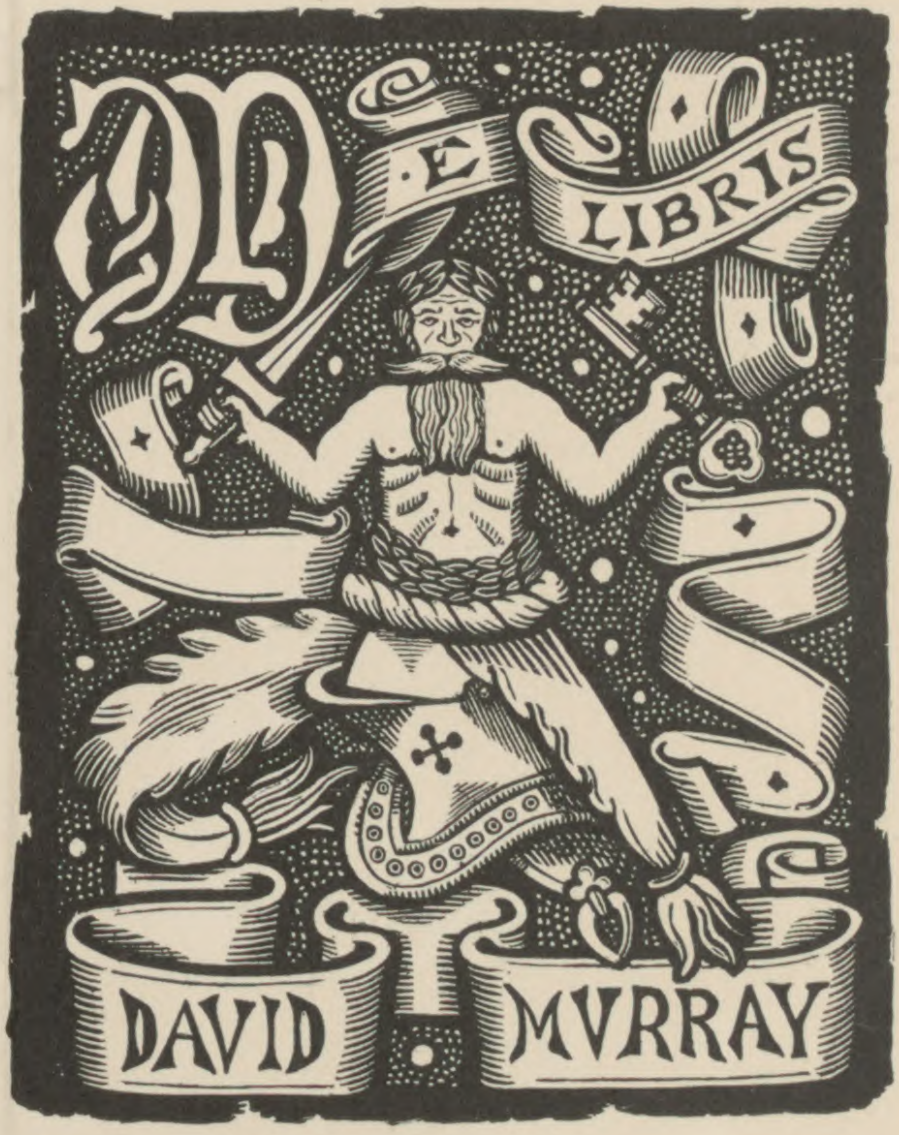

David Murray
1861.

THE

ACADEMIC SPEAKER,

A

SYSTEM OF ELOCUTION

DESIGNED FOR

SCHOOLS AND SELF-INSTRUCTION;

EMBRACING A SERIES OF LESSONS IN THE ART,

AND A COPIOUS SELECTION OF

EXTRACTS FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,

EACH EXTRACT ACCOMPANIED BY COMPREHENSIVE NOTES SUGGESTING THE PROPER MANNER OF READING OR SPEAKING IT.

BY A. M. HARTLEY,

TEACHER OF ELOCUTION; AUTHOR OF THE ORATORICAL CLASS-BOOK, JUVENILE CLASS-BOOK, JUVENILE SKETCH-BOOK, ETC.

GLASGOW:
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PREFACE.

During many years' employment in giving instructions in Reading and Recitation, the editor of this little work has felt the want of such prefatory notation as is annexed to each of the extracts in the following compilation. After a pupil of but ordinary vivacity has made himself acquainted with the manifestations of the leading passions, as given at page 26, he will find little difficulty in adapting his tones, inflexions, emphases, &c., to any of the compositions in the volume; and, while the notations are sufficiently precise for suggesting suitable tones, gestures, inflexions, and accents, they leave abundant scope for the pupil to exercise original, varied, and emphatic conceptions. The practice of studying the pieces for himself (throwing him on his own resources, instead of trusting to imitations of his teacher) must necessarily render the pupil more original and expert.

To the teacher of a large school, this method of Instruction should be acceptable, as it will tend greatly to ease his own labour, by engaging the attention of his scholars.

In the work all such modern improvements as are really useful have been introduced; the extracts have been taken from the most eminent authors, both ancient and modern, and many of them have not hitherto appeared in any collection; the type is exccedingly clear, and the editor trusts that nothing has been overlooked that may tend to recommend the book for public and private tuition.

With respect to the matter, the editor is of opinion that dry selections from scientific and ratiocinative authors, are far less suitable for the purposes of instruction, than those from the Belles Léttres, and the works of imaginative authors. The former neither captivate the heart, nor excite the moral sympathies so for-

cibly as the latter. They do not touch the living spring of natural feeling: they do not leave the pnpil so much at liberty to follow his own inclinations, and therefore beget a distaste for learning. The study of science and didactic principles,—at least through the meagre channel of a school book,—produces frequently either disgust or conceit, and is by no means favourable to the patient, persevering energy that urges on to the discovery of new, or the investigation of old truths, in after years. Both the active and the indolent are alike averse to such stndies:—they offer nothing on which the *imagination*, the snpreme faculty of youth, loves to dwell—nothing that kindles generous enthusiasm, or wakens virtuous sensibility—nothing that cherishes exalted sentiments, or excites noble emulation—nothing that feeds the poetic fervour, or encourages the love of excellence; little that communicates a consciousness of delight to existence—little that directs the intellectual and moral aspirations of youth to something noble and dignified—peopling the ideal world with the creatures of fancy, and feeding them with bright visions of hope—emparadising them, innocent, pure, and holy as they are, in light and glory. On these accounts the editor, although he has introduced some interesting didactic and scientific extracts, has selected his matter chiefly from orators, poets, and those who have excelled in polite literature. At the same time, not a line which may have a tendency to leave the slightest taint on the pure mind of yonth, has been admitted.

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ACADEMIC SPEAKER.

INTRODUCTION.

READING AND SPEAKING.

THE first great requisite of a good reader or speaker, is DISTINCT ARTICULATION. Without this no proficiency can be made. It is best and most easily acquired in youth, while the organs are tender and pliant, and bad habits either not acquired or easily corrected. It consists in giving to each letter its proper sound, and keeping the syllables distinct and separate, without slurring or sliding them confusedly into each other. Excellence in it has been compared by Austin to a "beautiful coin, newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight." The teachers of juvenile schools should insist on the paramount importance of this faculty.

Next to distinctness of articulation, is MODULATION in the voice. The power of readily adapting it to all the variety of sentiment. "As changes are grateful, of posture and motion—of standing, walking, sitting, and lying; and we cannot for a long time together submit to any one of them:—the voice is to be adapted to the subject, and the feelings of the mind, so as not to be at variance with the expressions; this is the great art. We should therefore guard against that uniformity called *monotony;* which is an unvarying effort of the lungs and of the tones. But we should avoid not only shouting like madmen, but also that low voice which is deficient in emo-

tion, and that weak murmur which destroys all energy. Even in the same passage, and in the expressions of the same feelings, there must be in the voice certain nice changes, according as the dignity of the language, the nature of the sentiments, the conclusion, the beginning, or the transitions requires. For painters who confine themselves to one colour, nevertheless bring out some parts more strongly, and touch others more faintly; and this they are obliged to do in order to preserve the just forms and lines of their figures."*

These with the gestures, attitudes, and actions of the body and limbs, are the essentials of oratory; and are attainable by any sane person possessing the natural organs of speech. Besides these there are several natural endowments indispensable to a VERY GOOD reader or speaker, viz., sweetness, flexibility, and compass of voice, both in scale and strength; a commanding figure, an expressive countenance with pliant muscles, and above all, *delicacy of feeling*—a combination rarely to be met with. A person who is totally destitute of all of these can never be an effective reader, because he can never command the sympathy of his hearers; but pre-eminence in any one of them will, in some degree, atone for deficiency in others. The chief of all is *delicacy of feeling*, which enables a person at once to identify himself with his author if reading, and suit the exact tones to the different feelings and passions. But whatever be the natural excellence of any voice, it requires the assistance of art to render it universally useful. As a rhetorical weapon, it requires practice to polish, to temper, and keep it always ready for dexterous application; the force which a tender passage receives from a judicious modulation of voice, is more powerful than all that it can receive from the strongest expression, or the utmost energy. Discourse and argument make no impression except by means of the understanding; but there is something in an elegant command of the voice, which strikes immediately, and waits not for the heart's receiving any notice from the sense of what

* Quintilian.

is delivered. By the modulation of the voice, not less than by correct pronunciation, are we able to judge, if we hear a person speak, although we do not see him, if he is above the common rank of mankind. Unquestionably in the real world nature deals with people of birth and fortune no better than with those who lack those accidental pre-eminences. Persons of the highest quality are not more sure of having a good voice than those in the lowest ranks; but immense care is paid to the modulation of it in the early part of their education, and hence the superiority which they manifestly possess in this respect.

SWEETNESS OF VOICE.

There are some persons whose organs are so formed by nature that they have a secret power of moving our affections, even when we are not able to adapt any determinate idea to the sounds that proceed from them; and we are often, more affected by the complaints of a person, who delivers them in a language wholly unknown to us, than we should have been by any thing he would have been able to say to us, if he had spoken in a language with which we were both acquainted, but with less persuasive tones. Indeed the charms of a sweet voice atone for many disadvantages: we frequently find the testimonies of our ears carrying us beyond those of our other senses: this is especially the case with respect to females, and many a woman who appears indifferent to us, when only seen, charms us almost to adoration, when we hear her speak:—Her tones

> "Come o'er the ear like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets—
> Stealing and giving odour."

FLEXIBILITY OF VOICE,

Consists in the power of being able to transfer it with perfect ease—in due quantity and quality—from one key —from one passion or feeling to another. Pre-eminence in this, is chiefly the result of practice and good instruction, combined with good taste.

COMPASS.

Refers to scale and strength. By scale is meant the power of ascending or descending from the natural key to a very shrill, or to a very grave tone, and is scientifically known by the term *octaves*. To a singer this is of paramount advantage; but to an orator, *strength* and *sweetness* are more important. A man with a weak voice, uttering sublime ideas, clothed in appropriate language, much resembles a person sounding an alarum with a tin whistle. It is absolutely necessary to the complete success of an orator, that he possess a voice capable at once to command the attention—to impress a sort of reverence on his audience, and to excite the greatest emotions in their hearts;—that it be such as can give all the strength and vigour to the vehemence of the passions; and where an affecting sentiment is to be delivered—that it have all the eloquent energy which is necessary to strike—to seize upon—to penetrate the very hearts of an audience. It is not enough on these occasions that it raise our passions;—it must transport and ravish us:—it is not enough that it impress, it must subdue and work us entirely to the speaker's purpose:—it is not enough that it touch the heart, it must pierce it to the utmost depth.

A speaker may always know how his voice fills the room by the return of it to his own ear. By the degree of exertion he requires to make for being distinctly heard, he may judge of its power. He may form a tolerably accurate idea of the effects he produces by the attention or listlessness of his audience.

It is required in the voice, not only that it be flexible and strong, but also that it be sweet. Nature alone can bestow these in perfection, but experience has proved that much can be done by art. Example and practice are the only methods by which this can be done. We find that our tones instinctively glide into imitation of those that we admire; and by the practice of reading or speaking aloud, there are very few voices which may not acquire sufficient strength for any oratorical purpose.

SENSIBILITY.

The meaning of this term is very extensive. It includes not only the natural turn of mind, but also that pliantness of disposition, by means of which the different passions are easily made to succeed one another in the soul. The heart that enjoys this in a proper degree, is like soft wax which, under the hands of a judicious artist, is capable of being in the same minute, a Medea or a Sappho; an easy ductility in the wax is not more necessary to fit it for the purposes of the modeller, than is this sensibility in the heart of a good reader, by means of which the delivery receives whatever modification the speaker or reader pleases, and that in an easy and unconstrained succession. The person who does not himself feel the emotions he is to express, will give but a lifeless and insipid representation of them. All the art in the world can never supply the want of this faculty. If a person is wholly destitute of it, all the advantages of nature, all the accomplishments he may have acquired by study, are of little avail; he will never make a first-rate orator—he will never make others feel what he does not feel himself, and will be as different from the thing he wishes to represent as a mask from a face.

There are many occasions on which a plain manner of speaking has great charms, both in the pulpit and at the bar; but there are many others in which all the pomp and dignity which the speaker is able to bestow on the words are scarcely sufficient. He can sometimes by mere vehemence, sometimes by true dignity, artfully hide defects, and give a seeming meaning to what has in itself scarcely any.

The reader who is able to distinguish the different passions,—to conceal in his reading what actually is, or seems to be faulty in his author,—to hide real blemishes, and palliate exceptionable passages,—in short, to add a new lustre to the beauties of his author, by well applied energy, or judicious ease and simplicity, has attained the highest excellence that the science of elocution can be-

stow. But without the faculty of *sensibility*, this excellence is unattainable.

"To speak the truth orators are like poets, who write elegies or other passionate verses; they must feel the passion they describe, else they can never paint it well. The greatest art imaginable can never speak like true passion, and undisguised nature; so that you will always be but an imperfect orator, if you be not thoroughly moved with those sentiments that you paint, and would infuse into others. Nor do I say this from a pious motive. I speak now as an orator."*

FIGURE AND FACE.

A commanding figure must be allowed to be of great consequence to an orator; as it inspires respect, and seldom fails to command attention at first sight. But the two celebrated orators of antiquity, and the majority of modern ones, have not been remarkable for any natural attractions. The truth is that the figure is almost always forgotten or overlooked in an orator gifted with the other perfections of his art. We lose sight of the man in the blaze of his intellect. We look on his soul as constituting the *man*. He leaves us no more time to criticise his figure than his sentiments. Over all our faculties he exercises "sovereign sway and masterdom." But it is otherwise with the FACE. Although we may pardon the absence of symmetry and complexion equal to those of an Apollo or an Adonis, still we insist on the features being undistorted; for there is great difference between deformity and the absence of beauty. Whoever possesses an *expressive* countenance, possesses one of the greatest natural gifts that can fall in the way of an orator. Every person is to a certain extent a physiognomist; indeed, he is *instinctively* so, and any one must have arrived at the very perfection of hypocrisy before he can make his features completely belie his thoughts and feelings. Hence the face has, in all ages, in all countries, by all persons, rude or civilized, been regarded as the undisguised inter-

* Fenelon.

preter of the mind. Any person strongly affected by any passion or emotion, cannot, in his countenance, disguise it. Even inferior animals read the countenance of man, and man reads theirs. Hence the importance of expressive features to an orator or actor.

The EYES have been denominated by Cicero, the *windows of the soul.* "They give indications of the mind more strongly than any other part, in all animals, particularly in man. In him they discover moderation, clemency, compassion, hatred, love, sorrow, joy. Their expression is also most various,—they are savage, fierce, flaring, serious, oblique, distorted, submissive, insinuating. *The soul assuredly inhabits the eyes.* They burn, they strain, they swim, they twinkle. From them drops the tear of compassion; and when we kiss them, we seem to touch the very soul. From them weeping rivers bedew the countenance. Whence is drawn that moisture in grief so abundant, and so quickly furnished; or where at other times does it remain? The sense of seeing is in the mind: perception is in the mind: the eyes like appropriate vessels, receive and transmit to it the visible particles. *It is for this reason that profound thought seems to deprive of sight, because the sense is withdrawn and turned inwards.*"* "In the countenance the eyes have the greatest power, for the very soul emanates through them, so that, exclusive of their motion, they brighten when cheerful, and are overcast with a sort of cloud in sadness. Nature has also supplied them with tears to indicate the feelings, which gush out in sorrow, and trickle down the cheeks in joy. By their motion they become attentive, remiss, proud, savage, mild, austere—expressions which they give as circumstances require. They sometimes look harsh and strained, or languid and dull, or stupified, or wanton and moving, or swimming, and suffused as it were with pleasure, and glancing oblique. But who, except a dunce or a fool, would keep them covered or closed when he speaks? And in order to bring about all these various expressions, the eyelids and the cheeks lend their assistance by their

* Pliny.

auxiliary service. The eyebrows also contribute much; for they give form, in a certain degree, to the eyes, and altogether govern the forehead. By them the forehead is contracted, raised, or lowered; and according as any circumstance particularly affects it, the blood, which is accelerated by the feelings of the mind, when it reaches the skin, delicate with modesty, is diffused in blushes; and when it suddenly retires through fear, it entirely forsakes the forehead, which it leaves pale and cold. When the blood is temperate the forehead appears like the serene sky. Anger is manifested by the contraction of the brows, sorrow by their depression, and cheerfulness by their relaxation, and in granting and refusing they are drawn down or raised up."*

Next to the eyes and brows, the most important feature is the mouth. "How must the dignity and composition of that most honoured mouth avail to detain the attention of the auditor! The mouth is the vestibule of the soul, the door of eloquence, and the place in which the thoughts hold their high debates; and that part of the man is placed in an elevated situation obvious to the sight, most pregnant in its use."† "But whatever may be that beauty and expression of the mouth which prepossesses in favour of an orator, a gracious mouth is to be desired on another very important account, which is for the advantage of more perfect articulation and delivery. An ill-formed, uncouth, underhung, or gaping mouth, can never finish perfectly and correctly the articulation of words, nor deliver them with that winning and irresistible grace, which delights the ear as well as the eye of every hearer. The authors of the fantastic tales of the fairies describe this talent very impressively as the gift of dropping at every word pearls and diamonds from the mouth. A near approach to this imaginary gift is made in real life by those who acquire the most perfect eloquence:—who join to correct and finished enunciation, the graces of a refined taste, and the riches of a cultivated mind. On their lips sit persuasion and delight, and the words

* Quintilian. † Cresollius.

which fall from them, precious and brilliant, may well be compared to the brightest gems."*

GESTURE

Is the external, and often the involuntary, expositor of internal feeling and emotion. It, with the *tones* of the voice, is the only universal language, and extends, even to the inferior animals. They all express their pleasure and pain by tones, looks, and gestures; and throughout the whole range, the most active of each species are the most remarkable for their vivacity and energy in this natural language. It is the most rapid and forcible method of transmitting passion and emotion from one person to another, and hence it is indispensable to an orator and an actor;—so much so, that it is impossible to excel without it, in either of these professions. No person of a sluggish temper, can hope to rouse his fellow-men to encounter danger, or to overcome difficulties, by speaking to them, unless, by his gesture and tones, he appears to be himself actuated by the very passions and motives with which he wishes them to be inspired. A phlegmatic man may, perhaps, excel as a mathematician or metaphysician, or he may write an eloquent book, but he cannot be an orator. To be this, his words, his looks, his motions must *glow*.

Gesture, to a certain extent, is guided by conventional rules; but, in this as in every other faculty, NATURE is the pre-eminent mistress, and she differs in different men: what may be natural in one, may be ridiculous in another Now the business of the teacher is to discover what the natural gesture of a man may be, and to make that beautiful. It is impossible to give instructions in this branch of education except by example. Hence a teacher is often obliged to overdo his gestures for the purpose of making them more perceptible to his pupils, but he ought to caution them against the perpetual seesaw of the arms, which is so prevalent among school-boys, and which disgusts the eye by its insipidity, as much as monotony and indiscri-

* Austin.

minate emphasis disgust the ear; but it has been observed that a person, by throwing himself into the proper attitude, and endeavouring to utter the language of a certain passion, actually becomes affected by that passion. We see this verified daily on the stage. "The ornaments of eloquence consist in correct delivery and suitable gestures of the body; and he who arms himself with these, assaults his hearers in three ways. He invades their understandings by the energy of his thoughts; he holds their ears captive, to be chained by his voice, and their eyes to be chained by his gesture. What if you had heard Demosthenes himself! He who was himself so great an orator, and who had been so recently his bitter adversary, admired the force and ardour of his enemy's delivery so much, that he acknowledged himself to be unequal to read what the other had written. He had experienced the irresistible lightning of his eyes—had been borne down by the terror of his countenance—and had felt impressed on every word the sound of his voice, together with his most energetic gestures. Therefore, although nothing can be added to his orations, yet in Demosthenes is wanting great part of Demosthenes, since he must be read, and cannot be heard."*

INFLEXIONS.

The voice consists of two slides, or inflexions—the *rising* inflexion, marked thus (′), denotes a *sliding* of the voice from a grave to an acute tone; the *falling* marked thus (‵), denotes a sliding of the voice from an acute to a grave tone.

The *circumflex* is a combination of both inflexions: the *rising* one is marked thus (∨), and the *falling* one thus (∧). Both these modes of voice are used chiefly in irony.

The third mode is called *monotone*, and is marked thus (¯). This mode is used chiefly in solemn reading.

These inflexions must be learned viva voce.

* Val. Max.

TABLE OF INFLEXIONS.

Did he speak distinctly, or ìndistinctly?	He speaks distìnctly, not índistinctly.
Did he say árbitrary, or àrbitrary?	He said àrbitrary, not árbitrary.
Did he say aríthmetic, or arìthmetic?	He said arìthmetic, not aríthmetic.
Did he say hómely, or hòmely?	He said hòmely, not hómely.
Did he say fánatic, or fànatic?	He said fànatic, not fánatic.
Did he say loúdness, or loùdness?	He said loùdness, not loúdness.
Did he say moúntain, or moùntain?	He said moùntain, not moúntain.
Did he say captain, or càptain?	He said càptain, not cáptain.
Did he say líly, or lìly?	He said lìly, not líly.
Did he say lábour, or làbour?	He said làbour, not lábour.
Did he say líttle, or lìttle?	He said lìttle, not líttle.
Did he say schóol, or schòol?	He said schoòl, not schoól.
Did he say bóne, or bòne?	He said bòne, not bóne.
Did he say dóne, or dòne?	He said dòne, not dóne.
Did he say shóne, or shòne?	He said shòne, not shóne.
Did he say tínt, or tìnt?	He said tìnt, not tínt.
Did he say pínt, or pìnt?	He said pìnt, not pínt.
Did he say rúle, or rùle?	He said rùle, not rúle.

Homer was the greater génius; Virgil the better àrtist: in the one, we most admire the mán; in the other, the wòrk. Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuósity; Virgil leads us with an attractive màjesty. Homer scatters with a generous profúsion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnìficence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden óverflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant strèam.

The style of Dryden is capricious and váried; that of Pope is cautious and ùniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mínd; Pope constrains his mind to his rules of composìtion. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rápid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gèntle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetátion; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the ròller. If the flights of Dryden are hígher, Pope continues longer on the wìng. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter; of Pope's the heat is more regular and cònstant. Dryden often surpásses expectation, and Pope never falls belòw it. Dryden is read with frequent astónishment, and Pope with perpetual delìght.

EMPHASIS.

By changing the emphasis to different words in the two following sentences, the meaning is completely altered.

I did not say he told *me*. I did not say he *told* me. I did not say *he* told me. I did not *say* he told me. I did *not* say he told me. *I* did not say he told me.

I do not ride to town *to-day*. I do not ride to *town* to-day. I do not *ride* to town to-day. *I* do not ride to town to-day.

The *emphasis* with the rising inflexion leaves the assertion doubtful as to the antithesis; that with the *falling* asserts the same of the antithesis that it does of the emphasis.

> "Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
> Most have the *séeds* of judgment in their mind!"

By putting the rising inflexion on the word *seeds* in this sentence, we assert that most have the *seeds* of judgment, which is the emphatic part; but we do *not* assert that they have the judgment itself, which is the antithesis.

> "A dày, an hòur, of virtuous liberty,
> Is worth a whole *etèrnity* in bondage."

When in this sentence we assert that a day, or hour, is worth an *eternity*, which is the emphasis, we also necessarily assert that it is worth *years*, which is the antithesis.

EXERCISE.

The poor *beetlè* that we tread upon, in corporal sufferance, feels a pang as great, as when a *giant* dies.

> 'Tis not in *fòlly* not to scorn a *fóol*.
> And who but *wìshes* to invert the laws
> Of order, sins against the eternal cause.

Better is a dinner of *hèrbs* where *lóve* is, than a stalled *òx*, and hatred therewith.

> Had she been true,
> If heaven would make me such another *wòrld*
> Of one entire and perfect *chrỳsolite*,
> I'd not exchange her for it.

INTERROGATIVE SENTENCES.

Questions asked by verbs end with the rising inflexion. Questions asked by pronouns and adverbs end with the falling inflexion.

Has *chance*—has this mysterious word, enacted the diurnal and annual revolution of the glóbe, and consequently the season of action, and the season of repóse?—the gradual increase and diminution of heat and cóld? with the grateful vicissitudes of the seasóns? Did accident bid all the trees of the forest wave their stately heads on hígh?

Who has diffused around us so genial an àtmosphere? Whence breathes the gale of fràgrance? Who has given the family of flowers those balmy òdours? Who has dressed them in that infinity of forms and còlours? For whom breathes that aerial music in the groves and wòods?

Questions opposed to each other must have opposite inflexions :—as

Shall we crówn the author of these calámities?—or shall we destròy him?

In *question and answer, the question should be put in a high clear tone, and after a suitable pause, the answer should be returned in a low, firm tone :*—as

Can honor set to a lĕg? nò! or an árm? nò! or take away the grief of a woúnd? nò! What is hònor?—air.

Sentences requiring the Circumflex.

All our other calamities were tôlerable, but no one can patiently bear the death of Clŏdius.

Hamlet, you have your father much offended! Madam, yôu have my father much offended.

I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel; bnt when the parties had met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*,—as, if you said *sŏ*, then I said sô: òh, hŏ—did you say sŏ? so they shook hands, and were sworn brothers.

When a negative and positive sentence come together, the negative must have the rising, and the positive the falling inflexion.

Virtue is of intrinsic value and good desert; not the creature of wíll, but necessary and immùtable; not local or témporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the divine mìnd; not a mode of sensâtion, but everlasting trùth; not dependent on pówer, but the guide of àll power.

A parenthesis should always be pronounced differently from the rest of the sentence, generally lower and faster: —as

What are our views of all worldly things (and the same appearances they would always have, if the same thoughts were always predomínant), when a sharp or tedious sickness has set death before our eyes, and the last hour seems to be approaching?

If there's a power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her wórks) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.

PAUSES.

Besides the pauses which are necessary to regulate the grammatical structure,—and in some respects the reading of a sentence,—there are others whose sole use is grace and emphasis; and the beauty and force of a sentence are set off by nothing more than by the proper and tasteful application of these emphatic pauses: no part of oratory evinces so much judgment,—or arrests the attention of an audience, as a *well-suited* pause. It would be useless to insert any praxis here, as there is no kind of reading—in prose or poetry, pathetic, didactic, or sublime—that does not in every paragraph, furnish copious examples. Read or speak *slowly;* and suit your *pause* well, and you will rarely fail to command attention.

"Learn to speak *slow;* all other graces
Will follow in their proper places." *Dr. Enfield.*

DECLENSIONS.

The following is an excellent method for making young pupils acquainted with the declensions of English. The Tables should be committed to memory, and pupils made to practise the formula on other words.*

I.

Love,.....Noun.		Love,.....	Noun of the person.
Love,.....Verb.			
Lovely,.....Adjective.		Loveliness,.....	Noun of the thing.
Unlovely,.....Negative adj.			

* For these Tables the compiler is indebted to a small but very ingenious and comprehensive school dictionary, published in London, twenty-six years ago, by a popular teacher, named Mylius.

II.

Govern,	Verb.
Governor,	Noun of the person.
Governess,	
Government,	Noun of the thing.
Governance,	
Governable,	Adj.
Ungovernable,	Neg. adj.

III.

Joy,	Noun.
Enjoy,	Verb.
Joyful,	Adj.
Joyous,	
Joyless,	Neg. adj.
Unjoyful,	
Unjoyous,	
Joyfulness,	Noun of thing.
Enjoyment,	
Joylessness,	
Joyfully,	Adverb.
Joyously,	
Joylessly,	
Unjoyfully,	
Unjoyously,	

IV.

Need,	Noun.
Need,	Verb.
Needy,	Adj. of the person.
Needful,	Adj. of the thing.
Unneeded,	Neg. adj.
Needless,	
Neediness,	Personal noun.
Needfulness,	Noun of the thing.
Needlessness,	
Needlessly,	Adv.
Needfully,	

V.

Move,	Verb.
Move,	Noun.
Moveable,	Adj. passive.
Moving,	Adj. active.
Motionless,	Neg. adj.
Unmoved,	
Immoveable,	
Mover,	Noun of the person.
Motive,	Noun of the cause.
Motion,	Noun of the thing.
Movement,	
Immoveably,	Adv.

VI.

Vary,	Verb.
Varying,	Adj.
Variable,	
Various,	
Invariable,	Neg. adj.
Unvaried,	
Unvarying,	
Variety,	Noun of the thing.
Variance,	
Variableness,	
Invariableness,	
Variably,	Adv.

VII.

Please,	Verb.
Displease,	Neg. verb.
Pleasing,	Adj.
Pleasant,	
Pleasurable,	
Unpleasing,	Neg. adj.
Unpleasant,	
Displeasing,	
Pleasure,	Noun of feeling.
Displeasure,	
Pleasantry,	Noun of thing felt.
Pleasantness,	
Pleasantly,	Adv.
Unpleasantly,	

VIII.

Grace,	Noun.
Grace,	Verb.
Graceful,	Adj.
Gracious,	

Graceless, ...	Neg. adj.
Disgraceful, ...	Neg. adj.
Ungraceful, ...	Neg. adj.
Ungracious, ...	Neg. adj.
Disgrace, ...	Neg. noun.
Disgrace, ...	Neg. verb.
Gracefulness, ...	Noun of the thing.
Graciousness, ...	Noun of the thing.
Ungracefulness,	Noun of the thing.
Ungraciousness,	Noun of the thing.
Gracefully, ...	Adv.
Graciously, ...	Adv.
Ungracefully, ...	Adv.
Ungraciously, ...	Adv.
Disgracefully, ...	Adv.

SAXON PREFIXES.

A, *on*, *at*, as *aboard*, *abreast*.
Be, *make*, *by*, as *becalm*, *because*.
Un, *negative*, as *unwilling*, *untie*.
Mis, *ill*, as *misapply*, *misconduct*.
Fore, *before*, as *foretold*.
For, *not*, as *forbid*.
With, *back*, *against*, as *withhold*, *withstand*.
Out, *over*, *beyond*, as *outbid*, *outlive*.
Over, *above*, *beyond*, as *overflow*, *overreach*.
En, *to make*, as *enlarge*, *enable*.
En, or em, *to put into*, as *empower*, *enfold*.
Under, *below*, as *undermine*.

AFFIXES.

Eer, ar, *one who does*, as *pioneer*, *liar*.
Ee, *one who is*, as *trustee*.
Er, *more*, as *higher*.
S, es, *more than one*, as *hands*, *boxes*.
S, es, *does*, as *enlists*, *seizes*.
Est, *dost*, as *charmest*.
Est, *most*, as *ablest*.
Eth, *doth*, as *falleth*.
Ed, *did*, as *branded*.
Ing, *going on*, as *working*.
Less, *without*, as *toothless*.
Ful, *full of*, as *powerful*.
Y, *having*, as *wealthy*.
Ish, *like*, as *wolfish*.
Some, *a little*, *giving*, as *gamesome*, *gladsome*.
Ness, *state of being*, as *sickness*.
Th, *state of being*, as *warmth*, *health*
Ly, *like*, as *courtly*, *manly*.
Ling, *little*, *young*, as *fatling*, *sapling*.
Let, et, ock, *small*, as *streamlet*, *casket*, *hillock*.
Ward, *direction*, as *homeward*.
En, *make*, as *fasten*, *shorten*.
Ment, *what is*, as *judgment*.
Age, *to do*, *to be*, as *manage*, *nonage*.

LATIN PREFIXES.

A, ab, abs, *from*, *away*.
Ad, a, ac, af, ag, al, an, ap, ar, as, at, *to*, *at*.
Am, amb, *round* or *about*.
Ante, *before*.
Circum, circu, *about*.
Cis, *on this side of*.
Con, co, cog, col, com, cor, *with*, *together*.
Contra, counter, *against*.
De, *down*, *from*.
Dis, di, dif, *asunder*.
Dis, *not*, or *the contrary of*.
Ex, e, ef, *out*, or *out of*.

Extra, *beyond.*
In, ig, il, im, ir, *not.*
In, il, im, ir, *in, on,* or *into.*
Inter, *between, among.*
Intro, *in, inward.*
Juxta, *near.*
Ob, o, oc, of, op, *against, in the way of.*
Per, pel, *through, wholly.*
Post, *after.*
Pre, *before.*
Preter, *beyond.*
Pro, por, pur, *for, forward.*
Re, *back, again.*
Retro, *backward.*
Se, *aside, apart.*
Sine, sin, *without.*
Subter, *under, beneath.*
Sub, suc, suf, sug, sup, sus, *under after.*
Super, supra, sur, *above, over.*
Trans, tra, *across, beyond.*
Ultra, *beyond.*
Non, *not.*
Bene, *good, well.*
Male, mal, *bad, evil.*
Omni, *all, every.*
Vice, *for, instead of.*
Ulti, mult, *many.*
Recti, rect, *straight, right.*

GREEK PREFIXES.

A, an, *without.*
Amphi, *round about.*
Ana, *up, back, again.*
Anti, ant, *opposite, against.*
Apo, ap, *away from.*
Cata, cate, *down, through.*
Dia, *through.*
Ec, ex, *out, out of.*
En, em, *in, on.*
Epi, ep, *upon, to.*
Hyper, *above, beyond.*
Hypo, *under, beyond.*
Meta, *according to, beyond.*
Para, *near, beside.*
Peri, *round, near.*
Mono, *one, only.*
Dis, di, *two, twice.*
Tri, *three, thrice.*
Tetra, *four.*
Penta, *five.*
Hexa, *six.*
Hepta, *seven.*
Octa, *eight.*
Enne, *nine.*
Deca, *ten.*
Poly, *many.*
Ortho, *right, straight.*
Hetero, *wrong, unlike.*
Eu, ev, *well.*
Calo, *beautiful.*
Syn, sy, syl, sym, *together.*
Miso, *hating.*
Philo, *loving.*
Arch, *chief.*
Caco, *bad, evil.*
Hemi, demi, semi, *half.*
Pseudo, *false.*
Oid, *form, shape.*

AFFIXES CHIEFLY LATIN AND GREEK.

1.—*Those of Nouns.*

Eer, or, = *er, one that is, or does.*
An, ary, ist, ite, *one skilled in, or connected with.*
Ard, *one like, or disposed to be.*
Ant, ent, = *ing, one being or doing.*
Acy, ance, ence, ancy, ency, *a being, or state of being.*
Ity, ety, ty, tude, = *ness, state of being.*
Tion, sion, ion, ment, ism, ure, *act of, result of, or state of being.*

Ry, ery, *condition, practice, or collection.*
Escence, *a becoming, or a growing.*
Head, hood, ship, dom, *state, rank, power, possession.*
Logy, graphy, nomy, *account, writing, description.*
Meter, *measure.*

2.—*Those of Adjectives.*

Ant, ent, the same as *ing* in English.
Ous, ose, aceous, = *ful, having, belonging to.*
An, ane, ine, ar, al, ac, ic, ical, *like, belonging to, or in manner of.*
Ory, ive, fic, *tending to, making, or belonging to.*
Escent, *becoming, or growing.*
Able, ible, ile, *fit or able to be, or do.*
Ate, ete, ite, id, = *ed, made, being, having.*

3.—*Those of Verbs.*

Ate, fy, ise, ize, ish, = *en, make, cause, or act like.*

DEMONSTRATION OF THE PASSIONS, FEELINGS, ETC.

ABHORRENCE; draws back the body, averts the head, holds up the hands, with the palms turned outwards in a repelling manner; an expression of loathing on the countenance.

ADJURATION; takes an attitude between imploring and commanding, one foot thrown in advance, the right arm raised, the head elevated, the expression earnest and rather anxious.

ADMIRATION; raises the eyes, opens the mouth, the hands raised, a pleased or delighted expression on the countenance.

ADORATION, DEVOTION; bends the knees, the body forward, spreads the arms, hands open, tone of voice trembling, equal, suppliant, words slowly delivered.

AFFECTION; the attitude easy and unconstrained, a benignant smile on the countenance, the words smoothly delivered in a pleasing tone of voice. In serious passages AFFECTION assimilates to the less violent forms of GRIEF.

AFFECTATION; affects to imitate, but in an overstrained or exaggerated and unnatural manner, throws the face, body, looks, and gestures, into every variety of shape and grimace, and by overacting makes the appearance and the person ridiculous.

AGITATION; the body shakes or totters, the voice trembling and broken.

ALARM; starts, looks anxiously in the direction from which danger is apprehended, raises the left arm as a shield to the body; voice slightly subdued but earnest, partaking of FEAR.

ANGER, RAGE; stretches the neck, shakes the head, inflames the

eyes, knits the brows, opens the mouth wide, wrinkles, and blunts the face, gnashes the teeth, convulses the chest, clenches the fists, stamps with the feet, interrupts the breath, agitates the whole body, utters the words with harshness, rapidity, noise, and violence.

ANGUISH; (*of body*) twists and strains the body, turns the head, widens and extends the mouth, contorts the eyes, expression of suffering pain, voice sharp and deep. ANGUISH; (*of mind*) uses more gesticulation, and less contortion.

ANIMATION: throws life, vigour, and action into the whole figure, head erect, limbs straight and free, carriage graceful and lively, countenance open and pleasing; voice full, quick, and buoyant.

ANXIETY; restlessly moves the body from spot to spot, raises the hand to the forehead, and quickly withdraws it, eye restless and wild.

APPREHENSION; with apparent unconsciousness agitates the hands, raises them sometimes to the bosom, sometimes to the head, produces sudden intervals of rest and motion, and gives the body an appearance of watching for something.

ARROGANCE; struts about, or rests the body on the wide-spread legs, the arms and hands thrown out, the head and whole body thrown proudly back.

ASSURANCE; body and head erect, step firm, eyes thrown forward, voice loud and bold; a modified form of IMPUDENCE, which see.

ASTONISHMENT; raises the eyes and opens them wide, opens the mouth, raises the hands before the chest, throws the body forward, utterance slow but very emphatic.

ATTENTION, INQUIRY; fixes the body in one position, bends it a little forward, the eyes alternately looking downward, and respectfully fixed on the face of the speaker.

AUTHORITY; opens the countenance, gives the look an air of severity, nods the head, projects the hand firmly, looks steadily at the object commanded.

AVERSION; draws back the body, throws out the hands with the fingers spread to keep the object away, averts the face, contracts the brows, curls the upper lip, sets the teeth, eyes look obliquely and disdainfully at the hated object: voice low, surly, harsh, vehement, abrupt.

AWE; a modification of *Fear*, which see.

BOASTING; throws the arms a-kimbo, stamps the foot, draws the head proudly back, blusters, swaggers, struts, and swells the voice into bombast.

BUFFOONERY; assumes an arch, leering, stern gravity, sets all around into fits of laughter, but still retains its imperturbable gravity.

BURLESQUE; imitates the different passions by seizing on the more prominent features of each, and exaggerating them to such an extent, as to render them ludicrous.

Cheerfulness; smoothes and composes the whole body and face, moves the eyes easily from one object to another, smiles gently, and opens the mouth a little.

Compassion; the eyes cast down upon the object, left hand raised, palm outwards, fingers slightly spread, look of sympathy on the countenance, body a little bent, voice earnest, rather sad.

Confidence; erects the figure, raises the head, gives fullness and strength to the voice, limbs straight, step firm, eyes well opened, brow expanded, lips together but not compressed, look bold but without arrogance.

Consternation; partakes of the character of Fear, but is more abrupt, commencing with a sudden start and a shrinking of the body backwards and downwards, and is of shorter duration.

Contempt; curves the upper lip, knits and averts the eyes, throws out the hand slowly, towards the despised object.

Courage; the figure erect, head thrown back, eye open and bright, expression eager, step firm, voice loud, clear, and bold.

Courtesy; bends the body gracefully towards the object (avoiding the air of *condescension* or *patronage*, unless especially called for by the character of the composition), attitudes elegant, easy; voice clear, well modulated, and rather soft.

Cunning; throws up the hands, gives the eyes a vacant stare, puts the legs close, bends the knees, gives the whole figure an air of simplicity; an occasional meaning glance from the eyes takes away the appearance of stupidity.

Curiosity; opens the eyes and mouth, stretches the neck, bends and fixes the body, raises and opens the hands, and gives the eyes an inquiring look.

Defiance; throws back the body and head, the right arm raised, one foot advanced, the voice loud and bold.

Dejection; hangs the arms listlessly, makes the face languid, stoops the body, and appears to bend it at every step: voice weak, articulation difficult.

Delight; spreads a pleased expression over the countenance, the eye gazing, or the ear listening attentively, the mouth a little open, the eye sparkling, the voice clear, the utterance rather rapid.

Despair; bends the eyebrows, clouds the forehead, rolls the eyes frightfully, opens the mouth, bites the lips, widens the nostrils, gnashes the teeth; the head hung down upon the breast; the arms bent at the elbows; the fists clenched hard; veins and muscles swelled; the whole body strained and violently agitated; groans expressive of inward torture, words sullen, with eager bitterness; tone loud and furious.

Desperation; the head thrown back, the eye wild and glaring, the face twitched by nervous workings, the arms tossed about, the gesticulation violent, the voice loud and hoarse, occasionally overpowered by excitement.

Discontent; sets the teeth, knits the brow, stalks abruptly

backwards and forwards, gesticulates with the arms, stamps the foot, talks vehemently and harshly, or in a low muttering tone.

Disdain; averts the head, curls the upper lip, throws oblique glances at the object, an expression approaching to a smile on the countenance, the body drawn upwards, and backwards, the voice smooth and sneering.

Doubt; moves the body from place to place by quick impulses, suddenly stops, appears to think, the head downcast and the eyes abstracted, starts again, throws up the arms or the head, and speaks by fits and starts, quickly and with long pauses between the sentences; sometimes the words are slowly and draggingly uttered with a half pause between each.

Entreaty; the body thrown forward, the eyes earnestly fixed on the person spoken to, the hands raised beseechingly, the voice low and earnest, the words free and flowing.

Fascination; fixes the eyes and the body, as if by a power compelling against the will; the ear listening, with the head turned a little to one side, or the eye intently watching; the voice rather low, the gestures few.

Fear; opens the mouth and eyes wide, shortens the nose, eyebrows downcast, gives the face a deadly paleness, and gives it an air of wildness; draws back the elbows close to the sides, lifts up the open hands, the fingers together, to the height of the breast, so that the palms face the dreadful object as shields opposed to it; the body shrinking and seemingly in a posture of defence; breath quick and short; the body thrown into general tremour; voice weak and trembling; sentences short, confused, and incoherent.

Ferocity; sets the teeth, glares with the eyes, holds the hands as if about to tear, voice harsh and savage.

Frenzy; excites the body, throws up the arms, glares with the eyes, gnashes the teeth, tears the hair, rushes to and fro, all actions and gestures wild and violent, voice loud and screaming.

Grief; *sudden and violent*, beats the head, grovels on the ground; tears the clothes, hair, and flesh; screams, weeps, stamps; lifts the eyes from time to time to heaven; hurries to and fro.

Hate; the eyes gleam, the teeth pressed together, the lips apart, the mouth extended, the head shakes with passion, the hands work nervously, the voice earnest and strongly accented.

Haughtiness; throws one of the arms a-kimbo, sometimes thrusts the other into the bosom, throws back the head, crosses and stiffens the legs if standing, or struts consequentially if walking; gives the face and eyes an air of self-importance.

Hope; brightens the face, arches the brows, gives the eyes an eager look, opens the mouth nearly to a smile, bends the body forward, feet equal; spreads the arms with the hands open, as if to receive the object of its longings; tone eager, and inclining to joy.

Horror; stares fixedly with the eyes, the brows drawn together, the nostrils distended, the lips a little apart, the body fixed and

shrinking, the hand sometimes drawn across the brow, as if to clear it of something which oppresses it; the voice deep toned and harsh, occasionally interrupted.

Impatience; speaks abruptly, quick, and with energy; all actions and gestures sudden and rapid.

Irony; is delivered in a marked tone of voice, the more prominent words having an extra emphasis, and the look and tone expressing that a different or directly contrary meaning is implied to that which is spoken.

Jealousy; is a ferment of love, hatred, hope, fear, shame, anxiety, grief, pity, envy, pride, rage, cruelty, vengeance, madness, and every other tormenting passion. It shows itself by restlessness, peevishness, thoughtfulness, anxiety, and absence of mind; and exhibits the subject a prey to the most tormenting feelings, alternately tantalized by hope and despair.

Joy; shows itself by clapping the hands, exulting, and weeping; the eyes opened wide, sometimes filled with tears, often raised to heaven; the countenance smiling, but the features aggravated, the voice rising at times to very high notes.

Love; lights the face up into smiles; the forehead smooth and expanded; the eyebrows arched, mouth a little open and smiling; eyes languishing and half-shut, as doting on the object; the countenance eager, but mixed with an air of satisfaction and repose; accent soft; tone various, persuasive, flattering, pathetic, musical, rapturous, as in joy; both hands sometimes pressed to the bosom. When unsuccessful it adds an air of anxiety and melancholy.

Meditation; raises the eyes to heaven, or fixes them on the ground, countenance composed and full of thought, the head occasionally rested on the hand, the gestures few and graceful, the voice soft, slow, and well paused.

Melancholy; is gloomy, sedentary, motionless; lower jaw falls; lips pale; eyes downcast, half-shut; tears trickling silently and unwiped, with a total inattention to every thing that passes; words dragged out rather than spoken; accents weak, and interrupted; sighs breaking into the middle of sentences and words.

Modesty, bends the body forward; levels the eyes to the breast or to the feet of the superior character; voice low; tone submissive.

Obsequiousness, bends the body forward into a cringeing position, raises the hand with the fingers open, bends the knees, and gives the face an air of mixed eagerness and fawning.

Perplexity; draws the eyebrows down; hangs the head upon the breast; draws down the eyes; shuts and pinches the eyelids close; shuts the mouth, and pinches the lips close, or bites them; sometimes one hand covers the eyes, or rubs the forehead, or the arms are crossed on the breast; suddenly the whole body seems vehemently agitated; the person walks about busily, stops abruptly; then talks to himself, or makes grimaces; if he speaks to another, his pauses are very long; the tone of voice unvarying, and his sen-

tences broken, apparently expressing half, and retaining half of what arises in his mind.

PITY; looks upon distress with uplifted hands, brows drawn down, mouth open, features drawn together. Expression, as to looks and gestures, the same as SUFFERING, but more moderate.

PRIDE; assumes a lofty look, bordering on anger; eyes open, but the brows drawn a little down; mouth pouting, nearly shut, and lips pinched close; words uttered with a slow, stiff, bombastic affectation of importance; arms often a-kimbo; legs at a distance from each other, and taking large tragedy strides.

RAGE. See *Anger*. Rage may be more furious and violent than anger.

RAILLERY; *without animosity*, is like cheerfulness; tone less sprightly, and with slight sarcasm. *With contempt, or disgust*, it squints from time to time at the object, and quits its cheerful aspect for one mixed between an affected grin and sourness; upper lip drawn up with an air of disdain; right hand thrown out now and then towards the object, as if to strike a back-hand *slight* blow: pitch of voice rather loud; tone arch and sneering; sentences short; expressions satirical, intermixed with mock-praise.

RAPTURE. See *Delight*. Rapture is more violent in its action and higher in its tones.

REFLECTION. See *Meditation*. The action and voice of REFLECTION may be more quick and varied than in MEDITATION, the changes more sudden.

REMORSE; a painful sense of guilt, casts the face down and clouds it with anxiety; hangs the head; draws the brows over the eyes; right hand beats the breast; teeth gnash with anguish; the whole body is strained and violently agitated. If this strong remorse be succeeded by penitence, or contrition, as in "Satan's address to the Sun," the eyes are raised, but with great doubting and fear, to the throne of mercy, and immediately cast down again, floods of tears follow, the knees bend, the body prostrates; the arms are spread in a suppliant posture, and the voice of deprecation is uttered with sighs, groans, timidity, and trembling.

REPROACH; contracts the brow, turns the lip scornfully up, shakes the head; voice low, as if abhorring, and the whole body expressing aversion.

REVENGE, MALICE; draws the mouth towards the ear; sends horrid flashes from the eyes; gnashes the teeth, or projects the under jaw; bends and strains the elbows and clenches the fists. The expression and tone of voice resemble those of anger.

SARCASM, SATIRE; is delivered in a jibing, jeering tone and manner, the words well enunciated and emphasized.

SCORN; throws the hand out, the palm towards the object scorned, the fingers spread, the face averted, lips curved, the brows drawn down, the eyes full of contempt.

SHAME; turns the face from the beholders, covers it with blushes,

hangs the head, casts down the eyes and brows; if the person attempts to speak, he falters, and seems confounded; he is driven to numerous gestures and awkward grimaces, endeavouring in vain to gain self-possession.

SORROW; (*violent*) is full of action, the arms are thrown up, the hands wrung above the head or before the breast, the head thrown back, the voice loud, sometimes screaming, and in sudden bursts:—(*silent*) the head droops on the breast, the body rocks to and fro, the whole appearance dejected, the voice low and wailing.

SURPRISE. See *Astonishment* and *Wonder*.

SUSPICION; fixes the eye on its object with a side glance of doubt, or ironical smile; raises the body slightly, and often lays the forefinger of the right hand on the right cheek.

TREPIDATION; a modification of FEAR (which see). TREPIDATION is not so violent as FEAR.

TRIUMPH; the head and body erect, the carriage and action bold and energetic, the voice full and exulting.

VENERATION; raises the head and eyes with some timidity, which are immediately and respectfully cast down again; the whole body, limbs, and features, composed to profound gravity, and remaining in one posture during the whole performance of the duty; the knees bent, body prostrate, or, if standing, bent forward; the arms modestly spread on the breast, hands open; voice submissive, timid, equal, suppliant, earnest; words slow, and deep toned.

VIVACITY. See *Animation*.

WONDER, AMAZEMENT; opens the eyes very prominently, raises them at times to the skies, but oftener fixes them on the object if present, with a look of wildness; the body fixed in the contracted, stooping posture of amazement; the mouth open, the hands held up open, nearly in the attitude of fear (see *Fear*); at first it stops all utterance, but shortly breaks out into exclamations, and a copious flow of words.

Pupils should go over the foregoing demonstrations one by one, selecting from the Extracts, in the following pages, passages suitable to each, and carefully exercising themselves in each passion. Discretion will suggest to every speaker or reader the *degree* of expression to be used in the violent and moderate passions, as well as the proper *mixture* of different expressions, suited to the *mixed passions*. The list is sufficiently copious for examples, and will be suggestive of infinite variety to the considerate reader.

THE

ACADEMIC SPEAKER.

IMMORTALITY.

[1] Seriousness, the voice suspended at the end of each sentence. [2] Awe, the voice lowered and deepened. [3] Admiration, voice suspended at the end of each sentence. [4] Confidence, voice lowered.

[1] WHEN I think of myself as existing through all future ages—as surviving this earth, and that sky—as exempted from every imperfection and error of my present being,—as clothed with an angel's glory—as comprehending with my intellect, and embracing in my affections, an extent of creation, compared with which the earth is a point;—when I think of myself—as looking on the outward universe, with an organ of vision that will reveal to me a beauty, and harmony, and order, not now imagined—and as having an access to the minds of the wise and good, which will make them in a sense my own;—when I think of myself—as forming friendships with innumerable beings, of rich and various intellect, and of the noblest virtue—as introduced to the society of heaven—as meeting there the great and excellent, of whom I have read in history—as joined with the "just made perfect," in an ever-enlarging ministry of benevolence—as conversing with Jesus Christ, with the familiarity of friendship—and especially, as having an immediate intercourse with God, such as the closest intimacies of earth dimly shadow forth;—[2] when this thonght of my future being comes upon me,—whilst I hope, I also fear, the blessedness seems too great; the consciousness of present weakness and unworthiness is almost too strong for hope.

[3] Bnt when, in this frame of mind, I look round on the creation, and sce there the marks of an Omnipotent Goodness, to which no-

thing is impossible, and from which every thing may be hoped—when I see aronnd me the proofs of an Infinite Father, who must desire the perpetual progress of his intellectual offspring—when I look, next, at the human mind, and see what powers a few years have unfolded, and discern in it the capacity of everlasting improvement,—and, especially, when I look at Jesus, the conqueror of death, the heir of immortality, who has gone, as the forerunner of mankind, into the mansions of light and purity,—[4] I can and do admit the almost overpowering thought, of the everlasting life—growth—felicity of the human soul.—*Channing.*

HEALING THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

[1] Plaintive. [2] Deep pathos. [3] Plaintive. [4] Extreme admiration. [5] Solemn authority. [6] Surprise rising into deep-toned affection.

[1] FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance,
Her thin pale fingers clasp'd within the hand
Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.
The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And as it stirr'd with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from the languid eyes,
And her slight fingers mov'd, and heavily
She turn'd upon her pillow. [2] He was there—
The same lov'd, tireless watcher, and she look'd
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast falling tears, and with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness, murmuring his name,
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
And kiss'd it as she wept. The old man sunk
Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains buried up his face—
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirr'd with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
Had ceas'd its pressure, and he could not hear
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils, and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse, and at her mouth
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Ach'd with its deathly stillness.

[3] Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—
The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in her tapering nails;
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life,
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins—
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung
Like airy shadows, floating as they slept.
[4] 'Twas heavenly beautiful. [5] The Saviour rais'd
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said
"Maiden! Arise!"—[6] And suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead and along her lips,
And through her cheek the rallied colour ran,
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirr'd in the linen vesture; and she clasp'd
The Saviour's hand, and, fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance—Arose! *N. P. Willis.*

PAUL AT ATHENS.

[1] Animated narrative, voice firm and elevated. [2] Voice still elevated, and varied. [3] Descriptive, impressive, elevated voice. [4] Graphic sketching, the voice assuming the tones corresponding with the different characters. [5] Awe and confidence. [6] Tones deep, slow, impressive.

[1] There was something, to such a one as Paul, that was spirit-stirring in the mighty array that he had to cope with at Athens. He was full of courage and of hope, In the cause of Christ he had gone on conquering, and would trust that, even here, he came to conqner. He felt that it was enough, even if he saved but one, to recompense the effort and the peril—that it was enough, if, by his faithfulness, he only delivered his own soul. But his was a mind to look and aim at more than this. He felt the splendour of the triumph there would be in levelling the wisdom of Athens, and the

idolatry of Athens, at the foot of the cross—in making Jupiter, Neptune, and all their tribes give place to Jehovah,—and Zeno, and Epicurus, and Aristotle, and Plato, and Socrates, succumb to the man of Nazareth. He burned to make Olympns bow its awful head, and cast down its coronet of gods, at His feet who dwelt in Zion; and the pæans of Bacchus and Apollo were, in his ear, but preludes to the swelling "song of Moses and the Lamb."

[2] Animated by such feelings, we may now regard Paul, in what must have been one of the most interesting moments of even his eventful life, preparing himself on the hill of Mars to address an auditory of Athenians on behalf of Christianity. He would feel the imposing associations of the spot on which he stood, where justice had been administered in its most awful form, by characters the most venerable, in the darkness of night, under the canopy of heaven, with the solemnities of religion, and with an authority, which legal institution and public opinion had assimilated rather with the decrees of conscience and of the gods, than with the ordinary power of human tribunals. [3] He would look around on many an immortal trophy of architect and sculptor, where genius had triumphed, but triumphed only in the cause of that idolatry to which they were dedicated, and for which they existed. And beyond the city, clinging round its temples, like its inhabitants to their enshrined idols, would open on his view that lovely country, and the sublime ocean, and the serene heavens bending over them, and bearing that testimony to the universal Creator, which man and man's works withheld. And with all, would Grecian glory be connected; the brightness of a day that was closing, and of a sun that had already set; where recollections of grandeur faded into sensations of melancholy. And he would gaze on a thronging anditory, the representatives to his fancy of all that had been, and of all that was; and think of the intellects with which he had to grapple, and of the hearts in whose very core he aimed to plant the barbed arrows of conviction. There was that multitude, so acute, so inquisitive, so polished, so athirst for novelty, and so impressible by eloquence; yet with whom a barbarian accent might break the charm of the most persuasive tongue; over whom their own oligarchy of orators would soon re-assert their dominion in spite of the invasion of a stranger; and with whom sense, feeling, and ha-

bit, would throw up all their barriers against the eloquence of Christianity. [4] There would be the priest, astonished at an attempt so daring; and as the speaker's design opened on his mind, anxiously, and with alternate contempt and rage, measuring the strength of the Samson who thus grasped the pillars of his temple, threatening to whelm him, his altars, and his gods, beneath their ruins. There would be the Stoic, in the coldness of his pride, looking sedately down, as on a child playing with children, to see what new game was afloat, and what trick or toy was now produced for wonderment. There the Epicurean, tasting, as it were, the preacher's doctrine, to see if it promised aught of merriment; just lending enough of idle attention not to lose amusement should it offer; and venting the full explosion of his ridicule on the resurrection of the dead. There the sophist, won perhaps into something of an approving and complacent smile, by the dexterity of Paul's introduction; but finding as he proceeded that this was no mere show of art or war of words, and vibrating between the habitual love of entangling, bewildering, and insulting an opponent, and the repulsiveness which there always is to such men in the language of honest and zealous conviction. There the slave, timidly crouching at a distance to catch what stray sounds the winds might waft to him, after they had reached his master's ears, of that doctrine, so strange and blessed, of man's fraternity. There the young and noble Roman, who had come to Athens for education—not to sit like an humble scholar at a master's feet, but with all the pride of Rome upon his brow, to accept what artists, poets, and philosophers could offer as their homage to the lords of earth. And there, perhaps, aloof, some scowling Jew, hating and hated, loathing the contamination of idolaters, but glaring with savage fury on the apostate son of Abraham (as he would deem him) who held so much communion with their souls, as to invite them to an union of love and piety in the name of the detested Nazarene. And if for a moment Paul felt, as one would think man must feel, at being the central object of such a scene, and [5] such an assemblage, there would rush npon his mind the majesty of Jehovah; and the words of the glorified Jesus; and the thunders that struck him to the earth on the road to Damascns; and the sense of former efforts, conflicts, and successes; and the approach of that judgment to

come, whose righteousness and universality it was now his duty to announce. Unappalled and collected he began, [6] "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitions. For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."—*Fox.*

THE SPANISH CHAMPION.

[1] Obeisance. [2] Meek adjuration. [3] Sarcastic encouragement. [4] Transport of joy. [5] Sarcastic encouragement. [6] Transport of joy. [7] Filial reverence. [8] Alternate grief and disappointment, sinking into despair. [9] Poignant grief. [10] Resolution, anger, revenge. [11] Irony. [12] Despair.

[1] 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 thee faith, my liege, my lord!—
  [2] Oh, break my father's chain!"

[3] "Rise, rise! even now thy father comes,
  A ransom'd man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I
  Will meet him on his way."
[4] Then lightly rose that loyal son,
  And bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest,
  His charger's foaming speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd,
  There came a glittering band,
With one that 'mid them stately rode,
  As a leader in the land;

"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there,
  In very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart
  Hath yearn'd so long to see."

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved,
  His cheek's 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 that noble brow—
  The brow was fix'd and white;—
He met at last his father's eyes—
  But in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed!
  But who can paint that gaze?
It hush'd their very hearts, who saw
  Its horror and amaze;
They might have chain'd him, as before
  That stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm,
  And from his lip the blood!

"Father!" at length he mnrmnr'd low,
  And wept like childhood 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,—
He flung the falchion from his side,
  And in the dust sat down.

And covering with his steel-gloved hand
  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 loveliness,
  Are pass'd away from earth!

I thonght to stand where banners waved,
My sire, beside thee yet;
I would that there on Spain's free soil
Our kindred blood had met;
Thou would'st have known my spirit then,
For thee my fields were won;
But thou hast perish'd in thy chains,
As if thou had'st no son."

[10] Then, starting from the ground once more,
He 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 these glassy eyes pnt light,—
Be still! keep down thine ire,—
Bid these cold lips a blessing speak:—
This earth is not my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove,
For whom my blood was shed!—
[11] Thou canst not?—and a King?—His dust
Be mountains on thy head!"

[12] He loosed the rein; his slack hand fell!
Upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,—
Then turn'd from that sad place!
His hope was crush'd, his after-fate
Untold in martial strain,—
His banner led the spears no more
Among the hills of Spain! *Mrs. Hemans.*

ON WAR.

[1] Low, well modulated voice; very distinct articulation. [2] Soft, tremulous, pathetic tone. [3] Acute grief. [4] Extreme tenderness. [5] Clear and elevated voice; distinct articulation. [6] Melting tenderness. [7] Acute grief. [8] Pity and tenderness; voice variously modulated. [9] Increased tenderness. [10] Tones firm, cheerful, and well modulated. [11] Tones cheerful; voice commencing low, and gradually increased into a buoyant climax. [12] Relapsing into low voice, and gradually swelling into a bold enthusiastic climax to the conclusion.

[1] Of all the curses that afflict humanity, war is the most dreadful. It drives its destructive ploughshare over whole nations. Liberty, Peace, and Prosperity fly from its presence—gaunt Famine stalks after it with destructive strides, and Iron Despotism closes the scene.

If we cast our eyes over the whole of the picture, what gloomy scenes present themselves. [2] Behold, amid the festal shouts of triumph, that aged matron wringing her hands in speechless agony—with the briny flood furrowing her wan cheek, and the worm of sorrow cankering her soul, and wasting her withered form. [3] Aye! she has drunk the cup of sorrow to its very dregs: her son, the light of her eyes, and her only stay during the last years of her pilgrimage—[4] her child, to whom she clung with all the tenderness of a mother's love—is snatched from her embraces for ever, and the last battle has sealed his eyes in death. [5] Amid the flashes and the smoke of artillery—the trampling of horses, and the groans of the dying—[6] behold that orphan cleaving to the bloody clay of its perishing parent, pale, hopeless, and tearless; and now with tattered garb, and tottering step, shivering amid the pelting of the pitiless storm, and wandering an outcast amongst the abodes of men, a [7] prey to famine, and disease, and despair. [8] See the soldier torn away from the smiles of his family, and the cheerful blaze of his fireside—enduring the heart-wringing anguish of the parting scene—the last embrace—the long—long adieu,—tossing on the stormy billow, and viewing his native home lessening and lessening on his sight, and marking the dim waved signal of some dear relative on the beach; sinking during day under the scorching blaze of the sun, and wasted at night amid damps and dews;—if spared from the general havoc of battle, sent, perhaps, with all his wounds green

and fresh upon him, into some wet and suffocating dungeon, and with no kind hand to smooth his lonely pillow, or pour balm into his wounds, or watch over his broken slumbers; and deprived of sweet air, and sweeter liberty,—his imagination wanders among the verdant plains, or fresh mountain breezes of his yonth, and amongst those beloved beings, who cheered and brightened his path in later years. [9] But, alas!

> "For him no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
> Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
> No children run to lisp their sire's return,
> Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

[10] But, notwithstanding this gloomy picture, there are occasions on which war is undertaken, which not only extenuate its guilt, but even cast a solid lustre over its woes. [11] Great has been our pleasure, when sitting at our firesides, and enjoying our comforts unmolested, to hear the roar of battle afar off—to mark the gathering glories of our triumphs, and to hail the tyrant's downfall. High is the delight of the warrior, when returning to the bosom of his family—heralded by the trumpet of fame—crowned with the laurels of victory—greeted by the applause of grateful senates, and hailed by the shouts of an emancipated people. [12] So felt Gideon, when he sheathed the sword of the Lord in its scabbard, and entered with trembling extasy the threshold of the temple, now no longer polluted by the unhallowed footstep of the heathen—when he was salnted by the triumphant songs of the Hebrew maidens, and cheered by the approving smile of his God. So felt Themistocles, when thousands rose before him in reverential homage, at the Olympic games, when he had driven back the Persian tyrant, with his countless hosts, in shame and confusion, to their seraglios and their parasites,—pluckcd his country from the jaws of destruction, and raised her to a proud and dazzling pre-eminence amongst the nations—a vast and imperishable monument of the quenchless fires of the freeman's heart, and the resistless might of the freeman's arm. So felt Washington, when he moved on in his career, in the silent majesty of a planet—giving life and light to an infant republic. So felt Wellington, when, amid the desolation of a continent, and the universal crash of ruin, he went forth, the champion of Britain and of Europe,—shivered into atoms that fabric, which had

risen on the ashes of the shrine and the sanctuary—burst the fetters of imprisoned nations, and seized the arch-magician in the midst of his hellish incantations.

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

[1] Low pathetic tone. [2] Deep grief. [3] Sorrow. [4] Heroic reflection; tones bold, clear, and elevated. [5] Tones lowered, but bold and firm. [6] Tones elevated; confident admiration.

[1] THEY lighted a taper, at the dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim!
And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the raven had flapped at her window-board,
To tell of her warrior's doom!

[2] "Now sing you the death-song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear,
And call me a widow this wretched day,
Since the warning of God is here!
For night-mare rides on my strangled sleep;
The lord of my bosom is doomed to die;
His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
For Wallace of Elderslie!"

[3] Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin-bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death, on an English tower,
Had the dirge of her champion sung!
When his dungeon-light looked dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain;
No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed,
No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain.

[4] Oh! it was not thus when his oaken spear
Was true to that knight forlorn;
And hosts of a thousand were scattered, like deer
At the blast of the hunter's horn;
When he strode on the wreck of each well-fought field,
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land,
For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,
And the sword, that seemed fit for archangel to wield,
Was light in his terrible hand!

[5] Yet bleeding and bound, though her Wallace wight
For his long-loved country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight,
Than Wallace of Elderslie.
[6] But the day of his glory shall never depart,—
His head unentombed shall with glory be balmed,—
From his blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;—
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalmed! *Thos. Campbell.*

ABSALOM.

[1] Pathetic narrative. [2] Alarm. [3] Resolution subsiding into respect. [4] Filial affection and deep sorrow. [5] Lofty resignation.

[1] The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straighten'd for the grave; and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betray'd
The matchless symmetry of Absalom:
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls!
His helm was at his feet; his banner, soil'd
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
Reversed beside him; and the jewel'd hilt
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested like mockery on his covered brow;
The soldiers of the King trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle, and their Chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside his bier
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.
[2] A slow step startled him!—[3] he grasp'd his blade,
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David enter'd, and he gave command
In a low tone to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. [4] The King stood still
Till the last echo died; then throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of wo.

"Alas, my noble boy!—that thou should'st die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair—
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!

How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom?

Cold is thy brow, my son!—and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee—
How was I wont to feel my pulse's thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee!
And hear thy sweet 'my Father' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

The grave hath won thee!—I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young,
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung—
But thou no more with thy sweet voice shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

And oh, when I am stricken, and my heart
Like a bruis'd reed is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

And now farewell!—'tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee,
And thy dark sin!—Oh, I could drink the cup,
If from this wo its bitterness had won thee!—
May God have call'd thee like a wanderer home,
My erring Absalom!"

[5] He cover'd up his face, and bow'd himself
A moment on his child—then giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
His hands convulsively as if in prayer;
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep. *Willis.*

NED BOLTON.

[1] Swaggering description. [2] Pauses well measured. [3] Firm and varied voice. [4] Indifference. [5] Varied affecting narrative. [6] Impatience. [7] Hopelessness. [6] Desperation. [9] Cheerfulness. [10] Defiance. [11] Bold narrative. [12] Desperate activity.

[1] A JOLLY comrade in the port, a fearless mate at sea;
When I forget thee, to my hand false may the cutlass be!
And may my gallant battle-flag be striken down in shame,
If, when the social cann goes round, I fail to pledge thy name!

[2] Up, up, my lads!—his memory!—we'll give it with a cheer,—
Ned Bolton, the commander of the Black Snake privateer!

Poor Ned![3] he had a heart of steel, with neither flaw nor speck;
Firm as a rock, in strife or storm he stood the quarter deck.
'S blood! 'twas a sorry fate he met on his own mother wave,—
The foe far off, the storm asleep, and yet to find a grave!
With store of the Peruvian gold, and treasure of the cane,
No need would he have had to cruise in tropic climes again;
[4] But some are born to sink at sea, and some to hang on shore,
And Fortune cried, God speed! at last, and welcomed Ned no more.

[5] 'Twas off the coast of Mexico—the tale is bitter brief—
The Black Snake, under press of sail, stuck fast upon a reef;
Upon a cutting coral reef—scarce a good league from land—
But hundreds, both of horse and foot, were ranged upon the strand;
His boats were lost before Cape Horn, and with an old canoe,
E'en had he number'd ten for one, what could Ned Bolton do!

Six days and nights the Black Snake lay upon the coral reef,
Nor favoring gale, nor friendly flag, brought prospect of relief;
For a land-breeze the wild one pray'd, who never pray'd before,
And when it came not at his call, [6] he bit his lip and swore;
The Spaniards shouted from the beach, but durst not venture near,
Too well they knew the mettle of the daring privateer.

[7] A calm!—a calm!—a hopeless calm!—the red sun burning high
Glared blisteringly and wearily in a transparent sky,
The grog went round the gasping crew, and londly rose the song,
[8] The only pastime at an hour when rest seem'd far too long,
So boisterously they took their rouse upon the crowded deck,
They looked like men who had escaped, not feared a sudden wreck.

[9] Up sprung the breeze the seventh day—away! away! to sea
Drifted the barque, with riven planks, over the waters free;
Their battle-flag these rovers bold then hoisted topmast high,
And to the swarthy foe sent back a fierce defying cry;
[10] "One last broadside!" Ned Bolton cried—deep boom'd the cannon's roar,
And echo's hollow growl return'd an answer from the shore.

[11] The thnndering gun, the broken song, the mad tumultnous cheer
Ceased not so long as ocean spared the shatter'd privateer:
I saw her—ay—she shot by me, like lightning in the gale;
[12] We strove to save, we tack'd, and quick we slacken'd all our sail—
I knew the wave of Ned's right hand—farewell—yon strive in vain,
Nor he, nor one of his ship's crew, e'er enter'd port again!

Wm. Kennedy.

LETTER FROM BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

To a Person who had asked his opinion of an irreligious Work which he proposed to publish.

I HAVE read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, yon strike at the foundations of all religion. For without the belief of a Providence that takes cognizance of, guards, and guides, and may favour particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear his displeasure, or to pray for his protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present I shall only give you my opinion, that though your reasonings are subtle, and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject; and the consequences of printing this piece will be, a great dcal of odium drawn npon yourself, mischief to you, and no bencfit to others. He that spits against the wind spits in his own face. But, were you to succeed, do yon imagine any good would be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life, without the assistance afforded by religion, from having a clear perception of the advantages of virtue, and the disadvantages of vice, and possessing a strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced inconsiderate yonth of both sexes, who had need of the motives of rcligion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes *habitual*, which is the great point for its security. And perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellcnt talents of rcasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother. I would advise you, therefore, to burn this piece before it is seen by another person; whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification from

the enemies it may raise against you, and, perhaps, a good deal of regret and repentance. I intend this letter itself as a *proof* of my friendship, and therefore add no *professions* to it.

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

[1] Humorous narrative. [2] Mock authority. [3] Affected resignation.

One of the Kings of Scanderoon,
  A Royal Jester,
Had in his train a gross buffoon,
  Who used to pester
The Court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
  Which wholesome rule
Occurr'd not to our jackanapes,
  Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
  And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seem'd to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,
Incurr'd the desperate displeasure
  Of his serene and raging Highness:
Whether he twitch'd his most revered
  And sacred beard,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the Seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows:—his sin was an occult one;
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
  Exclaim'd—"[2]'Tis time to stop that breath;
Thy doom is seal'd:—presumptuous slave!
  Thou stand'st condemn'd to certain death.
Silence, base rebel!—no replying!—
  But such is my indulgence still,
  That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."

[3] "Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kiss'd the dust;
  "Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your Majesty's humane decree
Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,
  I'll die, so please you, of old age!" *Horace Smith.*

DEATH OF MARMION.

[1] Distinct rapid utterance. [2] Slow and pathetic. [3] Plaintive tone. [4] Narrative; voice firm and varied. [5] Loud whisper. [6] Voice raised, eager tone. [7] Reproving tone. [8] Voice eager, firm, but weak, sinking to regret. [9] Imperative. [10] Impatience. [11] Narrative. [12] Plaintive. [13] Admiration. [14] Hasty, quick, distinct ntterance. [15] Surprise. [16] Compunction, remorse. [17] Anger. [18] Remorse. [19] Narrative. [20] Monotone. [21] Stern reproof. [22] Earnest entreaty, solemn reflection. [23] Bold narrative. [24] Desperate rally.

FAST as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

[2] Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scattered van of England wheels;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, "[3] Is Wilton there?"—
They fly, or, maddened by despair,
Fight but to die.—"Is Wilton there?"—
[4] With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen, drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand
His arms were smeared with blood and sand
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone;
Can that be haughty Marmion!
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"[5] By Saint George, he's gone!
[6] That spear-wound has our master sped;
And see the deep cnt on his head!
Good night to Marmion."—
[7] "Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease;
He opes his eyes." Said Eustace, "peace!"—

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where 's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's:—[9] fly—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie.
  Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
  His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
  Edmund is down,—my life is reft;—
  The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England 's lost.
[10] Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
[11] They parted, and alone he lay,
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—"[12] Is there none
  Of all my halls have nursed,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water, from the spring,
  To slake my dying thirst."—

[13] O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
[14] Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
  To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
  Sees but the dying man.
She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
[15] And with surprise and joy espied
  A Monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
  To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
[16] "Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For, wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar-stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
[17] Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
[18] A sinful heart makes feeble hand."—
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

[19] With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to staunch, 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 on his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
[20] "*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;—
[21] "Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
[22] O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine:
O 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."
[23] 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 [24] "Victory!"—
"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion. *Sir Walter Scott.*

PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA,

By the French during the Retreat from Moscow.

This extract includes almost every sort of impressive reading. The prevailing passions are abhorrence and disgust.

ARRIVED on the banks of the Beresina, what a frightful picture did this multitude of men present, overwhelmed with misfortunes of every kind, and hemmed in by a morass; that very multitude which, two months before, had exultingly spread itself over half the surface of a vast empire! Our soldiers, pale, emaciated, dying with hunger and cold, having nothing to defend them from the inclemency of the season but tattered pelisses and sheep-skins half-burnt, and uttering the most mournful lamentations, crowded the banks of this unfortunate river. Germans, Polanders, Italians, Spaniards, Croats, Portuguese, and French, were all mingled together, disputing and quarrelling with each other in their different languages:—finally, the officers, and even the generals, wrapped in pelisses covered with dirt and filth, mingling with the soldiers, and abusing those who pressed upon them, or braved their authority, formed a scene of strange confusion of which no painter could trace the faintest resemblance.

They whom fatigue, or ignorance of the impending danger, rendered less eager to cross the river, were endeavouring to kindle a fire, and repose their wearied limbs. We had too frequently occasion to observe, in these encampments, to what a degree of brutality excess of misery would debase human nature. In one place we saw several of the soldiers fighting for a morsel of bread. If a stranger, pierced with the cold, endeavoured to approach a fire, those to whom it belonged inhumanly drove him away; or if, tormented with raging thirst, any one asked for a single drop of water from another who carried a full supply, the refusal was accompanied by the vilest abuse. We often heard those who had once been friends, and whose education had been liberal, bitterly disputing with each other for a little straw, or a piece of horse-flesh, which they were attempting to divide. This campaign was therefore the more terrible, as it brutalized the character, and stained us with vices to which we had before been strangers. Even those

who once were honest, humane, and generous, became selfish, avaricious, dishonest, and cruel.

Although there were two bridges, one for the carriages, and the other for the foot-soldiers, yet the crowd was so great, and the approaches so dangerons, that the way was completely obstructed near the Beresina, and it was absolutely impossible to move. About eight o'clock in the morning the bridge for the carriages and the cavalry broke down; the baggage and artillery then advanced towards the other bridge, and attempted to force a passage. Now began a dreadful contention between the foot-soldiers and the horsemen. Many perished by the hands of their comrades, a great number were suffocated at the head of the bridge, and the dead bodies of men and horses so choked every avenue, that it was necessary to climb over monntains of carcasses to arrive at the river. Some, who were buried in these horrible heaps, still breathed, and, struggling with the agonies of death, caught hold of those who mounted over them; but these inhumanly kicked them with violence to disengage themselves, and remorselessly trod them under foot. During this contention, the multitude which followed, like a furious wave, swept away, while it increased, the number of victims.

The Duke of Belluno (Victor), remaining on the left bank, took a position on the heights of Weselowo, with the two divisions of Girard and Daendels, to cover the passage, and, amidst the frightful confusion which prevailed, to defend it against the corps of Wittgenstein, whose advanced troops had appeared in the evening. In the meantime, General Parthonneaux, after having repulsed the attacks of Platow and Tschikagow, left Borisov at three o'clock in the afternoon, with the third brigade, to oppose the Russians, who advanced in columns.

In the heat of the engagement, many balls flew over the miserable crowd which was yet pressing across the bridge of the Beresina. Some shells burst in the midst of them. Terror and despair then took possession of every heart. The women and children, who had escaped so many disasters, seemed to have been preserved only to suffer here a death still more deplorable. We saw them rushing from the baggage-waggons, and falling in agonies and tears at the feet of the first soldier they met, imploring his assistance to enable them to reach the other side. The sick and the wounded,

sitting on the trunks of trees, or supported by their crutches, anxiously looking around for some friend to help them. But their cries were lost in the air. No one had leisure to attend to his dearest friend. His own preservation absorbed every thonght.

Monsieur de Labarriere, the muster-master of the fourth corps, was a man of respectable character and engaging manners. His advanced age, and more especially his feeble constitution, had long rendered him unable to march, and he was now lying with many others on an open sledge. He accidentally perceived an officer of his acquaintance, and although he was scarcely able to stand, he ran to him, threw himself in his arms, and implored his protection. The officer was severely wounded, but, too generous to refuse his feeble help, he promised that he would not leave him. These two friends, closely embracing each other, slowly proceeded towards the bridge, animated by the consoling thought, that at least they would be permitted to die together. They entered the crowd; but, feeble and helpless, they were unable to sustain the intolerable pressure, and were seen no more.

A woman was likewise marching with the equipage of Napoleon, whom her husband had left a little way behind, while he went forward to endeavour to find a place where they might safely pass. During that time a shell burst near the unfortunate female. The crowd that was around her immediately took to flight. She alone remained. But the enemy soon advancing, caused the troops to retreat suddenly towards the bridge; and in their confused march, they hurried the poor woman with them, who strove in vain to return to the place where her husband had left her. Buffeted by the tumultuous waves, she saw herself driven from the spot without the possibility of return. We heard her from afar, loudly calling to her husband; but her piercing voice was unattended to, amidst the noise of arms and the cries of the combatants. At length, pale and speechless, she beat her breast in agony, and fell lifeless at the feet of the soldiers, who, attentive to their own escape, neither saw nor heard her.

At length the Russians, continually re-enforced by fresh troops, advanced in a mass, and drove before them the Polonese corps of General Girard, which till then had held them in check. At the sight of the enemy, those who had not already passed mingled with

the Polanders, and rushed precipitately towards the bridge. The artillery, the baggage-waggons, the cavalry, and the foot-soldiers, all pressed on, contending which should pass the first. The strongest threw into the river those who were weaker, and unfortunately hindered their passage, or unfeelingly trampled under foot all the sick whom they found in their way. Many hundreds were crushed to death by the wheels of the cannon. Others, hoping to save themselves by swimming, were frozen in the middle of the river, or perished by placing themselves on pieces of ice, which sunk to the bottom. Thousands and thousands of victims, driven to despair, threw themselves headlong into the Beresina, and were lost in the waves. One female was seen hemmed in by the ice in the middle of the river. Being able neither to proceed nor to retreat, she held her infant above the water, into which she was gradually sinking, and uttered the most piercing cries for assistance.

The division of Girard forcibly made its way through all the obstacles that retarded its march; and, climbing over the monntain of dead bodies which obstructed the way, gained the other side. Thither the Russians would soon have followed them, if they had not hastened to burn the bridge.

Then the unhappy beings who remained on the other side of the Beresina abandoned themselves to absolute despair. Some of them attempted to pass the bridge, enveloped as it was in flames; but, arrested in the midst of their progress, they were compelled to throw themselves into the river, to escape a death yet more horrible. At length the Russians were masters of the field of battle, our troops retired, the nproar ceased, and a mournful silence succeeded.

As we marched towards Zembin, we re-ascended the right bank of the Beresina, whence we could distinctly see all that passed on the other side. The cold was excessive, and the wind blew in loud and hollow gusts. The obscurity of the night was dissipated only by the numerous fires of the enemy, who occupied the heights. At the foot of these hills were our unfortunate companions. Their destruction was now inevitable, and amidst all their former disasters, never were they exposed to, nor can imagination conceive, horrors equal to those which encompassed them during that frightful night. The elements let loose seemed to conspire to afflict uni-

versal natnre, and to chastise the ambition and the crimes of man. The conquerors and the conquered were alike overwhelmed with sufferings. Round the encampment of the Russians, however, we saw enormous masses of burning wood; but on the spot which held our devoted companions there was neither light nor shelter. Lamentable cries and groans alone marked the place which contained these miserable victims.

More than twenty thousand sick and wounded fell into the power of the enemy. Two hundred pieces of cannon were abandoned All the baggage of the two corps which had joined us was equally the prey of the conqnerors; yet, when we contemplated the deplorable fate of the wretched beings who were left on the other side of the Beresina, the consciousness of our safety rendered us insensible to the loss of all our riches. They were for ever deprived of the hope of revisiting the land that gave them birth, and were doomed to pass the sad remnant of their days amidst the snows of Siberia, where they would water with their tears the black bread which would be the only wages of the most humiliating servitude.

November 29th.—Setting ont on the morrow for Zembin, and endeavouring to rejoin what remained of the fourth corps, we again commiserated the fate of the numerons friends who were no longer with us. We eagerly embraced those who had returned, whom we had feared we should never again have beheld, and congratulated each other on surviving a day more terrible than the bloodiest battle. We mutually recounted the dangers we had run, and the difficulties with which we had struggled to escape with life. "I have lost every thing," said one, "servants, horses, baggage; but I think not of it; I rather esteem myself most fortunate that I have preserved my life—that I have escaped from the inclemency of the weather, the horrors of famine, and the arms of the enemy." —"I have nothing but what I carry about me," said a second; "and of all that I had, I only wish for some shoes to defend my feet, and some bread to eat: these are the truest riches." —"I have lost all," exclaimed a third; "bnt I do not regret it, since the sacrifiee of my baggage has enabled me to save my wonnded brother." Such was the language which we heard during several successive days; and those who were silent deeply

mnsed on the dangers which they had passed, and rendered their secret but fervent tbanks to Providence for a preservation almost miraculons.

THE AUCTIONEER AND THE LAWYER.

[1] Humorous narrative, burlesque, and flattery. [2] Importunity. [3] Assnrance and flattery. [4] Peevish irony. [5] Humorous narrative. [6] Sycophancy. [7] Mock gravity.

[1] A City Anctioneer, one Samucl Stubbs,
Did greater execution with his hammer,
Assisted by bis puffing clamour,
Than Gog and Magog witb their clubs,
Or that great Fee-fa-fum of war
The Scandinavian Thor,
Did witb his mallet, whicb (see Bryant's
Mytbology) fell'd stoutest giants:—
For Samnel knock'd down bouses, churches,
And woods of oak and elm and birches,
With greater ease than mad Orlando
Tore the first tree be laid bis hand to.

He onght, in reason, to bave raised bis own
Lot by knocking others' down;
And had he been content with shaking
His hammer and his hand, and taking
Advantage of what brongbt him grist, he
Might bave been as rich as Christie;—
But somehow wben thy midnight bell, Bow,
Sonnded along Cheapside its knell,
Our spark was busy in Pall-mall
Shaking his elbow,[7]—
Marking, with paw upon his mazzard,
The turns of hazard;
Or rattling in a box tbe dice,
Whicb seem'd as if a grudge they bore
To Stnbbs: for often in a trice,
Down on the nail he was compell'd to pay
All tbat his hammer brought him in the day,
And sometimes more.

Thus, like a male Penelope, onr wight,
What he had done by day nndid by night:
No wonder, therefore, if like her,
He was beset by clamorous brutes,
Who crowded round him to prefer
Their several suits.

One Mr. Snipps, the tailor, had the longest
  Bill for many suits—of raiment,
And naturally thought he had the strongest
  Claim for payment.
But debts of honour must be paid,
Whate'er becomes of debts of trade;
And so our stylish auctioneer,
From month to month throughout the year,
Excuses, falsehoods, pleas, alleges,
Or flatteries, compliments, and pledges.
When in the latter mood one day,
He squeezed his hand, and swore to pay.—
"But when?"—"[3] Next month you may depend on't,
My dearest Snipps, before the end on't;—
Your face proclaims in every feature,
You wouldn't harm a fellow-creature—
  You 're a kind soul, I know you are, Snipps."
"Ay, so you said six months ago;
But such fine words, I'd have you know,
  Butter no parsnips."
This said, he bade his lawyer draw
  A special writ,
  Serve it on Stubbs, and follow it
Up with the utmost rigour of the law.

This lawyer was a friend of Stubbs;
  That is to say,
  In a civic way,
Where business interposes not its rubs;
For where the main chance is in question,
  Damon leaves Pythias to the stake,
  Pylades and Orestes break,
And Alexander cuts Hephæstion;
But when our man of law *must* sue his friends,
Tenfold politeness makes amends.

So when he meets our Auctioneer,
  Into his outstretch'd hand he thrust his
Writ, and said, with friendly leer,
[6] "My dear, dear Stubbs, pray do me justice;
In this affair I hope you see
No censure can attach to me—
Don't entertain a wrong impression;
  I'm doing now what must be done
In my profession."——
[7] "And so am I," Stubbs answer'd with a frown,
  So crying "Going—going—going—gone!"
  He knock'd him down!——

THE BROKEN HEART.

[1] The whole of this piece must be read in a varied, but exceedingly pathetic tone.

[1] Every one must recollect the tragical story of yonng Emmett, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his conntry—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy, even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occnpied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb snddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonoured! There was nothing for memory to dwell on, that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of Heaven, to revive the heart in the parching hour of anguish.

To render her widowed sitnation more desolate, she had in-

curred her father's displeasure by her nnfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would bave experienced no want of consolation, for tbe Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cberishing attentions were paid her by familics of wealtb and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—tbat penetrate to tbe vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as mnch alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried witb her an inward wo, that mocked at all the blandisbments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, cbarm he ever so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen ber at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchednesss more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay —to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and wo-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling throngh tbe splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat berself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with tbe capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. Sbe bad an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretcbedness, that she drew a crowd mnte and silent aronnd her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thonght that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts

were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation; for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love—for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

Washington Irving.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[1] Descriptive. [2] Tenderness and regret. [3] Increasing. [4] Gloomy narrative. [5] Indignation. [6] Tenderness and weariness. [7] Alarum, fear, confusion, and fierceness. [8] Resolution. [9] Gloomy description. [10] Contempt and resolution. [11] Proud regret.

[1] It was a labouring 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.
[2] 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:
[3] 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. [4] 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;
[5] 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.
[6] 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:—
[7] 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:
[8] "Now for my father's arm!" she said; "my woman's heart farewell!"

The scene was changed. [9] 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:—
[10] "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!

Henry Glassford Bell.

CONFLAGRATION OF AN AMPHITHEATRE AT ROME.

[1] The prevailing passions through the whole are horror and admiration: voice clear and distinct.

[1] ROME was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanos, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration. All was clamor, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smoke that wrapped and half blinded us, hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in reassurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvass, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever

heard—a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved, as if in an earthquake, and fortunately for us fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus had caught fire: the stage with its inflammable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena.—The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broken from their dens.—Maddened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa, were inclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they made desperate leaps upwards through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and with their parching jaws bathed in blood, die raging. I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest: a man who had been either unable to escape, or who had determined to die. Escape for him was evidently now impossible. He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne; the fire roared fiercely above him and around him; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without uttering a sound—without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below; a solitary sovereign, with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man.—*Croly.*

LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM.

[1] Narrative. [2] Lofty tone. [3] Tenderness. [4] Fiereeness. [5] Pity. [6] Frenzy. [7] Gloomy narrative. [8] Tenderness. [9] Dejection. [10] Awe and piety. [11] Restlessness. [12] Fearful, gloomy description. [13] Frenzied restlessness. [14] Starting. [15] Pity. [16] Surprise, and great dismay. [17] Great agitation. [18] Pity. [19] Frenzy. [20] Despair. [21] Anxiety, fear, despair. [22] Eager listening. [23] Desperate anxiety and frenzy. [24] Dismay. [25] Horror. [26] Prostrate despair. [27] Fearful. [28] Frenzied resignation. [29] Eager longing. [30] Rapture. [31] Parental transport. [32] Resignation. [33] Awe.

[1] There was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low
Chained down. [2] His was a noble spirit, rough,
But generous, and brave, and kind.
He had a son, it was a rosy boy,
A little faithful copy of his sire
In face and gesture. [3] In her pangs she died
That gave him birth; and ever sinee, the ehild
Had been his father's solaee and his eare.

Every sport
The father shared and heightened. [4] But at length
The rigorous law had grasped him, and eondemned
To fetters and to darkness.

[5] The eaptive's lot
He felt in all its bitterness:—the walls
Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and touehed
His jailor with eompassion;—and the boy,
Theneeforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
With his loved presenee that in every wound
Dropt healing. [6] But in this terrifie hour
He was a poisoned arrow in the breast
Where he had been a eure.

[7] With earliest morn
Of that first day of darkness and amaze
He eame. The iron door was elosed—for them
Never to open more! The day, the night,
Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the eity. Well they heard
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath.
And felt its giddy roeking; and the air
Grew hot at length, and thiek; [8] but in his straw
The boy was sleeping: and the father hoped

The earthquake might pass by; nor would he wake
From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state. [9] On his low couch
The fettered soldier sunk—[10] and with deep awe
Listened the fearful sounds:—with upturned eye
To the great gods he breathed a prayer;—then strove
To calm himself, and lose in sleep a while
His useless terrors. [11] But he could not sleep:—
His body burned with feverish heat;—his chains
Clanked loud although he moved not; [12] deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders:—sounds,
Fearful and ominous, arose and died
Like the sad moanings of November's wind
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled
His blood that burned before;—cold clammy sweats
Came o'er him;—[13] then anon a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk
And shivered as in fear:—[14] now upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle-trumpet sound,
And longed to cope with death.

[15] He slept at last,
A troubled dreamy sleep. Well—had he slept
Never to waken more! His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.

[16] Soon the storm
Burst forth: the lightnings glanced:—the air
Shook with the thunders. They awoke;—they sprung
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine—and was dark:—
Again a flood of white flame fills the cell;
Dying away upon the dazzled eye
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
Dies throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence,
And blackest darkness. [17] With intensest awe
The soldier's frame was filled; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring and lifting—and the massive walls
Heard harshly grate and strain:—[18] yet knew he not,
While evils undefined and yet to come
Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless wound
Fate had already given. Where, man of wo!
Where, wretched father! is thy boy? Thou callest
His name in vain:—he cannot answer thee.

[19] Loudly the father called upon his child:—
No voice replied. [20] Trembling and anxiously

He searched their couch of straw:—[21] with headlong haste
Trod round his stinted limits, and, low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth:—no child was there.
[22] Again he called:—[23] again at farthest stretch
Of his accursed fetters—till the blood
Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes
Fire flashed—he strained with arm extended far
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil!
Yet still renewed:—still round and round he goes,
And strains and snatches—and with dreadful cries
Calls on his boy. Mad frenzy fires him now;
He plants against the wall his feet;—his chain
Grasps;—tugs with giant strength to force away
The deep-driven staple;—yells and shrieks with rage.
And, like a desert lion in the snare—
Raging to break his toils—to and fro bounds.
[24] But see! the ground is opening:—a blue light
Mounts, gently waving—noiseless:—thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame;
But by its lustre, on the earth outstretched,
[25] Behold the lifeless child!—his dress singed,
And over his serene face a dark line
Points out the lightning's track.

[26] The father saw—
And all his fury fled:—a dead calm fell
That instant on him:—speechless, fixed he stood,
And with a look that never wandered, gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed—and round those pouting lips
The wonted smile returned.

Silent and pale
The father stands:—no tear is in his eye:—
The thunders bellow—but he hears them not:—
The ground lifts like a sea:—he knows it not:
[27] The strong walls grind and gape:—the vaulted roof
Takes shapes like bubble tossing in the wind:—
[28] See! he looks up and smiles;—for death to him
Is happiness. [29] Yet could one last embrace
Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.

[30] It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground,
At every swell, nearer and still more near
Moves towards the father's outstretched arm his boy:—
Once he has touched his garment;—how his eye
Lightens with love—and hope—and anxious fears!
[31] Ha! see! he has him now!—he clasps him round—

Kisses his face;—puts back the curling locks
That shaded his fine brow:—looks in his eyes—
Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands—
Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
To lie when sleeping—[32] and resigned awaits
Undreaded death.

And death came soon and swift,
And pangless.

[33] The huge pile sunk down at once
Into the opening earth. Walls—arches—roof—
And deep foundation stones—all mingling fell! *Atherstone.*

SPEECH OF LORD CHATHAM

Against the American War.

[1] Resolute and angry remonstrance. [2] Indignant appeal to honour. [3] Lofty pride and regret. [4] Angry remonstrance. [5] Lofty pride. [6] Remonstrance, sliding into indignation and contempt. [7] Bold asseveration. [8] Indignant appeal to humanity. [9] Ironical remonstrance. [10] Abhorrence. [11] Sincerity. [12] Appeal to humanity and honour. [13] Astonishment. [14] Abhorrence. [15] Bold appeal to religion, justice, and honour. [16] One of the finest strokes of oratory ever produced—finger of the right hand sublimely pointed to the tapestry of the Armada, eyes fixed on Effingham with ineffable scorn. [17] Astonishment and indignation. [18] Solemn appeal to religion and humanity.

[1] 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. [2] Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its 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! "[3] But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world: now, none so poor as to do her reverence:"—[4] 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. [5] 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 that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. [6] 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. [7] 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!

[8] But, my Lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorise 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 this barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. [9] 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." [10] I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. [11] 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. [12] My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to

protest against such horrible barbarity!—"[13] 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. [14] 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.

[15] 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. [16] From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties, and Inquisitorial practices, are endured among us. [17] To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom?—your Protestant 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 blood-hounds, 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. [18] 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 the 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.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

[1] Contempt. [2] Pathetic narrative. [3] Mild admiration and narrative. [4] Sympathy and narrative. [5] Cheerfulness. [6] Sympathy. [7] Carelessness and sympathy. [8] Despair. [9] Admiration. [10] Pathos. [11] Alarm. [12] Desperation. [13] Indifference. [14] Frenzy. [15] Despair.

[1] NONE will dwell in that cottage, for they say
Oppression reft it from the honest man,
And that a curse clings to it: hence the vine
Trails its green weight of leaves upon the ground;
Hence weeds are in that garden; hence the hedge,
Once sweet with honeysuckle, is half dead;
And hence the grey moss on the apple tree.
[2] One once dwelt there, who had been in his youth
A soldier; and when many years had pass'd,
He sought his native village, and sat down
To end his days in peace. He had one child—
[3] A little laughing thing, whose large dark eyes,
He said, were like the mother's she had left
Buried in stranger's land: and time went on
In comfort and content—and that fair girl
Had grown far taller than the red rose-tree
Her father planted her first English birth-day.
And he had train'd it up against an ash
Till it became his pride;—it was so rich
In blossom and in beauty, it was call'd
The tree of Isabel. 'Twas an appeal
To all the better feelings of the heart
To mark their quiet happiness, their home—
In truth a home of love; and more than all,
To see them on the Sabbath, when they came
Among the first to church, and Isabel,
With her bright colour and her clear glad eyes,
Bow'd down so meekly in the house of prayer;
And in the hymn her sweet voice audible:
Her father look'd so fond of her, and then
From her look'd up so thankfully to Heaven!
And their small cottage was so very neat;
Their garden fill'd with fruits, and herbs, and flowers;
And in the winter there was no fireside
So cheerful as their own. [4] But other days
And other fortunes came—an evil power.
They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped
For better times, but ruin came at last;
And the old soldier left his own dear home,
And left it for a prison: [5] 'twas in June,

One of June's brightest days—the bee, the bird,
The butterfly, were on their lightest wings;
The fruits had their first tinge of summer light;
The sunny sky, the very leaves seem'd glad,
[8] And the old man look'd back upon his cottage
And wept aloud:—[7] they hurried him away,
And the dear child that would not leave his side.
They led him from the sight of the blue heaven
And the green trees, into a low, dark cell,
The windows shutting out the blessed sun
With iron grating; and for the first time
[8] He threw him on his bed, and could not hear
His Isabel's good night! [9] But the next morn
She was the earliest at the prison gate,
The last on which it closed, and her sweet voice
And sweeter smile made him forget to pine.
She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers,
[10] But every morning could he mark her cheek
Grow paler and more pale, and her low tones
Get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew
Was on the hand he held. One day, he saw
The sunshine through the grating of his cell,
Yet Isabel came not; [11] at every sound
His heart-beat took away his breath, yet still
She came not near him. For but one sad day
He mark'd the dull street through the iron bars
That shut him from the world; at length he saw
A coffin carried carelessly along,
[12] And he was desperate—he forced the bars;
And he stood on the street free and alone!
[13] He had no aim, no wish for liberty—
He only felt one want, to see the corpse
That had no mourners: when they set it down,
Or ere 'twas lower'd into the new-dug grave,
[14] A rush of passion came upon his soul,
And he tore off the lid, and saw the face
Of Isabel, and knew he had no child!
[15] He lay down by the coffin quietly—
His heart was broken! *Miss Landon.*

TELL'S ADDRESS TO HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

[1] Enthusiastic delight, rapid utterance. [2] Admiration. [3] Compunction. [4] Enthusiastic description, the utterance elevated and rapid.

[1] Ye crags and peaks! I'm with you once again—
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear

A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look,
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are—how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smile
Makes glad—whose frown is terrible—whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! I call to yon
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free! I rush to you,
As though I could embrace you!

[2] Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
O'er the abyss: his broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoy'd him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath
And round about; absorb'd, he heeded not
The death that threaten'd him. [3] I could not shoot!—
'Twas liberty!—I turn'd my bow aside,
And let him soar away!

Oh, with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And bless him that the land was free. [4] 'Twas free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free!
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys, without asking leave!
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!
How happy was it then! I lov'd
Its very storms. Yes, I have sat
In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain-gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own!
On yonder jutting cliff—o'ertaken there
By the mountain-blast, I've laid me flat along,
And while gust follow'd gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,

And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer-flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wish'd me there—the thought that mine was free
Has check'd that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thraldom to that furious wind,
Blow on!—This is the land of liberty! *J. S. Knowles.*

EXTRACT FROM BURKE'S SPEECH

On the Debts of the Nabob of Arcot—February 28, 1785.

[1] Impressive description. [2] Affecting description—lofty but compassionate tones. [3] Pathetic, sliding into disgust.

[1] WHEN at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty, and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make a conntry, possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals, a memorable example to mankind.—He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of snch things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of his vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those, against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together, was no protection.—He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution.—Having terminated his dispntes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mntual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the nabob of Arcot—he drew from every quarter, whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of distress, and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains.—Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon—it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents on the plains of the Carnatic.—[2] Then ensned a scene of wo, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of,

were mercy to that new havoc.—A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, and destroyed every temple.—The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land.—Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities.—But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into

"The jaws of Famine."

[3] The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal;—and all was done by charity, that private charity could do—but it was a people in beggary: it was a nation that stretched ont its hands for food.—For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days, had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition, or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a-day in the streets of Madras;—every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India.—I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger.—Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to the heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is; but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting, they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearer, they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and leave it to your general conceptions.

MATERNAL DISTRESS OVER A DYING CHILD.

[1] Tender narrative. [2] Maternal love, admiration, and grief. [3] Same passions deepening into alarm. [4] Starting: intense maternal grief.

[1] THEY bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!

She had watched every breath, and kept her hand
Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon
The dreamy languor of his listless eye,
And she had laid back all his sunny curls,
And kiss'd his delicate lip, and lifted him
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—
His beauty was so unlike death! She leaned
Over him now, that she might catch the low
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learned
To love when he was slumbering at her side
In his unconscious infancy—

[2] "So still!
'Tis a soft sleep! How beautiful he lies,
With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!
How could they say that he would die! Oh, God!
I could not lose him! I have treasured all
His childhood in my heart, and even now,
As he has slept, my memory has been there,
Counting like treasures all his winning ways—
His unforgotten sweetness;—

[3] "Yet so still!—
How like this breathless slumber is to death!
I could believe that in that bosom now
There was no pulse—it beats so languidly!
I cannot see it stir; but his red lip!
Death would not be so very beautiful!
And that half smile—would death have left *that* there?
—And should I not have felt that he would die?
And have I not wept over him?—And prayed
Morning and night for him?—And *could* he die?—
No—God will keep him! He will be my pride
Many long years to come, and this fair hair
Will darken like his father's, and his eye
Be of a deeper blue when he is grown;
And he will be so tall, and I shall look
With such a pride upon him! *He* to die!"
And the fond mother lifted his soft curls,
And smiled, as if 'twere mockery to think
That such fair things could perish—

[4] —Suddenly
Her hand shrunk from him, and the colour fled
From her fix'd lip, and her supporting knees
Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touched
His forehead, as she dallied with his hair—
And it was cold—like clay! Slow, very slow,
Came the misgiving that her child was dead.
She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed

In a dumb prayer for strength, and then she took
His little hand and pressed it earnestly—
And put her lips to his—and look'd again
Fearfully on him—and then, bending low,
She whisper'd in his ear "My son!—My son!"
And as the echo died, and not a sound
Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still,
Motionless on her knee—the truth *would* come!
And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart
Were crushed, she lifted him and held him close
Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—
As if death had no power to touch him there!"

N. P. Willis.

INVECTIVE AGAINST HASTINGS.

[1] Animated but rather pathetic description—voice varied and suspended at the end of every sentence. [2] Indignation. [3] Irony. [4] Indignation. [5] Affecting description, rising to a climax. [6] Indignant appeal. [7] Animated and sublime vindication of man's supremacy—a beautiful climax.

[1] 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, preserved 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 religions 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 —[2] Or, rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite conld 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—[3] 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, these are the fruits of their alliance! [4] 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? [5] When we hear the description of the paroxysm, fever, and delirium, into which despair had thrown the wretched 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 those 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? [6] What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosoms? What motive! [7] 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 com-

pact 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.

MIND AND BODY.

[1] Good-humoured regret, and pleasantry. [2] Good-humoured remonstrance. [3] Earnestness.

[1] Says Mind to Body, t'other day,
As on my chin I plied my razor,
Pray tell me—does that glass pourtray
Your real phiz, or cheat the gazer?

That youthful face, which bloom'd as sleek
As Hebe's, Ganymede's, Apollo's,
Has lost its roses, and your cheek
Is falling into fearful hollows.

The crow's fell foot hath set its sign
Beside that eye which dimly twinkles;
And look! what means this ugly line?
Gadzooks, my friend, you're getting wrinkles!

That form, which ladies once could praise,
Would now inspire them with a panic;
Get Byron's belt, or Worcester's stays,
Or else you'll soon be Aldermanic.

At sight of that dismantled top,
My very heart, I must confess, aches:
Once famous as a Brutus crop,
You now are balder than Lord Essex.

Since Wayte's decease your teeth decline:—
Finding no beautifier near 'em,
Time's tooth has mumbled two of thine;
Well may they call him—"*edax rerum.*"

Behold! your cheeks are quite bereft
  Of their two laughter-nursing dimples,
And pretty substitutes they've left—
  (Between ourselves) a brace of pimples!

The fashions which you used to lead,
  So careless are you, or so thrifty,
You most neglect when most you need,
  A sad mistake when nearing Fifty.—

[2] Stop, stop, cries Body—let us pause
  Before you reckon more offences,
Since you yourself may be the cause
  Of all these dismal consequences.

The sword, you know, wears out the sheath;
  By steam are brazen vessels scatter'd;
And when volcanoes rage beneath,
  The surface must be torn and shatter'd.

Have not your passions, hopes, and fears,
  Their tegument of clay outwearing,
Done infinitely more than years,
  To cause the ravage you're declaring?

If you yourself no symptoms show
  Of age,—no wrinkles of the spirit:
If still for friends your heart can glow,
  Your purse be shared with starving merit:

If yet to sordid sins unknown,
  No avarice in your breast has started:
If you have not suspicious grown,
  Sour, garrulous, or narrow-hearted:

You still are young, and o'er my face
  (Howe'er its features may be shaded)
Shall throw the sunshine of your grace,
  And keep the moral part unfaded.

[3] Expression is the face's soul,
  The head and heart's joint emanation;
Insensible to Time's control,
  Free from the body's devastation.

If *you're* still twenty, I'm no more:—
  Counting by years, how folks have blunder'd!
Voltaire was young at eighty-four,
  And Fontenelle at near a hundred! *James Smith.*

THE FEARLESS DE COURCY.

[1] Scorn. [2] Deep tone. [3] Pride and disdain. [4] Contempt. [5] Eagerness. [6] Appeal to honour. [7] Anger, pride, and scorn. [8] Admiration. [9] Proud delight. [10] Admiration and regret. [11] Rapture. [12] Defiance. [13] High-toned narrative.

THE fame of the fearless De Courcy
  Is boundless as the air;
With his own right hand he won the land
  Of Ulster, green and fair!
But he lieth low in a dungeon now,
  Powerless, in proud despair;
For false King John hath cast him in,
  And closely chained him there.

The false king sate on his throne of state,
  'Mid knights and nobles free;
"Who is there,' he cried, 'who will cross the tide,
  And do battle in France for me?
There is cast on mine honour a fearful stain,
The death of the boy who ruled Bretagne;
And the monarch of France, my bold suzerain,
Hath bidden a champion for me appear,
My fame from this darkening blot to clear:
Speak—is your silence the silence of fear,
My knights and my nobles? Frowning and pale
Your faces grow as I tell my tale!
Is there not one of this knightly ring,
Who dares do battle for his king?"

The warriors they heard, but they spake not a word,
  The earth some gazed upon,
And some did raise a steadfast gaze
  To the face of false King John.
Think ye they feared? They were Englishmen all,
Though mutely they sate in their monarch's hall;
The heroes of many a well-fought day,
Who loved the sound of a gathering fray,
Even as the lonely shepherd loves
The herds' soft bell in the mountain-groves.
Why were they silent? There was not one
Who could trust the word of false King John;
And their cheeks grew pallid as they thought
On the deed of blood by his base hand wrought;
Pale, with a brave heart's generous fear,
When forced a tale of shame to hear.
'Twas a coward whiteness then did chase
The glow of shame from the false king's face;

And he turned aside, in hootless pride,
That witness of his guilt to hide;
Yet every heart around him there,
Witness against him more strongly hare!
Oh, out then spake his beauteous queen:
"A captive lord I know,
Whose loyal heart hath ever heen
Eager to meet the foe;
Were true De Courcy here this day,
Freed from his galling chain,
Never, oh never should scoffers say,
That amid all England's rank and might,
Their king had sought him a loyal knight,
And sought such knight in vain!"
Up started the monarch, and cleared his hrow
And bade them summon De Courcy now.
Swiftly his messengers hasted away,
And sought the cell where the hero lay;
They bade him arise at his master's call,
And follow their steps to the stately hall.

He is brought hefore the council—
There are chains upon his hands;
With his silver hair, that aged knight,
Like a rock o'erhung with foam-wreaths white,
Proudly and calmly stands.

From the warrior's form they loosed the chain;
[1] His face was lighted with calm disdain;
Nor cheek, nor lip, nor eye gave token
E'en that he knew his chains were broken.
He spake—[2]no music, loud or clear,
Was in the voice of the grey-haired knight;
But a low stern sound, like that ye hear
In the march of a mail-clad host by night.
[3] "Brother of Cœur de Lion," said he,
"These chains have not dishonoured me!"
There was crushing scorn in each simple word,
Mightier than hattle-axe or sword.

Not long did the heart of the false king thrill
To the touch of passing shame,
[4] For it was hard, and mean, and chill;
As breezes sweep o'er a frozen rill,
Leaving it cold and unbroken still,
That feeling went and came;
And now to the knight he made reply,
Pleading his cause right craftily;

Skilled was his tongue in specious use
Of promise fair and of feigned excuse,
Blended with words of strong appeal
To love of fame and to loyal zeal.
At length he ceased; [5] and every eye
Gazed on De Courcy wistfully.
"Speak!" cried the king in that fearful pause;
[6] "Wilt thou not champion thy monarch's cause?"

[7] The old knight struck his foot on the ground,
Like a war-horse hearing the trumpet sound;
And he spake with a voice of thunder,
Solemn and fierce in tone,
Waving his hand to the stately band
Who stood by the monarch's throne,
As a warrior might wave his flashing glaive
When cheering his squadrons on:
"I will fight for the honour of England,
But not for false King John!"

[8] He turned and strode from the lofty hall,
Nor seemed to hear the sudden cheer
Which burst, as he spake, from the lips of all.
[9] And when he stood in the air without,
He paused as if in joyful doubt;
To the forests green and the wide blue sky
Stretching his arms embracingly,
With stately tread and uplifted head,
As a good steed tosses back his mane
When they loose his neck from the servile rein;
Ye know not, ye who are always free,
How precious a thing is liberty.
[10] "O world!" he cried; "sky, river, hill,
Ye wear the garments of beauty still;
How have ye kept your youth so fair,
While age has whitened this hoary hair?"
But when the squire, who watched his lord,
Gave to his hand his ancient sword,
[11] The hilt he pressed to his eager breast,
Like one who a long-lost friend hath met;
And joyously said, as he kissed the blade,
"Methinks there is youth in my spirit yet.
For France! for France! o'er the waters blue,
False king—dear land—adieu, adieu!"

He hath crossed the booming ocean,
On the shore he plants his lance;
And he sends his daring challenge
Into the heart of France:

[12] "Lo, here I stand for England,
  Queen of the silver main!
To guard her fame and to cleanse her name
  From slander's darkening stain!
Advance, advance! ye knights of France,
  Give answer to my call;
Lo! here I stand for England,
  And I defy ye all!"

[13] From the east and the north came champions forth—
  They came in a knightly crowd;
From the south and the west each generous breast
  Throbbed at that summons proud.
But though brave was each lord, and keen each sword,
  No warrior could withstand
The strength of the hero-spirit
  Which nerved that old man's hand.
He is conqueror in the battle—
  He hath won the wreath of bay;
To the shining crown of his fair renown
  He hath added another ray;
He hath drawn his sword for England;
  He hath fought for her spotless name;
And the isle resounds to her farthest bounds
  With her gray-haired hero's fame.
In the ears of the craven monarch,
  Oft must this burthen ring—
"Though the crown be thine and the royal line,
  He is in heart thy king!"

So they gave this graceful honour
  To the bold De Courcy's race,
That they ever should dare their helms to wear
  Before the king's own face:
And the sons of that line of heroes
  To this day their right assume;
For, when every head is unbonneted,
  They walk in cap and plume!

Lays from English History by S. M.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

[1] Cheerful tones: voice varied, and suspended at the end of each, finishing at *Spring*, and changing on *are*. [2] Ironical narrative. [3] Tone of regret. [4] Tone of admiration. [5] Plain narrative. [6] Discontent. [7] Sneering. [8] Spirited narrative. [9] Indifference. [10] Disgust.

[1] To meet the sun upon the upland lawn, to watch his majestic rising from the gilded East, to contemplate the rosy-fingered morning,

opening the day upon man, to view the prismatic colours reflected in the drops of dew, to brush that dew with early foot from the shrub and floweret in our healthful walk, to behold the glories of the setting sun, or the silvery moon-beam playing on the surface of the quiescent lake, to admire the expanded rosebud, and to watch the progress of nature in its spring, are amongst the loveliest and sublimest enjoyments, but they are unknown in the busy haunts of vicious and populous cities. The country retirement, health, order, sobriety, and morality can alone furnish them.

[2] There are fashionables, however, who expect to make nature subservient to their habits and caprices, every where, and in every thing; and who, not content with bringing summer in January, into their painted and gilded saloons, by rare shrubs, flowers, plants, and the expensive contents of their conservatories, added to the forced fruits and other articles of ruinous luxury with which their boards abound, madly expect to transmit town enjoyments, and dissipation, into the country, in order to lead the same unvaried course of voluptuousness and riot all the year round. Not satisfied with turning day into night, and night into day, in town, they convert summer into winter, by passing it in London, or at some watering-place, where they only go as an adjournment of the London spring, and then travel down to the country, to view leafless trees, fields clad in snow, and to be either confined to the house, or to brave bad weather for a short time for form's sake.

Wedded to the London system of rising in the evening, riding at dusk, and dressing by taper light, they carry the same unnatural and unwholesome arrangements to scenes which would have furnished a retreat full of charms, if visited in the spring, or in the summer. [3] For them the feathered choir chants in vain; for them the flower expands not; all is haze, fog, and darkness, unless perchance the rising sun blushes at their orgies, or reminds them that the day has opened ere they retire to a feverish bed.

Let us peruse the life of a certain nobleman at his family castle, [4] surrounded by majestic woods, lakes, and forests, peopled for his use; a numerous and faithful tenantry, and the most romantic scenery which the eye can possibly view.

[5] Engaged in London until July, and at Brighton until December, he gets down to this ancient edifice, the pride of his ancestors,

about the first week in January, and leaves it in March, just as the days are lengthening, and increasing the *ennui* which the contemplation of rural objects occasions him.

Surrounded by foreign cooks, confectioners, and fiddlers, he travels all night, and arrives at day-break. His effeminate form sinks for a few hours on down; and he rises in the afternoon. The breakfast-table is covered with delicacies, and with the provocatives necessary to excite a sated appetite. [6] "The weather is odious," says he: "what a bore is the country!" [7] He comes there only for fashion's sake, and in order to raise his rents.

[8] The second dinner-bell has rung; it is past eight, and he descends to his banqueting room. All here is pomp and pageantry; nothing is rational. Foreign wines and cookery compose the fare. Excess reigns over every thing. Intemperance plies the frequent cup, and vocal and instrumental music breathe their most voluptuous sounds.

Now comes the hour of gambling. His woods, his lands, his moveables, are all hazarded again and again; ten times in the night they are lost and won. A castle totters on a single card: the comfort of his tenantry depends on one throw: agitation and ill-humour ebb and flow; avarice and ruin stare each other in the face. The game is over. [9] He has lost only two or three thousand, and the grinding of a few farmers will rub off his score. He goes to bed. Conscience has nothing to do with him; for these are only considered as the peccadillos of fashion.

[8] Occasionally he sallies forth in the evening with a legion of liveried attendants. The woods are surrounded; the birds are circumvented: the cover is beaten. Armed with a double-barreled gun, and followed by menials, who take from him even the trouble of loading his piece, he and his party fire a thousand shots, and spread death and desolation around them. [2] This is called glorious sport, a noble day, rare country amusement! the great man returns as proud as ever Alexander was after his greatest victory, and the tongue of flattery tickles the nobleman's ear, and elevates him in his own esteem.

[9] At dressing time he gives audience to the steward, who is ordered to pay his gaming debts, by the sale of timber, by mortgage, anticipation, or annuities.

[10] Such is the exquisite's country life! Such the delights in which

he indulges, in the midst of family estates and picturesque scenery, to which he is as blind as he is to his own vices and failings.

What a pity that a habitation and scenes like these should be bestowed on such a possessor! The very detail is offensive to reason and feeling; but its colouring is not too high, nor is it a solitary example. Let our self-exiled, our ruined, our ruining nobility and rich men, look to themselves and this picture. How many will behold their own likeness, thus slighted sketched as it is by the hand of *The Hermit in the Country.*

THE DELUGE.

[1] Tones deep and gloomy, but clear and occasionally swelling and attenuating, as the different portions of the narrative suggest. [2] Disgust and pity. [3] Awe and pity. [4] Delight, hope, disappointment.

[1] The judgment was at hand. Before the sun
Gathered tempestuous clouds, which, blackening, spread
Until their blended masses overwhelmed
The hemisphere of day: and, adding gloom
To night's dark empire, swift from zone to zone
Swept the vast shadow, swallowing up all light,
And covering the encircling firmament
As with a mighty pall! Low in the dust
Bowed the affrighted nations, worshipping.
Anon the o'ercharged garners of the storm
Burst with their growing burden; fierce and fast
Shot down the ponderous rain, a sheeted flood,
That slanted not before the baffled winds,
But, with an arrowy and unwavering rush,
Dashed hissing earthward. Soon the rivers rose,
And roaring fled their channels; and calm lakes
Awoke exulting from their lethargy
And poured destruction on their peaceful shores.

The lightning flickered in the deluged air,
And feebly through the shout of gathering waves
Muttered the stifled thunder. Day nor night
Ceased the descending streams; and if the gloom
A little brightened, when the lurid morn
Rose on the starless midnight, 'twas to show
The lifting up of waters. Bird and beast
Forsook the flooded plains, and wearily
The shivering multitudes of human doomed
Toiled up before the insatiate element.

Oceans were blent, and the leviathan
Was borne aloft on the ascending seas
To where the eagle nestled. Mountains now
Were the sole land-marks, and their sides were clothed
With clustering myriads, from the weltering waste
Whose surges clasped them, to their topmost peaks,
Swathed in the stooping cloud. The hand of Death
Smote millions as they climbed; yet denser grew
The crowded nations, as the encroaching waves
Narrowed their little world.

[2] And in that hour,
Did no man aid his fellow. Love of life
Was the sole instinct; and the strong-limbed son,
With imprecations, smote the palsied sire
That clung to him for succour. Woman trod
With wavering steps the precipice's brow,
And found no arm to grasp on the dread verge
O'er which she leaned and trembled. Selfishness
Sat like an incubus on every heart,
Smothering the voice of Love. The giant's foot
Was on the stripling's neck; and oft despair
Grappled the ready steel, and kindred blood
Polluted the last remnant of that earth
Which God was deluging to purify.
Huge monsters from the plains, whose skeletons
The mildew of succeeding centuries
Has failed to crumble, with unwieldy strength
Crush'd through the solid crowds; and fiercest birds
Beat downward by the ever rushing rain,
With blinded eyes, drenched plumes, and trailing wings,
Staggered unconscious o'er the trampled prey.

[3] The mountains were submerged; the barrier chains
That mapped out nations, sank; until at length
One Titan peak alone o'ertopped the waves,
Beaconing a sunken world. And of the tribes
That blackened every alp, one man survived:
And he stood shuddering, hopeless, shelterless,
Upon that fragment of the universe.
The surges of the universal sea
Broke on his naked feet. On his grey head,
Which fear, not time, had silvered, the black cloud
Poured its unpitying torrents; while around,
In the green twilight dimly visible,
Rolled the grim legions of the ghastly drowned,
And seemed to beckon with their tossing arms
Their brother to his doom.

He smote his brow
And, maddened, would have leapt to their embrace,
[1] When, lo! before him, riding on the deep,
Loomed a vast fabric, and familiar sounds
Proclaimed that it was peopled. Hope once more
Cheered the wan outcast, and imploringly
He stretched his arms forth toward the floating walls,
And cried aloud for mercy. But *his* prayer
Man might not answer, whom his *God* condemned.
The ark swept onward, and the billows rose
And buried their last victim!

Then the gloom
Broke from the face of Heaven, and sunlight streamed
Upon the shoreless sea, and on the roof
That rose for shelter o'er the living germ
Whose increase should repopulate a world.

American Magazine.

HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

[1] Impressive narrative. [2] Very emphatic. [3] Flattery and appeal to pride and heroism. [4] Sneering. [5] Flattery. [6] Contempt. [7] Generous flattery. [8] Indignation. [9] Indignant irony.

[1] 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 undimished, you were hardly able to force a passage.—[2] Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy. [3] 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 of 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 ample recompense of your completed service. [4] For I would not have you imagine, that victory 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. [5] 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? [6] 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.

[3] 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! [7] 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. [8] Grief, injuries, indignities fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.— [9] 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. Is Saguntum 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. [2] 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.*

THE ASTRONOMICAL ALDERMAN.

[1] Humorous narrative. [2] Pedantry, mock gravity. [3] Ironical inquisitiveness. [4] Self-complacent pedantry.

[1] The pedant or scholastikos became
The butt of all the Grecian jokes;—
With us, poor Paddy bears the blame
Of blunders made by other folks;
Though we have certain civic sages
Term'd Aldermen, who perpetrate
Bulls as legitimate and great,
As any that the classic pages

Of old Hierocles can show,
Or Mr. Miller's, commonly call'd Joe.

One of these turtle-eating men,
Not much excelling in his spelling,
When ridicule he meant to brave,
Said he was more PH. than N.
Meaning thereby, more *phool* than *nave*.
Though they who knew our cunning Thraso
Pronounced it flattery to say so.—
His civic brethren to express
His "double double toil and trouble,"
And bustling noisy emptiness,
Had christen'd him Sir Hubble Bubble.

This wight ventripotent was dining
Once at the Grocer's Hall, and lining
With calipee and calipash
That tomb omnivorous—his paunch,
Then on the haunch
Inflicting many a horrid gash,
When having swallow'd six or seven
Pounds, he fell into a mood
Of such supreme beatitude,
That he began with mighty *bonhomie*
To talk astronomy.

2 "Sir," he exclaimed between his bumpers,
"Copernicus and Tycho Brahe,
And all those chaps have had their day;
They've written monstrous lies, Sir,—thumpers!—
Move round the sun?—its talking treason;
The earth stands still—it stands to reason.
Round as a globe?—stuff—humbug—fable!
It's a flat sphere, like this here table,
And the sun overhangs this sphere,
Ay—just like that there chandelier."

3 "But," quoth his neighbour, "when the sun
From East to West his course has run,
How comes it that he shows his face
Next morning in his former place?"

4 "Ho! there's a pretty question truly!"
Replied our wight with an unruly
Burst of laughter and delight,
So much his triumph seem'd to please him;
"Why, blockhead, he goes back at night,
And that's the reason no one sees him."

Horace Smith.

THE ST. GEORGE.

[1] Admiration. [2] Rapture. [3] Narrative. [4] Eagerness. [5] Disappointment and chagrin. [6] Grief. [7] Resignation, admiration, adjuration.

[1] It stood in the artist's studio; all Florence came to look at it; all examined it with curiosity; all admired it with eagerness; all pronounced it the *capo d' opera* of Donatello. The whole town were in raptures, and lovely ladies, as they bent from their carriages to answer the salutes of the Princes and Dukes, instead of the common-place frivolities of fashion, said, "Have you seen the new statue by Donatello?"

[2] Is there an art like that of sculpture? Painting is a brilliant illusion—a lovely cheat. Sculpture, while it represents a reality, is itself a reality. The pencil pours its fervid hues upon perishable canvass, and they fade with the passing air; bnt the chisel works in eternal marble—strikes out a creation immortal as the globe, and beautiful as the soul.

[1] "I told thee, Donatello," said Lorenzo, "thou would'st excel all thy rivals!"

"Fling by thy chisel now," cried another, "thou canst add nothing to that."

"I shall cease, hereafter, my devotion to the antique," cried a third.

"The power of Phidias," exclaimed one.

"The execution of Praxiteles!" said another.

"You will draw votaries from Venus," whispered a soft Italian girl, as she turned her melting eyes on the old man.

"The Apollo will hereafter draw his bow unheeded," cried an artist, whom many thought the best of his day.

[3] Among the crowds who flocked to the studio of Donatello, there was a youth who had given some promise of excellence. Many said that, with intense study, he might one day make his name heard beyond the Alps; and some went so far as to hint that in time he might tread close on the heels even of Donatello himself, but these were sanguine men, and great friends of the young man; besides, they spoke at random. They called this student Michael Angelo.

He had stood a long time regarding it with fixed eyes and folded arms. He walked from one position to another, measured it with his keen glances from head to foot, regarded it before, behind, and studied its profiles from various points. The venerable Donatello saw him, and awaited his long and absorbed examination with the flattered pride of an artist and the affectionate indulgence of a father. At length Michael Angelo stopped once more before it, inhaled a long breath, and broke the profound silence. "It wants only one thing," muttered the gifted boy.

[4] "Tell me," cried the successful artist, "*what* it wants. This is the first censure which my St. George has elicited. Can I improve? Can I alter? Is it in the clay or the marble? Tell me!"

But the critic had disappeared.

[3] Donatello knew the mighty genius of Michael Angelo. He had beheld the flashes of the sacred fire, and watched the development of the spirit within him.

[5] "What!" cried the old man, "Michael Angelo gone to Rome, and not a word of advice about my statue! The scape-grace! but I shall see him again, or, by the mass, I will follow him to the eternal city. His opinion is worth that of all the world! But one thing!" He looked at it again—he listened to the murmurs of applause which it drew from all who beheld it—a placid smile settled on his face. "But one thing!—what can it be?"

[3] Years rolled by. Michael Angelo remained at Rome, or made excursions to other places, but had not yet returned to Florence. Wherever he had been, men regarded him as a comet—something fiery, terrible, tremendous, sublime. His fame spread over the globe; what his chisel touched it hallowed. He spurned the dull clay, and struck his vast and intensely brilliant conceptions at once from the marble. Michael Angelo was a name to worship—a spell in the arts—an honour to Italy—to the world. What he praised, lived; what he condemned, perished.

As Donatello grew old, his anxiety grew more powerful to know what the inspired eyes of the wonderful artist had detected in his great statue.

At length the immortal Florentine turned his eyes to his native republic, and, as he reached the summit of the hill which rises on the side of *Porta Romana*, he beheld the magnificent and glorious

dome, and *Campanile*, shining in the soft golden radiance of the setting sun, with the broad-topped tower of the *Palazzo Vecchio* lifted in the yellow light, even as at this day it stands.

[6] Ah, death! can no worth ward thee? Must the inspired artist's eyes be dark, his hand motionless, his heart still, and his inventive brain as dull as the clay he models? Yes! Donatello lies stretched on his last couch, and the light of life is passing from his eyes; yet even in that awful hour, his thoughts ran on the wishes of his past years, and he sent for the Florentine artist.

His friend came instantly.

[7] "I am going, Michael, my chisel is idle, my vision is dim, but I feel thy hand, my noble boy, and I hear thy kind breast sob. I glory in thy renown; I predicted it, and I bless my Creator that I have lived to see it; but before I sink into the tomb, I charge thee, on thy friendship, on thy religion, answer my question truly."

"As I am a man, I will."

"Then tell me, without equivocation, what it is that my St. George wants?"

"The gift of Speech!" was the reply.

A gleam of sunshine fell across the old man's face. The smile lingered on his lips long after he lay cold as the marble upon which he had so often stamped the conceptions of his genius.

The statue remains the admiration of posterity, and adorns the exterior of the *Chiesa d'or San Micheles*. *Scottish Annual.*

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

Translated from the Irish by Charles Clarence Mangan, Esq.

O, Woman of Three Cows, agragh! don't let your tongue thus rattle!
O, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser,
And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants!
If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows!

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O, Woman of Three Cows!

O, think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted—
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story—
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory—
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O, Woman of Three Cows!

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when Fame was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbour's poor, and you it seems are big with vain ideas,
Because, forsooth, you've got three cows, one more, I see, than *she* has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than Charity allows,
But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but *four* cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

THE BIBLE A CLASSIC.

[1] The suppositive and negative members in a high voice, and ending with a rising inflexion; the affirmative members in a firm but lower tone, ending with the falling inflexion. [2] Tones varied and suited to the sublime, cheerful, or narrative part of the subject.

[1] THERE is a Classic, the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honoured and dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration, unrivalled in the history of Literature. If we have respect to its evidences, they are found in the testimony of miracle and prophecy; in the ministry of Man, of Nature, and of Angels. If we consider its authenticity, no other pages have survived the lapse of time, that can be compared with it. If we examine its authority, —for it speaks as never man spake,—we discover that it came from Heaven, in vision and prophecy, under the sanction of Him who is the Creator of all things, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift. If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy, as God himself; unchangeable as his nature; durable as his righteous dominion; and versatile as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard the value of its treasures, we must estimate them, not like the relics of classic Antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness of this world, but by the enduring perfection and supreme felicity of an eternal kingdom. If we inquire, who are the men that have recorded its truths, vindicated its rights, and illustrated the excellence of its scheme—from the depth of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea, comes forth the answer—the Patriarch and the Prophet, the Evangelist and the Martyr. If we look abroad through the world of men, the victims of folly or vice, the prey of cruelty or injustice, and inquire what are its benefits, even in this temporal state—the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant, reply, as with one voice, that humility and resignation; purity, order, and peace; faith, hope, and charity, are its blessings upon earth: and if—raising our eyes from time to eternity, from the world of mortals to the world of just men made perfect; from the visible creation, marvellous, beautiful, and glo-

rious as it is, to the invisible creation of Angels and Seraphs; from the footstool of God to the throne of God himself—we ask, what are the blessings that flow from this single volume, let the question be answered by the pen of the Evangelist, the harp of the Prophet, and the records of the Book of Life.

[2] To those who admire the Classics so extravagantly as to forget, which most seem to do, that such a book as the Bible exists, I would recommend the following sentiments of Fenelon, than whom a more calm, dignified, and dispassionate judge never compared Christian with Heathen Classics:—"The Scripture surpasses the most ancient Greek authors vastly in native simplicity, liveliness, and grandeur. Homer himself never reached the sublimity of Moses' Songs, especially the last, which all Israelitish children were to learn by heart. Never did any ode, either Greek or Latin, come up to the loftiness of the Psalms, particularly 'The mighty God, even the Lord, hath spoken.' This surpasses the utmost stretch of human invention. Neither Homer nor any other poet ever equalled Isaiah describing the majesty of God, in whose sight 'the nations of the earth are as small dust, yea, less than nothing and vanity,' seeing it is he that stretcheth out the heavens 'like a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in.' Sometimes this Prophet has all the sweetness of an eclogue in the smiling image he gives us of peace; and sometimes he soars so high as to leave every thing below him. What is there in antiquity, that can be compared to the lamentations of Jeremiah, when he tenderly deplores the misery of his country? or the prophecy of Nahum, when he foresees in spirit the proud Nineveh fall under the rage of an invincible army? We fancy that we see the host, and hear the noise of arms and chariots. Every thing is painted in such a lively manner as strikes the imagination,—the Prophet far outdoes Homer. Read likewise Daniel announcing to Belshazzar the Divine vengeance ready to overwhelm him, and try if you can find any thing in the most sublime originals of antiquity that can be compared to those passages of Sacred Writ. As for the rest of Scripture, every portion of it is uniform and constant,—every part bears the peculiar character that becomes it. The history, the particular detail of laws, the descriptions, the vehement and pathetic passages, the mysteries and prophecies, the moral discourses,

—in all these appears a natural and beautiful variety. In short, there is as great a difference between the Heathen poets and the Hebrew prophets, as there is between false enthusiasm and trne. The sacred writers being truly inspired, do in a sensible manner express something divine; while the others, striving to soar above themselves, always show human weakness in their loftiest flights." —*Grimké.*

MODERN LOGIC.

Humorous and lively description—voice changed in the dialogue—at the end good humoured irony

An Eton stripling training for the Law,
A Dunce at Syntax, but a Dab at Taw,
One happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf
His cap, his gown, and store of learned pelf,
With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
To spend a fortnight at his Uncle's home.
Arrived, and past the usual "How d'ye do's,"
Inquiries of old friends, and College news,
"Well, Tom—the road, what saw you worth discerning,
And how goes study, boy—what is't you're learning?"
"Oh, Logic, Sir,—but not the worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools!
'Tis wit and wranglers' Logic—thus, d'ye see,
I'll prove to you, as clear as A, B, C,
That an eel-pie's a pigeon:—to deny it,
Were to swear black's white."—"Indeed!"—"Let's try it.
An eel-pie, is a pie of fish."—"Well—agreed."
"A fish-pie may be a Jack-pie."—"Proceed."
"A Jack-pie must be a John-pie—thus, 'tis done,
For every John-pie is pi-ge-on!"
"Bravo!" Sir Peter cries, "Logic for ever!
It beats my grandmother—and she was clever!
But zounds, my boy—it surely would be hard,
That wit and learning should have no reward!
To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross,
And then I'll give you"—"What?"—"My chesnut-horse."
"A horse!" cries Tom, "blood, pedigree, and paces,
Oh what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!"—
He went to bed, and wept for downright sorrow,
To think the night must pass before the morrow;
Dream'd of his boots, his cap, his spurs, and leather breeches,
Of leaping five-barr'd gates, and crossing ditches:

Left his warm bed an hour before the lark,
Dragg'd his old Uncle fasting through the park:—
Each craggy hill and dale in vain they cross,
To find out something like a chesnut-horse;
But no such animal the meadows cropp'd:
At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stopp'd;
Took a bough—shook it—and down fell
A fine horse-chesnut in its prickly shell.—
"There, Tom—take that."—"Well, Sir, and what beside?
"Why, since you're booted—saddle it, and ride!"
"Ride what?—A chesnut!" "Ay, come get across,
I tell you, Tom, the chesnut is a horse,
And all the horse you'll get—for I can show
As clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so—
Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon—addle-headed fools!
All Logic but the wranglers' I disown,
And stick to one sound argument—*your own.*
Since you have proved to me, I don't deny
That a pie-John is the same as a John-pie!
What follows then, but as a thing of course,
That a horse-chesnut is a chesnut-horse?"

THE BLIND PREACHER.

[1] Serious narrative. [2] Veneration. [3] Admiration. [4] Awe, veneration, admiration. [5] Serious graphic description—awe and reverence subsiding into deep pathos. [6] Serious narrative. [7] Seriousness, admiration.

[1] As I travelled through the county of Orange, my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; bnt I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives.

[2] On entering the house, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man. His head, which was covered with a white linen cap; his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaken under the influence of a palsy, and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind. The

first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. [3] But ah! how soon were all my feelings changed! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament, and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man, whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

[4] As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbol, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame to shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour —his trial before Pilate—his ascent up Calvary—his crucifixion—and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. [5] We saw the very faces of the Jews—the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet—my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched. But when he came to touch the patience, the forgiving meekness of onr Saviour—when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven—his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

[6] It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for

the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. [7] But the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau:—"Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!" Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery —*Wirt.*

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

[1] Bold tone of admiration. [2] Regret. [3] Contempt. [4] Mournful reflection. [5] Manly, self gratulation. [6] Courage. [7] Bold adjuration. [8] Disappointment. [9] Encouragement. [10] Dejection, irony, and contempt. [11] Bold tone. [12] Aspiration. [13] Descriptive. [14] Contempt and courage. [15] Admiration mixed with grief. [16] Sorrow, defiance.

[1] 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,—
[2] 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 that 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;
[3] For, standing on the Persian's grave,
  I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
  That 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? [4] 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?

[5] '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.

[8] Must *we* but weep o'er days more blessed?
Must *we* but blush? [6] Our fathers bled.
[7] 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!

[8] What! silent still? and silent all?
[9] 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;"
[3] 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

[10] In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup of 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 you 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.

[11] The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
[12] Oh! 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!
[13] 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.

[14] 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.

[15] 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,
Mine own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

[16] Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
Where nothing, but 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 SLAVE TRADE.

[1] Bold remonstrative tone, mixed throughout the whole piece with indignation against the abhorrent traffic. [2] Admiration. [3] Determination. [4] Generous pride. [5] Upbraiding. [6] Appeal to their sympathy. [7] Solemn invocation. [8] Pity and indignation.

[1] THE land is not wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt—I mean the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abo-

minable traffic. At the moment when God, in his mercy, has blessed the Christian world with an universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts no sentiment of humanity or justice dwells, and over whom neither the fear of God, nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave trader is a pirate and a felon; and, in the sight of heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. [2] There is no brighter part of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England, to co-operate with the laws of man, and the justice of heaven. [3] If there be within the extent of onr knowledge or inflnence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, to extirpate and destroy it. [4] It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims shonld bear the shame longer. [5] I hear the sonnd of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces, where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I sce the visages of those, who, by stealth and at midnight, labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of torture. [6] Let the spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

[7] I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice, and all who minister at her alter, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of our religion that they proclaim its denunciation of those crimes, and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of hnman laws. If the pulpit be silent, whenever, or wherever, there may be a sinner, bloody with this guilt, within the hcaring of its voicc, the pulpit is false to its trust. I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest npon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates who ever infested them. That ocean, which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll along its treasures with a conscious pride; that

ocean, which hardy industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil; what is it to the victim of this oppression, when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it, for the first time, from beneath chains, and bleeding with stripes? [8] What is it to him, but a wide spread prospect of suffering, anguish, and death? Nor do the skies smile longer, nor is the air longer fragrant to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and accursed traffic has cut him off in his manhood, or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him.—*Webster (American).*

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

[1] Coaxing, and sarcastic answers; tones cheerful. [2] Flattery. [3] Pity. [4] Good advice.

"WILL you walk into my parlour?" said a spider to a fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to shew when you are there."
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For, who goes up your winding stair, can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, with soaring up so high,
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in."
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon yonr bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for yon?
I have within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise.
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold—yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew, the silly fly would soon come back again:
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the fly.
Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
[2] "Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing:
Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

[3] Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, her green and purple hue,
And dreaming of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again!
[4] And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed:
To all deceitful counsellors, close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale, of the Spider and the Fly.

Mrs. Howitt.

CLAIMS OF THE JEWS.

[1] Earnest appeal to Gentile gratitude. [2] Firm elevated voice; answer in a lower tone. [3] Climax. [4] Earnest adjuration. [5] Questions in a tone of melancholy pleasure, answers in a lower tone of regret. [6] Quality of the tones the same as [4] and [5], but varied to the subject.

[1] In advocating the cause of Israel, I would ask, and strongly too, is the account of *justice* towards that nation settled? Is the long arrear of Gentile *gratitude* to that nation discharged? For to what blessing shall we refer in the long catalogue of our own mercies, which we have not derived from Israel?

[2] Amidst the sorrows and vicissitudes of life, do we find daily consolations from God? Under the terrors of conscience, do we behold a peaceful asylum in the cross of Christ? By the bed of dying worth, or at the oft-frequented grave of departed friendship, do we wipe away our tears in the sure and certain hope of a resurrection to the life eternal? From whence do all these consolations flow? They flow to us from Judah. [3] The Volume of God was penned by Jewish hands—the Gospel was proclaimed by Jewish lips—yea, that Sacred Victim on the cross—the world's only hope—the sinner's only joy—wears not even He the lineaments of the

children of Abraham? [4] Christians! at length remove the stigma —repay the debt—admit the claims of justice—yield to the impulse of gratitude—feel—toil—supplicate for those whose forefathers felt, and toiled, and prayed for you!

Think, my brethren, of all their *former* grandeur, and contrast it with their *present* desolation. Such a contrast raises, even under ordinary circumstances, a keen emotion in the human heart. [5] Why does the traveller fondly linger amidst the scenes of ancient art, or power, or influence? Why for so many a year have the poet and the philosopher wandered amidst the fragments of Athens and of Rome? Why paused, with strange and kindling feelings, amidst their broken columns—their mouldering temples—their deserted plains? It is because their day of glory is passed—it is because their name is obscured—their power departed—their influence lost!

Similar emotions have, indeed, been often felt amidst the scenes of Jewish fame. [6] The forsaken banks of Jordan, where the Psalmist once tuned his lyre and uttered his prophetic songs—the blighted plains of Galilee, where the Saviour often bent his lonely steps to cheer the widow's dwelling—the ruined city, once the terror of surrounding nations—the forgotten temple, whose walls once echoed back the accents of that voice "which spake as never man spake"—these images and memorials of former days have often produced a solemn sadness in the minds of those who have visited the shores of Palestine—and these feelings have responded to the affecting complaint, "Thy holy cities are a wilderness—Zion is a wilderness—Jerusalem is a desolation. Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste."

But is there no emphasis of sadness to be found in the sordid and degraded state of those who wander through the world forgotten and forlorn, though once the honoured servants, the favoured children of the Lord? Shall the sculptured stone—the broken shaft —the time-worn capital—even the poor fragments of some profane sanctuary—shall these affect so deeply the heart—and shall the moral ruin, the spiritual decay, the symptoms of eternal perdition—shall these vestiges of desolation excite no feeling in our bosoms?

> "Oh! where a sight shall shuddering sorrow find
> Sad as the ruins of the human mind?"

And where is there a ruin to be found so mournful and so complete as that which the moral aspect of Judah now presents to our view?—*Rev. Baptist Noel.*

HOME.

[1] Tones of admiration and delight through the whole.

[1] THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* Home.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His Home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

James Montgomery.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

[1] Narrative, with unpleasant feelings. [2] Courage. [3] Complacency. [4] Admiration. [5] A tone of unpleasantness. [6] Tone of security. [7] Tone of apprehension. [8] General narrative. [9] Tone of apprehension. [10] Fear and uneasiness. [11] Fear and resolution. [12] Extreme agitation and fear. [13] Astonishment and dread.

I HAD been enjoying the pleasures of the chase on one of the Green Mountains, when a mist settling down upon it, I gradually lost my way, and when I found that evening was fast approaching, I was perfectly aware, that unless I discovered the path speedily, I must pass the night upon the mountain. I was rather thinly clad, and a night on the mountain-top is by no means sultry; it was sufficiently cool already, and I felt an extraordinary appetite for supper, which the keen air of this elevated region was calculated rather to augment than to allay. "But," thought I, as I cast a look on the forlorn scene around me, "for aught I can perceive, if I go to supper to-night, it will be, not where I eat, but where I am eaten! Should I fall asleep here, I may expect to wake up and find a bear nibbling at my toes." [2] Still I resolved to push onward, hoping that the cloud would pass away; but I was disappointed; the mist lay thick upon the mountain. I wandered hither and thither among the woods, and was sure of nothing, except that I was proceeding downwards. It was now dusk, the shades of evening were fast gathering over me, and I saw that all hope of returning must be abandoned. I began to look out, therefore, for some convenient place where I might pass the night. I thought, at first, of ascending a tree, in order to be safe from the wild animals; but the cold wind which then began to blow, admonished me to choose a spot more comfortable. [3] Ere long I discovered a narrow rocky ravine, clear of trees; and sufficiently deep to shelter me from the wind; the rocks were covered with a thick green moss, which abounds in every part of these mountains; heaps of dead leaves lay collected among them, and here I determined to light a fire, and make preparations for passing the night. By the help of my gun, I succeeded in setting fire to a pile of dry leaves, and pine boughs: and a broad glare of flame soon arose through the misty air, that promised to secure me against the intrusion of the wild animals. It was not

yet dark; the sun had gone down, the twilight had disappeared; but the moon was above the horizon, somewhat low in the west, and giving sufficient light through the mantle of vapour that shrouded the monntain, to throw a dim and nncertain radiance npon a portion of the scene around me. [4] As the night breeze freshened, the mist appeared to thin away, and I was struck with the beautiful appearance of the halo which the snbtle vapour spread around the lunar orb, a bright circle of rainbow colours hanging in the broad heaven. [5] Gradually this phenomenon melted away; the moon went down, the sky was dark, and the deep gloom of the black forest was relieved only by the red flickering flames of my own blazing pile. In spite of the fatigues I had nndergone through the day, it was a long time before I felt an inclination to sleep. [6] Not that I imagined myself in any great danger; my blazing fire and loaded gun were a sufficient security against the beasts; —but night, and solitude, and the wilderness were overpowering. The glare of the flame, amidst the pitchy darkness all around, threw strong gleams of red light npon the rocky cliffs and masses of thick wood; sudden puffs of wind would now and then whirl a dense column of smoke along the glen, and as these clouds rolled off one after the other into the sky, strange and fantastic giant shapes seemed to be flitting among the dark shadows of the wilderness. I continued to heap great branches upon the blazing pile: it was growing colder, and I felt a drowsiness coming on, yet was unwilling to trust myself to the arms of sleep, amidst this drear desolation. [7] I sat listening to the moan of the night breeze, as it swelled through the rustling pines, and ever and anon fancied I could hear the howl of a wolf on the distant gale, but as yet no inhabitant of the forest had ventured to intrude on my solitude. Growing more and more drowsy, and withal feeling a degree of security from having been thus far unmolested, I determined to take a nap. [8] I heaped, therefore, a snfficiency of wood upon the pile to last for several hours, and lying down upon the moss-covered rock at the very bottom of the ravine, with my feet to the fire, I composed myself to rest. In spite of the coolness of the air, and the loneliness of my situation, I was soon fast asleep. In such circumstances one is sure to be visited with dreams, and I began dreaming before I was fairly in a slumber. When my eye-

lids first hung heavy, I was gazing at the flickering shadows, cast by the rolling volumes of smoke over the woods; and, as my sensations grew more and more indistinct and confused, I fancied ten thousand monstrous black bears, with their gigantic cubs, gambolling over the tree-tops. [9] Presently I dreamed of wandering among the woods, where the catamounts were crouching behind every tree, and my gun, of course, as always happens in dreams, hung fire, whenever I attempted to use it. [10] Anon I was attempting to clamber up the mountain-top, and slipping backward at every step; —then, as I stood upon the summit, a cloud came over the mountain, and swept me off; I was carried away through the air as in a balloon, looking down upon the country below, a great chequer board of woods and pastures, and fields and towns; till, all of a sudden, the cloud burst, and I fell souse into Lake Champlain! [11] I awoke at this instant;—my first sensation was that of grappling and struggling violently with something that had seized me: in the twinkling of an eye I found myself whirled violently away, and the next moment I was struck with a rousing shock, that almost stunned me. A minute elapsed ere I became quite aware that I was awake. [12] I looked around—nothing was to be seen—all was utter darkness. The impression was strong upon my mind, that I had been violently dragged away from the spot where I had lain down to sleep, but I neither heard nor felt any wild beast moving near me. I stared wildly aronnd, trying to penetrate the thick darkness, when, as I cast my eye upward, I perceived a strange gleam of light over my head; it seemed like an opening in the sky, through which a faint red glimmer was now and then flashing. [13] I got npon my feet, and attempted to move; but how was I astonished, on stretching forth my arms, to find a perpendicular wall of rock before me. I looked up again at the light, and presently made the discovery, that I was at the bottom of a deep chasm in the rocks, and that the light above came through a narrow fissure at the top. This light, red and flickering, could be no other than that of my own fire, and after further examination of the darkness in which I was imprisoned, and a feeling which now began to manifest itself of certain bruises in my body, it became evident that I had fallen in my sleep throngh the opening above, to the bottom of this deep cavern. This, indeed, was the fact.

PART SECOND.

[1] General narrative. [2] Dread and disappointment. [3] Horror. [4] Courage. [5] Starting, surprise. [6] Extreme horror and dismay. [7] Great agitation. [8] Resolution. [9] Hope. [10] Chagrin, resolution, and dread.

[1] The hollow, in which I had taken up my abode for the night, was formed by two immense masses of rock, which appeared to have been thrown together by some convulsion of nature, so as to make a deep and narrow chasm, with almost perpendicular sides resting against each other at the top. The long and narrow crevices above had been overgrown with a species of moss so thick and firm as to bear the weight of a man. Among the Green Mountains spots like these are innumerable, where the passenger may be treading on a coat of moss, that spreads from rock to rock, and barely sustains him over the depths of a profound abyss. It was in precisely such a spot that I had kindled my fire, and laid me down to rest, never suspecting that my soft and mossy bed was but the deceitful covering to the jaws of a deep den. Whether the fire had burned under the moss, and caught the dry sticks, which had first been accumulated over the fissure, and served as a support to the superincumbent growth, or whether the moss gave way gradually, and by my own weight, I never knew. It was enough that it broke through, and down I fell. I rubbed my eyes again; I felt my bruised bones and aching joints; I found that I had no wounds, but many sore parts. The bottom of the cavern was covered with dead leaves, loose earth, and rubbish, which had broken my fall. Had it been otherwise, my brains would have been dashed out upon the rock, for the distance I had fallen was at least fifteen or twenty feet. I groped about to the right and left, and found I could touch both walls of the cavern at once, by extending my arms. [2] In profound darkness I moved along this narrow strait, hoping to find some projection in the rocky wall, by which I might climb upward; but the walls were perpendicular and smooth; nothing met my grasp that would enable me to raise myself a step from the bottom. Having groped four or five yards, I perceived the walls closed, and I could advance no farther. I turned and began to search toward the other extremity of the cavern; the sides were every where too steep and smooth to afford

me the slightest hope of being able to ascend them. At the further extremity the space grew narrower again, and I found I had traversed the whole extent of the cavern. [3] I now stopped, and began to feel strange apprehensions coming over me. The thonght of lying imprisoned in this horrid cavern, till I starved to death, rushed fearfully through my brain; but a moment more and I reassured myself. [4] "Let me wait till day-light," thought I, "before I give myself up for lost: there may be means of escape hidden under this profound darkness." I fell to pondering upon my strange condition, when, all at once, [5] I was startled by the sonnd of something moving near me; the next moment [6] I perceived a pair of ficry eye-balls glaring at me, from the opposite end of the cavern. What a chill ran through my blood at the sight! My hair stood on end; a cold sweat burst out upon my forehead, and I stood motionless with horror. Had I possessed ten thousand worlds, I would have given them at that instant, for the smallest hope of safety. Horror-struck as I was at the sight, I could not take my eyes from it, but stood gazing, stupified, and half congealed with terror at those glaring orbs of a ferocious beast, whom I expected every instant to spring npon me, and tear me to pieces! How long I remained thus overwhelmed with the panic, I have no means of knowing; those fiery balls continned to roll and glimmer with a most unearthly light; and, surely the stoutest heart must have been appalled by such a spectacle, in the thick darkness of a lonely cavern, with no means of resistance or escape. To express my danger in two words, this was a *wolf's den*. The wolf and I continued to stare at each other, but, fortunately, he did not move. In a few moments I regained a little self-possession. [7] "What shall I do?" was the first thought. Escape I could not; kill the wolf I mnst, or be killed! I had nothing but a large sharp-pointed knife which I had taken with me to cut away the boughs and bushes. [8] With hardly a moment's reflection I drew it out of my pocket, and, grasping it firmly, prepared to rush upon the animal: it was an act of desperation, but it was better than to wait till he sprang upon me. I began to measure my distance, and scrutinize the position of my ferocious enemy. He had not moved from the spot, and appeared to be crouching on the ground, at the further end of the cave. While I stood deliberating, I began to feel some

surprise that he had so long refrained from attacking me. Many minutes, at least, had passed, since I had been in his power, and, as yet, he had done nothing but fix his eyes fiercely upon me. How much longer might he not remain quiet? It then came npon my recollection, as a notorious fact, that the wolf, savage and ferocious as he is at times, is, nevertheless, an arrant coward, and, if once frightened, loses entirely the courage and inclination to make an attack. [9] This thought darted a bright ray of hope into my breast. I stopped short in my meditated assanlt, and scanned the wolf with more coolness and confidence. He lay close on the gronnd, his eyes still darting gleams of fiery green through the pitchy darkness, yet in the ever-twinkling glimmer of these savage orbs, I now thought I could discover signs of fear. The more I fixed my gaze npon them, the more I felt my confidence revive. I stood, however, on my guard, determined, if he showed a disposition to spring upon me, to meet him at least half way. It was as I had conjectured: the wolf was completely frightened; he was lying, probably, fast asleep, when I burst into his den. Conceive the panic which this sudden and violent intrusion must have caused him. For aught I know, he was at that moment directly nnder me, and I had fallen slap upon him, as the spot where I fell was fonnd afterwards to be the lowest part of the cavern, and covered with a bed of leaves and rubbish. I had, moreover, an indistinct remembrance of grappling with some moving body, in the first moments after awakening from the fall. Certain it was, that he immediately skulked into the further corner of the den, and there lay overcome with fright. [10] Hour after hour I stood watching him, lest he should get the better of his alarm, and take vengeance on me for the disturbance: but he showed no disposition for hostilities; and, when the first welcome rays of the morning shot into the cavern, I beheld my savage companion crouching and hnddled up in a narrow crevice of the rock, with every mark of the most abject fear. I became released, therefore, from my apprehensions on this score; bnt the return of light led me to the unwelcome discovery, that to escape from the cavern, without assistance, was impossible. To climb was out of the question; the two masses of rock closed at both extremities, leaving at one end a narrow opening, near the ground, through which the wolf had squeezed

himself, in passing in and out. Had the animal run to this end of the cave, at the first alarm, he would have escaped immediately, instead of which, he betook himself, in his confusion, to the innermost recess of his abode, and so great was his terror of me, that he never dared stir to leave his lurking-place.

PART THIRD.

[1] Dreadful agitation. [2] Despair. [3] Fearful surprise and apprehension. [4] Great joy. [5] Contrast to the former. [6] Delight. [7] General narrative.

[1] What was now to be done? I must devise some means of extricating myself, for I could have no hope that any human being would come to my assistance, in that wild and distant spot: but what means were there within my reach? There was no breaking through the wall of my prison, or digging under the foundation. The rock was here, the rock was there, the rock was all around. Hunger might break through stone walls, but not walls so thick as these. A strip of the bright sky was twenty feet over my head, and twenty thousand dollars would I have given (had I possessed them) for nothing bnt a bean-pole of that length. But wishing was in vain; I could do nothing to help myself, and the wolf seemed as much puzzled to get out of the difficulty as I. It is needless to relate what a crowd of direful forebodings now came over me. I could see no prospect but that of starving to death, unless the wolf chose to eat me, as soon as his appetite overcame his terror. It was now noon-day, as I judged from the sun's rays, which shot into the mouth of the cavern, and I felt a faintness coming over me from the fatigue, hunger, anxiety, and mental excitement which I had endured. [2] I sat at the bottom of the cavern, almost resigned to my fate, and thinking of the strange conjectures that would be formed when my bones should be discovered some fifty years afterwards, among these rocks. [3] Suddenly I was startled by a low and half-snppressed growl from my companion. I imagined, at the instant, that he was meditating to spring upon me, and, at once, gave myself up for lost, feeling that I was too weak to offer any resistance. [4] The next moment the distant bark of a dog struck my ear. No words can describe the delicious sensations, which this sound awoke in my breast. It denoted that assistance was at hand, and I was to be rescued from

the horrible fate of being buried alive. New life sprung up within me. The sounds drew nearer; and now I could not doubt that my friends had come in search of me, and were in the right track. [5] The wolf appeared as much alarmed as I was delighted by the approach of the visitors: he crouched closer to the rock, and manifested great trepidation each time the barking of the dog was heard; his experienced ear had caught the sound before it became audible to mine. [6] In a few minutes the voices of men were heard above, at which I set up a loud shout that brought them speedily to the mouth of the cavern. [7] Their astonishment may easily be imagined on finding me at the bottom of this dark abyss. Tying branches of trees together, they soon constructed a ladder, by the help of which I once more regained the upper air, and gave them the assurance that I had not been, as they at first believed, devoured by wild beasts. I then learned that the miracle of my rescue was owing to my faithful dog, who had tracked me through all my wanderings over the mountain, without once losing the scent, till he brought them to the spot where I lay immured. As to my savage companion in the den, he bolted out of his hole as soon as he was fairly rid of me, but was shot by a farmer's son before he had skulked a hundred yards.

My hair did not prove to be blanched by the fright of this adventure, but the remembrance of the scene will never depart from me. Many a time since, in terrible dreams, have I beheld those two fiery eyeballs glaring at me through the thick darkness, and felt a renewal of all the shuddering terrors of the night I passed in the wolf's den.

THE DEATH OF HOFER.

[1] Sympathetic narrative. [2] Dauntless demeanour. [3] Sympathy. [4] Firm confidence and reverence. [5] Grief. [6] Affection. [7] Reverence and courage.

[1] At Mantua long had lain in chains
The gallant Hofer bound;
But now his day of doom was come—
At morn the deep roll of the drum
Resounded o'er the soldiered plains.
O Heaven! with what a deed of dole
The hundred thousand wrongs were crowned
Of trodden down Tyrol!

With iron-fettered arms and hands
The hero moved along.
His heart was calm, his eye was clear—
[2] Death was for traitor slaves to fear!
He oft amid his mountain bands,
Where Inn's dark wintry waters roll,
Had faced it with his battle song,
The Sandwirth of Tyrol.

Anon he passed the fortress wall,
And heard the wail that broke
From many a brother thrall within.
"Farewell!" he cried. "Soon may you win
Your liberty! God shield you all!
Lament not me! I see my goal.
Lament the land that wears the yoke,
Your land and mine, Tyrol!"

So through the files of musqueteers
Undauntedly he passed,
And stood within the hollow Square.
Well might he glance around him there,
And proudly think on by-gone years!
Amid such serfs *his* bannerol,
Thank God! had never braved the blast
On thy green hills, Tyrol!

They bade him kneel; but he with all
A patriot's truth replied—
[4] "I kneel alone to God on high—
As thus I stand so dare I die,
As oft I fought so let me fall!
Farewell"—[5] his breast a moment swoll
With agony he strove to hide.—
"My Kaiser and Tyrol!"

No more emotion he betrayed.
[6] Again he bade farewell
To Francis and the faithful men
Who girt his throne. His hands were then
Unbound for prayer, and thus he prayed :—
[7] "God of the Free, receive my soul!
And you, slaves, Fire!" So bravely fell
Thy foremost man, Tyrol!

Dublin University Magazine.

A VINDICATION OF POETRY.

[1] Didactic; articulation distinct—tones firm, clear, and much varied. [2] Tone elevated and shaded with admiration. [3] Argumentative—articulation firm. [4] Voice gradually rising to enthusiasm, and subsiding into the argumentative tone.

[1] POETRY, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity—that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward nature and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep, though shuddering sympathy. [2] Its great purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; —to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

[3] It has been objected to poetry, indeed, that it gives wrong views, and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars—the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life—no one can deny; nor is it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thraldom of this earth-born prudence. But not to enlarge on this topic, it may be observed, that the complaint against poetry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thonght, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. [4] In poetry the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often the profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which stretch far into futurity—the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy—the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy—the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth—the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth—woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire,—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beanties, and prolongs its more refined bnt evanescent joys: and in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for snbsistence, and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which

may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, (not as formerly for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts,) requires a new development o imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life.—*Channing.*

THE BATTLE OF THE LEAGUE.

[1] Lofty description. [2] Pity. [3] Indignation. [4] Courteousness. [5] Acclamation. [6] Encouragement. [7] Clamour of battle gear. [8] Impetuosity. [9] Bold animated description. [10] Reverence and thankfulness. [11] Revenge. [12] Indignation and mercy. [13] Sarcastic pity. [14] Triumph.

[1] THE King is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
[2] He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
[3] He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
[4] Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, [5] "God save our Lord the King!"
[6] "And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your Oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

[7] Hurrah! the foes are coming. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
[8] The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
"[6] Now by the lips of those we love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the Golden Lilies,—upon them with the lance!"
[9] A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

[10] Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turn'd his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;

The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
[11] "Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man:
But out spake gentle Henry, [12] "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

[13] Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
[14] Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright:
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night,
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!

T. B. Macaulay.

NO PEACE TO THE WICKED.

[1] Serious narrative. [2] Tones firm and emphatic. [3] Impressive remonstrance. [4] Tones elevated. [5] Tones lowered. [6] Irony. [7] Chagrin. [8] Emphatic. [9] Solemn and emphatic.

[1] 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. [2] 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 thing in nature,—as a vicious or unlawful pleasure. [3] 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 nnless 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 importunity. 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 pnblic 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,—[4] 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? [5] 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. [6] Enraged with this neglect, this vain great man cried out in the pang of disappointment, [7] "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. [8] 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 proves 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 con-

firmation 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. [9] 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.*

GINEVRA.

[1] Simple narrative. [2] Narrative mixed with admiration. [3] Increased admiration. [4] Entreaty. [5] Apprehension and affected indifference. [6] Grief. [7] Tender narrative. [8] Surprise and pity.

[1] If ever you should come to Modena,
(Where, among other relics, you may see
Tassoni's bucket—but 'tis not the true one)
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And numerous fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you; but before you go,
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—
And look awhile upon a picture there:
[2] 'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious family.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said, "Beware!"—her vest of gold,
Broider'd with flowers, and clasp'd from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.
[3] But then her face—
So lovely—yet so arch—so full of mirth,

The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

[1] Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Anthony of Trent,
With Scripture-stories from the Life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor—
That by the way, it may be true or false—
[4] But don't forget the picture; and you will not,
When you have heard the tale they told me there.
[2] She was an only child—her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father,
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her youth, and her first love.
[3] Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
And in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,
When all sate down, the bride herself was wanting;
[5] Nor was she to be found!—Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And fill'd his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
[2] 'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
[6] But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could any thing be guess'd,
But—that she was not!

[7] Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Donato lived—and long might you have seen
An old man, wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what!
When he was gone, the house remain'd a while
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search,
Mid the old lumber in the gallery,

That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst—it fell; [8] and, lo! a skeleton!
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp clasping a shred of gold:
All else had perish'd, save a wedding-ring
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both—
"Ginevra."

[f] There had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she conceal'd herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fasten'd her down for ever! *Samuel Rogers.*

THE FISH HAWK AND THE BALD EAGLE.

[1] Spirited narrative; the tones well modulated, and increased and relaxed in energy as the spirit of the clauses requires. [2] The same qualities of utterance, but greatly increased in vivacity and spirit.

[1] The flight of the Fish Hawk, his manœuvres while in search of fish, and his manner of seizing his prey, are deserving of particular notice. In leaving the nest, he usually flies direct till he comes to the sea, then sails around, in easy curving lines, turning sometimes in the air as on a pivot, apparently without the least exertion, rarely moving the wings, his legs extended in a straight line behind, and his remarkable length, and curvature, or bend of wing, distinguishing him from all other hawks. The height at which he thus elegantly glides is various, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty, and two hundred feet, sometimes much higher, all the while calmly reconnoitering the face of the deep below. Suddenly he is seen to check his course, as if struck by a particular object, which he seems to survey for a few moments with such steadiness, that he appears fixed in air, flapping his wings. This object, however, he abandons, or rather the fish he had in his eye has disappeared, and he is again seen sailing around as before. Now his attention is again arrested, and he descends with great rapidity; but ere he reaches the surface, shoots off on another course, as if ashamed that a second victim had escaped him. He now sails at

a short height above the surface, and, by a zigzag descent, and without seeming to dip his feet in the water, seizes a fish, which, after carrying a short distance, he probably drops, or yields up to the Bald Eagle, and again ascends, by easy spiral circles, to the higher regions of the air, where he glides about in all the ease and majesty of his species. At once, from this sublime aerial height, he descends like a perpendicular torrent, plunging into the sea with a loud rushing sound, and with the certainty of a rifle. In a few moments he emerges, bearing in his claws his struggling prey, which he always carries head foremost, and, having risen a few feet above the surface, shakes himself, as a water spaniel would do, and directs his heavy and laborious course directly for the land.

[2] Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the shore and ocean, the Bald Eagle seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below,—the snow-white Gulls, slowly winnowing the air; the busy *Tringæ*, coursing along the sands; trains of Ducks, streaming over the surface; silent and watchful Cranes, intent and wading; clamorous Crows; and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one, whose action instantly arrests his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the Fish Hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself, with half opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment, the eager looks of the Eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the Fish Hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the Fish Hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered Eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration,

the latter drops the fish; the Eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.—*Wilson's American Ornithology.*

THE BATTLE FIELD.

[1] Triumphant narrative. [2] Gloomy description, with a tone of triumphant pride. [3] Melancholy contrast. [4] Tone of repose and cheerfulness. [5] Poignant grief. [6] Melancholy and contempt.

[1] I LOOKED on the field where the battle was spread,
Where thousands stood forth in their glancing array;
And the beam from the steel of the valiant was shed,
Through the dun rolling clouds that o'ershadowed the fray.

[2] I saw the dark forest of lances appear,
As the ears of the harvest, unnumbered they stood;
I heard the stern shout, as the foemen drew near,
Like the storm, that lays low the proud pines of the wood.

Afar, the harsh notes of the war-drum were rolled,
Uprousing the wolf from the depth of his lair:
On high, to the wind, streamed the banners red fold,
O'er the death-close of hate, and the scowl of despair.

[3] I looked on the field of contention again,
When the sabre was sheathed, and the tempest had passed;
The wild ~~wind~~ and thistle grew rank on the plain,
And the fern softly sighed in the low wailing blast.

[4] Unmoved lay the lake, in its hour of repose,
And bright shone the stars, through the sky's deepened blue;
And sweetly the song of the night-bird arose,
Where the fox-glove lay gemmed with its pearl-drops of dew.

[5] But where swept the ranks of that dark-frowning host,
As the ocean in might—as the storm-cloud in speed!
Where now were the thunders of victory's boast—
The slayer's dread wrath, and the strength of the steed?

[3] Not a time-wasted cross, not a mouldering stone,
To mark the lone scene of their shame or their pride:
One grass-covered mound told the traveller alone,
Where thousands lay down in their anguish, and died!

[6] Here, glory! behold thy famed guerdon's extent:
For this thy slaves toil, through their earth-wasting lot;
A name, like the mist, when the night-beams are spent,—
A grave, with its tenants unwept and forgot! *Mrs. Hemans.*

THE DISTRESSED FATHER.

[1] Interesting narrative. [2] Sympathy. [3] Eagerness. [4] Intense grief. [5] Deep sympathy. [6] Blunt, affecting narrative. [7] Blunt, pathetic reproof. [8] A glimpse of hope. [9] Apprehension. [10] Stupefaction and despair.

[1] 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 honse of a gentleman, in Grosvenor Place. There was nothing extraordinary in the circumstances of the robbery.—The yonnger 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.

[2] 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 gradnally convinced. [3] 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, npon his son; and turning to the magistrate, with his eyes swimming in tears, he exclaimed—[4] "I have carried him many a score miles on my knapsack, your honour!"

[5] There was something so deeply pathetic in the tone, with which this fond reminiscence was nttered by the old soldier, that every person present, even the very gaoler himself, was affected by it. [4] "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 rongh unwashed hand, "but it's all over now!—He has done—and—so have I!"

The magistrate asked him something of his story. [6] 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 tronbles, 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 "dar-

ling 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-le-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 housekeeper 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!——"

[4] 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 ther[5] he replied, somewhat impatiently,—[7] "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, [8] "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."

[9] "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 expeeted that his father could snatch him out of the iron grasp of the law: but the old man remained riveted, 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 preseut 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.*

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

[1] Plaintive tones; utterance slow and well modulated. [2] Sympathy and grief. [3] Buoyant tone. [4] Gladness. [5] Regret. [6] Grief.

[1] THERE's a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
Beneath is a soldier lying—
The death-wound came amid sword and plume,
When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
By wet wild flowers surrounded;
The church shadow falls o'er the place of his rest,
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

[2] There were tears that fell from manly eyes,
There was woman's gentle weeping,
And the wailing of age and infant cries,
O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

[3] He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
With his father's sword and blessing;
He stood with the valiant, side by side,
His country's wrongs redressing.

[4] He came again, in the light of his fame,
When the red campaign was over;
One heart that in secret had kept his name,
Was claimed by the soldier lover.

[5] But the cloud of strife came upon the sky;—
He left his sweet home for battle;
Left his young child's lisp for the loud war-cry,
And the cannon's long death-rattle.

[6] He came again—but an altered man:
The path of the grave was before him,
And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory—spoke of cheer:—
These are words that are vainly spoken
To the childless mother, or orphan's ear,
Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
Half hidden by yonder willow;
There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,
But who died on his own home pillow!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

THE MISERIES OF WAR.

[1] Compassionate description. [2] Very pathetic. [3] Grief and repugnance.

[1] WHAT a scene must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amidst the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe! If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and the sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death! Unhappy man!—and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust.

We have hitherto adverted only to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scene of hostilities. [2] How dreadful to hold every thing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword! How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except as far as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power! Conceive but for a moment, the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in our own neighbourhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathise with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors? [3] Here, you behold rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There, the cottages of peasants given up to the flames—mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves but their infants—the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil! In another part, you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin!—*Rev. Robert Hall.*

THE FARMER'S WIFE, AND THE GASCON.

[1] Humorous description. [2] Rustic greed. [3] Surprise and anger. [4] Clownish duplicity. [5] Anger and bustle. [6] Pomposity. [7] Clownishness. [8] Clownish affectation and revenge.

[1] At Neufchatel, in France, where they prepare
Cheeses that set us longing to eat mites,
There dwelt a farmer's wife, famed for her rare
Skill in these small quadrangular delights.

Where they were made, they sold for the immense
Price of three sous a-piece;
But as salt water made their charms increase,
In England the fixed rate was eighteen-pence.
This damsel had to help her in the farm,
To milk her cows and feed her hogs,
A Gascon peasant, with a sturdy arm
For digging, or for carrying logs,
But in his noddle weak as any baby,
In fact a gaby,
And such a glutton, when you came to feed him,
That Wantly's Dragon, who "ate barns and churches,"
As if they were geese and turkeys,
(Vide the Ballad) scarcely could exceed him.
One morn she had prepared a monstrous bowl
Of cream like nectar,
And would not go to church (good careful soul!)
Till she had left it safe with a protector:
So she gave strict injunctions to the Gascon
To watch it while his mistress was to mass gone.
Watch it he did—he never took his eyes off,
But lick'd his upper, then his under lip,
And doubled up his fist to drive the flies off,
Begrudging them the smallest sip,
Which if they got,
Like my Lord Salisbury, he heaved a sigh,
And cried, [2] "Oh happy, happy fly,
How I do envy you your lot!"
Each moment did his appetite grow stronger;
His bowels yearn'd;
At length he could not bear it any longer;
But on all sides his looks he turn'd,
And finding that the coast was clear, he quaff'd
The whole up at a draught.
Scudding from church, the farmer's wife
Flew to the dairy;
But stood aghast, and could not for her life
One sentence mutter,
Until she muster'd breath enough to utter
[3] "Holy St. Mary!"
And shortly, with a face of scarlet,
The vixen (for she was a vixen) flew
Upon the varlet,
Asking the when, and where, and how, and who
Had gulp'd her cream, nor left an atom?
To which, he gave—not separate replies,
But, with a look of excellent digestion,
One answer made to every question, [4] "The flies!"

[5] "The flies! you rogue! the flies, you guttling dog!
Behold, your whiskers still are cover'd thickly;
Thief!—villain!—liar!—gormandizer!—hog!
I'll make you tell another story quickly!"
So out she bounced, and brought, with loud alarms,
Two stout gens-d'armes,
Who bore him to the judge—a little prig,
With angry bottle-nose,
Like a red cabbage rose,
While lots of white ones flourish'd on his wig!
[6] Looking at once, both stern and wise,
He turn'd to the delinquent,
And 'gan to question him, and catechise,
As to which way the drink went?
Still the same dogged answers rise,
[4] "The flies, my Lord—the flies, the flies!"
[6] "Pshaw!" quoth the judge, half peevish and half pompous,
"Why, you're non compos!
You should have watch'd the bowl, as she desired,
And kill'd the flies, you stupid clown."—
[7] "What! is it lawful, then," the dolt inquired,
"To kill the flies in this here town?"
[6] "The man's an ass!—a pretty question this!
Lawful? you booby! to be sure it is.
You've my authority, where'er you meet them,
To kill the rogues, and, if you like it, eat them."
[8] "Zooks!" cried the rustic, "I'm right glad to hear it.
Constable, catch that thief! may I go hang
If yonder blue-bottle (I know his face)
Isn't the very leader of the gang
That stole the cream;—let me come near it."
This said, he started from his place,
And aiming one of his sledge-hammer blows
At a large fly upon the judge's nose,
The luckless blue-bottle he crush'd,
And gratified a double grudge;
For the same catapult completely smash'd
The bottle-nose belonging to the judge. *Horace Smith.*

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

[1] Magnificent description: tones full, clear, and filled with admiration and dread. [2] The former tones heightened to sublimity.

[1] THE Table Rock, from which the falls of the Niagara may be contemplated in all their grandeur, lies on an exact level with the edge

of the cataract on the Canada side, and indeed forms a part of the precipice over which the water rushes. To gain this position, it is necessary to descend a steep bank, and to follow a path that winds among shrubbery and trees, which entirely conceal from the eye the scene that awaits him who traverses it. When near the termination of this road, a few steps carried me beyond all these obstructions, and a magnificent amphitheatre of cataracts burst upon my view with appalling suddenness and majesty. However, in a moment the scene was concealed from my eyes by a dense cloud of spray, which involved me so completely, that I did not dare to extricate myself. A mingled and thundering rushing filled my ears. I could see nothing except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side, while below, a raging and foamy gulf of undiscoverable extent lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smoking floods that were precipitated into its bosom.

At first the sky was obscured by clouds, but after a few minutes the sun burst forth, and the breeze subsiding at the same time, permitted the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyramidal clouds rose majestically, one after another from the abyss at the bottom of the Fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which in a few moments was gradually transferred into the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded. The spray of the Great Fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and, receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to overarch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contemplated the indescribable scene.

After leaving the Table Rock, the traveller mnst proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a small chasm in the bank, in which there is a spiral staircase inclosed in a wooden building. By descending the stair, which is seventy or eighty feet perpendicular height, he will find himself under the precipice on the top of which he formerly walked. A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river; and on the summit of this there is a narrow slippery path, covered with angular frag-

ments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall. The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, overarch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places they rise abruptly to the height of one hundred feet, and display npon their surfaces fossil shells, and the organic remains of a former world; thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation. As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise; clouds of spray sometimes envelope him, and suddenly check his faltering steps; rattlesnakes start from the cavities of the rocks, and the scream of eagles soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapour which obscure the gulf of the cataract, at intervals annonnce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling among piles of hnge rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the Fall, where the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion,—that of uncontrollable terror.

A little way below the Great Fall, the river is, comparatively speaking, so tranquil, that a ferry-boat plies between the Canada and American shores, for the convenience of travellers. [2] When I first crossed, the heaving flood tossed about the skiff with a violence that seemed very alarming; but as soon as we gained the middle of the river, my attention was altogether engaged by the surpassing grandeur of the scene before me. I was now within the area of a semi-circle of cataracts, more than three thousand feet in extent, and floated on the surface of a gulf, raging, fathomless, and interminable. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray, were the gorgeons decorations of this theatre of wonders, while a dazzling sun shed refulgent glories upon every part of the scene. Surrounded with clonds of vapour, and stunned into a state of confusion and terror by the hideous noise, I looked upwards to thc height of one hundred and fifty feet, and saw vast floods, dense, awful, and stupendous, vehemently bursting over the precipice, and rolling down, as if the windows of heaven were opened to ponr another deluge upon the earth. Lond sounds, resembling discharges of artillery or volcanic explosions, were now distinguishable amidst the watery tumult, and added terrors to the abyss from which they issued. The sun, looking majestically

through the ascending spray, was encircled by a radiant halo; whilst fragments of rainbows floated on every side, and momentarily vanished only to give place to a succession of others more brilliant. Looking backwards, I saw the Niagara river, again become calm and tranquil, rolling magnificently between the towering cliffs that rose on either side, and receiving showers of orient dew-drops from the trees that gracefully overarched its transparent bosom. A gentle breeze ruffled the waters, and beautiful birds fluttered around, as if to welcome its egress from those clouds and thunders and rainbows, which were the heralds of its precipitation into the abyss of the cataract.—*Howison.*

THE THREE SONS.

[1] Parental fondness: tone serious. [2] Yearning affection. [3] Cheerful tone. [4] A tone of melancholy pleasure rising into divine confidence.

[1] I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart, beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair;
And yet his chiefest comeliness, is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency:
But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech, he every where doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn, then, are the words which he will say.
[2] Oh! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man, I trust that he will be;
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

[3] I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silvery sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on my knee:

I do not think his light blue eye, is, like his brother's, keen;
Nor his brow so full of childish thought, as his hath ever been;

But his little heart's a fountain pure, of kind and tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street
Will speak their joy, and bless my boy, who looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
He'll sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine, sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
[2] Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love!
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love, which we shall lose in him!

[4] I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months, where he is gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
And then he bid farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form he has, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things, which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh;
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close, beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I),
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be;
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery;
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again.

J. Moultrie.

BENEVOLENCE AND WISDOM OF THE DEITY

Displayed in the modifications of Matter and Spirit.

[1] The whole of this is remonstrative against infidelity. The tones throughout should be firm, always serious, full of awe and admiration: long pauses after each question.

When I examiue the numberless springs and wheels of a watch, the regulated motion, the minutes, the figures, the capacity of signifying the hour; or when I consider the amplitude of a first-rate ship of war, the infinity of separate planks and beams of which it is composed, its various divisions and apartments appropriated to different uses, its masts, its sails, its pullies, its cordage, the astonishing force and velocity of its motions,—I cannot help concluding that neither the one nor the other is the production of chance or accident, but the work—the creation of some being, endowed with thought and reflection. But what is the most exquisite workmanship of man—what is the greatest boast of the navy of England? what are all the works of art, in comparison with those of nature? How can I behold the astonishing variety that presents itself before me without wonder and admiration! The glorious splendours of the sun, that invigorate and adorn every object, the mild and reviving verdure of the face of the earth, the hills, the vallies, the plains, the numberless rivers, the immensity of the ocean;—even the wildest and rudest scenes of nature have a melancholy beauty and charm, —the barren and solitary heath and wilderness, the precipitate and rifted rocks, the dashing cataract, the roaring torrent. Who has gilded all the objects of this pleasing, this varied, this astonishing scene, with a soft and reviving light? Who has diffused around so genial an atmosphere? Whence breathes the gale of fragrance? Who has given the family of flowers those balmy odours? Who has dressed them in that infinity of forms and colours? For whom breathes that aerial music in the groves and woods? Did *chance* produce that infinity of grasses, of grain, of pulse, of vegetables? Did *accident* bid all the trees of the forest wave their stately heads on high, and shelter and protect with the rich exuberance of their branches and foliage? What occasions the regular and periodical return of the sap and moisture, of the bursting germs, of the twink-

ling leaves? Even the bowels of the earth are replete with reservoirs, with minerals, with ores, with gems, all destined for the best and wisest purposes! But what is inanimate and vegetative nature in comparison with the animal and rational? Who gave the flocks to bleat, the herds to low, the birds to carol? Who commanded from hence to pour upon the earth, together with the accompaniments of the murmuring of streams and rivers, the whistling of the wind through grove and forest, the hoarser bass of the ocean, the rich and wild concert of nature? Were the various animals of the draught, of the carriage, of travel, of war, not adapted and destined to their different and distinct purposes? Who has clothed to his hand those numberless servants of man, with their various dresses and coverings, with plumage, with hair, with down, with fleece, with feathers? Who preserves their species distinct? Who points out to them their food, their physic, their manners, and modes of life? Does the provident ant owe her foresight, does the laborious bee her industry and ingenious architecture, does the beaver his social love, and the construction of his mansion;—do the infinite varieties of the aerial race owe the forms of their nests, the materials of which they are composed, and with which they are cemented; —do all rational and irrational nature owe their affection for their young, their self-denials, their sufferings upon their account, their care and anxiety respecting their education and settlement,—to accident, to chance, to an unintelligible and impious phrase? Even the destructive instincts of birds and beasts of chase and of prey—of the different races of the dog-kind, the hound, the spaniel, the mastiff; the hawk, the eagle, the vulture; the lion, the tiger, the crocodile, the river-horse, are profound but awful proofs of wisdom and design. But how must it increase our astonishment and veneration of the great cause of all things, to find that the world of waters, a world as extensive and populous as that of earth, is as plentifully stored with vegetative and animated creation as the earth and the air? For it is not an element cold and barren,—it is a new empire, as rich as populous as our own;—has its animals, its plants, its other varieties, as well as this our higher scene. They too have their various modes of being, of food, of raiment, their instincts, their affections, and other virtues and qualities. Need we insist on that perpetual ferment and agitation of her im-

mense empire, her periodical increase and diminution, her connexion with the great luminaries of heaven, the wholesome winds that issue from her caverns, the vapours that breathe from her entrails, which form themselves into clonds, and then descend in showers to refresh and fertilize the earth, and swell and exalt her own native and tributary rivers; besides, the intercourse she procures between all the nations of the universe by means of her buoyant, yielding, and equal surface! Has chance, has this mysterious word, enacted the diurnal and annual revolution of the globe, and, consequently, the season of action and the season of repose; the gradual increase and diminution of heat and cold, with the grateful vicissitudes of the seasons? When the seeming god of this world has withdrawn his glories, and shines with reflected lustre on his sister orb, her numerons companions and fellow dependents, let us raise our eyes to heaven, and survey the luminons and splendid host. To whom do they owe their order, their harmony, their regular and periodical motion? What an astonishing spectacle! How many new worlds do we meet with here? How different in magnitude, in climate, and, consequently, in manners and cnstoms. What varieties, what vicissitudes do we observe in these new regions! Fixed stars and stars ambulatory; solitary stars and stars attended with satellites; planets whose different parts enjoy only successively a borrowed light; comets, that lose themselves in the profound obscurities of space, and return after ages to adorn themselves with new fires! Suns, that appear and disappear, and seem alternately to be lightened and extinguished; others that appear but once, and then vanish for ever. Heaven, indeed, is the country, the region of great events, yet every change is stability, every deviation is order. The greatest and the least of these luminaries are subject to the laws and commands of an all-wise, constant, superintending cause. Even the blazing and angry comet, notwithstanding the unfreqnency of his appearance, and the far country he comes from; this formerly imagined destructive and lawless meteor, is now known and ascertained to be no less subject to law and government, than the meanest and most inoffensive satellite of Jupiter.—*Moral and Historical Memoirs.*

ANTICIPATION.

[1] Humorous narrative. [2] Sarcasm. [3] Surprise. [4] Stammering. [5] Humorous delight. [6] Disappointment and surprise.

[1] "A COUNTRY squire of good estate;"—
But, hold, I cannot here dilate;
He was a middling kind of man,
Loved well his bottle and his pipe,
Could course a hare or wing a snipe;
But to extremes or coverts seldom ran,
Or was, by impulses or hunters, carried:
Quite happily he'd lived, but human joy,
'Tis sad to say, has always some alloy,
For he, poor soul, was married.
The lady whom he had to wife,
Of cash and beauty both was rife,
But she'd one failing,
[2] And one, too, that was quite uncommon,
And little heard of in a woman,—
A failing o'er her charms its shadow throwing,—
Her tongue eternally was going.
When the squire chanced to take a cordial drop,
Or at the village inn had dared to stop,
Emptying some favourite tankard of its nappy,
And, for the time, become supremely happy,
She'd entertain him with a long oration
Upon the duties of his station,
Which, upon frequent repetition,
A little soured his disposition;
And I have heard it said,
That oft in these rencounters so uncivil,
He'd wish her deaf and dumb, or dead,
Nay, sometimes—almost at the ——!

In a small village, from the squire's abode
About a mile or two upon the road,
A blacksmith lived, his foster brother,—
He was a surgeon, too, the story says,
And dentist also,—for in former days
These trades were often tacked to one another.
It chanced, in passing this same village through,
Our squire's best roadster lost a shoe;
So at this vulcan surgeon's smithy
He needs must stop
And take a drop;

But while engaged in chatting o'er the stingo,
In pops his stuttering servant Lingo,
Importance-faced,
Breathless with haste.
[4] "My M—m—mistress," he began,
But here his natural impediment,
And the half-frightened speed at which he ran,
Shook up a kind of sediment,
Which stopped the stream of his narration,
To all the party's infinite vexation;
In short, so terribly the fellow stuttered,
You might as well have listened to a post;
Nought could be heard of what he nttered,
Save that at intervals he muttered
[4] "M—m—madam" had something *locked* and something *lost*.
Our hero whose ideas ever ran
Upon his deary's great loquacity,
Cut short the stammering of the man,
And, with unusual vivacity,
Exclaimed, [5] "As sure as fate,
My wife's been storming at my stopping late,
And having strained her mouth beyond its reach,
Has *locked* her jaw, (good luck) and *lost* her speech."
[1] And home he scampered, (horse and all behind,)
In better humonr certainly than wind;
But scarcely had he monnted the first storey,—
[6] When, lo! he heard the 'larum of his dear,
Loud, sonorous, distinct, and clear,
In short, in all its usual glory!
As tradesmen look when bills return protested,
As diddlers, when for half-a-crown arrested;
As Charleys, when in vain they tip the wink
To chaps they find have less of cash than drink,
As Jarvies, when they've given a twelve-mile cast
To wights who find the sixpence is their last;
So stood our squire, his air-bnilt hopes all crossed.
There was no change in madam's great distemper,
No *jaw was locked, no part of speech was lost*;
She neither kept her *bed*, nor kept her *temper!*
But, (to his infinite vexation,)
He found the canse of all this perturbation
Was nothing more
Than just that she
Having, as usual, locked her closet door,
Had lost the key!

———

THE HORSEMAN'S SONG.

[1] Exulting tone. [2] Indignation. [3] Indifference. [4] Regret. [5] Resolution. [6] Confidence. [7] Discontent. [8] Appeal to valour. [9] Complacency. [10] Fortitude. [11] Determination. [12] Confidence. [13] Eagerness and exultation.

[1] My horse, my horse!—to arms! to arms!
Upon us looks the world—
[2] Our foes, with threats and loud alarms,
Their deadly hate have hurl'd.
[1] My horse, my horse!—the night is gone,
There is thy oaken wreath—
Arouse, arouse, and bear me on
Where sabres deal forth death!

[1] Away! away! my charger, bear
Thy fire and courage high;
[3] No dangers now must raise a fear,
How thick soe'er they lie.
[4] Behind we've many a pang and sigh
From loves and home adored—
[5] In front we've death or victory—
[6] Beside us our good sword!

[1] Come, hasten to the bridal feast,
There waits our bridal crown;
[7] On every dull or lingering guest
The social band shall frown:
[1] For honour is a feaster there—
The bride our father-land,
And him to whom that bride is dear—
[8] Shall fear or death command?

What if he fall! [9] Oh, soft the place,
Of his last sleep shall be,
Encircled in his bride's embrace,
And guarded tenderly;
And as the leafless oak in spring,
Renewing verdure yields,
He shall awake from slumbering,
Free in Heaven's living fields!

[10] Howe'er, my charger, fate decree,
To conquer or to fall—
Above our fortunes let us be,
And bravely dare them all—
[11] Follow the path to liberty,
Though through the grave it lead
O'er conquest's blood-red summit high—
What reck we how it speed!

[1] My horse, my horse, to victory!
Who heeds a vaunting foe?
[12] Heaven is for us, it fires thy eye,
And nerves me for the blow.
[13] On, on, my noble courser, on!—
The storm roars through our land;
If thick as hail, and fierce as sun,
Charge through the foeman's band!

THE DELUDING INFLUENCE OF THE WORLD.

[1] Seriousness. [2] Very impressive. [3] Exclamation. [4] Impressive appeal. [5] Admonitory impressive tone. [6] Exclamatory. [7] Fearful. [8] Very impressive. [9] Remonstrative to the end.

[1] My brethren, the true source of all our delusion, is a false and deceitful security of life. Thousands pass to their accounts 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. [2] 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.

[3] 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! [4] 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 aspir-

ings 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 nse 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! [6] An instant of reflection, just God! to bewail an cntire 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 eclipscd, and all the faculties palsied by the strong grasp of death! [7] Oh, my brethren, terrible is the fate of those, who are only ronsed from a long and criminal security, by the sword of his divine justice already gleaming in their eyes. [2] 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. [8] 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 affections 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 insnperable as we go on. It is the property of years to give wide and immoveable root to all the 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 the more desperate the cure.—*Kirwan.*

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

[1] Bold tone. [2] Anger. [3] Tone of delight. [4] Triumphant tone. [5] Anger and contempt. [6] Abhorrence. [7] Emphatic narrative. [8] Great wrath. [9] Sneering. [10] Indignant appeal to honour and valour. [11] Grief and admiration. [12] Fond affection. [13] Deep grief. [14] Revenge. [15] Appeal to their affections. [16] Exciting to revenge. [17] Sneering. [18] Pride. [19] Stirring reminiscence.

[1] FRIENDS,
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. [2] We are slaves!
[3] The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
[2] A race of slaves! [3] He sets, and his last beam
[2] Falls on a slave;—[4] not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame—
[5] But base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great,
In that strange spell, a name. [6] Each hour dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. [7] But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbour,—there he stands,
[8] Was struck; struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; [9] because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. [10] Be we men
And suffer such dishonour? men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. [11] I, that speak to you,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. [12] How I loved
That gracious boy! younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! [11] He left my side,
A summer-bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. [13] In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! [6] I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
[14] For vengeance, Rouse ye Romans! Rouse ye slaves!
[15] Have ye brave sons? [16] Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. [15] Have ye fair daughters? [16] Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,

Dishonoured; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash. [17] Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
[18] Was greater than a king! And once again,
[19] Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! Once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free; her sons
Shall walk with princes.

SITTING IN THE CHAIR OF THE SCORNER.

[1] Serious reproving tone: indignation at the crime, pity for the criminal. [2] Aversion. [3] Abhorrence. [4] A tone of reprobation and pity. [5] Serious remonstrative tone. [6] Firm argumentative tone. [7] Aversion and contempt. [8] Admiration. [9] Invective. [10] A tone of benediction.

[1] 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 authority 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. [2] We have seen persons who have gloried in their shame, and boasted of being vicious for the sake of vice. [3] Such characters are monsters in the moral world. [4] 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 to comfort him, when above there is none to help; and who has nought within him to compensate for that irreparable and that irredeemable loss. [2] 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.

[5] 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 dispnte concerning a system of speculative opinions, which of themselves were of no importance to the happiness of mankind, it would be uncharitable to includc them all under this censure. But on the Christian religion, not only the happiness but the virtue of mankind depends. [6] 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, thercfore, 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; [7] what shame, what contempt, what infamy ought they to incur, who endcavour to overthrow a religion which contains the [8] noblest ideas of the Deity, and the purest system of morals that was cver tanght upon earth? [9] 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. [10] 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 pcnitence and of piety.—*Logan.*

SLAVERY.

[1] Surprise, fear, confusion, despair. [2] Tender narrative. [3] Indignation, contempt, anger. [4] Abhorrence. [5] Admiration. [6] Avaricious indifference. [7] Avaricious impatience. [8] Affecting narrative, mingled with disgust.

'Twas night:—his babes around him lay at rest,
Their mother slumber'd on their father's brcast:

[1] A yell of murder rang around their bed;
They woke; their cottage blazed; the victims fled;
Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,
They caught, they bound, they drove them far away;
The white man bought them at the mart of blood;
In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood;
[2] Then were the wretched ones asunder torn,
To distant isles, to separate bondage borne,
Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
That misery loves,—the fellowship of grief.
Lives there a savage ruder than the slave?
[3] —Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood;
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
[4] He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for gold.
[5] At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Bend round his bark, one blue unbroken sphere;
When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
And sunbeam circles o'er the waters shine;
[6] He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,
But darkly scowling at the glorious day,
[7] Curses the winds that loiter on their way.
[8] When swoln with hurricanes the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies;
When from the unburthen'd hold his shrieking slaves
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves;
Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,
But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

Montgomery.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

[1] Pleasant, humorous narrative. [2] Boyish eagerness and delight. [3] Cheerfulness. [4] Tone inclined to melancholy. [5] Disappointment.

[1] In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded

also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, —presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three fine rosy-cheeked school-boys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit, which I have observed in the children of this country.—They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of pleasure of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed: but the meeting, to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience, was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take!—there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear!

The boys had been looking out of the coach-windows for a few miles, recognising every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy—[2] "There's John! and there's old Carlo; and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of the lane there was an old sober-looking servant in livery waiting for them: he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the road-side, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

[3] I was pleased to see the fondness, with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once; and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding

and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him about home, and with school anecdotes. [4] I looked after them with a feeling, in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses, and, on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country-seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage-road. I leaned out of the coach-window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, [5] but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.—*Washington Irving.*

CURSE OF KEHAMA.

This is a regular climax: the tones should swell and deepen to the end. [1] Revenge and malice, with a tone of fiendish exultation through the whole.

[1] I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth,
And the beasts of blood;
From sickness I charm thee,
And time shall not harm thee,
But earth, which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee;
And water shall hear me,
And know thee, and fly thee;
And the winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee;
And the dews shall not wet thee
When they fall nigh thee;
And thou shalt seek death
To release thee in vain;
Thou shalt live in thy pain,
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain;
And sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever. *Southey.*

CASABIANCA, THE ADMIRAL'S SON.

[1] Determination. [2] Admiration. [3] Awe. [4] Obedience and resolution. [5] Pathos. [6] Alarm. [7] Sympathy. [8] Agitation. [9] Deeper alarm. [10] Desperate obedience. [11] Great anxiety and alarm. [12] Awe and trepidation. [13] Deep compassion. [14] Sympathetic admiration and regret.

[1] 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:

[2] Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creatnre of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

[3] The flames roll'd on—[4] he would not go,
Without his father's word;
[5] That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud:—[6] "Say, Father! say,
If yet my task is done?"
[7] He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

[8] "Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone?
And"—[9] but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

[10] Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still, but brave despair.

And shouted but once more alond,
[11] "My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

[12] They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
[13] The boy—oh! where was he?
[14] Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perish'd there,
Was that young, faithful heart! *Mrs. Hemans.*

A NIGHT ON THE ORINOCO.

[1] Peaceful narrative. [2] Alarm and fear. [3] Great fear. [4] Unpleasant feeling in the tone. [5] Recovering cheerfulness and confidence. [6] Humorous tone. [7] Plain narrative. [8] Contrast of gaiety and gravity.

[1] THE night was calm and serene, and a beautiful moon shed a radiance over the scene. The crocodiles lay extended on the sand; in such a position that they could watch our fire, from which they never turned aside their eyes. Its dazzling evidently attracted them, as it does fish, crabs, and the other inhabitants of the waters. Finding no tree upon the shore, we sank the end of our oars into the sand, in order to form poles for our tents. [2] Every thing remained quiet till eleven at night, when suddenly there arose, in the neighbouring forest, a noise so frightful that it became impossible to shut our eyes. Amidst the voice of so many savage animals, which all roared at once, our Indians could only distinguish the howling of the jaguar, the yell of the tiger, the roar of the cougar, or American lion, and the screams of some birds of prey. [3] When the jaguars approached near to the edge of the forest, our dogs, which to that moment had never ceased to bark, suddenly housed; and, crouching, sought refuge under the shelter of our hammocks. [4] Sometimes, after an interval of silence, the growl of the tiger was heard from the top of the trees, followed immediately by the cries of the monkeys in their branches, which fled the danger by which they were menaced.

[5] These nocturnal scenes on the Orinoco were repeated for months together, at every place where the forest approached the edge of the river. Despite the evident danger by which one is surrounded, the security which the Indian feels comes to communicate itself to your mind; you become persuaded with him, that all the tigers fear the light of fire, and will not attack a man when lying in his hammock. In truth, the instances of attacks on persons in hammocks are extremely rare; and during a long residence in

South America, I can only call to mind one instance of a Llanero, who was found torn in pieces in his hammock opposite the island of Uhagua.

[6] When one asks the Indians what is the cause of this tremendous noise, which at a certain hour of the night the animals of the forest make, they answer gaily, "They are saluting the full moon." [7] I suspect the cause in general is some quarrel or combat which has arisen in the interior of the forest. The jaguars, for example, pursue the pecaris and tapirs, which, having no means of defence but their numbers, fly in dense bodies, and press, in all the agony of terror, through the thickets which lie in their way. Terrified at this strife, and the crashing of boughs or rustling of thickets which they hear beneath them, the monkeys on the highest branches set up discordant cries of terror on every side. The din soon wakens the parrots and other birds which fill the woods, they instantly scream in the most violent way, and erelong the whole forest is in an uproar. We soon found that it is not so much during a full moon, as on the approach of a whirlwind or a storm, that this frightful concert arises among the wild beasts. "May heaven give us a peaceable night and rest, like other mortals!" was the exclamation of the monk who had accompanied us from the Rio Negro, as he lay down to repose in our bivouac. [8] It is a singular circumstance to be reduced to such a petition in the midst of the solitude of the woods. In the hotels of Spain, the traveller fears the sound of the guitar from the neighbouring apartment: in the bivouacs of the Orinoco, which are spread on the open sand, or under the shade of a single tree, what you have to dread is, the infernal cries which issue from the adjoining forest.—*Humboldt.*

PEACE AND WAR.

[1] Beautiful description of peace: tones soft and musical, and instinct with admiration. [2] A fearful contrast: the voice assuming a gloomy and awful tone, increasing in breadth and solemnity to the word *shroud.* [3] Humiliating reflection: melancholy tone. [4] Mournful description of carnage.

[1] How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,

Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.—
[2] Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven?—That dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage:—loud, and more loud
The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud.—[3] Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there;
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widow'd love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan,
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers.
[4] The grey morn
Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracts of blood
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments

Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the ontsallying victors: far behind,
Black ashes note where their prond city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

MAZEPPA'S PUNISHMENT.

[1] Imperative tone. [2] Plain narrative; tone full of vivacity. [3] Anger. [4] Tone of weariness and exhaustion. [5] Anger. [6] Scorn and hatred. [7] Unslaked revenge. [8] Vivacious, but unpleasant description. [9] A gleam of hope. [10] Bitter disappointment and grief. [11] Grief. [12] A fearful description of the hungry and ferocious pursuers. [13] Fearlessness and hate. [14] Fear, [15] getting into a tone of confidence and security. [16] Tone of exhaustion and delirium.

[1] "Bring forth the horse!"—[2] the horse was brought;
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught.
With spur and bridle undefil'd—
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely but in vain;
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led:
[3] They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

[4] Away!—away!—My breath was gone,
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away!—away!
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
[5] Was the wild shont of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble ront:
[6] With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lien of rein;
And, writhing half my form abont,
Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,

The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed
[7] It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.

[8] Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind,
We sped like meteors through the sky,
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black.
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by—
I could have answer'd with a sigh—
But fast we fled away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
[9] At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed;
[10] But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became;
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from agony
Increas'd his fury and affright;
I tried my voice,—'twas faint and low,
Bnt yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
[11] Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something firier far than flame.
[8] We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze;
But these were few, and far between,
Set thick with shrubs more young and green;
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chesnut stood,
The strong oak and the hardy pine;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—

The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
[12] By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire,
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At day-break winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
[13] Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won;
[14] But now I doubted strength and speed:
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
[15] Had nerv'd him like the mountain roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door,
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he past.

The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
[16] What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground:
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died,
O'ertortur'd by that ghastly ride.

Byron.

THE SAXON AND THE GAEL.

[1] Cheerful description. [2] A little emotion. [3] The tone should give an idea of the difficulty of passing the tangled brake. [4] Admiration. [5] Graphic description. [6] A tone implying weariness. [7] Courteous, open reply. [8] Inquisitiveness. [9] Candour, sliding into an upbraiding tone. [10] Anger, [11] increasing. [12] Cool reply, ending in a challenge. [13] Bold compliance. [14] The utterance and action here should be rapid, energetic, and precise, the articulation must be very distinct. [15] Eager attention. [16] Proud attitude and look. [17] Bold, fearless, open declaration. [18] A degree of alarm. [19] Recovering courage. [20] Defiance. [21] Admiration. [22] Ready obedience. [23] A little surprise. [24] Suspicious look. [25] Encouragement: gallant protection.

[1] THE early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain grey.
[2] A wildering path!—[3] they winded now
Along the precipice's brow;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

[5] At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green.
[6] So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause

He sought these wilds? traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

7 "Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamed not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still,
As the mist slumbering on yon hill
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied."
8 "But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"—
9 "Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."—

10 Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clans-man's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,—
11 "And heardst thou why he drew his blade:
Heardst thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What reck'd the Chieftain, if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?"
12 "Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come agen,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band."—

[13] "Have, then, thy wish!"—[14] he whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung np at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
[15] Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still.
[16] The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
[17] And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"—

Fitz-James was brave:—[18] Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
[19] He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
[20] "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."—
[21] Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand:
[22] Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.

[23] Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received,

Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
[24] Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
[25] "Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest;—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on; I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."—

Sir Walter Scott.

MAGNANIMITY OF THE MISSIONARY CHARACTER.

[1] Argumentative tone. [2] Appeal to facts: firm tone. [3] A mingled tone of contempt and indignation. [4] A tone of magnanimity, approbation, and admiration [5] A subdued tone of reverence, sympathy, and gratulation. [6] Admiration, sympathy, and deep commiseration. [7] Argumentative tone. [8] Deep sympathy, swelling into a tone of aversion. [9] Lofty disdain. [10] Proud, triumphant tone: full, clear voice. [11] Subdued, reverend, argumentative tone.

[1] It is not among the rich and the powerful, the high and the titled, that we are always to seek for this beautiful union of lowliness and dignity of soul, and for the finest examples of the self-sacrificing and magnanimous spirit of the illustrious Redeemer, which is essentially the spirit of the Christian. [2] Look at the examples of the great and good in all ages; and who are they who have achieved the noblest deeds in human history? [3] Not the proud victors who, for the glory of a title and a name, have scattered desolation over a bleeding land, to extend the sway or establish the power of some hateful despot. Not they whose sole or chief aim in all their great achievements was that of self-aggrandizement alone, and who could claim only the terrible distinction of being the destroyers of their kind; [4] but those peaceful and humble, though brave citizens, who have been roused into action by the tread of the oppressor, whose gallant spirits were attracted by a more exalted glory, and who encountered equal perils for nobler ends,—those generous and

devoted men, who, disdaining the base motives of a selfish ambition, preferred the claims of their common nature, and the rights of their fellow-men, above all the attractions of wealth and power; and, unawed by the frowns, and undazzled by the splendours, of worldly greatness, stood forward and foremost in the glorious cause of oppressed humanity, and wrung from a prostrate tyrant the freedom of their native land.

[5] Our great Redeemer had not, indeed, to contend in this manner with human foes, for he came not to judge but to save the world, and therefore fought not with the weapons of human warfare; but he won our deliverance from a yet more fatal bondage than that of human tyranny, and he set this great example in his terrible conflict with the powers of darkness. And by the sorrows of his holy life, by the agonies of his bloody sweat, by the ignominy of the accursed tree, and by the humiliation of his shameful death, he achieved the redemption of the whole race of man; and having delivered them from the yoke of their great enemy, and having completed his victory over death and the grave, he led captivity captive, and received gifts for men.

[6] And who were they who followed up his toils, and reaped the fruits of this mighty conquest; and who, in spreading the light of truth through the realms of darkness, and pulling down the strongholds of ignorance and superstition, encountered perils and sufferings in every step of their progress—"perils by the heathen, perils in the city, perils in the sea, and perils in the wilderness?" who but they, the apostles and followers, the friends and imitators, of the meek and lowly Jesus,—even men of whom the world was not worthy,—who, in all their labours of love, "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonment;" who were "stoned, and sawn asunder, and tempted, and slain with the sword;" who were "destitute, afflicted, tormented."

[7] The benevolence of the Christian spirit, like that of the divine Redeemer, is unbounded and universal. Wherever a human creature languishes in suffering, or a human heart has cause to mourn, —of whatever country, or colour, or race,—there does the Christian hero approach, to comfort and to save. He has not only been roused by the sight of oppression at home, but the distant wail of the sable bondsman has not been heard in vain. [8] And, oh! how

deep have been the sighs of the heart-broken slave, and how terrible have been the woes of the white man's chain; not the body only, lashed and tortured into degrading submission, but the heaven-born spirit, torn down from its immortal aspirings, and hushed into the death-like silence of despair; or, overborne by the burning sense of its wrongs, goaded into madness, giving loose at once to its hoarded hate and stifled anguish, and kindling into a flame of demoniac fury, to be quenched only in the blood of the oppressor. [9] It was not then the arm of the mighty that brought deliverance to the wretched captive; it was not the renowned prowess of Britain's victorious chivalry, whose mailed hand held the chain of the hapless victim; it was not the vaunted magnanimity of her princes and nobles, who, with a few illustrious exceptions, stood aloof from this generous contest, or ingloriously flung their weight upon the arm of the deliverer;—[10] no, it was the combined sympathies, the moral might, the united and resistless voice of her Christian philanthropists, piercing into every corner of the land, gathering strength and power from the energies of her awakened humanity, and swelling, in its widening course, into a louder and deeper tone, till it burst at last, like a thunder-peal, upon the Isles of the West, and shivered the yoke of the heartless oppressor.

[11] Such have been the character and achievements of some of the most illustrious men who have borne the Christian name, and who have approached the nearest to their great example; and if we possess not their courage, and constancy, and patience, in contending with an evil world, let us forbear at least to dim one ray of that hallowed lamp which guided them on their path, and which, whenever it is beheld in entire and unshorn brightness, kindles a flame of love in every honest heart, and inspires, with holiest purpose, every contrite spirit.—*Rev. Patrick Brewster.*

THE RISING OF THE VENDEE.

[1] Peaceful, holy description, [2] suddenly changed into consternation and larum of battle. [3] Affecting information inciting to battle and revenge. [4] Stirring account of martial preparation in the various districts. [5] Proud description of the different leaders. [6] A tone of courageous confidence, and triumphant victory, continuing to the end.

[1] It was a Sabbath morning, and sweet the summer air,
And brightly shone the summer sun upon the day of prayer;

And silver-sweet the village bells o'er mount and valley toll'd,
And in the church of St. Florent were gather'd young and old.
[2] When rushing down the woodland hill, in fiery haste was seen,
With panting steed and bloody spur, a noble Angevin.
And bounding on the sacred floor, he gave his fearful cry,—
"Up, up for France! the time is come, for France to live or die.

[3] "Your Queen is in the dungeon; your King is in his gore;
On Paris waves the flag of death, the fiery Tricolor;
Your nobles in their ancient halls are hunted down and slain,
In convent cells and holy shrines the blood is pour'd like rain.
The peasant's vine is rooted up, his cottage given to flame,
His son is to the scaffold sent, his daughter sent to shame;
With torch in hand, and hate in heart, the rebel host is nigh.
Up, up for France! the time is come, for France to live or die."

[4] That livelong night the horn was heard, from Orleans to Anjou,
And pour'd from all their quiet fields our shepherds bold and true;
Along the pleasant banks of Loire shot up the beacon-fires,
And many a torch was blazing bright on Lucon's stately spires;
The midnight cloud was flush'd with flame that hung o'er Parthenaye,
The blaze that shone o'er proud Brissac was like the breaking day;
Till east and west, and north and south, the loyal beacons shone,
Like shooting-stars, from haughty Nantz to sea-begirt Olonne.

And through the night, on foot and horse, the sleepless summons flew,
And morning saw the Lily-flag wide waving o'er Poitou;
And many an ancient musketoon was taken from the wall,
And many a jovial hunter's steed was harness'd in the stall;
And many a noble's armoury gave up the sword and spear,
And many a bride, and many a babe, was left with kiss and tear;
And many a homely peasant bade "farewell" to his old "dame;"
As in the days, when France's king unfurl'd the Oriflame.

[5] There, leading his bold marksmen, rode the eagle-eyed Lescure,
And dark Stofflet, who flies to fight as falcon to the lure;
And fearless as the lion roused, but gentle as the lamb,
Came, marching at his people's head, the brave and good Bonchamps.
Charette, where honour was the prize, the hero sure to win;
And there, with Henri Quatre's plume, the young Rochejaquelin.
And there, in peasant speech and garb—the terror of the foe,
A noble made by Heaven's own hand, the great Cathelineau.

[6] We march'd by tens of thousands, we march'd through day and night,
The Lily standard in our front, like Israel's holy light.

Around us rush'd the rebels, as the wolf upon the sheep,
We burst upon their columns, as the lion roused from sleep;
We tore the bayonets from their hands, we slew them at their guns,
Their boasted horsemen flew like chaff before our forest-sons;
That eve we heap'd their baggage high their lines of dead between,
And in the centre blazed to heaven their blood-dyed Guillotine!

In vain they hid their heads in walls; we rush'd on stout Thouar,—
What cared we for its shot or shell, for battlement or bar?
We burst its gates; then, like the wind, we rush'd on Fontenaye—
We saw its flag at morning's light, 'twas ours by setting day.
We crush'd, like ripen'd grapes, Montreuil, we tore down old Vetier—
We charged them with our naked breasts, and took them with a cheer.
We'll hunt the robbers through the land, from Seine to sparkling Rhone.
Now, "Here's a health to all we love. Our King shall have his own."

Memoirs of a Statesman.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

[1] Cheerful narrative. [2] Contrast to the preceding. [3] Gloomy tone. [4] Agitation, remorse, and restlessness. [5] Assumed calmness and familiarity. [6] Remorse and agony. [7] Awful description. [8] Anguish. [9] Horror. [10] Pity and avarice. [11] Hurried account of murder. [12] Conscience smitten. [13] Supernatural terrors [14] gliding into madness. [15] Supernatural vision occasioned by a vindictive conscience. [16] Caution. [17] Hypocrisy. [18] Restlessness and agony. [19] Langour and distress. [20] Cheerful contrast to his [21] moody mind. [22] Hurry and alarm. [23] Remorse and despair [24] getting into madness. [25] Fascinated by fear. [26] Plain narrative.

[1] '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.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can:
[2] But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

[3] 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 leaned his head on his hands, and read
  The book between his knees!

[4] At last he shut the ponderous tome;
  With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
  And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O 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!

[5] "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."

[6] The usher took six hasty strides,
  As smit with sudden pain;
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
  Then slowly back again:
[5] And down he sat beside the lad,
  And talked with him of Cain.

[7] He told how murderers walked 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!

[8] "And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
  Their pangs must be extreme—
[9] Wo. wo, unutterable wo—
  Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought last night I wrought
  A murder in a dream!

[10] 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!

[11] 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!

[12] Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

[13] And lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And called upon his name!

Oh how, it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
[14] But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

[15] 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:
"Thon 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 slnggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
[16] My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
[17] Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school!

[18] That night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

[18] All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

[18] 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!

[19] 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 faithless stream was dry!

[20] Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing,
[21] But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

[22] 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 murdered 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!

[23] 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 how, 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:
[24] The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now!"
[25] The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow!

[26] That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist. *Thomas Hood.*

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

[1] There is considerable variety required in reading this piece, but it is the same sort of variety. A firm, positive, argumentative tone must pervade from beginning to end.

ELOQUENCE, in this empire, is power. Give a man nerve, a presence, sway over language, and, above all, enthusiasm, or intellec-

tual skill to simulate it; start him in the public arena with these requisites; and, ere many years, perhaps many months, have passed, yon will either see him in high station, or in a fair way of rising to it. Party politics, social grievances, and the like, are to him so many new-discovered worlds wherein he may, with the orator's sword—his tongue—carve out his fortune and his fame. Station —the prior possession, by rank or wealth, of the public ear—is, no doubt, a great advantage. It is much for a man to be asked as a favour to speak to a cause, for that his rank and name will influence the people; or to have secured to him by his birth a seat in the senate: these things, doubtless, give one man a start before another in the race. But, without the gift of eloquence, all these special favours of Fortune are of no avail in securing yon influence over your countrymen. Unless you have the art of clothing your ideas in clear and captivating diction, of identifying yourself with the feelings of your hearers, and nttering them in language more forcible, or terse, or brilliant, than they can themselves command; or unless you have the power—still more rare—of originating,—of commanding their intellects, their hearts,—of drawing them in your train by the irresistible magic of sympathy,—of making their thoughts your thoughts, or your thoughts theirs; unless you have stumbled on the shell that shall make you the possessor of this lyre, never hope to rule your fellow-men in these modern days. Publicly and ostensibly powerful you never will be, unless you have mastered the art of oratory.

We are so accustomed to the influence of this talking power in the state, that we have ceased to wonder at its successes. Yet the triumphs of the tongue have in our own days almost equalled those of the sword. England is generally accounted an aristocratic country, and her aristocracy have the credit of being peculiarly tenacious of their privileges,—jealous of the intrusion of adventurers nto their ranks. The career of one man amongst our contemporaries, however, has shown that eloquence has a potency as great as parchment pedigrees; that the owner of that talisman may storm the very stronghold of the exclusives; appropriate their rank, titles, dignities, and turn their power against themselves; while, by the agency of their own legalised formularies, he sways the supreme, and even rules the rulers. Emerging from the comparative obscu-

rity of a provincial capital, as an advocate, he talks himself into the distinction of being talked about; thence he talks himself into the popular branch of the legislature, where again he talks to such purpose as to become the mouthpiece of the most exclusive section of an exclusive aristocracy: arrived at this point, he reappears on his old scene of action, and talks to the people with the new sanctions and powers which his parliamentary talking has obtained for him; he talks at meetings, he talks at dinners, he talks at mechanics' institutes; he talks to the men of the sonth, he talks to the men of the north; he talks to every one of every thing, till the whole land is filled with the echo of his voice,—till, with all England, nay, with all the world, for his listeners, men wonder where next he will find an audience; when, lo! suddenly, incomprehensibly, as if by magical power, at a few more waggings of that ever-vibrating organ of his, the doors of the senate itself fly open, and peers of ancient lineage crowd down to welcome him to this sanctuary of noble blood, to usher him up even to the judgment-seat itself, to make him lord paramount over themselves and their proceedings, the licenser of their thoughts, and the originator of their laws! Could the greatest triumphs in arms achieve much more? The hero who has served and saved his conntry in the field secures a higher and more lasting fame, and a reward in the gratitude of his countrymen; but in all the external and ostensible marks of honour, such as constituted authorities can bestow, the heaped titles of the victorious warrior exceed the simple nobility of the successful orator only in degree; while the influence of the one culminates where that of the other declines—with the ascendancy of peace.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

WALLACE AT FALKIRK.

[1] Courage. [2] Scorn. [3] Appeal to their patriotism. [4] Compassion. [5] Contempt of cowardice. [6] Courageous determination to conquer or die. [7] Rousing to revenge by the memory of their slaughtered fathers. [8] Abrupt address. [9] Bold incitement to battle.

[1] Companions of my toils arise!
[2] Behold the dragonned banner flies,—
[3] Stand, ere your bleeding country dies,
And show your latest bravery.

Arise—ere tottering freedom falls,—
'Tis Wallace,—[3] 'tis your country calls;
[4] See how yon Saxon spear appals
A sad, unaided peasantry!

[5] Whoe'er is daunted at the sight
Of England's numbers,—Edward's might,
Whose soul shall echo with affright
The Saxon's war-cry vauntingly—

Let him retire, to *fear* betrayed,
Whose breast with cowardice is swayed;—
His country shall not ask *his* aid,
Who fears to join undauntingly.

[6] In me, yon proud, insulting foe,
Shall see a weltering corse laid low,
And Scotland hear my life's last throe,
Proclaiming freedom!—victory!

Yes, Wallace shall be lowly laid,
A bleeding corse, on honour's bed,
Else by your might, and this bright blade,
We win our country's liberty!

[7] Beneath these cairns, your fathers sleep;—
But can the grave their glory keep?—
Their struggles o'er *our* souls shall sweep,
To urge the battle rapidly!

[8] The foe advances!—[9] stand ye brave!
Couch—couch your spears,—your symbols wave,
We must be free—or in the grave,—
We stand or fall with liberty!

Rush on ye Scots! renew your deeds!
Again the vaunting Saxon bleeds!
On Scotland, on! thy Wallace leads,
Again, to death or victory! *W. Weir.*

THE ARAB TO HIS STEED.

[1] Regret and love. [2] Anger. [3] Subsiding into admiration and tenderness. [4] Intense grief. [5] Starting: love and determination. [6] A tone of defiance and determination. [7] Triumphant tone.

[1] My beautiful, my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye!
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy winged speed,
I may not mount on thee again, thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind;
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle rein, thy master hath his gold;—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell! thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! those free untired limbs full many a mile must roam.
To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn and bed prepare;
That silky mane I braided once must be another's care.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright,
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arms to check or cheer thy speed;—
Then must I startling wake to feel thou'rt sold! my Arab steed.

[2] Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side;
And the rich blood that's in thee swells in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze may count each starting vein!

Will they ill-use thee?—if I thought—[3] but no—it cannot be;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free;—
[4] And yet if haply when thou'rt gone, this lonely heart should yearn.
Can the hand that casts thee from it now command thee to return?

Return, alas! my Arab steed! what will thy master do,
When thou that wast his all of joy, hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and through the gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage appears?

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with wearied foot alone,
Where, with fleet foot and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause and sadly think,—
'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink.

[5] When *last* I saw thee drink! away! the fevered dream is o'er!—
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more;
They tempted me, my beautiful!—for hunger's power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.

[6] Who said that I had given thee up? who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false! 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!
[7] Thus—thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains!
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains!

Mrs. Norton.

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

[1] Easy narrative. [2] Blunt, open, firm address. [3] A slight sneer on these words. [4] Bold, defying tone and look. [5] A fearless but courteous reconciling tone. [6] Provoking tone. [7] Extreme wrath, and [8] contempt. [9] Rapid recollection of determined revenge. [10] Courteous retort. [11] Quick preparation for desperate strife. [12] A tone of regret for Roderick, and confidence for Fitz-James. [13] Desperation. [14] Calm self-possession. [15] Mortal threat. [16] Desperate defiance, and [17] fearful struggle. [18] Faintness and exhaustion.

[1] THE Chief in silence strode before,
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the World,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.
And here his course the Chieftain* staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said;—
[2] "Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
[3] This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
[4] Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused:—[5] "I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave chief, I vowed thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:—
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—[4] "No, Stranger, none!
[6] And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;

* Pronounced *Chiftin.*

'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me."

[7] Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption then so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
My clans-man's blood demands revenge.—
Not yet prepared?—[8] By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill-deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."
[9] "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, begone!
[10] Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown.
Tho' not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."—
[11] Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what he ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

[12] Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dash'd aside;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.

He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, tho' stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
13 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
14 And as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill,
Till at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand;
And, backwards borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.
15 "Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
16 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."—
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—
"Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel!"
They tug, they strain!—down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
17 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted in his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!—
18 —But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.

The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose. *Sir Walter Scott*

NIGHT SCENE IN THE EAST.

[1] In this extract there is little variety of *passion*. It is a vivacious narrative, and ought to be read in a spirited conversational tone.

[1] It was near midnight when we reached a marshy ground, in which a clear stream was flowing along, through beds of tall and thick rushes, but so hidden by these, that the noise of its flow was heard long before the stream itself could be seen. From the length of the march, and the exhausting heat of the atmosphere, even at night, the horses were exceedingly thirsty. Their restlessness, evinced by their tramping, neighing, and eager impatience to rush all to one particular point, gave us, indeed, the first indications of our approach to water, which was perceptible to their stronger scent long before it was even heard by us. On reaching the brink of this stream, for which purpose we had been forcibly turned aside by the ungovernable fury of the animals, to the southward of our route, the banks were found to be so high above the surface of the water, that the horses could not reach it to drink. Some, more impatient than the rest, plunged themselves and their riders at once into the current, and, after being led swimming to a less elevated part of the bank, over which they could mount, were extricated with considerable difficulty; while two of the horses of the caravan, who were more heavily laden than the others, by carrying the baggage as well as the persons of their riders, were drowned. The stream was narrow, but deep, and had a soft muddy bottom, in which another of the horses became so fastly stuck, that he was suffocated in a few minutes. The camels marched patiently along the edge of the bank, as well as those persons of the caravan who were provided with skins and other vessels containing small supplies of water; but the horses could not, by all the power of their riders, be kept from the stream, any more than the crowd of thirsty pilgrims, who, many of them having no small vessels to dip up the water from the brook, followed the example of the horses, and

plunged at once into the current. For myself, I experienced more difficulty than I can well describe, in keeping my own horse from breaking down the loose earth of the bank on which he stood, and plunging in with the others; it being as much as all my strength of arm could accomplish to keep him back from the brink, while he tramped, and snorted, and neighed, and reared himself erect on his hinder legs, to express the intensity of his suffering from thirst. An Indian fakir, who was of the Hadjee's party, was near me at this moment of my difficulty, and, when I was deliberating in my mind whether I should not risk less in throwing myself off my horse, and letting him follow the bent of his desires, as I began to despair of mastering him much longer, he took from me my tin drinking-cup, which was a kind of circular and shallow basin, capable of holding only about a pint. It had two small holes in the sides, for the purpose of slinging it over the shoulder on the march; and we fastened longer pieces of cord to the short ones before affixed to it. Having then dismounted, by letting go the bridle, and sliding back over the haunches of the horse while he was in one of his erect positions from rearing, we succeeded in coaxing him into a momentary tranquillity by the caresses and tender expressions which all Arab horses nnderstand so well; and with thc shallow basin, thus slung in cords, we drew up from the stream as much as the vessel would hold, and in as quick succession as practicable. But even when full, the cup wonld hardly contain sufficient to moisten the horse's month; and as it came up sometimes only half full, and at others was entirely emptied by the impatience of the horse knocking it out of the giver's hand, we let it down and drew it up, I am certain, more than a hundred times, till our arms were tired: and even then we had but barely satisfied onr own thirst, and done nothing, comparatively, to allay that of the poor animal, whose sufferings, in common with nearly all the others of the caravan, were really painful to witness. This scene, which, amidst the obscurity of night, the cries of the animals, the shouting and quarrelling of the people, and the indistinct and perhaps exaggerated apprehensions of danger from a totally unexpected cause, had assumed an almost awful character, lasted for upwards of an hour: and so intense was the first impulse of self-preservation, to allay the burning rage of thirst, that, during all this time, the Ye-

zeedis were entirely forgotten, and as absent from our thoughts as if they had never once been even heard of.—*Buckingham's Travels.*

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

[1] This requires an exceedingly pathetic and plaintive tone: but the tone must be varied.

[1] THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
  They filled one home with glee;—
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
  By mount, and stream, and sea.
The same fond mother bent at night
  O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight,—
  Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the West,
  By a dark stream is laid,—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
  Far in the cedar shade.
The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
  He lies where pearls lie deep:
He was the loved of all, yet none
  O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
  Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
  On a blood-red field of Spain.
And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
  Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,—
  The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
  Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
  Around one parent knee!
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
  And cheered with song the hearth,—
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
  And nought beyond, oh earth! *Mrs. Hemans.*

DEATH OF BERTRAM RISINGHAM.

[1] Sudden alarm, [2] deepening into surprise and apprehension. [3] Gazing with amazement and terror. [4] A tone echoing the dauntless and resolute appearance of Bertram. [5] Daring deed. [6] Recreant fear. [7] Magnanimous tone. [8] Rapid utterance. [9] Expertness. [10] Disappointment and struggle. [11] Sudden recovery from craven stupor to boldness and savage revenge. [12] Desperate struggle. [13] Contempt of death. [14] Fear, [15] sliding into savageness. [16] Admiration.

THE ontmost crowd have heard a sound
[1] Like horse's hoof on hardened ground,—
Nearer it came, and yet more near—
The very deathsmen pause to hear.
[2] 'Tis in the chnrchyard now—the tread
Hath waked the dwellings of the dead!
Fresh sod and old sepulchral stone
Return the tramp in varied tone.
[3] All eyes were on the gateway hung,
When through the gothic arch there sprung
[4] A horseman, armed, at headlong speed—
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.
Fire from the flinty floor was spurned,
The vaults th' nnwonted clang returned!—
One instant's glance around he threw,
[5] From saddlebow his pistol drew,
Grimly determined was his look,
His charger with his spurs he strook—
[6] All scattered backwards as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham!
[7] Three bounds that noble courser gave;
The first has reached the central nave,
The second cleared the chancel wide,
The third—he was at Wycliffe's side.
[8] Full levelled at the Baron's head
Rung the report—the bullet sped—
And to his long account and last,
Without a groan, dark Oswald passed!
[9] All was so quick that it might seem
A flash of lightning, or a dream.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,
Bertram his ready charger wheels;
[10] Bnt flonndered on the pavement floor
The steed, and down the rider bore,
And bursting in the headlong sway,
The faithless saddle-girths gave way.

'Twas while he toiled him to be freed,
And with the reins to raise the steed,
That from amazement's iron trance
[11] All Wycliffe's soldiers woke at once.
Sword, halbert, musket-but, their blows
Hailed upon Bertram as he rose;
A score of pikes, with each a wound,
Bore down and pinned him to the ground
[12] Yet still his struggling form he rears
'Gainst hacking brands, and stabbing spears.
Thrice from assailants shook him free—
Once gained his feet, and twice his knee.
By tenfold odds oppressed at length,
Despite his struggles and his strength,
He took a hundred mortal wounds
As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds;
And when he died, his parting groan
[13] Had more of laughter than of moan.

[14] They gaze as when a lion dies,
And hunters scarce can trust their eyes,
But bend their weapons o'er the slain,
As if the grim king should rouse again!
[15] Then blow and insult some renewed,
And from the trunk the head had hewed—
But Basil's voice the deed forbade.—
A mantle o'er the corse was laid.
[16] —"Fell as he was in act and mind,
He left no bolder heart behind;
Then give him for a soldier meet,
A soldier's cloak for winding sheet." *Scott.*

EVERY MAN THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN FORTUNE.

[1] Plain narrative. [2] Argumentative. [3] The same narrative and argumentative tones throughout, resembling dignified conversation.

[1] It is wittily remarked by a French writer, that, while the Portuguese sailors, before engaging in battle, are prostrate upon deck, imploring their saints to perform miracles in their favour, the British tars are manning their guns and working miracles for themselves. This remark, when rightly interpreted, contains a lively satire upon a species of superstition which misleads the multitude more than any other, and engenders indolence and apathy, under

the specious names of contentment and resignation. There may be some errors, common to the vulgar, more preposterous than this, but few more pernicious, since there is none in which the transition from speculation to conduct is so easy and unavoidable. To believe, for example, that there once were witches, who made a cockle-shell serve the purpose of a ship, and substituted a broomstick for a balloon; or that there still are fairies, who hold their gambols at midnight, among the romantic glens of Scotland, is quite a harmless superstition, whose worst effect can be to make the gossips draw closer round the winter fire, or the farmer more brief in his potations when at market. [2] But a blind belief in fatalism or destiny, acts as a powerful motive to indolence and indecision, and makes men sit down with their arms folded, in Turkish apathy, expecting to obtain, by supernatural means, what Providence has wisely reserved as the reward of virtuous exertions. It cannot, therefore, be too early or deeply instilled into the minds of the youthful and inexperienced, that there are few difficulties which wisdom and perseverance cannot conquer; that the means of happiness, and even riches, are, in some degree, in every man's power, and that misfortune is frequently, if not generally, only another name for misconduct.

[3] Nothing is more common in the world, than for people to flatter their self-esteem, and to excuse their indolence, by referring the prosperity of others to the caprice or partiality of fortune. Yet few, who have examined the matter with attention, have failed to discover, that success is as generally a consequence of industry and good conduct, as disappointment is the consequence of indolence and indecision. Happiness, as Pope remarks, is truly our being's end and aim, and almost every man desires wealth as a means or happiness. [2] But, in wishing, mankind are nearly alike, and it is chiefly the striking incongruity that exists betwixt their actions and thoughts, that chequers society, and produces those endless varieties of character and situation which prevail in human life. Some men, with the best intentions, have so little fortitude, and are so fond of present ease or pleasure, that they give way to every temptation; while others, possessed of greater strength of mind, hold out heroically to the last, and then look back with complacency on the difficulties they have overcome, and the thousands of

their fellow-travellers that are lagging far behind, railing at fate, and dreaming of what they might have been. This difference in the progress which men make in life, who set out with the same prospects and opportunities, is a proof, of itself, that more depends upon conduct than fortnne. And it would be good for man, if, instead of envying his neighbour's lot, and deploring his own, he would begin to inquire what means others have employed that he has neglected, and whether it is not possible, by a change of conduct, to secure a result more proportioned to his wishes. Were individuals, when unsuccessful, often to institnte such an inquiry, and improve the hints it would infallibly suggest, we should hear fewer complaints against the partiality of fortune, and witness less of the wide extremes of riches and poverty. But the great misfortune is, that few have courage to undertake, and still fewer candour to execute, such a system of self-examination. Conscience may perhaps whisper that they have not done all which their circumstances permitted; but its whispers are soon stifled amidst the plaudits of self-esteem, and they remain in a happy ignorance of the exertions of others, and a consoling belief in the immutability of fortune. Others who may possess candonr and firmness to undertake this inquiry, are quite appalled at the unwelcome truths it forces upon their notice. Their own industry, which they believed to be great, and their own talents, which they fancied were unequalled, are found to suffer by a comparison with those of others, and they betake themselves in despair to the refuge of indolence, and think it easier, if not better, to want wealth, than encounter the toil and trouble of obtaining it. Thus do thousands pass through life, angry with fate, when they ought to be angry with themselves. Too fond of the comforts and enjoyments which riches procure ever to be happy without them, and too indolent and unsteady ever to persevere in the use of those means by which alone they are attainable.

Probably one frequent cause of disappointment in the young, may be traced to that overweening confidence in their own powers, which leads them to trust more to their own romantic anticipations, than the tried and experimental knowledge of their seniors. While the progress of learning, and the refinements of education, confer upon the present race an elegance and polish unknown to

their fathers, they are too apt to magnify this merit, and regard their elders as beings of an inferior capacity. They forget completely that a taste for literature and the arts, differs very widely from that sober and experimental knowledge which can be brought to bear npon the real business of life, and enable its possessor to preserve his place in that great crowd, where every individnal is constantly endeavouring to press forward by jostling his neighbour. Even a man of very ordinary parts, who has lived long in the world, and probably, after a thousand blunders, learned to conduct himself with ability and prudence, is better qualified for imparting instruction to others, than those who in other respects are most remarkable for their talents and attainments. Experience in this, as in every thing else, is the great mistress of wisdom, and were men guided by her safe, though often nnwelcome counsels, in preference to their own fond imaginations, there would be a mighty diminntion of that misery with which ignorance and obstinacy are constantly filling the world. There is little new nnder the sun, and the walks of life, numerous and diversified as they appear, are filled both with beacons that warn of the fate of the imprudent, and monuments that record the triumphs of the successful. That so many fail, therefore, in a task apparently so simple and easy, can only be accounted for by the false confidence which men repose in their own powers, which disposes them to slight instruction, and neglect the assistance of those charts and descriptions which have been furnished by the industry of preceding travellers.

Another circumstance that marks the danger of the young neglecting the counsels of the old, is that revolution, which experience and the progress of knowledge necessarily produce in the opinions and impressions of every human being. He must have little acquaintance with books, and less with life, who has not remarked this of others as well as of himself. Man is not the same being to-day that he was yesterday. His mind, like his body, is in a constant state of revolution. The discovery of a new truth, or the adoption of a new opinion, often prodnces a total cbange in his views and sentiments, and gives a new turn to his most ordinary actions. This he feels and perceives, but seldom anticipates. It is the great error of his life, constantly to over-rate his present knowledge and attainments; and althongh at every new addition

to them, he discovers his former deficiency, he still secretly flatters himself that he has at last reached perfection. Like the torrent that rushes from the mountains, he begins his course, filled with a thousand impurities, and it is not till his knowledge has passed through the filters of the world, that error and prejudice sink to the bottom, and truth assumes its native transparency. To this cause we must ascribe that striking diversity of feeling and sentiment which so often prevails between the pupil and preceptor, and which makes the former believe that to adopt the opinions of the latter, were to doubt the evidence of his senses. To the cool and experienced, the world and its concerns have lost the master-charm of novelty; and hence the young find it as difficult to enter into the feelings of the old, as to read with their spectacles, or walk upon their crutches. But they should remember that these hoary advisers were once young and romantic like themselves, and that it is from a knowledge of the errors into which such feelings are apt to betray us—they caution us to be on our guard against their influence. We would not, however, be understood as asserting that there are no prejudices peculiar to age, or that the young are never in danger of being misled by their instructors:—this would be hazarding too much; and it is sufficient for every purpose of instruction, to affirm, that the instances in which the old are apt to feel biassed, are precisely those in which the prejudices of the young run strongest in a contrary direction; and that, at all events, there is infinitely more danger to be apprehended from their paying too little than too much deference to the opinion of others.—*Macdiarmid.*

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

[1] Tone rather melancholy. [2] Tone of regret and displeasure. [3] Beautiful picture of nature; the tone buoyant and cheerful, corresponding with the delightful scene. [4] Tone of melancholy and grief. [5] Tone of displeasure. [6] Unconquerable resolution, resignation, and piety. [7] Impiety and ferocity. [8] Desperate strife of infuriated men, while nature seems frowning with indignation. [9] Supernatural omens of triumph and felicity: the tones to the end should be solemn, but glowing with extacy. [10] Triumphant tone.

[1] In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;

Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

[2] '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.

[3] 'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Hung bright on 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 enjoyments of July's sweet morning.

[4] 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 to-morrow.

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

[6] Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;
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;
[7] But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

[8] 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.

[9] The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets 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.

[9] 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,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
[10] Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory! *James Hislop.*

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

[1] A cheerful description. [2] Alarum: bustle and preparation for battle. The utterance should be rapid, energetic, and full of emotion. [3] Charge to the battle; voice raised and furious. [4] Urging on to desperate strife. [5] Energetic narrative. [6] Listening—long pause—bold charge.

[1] THE night is past, and shines the sun
As if that morn were a jocund one.
Lightly and brightly breaks away
The Morning from her mantle gray,
And the Noon will look on a sultry day.
[2] Hark to the trump, and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
And the clash, and the shout, "they come, they come!"
The horsetails* are pluck'd from the ground, and the sword
From its sheath; and they form, and but wait for the word.
Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,
Strike your tents, and throng to the van;
Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
That the fugitive may flee in vain,
When he breaks from the town; and none escape,
Aged or young, in the Christian shape;
While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,
Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane;

* A horse-tail fixed on a lance is a pacha's standard.

White is the foam of their champ on the bit:
The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit;
The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before:
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar;
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,
So is the blade of his scimitar;
The khan and the pachas are all at their post;
The vizier himself at the head of the host.
When the culverin's signal is fired, [3] then on;
Leave not in Corinth a living one—
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls,
God and the prophet—Alla Hu!
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!
[4] "There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale;
And yonr hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail?
He who first downs with the red cross may crave
His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it, and have!"
[5] Thus utter'd Coumourgi, the dauntless vizier;
The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,
And the shont of fierce thousands in joyous ire:—
[6] Silence—hark to the signal—fire! *Byron.*

VISIT TO THE FIELD OF WATERLOO IN 1815.

[1] This is a graphic narrative of the ravages of battle; a tone of melancholy and deep regret should pervade the whole piece.

[1] THE first visit to a field of battle, made by one totally unaccustomed to scenes of this description, throws him perhaps more out of his ordinary habits of mind, than any other conceivable novelty would. He is now abont to see what it was not very likely he ever should see,—such places being much out of the course of the inhabitants of these islands at least. The great cause of excitement, however, lies in his being on the point of converting into a visible reality, what had previously existed in his mind as a shadowy, uncertain, but awful fancy. In this respect, it may rank next to leaving this world altogether, to realize our doubtful, but anxions ideas of the next. The shapings of the imagination will usually appear to have been formed on a scale of more prominent magnitnde, and to include more of the external signs of the surprising, than the truth bears out; but there is something in unexpected simplicity of appearance, and in an unassuming aspect, when contrasted with

prodigious actions, and important results, which is perhaps, on the whole, more touching than visible "gorgons or chimeras dire." In this way, certainly, I was struck by the plain of Waterloo. No display, I think, of carnage, violence, and devastation, could have so pathetic an effect, as the quiet, orderly look of its fields, brightened with the sunshine, but thickly strewed with little heaps of upturned earth, which no sunshine could brighten. On these, the eye instantly fell,—and the heart, having but a slight call made npon it from without, pronounced with more solemnity to itself, the dreadful thing that lay below, scarcely covered with a sprinkling of mould. On a closer inspection, the ravages of the battle were very apparent,—but neither the battered walls, splintered doors, and torn roofs of the farm honses of La Haye Sainte, astonnding as they certainly were, nor even the miserably scorched relics of what must have been the beautiful Hougumont, with its wild orchard, its parterred flower-garden, its gently dignified chatean, and its humble offices, now confounded and overthrown by a visitation, which, from its traces, seemed to have included every possible sort of destruction,—not all these harsh features of the contest had, to my mind at least, so direct and irresistible an appeal, as the earthy hillocks which tripped the step on crossing a hedge-row, clearing a fence, or winding along among the grass that overhung a seeluded pathway. In some spots they lay in thick clusters and long ranks; in others, one would present itself alone; betwixt these, a black scathed circle told, that fire had been employed to consume as worthless refuse, what parents cherished, friends esteemed, and women loved. The summer wind that shook the branches of the trees, and waved the clover and gandy heads of the thistles, brought along with it a foul stench, still more hideous to the mind than to the offended sense. The foot that startled the small bird from its rest amidst the grass, disturbed at the same time, some poor remnant of a human being,—either a bit of his showy habiliment, in which he took pride,—or of his warlike accontrements, which were his glory,—or of the frame-work of his body itself, which he felt as comeliness and strength, the instant before it became a mass of senseless matter.—*John Scott.*

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

[1] Solemn and slow. [2] Irony. [3] Cheerful, buoyant tone. [4] Sudden, eager stop. [5] Deep tone. [6] Eager question: answer after a good pause. [7] Alarm, increasing to [7] rousing to arms. [8] Galling remembrance rousing to vengeance. [9] Deep pathos. [10] Bustle and hurry-scurry of muster, with the dreadful agitation of the citizens. [11] Heroic association. [12] Gloomy, savage tone. [13] Bold, heroic tone. [14] Mournful, sympathetic. [15] More energy in the tone. [16] Climax; tone increasing in depth and energy on each member. [17] Melancholy; long, solemn pause between each of the nouns at the end.

[1] 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.—
[2] 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?

[3] 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;—
[4] But hush! hark! [5] a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

[6] Did ye not hear it?—No;—'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
[3] 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—
[7] But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
[7] 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; [8] he did hear
That sound the first amid 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!

[9] 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?

[10] 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!"

[11] 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:—
[12] How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! [13] But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

[14] 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; [15] when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

[16] 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!
[17] 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.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

[1] Solemn tone. [2] Tone of admiration. [3] Sorrow and abhorrence. [4] Firm tone. [5] Lofty tone. [6] Energetic tone, echoing the might and impetuosity of the host. [7] Grief and abhorrence, increasing to the end of the stanza. [8] Shocking description of the carnage of war: tone nearly as in previous verse. [9] Deep, solemn tone. [10] Gloomy tone. [11] Tone as if feeling the pelting of the storm. [12] Awe: solemn tone. [13] Tone approaching to despair. [14] Tone implying a glimpse of hope. [15] Very solemn description of avenging nature.

[1] Magnificence of ruin! what has time
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
[2] How glorious shone the invader's pomp afar!
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came;
[3] The land before them silence and despair,
The land behind them massacre and flame;
Blood will have tenfold blood. [1] What are they now? A name.

[5] Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,
Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
Billow on endless billow; [6] on through wood,
O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved, to clangour rude
Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

[7] Again they reached thee, Borodino! still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,
Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay;

In vain the startled legions burst away;
The land was all one naked sepulchre;
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,
Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mouldering drear.

[8] The field was as they left it; fosse and fort
Steaming with slaughter still, but desolate;
The cannon flung dismantled by its port;
Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait
Was won and lost, and thronged with dead, till fate
Had fixed upon the victor—half undone.
There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone;
But death was at their heels; they shuddered and rushed on.

[9] The hour of vengeance strikes. [9] Hark to the gale!
As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
That from the north in sullen grandeur sail
Like floating Alps. [10] Advancing darkness broods
Upon the wild horizon, and the woods,
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
[11] As the gust sweeps them, and those upper floods
Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil.

They reach the wilderness! [12] The majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gaze,
Stern nakedness—dark earth and wrathful sky.
If ruins were there, they long had ceased to blaze;
If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays,
Even by a skeleton, the crime of man;
[13] Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in night; before their van
The struggling daylight shows the unmeasnred desert wan.

[14] Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
[15] At once is covered with a livid veil;
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel;
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel;
The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun;
Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun!

Rev. George Croly.

THE HORRORS OF A SIEGE.

[1] Narrative. [2] Abhorrence. [3] Sympathy. [4] Tones expressing disgust, sympathy, pity, aversion, rage, horror, and despair. [5] Indignation and pity.

[1] In the autumn of 1799, the armies of the French Republic, which had dominated over Italy, were driven from their conquests, and compelled, with shrunk forces, nnder Massena, to seek shelter within the walls of Genoa. After various efforts by the Austrian general on the land, aided by a bombardment from the British fleet in the harbour, to force the strong defences by assault, the city was invested by a strong blockade. All communication with the country was cnt off on the one side, while the harbour was closed by the ever-wakeful British watch-dogs of war. Within the beleaguered and unfortnnate city were the peaceful inhabitants, besides the French troops. [2] Provisions soon became scarce, scarcity sharpened into want, till fell famine, bringing blindness and madness in her train, raged like an Erinnys. [3] Picture to yourself this large population, not ponring out their lives in the exulting rush of battle, bnt wasting at noon-day—the daughter by the side of the mother, the husband by the side of the wife. [4] When grain and rice failed, flaxseed, millet, cocoas, and almonds, were ground by hand-mills into flour; and even bran, baked with honey, was eaten, not to satisfy, but to deaden hunger. During the siege, but before the last extremitics, a pound of horse-flesh was sold for 1s. 4d.; a ponnd of bran for 1s. 3d.; a pound of flonr for about 6s. 6d. A single bean was soon sold for 2d.; and a biscuit of three ounces for about half-a-guinea; and finally none were to be had. The miserable soldiers, after devouring all the horses in the city, were reduced to the degradation of feeding on dogs, cats, rats, and worms, which were eagerly hunted out in the cellars and common sewers. Happy were now, exclaims an Italian historian, not those who lived, but those who died! The day was dreary from hunger; the night more dreary still, from hunger accompanied by delirious fancies. Recourse was now had to herbs—monk's rhubarb, sorrel, mallows, wild succory. People of every condition, women of noble birth and beauty, sought on the slope of the mountain, enclosed within the defences those aliments which nature destined solely for the beasts.

A little cheese, and a few vegetables, were all that could be afforded to the sick and wonnded—those sacred stipendiaries npon human charity. Men and women in the last anguish of despair, now filled the air with their groans and shrieks; some in spasms, convulsions, and contortions, gasping their last breath on the unpitying stones of the streets. Alas! not more unpitying than man. Children, whom a dying mother's arms had ceased to protect—the orphans of an hour—with piercing cries sought in vain the compassion of the passing stranger; but there were none to pity or aid them. The sweet fountains of sympathy were all closed by the selfishness of individual distress. In the general agony, the more impetuous rushed out of the gates, and impaled themselves on the Austrian bayonets, while others precipitated themselves into the sea. Others still (pardon the dire recital!) were driven to eat their shoes, and devour the leather of their pouches; and the horror of human flesh had so far abated, that numbers fed, like cannibals, on the bodies of the dead. [5] At this stage the French general capitulated, claiming and receiving what are called "the honours of war;" and the Austrian flag floated over the captured Genoa; but not before twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, having no part or interest in the war, had died the most horrible of deaths.—*Sumner's Peace Oration.*

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

[1] Bold, lofty tone. [2] Softer, and full of admiration. [3] Delight, emphasis varied. [4] Lofty and varied. [5] Soft, emphatic tone. [6] A degree of solemnity. [7] Admiration, applause, delight, and pride. [8] Bold tone of welcome. [9] Delight approaching to transport. [10] Rage. [11] Quick, distinct, emphatic utterance. [12] Sympathy and deep pathos. [13] Apprehension and grief. [14] Complacency. [15] Delight and indifference. [16] Applause. [17] Voluptuousness. [18] Bold tone, getting into a rhapsody of enthusiasm approaching to madness. [19] Transported to fury. [20] Pleasant, varied tones.

[1] 'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son,
Aloft in awful state,
The god-like hero sat
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.

[2] The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.—
[3] Happy, happy, happy pair!
None bnt the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave, deserves the fair.
[4] Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers tonch'd the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.——

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seat above—
[5] Snch is the power of mighty love:
[6] 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 sov'reign of the world!
[7] The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
"A present deity!" they shout aronnd;
"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!—
[8] The jolly god in triumph comes!
[9] 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 yonng,
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 sonnd, the king grew vain;
[10] Fonght all his battles o'er again:
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!

[11] 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.
[12] He chose a mournful muse,
Soft Pity to infuse:
He sang 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!
[13] With downcast look the joyless victor sat
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!

[14] 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.
[15] 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!
[16] The many rend the skies with loud applause,
So love was crown'd; but music won the cause.—
[17] 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 sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor—sank upon her breast!

[18] 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!"—
[19] The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey!
And, like another Helen fired—another Troy.

[20] Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd 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 WILD ANIMALS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

[1] Plain narrative, increasing in energy towards the end of the paragraph. [2] Interesting description of monsters: a shade of unpleasantness in the tone of this paragraph. [3] Interesting narrative: colloqnial tone.

[1] THE numerous wild animals which inhabit the forests on the shores of the Orinoco, have made apertures for themselves in the wall of

vegetation and foliage by which the woods are bounded, out of which they come forth to drink in the river. Tigers, tapirs, jaguars, boars, besides numberless lesser quadrupeds, issue ont of these dark arches in the green wilderness, and cross the strip of sand which generally lies between it and the edge of the water, formed by the large space which is annually devastated and covered with shingle or mud, during the rise of the water in the rainy season. Sometimes it is the jaguar, the beautiful panther of America, which issues from its dark retreat; at others the hosco, with its dark plumes and curved head, which traverses the *sauso*, as the band of yellow sand is called. Animals of the most various kinds and opposite descriptions succeed each other without intermission. "Es como en el Paraiso," (It is as in Paradise,) said our pilot, an old Indian of the Missions. In truth, every thing here recalls that primitive world of which the traditions of all nations have preserved the recollection, the innocence, and happiness; but on observing the habits of the animals towards each other, it is evident that the age of gold has ceased to them as well as to the human race; they mutually fear and avoid each other; and in the lonely American forests, as elsewhere, long experience has taught all living beings that gentleness is rarely united to force.

[2] When the sands on the river side are of considerable breadth, the sauso often stretches to a considerable distance from the water's edge. It is on this intermediate space that you see the crocodiles, often to the number of eight or ten, stretched on the sand. Motionless, their huge jaws opened at right angles, they lie without giving any of those marks of affection which are observable in other animals which live in society. The troop separate when they leave the coast; they are probably composed of several females and one male. The former are much more numerous than the latter, from the number of males which are killed in fighting with each other. These monstrous reptiles have multiplied to such a degree, that there was hardly an instant during our voyage along the whole course of the river that we had not five or six in view. We measured one dead which was lying on the sand; it was sixteen feet nine inches long. Soon after, Mr. Bonpland found a dead male on the shore, measuring twenty-two feet three inches. Under every zone—in America as in Egypt—this animal attains the same

dimensions. The Indians told us, that at San Fernando scarce a year passes without two or three grown up persons, usually women, who are drawing water from the river, being devoured by these carnivorous lizards.

[3] They related to us an interesting story of a young daughter of Urituen, who, by extraordinary intrepidity and presence of mind, succeeded in extricating herself from the very jaws of a crocodile. When she felt herself seized by the voracious animal in the water, she felt for its eyes, and thrust her fingers into them with snch violence that she forced the animal to let go, but not before he had torn off the lower part of her left arm. The Indian girl, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of blood which she lost, succeeded in swimming to shore with the hand which was left, and escaped without further injury. In those desert regions, where man is constantly in strife with animated or inanimated nature, they daily speak of similar or corresponding means by which it is possible to escape from a tiger, a great boa, or a crocodile. Every one prepares himself against a danger which may any day befall him, "I knew," said the young girl calmly, whcn praised for her presence of mind, "that the crocodile lets go his hold when you plunge your fingers in his eyes." Long after my return to Europe, I learned that the negroes in the interior of Africa make use of the same method to escape from the alligators in the Niger. Who does not recollect with warm interest, that Isaaco the guide, in his last journey with the nnfortunate Mungo Park, was seized twice near Boulinkombro, and that he escaped from the throat of the monster solely by thrusting his fingers into his two eyes? The African Isaaco and the young American girl owed their safety to the same presence of mind, and the same combination of ideas.—*Humboldt.*

THE PASSIONS.

[1] Full, buoyant tone. [2] For a description of the Passions, see Introduction, page 26.

[1] 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.

[2] First, Fear, his hand, his 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 themes 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 retired;
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,
Bubbling runnels join'd 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 sprightlier 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 kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
(As if he would the charming air repay,)
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings. *Collins.*

THE COUNTRY BUMPKIN AND THE RAZOR-SELLER.

[1] Humorous narrative. [2] Clownish wonder; burlesque. [3] Clownish chuckling. [4] Burlesque mimicry and clownish disappointment and anger. [5] Clownish anger. [6] Great wrath. [7] Cunning calmness. [8] Gaping wonder; anger.

[1] 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 should buy, with cash and sense.

[2] 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 eighteenpence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said
[3] "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:"
[1] 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,
[4] 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'd!
  "I wish my eighteenpence were in 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 clench'd claws,
  On the vile cheat that sold the goods.
[5] "Razors! a base, confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and begun—
[6] "Perhaps, Master razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives;
You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster-knives,
Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave."

[7] "Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm no knave;
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my word, I never thought
That they would shave."
[5] "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;
[7] "Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile,—"*to sell.*"

Pindar.

EXTRACT FROM CURRAN'S SPEECH

On Catholic Emancipation.

[1] Easy address, [2] increasing in energy. [3] Positive tone with irony. [4] Affected surprise. [5] Appeal to common sense. [6] Irony. [7] Indignant appeal to the humanity of the hearers. [8] Impressive, violent, enthusiastic, patriotic tone; climax to the end.

[1] 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. [2] It seems as if the progress of public information were eating away the ground of the prosecution. [3] 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. [4] In what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. [5] 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 have received, should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? [6] If you think so, you must say to them,

"You have demanded emancipatiou, 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 conntry." [7] I ask you, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrised, 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? [8] 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, giving "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 upon 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 tonches 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.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

[1] Harsh, accusing tone. [2] Recrimination. [3] A confessing, but apologetic tone. [4] Bitter accusation of avarice. [5] Exclamatory, and threatening tone. [6] A sneer of indifference. [7] Anger. [8] Admonition. [9] Prond, acrimonious tone. [10] Proud asseveration. [11] Angry altercation. [12] Derisive tone. [13] Anger and grief. [14] Contempt. [15] Bitter contempt. [16] Poignant grief. [17] Slightly derisive. [18] Subdued tone. [19] Indifference. [20] Threat. [21] Lofty indifference. [22] Appeal to honour. [23] Bitter altercation. [24] Accusation of unkindness. [25] Retort. [26] Upbraiding tone. [27] Relenting: grief: upbraiding. [28] Relenting; deepening to the end of the sentence. [29] Upbraiding reminiscence: sarcastic tone. [30] Agitation. [31] Gladness. [32] Bitter grief. [33] Apologetic grief. [34] Affectionate forgiveness.

[1] *Cas.* That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:—
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.
[2] *Bru.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
[3] *Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
[4] *Bru.* Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
[5] *Cas.* I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods! this speech were else your last.
[6] *Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
[7] *Cas.* Chastisement!
[8] *Bru.* Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
[9] What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of 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 so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
[10] I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
[11] *Cas.* Brutus, bay not me:
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier
Older in practice, abler than yonrself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to! you are 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.
[12] *Bru.* Away, slight man!
[11] *Cas.* Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
[12] Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
[13] *Cas.* Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break:
[14] 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? [15] 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.
[16] *Cas.* Is it come to this?
[17] *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.
[18] *Cas.* You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus:
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?——
[19] *Bru.* If you did, I care not.
[10] *Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
[12] *Bru.* Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.
[11] *Cas.* I *durst* not!——
Bru. No.
Cas. What! *durst* not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
[20] *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.
[21] There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. [4] I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
[25] By heavens! 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. [4] I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me! [22] Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
[15] When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods! with all your thunderbolts
Dash him in pieces.
[23] *Cas.* I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was a fool
That brought my answer back. [24] Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
[25] *Bru.* I do not. Still you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
[26] *Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they did appear
As huge as high Olympus.
[27] *Cas.* Come, Antony! and young Octavius, come:
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius
For Cassius is a-weary of the world—
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed;
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, 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 need'st a Roman's, take it forth!
I that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar, for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
[28] *Bru.* Sheath 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 man
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
[29] *Cas.* Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
[30] *Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too!
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*
Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?
[33] *Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
[34] *Bru.* Yes, Cassius: and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. *Shakespere.*

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

[1] Solemn. [2] Intense hatred. [3] Regret deepening into remorse. [4] Regret. [5] Firm self-remonstrance. [6] Self-accusation. [7] Poignant grief. [8] Grief and penitence combating with pride. [9] Self-condemnation and poignant grief. [10] Hopelessness and grief. [11] Pride and hatred. [12] Fiendish envy, resolution, hatred. [13] Threat.

[1] 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,
[2] 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!
[3] Ah! wherefore? He deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence; and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be 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 scorn'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?
[4] Oh, had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. [5] Yet, why not? some other power
As great, might have aspired; and me, tho' 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.
[6] 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?
[7] Be then his love accursed! since, love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal wo!
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!
[8] 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 snbdue—
The Omnipotent! [9] 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!
[10] 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 wonnds 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!
[11] This knows my punisher; therefore, as far
From granting, he—as I from begging, peace.
[12] All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us, ontcast! 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,
[13] As man ere long, and this new world, shall know. *Milton.*

THE RAPIDS OF THE ORINOCO.

[1] The whole of this extract requires to be read in a cheerful, impressive, narrative tone.

[1] WHEN we arrived at the top of the Cliff of Marimi, the first object which caught our eye was a sheet of foam, above a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth. Enormous masses of black rock, of an iron hue, started up here and there out of its snowy surface. Some resembled huge basaltic cliffs resting on each other; many, castles in ruins, with detached towers and fortalices, guarding their approach from a distance. Their sombre colour formed a contrast with the dazzling whiteness of the foam. Every rock, every island, was covered with flourishing trees, the foliage of which is often united above the foaming gulf by creepers hanging in festoons from their opposite branches. The base of the rocks and islands, as far as the eye can reach, is lost in the volumes of white smoke, which boil above the surface of the river; but above these snowy clouds, noble palms, from eighty to an hundred feet high, rise aloft, stretching their summits of dazzling green towards the clear azure of heaven. With the changes of the day these rocks and palm-trees are alternately illuminated by the brightest sunshine, or projected in deep shadow on the surrounding surge. Never does a breath of wind agitate the foliage, never a cloud obscure the vault of heaven. A dazzling light is ever shed through the air, over the earth enamelled with the loveliest flowers, over the foaming stream stretching as far as the eye can reach; the spray, glittering in the sunbeams, forms a thousand rainbows, ever changing, yet ever bright, beneath whose arches, islands of flowers, rivalling the very hues of heaven, flourish in perpetual bloom. There is nothing austere or sombre, as in northern climates, even in this scene of elemental strife; tranquillity and repose seem to sleep on the very edge of the abyss of waters. Neither time, nor the sight of the Cordilleras, nor a long abode in the charming valleys of Mexico, have been able to efface from my recollection the impression made by these cataracts.

When I read the description of similar scenes in the East, my mind sees again in clear vision the sea of foam, the islands of flowers, the palm-trees snrmounting the snowy vapours. Such recollections, like the memory of the sublimest works of poetry and the arts, leave an impression which is never to be effaced, and which, through the whole of life, is associated with every sentiment of the grand and the beautiful.—*Humboldt.*

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

[1] Humorous narrative. [2] Legal gravity. [3] Clownish irony. [4] Peevishness. [5] Legal gravity. [6] Clownish irony; words drawled out. [7] Affected pleasantry. [8] Gravity. [9] Sneering. [10] Bitter, clownish irony.

[1] A Counsel in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridicnling and maltreating
Women or other timid folks,
In a late cause resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
Appear'd expressly meant by Fate
For being quizz'd and play'd upon:
So having tipp'd the wink to those
In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.
[2] "Well, Farmer Numscull, how go calves at York?"
[3] "Why—not, Sir, as they do wi' you,
But on four legs instead of two."
[4] "Officer!" cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
"Do pray keep silence down below there.
[5] Now look at me, clown, and attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"—
[6] "Yecs—very like—I often go there."
[7] "Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"
The counsel cried with grin sardonic;—

"I wish I'd known this prodigy—
This genius of the clods, when I
On circuit was at York residing.—
[8] Now, Farmer, do for once speak true,—
Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you,
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
[9] Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"
"Why no, Sir, no; we've got our share,
[10] But not so many as when *you* were there." *Smith.*

THE NORWEGIAN ROVER'S SONG.

[1] Bold, varied tone throughout. [2] Delight. [3] Indifference. [4] Pride. [5] Bold tone. [6] Imprecation. [7] Pride; bold tone.

[1] GIVE out, give out thy silken folds,
Unbosomed to the wind,
Thou raven flag! the tyrant's arm
Thy wing may never bind.
Lord of the wave!—swoop onwards still;
Wherever thou hast flown,
The treasures of the land and sea
Were numbered as thine own.

Raise, Jarls! raise high the battle chaunt,
Our fathers sung of yore;
While to the breeze ye give the sail,
And to the wave the oar.
Of other days, when haughty plumes
Were drenched in blood, it tells;
As high from every warrior's lip,
The martial measure swells.

Of hours, when through the parted foam,
We held our bold career,—
And ocean's stoutest rovers quailed
Before our sign of fear:
When to the eagle on the deep,
And to the wolf on shore,
With swords that spared not—when they smote,
We spread a feast of gore.

The surge! the bounding surge for me,
Where serfs may never come,—
To spread my banner where I list,
Where'er I list to roam.

[2] There's music in its hollow voice,
When the storm-nursed curlew,
Amid the tempest's shroud of mist,
Shrieks out its wild halloo!

[3] I wear no wreath upon my brow,
Wrought by my father's hand;
I bear no wealth from other times,
But shield and battle brand.
These be the only gifts I trow,
Owned at my hour of birth;
No turret hailed me as its lord,
No heritage on earth.

[4] My kingdom is the dancing wave,
That bears me on its breast;
Like swart sea-hawk, upon its ridge,
I rear my couch of rest.
Abroad my sceptre from my throne,
I wave o'er surge and shore,—
The winds troop round me like a king,
And answer with their roar.

[5] I twine no garlands for the locks
Of England's maidens fair;
I build no tower upon the deep,
To shelter beauty there.
I wear no silken raiment, rich
With gold and jewelled ring;
Oh! gory is the mail I wear,—
Stern is the strain I sing.

[5] With battle trumpetings I come,
When the pale moon-light wanes;
The torch that lights them to my bark,
Kindles their household fanes.
High rolls my shout as on I sweep,
Mid altars wrapt in flame;
[6] "May Odin bold nerve this brown blade
And strike for Norway's name!"

[7] Ho! spread your foam-wreaths out, ye waves!
Toss high your crests of pride;
The war-barks of a hundred earls
Upon your bosoms ride.
With thunder on our path above,
And drifting foam below —
Hurra! right on before the breeze,
On eagle wing we go!

Anon.

THE RED FISHERMAN.

[1] Pleasant narrative. [2] Tone changed; alternately smooth and grave. [3] Admiration. [4] Satirical. [5] Tone gradually deepening into burlesque horror. [6] Easy tone. [7] Surprise. [8] Harsh voice. [9] Amazement, fear. [10] Burlesque. [11] Fear, and wonder. [12] Narrative with surprise and burlesque. [13] Burlesque horror. [14] Overwhelming fear. [15] Sneering triumph. [16] Burlesque narrative.

[1] THE Abbot arose, and closed his book,
And donned his sandal shoon,
And wandered forth alone, to look
Upon the summer moon:
A starlight sky was o'er his head,
A quiet breeze around;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed:
And the waves a soothing sound:
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
But love and calm delight;
[2] Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the reeds;
He clasped his gilded rosary,
But he did not tell the beads:
If he looked to the Heaven, 'twas not to invoke
The Spirit that dwelleth there;
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.
A pious Priest might the Abbot seem,
He had swayed the crosier well;
But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,
The Abbot were loth to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,
He traced the windings of the shore.—
Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'er-arching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
The honey-suckle sweetly shades,
And rocks, whose very crags seem bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers.
[3] But the Abbot was thinking of scenery,
About as much, in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.

[5] He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark above his head;
He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread;
And nearer he came, and still more near,
To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchanged, and motionless;
From the river stream it spread away,
The space of half a rood;
The surface had the hue of clay,
And the scent of human blood;
The trees and the herbs that round it grew
Were venomous and foul;
And the birds that through the bushes flew
Were the vulture and the owl.

[6] The Abbot was weary as Abbot could be,
And he sate down to rest on the stump of a tree:
[7] When suddenly rose a dismal tone—
Was it a song, or was it a moan?
[8] "Oh, ho! Oh, ho!
Above,—below!—
Lightly and brightly they glide and go:
The hungry and keen to the top are leaping,
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"
[9] In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He looked to the left, and he looked to the right.
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?
'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
And the life-blood colder run:
[10] The startled Priest struck both his thighs,
And the Abbey clock struck one!

[11] All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sate on a three-legged stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod.
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore;
His arms and his legs were long and bare;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.
It might be time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double;

Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,
Till it hardly covered the bones within.
The line the Abbot saw him throw
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago:
And the hands that worked his foreign vest,
Long ages ago had gone to their rest.

[12] There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a haunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
The corpulent Abbot knew full well,
The swelling form, and the steaming smell;
Never a monk that wore a hood
Could better have guessed the very wood,
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee,
Of a revelling company;
Sprightly story, wicked jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest,
Flow of wine, and flight of cork,
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork:
But, where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said!
Pulling and tugging the Fisherman sate;
And the Priest was ready to vomit.
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
And a nose as red as a comet.
[8] "A capital stew," the Fisherman said,
"With cinnamon and sherry!"
And the Abbot turned away his head,
[13] For his brother was lying before him dead,
The Mayor of St. Edmond's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside;
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine.
There was a perfume of sulphnr and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!

From top to toe the Abbot shook,
As the Fisherman armed his golden hook ;
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream, or wakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are cracked, and the jaws are dry,
With the thirst which only in death shall die:
Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still:
Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance:
Fixed as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer;
But he signed,—he knew not why or how,—
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he stalked away with his iron box.
[8] "Oh ho! Oh ho!
The cock doth crow;
It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.
Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine!
He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line;
[15] Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,—
The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth!"

[16] The Abbot had preached for many years,
With as clear articulation
As ever was heard in the House of Peers
Against Emancipation:
His words had made battalions quake,
Had roused the zeal of martyrs;
Had kept the Court an hour awake,
And the king himself three-quarters:
But ever, from that hour, 'tis said,
He stammered and he stuttered,
As if an axe went through his head,
With every word he uttered.
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,
He stuttered, drunk or dry,
And none but he and the Fisherman
Could tell the reason why! *W. M. Praed.*

ON WAR.

[1] Solemn and emphatic. [2] Antithetic tones. [3] Solemn reflection. [4] Emphatic enumeration; a degree of abhorrence in the tone. [5] Upbraiding tone. [6] A disgusting enumeration of the carnage and miseries of battle. [7] Abhorrence. [8] Sympathy. [9] Narrative. [10] Increase of emphasis. [11] Argumentative.

[1] THAT little word, war, has a fearful extent and complexity of meaning. [2] It includes deeds the most exalted and the most degrading, —aggressions the most atrocious, and defence the most devoted,— cupidity and conquest, and resistance to the death by those who consecrate the freedom and safety of their country above all other considerations. Unlike other general terms, which only include like things in their comprehension, war includes things most unlike. [3] Did the imagination realize its meaning, it would not fall so lightly from the lips as it often does; it would not be spoken of so carelessly, nor be treated as a thing that can be contemplated without solemnity of feeling and a sense of the deepest responsibility. [4] It includes the organization of large bodies of men for the express purpose of the destruction of human life; the fierce and hot-blooded conflict of the battle-field, the horrors of the siege and of the storm, the most complete mechanism of human beings, and the most stirring exercise of human intelligence. [5] The prostituted name of religion is even blended with it; and all this systematized desolation and destruction are carried on by the command of a state, and for the purposes of a state! A state, which is itself a contrivance for keeping the peace amongst individuals, for repressing their hostile passions and their grasping desires; which is a contrivance for bringing together the various powers of a multitude in order to establish regularity and harmony; a state, which should be in itself an agency of the most opposite description to that which is called forth by war, and not only make its authorities the means of compelling order amongst its own members, but give that state its place in the great family of nations, as a promoter there of right and justice, of common interests, and of common prosperity.

[1] It is impossible for the mind to grasp at once any considerable portion of the meaning of that awful word, war. The battle-field is a tremendous scene! its noise and uproar, its fierce struggles, its

sweeping charges, its artillery clearing away ranks of men as if they were only so much senseless matter or mere stubble; its multitudes of the dead, and, what is yet more excruciating to contemplate, its multitudes of the wounded and dying; [7] the fearful scenes that present themselves on the night after the battle; so many with their blood stiffening around them, and with their parching throats, begging to be relieved from their miseries by some friendly blow. But battles are comparatively little of the suffering, the miseries, and the crimes of war. [8] In the course of a campaign, in those marchings and counter-marchings, retreats and advances, how many there are that fall unnoticed, worn out by sheer fatigue, the human machine being unable to bear the work to which it is set; and no historian chronicling their fall, no false glare even of glory around them, no Fame there to say who bleeds; but dropping down, their loss only felt when the commander or minister make up their yearly accounts, and see how many men they have spent and wasted. It is not merely these, but the peaceful and unoffending who suffer, when [7] towns are stormed and sacked, when riot and madness are let loose, with no check or control, and atrocities the most fearful to name or to realize in thought, are perpetrated with impunity. [9] And in retreats, of which those of Charles the XII., and of Napoleon from Russia, are amongst the most memorable; these, though not paralleled by others, yet indicate to us something of the intense amount of suffering which there must be in such movements. And then, [8] the mourning families in all the countries that send forth their warriors to the conflict; nations burdened with taxation and debt, until they are crippled for generations and ages, and unable to put forth those energies which should be the means of prosperity and enjoyment for their myriads; [10] these, all accumulated into one tremendous amount, these are what war signifies, and what make it, in its large agglomeration of crime, a thing that every one who has the well-being of his fellow-creatures at heart should devoutly pray may be stopped for ever, stopped between all nations, and its place supplied by some purer, simpler, more rational mode of settling disputation, indicating a possession of something like that degree of forbearance, of common interest, and of right feeling, which is manifested among individuals. [11] This should be the object of earnest desire, of incessant exertion; it should be the object of an enno-

bling aspiration, marking the friends of peace; checking the fury of those who would involve a country in this mass of calamity, restraining their antagonism, and teaching them better, and brighter, and kindlier notions.—*Lectures by the Rev. W. J. Fox.*

HAMLET ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

[1] Anxious meditation. [2] Fortitude. [3] Deep anxiety. [4] Earnestness. [5] Apprehension, doubt. [6] Vexation, sadness, indignation. [7] Complaining. [8] Doubt

[1] 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,
[2] Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—[3] 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—[4] 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. [3] To die—to sleep—
To sleep?—[5] 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.
[6] 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? [7] who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
[8] 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!

Shakespere.

ELIZA.

[1] Tender narrative. [2] Eagerness. [3] Very eager look. [4] Exultation. [5] Anger. [6] Tender narrative, increasing in pathos to the end of the paragraph. [7] Fear. [8] Eager intercession. [9] Anxiety approaching to frenzy. [10] Horror. [11] Anguish, approaching despair. [12] Penitence; piety.

[1] Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
[2] From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And view'd his banner, or believed she view'd.
[1] Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled on her arm:
While round her brows bright beams of hononr dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
[3] —Near and more near the intrepid beauty press'd,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest,
Heard the exulting shout,—"they run!—they run!"
[4] "He's safe!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
—A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
[5] (Some Fury wings it, and some Demon guides,)
[6] Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.—
—"Ah me!" she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound:
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, oh, wait my love's return!"—
[7] Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far,
The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war;—
[8] "Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age!
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
Then, with weak arms, her weeping babes caress'd,
And sighing, hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.

[9] From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes:
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
Eliza echoes through the canvass walls;
Quick throngh the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain,—and in the tangled wood,—
[10] Lo! dead Eliza—weltering in her blood!

[1] Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds,
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
"Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand;
Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep? Mamma will soon awake,"
[11] —"She'll wake no more!" the hopeless mourner cried,
Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands, and sigh'd;
Stretch'd on the ground, awhile entranced he lay,
And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
[12] And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart;
"Oh heaven!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive!
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"
Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson vest,
And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching breast. *Darwin.*

THE DOWNFAL OF POLAND.

[1] Tone and attitude of adoration; tone tinctured with pity and indignation towards the end of the stanza. [2] Appeal to mercy. [3] Resolute courage. [4] Resolute array for battle. [5] Anger and revenge. [6] Commiseration and sympathy. [7] Horrible description of the carnage of battle: utterance eager and rapid, but very distinct. [8] Invocation to the manes of departed heroes: tone and attitude of devotion.

[1] 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 pandoors, and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd 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,—
[2] "O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
[3] 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!"

[4] 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,
[5] Revenge—or death!—the watchword and reply:
Then peal'd the notes omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!

[6] In vain, alas!—in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd 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 nerveless 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!

[7] 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!

[8] 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 your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn! *Campbell.*

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

[1] Narrative. [2] Melancholy look and tone: mimicry of old age wherever Kaspar speaks. [3] Childish inquisitiveness. [4] Tone approaching to indifference. [5] Regret—getting into melancholy. [6] Aversion. [7] Childish abhorrence. [8] Gravity and praise.

[1] 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.

2 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!"

3 "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?"

4 "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!

5 "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.

[6] "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!

[4] "Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
[7] "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
[8] "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory!

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

PITT'S REPLY TO HORACE WALPOLE.

A tone of indignation must pervade the whole of this piece. [1] Irony; tone firm. [2] Anger deepening to the end of the paragraph. [3] Tone milder; but remonstrative, and implying displeasure. [4] Animation; rage. [5] Irony and contempt. [6] Anger, determination, threatening.

[1] 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 those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; [2] but surely age may justly become contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still

to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults. 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.

[3] 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 the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves to be mentioned only that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may, perhaps, 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.

[4] 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 entrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment—[5] age, which always brings with it one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

[6] 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 which 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 npon 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.

THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

[1] Elevated description; tones deep, and swelling in the second part. [2] Tones altered to a higher key—buoyant and varied. [3] Voice changed to a deeper tone—varied. [4] Voice raised, and full of energy. [5] Increased energy. [6] Voice lowered, but energetic. [7] Tones lowered. [8] Tones deep, and inclined to sympathy. [9] Buoyant, joyous tone.

[1] 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!

[2] And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
'Mid 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 pine-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's wilds there was gleaming steel,
As the host of the Austrian pass'd
And the Shreckhorn's rocks, with a savage peal,
Made mirth at 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.

[3] 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!

[2] 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;

[2] But on the misty height,
Where the mountain people stood,
There was stillness as of night,
When storms at distance brood:

[3] 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.

[2] The pass was fill'd with their serried power,
All helm'd, and mail-array'd;
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,
[4] When a shout arose from the misty height,
Where the mountain people stood.

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

[5] The larch-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!

[6] 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.

[6] With their pikes and massy clubs, they brake
The cuirass and the shield:
And the war-horse dash'd to the reddening lake,
From the reapers of the field.
[7] The field, but not of sheaves—
Proud crests and pennons lay
Strewn o'er it, thick as the beech-wood leaves,
In the autumn tempest's sway.

[8] Oh! the sun in heaven fierce havoc view'd,
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.

[9] 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. *Mrs. Hemans.*

ODE TO ELOQUENCE.

[1] Elevated tone, partaking of awe. [2] Tone anxious, but firm. [3] Gladness and admiration. [4] Tone sprightly and full of gladness. [5] Tones solemn; face and arms turned upwards, as in devotion. [6] Descriptive; tone full of energy. [7] Questions bold and authoritative; courage; voice loud and very energetic. [8] Voice low, but firm and full. [9] Rousing effect. [10] Climax: furious resolution. [11] Regret: attitude of devotion. [12] Firm voice. [13] Gladness. [14] Descriptive, with admiration; tone increasing in depth. [15] Solemn invocation: attitude of devotion to the end.

[1] HEARD ye those lond contending waves,
That shook Cecropia's pillar'd state?
Saw ye the mighty from their graves
Look up, and tremble at her fate?

[2] Who shall calm the angry storm?
Who the mighty task perform;
And bid the raging tumult cease?
[3] See the son of Hermes rise,
With syren tongue, and speaking eyes,
Hush the noise, and soothe to peace!

[4] See the Olive branches waving
O'er Illissus' winding stream,
Their lovely limbs the Naiads laving,
The Muses smiling by, supreme!

See the nymphs and swains advancing,
To harmonious measures dancing:
[5] Grateful Io Pæans rise
To thee, O Power! who can inspire
Soothing words—or words of fire,
And shook thy plumes in Attic skies!

[6] Lo! from the regions of the north,
The reddening storm of battle pours,
Rolls along the trembling earth,
Fastens on the Olynthian towers.

[7] "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!"

[8] The jarring states, obsequious now,
View the Patriot's hand on high;
Thunder gathering on his brow,
Lightning flashing from his eye.

[9] Borne by the tide of words along,
One voice, one mind, inspire the throng!—
[10] "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!"

[11] 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—
[12] She struck the rude Tarpeian rock,
Sparks were kindled by the stroke—
[13] Again thy fires began to burn!

[14] Now shining forth, thou mad'st 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 thunders sound,
Shake the Forum round and round,
  Shake the pillars of the earth!

[15] 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! *Anon.*

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Part Second. p 67

[1] Cheerful description. [2] Pride and hope. [3] Contentious tone of battle: abrupt pauses. [4] Melancholy tone. [5] Exclamatory tone. [6] Eagerness. [7] Gloomy tone. [8] Solemn tone. [9] Admiration. [10] Devotion. [11] Grief. [12] Increased admiration. [13] Tone lowered. [14] Deep grief. [15] Affection. [16] Aversion and solemnity. [17] Mingled admiration and pity. [18] Energy of feeling, and grief. [19] Abhorrence. [20] Solemn reflection.

The scene was changed. [1] A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more;—
She staid her steed upon a hill—[2] she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye;—
[3] The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away;
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—[4] where are they?
Scatter'd and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone—
[5] O God! to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has won!
[6] Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
[4] Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart.

The scene was changed. [7] Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood.
[8] 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:

[9] Rich were the sable robes she wore—her white veil round her fell—
[10] And from her neck there hung the cross—the cross she loved so well!
[9] I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom—
[11] I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering for the tomb!
[12] 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!
[13] Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy smile—
[12] Even now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!
[14] Alas! the change! she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block, *alone!*
[15] The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd
Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bow'd!
[16] Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is pass'd away;
[17] The bright—the beautiful—is now a bleeding piece of clay!
[18] The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
[18] The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood of a queen—
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth hath seen—
[19] Lapp'd by a dog! [20] Go, think of it, in silence and alone;
Then weigh against a grain of sand, the glories of a throne!

H. G. Bell.

SPEECH OF HENRY THE FIFTH

Before the Battle of Agincourt.

[1] Authority. [2] Astonishment. [3] Indifference and pride. [4] Emphatic tone. [5] Generosity. [6] Contempt. [7] Rousing to heroism by the pride of conquest: tones cheerful, and highly encouraging, urging to valour.

[1] WHAT'S he that wishes more men from England?
[2] My cousin Westmoreland?—[3] 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.
[4] No, no, my lord!—wish not a man from England:
[5] 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:

[6] We would not die in that man's company!
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
[7] 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 outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, To-morrow is St. Crispian!
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
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 good man 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 St. Crispian's day. *Shakespere.*

EXTRACT FROM LORD ERSKINE'S SPEECH

For Captain Baillie—Nov. 24th, 1778.

[1] Firm narrative, with a degree of displeasnre in the tone. [2] Indignation. [3] Interruption. [4] Great indignation, increasing in a climax to the end of the paragraph. [5] Resuming a milder tone, but still energetic. [6] Impassioned, emphatic, sympathetic; at the end contemptuous. [7] Tone of impassioned astonishment. [8] Well-merited encomium; tone still firm. [9] Respectful tone and look. [10] Adulation.

[1] SUCH, my Lords, is the case. The Defendant,—not a disappointed malicious informer, prying into official abuses, because withont office himself; but himself a man in office;—not troublesomely inquisitive into other men's departments, but conscientiously correcting his own;—doing it pursuant to the rules of law, and, what

heightens the character, doing it at the risk of his office, from which the effrontery of power has already suspended him without proof of his guilt;—[2] a conduct not only unjust and illiberal, but highly disrespectful to this Court, whose judges sit in the double capacity of ministers of the law, and governors of this sacred and abused institution. Indeed, Lord Sandwiche has, in my opinion, acted such a part [3] * * * (Here, Lord Mansfield observing the Connsel heated with his subject, and growing personal on the First Lord of the Admiralty, told him that Lord Sandwiche was not before the Court.) [4] I know that he is not formally before the Court, bnt, for that very reason, I will bring him before the Court: he has placed these men in the front of the battle, in hopes to escape nnder their shelter, but I will not join in battle with them: their vices, though screwed up to the highest pitch of human depravity, are not of dignity enough to vindicate the combat with me. I will drag him to light, who is the dark mover behind this scene of iniquity. I assert that the Earl of Sandwiche has but one road to escape out of this business without pollution and disgrace; and that is, by publicly disavowing the acts of the prosecutors, and restoring Captain Baillie to his command. If he does this, then his offence will be no more than the too common one of having suffered his own personal interest to prevail over his public duty, in placing his voters in the hospital. But if, on the contrary, he continnes to protect the prosecutors, in spite of the evidence of their guilt, which has excited the abhorrence of the numerous audience that crowd this court; if he keeps this injured man suspended, or dares to turn that suspension into a removal, I shall then not scruple to declare him an accomplice in their guilt, a shameless oppressor, a disgrace to his rank, and a traitor to his trust.

[5] But as I should be very sorry that the fortune of my brave and honourable friend should depend either upon the exercise of Lord Sandwiche's virtues, or the influence of his fears, I do most earnestly intreat the court to mark the malignant object of this prosecution, and to defeat it:—I beseech you, my Lords, to consider, that even by discharging the rule, and with costs, the defendant is neither protected nor restored. I trust, therefore, your Lordships will not rest satisfied with fulfilling your judicial duty, but as the strongest evidence of foul abuses has, by accident, come collaterally before

you, that you will protect a brave and public-spirited officer from the persecution this writing has bronght npon him, and not suffer so dreadful an example to go abroad into the world, as the ruin of an upright man, for having faithfully discharged his duty.

[6] My Lords, this matter is of the last importance. I speak not as an advocate alone—I speak to you as a man—as a member of a state, whose very existence depends upon her naval strength. If a misgovernment were to fall upon Chelsea Hospital, to the ruin and discouragement of our army, it would be, no doubt, to be lamentcd, yet I should not think it fatal; bnt if our fleets are to be crippled by the baneful influence of elections, we are lost indeed! If the seaman, while he exposes his body to fatigue and dangers, looking forward to Greenwich as an asylum for infirmity and old age, sees the gates of it blocked up by corruption, and hears the riot and mirth of luxurious landsmen drowning the groans and complaints of the wounded, helpless companions of his glory,—he will tempt the seas no more. The Admiralty may press his body, indeed, at the expense of humanity and the constitution, but they cannot press his mind—they cannot press the heroic ardour of a British sailor; and instead of a fleet to carry terror all round the globe, the Admiralty may not much longer be able to amuse us with even the peaceable, nnsubstantial pageant of a review.

[7] Fine and imprisonment!—[8] The man deserves a palace, instead of a prison, who prevents the palace, built by the public bounty of his country, from being convcrtcd into a dungeon, and who sacrifices his own security to the interests of humanity and virtue.

[9] And now, my Lords, I have done:—but not without thanking your Lordships for the very indulgent attention I have received, though in so late a stage of this business, and, notwithstanding my great incapacity and inexperience. I resign my client into your hands, and I resign him with a well-founded confidence and hope, because that torrent of corruption, which has unhappily overwhelmed every other part of the constitution, is, by the blessing of Providence, [10] stopped here by the sacred independence of the judges.

THE GLADIATOR.

[1] Tone solemn, firm and abstracted. [2] Melancholy, displeased tone. [3] Sneer. [4] Indifference and contempt. [5] Picture; pathetic graphic description. [6] Very pathetic. [7] Anger. [8] Courage and revenge.

[1] THE seal is set.—Now welcome thou dread power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

[2] And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmur'd pity or loud-roar'd applause,
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man!
And wherefore slaughter'd?—[3] wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the Imperial pleasure! [4] Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot!
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

[5] I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him!—He is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

[6] He heard it, but he heeded not: his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize;—
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
[7] Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday!
All this rush'd with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged?—[8] Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

Byron.

CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS AGAINST CÆSAR.

[1] Discontented tone. [2] Contempt. [3] Pride. [4] Question. [5] Courage. [6] Fear. [7] Distress; entreaty. [8] Boasting. [9] Contempt and sarcasm. [10] Mimicry with contempt. [11] Affected wonder. [12] Sarcasm and contempt. [13] Plotting. [14] Exciting. [15] Sarcastic wonder. [16] Contempt. [17] Exciting angrily.

[1] I CANNOT tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
[2] In awe of such a thing as I myself.
[3] I was born free as Cæsar; so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
[2] For, once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, [4] "Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
[5] Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
[6] But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
[7] Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
[8] I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear; so, from the waves of Tiber
[9] Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him!
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake—
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose bend does awe the world,
Did lose its lustre! I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,—
"Alas!" it cried—[10] "Give me some drink, Titinius—"
As a sick girl! [11] Ye gods! it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper, should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone!—

[12] Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus!—and we, petty men,
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonourable graves!
Men at some times are masters of their fates:
[13] The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
[14] Brutus—and Cæsar—what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, your's is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar!
[15] Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,
That he has grown so great?—[16] Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
[14] When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
[12] Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The infernal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king. *Shakespere.*

THE CAVE OF UIG AND THE CAVE OF DAHRA.

[1] Plain narrative. [2] Exultation. [3] Fear. [4] Vindictive tone. [5] Revenge and horror. [6] Serious narrative; tone mixed with deprecation. [7] Deprecation. [8] Abhorrence. [9] Serious raillery. [10] Indignation.

[1] Some three centuries ago two Highland clans urged fierce warfare. They lived by rapine; they held their glens by the tenure of cumberous broad-swords and rude bows and arrows; they looked at each other as each other's natural enemies, and the many gray cairns composed of hastily piled whinstone, which dotted with dim specks their brown moorland, told each its tale of battle lost and won, when hunting parties met and shed their own instead of the wild deer's blood.

These clans were cruel and vindictive, for they were densely ignorant. Pent up in their rocks, and surrounded by their lochs and torrents, they were secluded from the world. No softening influence reached them. They had no commerce to civilise, no

peaceful industry to employ them. They were hunters, and fishermen, and warriors, just as are the savages of North America, and the rude inhabitants of New Zealand. Only the Scotch barbarians used the dirk for the scalping-knife, and the Lochaber axe was their tomahawk.

The principal stronghold of one of the contending tribes was a little island in the Hebridean group; a barren, rocky spot, girt by eternal surf. Here their women and children were bestowed, and thither, one mild winter's day, resorted the galleys of their enemies. Their intention was of course to plunder, burn, kill. They did plunder and burn the huts they found upon the shore, but they found no human beings to massacre. The island appeared deserted, desolate, as though never trodden by man. The invaders ransacked it well, threaded its every glen, scoured its every ravine, but all was solitary and desert. Baulked of their victims, they prepared to leave the place, when a sharp pair of eyes espied, by the uncertain light of a winter's dawn, the figure of a man, cautiously moving over the rocks. [2] A shout announced the discovery, and the islander disappeared. But the secret had been betrayed. The invaded had hidden themselves in their island, not deserted it. Their assailants set themselves with awakened hope to the search. This time it was not a vain one. Snow had fallen during the previous night, and the footsteps of the solitary man, whose imprudence had betrayed his clan, were easily distinguished. The Highlanders exultingly followed up the trail. [3] The fugitive heard their shouts behind him, and practised every trick he might to deceive his pursuers; [4] but the sleuth-hounds have not truer noses for blood than had his hereditary enemies. So they tracked him to the general hiding-place. [1] It was a curious natural cavern—the entrance through clefts and chinks of riven rock, overgrown with the furzy shrubs and dark fern which constitute the principal vegetation of these barren islands. Within were collected the women and children of the clan, with a few of the men—principally the old and infirm. The secret cave was long a secure and unsuspected hiding-place; but they were the last refugees who ever sought its shelter. [5] With shouts of triumph and exulting wrath, the assailants gathered wood and sea-weed, and the dried heath, and piled it round the entrance to the cavern. Those within main-

tained the silence of despair. In a short space, a huge bonfire burnt at the cavern's mouth, and the scorching heat and stifling smoke rolled in upon its occupants. Then rose the dismal wail of their misery. Over the crackling and roaring of the fire—over their yelling hurrahs—over the triumphant screams of their pibrochs—the murderers heard the cries of the stifling women—the clamour of the dying wretches—fighting desperately, as it seemed, with each other, or struggling to burst through the fiery barrier which kept them from the cool fresh air. One by one these sounds ceased—the blaze sank—died away; it had done its work—no living creature remained within the rock. There was a clan less in the Highlands. The invaders sailed away in triumph, leaving the dead unburied as they lay. They never were buried. [3] The island was deemed accursed—haunted by the spirits of those who met their fate there. And often during the winter's storms, and sometimes even when the summer sea and sky were alike tranquil, the western fishermen said they heard low wailings and sharp piercing shrieks, ghastly and unearthly, come from the deserted island. [1] In process of time, these superstitious notions died away. Now the island is inhabited, bnt the evidences of the truth of the legend are still in being; and many a summer tourist has seen the bones whitening in the sand, which lie in wreaths in the celebrated Cave of Uig.

[6] And now there is another cave in the world with a similar legend—future travellers, in future times, will often toil up the hot ridges of the Atlas Mountains, to see the Cavern of Dahra, where a whole tribe of Arabs were foully murdered—and how? Were they half-naked savages, in deadly feud with another tribe as barbarous as themselves? Were the murderers some nameless African clan, obscure in the world's history as those they put to death? Was the whole catastrophe one of those which inevitably must occur, when savage wars against savage? No:—it occurred in a struggle between civilised man and semi-savage man; and, foul disgrace! the civilised were the murderers—the savage the victims. It occurred in a war between the invaders of a country, and the inhabitants, who fought for their old possessions—their property, and their rights; and, foul blot,—the assailants piled up the faggots, and the defenders perished! It occurred in a war, waged by the nation which arrogates to itself the position of leader of European

civilisation—which claims the title of the most civilised, the most enlightened, the most polished people of the earth. The Arabs pretend to no such distinction: they form roving clans of uncivilised men, living a primitive pastoral life, in caverns and tents:—yet it was the enlightened, the polished, the humane aggressors, who roasted some eight hundred of the savages, for the crime of defending their own country,—of daring, in legitimate warfare, to resist the legions which would have wrested it from them.

[7] The work was coolly gone about too; the murder was no deed of a few minutes, no sudden outbreak of wrath, no massacre prompted by fiery longings for revenge. The cavern, into which the Arabs retreated, was a vast one; it had many chinks and crannies, and it was long ere the stifling smoke and baking fire did their work.

[8] The Frenchmen heard the moans and shrieks, and the tumult of despair, as dying men and women turned furiously on each other, and sought to free themselves from lingering agony by more sudden death: they heard the butchering strokes of the yatagan and the pistol-shots, which told that suicide, or mutual destruction, was going on in the darkness of the cavern: they heard all this renewed at intervals, and continued hour after hour, but still they coolly heaped straw upon the blaze, tranquilly fed the fire, until all was silent but its own roaring; and burnt, maimed, and convulsed corpses, blackened, some of them calcined, by the fire, remained piled in mouldering rotting masses in the cave, to tell that a few hours before a tribe of men, women, and children, had entered its dreary portals.

[9] And now, *La grande Nation*, what think ye Europe says of you? You plume yourselves on being the most mighty, the most advanced people of the earth, the very focus of light, intelligence, and humanity. Of course the claim is just, the Cave of Dahra proves it. All is fair in war, and war you hold to be man's chief and noblest employment on earth: the false glare of military glory which continually bedazzles you, shows massacre and rapine decked in the colours of good deeds. The itch of conquest seems to make you confound good and evil. A prime minister, in his place in your legislature, coldly "regretted the occurrence." The most influential of your journals preserve a guarded silence. No word of

censure is breathed against the man who caused the massacre of Dahra—hardly a word of pity for his victims. [10] Had Colonel Pelissier been an English commander, we tell you that his fame—his position—his very life would have been sacrificed before the shout of indignation which would have arisen from every English heart. We know you Frenchmen to be brave. You have been proving it for centuries. Reprobate the Dahra massacre to prove that you are not cruel. If fight you will—fight like civilised soldiers; not like lurking savages. Mow down your enemies—if you must have war—in the fair field. Face them foot to foot, and hand to hand; but for the sake of your fame—for the sake of the civilisation you have attained, stifle not defenceless wretches in caverns—massacre not women and children by the horrible agency of slow fire.—*Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.*

THE WATER FIENDS.

This is an excellent specimen of the Extravaganza. It should be delivered in a burlesque style, all the passions being caricatured and overacted. [1] Humorous narrative. [2] Affected grief. [3] Mock admiration. [4] Humorous. [5] Mock seriousness. [6] Beseeching tone. [7] Fear. [8] Grief. [9] Fear, increasing. [10] Satire. [11] Great fear. [12] Burlesque. [13] Mock horror and burlesque.

[1] On a wild moor, all brown and bleak,
Where broods the heath-frequenting grouse,
There stood, a tenement antique,
Lord Hoppergallop's country house.
Here silence reign'd with lips of glue,
And undisturb'd maintain'd her law;
Save when the Owl cry'd, "Whoo! whoo! whoo!"
Or the hoarse Crow croak'd, "Caw! caw! caw!"
[2] Neglected mansion!—
For 'tis said,
Whene'er the snow came feathering down,
Four barbed steeds,—from the Bull's head,—
Carried thy master up to town.
Swift whirl the wheels,—
He's gone.—
[3] A Rose
Remains behind, whose virgin look,
Unseen, must blush in wintry snows
Sweet beauteous blossom!—
'Twas the Cook!

A bolder far than my weak note,
Maid of the Moor! thy charms demand;
Eels might be proud to lose their coat,
If skinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.
Long had the fair one sat alone,
Had none remain'd save only she;—
She by herself had been—
If one
Had not been left for company.
[3] 'Twas a tall youth, whose cheeks' clear hue
Was ting'd with health and manly toil;—
Cabbage he sow'd;—
And when it grew,
He always cut it off, to boil.
Oft would he cry
[4] "Delve, delve the hole!
And prune the tree, and train the root!
And stick the wig upon the pole,
To scare the sparrows from the fruit!"
A small, white favorite by day
Followed his step;
Whene'er he wheels
His barrow round the garden gay,
A bob-tail cur was at his heels.
[5] Ah, man!
The brute creation see!
Thy constancy oft needs the spur!
While lessons of fidelity
Are found in every bob-tail cur.
Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh, so strong,
While Bobtail in his face would look
And mark his master troll the song,—
"Sweet Molly Dumpling! Oh, thou Cook!"
For thus he sung;—
[3] While Cupid smiled;—
Pleas'd that the Gardener own'd his dart,
Which pruned his passions, running wild,
And grafted true love on his heart.
[6] Maid of the Moor!
His love return!
True love ne'er tints the cheek with shame,
When Gardeners' hearts, like hot beds, burn,
A Cook may surely feed the flame.
[5] Cold blows the blast:—
The night's obscure;—
The mansion's crazy wainscots crack;—
No star appeared;—and all the moor,
Like every other Moor,—was black.—

[7] Alone,—
Pale,—
Trembling,—
Near the fire,
The lovely Molly Dumpling sat;
Much did she fear, and much admire
What Thomas Gardener could be at.
List'ning,—
Her hand supports her chin;
[8] But, ah!
No foot is heard to stir,
He comes not, from the garden, in;
[1] Nor he—
Nor little Bob-tail cur.
She paces thro' the hall antique,
To call her Thomas from his toil;
Opes the huge door;—
The hinges creak;—
Because—
The hinges wanted oil.
Thrice, on the threshold of the hall,
[8] She, "Thomas!" called, with many a sob;
And thrice on Bobtail did she call,
Exclaiming sweetly, "Bob! Bob! Bob!"
Vain maid!
A Gardener's corpse, 'tis said,
In answer can but ill succeed;
And dogs that hear
When they are dead,
[5] Are
Very
Cunning
Dogs
Indeed!
[7] Back thro' the hall she bent her way,—
All, all was solitude around!
The candle shed a feeble ray,—
Tho' a large mould of four to the pound.
Full closely to the fire she draws;
Adown her cheeks a salt tear stole;
When, lo!
[9] A coffin out there flew,
And in her apron burnt a hole!
Spiders their busy death-watch ticked,
A certain sign that Fate will frown;
The clumsy kitchen-clock, too, clicked,
A certain sign
'Twas not run down.

More strong and strong her terrors rose;—
Her shadow did the maid appal;
She trembled at her lovely nose,—
It look'd so long against the wall.
Up to her chamber, damp and cold,
She climb'd Lord Hoppergallop's stair,—
Three stories high—
Long,
Dull,
And old,—
[10] As great Lord's stories often are.
All nature now appeared to pause;
And "o'er the one half world seem'd dead,"
No "curtain'd sleep" had she;—
Because
She had no curtains to her bed.
List'ning she lay;
With iron din,
The clock struck
TWELVE;
The door flew wide
[11] When Thomas grimly glided in,
With little Bobtail by his side.
Tall,
[12] Like a poplar,
Was his size;
Green,
Green his waistcoat was,
As leeks;
Red,
Red as beet root,
Were his eyes:
Pale,
Pale as parsnips,
Were his cheeks!
Soon as the spectre she espied,
The fear-struck damsel faintly said,
"What would my Thomas?"—
He replied,
[13] "Oh!
Molly Dumpling!
I am dead.
All in the flower of youth I fell,
Cut off with health's full blossom crown'd;
I was not ill—
But in a well
I tumbled backwards,
And was drowned.

Four fathoms deep thy love doth lie;
His faithful dog his fate doth share;
We're FIENDS;—
This is not he and I;
We are not *here*,—
For we are *there*.
Yes;—
Two foul Water Fiends are we;
Maid of the Moor!
Attend us now!
Thy hour's at hand;—
We come for thee!"
The little Fiend said,
"Bow, wow, wow!"
The Fiends approach!
The Maid did shrink;
Swift thro' the night's foul air they spin;
They took her to the green well's brink,
And, with a shout,
They plump'd her in.
So true the Fair,
So true the Youth,
Maids, to this day their story tell;
And hence the Proverb rose,
That Truth
Lies in the bottom of a well.

George Colman, the Younger.

THE OCEAN.

[1] Tone of admiration, tinged with melancholy. [2] Deep admiration and awe. [3] Awe mingled with contempt for man's insignificance. [4] Slight sneer. [5] Contempt. [6] Deep solemnity: great awe. [7] Affection and great delight.

[1] THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

[2] Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown!

[3] 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.

[2] The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
[4] The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
[5] 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.

[2] Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
[5] And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—[2] 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.

[6] 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.

[7] And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me

Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here. *Byron.*

NORVAL AND GLENALVON.

[1] Under tone, sneering: question in a full voice. [2] Delight and admiration. [3] Affected praise. [4] Respectful modesty. [5] Pretended friendship. [6] Wounded pride; humility, irony, and anger. [7] Sneering. [8] Indignation. [9] Reproof, affected care, disdain. [10] Offended pride—anger. [11] Scorn. [12] Anger. [13] Scornful laugh. [14] Retaliated scorn. [15] Bitter contempt. [16] Increased anger. [17] Contempt. [18] Anger, and challenge to combat. [19] Authority. [20] Submission. [21] Respect; complaint. [22] Resolution. [23] Admonition. [24] Fawning. [25] Threatening.

[1] *Glen.* His port I love: he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd. [*Aside.*
Has Norval seen the troops?
[2] *Norv.* The setting sun
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale;
And, as the warriors moved, each polish'd helm,
Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd; and halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering, they seem'd
An host angelic clad in burning arms.
[3] *Glen.* Thou talk'st it well: no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty talks of glorious war.
[4] *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.
[5] *Glen.* You wrong yourself, brave Sir: your martial deeds
Have rank'd 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.
[6] *Norv.* Sir, I have been accustom'd 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 skill'd,
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?
[7] *Glen.* I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.
[8] *Norv.* My pride!
[9] *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?
[10] *Norv.* A shepherd's scorn!
[11] *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?
[12] *Norv.* Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?
[13] *Glen.* Ha! dost thou threaten me?
[12] *Norv.* Didst thou not hear?
Glen. Unwillingly I did: a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus; [11] but such as thee——
[14] *Norv.* Whom dost thou think me?
[7] *Glen.* Norval.
Norv. So I am——
[14] And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?
[15] *Glen.* A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.
[12] *Norv.* False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?
[16] *Glen.* Thy truth! thon'rt all a lie; and false as guile
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.
[16] *Norv.* If I were chain'd, unarm'd, or bed-rid old,
Perhaps I should revile; bnt, 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.
[17] *Glen.* Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thonsand slaves like thee.
[18] *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.
[19] *Lord Ran.* [*Enters.*] Hold, I command you both.
The man that stirs makes me his foe.
[20] *Norv.* Another voice than thine

That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.
[7] *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.*]
[19] *Lord Ran.* Speak not thus,
Taunting each other; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel: then I judge betwixt you.
[21] *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—[22] I'd reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord;
Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.
[21] If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours; and let Norval go
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd!
[23] *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.
[24] *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. Smooth thou thy brow,
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.
[25] *Norv.* Think not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment:
When we contend again, our strife is mortal. *Home.*

A TROUBLESOME CHARGE.

[1] Mock gravity. [2] Self-gratulation. [3] Grave security. [4] A slight alarm. [5] Great caution and circumspection; obstinacy. [6] Sudden exclamation. [7] Ludicrous disappointment and grief.

[1] We beheld a man once, an inferior genius, inducting a pig into the other end of Long Lane, Smithfield. He had got him thus far towards the market. It was much. His air announced success in nine parts out of ten, and hope for the remainder. It had been a happy morning's work; he had only to look for the ter-

mination of it; and he looked (as a critic of an exalted turn of mind would say) in brightness and in joy.

[2] Perhaps in recounting his adventures he would not say much at first, being oppressed with the greatness of his success; but, by degrees, especially if interrogated, he would open, like Eneas, into all the circumstances of his jonrney and the perils that beset him. Profound would be his set-out; full of tremor his middle course; high and skilful his progress; glorious, though with a quickened pulse, his triumphant entry. Delicate had been his situation in Ducking-pond Row; masterly his turn at Bell Alley. We saw him with the radiance of some such thought on his countenance. He was just entering Long Lane. [3] A gravity came upon him, as he steered his touchy convoy into this his last thoroughfare. [4] A dog, darting along, moved him into a little agitation; [3] but he resumed his course, not without a happy trepidation, hovering as he was on the borders of triumph.

[5] The pig still required care. It was evidently a pig with all the peculiar turn of mind of his species; a fellow that would not move faster than he could help; irritable; retrospective; picking objections, and prone to boggle; a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for the alleys.

[6] He bolts!—He's off!—Evasit! erupit!

[7] "Oh!" exclaimed the man, dashing his hand against his head, lifting his knee in agony, and screaming with all the weight of a prophecy which the spectators felt to be too true,—"He'll go up all manner of streets!"—*Leigh Hunt's Indicator.*

OTHELLO'S APOLOGY FOR HIS MARRIAGE.

[1] Respectful, blunt narrative. [2] Apology. [3] Respectful. [4] Blunt irony. [5] Affecting narrative. [6] Admiration and love. [7] Narrative. [8] Pathos. [9] Affecting relation. [10] Courage. [11] Bold declaration.

[1] Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors—
My very noble and approved good masters!
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent:—no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle:
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. [3] Yet, by your patience,
I will a round, unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; [4] what drugs, what charms,
What conjurations, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding am I charged withal)
I won his daughter with!
[1] Her father loved me—oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I had pass'd.
[5] I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence;
And, with it, all my travel's history.
————[6] All these to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. [7] Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctly. I did consent;
[8] And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd.—[9] My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs!
She swore,—In faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful!
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man. She thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. [10] On this hint I spake.
[11] She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I loved her that she did pity them.—
This only is the witchcraft I have used. *Shakespere.*

BRING BACK THE CHAIN!

[1] Serious narrative. [2] Scorn. [3] Bitter reflection. [4] Grief. [5] Tone elevated and firm.

[1] It was an aged man, who stood
Beside the blue Atlantic sea;
They cast his fetters by the flood,
And hail'd the time-worn captive—free!
From his indignant eye there flash'd
A gleam his better nature gave,
And while his tyrants shrunk abash'd,
Thus spoke the spirit-stricken slave:—

[2] "Bring back the chain, whose weight so long
These tortured limbs have vainly borne;
The word of Freedom, from your tongue,
My weary ear rejects with scorn!
[3] 'Tis true, there was—there was a time,
I sigh'd, I panted to be free;
And, pining for my sunny clime,
Bow'd down my stubborn knee.

"Then I have stretch'd my yearning arms,
And shook in wrath my bitter chain;—
Then, when the magic word had charms,
I groan'd for liberty in vain!
That freedom ye at length bestow,
And bid me bless my envied fate:
Ye tell me, I am free to go—
Where?—I am desolate!

"The boundless hope—the spring of joy,
Felt when the spirit's strength is young,
Which slavery only can alloy,
The mockeries to which I clung—
The eyes whose fond and sunny ray
Made life's dull lamp less dimly burn—
The tones I pined for, day by day,
Can ye bid them return?

[2] "Bring back the chain! its clanking sound
Hath now a power beyond your own;
[4] It brings young visions smiling round,
Too fondly loved, too early flown!
It brings me days, when these dim eyes
Gazed o'er the wild and swelling sea,
Counting how many suns must rise
Ere one might hail me free!

"Bring back the chain! that I may think
  'Tis that which weighs my spirit so:
And, gazing on each galling link,
  Dream as I dream'd—of bitter woe!
My days are gone;—of hope, of youth,
  These traces now alone remain—
(Hoarded with sorrow's sacred truth)
  Tears, and my iron chain!

[5] "Freedom! though doom'd in pain to live,
  The freedom of the soul is mine;
But all of slavery you could give,
  Around my steps must ever twine.
Raise up the head which age hath bent;
  Renew the hopes that childhood gave;
Bid all return kind Heaven once lent,—
  Till then—I am a Slave!" *Mrs. Norton.*

EXTRACT FROM GRATTAN'S SPEECH

On the National Grievances—July, 1788.

[1] Energetic tone. [2] Merited adulation. [3] Impressive. [4] Solemn and authoritative. [5] Scorn and enthusiasm. [6] Argumentative. [7] Tone of displeasure. [8] Flattery. [9] Elevated, enthusiastic tone. [10] Concession; tone firm. [11] Impressive, and patriotic.

THE priesthood of Europe is not now what it once was; their religion has increased, as their power has diminished. [2] In these countries, particularly, for the most part, they are a mild order of men, with less dominion, and more piety, therefore their character may be described in a few words:—morality, enlightened by letters, and exalted by religion.—Parliament is not a bigot—you are no sectary, no polemic;—[3] it is your duty to unite all men, to manifest brotherly love and confidence to all men. The parental sentiment is the true principle of government. Men are ever finally disposed to be governed by the instrument of their happiness;—[4] the mystery of government, would you learn it?—look on the gospel, and make the source of your redemption the rule of your authority; and, like the hen in the Scripture, expand your wings, and take in all your people.

[5] Let bigotry and schism, the zealot's fire, and the high-priest's intolerance, through all their discordancy, tremble, while an en-

lightened parliament, with arms of general protection, overarches the whole commnnity, and roots the Protestant ascendancy in the sovereign mercy of its nature. [6] Laws of cocrcion, perhaps necessary, certainly severe, yon have put forth already, but yonr great engine of power, yon have hitherto kept back; [7] that engine which the pride of the bigot, nor the spite of the zealot, nor the ambition of the high, nor the arsenal of the conqueror, nor the inquisition, with its jaded rack and pale criminal, never thought of:—[8] the engine which, armed with physical and moral blessings, comes forth, and overlays mankind with services,—the engine of *redress*:—this is government, and this the only description of government worth your ambition. [8] Were I to raise you to a great act, I should not recur to the history of other nations; I would recite your own acts, and set yon in emulation with yourselves. [9] Do you remember that night, when yon gave yonr country a *free trade*, and with yonr hands opened all her harbours?—That night when you gave her a free constitution, and broke the chains of a century—while England stood eclipsed by your glory, and your Island rose, as it were, from its bed, and got nearer to the sun? [10] In the arts that polish life—the inventions that accommodate—the manufactures that adorn it—you will be for many years inferior to some other parts of Europe; [11] but to nurse a growing people—to mature a struggling, though hardy commnnity, to mould, to multiply, to consolidate, to inspire, and to exalt a young nation; be these your barbarous accomplishments!

MACBETH TO THE DAGGER.

[1] Commanding. [2] Fear and amazement. [3] Courage. [4] Disappointment and awe. [5] Douht and fear. [6] Thorough conviction. [7] Horror. [8] Doubt and fear. [9] Horror, so frightful as to dispel the vision. [10] Reflection, solemn and unpleasant. [11] Plotting. [12] Aversion. [13] Guilt and fear. [14] Courage. [15] Resolution. [16] Horrible determination.

[1] Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to hed. [*Exit Servant.*
[2] Is this a dagger which I see hefore me,
The handle toward my hand? [3] Come, let me clntch thee—
[4] I have thce not; and yet I see thee still.
[5] Art thou not, fatal vision, sensihle
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind? a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
[6] I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.—
[7] Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
[8] Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest.—[9] I see thee still;
And on the blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—[10] There's no such thing!—
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—[11] Now o'er one-half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep: [12] now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murder,
(Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch,) thus with his stealthy pace,
Towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—[13] Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout;
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—[14] While I threat, he lives—
[15] I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. [*A bell rings.*
[16] Hear it not, Duncan! for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. *Shakespere.*

CORIOLANUS AND AUFIDIUS.

[1] Doubt. [2] Remonstrance. [3] Inuendo and warning. [4] Affected condescension. [5] Anger and contempt. [6] Upbraiding. [7] Reminding him of former defeat. [8] Anger at being so reminded. [9] Invocation. [10] Challenge. [11] Disdain and refusal. [12] Questioning. [13] Boasting and contempt. [14] Anger and contempt. [15] Proud exclamation. [16] Anger and irony. [17] Astonishment. [18] Taunting and disdainful accusation. [19] Amazement. [20] Great anger; accusation of cowardice and contempt. [21] Defiance. [22] Bitter contempt.

[1] *Cor.* I plainly, Tullus, by your looks perceive,
You disapprove my conduct.
[2] *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.
[1] *Cor.* Speak, I hear thee.

[2] *Auf.* I need not tell thee, that I have perform'd
My utmost promise. Thou hast been protected!
Hast had thy amplest, most ambitious wish;
Thy wounded pride is heal'd, thy dear revenge
Completely sated: and, to crown thy fortune,
At the same time, thy peace with Rome restored.
[3] 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:
[4] Retire; I will take care thou may'st with safety.
[5] *Cor.* With safety!—Heavens!—and think'st 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 fetter'd
By the strong chain of former obligation,
The safe, sure moment to insult me.—Gods!
[7] Were I now free, as on that day I was,
When at Corioli I tamed thy pride,
This had not been.
[8] *Auf.* Thou speak'st the truth: it had not.
[9] Oh, for that time again! propitious gods,
If you will bless me, grant it! [10] 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.
[11] *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 assign'd me here.
[12] *Auf.* Thou canst not hope acquital from the Volscians.
[13] *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 wouldst thou more?
[14] *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.
[15] *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.
[16] *Auf.* I thank thy rage:—This full displays the traitor.
[17] *Cor.* Traitor!—How now?
[16] *Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius.
[17] *Cor.* Marcius!
[18] *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 o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd 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 o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering at each other.
[19] *Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars?
[14] *Auf.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears.
[20] *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
Flutter'd 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.
[21] *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.
[22] *Cor.* Oh, that I had thee in the field,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, thy tribe,
To use my lawful sword.——— *Shakespere.*

HALLOWED SCENES.

[1] Admiration; tone full and clear. [2] Solemn. [3] Tone elevated and bold. [4] Tone inclined to narrative, but firm and clear. [5] Stern tone. [6] Determination. [7] Sublime. [8] Delight and reverence; courageous tone. [9] Firm tone, tinctured with anger. [10] Sympathy.

[1] THEY rise before me, robed in many hues,
Distant and dim with years, or brightly near—
The mouldering records of a bygone year,
When Greece own'd heroes, Helicon a muse—
The high blue hills that cleft the Grecian heaven,
When sunn'd with glory's beam, and cleave it still;
The Eternal City, with its splendours riven
By conquering Time from its own palace-hill.
And later hallow'd, not less true to fame,
Helvetia's mountain-land of liberty;
The island heights that despots quake to name,
Guarded by valour and the rolling sea;
[2] And, holier far, the plains by angels trod,
What time a lowly wanderer, faint and poor,
Walk'd o'er the Syrian sands—the incarnate God
Who paved with burning suns heaven's palace floor,—
And toil'd with humble men by Galilee's lone shore!

[1] They rise before me, bursting through the veil
Of bygone years; and many a scene beside,
Of its own land the glory and the pride,
Hallow'd for ages by the poet's tale.
[3] I see a million swords flash back the sun
From high Oëta's base, and Malia's shore;
I hear the Persian shout, "The pass is won!"
I see their glittering myriads downward pour:
Thermopylæ! thy own Three Hundred stand
Before me as they stood when round their lord
They vowed to die, or save their fatherland
With Freedom's keen and consecrated sword.
There stood—there fell Leonidas, and round,
With twice ten thousand foes, his little band;
Their fall hath sanctified that gory ground,
Their fall hath hallow'd all that wondrous land,
And still the Egean hymns their dirge by Malia's strand.

[3] Gray Marathon! the pilgrim turns to thee,
Flashes Athena's banner on his sight,
And all the glittering splendour of the fight—
The plume, the shield, the sword, the prostrate tree.

Rolls on the Mede's interminable host,
Stand firm and stern and mute the patriot few:
See yonder hero, Athens' proudest boast,
With joyous look the moving myriads view:
The war-peal bursts—the dawning light of heaven
Blends the wild strife of freeman and of slave;
And see, before the avenging banner driven,
To shun the sword the Persian seeks the wave.
To fetter freedom in her loved retreat,
In pride of power the despot left his throne,
He chain'd the floods that lash'd his worshipp'd feet,
But found Miltiades and Marathon,
And bent his haughty crest a present God to own.

Clime of the ancient but undying glory!
Birth-place of freedom, valour, love, and song!
Fain would the pilgrim lingering, dwell among
Your haunted heights and vision'd vales of story;
Fain would he linger by Cithæron's steep,
And kneel upon the shores of Salamis,
Wander a while where Leuctra's heroes sleep,
And muse o'er Sparta's tomb where adders hiss,
Stand mournfully where old Athenæ stood,
And fair Ilyssus rolled its flower-kissed stream,
And Plato walked in triumph's noblest mood,
Amid the youthful blooms of Academe;
For time that steals from beauty, power, and fame,
Adds to the charm that wins the poet's eye—
To each loved scene whose old familiar name
Linked with the soul's bright youth, can only die
With poesy divine and high philosophy.

[4] On fancy's bark the pilgrim quits the land
Of freedom's birth, and skims the Ionian tide;
Before him, in its old heroic pride,
He sees the city of the Cæsars stand;
And *there* the stern dictator, on his brow
The majesty of empire and its care;
Content and poor, he guides his humble plough,
And toils for bread his little ones may share.
[5] There sits the stern tyrannicide, whose doom,
His country's laws from tyrant scorn to save,
Consign'd his valorous offspring to the tomb,
Himself with blighted heart to wish the grave.
There Cato stands, and flings his honest frown
On Rome's degenerate wealth, and shakes the soul
That quails before the splendours of a crown;

While Tully points to Greece and glory's goal,
And o'er the tyrant's head bids Roman thunders roll.

[1] Another clime! the pilgrim knows it well—
Oft has his soul with Alpine thunders been,
And oft the bursting avalanches seen
Roll stormy music o'er the land of Tell.
See where the keen-eyed archer stands amid
His bold compatriots on the mountain's brow;
His eye pursues the eagle's flight, till hid
Beyond the clonded peaks of Alpine snow;
Then with his little band he bends his knee,
[6] And vows to heaven, upon that hoary height,
That the wild hills that nursed its plume should be
Unchain'd and tameless as the eagle's flight.
[1] And how he kept his vow, the Switzer-boy
Sings to his comrade's pipe upon the fell,
Tending their flock in freedom and in joy;
And to the stranger points, with bosom's swell,
Where stood the humble cot of glorious William Tell.

[7] The rush of waves—the voice of many floods—
Old ocean's music, meets the pilgrim's ear;
Grim frowning rocks their giant heights uprear
Around Britannia's hills, and streams, and woods:
[1] Bewilder'd is his eye; for who can count
Those fanes in sunshine and in shade that lie,
Studding each down, and dell, and hoary mount,
Beneath the blue of Albion's cloudy sky!
The dim cathedral's high and solemn pile,
[2] Whence float to heaven old England's songs of praise,
Whence peal'd the ancestral worship of our isle,
Tuned to the organ's swell of other days;
The ivied church, where England's noble poor
Mingle their prayers on day of holy rest,
That he who bade their mountains stand secure,
And fix'd their isle a gem on ocean's breast,
Should bid their fathers' fanes and fatherland be blest.

[8] And Scotia! gleaming o'er thy lowland sod,
And up thy highland heights amid the heather,
Fanes where thy Sabbath-honouring children gather
To pay their vows to Scotia's covenant God.
They pour the reverence of the simple heart
In solemn melody and humble prayer;
And with their dearest blood would sooner part,
Than see the altar-spoiler enter there!

And Scotia's emigrant, when far away
Amid the forest stillness of the West,
[1] Oft from the banks of Tweed or Highland Tay,
Lists the loved tones steal o'er the ocean's breast!
They lead him back to childhood's happy home,
The village church beside the old yew-tree,
The silent Sabbath, when he loved to roam
In fields, to hear the hum of heather bee
Float in the hallow'd air from brake and flowery lea:

[9] They lead him back to where, in days of yore,
The austere sires of Scotland's freedom stood
Banded to save the Bibles which they bore,
Their heritage of hope, from men of blood.
[10] The trembling boy—the parent grey with years
And bent with toil—the widow poor and old,
Driven houseless forth by persecuting spears,
To shiver on the bleak and wintry wold.
[9] Their blood hath nursed a tree that will not die,—
That braved the blast, and still the blast shall brave;
And Scotland will not own the ungenerous eye,
That beams not proudly o'er her martyr's grave.
And haply, too, they lead him back to where
The Southern plume lay low on Bannockburn;
[1] He sees the Bruce his Carrick falchion bare;
And patriot chiefs, where'er his eye may turn,
Start from their hallow'd bed—the thistle-tufted urn.

George Paulin.

A TALE OF THE SIMPLON.

[1] Abrupt, solemn narrative. [2] Interesting narrative. [3] Cheerful. [4] Surprise. [5] Alarm. [6] Eagerness. [7] Fear. [8] Awe. [9] Increased awe. [10] Pride. [11] Altered tone. [12] Eagerness and fear. [13] Former increased. [14] Great agitation. [15] Intense horror. [16] Despair. [17] Intense agony and desperation. [18] Fear. [19] Apprehension and anxiety. [20] Delight. [21] Narrative tone. [22] Agitated affection. [23] Pleasing narrative.

[1] NEITHER pen nor pencil can describe the wondrous depths of those valleys, nor the awe-inspiring majesty of these rocks, amid which the thunder-cloud and the storm wander as pilgrims that have mistaken their way.

But there are thousands of our countrymen who have travelled over the Simplon, and to them description were nseless. Such scenes, once beheld, are engraven too deeply on the memory to be effaced by aught save the great destroyer Death.

It was ten years ago, last September, that a young English traveller, whom curiosity had led from the Simplon village to explore new scenery, was sitting under the shade of a beetling mass of rocks, from which the struggling rhododendron of the Alps thrust forth its tough sinewy branches, blooming in purple beauty. His companions were, an Alpine hunter, beside whom lay a beautiful chamois, which had that morning fallen a victim to the fatal precision of his rifle, and a young peasant, named Basile, from the little village of Berisaul. They had walked far that day, though it was but "the grim and sultry hour of noon;" but when their spirits were exhilirated by the light repast, they could not rest idly till the clouds should have passed away, which covered the distant summit of Mount Rose. The Englishman amused himself by setting stones in motion, and watching their progress down the mountain-side. Basile entered warmly into the sport, exclaiming ever and anon, as he saw the stranger's emotion, that there was no country like Switzerland. The hunter, who had at first looked on with contempt, joined in the sport when he found that some small bets offered by Basile had been good-humouredly taken by the Englishman—and three more thoughtless, noisy gamblers never played at so foolish and mischievous a game. Their emulation was at length excited by vain endeavours to reach a certain point with their ponderous missiles, which all lodged calmly on a projecting table of the mountain, considerably short of the mark, though several hundred feet below them. [3] "Here, Basile!" cried the hunter, "help me to move this stone." Basile, eager in the sport, ran to his assistance; and with their poles as levers, and, by cutting away the clasping vegetation with their knives, they soon unbedded the wished-for prize, which lay on the upper side of the rock under which they had rested. [2] This rock was an irregular mass of granite, about twenty feet in height, where it hung over toward the valley, and was known among the mountaineers by the name of "Le Pavillon," or the Tent, on account of the shelter which it afforded from the sun and the storm. For more centuries than it is permitted to man to trace back the operations of nature, it had lain there, gradually sinking deeper on the lower side. [4] "Good heaven!" cried the huntsman, "what noise is that!" [5] Basile looked aghast, and with pale, trembling lips, muttered, "it moves!"

[5] "What moves?" asked the hunter. [6] "Le Pavillon," replied the other, "and the Englishman is beneath it." [7] "Monsieur! Monsieur!" shouted the hunter with admirable presence of mind, and the traveller ran toward them. [8] At that moment, in compliance with the laws of gravitation, to obey which it was now at liberty, the huge mass bent its hoary front forward, snapping like threads the complicated roots, and the vegetation of ages, which had matted round, and, as it were chained it to the mountain side. The young men were standing near the upper side, when (overbalanced by the impending weight under which they had been reposing) it seemed to rise out of the earth like "a thing of life." The Englishman gazed in silent awe, as the ponderous fragment at first reeled slowly forward, as though incredulous of its release, and anon leapt down the steep resistless. It had reached the projecting table, which had been the boundary of their amusement—[9] a crash like thunder was heard, and a chasm was seen at the brink of the ledge, through which it had forced its way into a forest of pines below, where, for a few seconds, it was concealed,—then, with renewed fury, it sprung forward. [10] The hunter had been looking on hitherto with a feeling of pride—it was his native mountain—his native valley—the grandeur of the whole scene around was all his own—and he smiled in triumph. [11] But his eye was from habit quicker than those of his companions; [12] his countenance changed—he snatched the Englishman's telescope—levelled it in an instant to the valley, and exclaimed, "Oh, misericorde!" "What do you see?" said his companions. [13] "Oh, mercy, mercy!" ejaculated the hunter, falling on his knees. [14] "Speak!" shouted Basile, "what is it?" [12] "Save her, save her! Oh, heaven!" cried the huntsman; "it is a woman and a child." The Englishman had taken the glass, and saw the poor creature in the valley far below: "She looks around," he exclaimed; [14] "she sees her danger;—now—now—[15] Oh, horror! I cannot breathe!"—the glass dropt from his hands, and he threw himself on the ground. When they looked again, there was no human being in that direction. The Pavillon rock stood in the midst of an impetuous mountain torrent, stemming its angry waves: [14] "What sort of woman?" asked Basile anxiously; "could you guess who? and a child, said you?" [16] The hunter replied only by a look too expressive of friendly commiseration to be misunder-

stood by poor Basile, who exclaimed, [17] "Oh, Louise!" with that wild power of voice which indicates intense mental agony, and rushed like a madman, headlong down the steep. [14] "Follow him, for Heaven's sake!" cried the Englishman.—[18] "Neither man, nor beast may reach the valley in safety at the rate he goes," replied the hunter; and the next moment he was in pursuit of Basile, far below the Englishman, who, unused to such descents, vainly endeavoured to follow.

[19] When Basile had reached the valley, all was silent except the rushing of the waters—there was no trace of the object he sought for, but dreaded to see—he listened—[20] at length he heard the crying of a child. Led by the sound, he discovered poor Louise, apparently lifeless, her little brother still in her arms, in a hollow, protected by a rock, which, in the distance had appeared level with the plain. There, likewise, was he found by the hunter, prostrate by her side. The Englishman arrived just as Louise first opened her eyes, and gazed wildly upon him and the hunter, on whose knee her head reclined while he had been bathing her temples with water. [21] It was ever a mystery how she had escaped—whether instinct, fear, or the wind of the descending rock, had forced her into that secure retreat. From the moment she beheld her danger, all recollection had vanished. [20] But when restored to life, words cannot describe her emotions on seeing him on whom her young and innocent heart had reposed all her hopes of future happiness, lying senseless beside her. She had "never told her love;" but now, when Basile, who had fainted from over excitement and exertion of mind and body, first breathed again the vital air, the first sound he heard was the voice of his Louise. The first thing he was sensible of was that her arm supported him—[22] he recovered—he embraced her. In that moment their mutual love was revealed—was confessed.

[23] They live in their native canton. Their cottage stands on one of those beautiful spots above the valley of the Rhone, where the traveller may see vineyards and gardens won by the qniet and enduring spirit of industry from the world of desolation and magnificence around. To that spirit of mutual affection they owe the continuance of that happiness, which they were first enabled to taste and to realise by the generosity of the once thoughtless, young English traveller.—*London Literary Gazette.*

COLUMBUS ON FIRST BEHOLDING AMERICA.

[1] Extreme joy, admiration, and devotion. [2] Eagerness. [3] Sublime. [4] Joy and impatience. [5] Admiration. [6] Tone of displeasure. [7] Slight contempt. [8] Pride.

[1] God of my sires! o'er ocean's brim
  Yon beauteous land appears at last;
Raise, comrades! raise your holiest hymn,
  For now our toils are past:
See o'er the bosom of the deep,
  She gaily lifts her summer charms,
As if at last she long'd to leap
  From dark oblivion's arms.

What forms, what lovely scenes may lie
  Secluded in thy flowery breast;
Pure is thy sea, and calm thy sky,
  Thou Garden of the West!
Around each solitary hill
  A rich magnificence is hurl'd,
Thy youthful face seems wearing still
  The first fresh fragrance of the world.

We come with hope (our beacon bright,)
  Like Noah drifting o'er the wave,
To claim a world—the ocean's might
  Has shrouded like the grave;
[2] And oh, the dwellers of the Ark
  Ne'er pined with fonder hearts, to see
The bird of hope regain their bark,
  Than I have long'd for thee.

[3] Around me was the boundless flood,
  O'er which no mortal ever pass'd,
Above me was a solitude—
  As measureless and vast;
Yet in the air and on the sea,
  The voice of the Eternal One
Breathed forth the song of hope to me,
  And bade me journey on.

[4] My bark! the winds are fair unfurl'd
  To waft thee on thy watery road,
Oh haste, that I may give the world
  Another portion of her God;

That I may lead those tribes aright,
So long on error's ocean driven,
And, point to their bewilder'd sight,
A fairer path to heaven.

[3] The mightiest states shall pass away,
Their mouldering grandeur cannot last;
But thou, fair land! shalt be for aye
A glory, when they're past:
As now thou look'st in youthful bloom,
When earth grows old and states decline,
So thou shalt flourish o'er their tomb,
Tired freedom's peaceful shrine.

Spain! though I'm not of thine, thou'lt claim
A glory with the brightest age,
And years shall never blot thy name
From fame's immortal page!
[6] Rome conquer'd, but enslaved each land,
Made empires ruins in her mirth;
[5] But thou, with far a nobler hand,
Wilt add one-half to earth.

[7] What have the proudest conquerors rear'd
To hold their honours forth to fame—
Things which a few short years have sear'd,
And left without a name!
[8] But I—'mid empires prostrate hurl'd,
'Mid all the glories time has rent—
Will raise no column, but a world,
To stand my monument! *D. Moore.*

HENRY IV.'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

[1] Melancholy reflection. [2] Regret. [3] Humiliating reflection. [4] Tone contrasting with the former lines. [5] Tone of displeasure. [6] Awe and sublimity: tone deep and emphatic. [7] Solemn remonstrance.

[1] How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! [2] O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse! how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
[3] Why rather, sleep! liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
[5] O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case to a common larum-bell?
[6] Wilt thou,—upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge!
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds,
That with the hurly death itself awakes:
[7] Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? [1] Then, happy lowly clown;
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. *Shakespere.*

THE BOLD DRAGOON.

[1] Humorous. [2] Blustering familiarity. [3] Affected modesty. [4] Denial Dry humour. [6] Impatience. [7] Astonishment.

[1] ONCE in a merry tavern in Brabant
A jolly dozen of dragoons were boasting
Of their past feats in many a Flemish hosting.
[2] "How, now," at length cried one, "friend Gaspar!—can't
You brush your memory up, and give us some
Exploit of yours?" [1] The query was addressed
To a dragoon who had as yet been dumb.
[3] "O," answered Gaspar, "I am silent, lest
You might suppose me lying, or might call
Me braggart." [4] "No, no, no!—we won't!" cried all.
[5] "Well, then, the time we lay in camp near Seville
I—I—" [6] "Ay!—hear him! Gaspar Schnapps for ever!"—
[5] "I cut ten troopers' legs off—clean and clever!"
[7] "Their legs!" cried six or eight—"Why, what was that for?
"What made you cut their legs off, pr'ythee, brother?"
[5] "What made me cut their legs off?" echoed t'other.
[6] "Ay!—had you cut their heads off, then, in truth,
You would have ta'en the right mode to astound them."
[3] "O, but, you see," said Schnapps, "the fact is—I—
I—*couldn't* cut their heads off."—[6] "No!—and why?"
"Because," responded the redoubted youth,
"Their heads had been cut off before I found them!"

Dublin University Magazine.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

[1] Soft, clear voice. [2] Interesting and pathetic narrative. [3] Disappointment and grief. [4] Indignation, abhorrence, and pity. [5] Increased abhorrence. [6] Energy and pride. [7] Awe. [8] Devotion. [9] Delight.

[1] THERE was no sound upon the deep,
  The breeze lay cradled there;
The motionless waters sank to sleep
  Beneath the sultry air;
Out of the cooling brine to leap
  The dolphin scarce would dare.

[2] Becalm'd on that Atlantic plain
  A Spanish ship did lie;—
She stopped at once upon the main,
  For not a wave rolled by:
And she watched six dreary days, in vain,
  For the storm-bird's fearful cry.

[3] But the storm came not, and still the ray
  Of the red and lurid sun
Waxed hotter and hotter every day,
  Till her crew sank one by one;
And not a man could endure to stay
  By the helm, or by the gun.

[4] Deep in the dark and fetid hold
  Six hundred wretches wept;
They were slaves, that the cursed lust of gold
  From their native land had swept;
And there they stood, the young and old,
  While a pestilence o'er them crept.

[4] Crammed in that dungeon-hold they stood,
  For many a day and night,
Till the love of life was all subdued
  By the fever's scorching blight;
And their dim eyes wept, half tears, half blood,—
  But still they stood upright.

And there they stood, the quick and dead,
  Propped by that dungeon's wall,—
And the dying mother bent her head
  On her child,—but she could not fall;—
In one dread night, the life had fled
  From half that were there in thrall.

The morning came, and the sleepless crew
  Threw the hatchways open wide;—
Then the sickening fumes of death up-flew,
  And spread on every side;—
And, ere that eve, of the tyrant few,
  Full twenty souls had died.

They died, the jailer and the slave,—
  They died with the self-same pain,—
They were equal then, for no cry could save
  Those who bound, or who wore the chain;
And the robber-white found a common grave
  With him of the negro-stain.

The Pest-ship slept on her ocean-bed,
  As still as any wreck,
Till they all, (save one old man,) were dead,
  In her hold, or on her deck:—
That man, as life around him fled,
  Bowed not his sturdy neck.

He arose,—the chain was on his hands,
  But he climbed from that dismal place;
And he saw the men who forged his bands,
  Lie each upon his face:—
There on the deck that old man stands,
  The lord of all the space.

He sat down, and he watched a cloud
  Just cross the setting sun,
And he heard the light breeze heave the shroud,
  Ere that sultry day was done;
When the night came on, the gale was loud,
  And the clouds rose thick and dun,

And still the negro boldly walked
  The lone and silent ship;—
With a step of vengeful pride he stalked,
  And a sneer was on his lip,—
For he laughed to think how Death had baulked
  The fetters and the whip.

At last he slept;—the lightning flash
  Played round the creaking mast,
And the sails were wet with the ocean's plash,
  But the ship was anchor'd fast,
Till, at length, with a loud and fearful crash,
  From her cable's strain she past.

[7] Away she swept, as with instinct rife,
O'er her broad and dangerous path,
And the midnight tempest's sudden strife
Had gathering sounds of wrath;
Yet on board that ship was no sound of life,
Save the song of that captive swarth.

He sang of his Afric's distant sands,
As the slippery deck he trod;
He feared to die in other lands
'Neath a tyrant master's rod;
[8] And he lifted his hard and fettered hands
In a prayer to the Negro's God.

He touched not the sail nor the driving helm,
But he looked on the raging sea,
[9] And he joyed,—for the waves that would overwhelm,
Would leave his spirit free;
And he prayed, that the ship to no Christian realm
Before the storm might flee.

He smiled amidst the tempest's frown,
He sang amidst its roar;
His joy no fear of death could drown,—
He was a slave no more:
The helmless ship that night went down
On Senegambia's shore! *Pringle.*

STORY TOLD BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[1] Plain narrative. [2] Grief and resignation. [3] A degree of terror in the tone, increasing to the end. [4] Tone of alarm. [5] Mimicry of Highland accent. [6] Highland accent and tone of indifference. [7] Anxiety. [8] Irritable tone. [9] Clownish raillery. [10] A degree of delight in the tone. [11] Apprehension. [12] Pathetic narrative. [13] Horror. [14] Tone of caution. [15] Fear —deepening into a transport of alarm, stupefaction, and agony.

[1] It happened several years ago, when I was traversing the Highlands, along with a much beloved, but now departed friend, one of the true men of the old school; one who was rich in classical and legendary lore, but still more in sterling moral virtues. For it has been my lot to possess friends and companions from whom I was ever gaining, till my store has become somewhat bulky. [2] Alas! there are so many deserters from the corps by this time, who shall no more return, that I wish to cherish the persuasion, that to be

gone and to be with them will be far better. [1] My friend and I were among the thickly strewn mountains, and rugged rocks of the wildest branch of the Highlands, where there is a remarkable natural ravine; which we visited and explored. [2] It is, rather than a ravine, a fearful pit, or dungeon, descending deep among the yawning rocks. It is as if a volcano had boiled there, but in course of time spouted out all its lava, forming strange adjacent peaks all around; thus leaving the furnace or crater dry and empty. It is a terrific throat wide open, on the very edge of which one may stand and look down to the very bottom.

[1] There is a mode of descent into its depths which visitors may command. This is by means of a rope and windlass, as it were into a coal pit, which are fixed and worked from a prominent brow of the highest frowning peak. To the main rope a machine is attached, called a cradle, by four shorter cords, that tie to its distinct corners. He that descends takes his stand or seat in the cradle, within the stretch of the four diverging cords that meet above his head. A rough old Highlander presided at the windlass, who appointed my friend first to go down. [4] Ere the cradle came up for me again, a presentiment of some horrid accident about to happen to one of us began to take hold of my nature, and I could not resist inquiring if all was right with my friend below. [5] "Hoo, surely," was the answer. "And the cradle will be up for you in a minute; ye are as heavy as twa o' him." [4] "Is the rope frail?" [5] "No very rotten ava; the last ane was rottener afore it brak, and let a man fa," was the alarming reply. [4] "Was he killed, say you?" [6] "Killed! though he had had a hundred lives, he wud hae been killed; he was smashed to pieces down on yonder jagged rock," quoth the hard-hearted Celt. [1] I now examined the rope, and it appeared to be much worn, and old. [7] "How old is it?" inquired I. [5] "Just five years auld; the last was a month aulder afore it brak," was his next piece of tantalizing information. [8] With some irritation of manner I put it to him, why a new one had not been provided before any risk could attend the descent; and, to make things worse, he provokingly announced, [9] "We are to get a new ane the morn; ye'll likely be the last to try the auld."

[1] But already the cradle waited for me to step into it. I could not disappoint my companion by not doing as he did; and ashamed

to seem to hesitate before the hardy Highlander, at once I took my seat. It was perhaps to encourage me that he said, as he let me off,—[9] "A far heavier man than you gaed down yesterday." [4] "Then he strained the rope," cried I; but it was too late to return, and after all I got safe down. [10] The sun shone brightly, and made every intricacy, in the deep crater, clear and open to the eye. The floor might allow a hundred and fifty people to stand on it at once; and consists of a fine sand that sparkles with pebbles, which have dropt from the surrounding and impending rocks. The face of these rocks is also gemmed by thousands of the same sort, that glittered beautifully in the sun-beam; all which has naturally suggested the idea of a work of enchantment, for it is called the Fairy's Palace. [11] But I confess, though a palace, it had few attractions for me; for, besides the disheartenings the Highlander filled me with ere my descent, my friend, now that I was down, though without any mischievous intent, crowned my fears, by giving, with startling effect, the following narrative:—[12] "A young man once ascended from this, but when he came to the top, he incautiously stood bolt upright in the cradle, and the moment ere it was landed, being impatient to get out of it, he took an adventurous leap for the breast of the rock. But the cradle being still pendant in the air, without a stay, fled back on the impulse of his spring, and fearful to think, let him fall between it and the landing place." [13] "Horrible! most horrible!" was my natural exclamation. [14] "But," continued my friend, "keep ye your seat in the cradle till it be firmly landed on the rock, and all will be safe." He ascended, and I prepared to follow.

[15] I thought of the young man's leap and fall; I figured to myself the spot where he alighted, and the rebound he made when he met the ground, never more to rise. And as I took my seat, my limbs smote one another, and my teeth chattered with terror. When I had descended, I kept my eyes bent downwards, and was encouraged the nearer I got to the bottom. But on my ascent, though I looked all the while upwards, I was tremblingly alive to the fact, that I was ever getting into higher danger. I held the spread cords as with the gripe of death, never moving my eyes from the blackened main-rope. "There! there it goes!" I gasped the words; for did I not see first one ply of the triple-twisted line snap asun-

der, as it happened to touch a pointed piece of granite? And when once cut and liberated, did the ply not untwist and curl away from its coils? Did I not see another ply immediately follow in the same manner, leaving my life to the last brittle thread, which also began to grow attenuated, and to draw so fine, that it could not long have borne its own weight? I was speechless; the world whirled round, I became sightless, and when within one short foot of being landed, I fell!—I fell into the grasp of my friend, who, seeing me about to tumble out of the cradle from stupor, opportunely snatched and swung me, cradle and all, upon the rock. When strength returned, I ran from the edge of the precipice, still in the utmost trepidation, shaking fearfully, and giving unintelligible utterance to the agony of my awe-struck soul. And if my hair did not undergo an immediate change of colour, I was not without such an apprehension; for certainly it stood on end during my ascent from the floor of the Fairy's Palace.

THE LAST MAN.

[1] Deep melancholy but varied tone throughout the whole. [2] Increase of energy in the tone. [3] Tone of indifference. [4] Sorrow. [5] Courage and determination. [6] Confidence. [7] Bold, full tone.

[1] 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!

[2] 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 hy,
Saying—We are twins in death, proud sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy hids thee go;
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

[3] What, though beneath thee, man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs, that heneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang,
Entailed on human hearts.

Go—let ohlivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising heams recal
Life's tragedy again;
[4] Its piteous pageants bring not hack,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain, anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes ahhorred,
Or mown in hattle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
[5] Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling hreath
To see, thou shalt not hoast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet, think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
[6] 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!

[7] Go, sun, while mercy holds me np
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief, that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God! *Campbell.*

SHYLOCK, BASSANIO, AND ANTONIO.

[1] *Jew*, sly and hesitating: *Bass.* open and importunate; candid. [2] Innendo. [3] Offended honour. [4] Affected candour and consent. [5] Doubt and caution; utterance slow and sly. [6] Consent. [7] Hesitation. [8] Spoken in a doubtful tone. [9] Positive tone. [10] Sly, suspicious tone. [11] Openness. [12] Displeasure and refusal. [13] Malice, spoken in soliloquy. [14] Impatience. [15] Cunning pretext. [16] Indifference. [17] Sudden reflection. [18] Affected obeisance. [19] Hauteur and candour. [20] Inqniry, to Bassanio. [21] Slyness and caution. [22] Slow, sly calculation. [23] Grave, malicious, ironical accusation. [24] Bitter irony. [25] Independence. [26] Affected kindness. [27] Garrulousness. [28] Cheerfulness. [29] Donbt and refusal. [30] Confidence. [31] Affected serious accusation. [32] Affectation of friendship. [33] Apprehension. [34] Raillery. [35] Suspicion.

[1] *Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—well?
Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.
Shy. For three months,—well?
Bass. For the which, as I told yon, Antonio shall be bound.
Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well?
Bass. May yon stead me? Will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?
Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bonnd.
Bass. Yonr answer to that.
[2] *Shy.* Antonio is a good man?
[3] *Bass.* Have you heard any impntation to the contrary?
[4] *Shy.* Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is, to have yon to understand me, that he is snfficient: [5] yet his means are in snpposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover npon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England;—and other ventures

he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves—I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks! [6] The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—[7] three thousand dueats;—[8] I think I may take his bond.

[9] *Bass.* Be assured you may.

[10] *Shy.* I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

[11] *Bass.* If it please you to dine with us?

[12] *Shy.* Yes, to smell pork—to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following-but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

[13] *Shy.* How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest! Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him! [*Aside.*

[14] *Bass.* Shylock, do you hear?

[15] *Shy.* I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: [16] What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: [17] But soft; how many months
Do you desire?—[18] Rest you fair, good signior; [*To Ant.*
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

[19] *Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—[20] Is he yet possess'd
How much you would?

Shy. [18] Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

[21] *Shy.* I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—[22] But hear you;
Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage?

[19] *Ant.* I do never use it.
[22] *Shy.* Three thousand ducats!—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve—then, let me see—the rate.
[14] *Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
[23] *Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto have you rated me
About my moneys, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is mine own!
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys!—you say so—
[24] You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold:—moneys is your suit!
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money?—is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or,
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys!
[25] *Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends—(for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)—
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.
[26] *Shy.* Why, look you how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me!
This is kind I offer.
Ant This were kindness.
[27] *Shy.* This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport.
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are

Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
[28] *Ant.* Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.
[29] *Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
[30] *Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
[31] *Shy.* O father Abraham, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect
The thoughts of others!—[32] Pray you, tell me this
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
[28] *Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
[27] *Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight—
[33] See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave—and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*
[34] *Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.
[35] *Bass.* I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
[30] *Ant.* Come on: in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. *Shakespere.*

CICERO AGAINST VERRES.

[1] Narration. [2] Accusation. [3] Climax. [4] Remonstrance and determination. [5] Enumeration of grievous crimes; angry tones mingled with grief for the sufferers. [6] Angry address. [7] Appeal to their sense of justice. [8] Anger and sympathy. [9] Passion increased. [10] Abhorrence. [11] Solemn appeal to liberty. [12] Angry appeal. [13] Voice lowered but firm and angry.

[1] 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. [2] 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. [3] 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. [4] If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, our 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? [5] 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 religions 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 his 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 commonwealtb, 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 broke 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, thongh 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 jails; 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, bronght a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

[6] 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? [7] 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? [8] 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. [9] With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to he stripped, and rods to he brought; accusing him, hut without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that 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 hloody-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to he inflicted. [10] Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen puhlicly 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!—[11] Oh Liherty!—Oh sound, once delightful to every Roman ear!—Oh sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred!—now trampled upon! [12] 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, hind, 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?

[13] I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the most 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.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

[1] Alarm. [2] Bold description; tone full and elevated; utterance rapid. [3] Serious, solemn tone. [4] Awe. [5] Deep awe. [6] Proud, elevated tone. [7] Low, deep, solemn tone. [8] Triumph and delight. [9] Cheerfulness.

[1] THEY come—they come!
See, see the sabre flashing through the gloom,
And the deadly scythe from ont the hattle-car,
And the lance-head glittering like a haleful star,
Portending Israel's doom.
[2] Hark! to the rolling of the chariot-wheel,
And the neighing of the war-horse in his ire,
And the fearful straining of his hoof of steel,
Spurning the mountain-flint that flashes fire.
Hark to the hooming drum,
The braying of the trumpet and the hoastful cheer,
Pealing in horrid echoes on the frighted ear—
They come—they come.

They come—they come!
[2] Now, now they've clambered up the gorge's height,
And for a moment, in its rugged jaws
(Like a fierce mountain-torrent gathering all its might
In one huge billow, ere it burst its hanks at night)
They pause——
Pennon and scarf, and gallant plumage fair,
Spread out and fluttering on the mountain air,
Like ocean's whitening spray.
Hark! to the hum,
The cheer, the charge, the bursting battle-cry
Rider and steed and chariot headlong fly,
Down, down the mountain way
They come.

[3] "Thou Mighty of Battles, for Israel's sake,
Smite the crest of the horseman, the chariot-wheel hreak;
Check the speed of the swift, crush the arm of the strong,
And lead thine own people in safety along."

[4] Lo! 'twixt that dread, exultant host,
And Israel's chastened, timid throng,
The awful pillar-cloud has crossed,
And Egypt, in its shadow lost,
In blind rage gropes along.

Near and more near, with sullen roar,
  Beneath their feet the white surge raves;
The prophet-chief stands on the shore,
His eye upturned, his hand stretched o'er
  The phosphoresent waves.

5 Deep yawn the ocean's billows wild,
  Its coral depths disclosed are seen,
The lashing surge sinks calm and mild,
The mighty waves in walls are piled,
  And Israel walks between.

While ever through that fearful night,
  God's solemn, lustrous glory beams,
And safe beneath its holy light
His wondering people speed their flight
  Between the harmless streams.

6 Onward the vengeful Pharoah flies,
  'Mid Egypt's lordly chivalry—
The mists of heaven are in their eyes,
The greedy waves o'erwhelm their prize,
  And roar around in glee.

7 Slowly and chill, the morning spreads
  Its light along the lonely shore;
No billows lift their whitening heads,
The waves sleep in the cavern beds
  Of ages long before.

4 See where the glittering water laves
  The high and rugged coral coast;
The sea-bird screams along the waves,
And smells afar the timeless graves
  Of Egypt's once proud host.

8 But Israel's hymn is pealing far
  To God, that triumphs gloriously—
"The Lord, the mighty man of war,
That hurls the captain and his car
  Into the hungry sea."

9 And Israel's maids, with dance and glee,
  And timbrel sweet, take np the strain—
"The Lord hath triumphed gloriously;
The Lord hath crushed the enemy,
  And Israel's free again!"

Dublin University Magazine

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

[1] Solemn warning. [2] Supernatural vision. [3] Feeling deeper; tone more eager. [4] Grief. [5] Affected indifference. [6] Mixed affection and displeasure. [7] Serious warning. [8] Astonishment and awe. [9] Very solemn and earnest. [10] Anger, pride, and defiance. [11] Affectionate, very serious tone. [12] Confident tone. [13] Deep grief. [14] Great eagerness. [15] Horror. [16] Great anger, pride, defiance, and determination.

[1] *Wizard.* Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array;
[2] For a field of the dead rushes red on my 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.
[3] But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
[4] 'Tis thine, oh 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 on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden; that reeks with the blood of the brave.
[5] *Lochiel.* Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright!
[6] *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 foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
[7] But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
[8] 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.
[9] Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' 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.
[10] *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 bonnetted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——
[11] *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.
[12] I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
[2] Lo! anointed by Heaven with the 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!
[13] 'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores:
[14] 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?
[13] Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; [15] 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;
Accurs'd 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——
[16] *Lochiel.* Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Tho' my perishing ranks should be strewed 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.*

TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.

[1] Graphic description. [2] Gloomy tone. [3] Contrasted tone. [4] Slight horror. [5] Climax. [6] Fear, obsequiousness, solicitude. [7] Disgust. [8] Unnatural precipitancy. [9] Serious narrative. [10] Impassioned. [11] Elevated, patriotic tone.

[1] THE spectacles of a lifetime were indeed to be beheld within the compass of this one scene. The most vivid emotions to which all ranks and all ages are subject, were here in full play; all the various grouping which life affords was here presented; the entire elements of the scenery of human character were here congregated in infinite and magnificent combinations. The appeals to eye and ear alone were of unprecedented force; those addressed to the spirit equalled in stimulus the devotion of Leonidas in his defile, and excelled in pathos the meditation of Marius among more extensive ruins than those which were now tumbling around. From the heights of the fortress might be seen a heaving ocean of upturned faces, when the breeze dispersed at intervals the clouds of smoke which veiled the sun, [2] and gave a dun and murky hue to whatever lay beneath. [3] If a flood of sunshine now and then poured in to make a hundred thousand weapons glitter over the heads of the crowd, the black row of cannon belched forth their red fires to extinguish the purer light. [4] The foremost of the people, with glaring eyes, and blackened and grinning faces, looked scarcely human, in their excess of eagerness, activity, and strength. Yet more terrific were the sounds: [5] the clang of the tocsin at regular intervals, the shouts of the besiegers, the shrieks of the wounded, the roar of the fire which was consuming the guard-houses, the crash of the ruins falling on all sides, a heavy splash in the moat from time to time, as some one was toppled from the ramparts to be smothered in its mud,—and above all these the triumphant cries of victory and liberty achieved,—these were enough to dizzy weak brains, and give inspiration to strong ones. [3] Here were also the terrors which sooner or later chill the marrow of despotism, and the stern joy

with which its retribution fires the heart of the patriot. [6] Here were the servants of tyranny quailing before the glance of the people; kneeling soldiers craving mercy of mechanics, of women, of some of every class, whom, in execution of their fancied duty, they had outraged. [7] Here were men shrinking from violence with a craven horror, and women driven by a sense of wrong to show how disgusting physical courage may be made. [8] Here were also sons led on to the attack by their hitherto anxious fathers; husbands thrust forward into danger by their wives; and little children upreared by their mothers amidst the fire and smoke, to take one last look of the hated edifice which was soon to be levelled with the ground. [9] The towers of palaces might be seen afar, where princes were quaking at this final assurance of the downfal of their despotic sway, knowing that the assumed sanctity of royalty was being wafted away with every puff of smoke which spread itself over the sky, and their irresponsibility melting in fires lighted by the hands which they had vainly attempted to fetter, and blown by the breath which they had imagined they could stifle. [10] They had denied the birth of that liberty whose baptism in fire and in blood was now being celebrated in a many-voiced chant, with which the earth should ring for centuries. [11] Some from other lands were already present to hear and join in it; some free Britons to aid, some wondering slaves of other despots to slink homewards with whispered tidings of its import; for, from that day to this, the history of the fall of the Bastille has been told as a secret in the vineyards of Portugal, and among the groves of Spain, and in the patriotic conclaves of the youth of Italy, while it has been loudly and joyfully proclaimed from one end to the other of Great Britain, till her lisping children are familiar with the tale.—*Miss Martineau.*

ASPECT OF GREECE.

[1] Pathetic and varied to the end.

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,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner'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.
Her's 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 pass'd away—
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Byron.

THE FAT ACTOR AND THE RUSTIC.

[1] Humorous narrative and description. [2] Comic astonishment. [3] Puffy impatience. [4] Clownish surprise and humour.

[1] Cardinal Wolsey was a man
"Of an unbounded stomach," Shakespere says,
Meaning (in metaphor) for ever puffing
To swell beyond his size and span.
  But had he seen a player of our days,
Enacting Falstaff without stuffing,
He would have owned that Wolsey's bulk ideal
  Equalled not that within the bounds
  This actor's belt surrounds,
Which is, moreover, all alive and real.

This player, when the peace enabled shoals
Of our odd fishes
To visit every clime between the poles,
Swam with the stream, a histrionic kraken,
Although his wishes
Must not in this proceeding be mistaken:
For he went out professionally bent
To see how money might be made, not spent.
In this most laudable employ
He found himself at Lille one afternoon,
And that he might the breeze enjoy,
And catch a peep at the ascending moon
Out of the town, he took a stroll,
Refreshing in the fields his soul
With sight of streams, and trees, and snowy fleeces,
And thoughts of crowded houses and new pieces.
When we are pleasantly employed time flies:
He counted up his profits, in the skies,
Until the moon began to shine,
On which he gazed awhile, and then
Pulled out his watch, and cried, "Past nine!
[2] "Why, zounds, they shut the gates at ten!"
Backward he turned his steps instanter,
Stumping along with might and main;
And though 'tis plain
He couldn't gallop, trot, or canter,
(Those who had seen him, would confess it) he
Marched well for one of such obesity.
Eyeing his watch, and now his forehead mopping,
He puffed and blew along the road,
Afraid of melting, more afraid of stopping;
When in his path he met a clown
Returning from the town:
[3] "Tell me," he panted in a thawing state,
"Dost think I can get in, friend, at the gate?
"Get in," replied the hesitating loon,
Measuring with his eye our bulky wight,
"Why—yes, sir—I should think you might,
A load of hay went in this afternoon."

PATENT AND DOWLAS.

Example of the burlesque.

Pat. Walk in, Sir; your servant, Sir, your servant—have you any particular business with me?

Dow. Yes, Sir, my friends have lately discovered that I have a genius for the stage.

Pat. Oh, you would be a player, would you, Sir?—pray, Sir, did you ever play?

Dow. No, Sir, but I flatter myself—

Pat. I hope not, Sir; flattering one's self is the very worst of hypocrisy.

Dow. You'll excuse me, Sir.

Pat. Ay, Sir, if you'll excuse *me* for not *flattering* you.—I always speak my mind.

Dow. I dare say you will like my manner, Sir.

Pat. No manner of doubt, Sir—I dare say I shall—pray Sir, with which of the ladies are you in love?

Dow. In love, Sir!—ladies? [*Looking round.*

Pat. Ay, Sir, ladies—Miss Comedy or Dame Tragedy?

Dow. I'm vastly fond of Tragedy, Sir.

Pat. Very well, Sir; and where is your forte?

Dow. Sir?

Pat. I say, Sir, what is your department?

Dow. *Department?*—Do you mean my lodgings, Sir?

Pat. Your lodgings, Sir!—no, not I;—ha, ha, ha, I should be glad to know what department you would wish to possess in the tragic walk—the sighing lover, the furious hero, or the sly assassin?

Dow. Sir, I would like to play King Richard the Third.

Pat. An excellent character, indeed—a very good character, and I dare say you will play it vastly well, Sir.

Dow. I hope you'll have no reason to complain, Sir.

Pat. I hope not. Well, Sir, have you got any favourite passage ready?

Dow. I have it all by heart, Sir.

Pat. You have, Sir, have you?—I shall be glad to hear you.

Dow. Hem—hem—hem— [*Clearing his throat.*

What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground—I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death;
Oh! may such purple tears be always shed
For those who wish the downfall of our house;
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down ——— and say I sent thee thither,
I that have neither *pity*, *love*, nor *fear*.

Pat. Hold, Sir, hold—in pity hold, za, za, za, Sir—Sir—why Sir, 'tis not like humanity. You wont find me so great a barbarian as Richard:—you said he had neither *pity*, *love*, nor *fear*,—now, Sir, you will find that I am possessed of all these feelings for you at present,—I *pity* your *conceit*, I *love* to speak my mind; and—I *fear* you'll never make a player.

Dow. Do you think so, Sir?

Pat. Do I think so, Sir?—Yes, I know so, Sir!—now, Sir, only look at yourself—your two legs kissing as if they had fallen in love with one another;—and your arms dingle dangle, like the

fins of a dying turtle! [*mimics him*] 'pon my word, Sir, 'twill never do,—pray, Sir, are you of any profession?

Dow. Yes, Sir, a linen-draper!

Pat, A linen-draper! an excellent business; a very good business—you'll get more by that than by playing,—you had better mind your thrums and your shop—and don't pester me any more with your Richard and your—za, za, za,—this is a genius!—plague upon such geniuses I say.—*Carey.*

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

[1] Grave narrative. [2] Pleasure. [3] Graphic description. [4] Increasing tenderness. [5] Caution. [6] Hypocrisy. [7] Mimicry of age and infirmity. [8] Cordial welcome. [9] A tone of grief. [10] Inquiry. [11] Pretended anxiety. [12] Great delight. [13] Sympathy. [14] Transport and affection to the end.

[1] THE wars for many a month were o'er
Ere I could reach my native shed;
My friends ne'er hop'd to see me more,
And wept for me, as for the dead.

As I drew near, the cottage blaz'd,
The evening fire was clear and bright,
As through the window long I gaz'd,
And saw each friend with dear delight.

[3] My father in his corner sat,
My mother drew her useful thread;
My brothers strove to make them chat,
My sisters bak'd the household bread;

And Jean oft whispered to a friend,
And still let fall a silent tear;
But soon my Jessy's grief will end,—
She little thinks her Harry's near.

[5] What could I do? if in I went
Surprise would chill each tender heart;
Some story then I must invent,
And act the poor maim'd soldier's part.

I drew a bandage o'er my face,
And crooked up a lying knee;
And soon I found, in that best place,
Not one dear friend knew aught of me.

[6] I ventnr'd in;—Tray wagg'd his tail,—
He fawn'd, and to my mother ran:-
"Come here!" she cried, "what can he ail?"
While my feign'd story I began.

I chang'd my voice to that of age:—
[7] "A poor, old soldier lodging craves;"—
The very name their loves engage,—
[8] "A soldier! aye, the best we have."

My father then drew in a seat;—
"You're welcome," with a sigh, he said.
My mother fried her best hung meat,
And curds and cheese the table spread.

[9] "I had a son," my father cried,
"A soldier too, but he is gone;"—
[10] "Have you heard from him?" I replied,
"I left behind me many a one;—

"And many a message have I brought
To families I cannot find;—
[11] Long for John Goodman's have I sought,
To tell them Hal's not far behind."

[12] "Oh! does he live!" my father cried;—
My mother did not stay to speak;
My Jessy now I silent ey'd,
Who throbb'd as if her heart would break.

[13] My mother saw her catching sigh,
And hid her face behind the rock,
While tears swam round in every eye,
And not a single word was spoke.—

[14] "He lives indeed! this kerchief see;—
At parting his dear Jessy gave;
He sent it far, with love, by me,
To show he still escapes the grave."

An arrow, darting from a bow,
Could not more quick the token reach;
The patch from off my face I drew,
And gave my voice its well-known speech.

"My Jessy dear!" I softly said;—
She gaz'd, and answer'd with a sigh;
My sisters look'd, as half afraid;
My mother fainted quite for joy.

My father danc'd around his son,—
My brothers shook my hand away;—
My mother said, "her glass might run,
She car'd not now how soon the day."

"Hont, woman!" cried my father dear,—
"A wedding first, I'm sure, we'll have;
I warrant we'll live a hundred year,
Nay, may be, lass, escape the grave."

Miss Blamire.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

(*Written in Cherical, Malabar.*)

[1] A degree of contempt and grief. [2] Melancholy contrast and reminiscence. [3] Contempt. [4] Regret and sorrow. [5] Increased grief and contempt.

[1] Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
[2] The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
[3] Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

[4] Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thonghts that soared snblime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.

The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

[5] Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay! *Leyden.*

ON THE THREATENED INVASION IN 1803.

[1] Firm tone. [2] Proud reflection. [3] Indignation. [4] Bold, elevated tone. [5] Inciting. [6] Appeal to their love of liberty. [7] Beautiful climax. [8] Adulation. [9] Encouragement. [10] Reverence and adulation. [11] Enthusiasm and reverence. [12] Devotion.

[1] 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. [2] Freedom, driven from every spot on the Continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favorite abode: but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. [3] 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—[4] in the Thermopylæ of the world [5] 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 intrusted to your care; and on your conduct at this moment, depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. [6] 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? [7] 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 embellished 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. [8] 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 civilised world. [9] 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. [10] 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 parts: 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. [11] 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 favour-

able 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. [12] And Thou, sole Ruler among 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 spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with thine 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 SMUGGLER.

[1] Caution. [2] Jocularity. [3] Surprise. [4] Bustle and fear. [5] Alarm, increasing. [6] A gleam of hope. [7] Admiration and regret. [8] Faintishness and indignation. [9] Delight. [10] Pathos. [11] Great alarm: tone increasing in depth and loudness. [12] Despair. [13] Hope. [14] Dauntless bearing: tone of pride. [15] Tone subdued. [16] Joy, increasing to the end.

THE traffic's made, the treasure stow'd,
  The wind is fair, the sail is spread,
And labouring with the secret load,
  The little skiff scarce heaves her head.

[1] Now is the smuggler's hour of care;
  A weary watch he keeps; nor night
Nor day he rests; nor those who share
  The fortunes of the vent'rous wight.

[1] A veering course they steer, to shun
  The armed sail; and strive to reach
The nearest friendly land, and run
  For some safe creek, or shelter'd beach;

Which soon at night they near; and then
[2] Laugh at their fears and troubles o'er;
[3] When, lo! the wavy beacon's seen
To blaze!—an enemy's ashore!

[4] Down goes the helm, about the sheet—
The little bark obeys, and now,
To clear the fatal land must beat
The heavy surge with labouring prow.

She weathers it, when, [5] lo! a sail,
By the faint starlight gleam, they find
Has left the shore; as they can tell,
She is about a league behind,

In chase of them!—along the shore—
The smuggler knows it well—[6] there lies
A little creek, three leagues or more,
And thither will he bear his prize.

[7] Well sails the little bark! but vain
Her efforts; every knot they run
The stranger gains on them amain,
She nears them more than half a one!

[8] The smuggler thinks 'tis over now,
Thrice has he left the rudder, and
The fruitless dew-drops from his brow
Has dash'd with his indignant hand:

[9] When, lo! (and think you not there was
Some bright and pitying spirit there,
That hover'd o'er the smuggler, as
He gave the rudder to despair?)

[10] Just as the heavy tears begin,
Upon the smuggler's cheek to roll,
Warm from the not unholy shrine,
A husband's and a father's soul,

[9] The cutter springs her mast! and lies
A useless log upon the seas;
While the small skiff her wrath defies,
And likes the fair and fresh'ning breeze!

[11] Bnt look! what threatens yet behind?
The wrath-fraught waves swell high and proud,
It 'gins to grow a squally wind,
With many a little rugged cloud

Sailing before the muffled storm,
  Wrapp'd in a hundred clouds which frown
As dark as death, and giant forms
  Threat'ning to rush in thunders down,

In lightning and in deluge now
  It comes! it blows a hurricane!
Great is the roar above—below!—
  The flashes thick as the big rain

That beats and batters the huge wave,
  Sailing in wrath along! [12] What now
The smuggler's little skiff can save?
  [13] If heaven ordains, I think I know!

Her mainsail and her jib are down;
  Under her foresail reef'd she flies,
Through the black and fiery storm, whose frown
  Of death, the smuggler still defies.

[14] His dauntless arm the rudder rules,
  Erect his brow, and bold his mein;
And as it scowls at him, he scowls,
  And looks it in the face again!

All night it rages on; but now,
  [15] As night declines, it dies away;
And leaves the blessed east to show
  The rosy lids of waking day.

[16] And look! who stands upon the beach,
  And waves a welcome with her hand?
What little cherub strives to reach
  Its father from the nearing land?

Oh, treasures dear! what dome of state
  Or haunt of luxury and show,
Contains so blithe a joy as that
  The smuggler's hut will shelter now?

J. S. Knowles.

SUMMER.

[1] Delight: tones varied. [2] Joy. [3] Voice lowered, but full of cheerfulness. [4] Indifference. [5] Admiration. [6] Abrupt stop, as if listening; the same at the different clauses to the end: voice properly varied at each question and answer.

SUMMER is come again, waving her green garlandry over hill and valley, and bending the long grass with breezy footsteps in the

luxuriant meadows. She has spread her gorgeous carpet of crimson heath-bells over the wide forest-wastes, and brown moors, and left a deep twilight in the dense foliage of the trees: you hear her dear voice whispering through the green corn, and smell her fragrant breath in the balmy hay field; you catch the deep blue of her skiey eyes mirrored in the sleepy rivers, and see the skirts of her golden drapery trailing over a thousand flowers. She touches the green leaves with her sunny fingers; and they bonnd upon their branches in rustling music. The silvery willow nods gracefully before her, and the scarlet poppy waves its rich velvet banner as she passes. There is but one voice lifted up in earth exclaiming, "Summer is come again!" What is there so pleasant as to enter an old wood on a sultry summer's day, and to throw one's self at the root of some goodly tree on the cool moss or long grass? Perchance a brook murmurs at our feet, welling away between its shelving banks, now in sunshine, and now in shade, while myriads of lovely flowers bend over it, gazing upon their own beautiful forms; how like Narcissus appears a solitary primrose arching its slender stem, as if to kiss its own image in the clear waters; and it will die away gazing upon its own beauty! Oh, what delight to ramble from glen to glen, from thicket to thicket; How like Jason we seem, threading such leafy labyrinths? What if he bore off the golden fleece—cannot we carry home the golden saxifrage, with its rich wrought flowers? Poetry—nothing but dreamy poetry seems to haunt us here. Hark! heard you Ophelia singing, "Oh, willow, willow!" No! it was but the dashing water. Surely yonder is Una leading her milk-white lamb! passed she not the glade? No! 'twas but a sunbeam that fell for a moment upon the white trunk of a noble tree, then vanished. But did not Gurth, the swine-herd, blow his horn, or did he laugh at Wamba's jest? No! 'twas but the woodpecker that sent his merry laugh through the greenwood. Hark! it "came as near as near could be!" Was it not Geraldine complaining to Christabel that they had bound her to a palfrey white! No! 'twas mercly the wood pigeon cooing to its distant mate. Oh! delusive poetry! dreamy old wood! I will shut mine eyes, and then I shall hear nymph, and faun, and dryad, steal lightly past me, as if afraid to waken the flowers!"—*Beauties of the Country by Thomas Miller.*

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION.*

[1] Respectful and affectionate. [2] Trite reflection, solemnly uttered. [3] Cunningly sounding the *mobility*. [4] It may be conceived, but cannot be explained how this sentence should be uttered; it is the prologue to the whole speech. [5] Grief and affection. [6] Deeply earnest. [7] Very cunning reminiscence. [8] Appeal to justice and generosity. [9] Cunning, pathetic innuendo. [10] Very slight sneer. [11] Sneer increased. [12] Being afraid he has gone too far; he here recovers himself, and becomes earnest. [13] Real and overpowering grief. [14] Proud, patriotic reflection, ending in grief. [15] Affected respect. [16] Very emphatic and cunning. [17] Very emphatic, earnest climax. [18] He now sees he has triumphed over their feelings, and becomes more earnest. [19] Particularly pointed. [20] Tone instinct with bitterness. [21] Very earnest, and sad. [22] Grief and affection. [23] Very, very bitter; proud, confident tone. [24] Affected urbanity and alarm. [25] Affected plainness and sneer. [26] Very pathetic. [27] Complete triumph: tone and look overwhelming.

[1] 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!—[3] The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious—
If he was so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it!
[4] Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man!
So they are all, all! honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
[5] He was my friend, faithful and just to me—
[6] But Brutus says he was ambitious—
And Brutus is an hononrable man!
[7] He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
[8] Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
[9] When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.
[10] Ambition should be made of sterner stuff!—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man!
[7] You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?—
[11] Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honourable man!
[12] I speak, not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.

* In all Shakespere this is the most difficult speech to speak or read properly.

You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him:
[13] O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—[13] Bear with me!
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;
And I must pause till it come back to me!
[14] But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world—now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence!
[15] 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—
[16] 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!—
[8] But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar—
I found it in his closet—'tis his will!
[9] Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,
[17] 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!
[18] If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle! [9] I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent—
[19] That day he overcame the Nervii!——
[20] Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through!—
See what a rent the envious Casca made!——
[15] 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!
[19] This, this was the 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!
[21] 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!
[22] Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops!
Kind souls! [23] 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!——
[24] Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To snch a sudden flood of mutiny!
[23] 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 reason answer you.
[25] I come 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 loves his friend—and that they know full well,
That gave me pnblic 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;
[26] Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths
And bid them speak for me. [26] 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
[27] The stones of Rome to risc and mutiny! *Shakespere.*

THE OWL.

[1] Descriptive; half burlesque. [2] Delight. [3] Question. [4] Sadness. [5] Half admiration, half burlesque. [6] Cheerful tone. [7] Alarm. [8] Hope. [9] Suspicion. [10] Content. [11] Dissatisfied. [12] Great grief. [13] Grief and horror. [14] Frantic agony. [15] Fear. [16] Agony and desperation. [17] Continued sorrow. [18] Surprise. [19] Avengeful gladness. [20] Admiration aud grief. [21] Fear. [22] Wrath. [23] Disappointment and fear. [24] Sad narrative. [25] Very firm tone. [26] Gloomy tone.

[1] THERE sat an owl in an old oak tree,
Whooping very merrily;
He was considering, as well he might,
Ways and means for a supper that night:
He look'd about with a solemn scowl,
Yet very happy was the owl,
For, in the hollow of that oak tree,
There sat his wife, and his children three.

She was singing one to rest,
Another, under her downy breast
'Gan trying his voice, to learn her song,
The third (a hungry owl was he)
Peep'd slyly out of the old oak tree,
And peer'd for his dad, and said, "You're long;"
But he hooted for joy, when he presently saw
His sire, with a full grown mouse in his claw.
Oh what a supper they had that night!
All was feasting and delight;
Who most can chatter, or cram, they strive,
They were the merriest owls alive.

[3] What then did the old owl do?
[4] Ah! not so gay was his next too-whoo!
It was very sadly said,
For after his children had gone to bed,
He did not sleep with his children three,
[5] For, truly, a gentleman owl was he,
Who would not on his wife intrude,
When she was nursing her infant brood,
So not to invade the nursery,
He slept outside the hollow tree.

So when he awoke at the fall of the dew,
He call'd his wife with a loud too-whoo;
[6] "Awake, dear wife, it is evening gray,
And our joys live from the death of day."
He call'd once more, [7] and he shudder'd when
No voice replied to his voice again;
[8] Yet still unwilling to believe,
That Evil's raven wing was spread,
Hovering over his guiltless head,
[9] And shutting out joy from his hollow tree.
"Ha—ha—they play me a trick," quoth he,
"They will not speak,—[10] well, well, at night
They'll talk enough, I'll take a flight."
[11] But still he went not in nor out,
But hopp'd uneasily about.

[3] What then did the father owl?
He sat still, until below
[12] He heard cries of pain and woe,
And saw his wife and children three,
In a young boy's captivity.
He follow'd them with noiseless wing,
Not a cry once uttering.

They went to a mansion tall,
He sat in a window of the hall;

And he heard the hall with laughter ring,
When the boy said, "Blind they'll learn to sing;"
[13] And he heard the shriek, when the hot steel pin
Through their eyeballs was thrust in!
[14] He felt it all! Their agony
Was echoed by his frantic cry,
His scream rose up with a mighty swell,
And wild on the boy's fierce heart it fell;
[15] It quail'd him, as he shuddering said,
"Lo, the little birds are dead."
[16] —But the father owl!
He tore his breast in his despair,
And flew he knew not, reck'd not, where!

[3] But whither then went the father owl,
With his wild stare and deathly scowl?
[17] Many seasons travell'd he,
With his load of misery,
Striving to forget the pain
Which was clinging to his brain;
But all in vain his wanderings were,
He could not from his memory tear
The things that had been, still were there.

One night, very, very weary,
He sat in a hollow tree,
With all his thoughts—ah! all so dreary
For his only company;—
[18] He heard something—'twas a stroke
Strong on the root of the sturdy oak;
It shook him from his reverie—
[19] He looked down, and he might see
A stranger close to the hollow tree!
His looks were haggard, wild, and bad,
Yet the owl knew in the man, the lad
Who had destroy'd him!—he was glad!

[20] And a lady, once lovely, too, was there,
But now no longer bright nor fair;
She was lying on the ground,
Mute and motionless, no sound
Came from her coral lips, for they
Were seal'd in blood; and, as she lay,
Her locks, of the sun's most golden gleam,
Were dabbled in the crimson stream,
Which ran all wildly forth to meet,
And cling around the murderer's feet.

He was digging a grave—the bird
Shriek'd aloud—[21] the murderer heard

Once again that boding scream,
And saw again those wild eyes gleam—
And [22] "Curse on the fiend," he cried, and flung
His mattock up—[23] it caught and hung—
The felon stood awhile aghast—
Then fled through the forest—fast, fast, fast.

[25] The harden'd murderer hath fled—
But the owl kept watch by the shroudless dead;
Until came friends with the early day,
And bore the mangled corse away—
Then, cutting the air all silently,
He fled away from the old oak tree.

Why is the crowd so great to-day,
And why do the people shout "Huzza!"
And why is yonder felon given
Alone to feed the birds of Heaven?
[3] Had he no friend, now all is done,
To give his corse a grave? [25] not one.

Night has fallen. [3] What means that cry
Descending from the gibbet high?
[26] There sits on its top a lonely owl,
With a staring eye, and a dismal scowl;
And he screams aloud, "Revenge is sweet!"
His mortal foe is at his feet.

ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.

[1] Bold flattering address; tone of anger when alluding to the invaders. [2] Anger and contempt. [3] Patriotism, love and adoration. [4] Sneer. [5] Climax: tone firm, and increasing in energy to the end.

[1] 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.—[2] They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule;—[3] we, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—[2] They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate;—[3] we serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore.—[2] Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress!—Whene'er they pause in amity, affliction

mourns their friendship.—[4] They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! —[2] Yes,—they—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride!—[4] They offer us their protection.—[2] Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them!—[4] They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.—[5] 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.*

THE BATTLE OF ASSYE.

[1] Cheerfulness and admiration. [2] Tone of regret. [3] Deep tone, mingled with awe. [4] Tone a little elevated, tinctured with fear. [5] Great admiration. [6] Pride and confidence. [7] Alarm and doubt. [8] Admiration, confidence and courage. [8] Firm caution. [10] Energetic tone; varied to the description. [11] Sorrow. [12] Pride and patriotism.

[1] UPROSE the star of morning bright,
And scattered far the shades of night
  From India's flowery plains—
Uprose each spirit of the day,
In all the hues of nature gay,
  And burst the vocal strains.
The woodland rang with morning hymn
That flowed from out its coverts dim
  From many a hidden lyre:
And eke to greet the smiles of morn
Soft murmurs from the streams were borne;
The Juah and the Katna rolled
Beneath the sun like molten gold
  Or streams of liquid fire:—
All nature seemed in holy mood,
[2] Unconscious of the tide of blood
  That, ere the setting sun,
Would steep the sward and smiling flowers
In life-destroying crimson showers
  Ere red Assye was won.

[3] A murmur came upon the breeze—
Like rustling of the forest trees

[4] When suddenly the fleet winds sweep
Along its leafy windings deep—
And, as the morning grew more clear,
It rang more loud and sounded near,
Till shone unveiled the eye of day
Upon the fierce and bold array
Of the swart hosts, whose glittering ranks
Stood marshall'd on the Katna's banks:—
[5] A glorious sight when viewed afar
The dazzling pomp of Eastern war,
Whose silken banners full displayed
The rainbow's hues in every shade—
The war-steed's trappings richly gilt—
The sabre's flash and jewell'd hilt—
The burnish'd bay'net—and the lance—
And the dark warrior's darker glance,
Whose flowing garb in many a fold
Seem'd starred with gems and bound with gold:—
All seem'd a thousand-colour'd blaze
When mingled with the morning's rays.

[6] And Scindiah looked with haughty pride
Upon that host at morning's tide
Which gallantly obeyed his call;
Nor ween'd that, ere the evening's fall,
That ground on which his thousands stood
Should drink in streams their reeking blood;
And that, ere closed another day,
Their limbs should feast the beasts of prey.
[7] He started! when he view'd afar
The island-soldier's rising star—
Its rays were like the morning light,
For vict'ry's smiles had wreathed it bright.
[8] Beneath its beam a gallant band—
The warriors of a mountain land—
Moved forward in that bold array
Which oft has struck with dark dismay
The countless hosts of many a land
That dared to meet them hand to hand.—
[9] When Wellesley had viewed around,
With eagle glance, the battle-ground,
Their war-cry came upon the blast:
[10] Onward they sped—the Katna pass'd
Amidst that awful storm—
The varied shouts that rent the air—
The yells of triumph and despair—
Told that grim death was busy there
In many a horrid form.

On Wallace dashed amidst his band—
And Harris bold, with sword in hand,
  Cheer'd on his fearless train—
And Maxwell brave, who onward led
The Nineteenth over heaps of dead,
  Was number'd with the slain.

[11] Ah! long may Britain vainly weep
Her gallant warriors gone to sleep
  Upon that fearful plain;
No roll-call at the break of morn,
Nor stirring blast of bugle horn,
  Shall rouse their might again.
[12] Yet tho' no trumpet's piercing sound
Can wake them from their sleep profound,
  Their fame shall never die;
While noble deeds have power to charm,
Their memory lives secure from harm,
  The conquerors of Assye.

John Cameron.

CLIMAXES.

To be used as Exercises for strengthening the voice.

'Tis list'ning fear and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls: but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds; till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts
And opens wider; shuts and opens still,
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze:
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a *man*

I conjure you by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Tho' you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; tho' the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Tho' bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Tho' castles topple on their warders' heads;
Tho' palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; tho' the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble altogether,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself;
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind. *Shakespere.*

PRAXIS ON POINTS AND CAPITAL LETTERS.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

Who has eer 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 appeared like a tun or like two single gentlemen rolled into one he entered his rooms and to bed he retreated but all the night long he felt fevered and heated and though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep he was not by any means heavy to sleep next week twas the same and the next and the next he perspired like an ox he was nervous and vexed week passed 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 ladys loose gown hung about him he sent for a doctor and cried like a ninny i have lost many pounds make me well theres a guinea the doctor looked wise a slow fever he said prescribed sudorifics and going to bed sudorifics in bed exclaimed will are humbugs ive enough of them there without paying for drugs will kicked out the doctor but when ill indeed een dismissing the doctor dont always succeed so calling his host he said sir do you know im 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 im bold i have been so very hot that im sure ive caught cold quoth the landlord till now

i neer had a dispute ive let lodgings ten years im 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 cried will in a taking who would not be crusty with half a years baking will paid for his rooms cried the host with a sneer well i see youve been going away half a year friend we cant well agree yet no quarrel will said but id rather not perish while you make your bread.—*Colman.*

THE WELL OF ST KEYNE.

A well there is in the west country and a clearer one never was seen there is not a wife in the west country but has heard of the well of st keyne an oak and an elm tree stand beside and behind does an ash tree grow and a willow from the bank above droops to the water below a traveller came to the well of st keyne joyfully he drew nigh for from cock crow he had been travelling and there was not a cloud in the sky he drank of the water so cool and clear for thirsty and hot was he and he sat down upon the bank under the willow tree there came a man from the neighbouring town at the well to fill his pail on the well side he rested it and he bade the stranger hail now art thou a bachelor stranger quoth he for an if thou hast a wife the happiest draught thou hast drunk this day that ever thou didst in thy life or has thy good woman if one thou hast ever here in cornwall been for an if she have ill venture my life she has drank of the well of st keyne i have left a good woman who never was here the stranger he made reply but that my draught should be better for that i pray you answer me why st keyne quoth the cornishman many a time drank of this crystal well and before the angel summoned her she laid on the water a spell if the husband from this gifted well shall drink before his wife a happy man henceforth he is for he shall be master for life but if the wife shall drink of it first o pity the husband then the stranger stooped to the well of st keyne and drank of the water again i warrant you drank of the well betimes he to the cornishman said but the cornishman smiled as the stranger spake and sheepishly shook his head i hastened as soon as the wedding was done and left my wife in the porch but in truth she had been wiser than i for she took a bottle to church.—*Southey.*

LUCIUS SPEECH FOR PEACE.

My thoughts i must confess are turnd on peace already have our quarrels filld the world with widows and with orphans scythia mourns our guilty wars and earths remotest regions lie half-unpeopled by the feuds of rome tis time to sheath the sword and spare mankind it is not cæsar but the gods my fathers the gods declare

against us and repel our vain attempts to urge the foe to battle prompted by blind revenge and wild despair were to refnse the awards of providcnce and not to rest in heavens determination already have we shown our love to rome now let us show submission to the gods wc took up arms not to revenge ourselves but free the commonwealth when this end fails arms have no further use our countrys cause that drew our swords now wrests them from our hands and bids us not delight in roman blood unprofitably shed what mcn could do is done already heaven and earth will witness if rome must fall that we are innocent.—*Addison.*

SEMPRONIUS SPEECH FOR WAR.

My voice is still for war gods can a roman senate long dcbate which of the two to choose slavcry or death no let us rise at once gird on our swords and at the head of our remaining troops attack the foe break through the thick array of his throngd legions and charge home upon him perhaps some arm more lucky than the rcst may reach his heart and free the world from bondage rise fathers rise tis rome demands your help rise and revenge her slaughterd citizens or share their fate the corpse of half her senate manure the fields of thessaly while we sit here deliberating in cold debates if we should sacrifice our lives to honour or wear them out in servitude and chains rouse up for shame our brothers of pharsalia point at their wounds and cry aloud to battle great pompeys shade complains that we are slow and scipios ghost walks unrevenged amongst us.—*Addison.*

THE BETTER LAND.

I hear thee speak of the better land thou callest its children a happy band mother o where is that radiant shore shall we not seek it and weep no more is it where the flower of the orange blows and the fire flies dance through the myrtle boughs not there not there my child is it where the feathery palm trecs rise and the date grows ripe under sunny skies or midst the green islands on glittering seas where fragrant forests perfume the breeze and strange bright birds on thcir starry wings bcar the rich hues of all glorious things not there not there my child is it far away in some region old where the rivers wander oer sands of gold where the burning rays of the ruby shine and the diamond lights up the secret mine and the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand is it there sweet mother, that better land not there not there my child eye hath not seen it my gentle boy ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy dreams cannot picture a world so fair sorrow and death may not entcr there time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom for beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb it is there it is there my child.

Hemans.

GREECE.

Clime of the unforgotten brave whose land from plain to mountain cave was freedoms home or glorys grave shrine of the mighty can it be that this is all remains of thee approach thou craven crouching slave say is not this thermopylæ these waters blue that round you lave oh servile offspring of the free pronounce what sea, what shore is this the gulf the rock of salamis these scenes their story not unknown arise and make again your own snatch from the ashes of your sires the embers of their former fires and he who in the strife expires will add to theirs a name of fear that tyranny shall quake to hear, and leave his sons a hope a fame they too will rather die than shame for freedoms battle once begun bequeathed by bleeding sire to son though baffled oft is ever won bear witness greece thy living page attest it many a deathless age while kings in dusty darkness hid have left a nameless pyramid thy heroes though the general doom hath swept the column from their tomb a mightier monument command the mountains of their native land there points thy muse to strangers eye the graves of those that cannot die twere long to tell and sad to trace each step from splendour to disgrace enough no foreign foe could quell thy soul till from itself it fell yes self abasement paved the way to villain bonds and despot sway.—*Byron.*

LORD ULLINS DAUGHTER.

A chieftain to the highlands bound cries boatman do not tarry and ill give thee a silver pound to row us oer the ferry now who be ye would cross lochgyle this dark and stormy water o im the chief of ulvas isle and this lord ullins daughter and fast before her fathers men three days weve 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 outspoke the hardy highland wight ill go my chief im 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 tho the waves are raging white ill row you oer 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 tho tempests round us gather ill 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 gatherd oer her and still they rowed amidst the roar of waters fast prevailing lord ullin reachd that fatal shore his wrath was changed to wailing for sore

dismayd through storm and shade his child he did discover one lovely arm she stretchd for aid and one was round her lover come back come back he cried in grief across this stormy water and ill forgive your highland chief my daughter oh my daughter twas vain the loud waves lashd the shore return or aid preventing the waters wild went oer his child and he was left lamenting.—*Campbell.*

BRUTUS ADDRESS 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 cæsars to him i say that brutuss 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 whos here so base that would be a bondman if any speak for him have i offended whos here so rude that would not be a roman if any speak for him have i offended whos 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 tho 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.

Shakespere.

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