree,
One, where a thousand stood!
Well might proud tales be told by thee,
Last of the solemn wood.

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,
With leaves yet darkly green?
Stillness is round, and noontide glows—
Tell us what thou hast seen.

"I have seen the forest shadows lie
Where now men reap the corn;
I have seen the kingly chase rush by,
Through the deep glades at morn.

"With the glance of many a gallant spear,
And the wave of many a plume,
And the bounding of a hundred deer,
It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

"I have seen the knight and his train ride past
With his banner borne on high;
O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast
From his gleamy panoply.

"The pilgrim at my feet hath laid
His palm-branch 'midst the flowers,
And told his beads, and meekly prayed,
Kneeling at vesper hours.

"And the merry men of wild and glen,
In the green array they wore,
Have feasted here with red wine's cheer,
And the hunter-songs of yore.

"And the minstrel, resting in my shade,
Hath made the forest ring
With the lordly tales of the high crusade,
Once loved by chief and king.

"But now the noble forms are gone
That walk'd the earth of old;
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
The sunny light looks cold.

"There is no glory left us now,
Like the glory with the dead:
I would that where they slumber now
My latest leaves were shed!"

O thou dark tree, thou lonely tree!
That mournest for the past,
A peasant's home in thy shade I see,
Embower'd from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound
Of laughter meets mine ear;
For the poor man's children sport around
On the turf, with nought to fear.

And roses lend that cabin-wall
A happy summer-glow;

And the open door stands free to all,
For it recks not of a foe.

And the village-bells are on the breeze
That stirs thy leaf, dark tree!
How can I mourn, 'midst things like these,
For the gloomy past with thee? *Anonymous.*

The Voice of Spring.

I COME, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chesnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers;
And the ancient graves, and the falling fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin, or the tomb!

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the stormy sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep-blue sky;
From the night-bird's lay, through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
Where the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain—
They are rolling on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may now be your home;
Ye of the rose-cheek, and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly;
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine; I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild wood strains,
And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

Mrs. Hemans.

The Invocation.

Answer me, burning stars of night,
Where is the spirit gone,
That pass'd the reach of human sight,
Even as a breeze hath flown?—
And the stars answer'd me—"We roll
In light and power on high;
But of the never-dying soul
Ask things that cannot die!"

O many-toned and chainless wind,
Thou art a wanderer free!
Tell me, if thou its place can find
Far over mount and sea?—
And the wind murmured in reply—
"The blue deep have I cross'd,
And met its bark and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost!"

Ye clouds, that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! be ye a home for those
Whose earthly race has run?—
The bright clouds answered—"We depart,
We vanish from the sky:
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
For that which cannot die!"

Speak, then, thou voice of God within,
  Thou of the deep low tone!
Answer me through life's restless din,
  Where is the spirit flown?—
And the voice answer'd—"Be thou still,
  Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds, and stars, their task fulfil,
  Thine is to trust in Heaven!"

Mrs. Hemans.

Mary, Queen of Scots.

I LOOK'D far back into other years, and lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages pass'd away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens, with their broad green walks, where soft the foot-
  step falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stones the creeping shadow pass'd,
And all around the noon-day sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save, from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat, beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects
  please;

And little reck'd they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear
  than theirs;—
And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart line;
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court—the gay court of
  Bourbon,—
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry:—
Grey Montmorency, o'er whose head has pass'd a storm of years,
Strong in himself and children stands, the first among his peers;
And next the Guises, who so well fame's steepest heights assail'd,
And walk'd ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts have
  fail'd,—
And higher yet their path shall be, stronger shall wax their
  might,
For before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning light.
Here Louis, Prince of Condé, wears his all-unconquer'd sword,
With great Coligni by his side—each name a household word!
And there walks she of Medicis—that proud Italian line,
The mother of a race of kings—the haughty Catharine!

The forms that follow in her train, a glorious sunshine make—
A milky way of stars that grace a comet's glittering wake;
But fairer far than all the rest, who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun,—
They lighten up her chesnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy bespeak.
Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine, and its flowers?

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast-receding hills, that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept, there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth;
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends,—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends,—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hush'd repose, and the splendours of a throne:
No marvel that the lady wept,—it was the land of France—
The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of Romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!
One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seem'd to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek—her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart *sceptre* well she sway'd, but the *sword* she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summon'd Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar:
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils,
But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas' battle-cry!
They come—they come—and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!

And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain,
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart brush'd aside the tears that trickling fell:
"Now for my father's arm!" she said; "my woman's heart, farewell!"

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison-walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatch'd the crown from her ancestral line:—
"My lords, my lords!" the captive said, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart queen o'er my remorseless foes!"
A red spot burn'd upon her cheek—stream'd her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen without a crown!

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more;—
She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye;—
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away;
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—where are they?
Scatter'd and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone,—
O God! to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has won!
Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart.

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chain'd the lips, and touch'd the hearts of all;
Rich were the sable robes she wore—her white veil round her fell—
And from her neck there hung the cross—the cross she loved so well!
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom,—
I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering for the tomb!
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone,—
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd with every tone,—

I knew the ringlets, almost grey, once threads of living gold,—
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould!
Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy smile,—
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!
Alas! the change! she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block, *alone!*
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd
Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and round her foot-steps bow'd!
Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is pass'd away;
The bright—the beautiful—is now a bleeding piece of clay!
The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood of a queen,—
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen,—
Lapp'd by a dog. Go, think of it, in silence and alone;
Then weigh against a grain of sand, the glories of a throne!

H. G. Bell.

SACRED EXTRACTS IN VERSE.

The Creation.

Ere Time began his circling race,
Or light adorn'd the waste of space,
Dwelt the first, great, Eternal One,
In unimparted bliss alone.

Wrapt in himself, he view'd serene
Each aspect of the future scene;
Then bade at length that scene unfold,—
And Nature's volume stood unroll'd.

He said, "Be Light!"—and light upsprung:
"Be Worlds!"—and worlds on nothing hung:
More swift than thought the mandate runs,
And forms ten thousand kindling suns.

When all the wondrous scene was plann'd,
Inimitably fair and grand;
In emanations unconfined,
Forth flow'd the life-diffusing mind.

From the rapt seraph, down to man,—
To beasts—to worms—the spirit ran;
And all in heaven, and all on earth,
'Midst shouts of joy, received their birth.

The tribes that walk, or swim, or fly,
In various movements, spake their joy;
While man, in hymns, his raptures told,
And cherubs struck their harps of gold.

The morning stars together sung,
The heavens with acclamations rung;
And earth, and air, and sea, and skies,
Heard the loud choral anthem rise:

"All glory to the Eternal give,
From whom we spring, in whom we live;
Be his Almighty power adored,
The sovereign, universal Lord!" *Drummond.*

God is Every Where.

OH! show me where is He,
The high and holy One,
To whom thou bend'st the knee,
And pray'st, "Thy will be done!"
I hear thy voice of praise,
And lo! no form is near;
Thine eyes I see thee raise,
But where doth God appear?
Oh! teach me who is God, and where his glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine.

Gaze on that arch above—
The glittering vault admire!
Who taught those orbs to move?
Who lit their ceaseless fire?
Who guides the moon, to run
In silence through the skies?
Who bids that dawning sun
In strength and beauty rise?
There view immensity!—behold, my God is there—
The sun, the moon, the stars, his majesty declare!

See, where the mountains rise;
Where thundering torrents foam;
Where, veil'd in lowering skies,
The eagle makes his home!
Where savage nature dwells,
My God is present too—
Through all her wildest dells
His footsteps I pursue:
He rear'd those giant cliffs—supplies that dashing stream—
Provides the daily food, which stills the wild bird's scream.

Look on that world of waves,
Where finny nations glide;
Within whose deep, dark caves,
The ocean-monsters hide!
His power is sovereign there,
To raise—to quell the storm;
The depths his bounty share,
Where sport the scaly swarm:

Tempests and calms obey the same Almighty voice,
Which rules the earth and skies, and bids the world
rejoice.

Nor eye nor thought can soar
Where moves not he in might;—
He swells the thunder's roar,
He spreads the wings of night.
Oh! praise the works divine!
Bow down thy soul in prayer;
Nor ask for other sign,
That God is every where—
The viewless Spirit he—immortal, holy, bless'd—
Oh! worship him in faith, and find eternal rest!

Hugh Hutton.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe, as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
still.

And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted, like snow, in the glance of the Lord.

Byron.

What shall separate us from the love of Christ?

Who is the foe, my spirit tell,
Or what the power of earth or hell,
That shall my steadfast bosom move
To quit my dear Redeemer's love?

Shall tribulation's gloomy train,
Or sad distress, or grinding pain,
Or persecution breathing blood,
Or peril by the land or flood,

Or famine howling at my board,
Or tyrant arm'd with fire and sword?—
Not these, nor worse, my soul appal;
Through Christ, I triumph o'er them all

And in my secret soul I feel,
Not danger, want, nor fire, nor steel;
Not all the torments death arrays,
Not all the glories life displays;

Not empires, diadems, and thrones;
Nor angel's joys, nor hell's deep groans;
Not all the present hour reveals,
Not all futurity conceals;

Nor height sublime, nor depth profound,
Nor aught in all creation's round,
Shall e'er my steadfast bosom move
To quit my dear Redeemer's love.

Drummond.

Wisdom sought from God.

Supreme and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below;

Without whose kind, directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion toss'd,
And in a maze of error lost;

Assist me, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree!
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

My mental freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised, and independent still
Of this world's varying good or ill.

No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
Oh may my steadfast bosom bear
The stamp of heaven, an honest heart,
Above the mean disguise of art!

May my expanded soul disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But, with a Christian zeal, embrace
Whate'er is friendly to my race.

O Father! grace and virtue grant;
No more I wish, no more I want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

Henry Moore.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper—angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul, can this be—death?

The world recedes! it disappears!
Heaven opens to my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

Pope.

Confidence in God.

How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help—omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul! devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art!

Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy set me free;
While, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,

I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
  Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
  Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
  At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
  Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
  And humbly hope for more.

My life—if thou preserve my life—
  Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death—if death must be my doom—
  Shall join my soul to thee.

Addison.

Charity.

Come, let us sound her praise abroad,
Sweet Charity, the child of God!
Her's, on whose kind maternal breast
The shelter'd babes of misery rest;

Who, when she sees the sufferer bleed,—
Reckless of name, or sect, or creed,—
Comes with prompt hand, and look benign,
To bathe his wounds in oil and wine;

Who in her robe the sinner hides,
And soothes and pities, while she chides;
Who lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea—but misery.

Her tender mercies freely fall,
Like Heaven's refreshing dews on all;
Encircling in their wide embrace
Her friends,—her foes,—the human race.

Nor bounded to the earth alone,
Her love expands to worlds unknown;
Wherever Faith's rapt thought has soar'd,
Or Hope her upward flight explored.

Ere these received their name or birth,
She dwelt in heaven, she smiled on earth:
Of all celestial graces bless'd,
The first—the last—the greatest—best!

When Faith and Hope, from earth set free,
Are lost in boundless ecstasy,
Eternal daughter of the skies,
She mounts to heaven—and never dies!

Drummond.

The Cross in the Wilderness.

Silent and mournful sat an Indian chief,
In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb;
His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,
And his arms folded in majestic gloom,
And his bow lay unstrung eneath the mound,
Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pale Cross above its greensward rose,
Telling the cedars and the pines, that there
Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,
And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.
Now all was hush'd; and eve's last splendour shone,
With a rich sadness, on the attesting stone.

There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,
And he, too, paused in reverence by that grave,
Asking the tale of its memorial, piled
Between the forest and the lake's bright wave;
Till, as a wind might stir a wither'd oak,
On the deep dream of age, his accents broke:

And the grey chieftain, slowly rising, said—
"I listen'd for the words, which years ago
Pass'd o'er these waters: though the voice is fled,
Which made them as a singing fountain's flow,
Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,
Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them back.

"Ask'st thou of him, whose house is lone beneath?
I was an eagle in my youthful pride,
When o'er the seas he came with summer's breath,
To dwell amidst us on the lake's green side.

Many the times of flowers have been since then;—
Many, but bringing nought like *him* again.

"Not with the hunter's bow and spear he came,
O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe;
Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,
Laying their cedars, like the corn-stalks, low;
But to spread tidings of all holy things,
Gladdening our souls as with the morning's wings.

"Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,
I and my brethren that from earth are gone,
Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet
Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone?
He told of One, the grave's dark bands who broke,
And our hearts burn'd within us as he spoke!

"He told of far and sunny lands, which lie
Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell:
Bright must they be! for *there* are none that die,
And none that weep, and none that say 'Farewell!'
He came to guide us thither;—but away
The happy call'd him, and he might not stay.

"We saw him slowly fade—athirst, perchance,
For the fresh waters of that lovely clime;
Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,
And on his gleaming hair no touch of time:
Therefore we hoped—but now the lake looks dim,
For the green summer comes, and finds not him.

"We gather'd round him in the dewy hour
Of one still morn, beneath his chosen tree:
From his clear voice at first the words of power
Came low, like moanings of a distant sea;
But swell'd, and shook the wilderness ere long,
As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.

"And then once more they trembled on his tongue,
And his white eyelids flutter'd, and his head
Fell back, and mists upon his forehead hung—
Know'st thou not how we pass to join the dead?
It is enough! he sank upon my breast,—
Our friend that loved us, he was gone to rest!

"We buried him where he was wont to pray,
By the calm lake, e'en here, at eventide;
We rear'd this Cross in token where he lay,
For on the Cross, he said, his Lord had died!
Now hath he surely reach'd, o'er mount and wave,
That flowery land whose green turf hides no grave!

"But I am sad—I mourn the clear light taken
Back from my people, o'er whose place it shone,
The pathway to the better shore forsaken,
And the true words forgotten, save by one,
Who hears them faintly sounding from the past,
Mingled with death-songs in each fitful blast."

Then spoke the wanderer forth, with kindling eye:
"Son of the wilderness! despair thou not,
Though the bright hour may seem to thee gone by,
And the cloud settled o'er thy nation's lot:
Heaven darkly works,—yet where the seed hath been,
There shall the fruitage, glowing, yet be seen.

"Hope on, hope ever!—by the sudden springing
Of green leaves, which the winter hid so long;
And by the bursts of free, triumphant singing,
After cold, silent months, the woods among;
And by the rending of the frozen chains,
Which bound the glorious rivers on their plains.

"Deem not the words of light, that here were spoken,
But as a lively song, to leave no trace!
Yet shall the gloom, which wraps thy hills, be broken,
And the full day-spring rise upon thy race!
And fading mists the better paths disclose,
And the wide desert blossom as the rose."

Mrs. Hemans.

David and Goliath.

When Israel's host in Elah's valley lay,
O'erwhelm'd with shame, and trembling with dismay,
They saw how fierce Goliath proudly trod
Before their ranks, and braved the living God.

On Israel's ranks he cast a withering look,
And Elah's valley trembled as he spoke.

"Ye slaves of Saul, why thus in proud parade
Of martial threatening, stand your ranks arrayed?
Though high your vaunts, and unsubdued your pride,
A single arm the contest may decide.
Send forth the best and bravest of your hosts,
To prove in me what might Philistia boasts;
And if your champion fall beneath my hand,
Let Israel own Philistia's high command:
But if his better arm the triumph gain,
Her yielding sons shall wear the victor's chain.
You, and your God who rules the cloudy sky,
Armies of Israel, I this day defy!"

Through Israel's curdling veins cold horror ran,
And each sunk warrior felt no longer man:
One heart alone its wonted fire retains,
One heart alone the giant's threats disdains:
David, the last of Jesse's numerous race,
Deep in his bosom feels the dire disgrace,
That e'er a godless Philistine, so proud,
His single prowess thus should vaunt aloud.

Before his prince, magnanimous he stands,
And lifts the imploring eye and suppliant hands,
With modest grace, to let him prove the fight,
And die or conquer in his country's right.

The king and nobles with attention hung
To hear the aspirings of a mind so young,
But deem his darings, in the unequal strife,
Were but a fond and useless waste of life.

Then David thus: "As erst my flocks I kept,
Pale shone the moon-beam, and the hamlet slept;
In that still hour a shaggy bear I spied
Snuff the night-gale, and range the valley-side;
He seized a lamb,—and by this hand he died.
And when a lion, made by hunger bold,
From Jordan's swelling streams, o'erleap'd the fold;
The brindled savage in my hands I tore,
Caught by the beard, and crush'd him in his gore.
The God that saved me from the infuriate bear
And famish'd lion, still has power to spare;
And something whispers, if the strife I meet,
Soon shall the boaster fall beneath my feet."

Moved by his words, the king and chieftains yield;
His spirit laud, and arm him for the field:
In royal mail his youthful limbs they dress'd,
The greaves, the corslet, shield, and threatening crest.

But ill those youthful limbs with arms accord,
And ill that hand can wield the imperial sword;
Whence wisdom cautions—these to lay aside,
And choose the arms whose power he oft had tried.
Straight in his hand the well-proved sling he took,
And in his scrip five pebbles from the brook;
These all his earthly arms:—but o'er his head,
Had Faith divine her sheltering ægis spread.
His bosom beats with generous ardour high,
And new-born glories kindle in his eye;
Swift o'er the field he bounds with vigour light.
Marks the gigantic foe, and claims the fight.

Now, men of Israel, pour your ardent prayer:
"God of our fathers, to thy sovereign care
We trust our champion; for to thee belong
Strength for the weak, and weakness for the strong:
Arm him with might to vindicate thy name,
To smite the proud, and blot out Israel's shame;
Let angels round him spread the guardian shield,
And oh! restore in triumph from the field!"

Philistia's chief now mark'd with high disdain,
The light-arm'd stripling rushing to the plain;
Saw, with a scornful smile, his airy tread,
And downy cheek suffused with rosy red;
His pliant limbs not cased in shining mail,
No shield to ward, no sabre to assail;
But clad like shepherd-swain,—when swains advance
To hand the fair, and frolic in the dance.
Fierce from his breast the growling thunder broke,
And Elah's valley trembled as he spoke.

"O powerful Dagon! wherefore was I born?
Am I a dog?—the theme of children's scorn?
Cursed be thy God! cursed thou, presumptuous boy!
But come—draw nigh— and glut my furious joy.
Thy feeble body, crush'd beneath my power,
The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour."

Then Jesse's son:—"Accoutred for the field,
Proudly thou marchest with thy spear and shield:
But I, unarm'd, yet, reckless of thy boasts,
Approach, protected by the God of Hosts;
That righteous power, whom thy infuriate pride,
With tongue blaspheming, has this day defied.
Me, of our race the humblest, has He sped,
From thy broad trunk to lop thy impious head,
And though thy armies wasting vengeance spread;—
That all may know, through earth's wide realms abroad,
To trust the righteous cause to Israel's God
He saves not by the shield, by spears, or swords:—
No more.—Advance—the battle is the Lord's."

With giant stride the lowering foe draws nigh,
Strength in his arm, and fury in his eye;
In thought, already gives the ruthless wound,
And the scorn'd youth transfixes to the ground.
While David, rapid as the fleetest wing,
Whirls round his head the quick revolving sling;
Aims with experienced eye, the avenging blow
At the broad visage of the advancing foe.—
How booms the thong, impatient to be free,
Wing'd with resistless speed, and arm'd with destiny!—
'Tis gone—loud-whizzing flies the ponderous stone!—
That dirge of death—hark! heard ye Dagon groan?
It strikes—it crashes through the fractured bone!
Struck in his full career, the giant feels
The bolt of death;—his mountain-body reels—
And nerveless, headlong, thunders to the ground.—
Loud bursts of joy along the vale resound:
Shout! men of Israel, shout—till earth and sky,
With replication loud, re-echo victory!
See, see him now, as, flush'd with honest pride,
He draws the sabre from the giant's side:
Now on the groaning trunk behold him tread,
And from the shoulders lop the ghastly head!

Shout! men of Israel, shout your hero's praise!
Send it immortal down to future days!
Let farthest Dan his triumph loud proclaim
And Sheba's springs resound his glorious name;

In Jesse's son, O Bethlehem! rejoice;
And Salem, thou exalt thy grateful voice;
Thy victor hail triumphant in the Lord;
Girt with the grisly spoils, he waves the reeking sword.

Daughters of Israel, loud his praises sing!
With harp and timbrel hail your future king.
By mighty Saul a thousand bite the plain,
But mightier David has ten thousand slain!

Drummond.

Stanzas on Death.

How sweet to sleep where all is peace,
Where sorrow cannot reach the breast,
Where all life's idle throbbings cease,
And pain is lull'd to rest;—
Escaped o'er fortune's troubled wave,
To anchor in the silent grave!

That quiet land, where, peril past,
The weary win a long repose;
The bruised spirit finds, at last,
A balm for all its woes;
And lowly grief, and lordly pride,
Lie down, like brothers, side by side.

The breath of slander cannot come
To break the calm that lingers there;
There is no dreaming in the tomb,
Nor waking to despair;
Unkindness cannot wound us more,
And all earth's bitterness is o'er.

There the maiden waits till her lover comes,—
They never more shall part;
And the wounded deer has reach'd her home,
With the arrow in her heart;
And passion's pulse lies hushed and still,
Beyond the reach of the tempter's skill.

The mother— she has gone to sleep,
With the babe upon her breast;
She has no weary watch to keep,
Around her infant's rest:

His slumbers on her bosom fair
Shall never more be broken—*there.*

How bless'd—how bless'd that home to gain,
And slumber in that soothing sleep,
From which we never rise to pain,
Nor ever wake to weep!
To win our way from the tempest's roar,
And reach with joy that heavenly shore.

Anonymous.

Belshazzar's Feast.

To the feast! To the feast! 'tis the monarch commands.—
Secure in her strength, the proud Babylon stands,
As reckless of all the high vaunts of the foe,
As of the weak zephyrs around her that blow;
With her walls and her bulwarks, all power she defies;
Like the cliffs of the mountain, her turrets arise;
And swift through her ramparts, so deep and so wide,
Euphrates now rolls his unfordable tide.
Then on to the feast;—'tis the monarch commands;
Secure in her strength, the proud Babylon stands!

With silver and gold are her treasuries stored,
And she smiles with disdain at the arrow and sword;
With the choicest of wheat all her granaries teem,
Her oil and her wine in broad rivulets stream;
For twenty long winters no famine she dreads,
For twenty long summers her banquet she spreads:
Then on to the feast;—'tis the monarch commands
Secure in her strength, the proud Babylon stands!

A thousand bright cressets the palace illume;
A thousand rich censers are wafting perfume;
The festival halls heap'd with luxury shine,
High piled are the cates, deep flows the red wine.
The fruits of a province the tables unfold,
The wealth of a kingdom there blazes in gold:
And hark! the loud flourish of trumpet and drum
Announces aloud, that the monarch is come.

Surrounded with all the proud pomp of his court;
How kingly his tread! how majestic his port!
The rose, and the myrtle, and laurel, combined
In a fillet of gold, round his temples are twined;
In robes starred with jewels resplendently bright,
He moves like a god, in a circle of light;
And now he has taken his seat at the board,
As God he is honour'd, as God is adored;
While crowding in thousands, the satraps so gay,
With their ladies all glittering in costly array,
Exulting like eaglets approaching the sun,
By their stations are rank'd, and the feast is begun.

Now let the loud chorus of music ascend;
All voices, all hearts, and all instruments blend;
The flute's mellow tone, with the cornet's shrill note,
The harp and the drum and the trump's brazen throat.
And Captains and Nobles and Ladies so bright,
To swell the loud anthem of triumph unite.
Come—make deep libations to honour the king,
Now let our high cheering re-echoing ring,
Yet louder and louder! the monarch commands;
Secure in her strength, the proud Babylon stands!

High praise to our gods of brass, iron, and stone;
But most to great Belus, the guard of the throne:
All gorgeous they stand in our temples displayed,
With gold and with elephant richly inlaid;
Our strength and our glory in city and field,
In peace our advisers, in battle our shield.
To them, mighty rulers of earth and of heaven,
All honour, and power, and dominion be given;
By them shall proud Babylon, towering sublime,
Stand fast in her strength till the dotage of time!

Now giving full wing, in the festival hour,
To the thoughts of his heart, and the pride of his power,
The monarch desires the rich vessels of gold,
The pride of high Salem, before she was sold,
To be brought to the banquet—And now hands profane,
And idolatrous lips. their bright purity stain.

All dim, in the service of idols abhorr'd,
Grows the chalice that once shone so bright to the
 Lord.
But lo! in the hand of the monarch it foams,
As his eye, round the walls, half-inebriate roams;
And hark! he exclaims—"This fair chalice, so proud,
Was once that Jehovah's whose throne is a cloud;
But, by Babylon torn from his temple and shrine,
Is consecrate now to her glory and mine!
Ye satraps."—

Amazement!—'tis dash'd from his hand,
As if struck by some potent invisible wand.—
His soul what dire horror has suddenly wrung,
That palsies his nerves, and relaxes his tongue?—
His visage grows pale with the hues of despair,
And his eye-balls congeal with an ominous glare;
For see!—on the wall—what strange characters rise!
Some sentence transcribed from the book of the skies,
By fingers immortal!—How suddenly still
Grows the noise of the banquet!—all fear-struck and
 chill
Sit the revellers now—bound up is their breath,
As though they had felt the cold vapour of death.
All dimm'd is the glory that beam'd round the throne,
And the god sits the victim of terrors unknown.
At length, words find utterance—"Oh haste, hither
 call
The Augurs, Chaldeans, Astrologers, all!—
Whoever that sentence shall read and expound,
A chain of bright gold on his neck shall be bound;
The third of my realm to his power I bestow,
And the purple of kings on his shoulders shall glow."

The Astrologers come—but their science is vain,
Those characters dark may no mortal explain,
Save one who to idols ne'er humbled his heart,
Some seer to whom God shall his spirit impart;—
And that one exists—of the captives a sage,
Now grey with the honours and wisdom of age,
A Hebrew, a Prophet—to him it is given
To read and resolve the dark counsels of heaven.

"O haste! let that sage this strange secret unfold,
And his be my power with the purple and gold."

While the king and his nobles, distracted in thought,
Their doubts are revolving—the captive is brought;
But not in that visage, and not in that eye,
A captive's dejection and gloom they descry;
For he breathes, as he moves, all the ardour of youth,
The high soul of freedom, the courage of truth.—
See!—o'er his warm features, and round his fair head,
A glory divine seems its radiance to shed;
And that eye's corruscation, so rapid and bright,
Shoots deep to the soul, like an arrow of light;
Not even the monarch its frenzy can brook,
But he bows to the Prophet, averting his look:
For the spirit of God on that Prophet is shed,
The page of the future before him is spread;
In his high-panting heart what rapt fervour he feels,
While the truths that inspire him his language reveals!

"Thy gifts, King! I reck not:—now, now is the hour,
When the spoiler shall come—when the sword must devour!
Oh! why have cursed idols of wood and of stone
Gain'd thy homage;—the right of Jehovah alone?
Why yet glows thy heart with idolatrous fire,
Untaught by the judgments that humbled thy sire,
When driven to herd with the beasts of the wild,
Till his pride was subdued, and his spirit grew mild?
Now call on thy idols, thy arms to prepare—
They see not thy peril, they hear not thy prayer.
Where now is thy Belus, when Babylon calls,
To scathe the proud foes that beleaguer thy walls?
Consumed by that breath which all might can confound,
His shrines and his temples now smoke on the ground:
While thy haughty blasphemings against the Most High
Invoke an avenger—and lo! he is nigh.—
This night—nay, this hour—the last sand in thy glass
Away with thy life and thy kingdom shall pass.
In that writing behold the eternal decree,
The sentence of God on thy empire and thee;

Thou art weigh'd in the balance of Justice supreme,
And light art thou found as the dust on the beam:—
The wind of destruction to empty thy land,
And the fanners, to fan her with fire, are at hand.
Afar from thy ramparts, Euphrates aside,
In the lake of the Queen, is now rolling his tide,
And through his dried channels the keen Persian lance,
With the red torch of ruin, and Cyrus advance.
E'en now shouts of triumph are rending the air,
The revels of joy turn to shrieks of despair.
Hark! the din at the gates of the hostile arrray!
The fierce axe of battle is hewing its way;
Thy captains and nobles are falling in gore;
And thy reign, and thy life, hapless monarch, are o'er!"

Drummond.

The Burial of Moses.

Not a form was seen, not a requiem sung,
Not a grave does a follower prepare him,
But a melody pours from no mortal tongue—
'Tis a legion of spirits who bear him.

At the glow of eve their task was done,
As his dust in the vale they were laying,
They needed no light of the lingering sun,
When a lustre from heaven was playing.

No marble was there o'er his corse to fling,
No warriors in armour attend him,
But the Cherubim's wing was his covering,
And the Seraphim's sword did defend him.

Softly he rests in his earthy home,
With no mouldering stone to reward him,
With the heavens alone his sepulchral dome,
And the pen of the Lord to record him.

BLANK VERSE.

Satan to Beelzebub.

If thou beest he—but oh, how fallen! how changed
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, did outshine
Myriads though bright!—if he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest,
From what height fallen; so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then, who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change—
Though changed in outward lustre—that fix'd mind
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend;
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed,
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne! What though the field be lost?
All is not lost! the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge; immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield;
And what is else not to be overcome?—
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me! To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire! that were low indeed!
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
This downfall! since, by fate, the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,

In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage, by force or guile, eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy,
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven!

Milton.

Satan's Reproof of Beelzebub.

Fallen cherub! to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heaven: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves:
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;

How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair.

Milton.

Satan Surveying the Horrors of Hell.

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime."
Said then the lost archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for heaven; this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so! since he,
Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme,
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors, hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell!
Receive thy new possessor—one, who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be—all but less than he
Whom thunder had made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy,—will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven!
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms, to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell?"

Milton.

Satan arousing his Legions.

Princes! Potentates!
Warriors! the flower of heaven! once yours, now lost—

If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits—Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood,
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
Thus drooping; or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!

Milton.

Description of the Fallen Angels Wandering through Hell.

Thus, roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous;
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death!—
A universe of death; which God by curse
Created evil; for evil only good;
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things;
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire!

Milton.

Evening in Paradise.

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird—
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests

Were slunk—all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleased. Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve:—"Fair consort! the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals inactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown.
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth;
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:—
"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st,
Unargued I obey; so God ordains.—
God is thy law; thou, mine; to know no more,
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise!
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change—all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn—her rising sweet,
With charms of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads

His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:—
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon
Or glittering star-light, without thee, is sweet!" *Milton.*

Satan's Address to the Sun.

O THOU, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world!—at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads!—to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down.
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.
Ah! wherefore? he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was,
In that bright eminence; and with his good
Upraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could he less than to afford him praise
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks.
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude—
So burdensome still paying, still to owe!
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?

Oh! had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition! Yet why not? some other Power
As great, might have aspired; and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part: but other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken; from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou, then, or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be, then, his love accursed! since, love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe!
Nay, cursed be thou! since, against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell! myself am hell!
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven!
Oh, then, at last relent! is there no place
Left for repentance? none for pardon left?
None left but by submission: and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue—
The Omnipotent! Ah me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall; only supreme
In misery.—Such joy ambition finds!
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state—how soon
Would height recall high thoughts; how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void;
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep—

Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart!
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting, he—as I, from begging peace!
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us outcast! exiled! his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So, farewell hope! and with hope, farewell fear!
Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good! by thee, at least
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold;
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know!

Milton.

Adam's Account of Himself with regard to his Creation.

For man to tell how human life began,
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induced me. As new-waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat; which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight towards heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd.
And gazed awhile the ample sky; till, raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that lived and moved, and walk'd or flew;
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd!
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Survey'd and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd and readily could name

Whate'er I saw. "Thou sun," said I, "fair light!
And thou, enlighten'd earth! so fresh and gay;
Ye hills and dales; ye rivers, woods, and plains;
And ye that live and move, fair creatures! tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus?—how here?" *Ibid.*

Contest between Satan and Gabriel.

"Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place—
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?"
To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow:
"Gabriel, thou hadst in heaven the esteem of wise,
And such I held thee: but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou would'st thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight; which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not tried; and wilt object
His will who bound us? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance. Thus much what was ask'd,
The rest is true; they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm."
Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,
Disdainfully half-smiling, thus replied:
"Oh! loss of one in heaven to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew!
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither,
Unlicensed from his bounds in hell prescribed;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain,

However, and to 'scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous! till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell
Which taught thee yet no better—that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provoked!
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? Is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief!
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleged
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."
To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern:
"Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
Insulting angel! well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not-dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves,
From hard essays and ill successes past,
A faithful leader; not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untried;
I, therefore—I alone!—first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air—
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against:
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practised distances to cringe—not fight!"
To whom the warrior-angel soon replied:
"To say, and straight unsay—pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy—
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,
Satan! And couldst thou faithful add! O name!
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?

Army of fiends! fit body to fit head!
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite! who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cringed, and servilely adored
Heaven's awful Monarch?—wherefore, but in hope
To dispossess Him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I arread thee now—Avaunt!
Fly thither whence thou fledd'st. If from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chain'd
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of hell, too slightly barr'd."
 So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed; but, waxing more in rage, replied:
 "Then when I am thy captive, talk of chains,
Proud limitary cherub! but, ere then,
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou, with thy compeers—
Used to the yoke!—draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of heaven star-paved."
 While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands,
Lest on the thrashing-floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued: Not only Paradise,
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heaven perhaps, or all the elements
At least, had gone to wreck, disturb'd and torn

With violence of this conflict, had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd—
The pendulous round earth with balanced air
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
Battles and realms—In these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend:
"Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;
Neither our own, but given: what folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine, no more
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign;
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how
weak,
If thou resist." The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft; nor more; but fled
Murmuring; and with him fled the shades of night.

Milton.

The Good Preacher and the Clerical Coxcomb

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would I hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me: I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language, plain;
And plain in manner. Decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture. Much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious, mainly, that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?—like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then—skip down again? pronounce a text,

Cry, hem! and, reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And, with a well-bred whisper, close the scene?
  In man or woman—but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers,
And serves the altar—in my soul I loathe
All affectation: 'tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What! will a man play tricks—will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportion, fashionable mien
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand;
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker; prostitutes and shames
His noble office; and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore, avaunt! all attitude and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all beside,
Though learn'd with labour, and though much admired
By curious eyes, and judgments ill-form'd,
To me is odious. *Couper.*

On the Being of a God.

Retire;—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call home!
Imagination's airy wing repress;
Lock up thy senses;—let no passion stir;—
Wake all to Reason;—let her reign alone:—
Then in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done; and shall inquire no more.
In Nature's channel, thus the questions run.
  What am I? and from whence? I nothing know,
But that I am; and since I am, conclude
Something eternal. Had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been: eternal there must be.
But what eternal?—Why not human race;

And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
That's hard to be conceived; since every link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail:
Can every part depend, and not the whole?
Yet, grant it true, new difficulties rise:
I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
Whence earth, and these bright orbs ?—eternal too?—
Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
Would want some other father. Much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.
Design implies intelligence and art:
That can't be from themselves—or man; that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man.—
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bade brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? then, each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust.
Has matter none? then, whence these glorious forms,
And boundless flights, from shapeless, and reposed?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? Has it framed such laws,
Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
Who think a clod inferior to a man!
If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct—
And that with greater far than human skill,
Reside not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns.—
And, if a God there is, that God how great!

Young.

Dublin Bay—Shipwreck—Deserted Passengers.

How beautifully still is all around!
Calm as the couch where slumber seals the eye
Of infant innocence, in deep repose
These sandy ridges and the waters sleep,
Wrapp'd in the golden effluence of day.

Far different the scene, when wintry winds
Rush from their frozen caves, and Eurus rides
On the dark clouds, when by her powerful spell
The attractive moon has call'd around her throne
The congregated floods. Then roars the might
Of ocean, sheeted all in raging foam;
The labouring vessels fly; the thundering surge
Rolls o'er the piers; and mariners thank Heaven,
That they are not at sea.
                Yet Memory weeps
That night's sad horrors, when a luckless bark
Was hurl'd upon these sands. Elate with hope,
Some hundred warriors, who in many a field
Had gathered laurels, in this bark resought
Their native Erin. Nearer as they drew,
Each spell of country, with magnetic power,
Wrought in their souls, and all the joys of home
Rush'd on their fancy. Some, in thought, embraced
Their happy parents, and the lover clasp'd
His fair one to his breast. Another morn,
And all these joys are real! Onward speed,
Thou fleet-wing'd bark! More fleet than sea-bird skims
The floods, she sped. Soon Erin's shores arose:—
Howth glimmer'd in the west, and Wicklow's hills
Were blue in the horizon. Then they hail'd
Their own green island, and they chanted loud
Their patriot gratulations, till the sun
Gave them his last farewell. He sank in clouds
Of red portentous glare; when dreary night
Condensed around them, and a mountain swell
Announced the coming tempest. Wrapp'd in sleet,
And arrowy fire, it came. The cutting blast
Smote sore;—yawn'd the precipitous abyss;—
Roar'd the torn surges.—From his slippery stand,
In vain the pilot cast a wistful look,
Some friendly light to spy;—but all was dark;
Nor moon, nor star, nor beacon light, was seen;
While in the yeasty foam, half-buried, toil'd
The reeling ship. At length, that dreadful sound
Which mariners most dread—the fierce, wild din
Of breakers,—raging on the leeward shore,
Appall'd the bravest. On the sands she struck,

Shivering, as in the cold and deadly grasp
Of dissolution. Agonizing screams
Were heard within, which told that hope was fled.
Then might some counsel sage, perchance have wrought
A great deliverance. But what shipwreck'd crew
E'er list to counsel? Where 'tis needed most,
'Tis most despised. In such a fearful hour,
Each better feeling dies, and cruel self
Sears all of human in the heart of man.
None counsell'd safety—but a fell design
Rose in the captain's breast, above the throng
To close the hatches, while himself and crew
Flee to the boat, and hope or chance to 'scape,
Leave to the captives none. The recreant slaves
Their ship deserting, in the faithful skiff,
For once too faithful, sweep the foaming gulf,
And reach the strand. But ah! the gallant throng,
Lock'd in the dungeon-hold, around them hear
The roaring cataracts;—their shrieks and groans,
With threats and prayers, and mingled curses, speak
Their soul's last agonies. What boots their prayers,
Their groans, or rage to madness by their wrongs
Exasperated high? Will storms grow calm,
Or warring surges hear the suppliant's voice,
When man has steel'd his heart? Oh! now to die
Amid the strife of arms were ecstacy!
Ay—e'en to perish in the conflict rude
With seas and storms, beneath the cope of heaven,
Where their last breath might mingle with the winds!
But thus to die inglorious! thus immured,
As in some den of hell! They chafe in vain:—
So chafes the lion in the hunters trap;
So in his coffin turns, with dire dismay,
The wretch unwittingly entomb'd alive.
Now torn and wreck'd—deep-cradled in the sands,
The vessel lies. Through all her yawning sides
She drinks the flood. Loud o'er her roars the surge
But all within—is still.

Drummond.

Address to the Sun.

Thou peerless Sun!
Oh! let me hail thee, as in gorgeous robes
Blooming thou leavest the chambers of the East,
Crown'd with a gemm'd tiara, thick emboss'd
With studs of living light. The stars grow dim
And vanish in thy brightness: but on earth
Ten thousand glories, sparkling into life,
Their absence well repay. The mists, dispersed,
Flit o'er the mountain-tops. Cliffs, glens, and woods,
And lakes, and oceans, now are burnish'd o'er
With scintillating gold. Where'er the eye
Erratic turns, it greets thee: for thy form,
Nature, delighted, multiplies, and makes
Each sand, each dew-drop, the small floret's crown,
The tiny orbit of the insect's eye,
And the rayed texture of the sparry rock,
A mirror for thy glory. Life awakes
From dewy slumber.—Hark! the jocund lark
Awakes her carols; now their morning hymn
The birds are chanting, and the voice of joy
Has fill'd the ethereal vault. Reflection fair
Of thy Creator! strange had heathen worlds
Not paid thee rites divine! Shouldst thou refuse
Thy wonted smile, or stay thy chariot-wheels,
Soon Nature's mighty pulse would cease to beat,
And, all her powers collapsing, might she dread
Sad dissolution. But the Eternal's breath
Has kindled thee with fires that never know
Extinction nor exhaustion. His command
Proud to fulfil, thou measurest days and weeks,
Months, years, and cycles, to the sons of men,
And seest their generations rise and bloom,
Wax old and die;—thyself unchanged by Time.
Ne'er has his hand thy golden tresses shorn,
Nor on thy dazzling forehead has he left
Trace of his wrinkling breath, nor aught thy speed
And juvenile strength abated. Matchless orb!
Roll ever glorious, ever round thee pour
The streams of life and joy, thy Maker's praise
Exalting high, his noblest image thou!

Drummond.

PROMISCUOUS DRAMATIC SELECTIONS.

Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.

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 to glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure, and safe one—though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd 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,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in——
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, are all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell! Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Shakspeare.

Henry V. to his Soldiers.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then, imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then, lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon! let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now, set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath; and bend up every spirit
To his full height. Now, on, you noblest English!
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war proof;
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument!
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.—The game's afoot!—
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry, God for Harry, England, and St. George!

Shakspeare.

Marcellus's Speech to the Mob.

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 stones! you worse than senseless things!
Oh you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd 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 his 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! *Shakespeare.*

Henry V.'s Speech before the Battle of Agincourt.

WHAT's he that wishes for more men from England?
My cousin Westmoreland!—No, my fair cousin;
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and, if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
No, no, my lord; wish not a man from England!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host,
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
May straight depart: his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company!
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the Feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian!
He that shall live this day and see old age,
Will, yearly on the vigil, feast his friends:
And say—To-morrow is Saint Crispian!
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
And say these wounds I had on Crispian's day
Old men forget, yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,

Familiar in their mouths as household-words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the goodman teach his son;
And Crispian's day shall ne'er go by,
From this time to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers!
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother—be he e'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And, gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

Shakespeare.

Douglas's Account of Himself.

My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home:
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd, like a torrent, down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took; then hasted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought—and conquer'd! Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore, that day, the arms which now I wear.

Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and, having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers;
And, heaven-directed, came this day, to do
The happy deed, that gilds my humble name. *Home.*

Rolla to the Peruvians.

My brave associates!—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour 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 compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.—They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule; —we, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate;—we serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore.—Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress!—Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.—They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes—they—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.—Be our plain answer this: The throne we honour, 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.

Sheridan's Pizarro.

Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?—
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out—an Hereafter,
And intimates—Eternity to man.
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.
[*Laying his hand on his sword*
Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This—in a moment, brings me to an end;
But this—informs me I shall never die!
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!

Addison.

Brutus on the Death of Cæsar.

ROMANS, Countrymen, and Lovers!—hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe

me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, 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's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen?—As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him! There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition!—Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? if any, speak! for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak! for him have I offended. Who's 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 should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

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

Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.

To be—or not to be?—that is the question.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings 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—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. 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? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller 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

Mark Antony's Oration.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen! lend me your ears,
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar!—The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious—
If it was so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it!
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man!
So are they all! all honourable 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 honourable 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 honourable 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 honourable 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 as 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 honourable men!—
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable 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 his testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they will 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:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent—
That day he overcame the Nervii!—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through!—
See what a rent the envious Casca made!—
Through this—the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd!
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!—
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel!—
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This, this was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab!—
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd 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!
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us!
Oh, 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—marr'd, 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 honourable!—
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I co[illegible] not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend—and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him—
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on!
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb
mouths!
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

Shakspeare.

Shylock justifying his Meditated Revenge.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million! laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies! And what's his reason? I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands? organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you stab us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that! If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, Revenge! The villany you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction. *Shakspeare.*

COMIC PIECES.

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face;
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appear'd like a tun,—
Or like two Single Gentlemen roll'd into One.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But, all the night long, he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same!—and the next!—and the next!
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous, and vex'd.
Week pass'd after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin, 'like a lady's loose gown,' hung about him!
So he sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."

The doctor look'd wise:—"A slow fever," he said;
Prescribed sudorifics—and going to bed.—
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, "are humbugs!
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

Will kick'd out the doctor;—but, when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host, he said—"Sir do you know,
I'm the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago?

"Look ye, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first took me in:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I've caught cold!"

Quoth the landlord,—"Till now, I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years,—I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

"The oven!!!" says Will.—Says the host, "Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion!
Why so crusty, good sir?"—"Zounds!" cried Will in a taking,
"Who would not be crusty, with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms. Cried the host, with a sneer,
"Well, I see you have been going away half a year."—
"Friend, we can't well agree;—yet no quarrel"—Will said;—
"But I'd rather not perish, while you make your bread."

Colman.

The Chameleon.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark—
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade had been
To see whatever could be seen—
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before:
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop—
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,
I've seen, and sure I ought to know,"—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.
Two travellers, of such a cast—
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,

And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that—
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter
Of the Chameleon's form and nature
" A stranger animal," cries one,
" Sure never lived beneath the sun!
A lizard's body, lean and long
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue!"
" Hold there!" the other quick replies,
" Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
Stretch'd at its ease, the beast I view'd,
And saw it eat the air for food."
" I've seen it sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade."
" 'Tis green 'tis green sir, I assure ye."
" Green!" cries the other in a fury;
" Why, sir—d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
" 'Twere no great loss,' the friend replies.
" For, if they always serve you thus,
You'll find 'em but of little use!"
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows;
When luckily came by a third:
To him the question they referr'd;
And begged he'd tell 'em if he knew
Whether the thing was green or blue.
" Sirs," cries the umpire, " cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And view'd it o'er by candle-light;
I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it."—" Pray, sir, do:
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."

"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"well then at once to end the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said; then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.

Merrick.

The Three Black Crows.

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand
One took the other briskly by the hand;
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this
About the crows!"—"I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend.——"No! I'm surprised at that;
Where I come from, it is the common chat;
But you shall hear an odd affair indeed!
And that it happen'd they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, who lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the Alley knows,
Taking a vomit, threw up Three Black Crows!"
"Impossible!"——"Nay, but 'tis really true;
I had it from good hands, and so may you."——
"From whose I pray?"——So having named the man
Straight to inquire, his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell?"——relating the affair.
"Yes, sir, I did; and, if 'tis worth your care,
'Twas Mr."—such a one—"who told it me;
But, by the bye, 'twas *Two* black crows, not *Three!*
Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Quick to the third the virtuoso went.
"Sir,"—and so forth.—"Why, yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact:
It was not *Two* black crows, 'twas only *One;*
The truth of that you may depend upon;
The gentleman himself told me the case."—
"Where may I find him?"—"Why, in"—such a place.
Away he went, and having found him out,
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."——

Then to his last informant he referr'd,
And begg'd to know, if true what he had heard:
"Did you sir, throw up a black crow?"—"Not I!"—
"Bless me!—how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, *Three*, *Two*, and *One*;
And here, I find, all comes at last to *None!*
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"——
"Crow—crow—perhaps I might; now I recall
The matter over."—"And pray, sir, what was't?"
"Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last
I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
Some thing that was—— as *black*, sir, as a crow."

Dr. Byrom.

Contest between the Eyes and the Nose.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose:
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong:
The point to dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig-full of learning;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose—
'Tis a case that has happen'd and may be again—
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could wear spectacles then?

On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

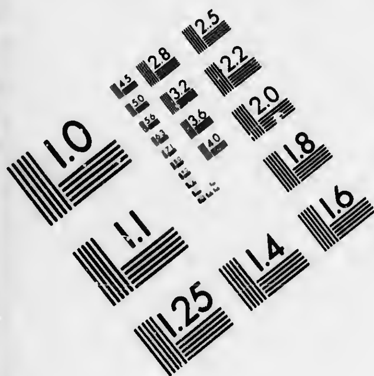
Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

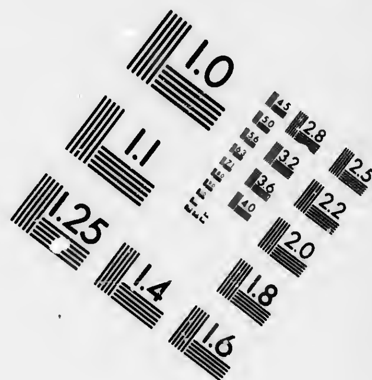
So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,
That whenever the Nose put his Spectacles on—
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

Cowper.

The Charitable Barber.

A SCHOLAR of that race, whom oft we meet,
Hungry and friendless, wandering through the street,
Though bless'd with gifts, life's noblest scenes to grace,
Was forced, through want, to seek a tutor's place,
At length, when pining in extreme distress,
The starving wretch was led to hope success,
And got a sudden summons to repair
Before the guardians of a titled heir:
In Phœbus' livery dress'd from top to toe,
Our wit in this dire plight was loathe to go;
His hat, an hostler for a sieve might use,
His wig was bald, his toes peep'd through his shoes;
His hose through many a rent display'd his skin,
And a beard three weeks old adorn'd his chin:
With such a Hebrew phiz, he felt 'twas clear,
No Christian tutor ought to face a peer.
Much he desired to shave it: but, alas!
Our wit was minus razor, soap, and glass;
And what the barbed sage esteem'd still worse,
Had nought to fee the barber in his purse.
In this dilemma, cursing purse and beard,
At many a barber's shop he anxious leer'd;
Hoping some shaver's countenance to find,
That spoke a feeling heart and liberal mind.
At length he spied an artisan, whose face
Bespoke compassion for man's suffering race.
Bleeding with wounded pride at every pore,
Our shamefaced scholar, trembling, opes the door:
The barber greets him with a smirking air,
Bows to the ground, and then presents a chair.





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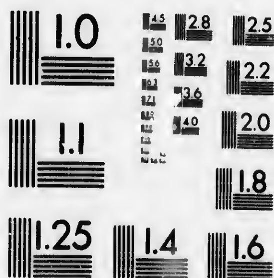

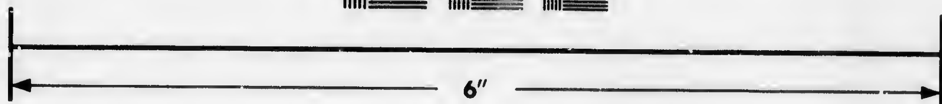

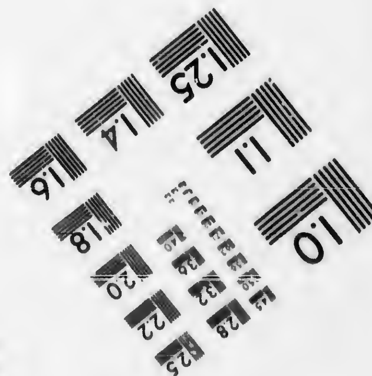

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"Sir, you want shaving, I presume," he cries;
Then graceful on his nail a razor tries.
"Pray, sir, be seated—Jack, bring Packwood's strap,
A damask towel, and a cotton cap—
A basin, George—some shaving-powder, Luke—
And Tom—you friz the gentleman's peruke."
Such pompous orders much the wit distress'd,
Who to the barber thus his speech address'd:
"Unused to beg, how wretched is the task,
Alms from a stranger abject thus to ask!
To act the suppliant, galls me to the core;
Yet your compassion I must now implore.
Cash, I, alas! have none; and therefore crave,
That you, for charity, my beard will shave."
At this request, the barber stood aghast,
And thus to his surprise gave vent at last:—
"Shave you, for charity! confound your chops!
Do men, to shave for nothing, rent such shops?
Barbers might soon retire from trade, I trow,
If all their customers resembled you:
I like your modesty; but good my spark,
The number of this house in future mark;
For, not to mince the matter and be nice,
I never gratis shave a beggar twice."—
No towel, soap, nor night-cap, now appear'd,
The churl with cold pump-water dabs his beard,
Selects an old notch'd razor from his case,
And without mercy flays the scholar's face:
Though at each rasp his chin was drench'd with gore.
His lot, the stoic, uncomplaining, bore;
For to poor wits the privilege belongs,
With resignation to support their wrongs
"Just then the barber's cat, in theft surprised,
Was by the shopman wofully chastised;
Puss, who less patience than the bard possess'd,
In piercing cries, her agony express'd:—
The barber, sulky and displeased before,
Now at his shopman like a trooper swore,
And with a Stentor's voice the cook-maid calls,
To know from whence proceed those hideous squalls:—
"'Tis doubtless," cried the wit, with great hilarity,
"Some poor cat, by your shopman, shaved *for Charity!*"

Jones.

Law.

LAW is law—law is law; and as in such and so forth and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many desperate cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it: it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause, called "Bullum *versus* Boatum:" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows.

There were two farmers: farmer A. and farmer B. Farmer A. was seized or possessed of a bull: farmer B. was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore; as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went up town to dinner: farmer A.'s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner; and, observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat; he ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band: the boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock; beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard: whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull: the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull, for running away with the boat: And thus notice of trial was given, Bullum *versus* Boatum, Boatum *versus* Bullum.

Now the counsel for the bull began with saying: "My lord, and you gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel

in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls, before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull; if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be nonsuited; because, in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel!—"My lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and, if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be of?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing, the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour: besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour any thing. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted; it being proved, that the tide of the river carried them both away: upon which, I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued; and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose: How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled, by Boatum's attorney declaring, that, for his client, he would swear any thing.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record, in true law Latin; which set forth, in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood, or the tide of ebb.

The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows: *Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choisi super omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus riveris, lakis, pondis, canalibus, et well boats; sive oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimpi, turbutus solus;* that is, not turbots alone, but turbots and soles both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but it being proved, that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but such was the lenity of the court, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again *de novo.*

The Newcastle Apothecary.

A MAN in many a country town we know
  Professing openly with Death to wrestle;
Entering the field against the grimly foe,
  Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are;
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair:
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother.
  So,—many a suffering patient saith,—
  Though the apothecary fights with Death,
Still they are sworn friends to one another.

  A member of this Æsculapian line,
  Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
  No man could better gild a pill;
          Or make a bill;
  Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
  Or draw a tooth out of your head;
  Or chatter scandal by your bed;
          Or spread a plaster.

Of occupations, these were *quantum suff:*
Yet still he thought the list not long enough;

And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanced things; for, if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't

His fame, full six miles round the country ran,
In short, in reputation he was *solus!*
All the old women call'd him " a fine man!"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
—Which oftentimes will genius fetter,—
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the *Belles Lettres.*

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste that cure a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus loved verse;—and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't:
No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels,
In dapper couplets—like Gay's Fables,
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?
'Tis simple honest dealing;—not a crime:
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It it but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town—it might be four;
To whom one evening Bolus sent an article—
In pharmacy, that's called cathartical;
And on the label of the stuff,
He wrote this verse;
Which one should think was clear enough,
And terse:
" *When taken,*
To be well shaken."

Next morning early, Bolus rose;
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,

Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was indeed a very sorry hack;
  But that's of course;
  For what's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary on his back?

Bolus arrived, and gave a double tap,
Between a single and a double rap.—
  Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance;
  By fiddlers, and by opera-singers:
One loud, and then a little one behind,
  As if the knocker fell, by chance
    Out of their fingers.—

The servant let him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
      Portending some disaster:
John's countenance as rueful look'd and grim,
As if the apothecary had physick'd him,
      And not his master.

Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said.
  John shook his head.
"Indeed?—hum!—ha!—that's very odd,
He took the draught?"—John gave a nod!
"Well—how?—What then?—Speak out you dunce!"
"Why then," says John, "we *shook* him once."
"Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammer'd out.
    "We jolted him about."
"Zounds! shake a patient, man—a shake won't do."
"No, sir—and so we gave him two."
    "Two shakes!—odds curse!
    "'Twould make the patient worse."
"It did so, sir—and so a third we tried."
"Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master
  died!" *Colman.*

The Three Warnings.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
  That love of life increased with years

So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

This strong affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you!" and quit my Susan's side!
"With you!" the hapless husband cried:
"Young as I am! 'tis monstrous hard:
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared;
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-night, you know."

What more he urged, I have not heard;
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet, calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke:
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell: no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summon'd to the grave:
Willing for once, I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say;
But when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wisely well;
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew;
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his smiling hours in peace;
And still he view'd his wealth increase.
While thus, along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year—
When, lo! one night in musing mood,
As all alone he sat,
The unwelcome messenger of fate
Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
"So soon return'd?" old Dobson cries.
"So soon, do you call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest;
Since I was here before,
'Tis six and thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
Besides, you promised me Three warnings
Which I have look'd for, nights and mornings
And for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."

"I know,' says Death, "that, at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least;
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length,
I wish you joy though of your strength."

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast;
I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder ," Death replies:
"However you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms may make amends."

"Perhaps, says Dobson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, in truth;
But there's some comfort still," says Death:
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant, you hear all the news."
"There's none," he cries; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoin'd,
These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind
You have your three sufficient warnings;
So come along, no more we'll part:"
He said and touch'd him with his dart;
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate.—So ends my tale

The Razor-Seller.

A FELLOW, in a market-town,
Most musical cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence;
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And, for the money, quite a heap,
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge! who suffer'd by a thick, black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose,
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose!
"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
Provided that the razors *shave*:
It *sartinly* will be a monstrous prize."

So, home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he tried—
All were impostors—"Ah!" Hodge sigh'[illegible],
"I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse!"

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamp'd, and swore;
Brought blood and danced, blasphemed and made wry faces
And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er!

His muzzle form'd of opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds:
Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clinch'd claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.
"Razors! a damn'd confounded dog!
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—[illegible]m, and began—
"Perhaps Master Razor-[illegible] 'tis fun,
That people flay thems[illegible]eir lives:
You rascal! for an hour ha[illegible]ubbing,
Giving my scoundrel whisker[illegible]rubbing,
With razors just like oyster-knives,
Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I am no knave:
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul, I never thought
That they would shave."
"Not think they'd shave?" quoth Hodge, with wondering eyes
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell:
"What were they made for then, you dog!" he cries.
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile,—"*to sell.*"

Pindar.

The Case Altered.

Hodge held a farm, and smiled content,
While one year paid another's rent;
But if he ran the least behind,
Vexation stung his anxious mind;
For not an hour would landlord stay,
But seize the very quarter day.
How cheap soe'er or scant the grain,
Though urged with truth, was urged in vain.
The same to him, if false or true;
For rent must come when rent was due.
Yet that same landlord's cows and steeds
Broke Hodge's fence, and cropp'd his meads.
In hunting that same landlord's hounds—
See! how they spread his new-sown grounds!
Dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoyed,
While half the rising crop's destroy'd;
Yet tamely was the loss sustain'd.
'Tis said the sufferer once complain'd:
The Squire laughed loudly while he spoke,
And paid the bumpkin—with a joke.

But luckless, still poor Hodge's fate:
His worship's bull had forced a gate,
And gored his cow, the last and best;
By sickness he had lost the rest.
Hodge felt at heart resentment strong
The heart will feel that suffers long.
A thought that instant took his head,
And thus within himself he said:
"If Hodge for once, don't sting the Squire,
May people post him for a liar!"
He said—across his shoulder throws
His fork, and to his landlord goes.

"I come, an't please you to unfold
What soon or late, you must be told.
My bull—a creature tame till now—
My bull has gored your worship's cow.
'Tis known what shifts I make to live:
Perhaps your honour may forgive."
"Forgive!" the Squire replied, and swore;
"Pray cant to me, forgive, no more;

The law my damage shall decide;
And know that I'll be satisfied."
"Think, sir, I'm poor—poor as a rat."
"Think I'm a justice, think of that!"
Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd his head;
And, recollecting, archly said,
"Sir, I'm so struck when here before ye,
I fear I've blunder'd in the story,
'Fore George! but I'll not blunder now:
Yours was the bull, sir; mine, the cow!"

His worship found his rage subside,
And with calm accent thus replied:
"I'll think upon your case to-night;
But I perceive 'tis alter'd quite!"
Hodge shrugged, and made another bow:
"An please ye, where's the justice now?"

Anonymous.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Song of The Greek Bard.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
  Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
  Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
  The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
  Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
  Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
  And Marathon looks on the sea;
And, musing there an hour alone,
  I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
  Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
  And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set—where were they!

And where are they! and where art thou,
  My country!—On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
  The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine!

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
  Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
  Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here!
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest!
  Must *we* but blush!—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
  A remnant of our Spartan dead;
Of the Three Hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What silent still! and silent all!
  Ah! no—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
  And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords:
  Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
  And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
  Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone!
Of two such lessons, why forget
  The nobler and the manlier one!

You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave!

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these;
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
O! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,—
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die;
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine! *Byron.*

The Dying Wizard.

It was an ancient castle, of melancholy mood,
Hid far in the recesses of a deep and winding wood,
Within a spacious chamber, which never saw the day,
Upon a lonely pillow the dying wizard lay.
Mysterious characters were carved deep in the oaken floor,
And round him lay the mystic scrolls of necromantic lore;
In his unhallowed dwelling no mortal footsteps trod,
Alone in dying agony he lay, the doomed of God.
His dark eye flash'd unholy fire as he beat his fever'd brow,
For he felt the conquering hand of death lay heavy on him now;
He seem'd to hold strange communings with things unseen, unknown,
And his lips breathed curses loud and deep against the *Almighty One.*
"Oh God!" he cried, and vainly strove to leave his restless bed,
"Oh God, what unseen power is this which fills my soul with dread?
It steals upon my faculties with sure and steady pace,
And the links of life seem breaking as its icy fingers press.
It comes not from those viewless forms that hover round my couch,
I know them well, dark fiends of hell, no 'tis a subtler touch,
A power I never dreamt of yet, around me seems to float,
It hovers on my glazing eye and yet I see it not;
My spirit waxes powerless within its chilling clasp,
Its hand is heavy on my brow and yet eludes my grasp;
My limbs grow cold beneath it, it grapples with my breath,
It cannot be, indeed, that mighty conqueror, *Death.*
O God! I did not think to die like the common herd of men,
Like them to live a few short years then sink to earth again;
I thought while yet on earth to pierce the eternal secret through,
And view with this my mortal eye what none but angels view;
To scale heaven's crystal battlements, to scan the eternal throne,
And view the mystic workings of the *Everlasting One*;
To cope with powers—but what is this, the death-dew on my brow?
A mightier power than hell commands is wrestling with me now.
I've revell'd in the tornado, rode in the tempest's track,
Have sported with the thunder, and hurl'd the lightning back;
The spirits of the mighty deep confess my secret skill,
And the denizens of earth and air are subject to my will.
This hand has sway'd the sceptre o'er earth, and air, and sea,
These eyes have gazed on mystic things which none but mine might see;
This tongue has utter'd curses which filled monarchs with alarm,
And 'neath this all-controlling voice, the storm has grown a calm;
This heart's the home of feelings which never sought to rest,
This breast has throbb'd with passions which ne'er rack'd a mortal's breast;
These feet have trod forbidden ground, and travers'd 'mid the sky,

And must I yield this power now and die as mortals die?
Was it for this I sold myself to work the works of hell?
To shatter fleets and armies with my talismanic spell.
Was it for this I sought to sway an empire wide and vast?
To die at length as others die, and sink to earth at last!
Death, death—thou sly intruder, thou shapeles, viewless thing,
Might I but meet thee face to face, *this arm* should crush thy sting;
I would measure lances with thee, nor tremble at the fight,
Might I as plainly see thy form, as now *I feel* thy might;
In vain have men or angels sought my power to overthrow,
I've laugh'd them all to scorn, and must this arm be vanquish'd now?
The frown of the Eternal One ne'er made this brow grow pale;
I have defied the monarch, shall his vassal make me quail?
No, give me back my sceptre!—but what's this dims my eye?
Here take my bold defiance, Death!--but God of heaven, I die!
Give me my talismanic wand; what is this stays my breath?
I never yielded yet, and must,—*my curse be on ye, Death!*
Prepare to do my bidding, fiends who round my pillow float;
Conquer I must—but hold,—I feel death's rattles in my throat!"
Then starting from his couch he rush'd along with frantic stride,
And shouting with a mighty voice—"I will not die!" HE DIED!

B. B. Wale.

Arnold Winkelried.

"Make way for liberty!" he cried,—
Made way for liberty, and died.
It must not be; this day, this hour,
Annihilate's the oppressor's power!
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield—
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
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.

It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood, amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,

Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
But 'twas no sooner thought than done!
The field was in a moment won;—
"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 met from side to side;
He bowed among 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, scattered all,
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty!

Montgomery.

Casabianca.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead;

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;—
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;—
That father, faint in death, below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say
If yet my task is done!"—

He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
 "If I may yet be gone!"—
And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
 In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
 "My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild;
 They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound;—
 The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea,—

With mast and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there
 Was that young faithful heart.

Mrs. Hemans.

Landing of the Pilgrims.

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
 Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
  They, the true-hearted, came—
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
  And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
  In silence and in fear—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
  With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
  And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
  To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
  From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
  This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
  Amid that pilgrim band—
Why had they come to wither there,
  Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
  They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found—
  Freedom to worship God!

Mrs. Hemans.

The Burial of Arnold.

Ye've gathered to your place of prayer,
  With slow and measured tread:
Your ranks are full, your mates all there—
  But the soul of one has fled.

He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall?

Ye reckon it in days, since he
Strode up that foot-worn aisle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lip wreathed with a smile.
Oh! had it been but told you then,
To mark whose lamp was dim,
From out yon rank of fresh-lipped men,
Would ye have singled *him?*

Whose was the sinewy arm, which flung
Defiance to the ring?
Whose laugh of victory loudest rung,
Yet not for glorying?
Whose heart in generous deed and thought,
No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
There lies he—go and look!

On now—his requiem is done;
The last deep prayer is said;—
On to his burial, comrades—on,
With the *noblest* of the dead!
Slow—for it presses heavily;—
It is a *man* ye bear!
Slow—for our thoughts dwell wearily
On the noble sleeper there.

Tread lightly, comrades!—ye have laid
His dark locks on his brow—
Like life—save deeper light and shade:—
We'll not disturb them now.
Tread lightly—for 'tis beautiful,
That blue veined eyelid's sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull,—
Its slumber we will keep.

Rest now!—his journeying is done,—
Your feet are on his sod;—
Death's chain is on your champion—
He waiteth here his God!

Ay,—turn and weep,—'tis manliness
To be heart-broken here,—
For the grave of earth's best nobleness
Is watered by the tear. *Willis.*

The Mariner's Dream.

In slumbers of midnight the Sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind,

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While Memory stood side-ways, half-covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted the thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstacy rise;
Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"O God! thou hast blest me, I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound that now larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck;
  Amazement confronts him with images dire;—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
  The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tumultuously swell,
  In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;—
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
  And the Death-Angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave.

Oh, Sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
  In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;—
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
  Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

Oh! Sailor boy! Sailor boy! never again
  Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonoured, down deep in the main
  Full many a score fathom thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
  Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
  And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
  Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
  And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
  And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye—
  Oh, Sailor boy! Sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

Dimond.

DIALOGUES.

Cato and Decius.

Dec. 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.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

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 em-
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes, [ployed
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 you're 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, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.
Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar
For all his generous cares aud 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.
Dec. Your high unconquered heart makes you forget
You are a man; you rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. *Addison.*

Corin aud Emma's Hospitality.

Emma. SHEPHERD, 'tis he. Beneath yon aged oak,
All on the flowery turf he lays him down.

Corin. Soft: let us not disturb him. Gentle Emma,
My pity waits with reverence on his fortune.
Modest of carriage, and of speech most gracious,
As if some saint or angel in disguise,
Had graced our lowly cottage with his presence,
He steals, I know not how, into the heart,
And makes it pant to serve him. Trust me, Emma,
He is no common man.

Em. Some lord, perhaps,
Or valiant chief, that from our deadly foe,
The haughty, cruel, unbelieving Dane,
Seeks shelter here.

Cor. And shelter he shall find.
Who loves his country is my friend and brother.
Behold him well. Fair virtue in his aspect,
Even through the homely russet that conceals him,
Shines forth and proves him noble. Seest thou, Emma,
Yon western clouds? The sun they strive to hide
Yet darts his beams around.

Em. Your thought is mine;
He is not what his present fortunes speak him.
But, ah! the raging foe is all around us:
We dare not keep him here.

Cor. Content thee, wife:
This island is of strength. Nature's own hand
Hath planted round a deep defence of woods,
The sounding ash, the mighty oak; each tree
A sheltering grove; and choked up all between
With wild encumbrance of perplexing thorns,
And horrid brakes. Beyond this woody verge
Two rivers broad and rapid hem us in.
Along their channel spreads the gulfy pool,
And trembling quagmire, whose deceitful green
Betrays the foot it tempts. One path alone
Winds to this plain, so roughly difficult,
This single arm, poor shepherd as I am,
Could well dispute it with twice twenty Danes.

Em. Yet think, my Corin, on the stern decree
Of that proud foe: "Who harbours or relieves
"An English captain, dies the death of traitors:
"But who his haunt discovers, shall be safe,
"And high rewarded."

Cor. Now, just heaven forbid,
A British man should ever count for gain
What villany must earn. No: are we poor?
Be honesty our riches. Are we mean,
And humbly born? The true heart makes us noble:
These hands can toil, can sow the ground, and reap
For thee and thy sweet babes. Our daily labour
Is daily wealth; it finds us bread and raiment:
Could Danish gold give more? And for the death
These tyrants threaten, let me rather meet it,
Than e'er betray my guest.——

Em. Alas the while,
That loyal faith is fled from hall and bower
To dwell with village swains!

Cor. Ah look! behold
Where, like some goodly tree by wintry winds
Torn from the roots and withering, our sad guest
Lies on the ground diffused.

Em. I weep to see it.

Cor. Thou hast a heart sweet pity loves to dwell in.
Dry up those tears, and lean on this just hope:
If yet to do away his country's shame,
To serve her bravely on some blest occasion,
If for these ends this stranger sought our cottage,
The heavenly hosts are hovering here unseen,
To watch and to protect him. Bnt, oh! when—
My heart burns for it—shall I see the hour
Of vengeance on these Danish infidels,
That war with Heaven and us?

Em. Alas my love!
These passions are not for the poor man's state;
To Heaven, and to the rulers of the land,
Leave such ambitious thoughts. Be warned, my Corin,
And think our little all depends on thee. *Thomson.*

Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. I PLAINLY, Tullus, by your looks perceive
You disapprove my conduct.

Auf. I mean not to assail thee with the clamour
Of loud reproaches and the war of words;

But, pride apart, and all that can pervert
The light of steady reason, here to make
A candid, fair proposal.

Cor. Speak, I hear thee.

Auf. I need not tell thee, that I have performed
My utmost promise. Thou hast been protected;
Hast had thy amplest, most ambitious wish.
Thy wounded pride is healed, thy dear revenge
Completely sated; and to crown thy fortune,
At the same time, thy peace with Rome restored.
Thou art no more a Volscian, but a Roman:
Return, return; thy duty calls upon thee
Still to protect the city thou hast saved;
It still may be in danger from our arms:
Retire: I will take care thou may'st with safety.

Cor. With safety?—Heavens!—and thinkest thou Coriolanus
Will stoop to thee for safety?—No: my safeguard
Is in myself, a bosom void of fear.——
O, 'tis an act of cowardice and baseness,
To seize the very time my hands are fettered
By the strong chain of former obligation,
The safe, sure moment to insult me.—Gods!
Were I now free, as on that day I was
When at Corioli I tamed thy pride,
This had not been.

Auf. Thou speakest the truth: it had not.
O, for that time again! Propitious gods,
If you will bless me, grant it! Know, for that,
For that dear purpose, I have now proposed
Thou should'st return: I pray thee, Marcius, do it;
And we shall meet again on nobler terms.

Cor. Till I have cleared my honour in your council,
And proved before them all, to thy confusion,
The falsehood of thy charge; as soon in battle
I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy,
As quit the station they've assigned me here.

Auf. Thou can'st not hope acquittal from the Volscians.

Cor. I do:—Nay, more expect their approbation,
Their thanks, I will obtain them such a peace

As thou durst never ask; a perfect union
Of their whole nation with imperial Rome,
In all her privileges, all her rights;
By the just gods, I will.—What would'st thou more?
Auf. What would I more, proud Roman? This I would—
Fire the cursed forest, where these Roman wolves
Haunt and infest their nobler neighbours round them;
Extirpate from the bosom of this land
A false, perfidious people, who, beneath
The mask of freedom, are a combination
Against the liberty of human kind;——
The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers.
Cor. The seed of gods.—'Tis not for thee, vain boaster,—
'Tis not for such as thou,—so often spared
By her victorious sword, to speak of Rome,
But with respect, and awful veneration.—
Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,
There is more virtue in one single year
Of Roman story, than your Volscian annals
Can boast through all their creeping, dark duration.
Auf. I thank thy rage:—This full displays the traitor.
Cor. Traitor!—How now?
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name,
Coriolanus, in Corioli?
You lords, and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,—
I say, your city,—to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel of the war: but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory;
That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
Looked wondering at each other.
Cor. Hearest thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it.—Boy!—
Cut me to pieces, Volscians; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy!—
If you have writ your annals true 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dovecot, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it:—Boy!—But let us part;
Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed
My cooler thought forbids.

Auf. I court
The worst thy sword can do; while thou from me
Hast nothing to expect but sore destruction;
Quit then this hostile camp: once more I tell thee,
Thou art not here one single hour in safety.

Cor. O, that I had thee in the field,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, thy tribe,
To use my lawful sword!—— *Shakespeare.*

Lady Randolph and Douglas.

L. Ran. My son! I heard a voice—

Doug. The voice was mine.

L. Ran. Didst thou complain aloud to Nature's ear,
That thus, in dusky shades, at midnight hours,
By stealth the mother and the son should meet?

Doug. No: on this happy day, this better birth-day,
My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

L. Ran. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
The empire of my breast with hope and joy
Now hear what I advise.

Doug. First let me tell
What may the tenor of your counsel change.

L. Ran. My heart forebodes some evil!

Doug. 'Tis not good—
At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
The good old Norval, in the grove, o'erheard
Their conversation: oft they mentioned me
With dreadful threatenings; you they sometimes named.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery;
And ever and anon they vowed revenge.

L. Ran. Defend us, gracious God! we are betrayed!
They have found out the secret of thy birth;
It must be so. That is the great discovery.
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own;
And he will be revenged. Perhaps even now,
Armed and prepared for murder, they but wait
A darker and more silent hour to break
Into the chamber where they think thou sleepest.
This moment, this, Heaven hath ordained to save
thee!
Fly to the camp, my son!

Doug. And leave you here?
No: to the castle let us go together,
Call up the ancient servants of your house,
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread;
Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
If in the breasts of men one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,—
Some in your cause will arm: I ask but few
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

L. Ran. O Nature, Nature! what can check thy
force!
Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!
But rush not on destruction: save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm;
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
That winding path conducts thee to the river;
Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,
Which, running eastward, leads thee to the camp.
Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas;
Show him these jewels which his brother wore.
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
Which I, by certain proof, will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me and obey: but yet my heart
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay,
And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
Of wondrous deeds by one bold hand achieved
Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth,
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

L. Ran. If thou regardest thy mother, or reverest
Thy father's memory, think of this no more.
One thing I have to say before we part:

Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my child,
In a most fearful season. War and battle
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
Which way the current of thy temper sets;
To-day I've found thee. Oh! my long-lost hope!
If thou to giddy valour givest the rein,
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
The love of thee, before thou sawest the light,
Sustained my life, when thy brave father fell.
If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
In this waste world! My son, remember me!

Doug. What shall I say? how can I give you comfort?
The God of battles of my life dispose,
As may be best for you! for whose dear sake
I will not bear myself as I resolved.
But yet consider, as no vulgar name
That which I boast, it sounds 'mongst martial men;
How will inglorious caution suit my claim?
The post of fate, unshrinking, I maintain.
My country's foes must witness who I am;
On the invaders' heads I'll prove my birth,
Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
Who, if he lives not honoured, must not live.

L. Ran. I will not utter what my bosom feels
Too well I love that valour which I warn.
Farewell, my son! my counsels are but vain;
And as high Heaven hath willed it, all must be.

Home.

Alberto's Exculpation.

King. Art thou the chief of that unruly band
Who broke the treaty and assailed the Moors?

Youth. No chief, no leader of a band am I.
The leader of a band insulted me,
And those he led basely assailed my life;
With bad success indeed. If self-defence
Be criminal, O king! I have offended.

King. With what a noble confidence he speaks!
See what a spirit through his blushes breaks!
Observe him, Hamet.

Hamet. I am fixed upon him.

King. Didst thou alone engage a band of Moors,
And make such havock? Sure it cannot be.
Recall thy scattered thoughts. Nothing advance
Which proof may overthrow.

Youth.——What I have said
No proof can overthrow. Where is the man,
Who, speaking from himself, not from reports
And rumours idle, will stand forth and say,
I was not single when the Moors attacked me?

Hamet. I will not be that man, though I confess
That I came hither to accuse thee, youth
And to demand thy punishment.—I brought
The tale our soldiers told.

Youth. The tale was false.

Hamet. I thought it true, but thou hast shook my faith.
The seal of truth is on thy gallant form,
For none but cowards lie.

King. Thy story tell,
With every circumstance which may explain
The seeming wonder; how a single man
In such a strife could stand?

Youth. 'Twill cease to be
A wonder when thou hearest the story told.
This morning, on my road to Oviedo,
A while I halted near a Moorish post.
Of the commander I inquired my way,
And told my purpose; that I came to see
The famous combat. With a scornful smile,
With taunting words and gestures he replied,
Mocking my youth; advised me to return
Back to my father's house, and in the ring
To dance with boys and girls. He added too
That I should see no combat: That no knight
Of Spain durst meet the champion of the Moors.
Incensed, I did indeed retort his scorn.
The quarrel grew apace, and I defied him
To a green hill, which rose amid the plain,
An arrow's flight or farther from his post.
Alone we sped: alone we drew, we fought.
The Moorish captain fell. Enraged, his men

Flew to revenge his death. Secure they came
Each with his utmost speed. Those who came first,
Single, I met and slew. More wary grown,
The rest together joined, and all at once
Assailed me. Then I had no hopes of life.
But suddenly a troop of Spaniards came
And charged my foes, who did not long sustain
The shock, but fled, and carried to their camp
That false report which thou, O king! hast heard.

King. Now by my sceptre and my sword I swear
Thou art a noble youth. An angel's voice
Could not command a more implicit faith
Than thou from me hast gained. What thinkest thou, Hamet,
Is he not greatly wronged?

Hamet.——————By Allah! yes.
The voice of truth and innocence is bold,
And never yet could guilt that tone assume.
I take my leave, impatient to return,
And satisfy my friends that this brave youth
Was not the aggressor.—

King. I expect no less from generous Hamet.
——————Tell me, wondrous youth! [*Exit*, HAMET.
For much I long to know, what is thy name?
Who are thy parents? Since the Moor prevailed,
The cottage and the cave have oft concealed
From hostile hate the noblest blood of Spain;
Thy spirit speaks for thee. Thou art a shoot
Of some illustrious stock, some noble house,
Whose fortunes with their falling country fell.

Youth. Alberto is my name. I draw my birth
From Catalonia; in the mountains there
My father dwells, and for his own domains
Pays tribute to the Moor. He was a soldier:
Oft I have heard him of your battles speak,
Of Cavadonga's and Olalle's field.
But ever since I can remember aught,
His chief employment and delight have been
To train me to the use and love of arms:
In martial exercise we passed the day;
Morning and evening, still the theme was war.
He bred me to endure the summer's heat

And brave the winter's cold; to swim across
The headlong torrent when the shoals of ice
Drove down the stream; to rule the fiercest steeds
That on our mountains run. No savage beast
The forest yields that I have not encountered.
Meanwhile my bosom beat for nobler game;
I longed in arms to meet the foes of Spain.
Oft I implored my father to permit me,
Before the truce was made, to join the host.
He said it must not be, I was too young
For the rude service of these trying times.
King. Thou art a prodigy, and fillest the mind
With thoughts profound and expectation high.
When in a nation, humbled by the will
Of Providence, beneath a haughty foe,
A person rises up, by nature reared,
Sublime, above the level of mankind;
Like that bright bow the hand of the Most High
Bends in the watery cloud: He is the sign
Of prosperous change and interposing Heaven.
Home.

Alfred and Devon Returned Successful.

Alf. My friend returned!
O welcome, welcome! but what happy tidings
Smile in thy cheerful countenance?—
Dev. My liege,
Your troops have been successful.—But to Heaven
Ascend the praise! For sure the event exceeds
The hand of man.
Alf. How was it, noble Devon?
Dev. You know my castle is not hence far distant.
Thither I sped; and, in a Danish habit,
The trenches passing, by a secret way
Known to myself alone, emerged at once
Amid my joyful soldiers. There I found
A generous few, the veteran, hardy gleanings
Of many a hapless fight. They with a fierce
Heroic fire inspirited each other;
Resolved on death, disdaining to survive
Their dearest country.—"If we fall," I cried,

"Let us not tamely fall like cowards!
"No: let us live—or let us die, like men!
"Come on, my friends: to Alfred we will cut
"Our glorious way; or, as we nobly perish,
"Will offer to the genius of our country
"Whole hecatombs of Danes."—As if one soul
Had moved them all, around their heads they flashed
Their flaming falchions—"Lead us to those Danes!
"Our country!—vengeance!"—was the general cry.
Straight on the careless drowsy camp he rushed
And rapid, as the flame devours the stubble,
Bore down the heartless Danes. With this success
Our enterprise increased. Not now contented
To hew a passage through the flying herd,
We unremitting, urged a total rout.
The valiant Hubba bites the bloody field,
With twice six hundred Danes around him strewed.

Alf. My glorious friend! this action has restored
Our sinking country.—
But where, my noble cousin, are the rest
Of our brave troops?

Dev. On t'other side the stream,
That half encloses this retreat, I left them.
Roused from the fear, with which it was congealed
As in a frost, the country pours amain.
The spirit of our ancestors is up,
The spirit of the free! and with a voice
That breathes success, they all demand their king.

Alf. Quick let us join them, and improve their ardour.
We cannot be too hasty to secure
The glances of occasion. *Thomson.*

The Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. THAT you have wronged me, doth appear in this;
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted of.

Bru. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I, an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villian touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man in all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For as much trash as may be grasped thus?——
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman,
Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say, you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret till your proud heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love:
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard 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 so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts.
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart;
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart,
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou did'st at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, or blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!—
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Shakespeare.

Orestes Delivering His Embassy to Pyrrhus.

Orest. Before I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son.
Nor does the son rise short of such a father:
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of Troy;
And, by an ill-timed pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten-years' war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high-brandished sword,
That filled their states with widows and with orphans;
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports; and filled
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze
You may yourself live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the Grecians' just demand:
Satiate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.
Pyr. The Greeks are for my safety more concerned
Than I desire: I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard

The name of their ambassador, I hoped
Some glorious enterprise was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son despatched for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renowned in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate
To plot an infant's death? What right has Greece
To ask his life? Must I, must I alone,
Of all her sceptred warriors, be denied
To treat my captive as I please? Know, prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shared the harvest of the war,
Andromache, and this her son, were mine;
Were mine by lot; and who shall wrest them from me?
Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize:
Did I concern myself in what they won?
Did I send embassies to claim their captives?

Orest. But, sir, we fear for you and for ourselves.
Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes—

Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise;
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far-fancied ill, and dangers out of sight.

Orest. Sir, call to mind the unrivalled strength of Troy;
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass,
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies!

Pyr. I call them all to mind; and see them all
Confused in dust; all mixed in one wide ruin;
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy?
If they have sworn to extinguish Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months deferred?
Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain?
He should have fallen among the slaughtered heaps
Whelmed under Troy. His death had then been just,
When age and infancy alike in vain
Pleaded their weakness; when the heat of conquest,
And horrors of the fight, roused all our rage.
And blindly hurried us through scenes of death.
My fury then was without bounds: but now,

My wrath appeased, must I be cruel still,
And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood—
An infant's blood?—No, prince—Go, bid the Greeks
Mark out some other victim; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has escaped from Troy
Shall not be saved to perish in Epirus.

Orest. I need not tell you, sir, Astyanax
Was doomed to death in Troy; nor mention how
The crafty mother saved her darling son:
The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence:
Nor is't the boy, but Hector they pursue;
The father draws their vengeance on the son:
The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
Has drenched his sword: the father whom the Greeks
May seek even here.—Prevent them, sir, in time.

Pyr. No! let them come; since I was born to wage
Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him who conquered for them; let them come,
And in Epirus seek another Troy.
'Twas thus they recompensed my godlike sire;
Thus was Achilles thanked. But, prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Philips.

Glenalvon and Norval.

Glen. His port I love: he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roared. [*Aside.*
Has Norval seen the troops?

Norv. The setting sun
With yellow radiance lightened all the vale,
And as the warriors moved, each polished helm,
Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climbed, and, halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering they seemed
A host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talkest it well; no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty talks of glorious war.

Norv. If I should e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration

Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial deeds
Have ranked you with the great. But mark me, Norval;
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour: seem not to command,
Else they will hardly brook your late-sprung power,
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.

Norv. Sir, I have been accustomed all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth;
And though I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skilled:
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?

Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norv. My pride!

Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

Norv. A shepherd's scorn!

Glen. Yes; if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, You're no match for me,
What will become of you?

Norv. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?

Norv. Didst thou not hear?

Glen. Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Had not been questioned thus; but such as thee——

Norv. Whom dost thou think me?

Glen. Norval.

Norv. So I am——
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy,
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and false as hell
Is the vainglorious tale thou toldest to Randolph.

Norv. If I were chained, unarmed, or bedrid old,
Perhaps I should revile; but as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command.
Ten thousand slaves like thee?

Norv. Villain, no more!
Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defied thee in another cause;
But Heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs,

Lord Ran. [*Enters.*] Hold! I command you both! the man that stirs
Makes me his foe.

Norv. Another voice than thine,
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous condescending!
Mark the humility of Shepherd Norval!

Norv. Now you may scoff in safety. [*Sheathes his sword.*]

Lord Ran. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other, but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel; then I judge betwixt you.

Norv. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak: I will not, cannot speak
The opprobrious words that I from him have borne.

To the liege lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage; but even him
And his high arbitration I'd reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord;
Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours, and let Norval go
Hence as he came, but not dishonoured!

Lord Ran. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice;
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banner o'er her frighted fields;
Suspend your purpose till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader; then decide
The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Norv. And I. [*Exit* RANDOLPH.

Glen. Norval,
Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Smoothe thou thy brow;
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Norv. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment;
When we contend again, our strife is mortal. *Home.*

David and Goliath.

Goliath. Where is the mighty man of war, who dares
Accept the challenge of Philistia's chief?
What victor-king, what general drenched in blood,
Claims this high privilege? What are his rights?
What proud credentials does the boaster bring
To prove his claim? What cities laid in ashes,
What ruined provinces, what slaughtered realms,
What heads of heroes, or what hearts of kings,
In battle-killed, or at his altars slain,
Has he to boast? Is his bright armory
Thick set with spears, and swords, and coats of mail,
Of vanquished nations, by his single arm
Subdued? Where is the mortal man so bold,

So much a wretch, so out of love with life,
To dare the weight of this uplifted spear?
Come, advance!
Philistia's gods to Israel's. Sound, my herald,
Sound for the battle straight!

David. Behold thy foe!

Gol. I see him not.

Dav. Behold him here!

Gol. Say where?
Direct my sight. I do not war with boys.

Dav. I stand prepared; thy single arm to mine.

Gol. Why this is mockery, minion! it may chance
To cost thee dear. Sport not with things above thee:
But tell me who, of all this numerous host,
Expects his death from me? Which is the man,
Whom Israel sends to meet my bold defiance?

Dav. The election of my sovereign falls on me.

Gol. On thee! on thee! by Dagon, 'tis too much!
Thou curled minion! thou a nation's champion!
'Twould move my mirth at any other time;
But trifling's out of tune. Begone, light boy!
And tempt me not too far.

Dav. I do defy thee,
Thou foul idolater! Hast thou not scorned
The armies of the living God I serve?
By me he will avenge upon thy head
Thy nation's sins and thine. Armed with his name,
Unshrinking, I dare meet the stoutest foe
That ever bathed his hostile spear in blood.

Gol. Indeed! 'tis wondrous well! Now, by my gods!
The stripling plays the orator! Vain boy!
Keep close to that same bloodless war of words,
And thou shalt still be safe. Tongue-valiant warrior!
Where is thy sylvan crook, with garlands hung,
Of idle field-flowers? Where thy wanton harp,
Thou dainty-fingered hero?
Now will I meet thee,
Thou insect warrior! since thou dar'st me thus!
Already I behold thy mangled limbs,
Dissevered each from each, ere long to feed
The fierce, blood-snuffing vulture. Mark me well!
Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,

And toss in air thy head all gashed with wounds.

Dav. Ha! say'st thou so? Come on, then! Mark us well.

Thou com'st to me with sword, and spear, and shield!
In the dread name of Israel's God, I come;
The living Lord of Hosts, whom thou defi'st!
Yet though no shield I bring; no arms, except
These five smooth stones I gathered from the brook,
With such a simple sling as shepherds use;
Yet all exposed, defenceless as I am,
The God I serve shall give thee up a prey
To my victorious arm. This day I mean
To make the uncircumcised tribes confess
There is a God in Israel. I will give thee,
Spite of thy vaunted strength and giant bulk,
To glut the carrion kites. Nor thee alone;
The mangled carcases of your thick hosts
Shall spread the plains of Elah; till Philistia,
Through all her trembling tents and flying bands,
Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed!
I dare thee to the trial!

Gol. Follow me.
In this good spear I trust.

Dav. I trust in Heaven!
The God of battles stimulates my arm,
And fires my soul with ardor not its own.

H. More.

THE END.