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JOHN D. PHILBRICK,

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STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY

H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.**PREFACE.**

The design of this book is twofold,—to meet the present demand for new selections suited to the spirit of the hour, and also to furnish a choice collection of standard pieces for elocutionary exercises on which time has set its lasting seal. In the execution of this design no pains have been spared in selecting and preparing the best pieces, both new and old.

The extracts from recent productions, numbering about one hundred, by more than fifty different authors, are now for the first time presented in a Speaker. They are for the most part the eloquent utterances of our best orators and poets, inspired by the present national crisis, and are therefore "all compact of the passing hour," breathing "the fine sweet spirit of nationality,—the nationality of America." They give expression to the emotions excited, the hopes inspired, and the duties imposed by this stormy and perilous period. They afford brilliant illustrations of the statesmanship of the crisis. Sumner exposes the origin and mainspring of the rebellion, Douglass strips off its pretext, Everett paints its crime, Boutwell boldly proclaims its remedy in emancipation, and Banks pronounces a benediction on the first act of reconstruction on the solid basis of freedom to all. They furnish also an epitome of the convict of arms. Bryant utters the rallying cry to the people, Whittier responds in the united voice of the North, Holmes sounds the grand charge, Pierpont gives the command "Forward!" Longfellow and Boker immortalize the unconquerable heroism of our braves on sea and land, and Andrew and Beecher speak in tender accents the gratitude of loyal hearts to our fallen heroes.

These new pieces will for a time receive the preference over old ones, and some of them will survive the period which called them forth. But to insure for the work, if possible, a permanent value as a Standard Speaker for students of common schools, higher seminaries and colleges, the greater part of the selections, nearly three hundred in number, have been chosen from those of acknowledged excellence, and of unquestionable merit as exercises for recitation and declamation. This department comprises every variety of style necessary in elocutionary culture.

Another important feature of the collection is the introduction of those masterpieces of oratory—long excluded from books of this class, though now rendered appropriate by the new phase of public opinion, which advocate the inalienable rights of man, and denounce the crime of human bondage. Aware of the deep and lasting power which pieces used for declamation exert in moulding the ideas and opinions of the young, it has been my aim to admit only such productions as inculcate the noblest and purest sentiments, teaching patriotism, loyalty, and justice, and bring the youthful heart with ambition to be useful, and with heroic devotion to duty.

The text of the extracts has been made to conform to that of the most authentic editions of the works of their authors. Some pieces which have heretofore been presented in a mutilated form, are here restored to their original completeness. Where compression or abridgment has been necessary, it has been executed with caution, and with strict regard to the sentiments and ideas of the authors. Fully convinced that elaborate treatises on elocution more appropriately form separate publications, nothing of the kind has been included in this volume. A summary of practical suggestions to teachers and students was thought to form a more useful

introduction. For the sake of artistic beauty in the page, as well as for the convenience of the student, the notes and explanatory remarks necessary for the proper understanding of the pieces, have been thrown together at the end of the volume, and so arranged that reference to them can be easily made.

This work, the preparation of which has been a recreation rather than a labor—an agreeable diversion from the daily routine of a laborious office,—is the embodiment of the experience and observation of twenty-five years, with reference to this description of literature. It originated in a desire to contribute something to the furtherance of the right education of the young men of my country, and the extent to which it promotes this object, will in my estimation, be the measure of its success.

Boston, July 4, 1864.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON DECLAMATION.

It is not my purpose to present here a theory of elocution, or a systematic treatise on the art of speaking. My object will be accomplished if I succeed in furnishing a summary of practical suggestions and hints on the subject of declamation which shall prove useful both to student and to such teachers as have not made the study of elocution a specialty.

That a correct and impressive elocution is a desirable attainment, few will venture to deny. In my judgment it is the crowning grace of a liberal education. To the highest success in those professions which involve public speaking, it is, of course, indispensable. No person, whatever is to be his destination in life, who aspires to a respectable education and to mingle in good society, can afford to dispense with this accomplishment. If a young man means to succeed in life and attain distinction and influence, he should spare no pains in the cultivation of the faculty of speech. The culture of his vocal organs should keep pace with the culture of his mental powers. While acquiring a knowledge of literature and science, he should also form the habit of speaking his vernacular with propriety, grace, ease, and elegance, sparing no effort to acquire what has been aptly called "the music of the phrase; that clear, flowing, and decided sound of the whole sentence, which embraces both tone and accent, and which is only to be learned from the precept and example of an accomplished teacher."

As a means of acquiring an appropriate, effective, and graceful elocution for the purposes of conversation, reading, and public speaking, the exercise of declamation, when properly conducted, cannot be too highly valued. It must be confessed, however that the practice of declaiming as managed in some institutions, is comparatively useless, if not positively

injurious. Hence arises the prejudice against it which exists in some quarters. And it is not surprising that the results of declamation should be unsatisfactory, considering the defective methods of conducting it, which are still prevalent in not a few places. What can be expected of declamation which consists in repeating on the stage a few pieces,—injudiciously selected and imperfectly committed,—without previous or accompanying vocal training? The remarks of Dr. Rush, on this topic, though made more than a quarter of a century ago, are still to some extent applicable. "Go to some, may I say all, of our colleges and universities, and observe how the art of speaking is not taught. See a boy of but fifteen treats sent upon the stage, pale and choking with apprehension, in an attempt to do that, without instruction, which he came purposely to learn; and furnishing amusement to his classmates, by a pardonable awkwardness, which should be punished in the person of his pretending but neglectful preceptor with little less than scourging. Then visit a conservatory of music; observe there the orderly tasks, the masterly discipline, the unwearied superintendence and the incessant toil to produce accomplishment of voice; and afterward do not be surprised that the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the chair of the medical professorship are filled with such abominable drawlers, mouthers, mumblers, clutterers, squeakers, chanters, and mongers in monotony; nor that the schools of singing are constantly sending abroad those great instances of vocal wonder, who draw forth the intelligent curiosity and produce the crowning delight and approbation of the prince and the sage."

This eminent writer's great work on the Philosophy of the Human Voice has done much to correct the evil which he so graphically described. There are now some schools and colleges to be found in which elocution is taught with much skill and success. Among the disciples of Dr. Rush who have most successfully cultivated the art of elocution in America, the foremost place belongs to Professor William Russell, whose valuable and protracted labors in this department of education, both as an author and a practical instructor, merit the highest commendation.

As the first of my recommendations, I would, at the outset, strenuously insist on the importance of systematic vocal culture, which implies the training of the ear to perceive the various qualities and modifications of vocal expression, and the training of the voice to produce them. All the different functions of the voice employed in speech should be analytically exemplified by the teacher, and practised by the pupil, in the reading or recitation of short passages in which they are well illustrated, such as may be found in any good manual of elocution. This kind of teaching is to elocution what practice upon the scale is to music, and what the practice of the eye upon the harmony and contrast of colors is to painting.

This course of training naturally divides itself into two departments:—first that which is mechanical; and, secondly, that which relates to the expression of thought and emotion.

I. THAT WHICH IS MECHANICAL.

BREATHING. The human voice is a musical instrument, an organ of exquisite contrivance and adaptation of parts. Breath being the material of its sound, vocal training should begin with the function of breathing. Vigorous respiration is as essential to good elocution as it is to good health. To secure this it is necessary, in the first place, to attend to the posture, taking care to give the utmost freedom, expansion, and capacity to the chest, and then to exercise and develop all the muscles employed in respiration, so that they may be habitually used with

energy and power, both in the inhalation and expulsion of the breath. Whenever the voice is to be used in speaking, reading, singing, or animated conversation, the pupil should be required to assume the proper position, and to bring into exercise the whole muscular apparatus of the vocal organs, including the muscles of the abdomen, of the back, of the ribs, and of the chest. Elocutionary exercises, especially that of declamation, thus practised with a due regard to the function of breathing, become highly beneficial in a hygienic point of view, imparting health and vigor to the whole physical system. The want of this kind of training is the cause of much of the bronchial disease with which clergymen and other public speakers are afflicted. In the excellent work on Elocution, by Russell and Murdock, the following exercises in breathing are prescribed and explained:—"Attitude of the body and position of the organs; deep breathing; diffusive or tranquil breathing; expulsive or forcible breathing; explosive or abrupt breathing; sighing; sobbing; gasping; and panting."

Experience has proved that the respiratory organs are susceptible of a high degree of development, and it is well known that the strength of the voice depends on the capacity, health, and action of those organs. It is therefore of paramount importance that elocutionary culture should be based on the mechanical function of respiration. And while the elocutionist trains his pupils in such breathing exercises as are above named, he is at the same time giving the very best part of physical education; for the amount of vital power, as well as the amount of vocal power, depends upon the health and vigor of the respiratory process. Few are aware how much may be effected by these exercises, judiciously practiced, in those constitutions where the chest is narrow, indicating a tendency to pulmonary disease. In all such cases, regularly repeated deep inspirations are of the highest value. It should be observed that these exercises are best performed in the open air, or, at least, in a well-ventilated room, the windows being open for the time. But no directions however wise or minute, can supersede the necessity of a competent teacher in this branch of physical and vocal training, and I cannot dismiss this topic without expressing my high appreciation of the value of the labors of that great master of the science of vocal culture, Prof. Lewis B. Monroe, of Boston, who is probably unsurpassed in this, or any other country, as a practical teacher of the mechanism and physiology of speech. Already the benefit of his instruction in this department of education is widely felt, and I omit no opportunity to advise teachers to avail themselves of a longer or shorter course of his admirable training. For if there is any accomplishment which a teacher should be unwilling to forego, it is that, of skill in elocution.

ARTICULATION. A good articulation consists in giving to each letter its appropriate sound, and to each syllable and word an accurate, forcible, and distinct utterance, according to an approved standard of pronunciation.

This is what constitutes the basis of all good delivery. It has been well said that good articulation is to the ear what a fair hand or a clear type is to the eye. Austin's often-quoted description of a good articulation must not be omitted here. "In just articulation, the words are not to be hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable; nor as it were melted together into a mass of confusion. They should be neither abridged nor prolonged, nor swallowed, nor forced; they should not be trailed, nor drawled, nor let to slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They are to be delivered out from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession, and of due weight." Good articulation is not only necessary to the

speaker, as a condition of being heard and understood, but it is a positive beauty of delivery, for the elementary sounds of speech, when properly uttered, are in themselves both agreeable and impressive. For the attainment of this desirable accomplishment, three classes of exercises are necessary. 1. Upon the separate elementary sounds of the language, both vowels and consonants; 2. Upon their various combinations, both such as constitute syllables and such as do not, and especially the more difficult combinations of consonants; and, 3. Upon words; spelling them by sounds, that is, uttering the elementary sounds separately, and then the whole word.

Respecting these exercises, Dr. Rush observes:— "When the elements are pronounced singly, they may receive a concentration of organic effort, which gives them a clearness of sound, and a definiteness of outline, if I may so speak, at their extremes, that make a fine preparation for a distinct and forcible pronunciation of the compounds of speech." By elementary sounds is here meant the forty-two sounds of the language which are represented by the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. They are represented in the following

TABLE OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

VOWELS.

1. e, eve. 7. a, arm. 13. o, move. 2. i, in. 8. a, all. 14. u, full. 3. a, ale. 9. o, on. 15. u, tune. 4. e, end. 10. e, err. 16. i, isle. 5. a, air. 11. o, own. 17. oi, oil. 6. a, and. 12. u, un. 18. ou, our.

CONSONANTS.

1. p, rope. 9. th, bath. 17. ch, etch. 2. b, robe. 10. th, bath. 18. dg,(j) edge. 3. f, safe. 11. s, buss. 19. sh, rash. 4. v, save. 12. z, buzz. 20. g,(zh) rouge. 5. m, seem. 13. l, feel. 21. k, rack. 6. w, way. 14. r, fear. 22. g, rag. 7. t, feet. 15. n, seen. 23. ng, sing. 8. d, feed. 16. y, yea. 24. h, hay.

Pronounce the word eve, for example, slowly and distinctly, observing the sounds which compose the word, and the movements of the organs in producing them. Then enunciate singly the sound which the letter standing on the left has in the word. When a distinct idea of each sound has been acquired, the practice on the separate elements may be continued without pronouncing the words. I have heard these sounds given with distinctness by children five or six years of age. Indeed they should always be taught with the alphabet.

The next step in articulation proceeds with the combinations of the elementary sounds. The most common combinations of consonantal sounds in pairs are those represented in the following

TABLE OF COMBINED CONSONANTS.

pl lf zm zn kr vd rth bl lv mp ln pr zd nth fl lt mf rn rp
gd thz vl ld mt nt rb bz thr tl ls md nd rf vz thn dl lz mz

ns rv dz lch sl lk pn nz rt gz rch zl lg fn pr rd nk nch kl
 lm vn br rz ks ndg(j) gl ln tn fr rk kt shr lp rm dn tr rg st
 ndg lb sm sn dr bd sp ndz

When the simpler combinations have become familiar, the more difficult, consisting of three or four consonants, should be practised upon. Finally, words should be pronounced simply as words, giving attention solely to the articulation. Not that the first steps are expected to be perfect before the succeeding ones are attempted, but that attention should be given to only one thing at a time, a grand maxim in education, when rightly understood. These exercises should be commenced with the first steps in reading, and continued until the articulation is perfected, and the student has acquired facility as well as precision, grace as well as force, and distinctness and ease have been united and permanently secured.

I would not be understood to affirm that the mode here pointed out is the only one by which a good articulation can be acquired. If a child is brought up among persons whose articulation is good, and if, from the earliest years, he is trained to speak with deliberation and distinctness, he will in most cases have a good articulation for conversational purposes, without special drilling on the elements.

II. THAT WHICH RELATES TO THE EXPRESSION OF THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS, INCLUDING THE QUALITIES AND MANAGEMENT OF THE VOICE.

This branch of vocal gymnastics comprises, first the appropriate discipline of the voice for its formation and development, by strengthening it, by extending its compass, and by improving its quality so as to render it full, sonorous, and agreeable; and, secondly, the training of the voice in those modifications which are used in the expressions of thought and feeling, including all that variety of management which appears in the delivery of a good speaker.

STRENGTH. To secure the requisite strength of voice should be our first aim in a course of vocal culture. So important was this element of elocutionary training considered by the Athenians, that they had a class of teachers who were wholly devoted to it as a specialty. The zeal and perseverance of Demosthenes in correcting the natural deficiencies of his voice, have passed into a proverb. How he was accustomed to run up the steepest hills, and to declaim on the sea-shore, when the waves were violently agitated, in order to acquire strength of voice and force of utterance is known to every school-boy.

If strength of voice is of paramount importance to the speaker, it is also an element which is very susceptible of cultivation. Professor Russell says,— "The fact is familiar to instructors in elocution, that persons commencing practice [in vocal gymnastics] with a very weak and inadequate voice, attain, in a few weeks, a perfect command of the utmost degrees of force." As has already been intimated, the strength of the voice depends directly upon the condition and use of the respiratory organs, including the larynx, and indirectly upon the general health and vigor of the whole physical system. The volume of breath which can be inhaled, and the force with which it can be expelled determine the degree of energy with which vocal sounds are uttered. This fact affords a clear indication of the proper mode of developing the strength of the voice. It is evident that the exercises which have for their object the strengthening of the voice, should also be adapted to develop and perfect the process of breathing. The student should be frequently trained in set exercises in loud exclamations, pronouncing with great

force the separate vowel sounds, single words, and whole sentences, and at the same time taking care to bring into vigorous action, all the muscular apparatus of respiration. Shouting, calling, and loud vociferation, in the open air, both while standing, and while walking or running, are, with due caution, effective means of acquiring vigor of utterance. Children when at play are instinctively given to vociferation, which should be permitted, whenever practicable. One of the most remarkable examples of the extent to which the power of voice may be developed, is that of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, the celebrated itinerant preacher. Having listened to his preaching in the open air, in Philadelphia, on a certain occasion, Dr. Franklin found by computation, that he might well be heard by more than thirty thousand auditors. It is said that the habit of speaking gave to the utterance of Garrick so wonderful an energy, that even his under-key was distinctly audible to ten thousand people. Dr. Porter sums up this matter thus :— "The public speaker needs a powerful voice; the quantity of voice which he can employ, at least can employ with safety, depends on his strength of lungs; and this again depends on a sound state of general health. If he neglects this, all other precautions will be useless."

COMPASS. When a person is engaged in earnest conversation, his voice spontaneously adopts a certain key or pitch. This is called the natural or middle key, and it varies in different persons. Pitt's voice, it is said, was a full tenor, and Fox's a treble. When a speaker is incapable of loud and forcible utterance on both high and low notes, his voice is said to be wanting in compass. Webster's voice was remarkable for the extent of its compass, ranging with the utmost ease, from the highest to the lowest notes, required by a spirited and diversified delivery; and such was said to be the versatility of Whitefield's vocal power, that he could imitate the tones of a female, or the infant voice, at one time, and at another, strike his hearers with awe, by the thunder of his under-key.

The want of compass is more frequently the result of bad habits of speaking and imperfect training than of incapacity of the vocal organs. Mr. Murdock, the well-known actor and elocutionist, tells us that, by appropriate vocal training, he gained, within the space of some months, to such an extent, in power and depth of voice, as to add to its previous range a full octave; and this improvement was made at a period after he supposed himself nearly broken down in health and voice, by over-exertion on the stage.

A command of the low notes is essential to the fullest effect of impressive eloquence. The strongest and deepest emotions can be expressed only by a full, deep-toned utterance. Speaking on one key, with only slight variations, either above or below it, is perhaps the most common, and, at the same time, the most injurious fault both of declaimers and of public speakers.

As a means of acquiring compass of voice, the student should pronounce with great force the vowel sounds on both the highest and lowest notes he can reach. This elementary drill should be followed by practice in reading and declaiming selections requiring the extreme notes of the compass. For practice on the low notes, passages should be selected expressing deep solemnity, awe, horror, melancholy, or deep grief. The following fine simile affords an excellent example for practice on the low notes:—

"So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,

Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

The development of the top of the voice requires practice upon passages expressing brisk, gay, and joyous emotions, and the extremes of pain, fear, and grief. The following examples may serve as illustrations:

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed:
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 Tempé's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unlearned minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round.
Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,—
God.—and your native land!

QUALITY. A voice may possess the properties we have considered, strength and compass, and yet be very far from perfection. It may be neither loud, nor round, nor clear, nor full, nor sweet. While on the other hand, it may be hollow, or aspirated, or guttural, or nasal, or possibly it may be afflicted with a combination of these faults. As one of the most important conditions of success in the cultivation of the voice, it is necessary that the student should acquire a distinct conception of the qualities and characteristics of a good voice, as a standard, a beau-ideal, which he may strive to reach. This must be derived mainly from the illustrations of the teacher, or from listening to the speaking of an accomplished orator. No mere description is adequate to convey it to the learner without the aid of the living voice. And yet, such a quaint and charming description of both the negative and positive qualities of a good voice, as the following, from a colloquy between Professor Wilson and the Ettrick Shepherd, is worth studying:—

NORTH. (Professor Wilson)

"James, I love to hear your voice. An Esquimaux would feel himself getting civilized under it for there's sense in the very sound. A man's character speaks in his voice, even more than in his words. These he may utter by rote, but his 'voice is the man for a' that,' and betrays or divulges his peculiar nature. Do you like my voice, James? I hope you do."

Shepherd. (James Hogg.)

"I wad ha'e kent it, Mr. North, on the tower o' Babel, on the day o' the great hubbub. I think Socrates maun ha'e had just sic a voice—ye canna weel ca 't sweet, for it is ower intellectual for that—ye canna ca 't saft, for even in its aigh notes there's a sort o' birr, a sort o' dirl that betokens power—ye canna ca 't hairsh, for angry as ye may be at times, it's aye in tune frae the fineness o' your ear for music —ye canna ca 't sherp, for it's aye sae nat'r'al—and flett it cud never be, gin you were even gi'en ower by the doctors. It's maist the only voice I ever heard, that I can say is at ance persuawsive and commanding—you might fear 't, but you maun love 't; and there's no a voice in all his Majesty's dominions, better framed by nature to hold communion with friend or foe."

The quality of voice to which I would here call special attention is called pure tone, which in its perfection, accompanied with strength and compass, comprises nearly all the requisites of a good voice. "True utterance and pure tone," says Professor Russell, "employ the whole apparatus of voice, in one consentaneous act, combining in one perfect sphere of sound, if it may be so expressed, the depth of effect produced by the resonance of the chest, the force and firmness imparted by the due compression of the throat, the clear, ringing property, caused by the due proportion of nasal effect, and the softening and sweetening influence of the head and mouth."

The orotund quality which is so effective in impassioned utterance, and in the expression of deep, forcible, and sublime emotions, is nothing more than pure tone increased in extent of volume, and in intensity of force. This modification of pure tone is very full, very rounds very smooth, and very highly resonant or ringing. It is what Dr. Rush regarded as the highest perfection of speech-voice, and as the natural language of the highest species of emotion. Volume and energy are its distinguishing characteristics. The piece from Webster on page 160, is a good illustration of its use.

In cultivating purity of tone, it is necessary, in the first place, to ascertain the elements of impurity, and their causes and remedies. To this negative process must be added the positive, namely—attention to the due and proportionate development of all the vocal organs. Depth is increased by the expansion of the pharynx; roundness and volume are promoted by the enlargement of the oral cavity, especially its back part; and smoothness is the result of the free vibration of the vocal chords, while resonance is produced by the proper expansion of the chest.

MODULATION. This has reference, not to the qualities of the voice itself, but to its management in delivery. It includes those modifications and variations which are requisite for the expression of thoughts and feelings, and are therefore denominated by some elocutionists, the elements of expression, in distinction from the elements of utterance, which we have already considered under the preceding heads. The principal expressive modifications of the voice, are pitch, force, rate, pause, and inflection. The voice should be exercised on these elements separately, till each can be produced in all its varieties and degrees. The middle pitch, or key-note, is that of common discourse, but by practice it may be rendered effective in public speaking. Neglect to cultivate and develop the power of speaking on this key, often leads speakers to adopt the high, shouting note, which is heard so commonly, and with so much disapprobation, at exhibitions of declamation. Every one can speak on a high key, although

without training few can do it pleasingly; but command over the low notes of the voice is a rare accomplishment, and an unequivocal characteristic of the finished speaker. It is well to pay some attention to the very high and very low notes, not so much for their own utility in public speaking as for the purpose of giving strength and firmness to the notes which are intermediate between the natural pitch and either extreme, and which are designated as simply high and low, without any qualifying term. After accustoming the ear and voice to the different notes, the student should learn to make sudden transitions from one key to another.

FORCE. The principal degrees of force requiring attention, are three: the moderate, the declamatory, and the impassioned. The degrees lower than moderate are, the suppressed and the subdued; and those higher than impassioned are, shouting and calling. But these are not very important in practical delivery.

RATE has reference to the kinds of movement in delivery, including the rapid, the moderate, and the slow. Mrs. Siddon's primary rule for good reading was, "Take Time." Excessive rapidity of utterance is, undoubtedly, a very prevalent fault, both in speaking and in conversation. Deliberate speech is usually a characteristic of culture and good-breeding. This excellence is greatly promoted by giving due quantity, or prolongation of sound, to the vowels.

PAUSES. Besides the pauses required by the syntactical structure of the sentence, and denoted by grammatical punctuation, there are the pauses of passion, and the pauses at the termination of the clusters into which words are grouped in good speaking.

The pauses of emotion occur in impassioned delivery. They usually consist in lengthening the stops indicated by the punctuation marks, especially those of the points of exclamation and interrogation, and the dash. Pauses of this description constitute one of the most important of the elements of emphatic expression, and yet they are, by many speakers, altogether neglected, or so abridged as to destroy their effect. The young student is particularly apt to disregard them.

The pauses which mark the grouping of words according to the sense, and afford rests for taking breath, should generally be introduced before the nominative, if it consists of several words, or if it is one important word; before and after an intermediate clause; before the relative; before and after clauses introduced by prepositions; before conjunctions; and before the infinitive mood, if any words intervene betwixt it and the word governing it.

INFLECTIONS. The two chief inflections or slides are the raising and the falling. The voice, when properly managed, usually rises or falls on each emphatic syllable. These upward and downward movements of the voice are what we mean by inflections. The student should practice on them till he can inflect with ease and in a full sonorous voice. Persons who are deficient in tune do not readily perceive the difference between the rising slide and loudness of voice, or the falling and softness. It is a very useful exercise to pronounce the long vowel sounds giving to each first the rising then the falling slide. The prolongation of these sounds is most profitably connected with the slides, the voice being thus strengthened in its whole range of compass, and, at the same time, accustomed to utter the musical sounds of speech with due quantity. In inflecting the vowels, the voice, in order to rise, begins low; and, in order to fall, it begins high.

The rising and falling slides combined form the circumflex, or wave, which is a very impressive and significant modification of the voice. It is chiefly used in sarcasm, raillery, irony, wit, and humor. It well deserves careful study and practice.

THE MONOTONE, is the repetition of nearly the same tone on successive syllables, resembling the repeated strokes of the bell. This element belongs to very grave delivery, especially where emotions of awe, sublimity, grandeur, and vastness are expressed, and is peculiarly adapted to devotional exercises. The following example well illustrates its use:

"He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet,—
And he rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.
He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters
and thick clouds of the skies."

In practical delivery, the elements of expression are never used independently of each other, two or three being always combined, even in the utterance of the shortest passage. The perfection of vocal training, therefore, requires a command, not merely of each individual modification of the voice, but of all their numerous combinations. The following example requires the union of declamatory force, low pitch, slow rate, monotone, and orotund quality:

"High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus. and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat."

What has been said thus far, relates wholly to preparatory training in the elements of elocution. I have dwelt upon this theoretical department of my subject, because of its transcendent importance. But I do not mean to imply, in anything that has been presented, that the pupil should be confined exclusively to this disciplinary drill, for a long period, without attempting practical exercises in reading and declamation. On the contrary, I would recommend that this practice on the vocal and expressive elements be carried forward together with practice in speaking pieces. Exercises in vocal gymnastics, such as I have now indicated, should be commenced with the first stages of education, and continued, with gradations adapted to the age and progress of the pupil, through the whole course of instruction, whether longer or shorter. The value of thorough elementary training is well illustrated by the following anecdote respecting the education of the ear and the singing voice:—

"Porpora, one of the most illustrious masters of Italy, having conceived a friendship for a young pupil, exacted from him the promise that he would persevere with constancy in the course which he should mark out for him. The master then noted upon a single page of ruled paper, the diatonic and chromatic scales, ascending and descending; the intervals of third, fourth, fifth, &c. This eternal page occupied master and pupil until the sixth year, when the master added some lessons in articulation and declamation. At the end of this year, the pupil, who still supposed himself in the elements, was much surprised when Porpora said to him, 'Go, my son, you have nothing more to learn; you are the first singer of Italy, and of

the world.' The master had spoken the truth, for this singer was Caffarelli, the greatest singer of the eighteenth century."

EXPRESSION

This term is used here, not in its limited and technical meaning, but in its largest sense, as a convenient one to denote the practical application of the principles of vocal culture which I have recommended. We will suppose the student to be thoroughly trained in enunciation, that his utterance is distinct and his pronunciation is correct, and that his voice is fully developed and well modulated. The question now arises, How is he to be guided in the right use of his powers of speech in the delivery of a given piece? On this point there is a wide difference of opinion among writers on elocution. On the one hand there are those who contend that, in the delivery of every sentence, the application of emphasis, pause, pitch, inflection, &c., should be governed by definite rules. In accordance with this theory, they have formed complex systems of elocutionary rules, for the guidance of pupils in reading aloud and in declamation. On the other hand, there are authorities of eminence, who regard all specific rules for the management of the voice in speaking as not merely useless, but positively injurious. Most prominent among the latter class is Archbishop Whately who, in speaking of the method of teaching expressive delivery by rules, says:—"Such a plan not only directs us into a circuitous and difficult path, towards an object which may be reached by a shorter and straighter, but also in most instances completely fails of that very object, and even produces oftener than not, effects the very reverse of what was designed." Reproving very emphatically all systematic attention to elocution as an art, this eminent author advocates what he calls the natural manner of speaking, for the attainment of which he prescribes the rule, "not only to pay no studied attention to the voice, but studiously to withdraw the thoughts from it, and to dwell as intently as possible on the sense, trusting to nature to suggest spontaneously the proper emphasis and tones."

The true course seems to me to lie midway between these two opposite extremes. While it is useless to attempt to reduce to exact system all the modifications of voice to be employed in the delivery of both plain and allegorical language, still there are many important elocutionary rules and principles which are eminently useful for the guidance of the student. Because Walker fell into the error of attempting to carry his principles too far, and perplexed the student with an endless list of rules, it does not follow that all rules should be disregarded. His rules for inflections are, no doubt, too complex and artificial for ordinary instruction in elocution, but those found in the works of Dr. Porter and Professor Russell are calculated to afford important aid; and Professor Mark Bailey, in his Introduction to "Hillard's Sixth Reader," has still further simplified the subject. The following principles which he lays down for regulating the inflections are at once comprehensive and practical.

"The 'rising' and 'falling' slides separate the great mass of ideas into two distinct classes; the first comprising all the subordinate, or incomplete, or, as we prefer to name them, the negative ideas; the second comprising all the principal, or complete, or, as we call them, the positive ideas.

"The most important parts of what is spoken or written, are those which affirm something positively, such as the facts and truths asserted, the principles, sentiments, and actions enjoined, with the illustrations, and reasons, and appeals, which enforce them. All these may

properly be grouped into one class, because they all should have the same kind of slide in reading. This class we call 'positive ideas.'

"So all the other ideas which do not affirm or enjoin anything positively, which are circumstantial and incomplete, or in open contrast with the positive, all these ideas may be properly grouped into another single class because they all should have the same kind of slide. This class we call 'negative ideas.'

"Positive ideas should have the falling slide; Negative ideas should have the rising slide.

"All sincere and earnest, or, in other words, all upright and downright ideas demand the straight, or upright and downright slides.

"All ideas which are not sincere or earnest, but are used in jest, or irony, in ridicule, sarcasm, or mockery, in insinuation or double-meaning, demand the crooked or circumflex slides."

These rules taken in connection with the accompanying brief but clear and precise explanation of the meaning attached to the words positive and negative, constitute the most admirable generalization that I have met with in elocutionary works of more recent date than that of Dr. Rush. And, indeed, Professor Bailey's whole treatment of that part of elocution now under consideration, is the best illustration I can name of the middle course which I recommend. Avoiding alike the ultra "artificial" system of Walker and the ultra "natural" system of Whately, he combines in his instruction the excellencies of both, without their faults. He is both philosophical in his theory, and practical in its application. He attempts only what is practicable. He insists on analysis, but his analysis is at once simple and comprehensive. He classes the different kinds of composition with respect to the emotions, as follows,—1. Unemotional; 2. Bold; 3. Animated or joyous; 4. Subdued or pathetic; 5. Noble; 6. Grave; 7. Ludicrous or sarcastic, 8. Impassioned,—and then indicates the modifications of voice appropriate for each.

Now such a course of training based on such principles, especially if pursued under a competent instructor, cannot fail to be highly beneficial. Experience has proved it. Whately is evidently in error in wholly proscribing attention to the voice in speaking. In learning to dance, the pupil must pay attention to the motions of his limbs, but when practice has made the movements familiar, his mind is withdrawn from them. They then become natural. Just so will the student of elocution. In his disciplinary exercises he must attend to his voice. He must become accustomed to the correct application of tones and inflections in the delivery of passages which illustrate them. But when he comes to practical delivery, then the mind should be withdrawn from the manner of utterance, and concentrated intensely upon the matter,—the thoughts and feelings to be expressed. In private rehearsals, the management of the voice will be a very prominent object of attention. Declamation is a sort of transition stage, or intermediate exercise between private rehearsal and practical delivery at the bar, in the pulpit, or on the platform, and will require more or less attention to the voice, in proportion to the progress already made by the pupil. Judicious practice will gradually carry him to that point where he will wholly cease to think of his manner, and become entirely absorbed in his subject. He then becomes natural. But even the most accomplished orator must occasionally give some thought to his voice. When he rises to address an audience in a new place he must consider the circumstances,—the capacity of the apartment, the nature and temper of his auditors, &c., and

pitch his voice accordingly. In other words, the speaker must on all occasions give a general attention to his voice,—sufficient, at least, to adapt it to the requirements of the position in which he is placed, modifying it in the progress of the discourse, as the necessity of the case demands. If the matter of his discourse is very familiar, the skilful speaker may greatly augment the effectiveness of his delivery by more particular attention to the manner, while he will seem wholly absorbed in the spirit and sense of what he utters.

GESTURE.

The limited space allotted to this introduction will not permit a full discussion of this topic, and I must content myself with presenting a few general observations concerning it.

The little child, in the unconscious freedom of childhood, before his actions and manners have been modified by the restraints of artificial life, affords the best model of gesture. His instinct prompts him to that visible expression of his thoughts and feelings

"Which we are toiling all our lives to find."

And it may be assumed as a general fact that external expression, unless repressed by habit or design, usually corresponds with internal emotion. The great desideratum in gesture is to make the visible expression in delivery harmonize with the audible, or, as Shakspeare has it, to "suit the action to the word, and the word to the action."

Professor Russell, in his excellent analysis of this subject says, "The true speaker must have a true manner; and of the five great attributes of genuine expression in attitude and action, TRUTH stands first, followed by FIRMNESS, FORCE, FREEDOM, and PROPRIETY. GRACE, which is sometimes added as a sixth, is, in all true manly eloquence, but another name for the symmetry which flows from appropriateness; and, in masculine expression, should never be a distinct object of attention."

In order to speak well, the orator must be able to stand well, that is, he should assume a firm but easy and graceful attitude, the weight of the body resting principally on one foot. The distance between the feet should be such as to give both firmness and freedom to the position. One foot should be in advance of the other, the toes being turned outward. The attitude should vary with the thoughts and emotions expressed. Unemotional thoughts require an attitude of repose, the body resting on the retired foot. Bold and impassioned language requires the reverse of this. The body is thrown forward, resting on the foot advanced. In turning from side to side, the toes should be kept apart and the heels together.

The principal feature of bodily action consists in the proper use of the hands. "Have not," says Quintilior, "our hand's the power of exciting, of restraining, of beseeching, of testifying approbation, admiration, and shame? Do they not, in pointing out places and persons, discharge the duty of adverbs and pronouns? So amidst the great diversity of tongues-pervading all nations and peoples, the language of the hands appears to be a language common to all men." We stretch forth and clasp the hands when we importunately entreat, sue, beseech, supplicate, or ask mercy. To put forth the right hand spread open is the gesture of bounty, liberality, and a free heart; and thus we reward, and bestow gifts. Placing with vehemence the right fist in the left palm is a gesture commonly used to mock, chide, insult, reproach, and

rebuke. To beckon with the raised hand is a universal sign of craving audience and entreating a favorable silence. To wave the hand from us, the palm outward, is the gesture of repulsion, aversion, dismissal. To shake the fist at one signifies anger and defiance and threatening. The hands are clasped or wrung in deep sorrow, and outstretched with the palms inward to indicate welcoming, approving, and receiving. In shame, the hand is placed before the eyes; in earnestness and ardor, the hands reach forward; in joy, they are thrown up, widely apart; in exultation and triumph, the right hand is waved above the head.

"In the rhetorical actions of the hand, the happy medium ought to be observed; for the action of the hand should be full of dignity and magnanimous resolution, making it a liberal index of the mind." A French writer admirably remarks that we should move the arms because we are animated, but not try to appear animated by moving the arms.

The countenance, especially the eye, should be made to speak as well as the tongue. It is said of Chatham, that such was the power of his eye, that he very often cowed down an antagonist in the midst of his speech, and threw him into confusion. It is through the eye, scarcely less than through the tones of voice, that intercourse of soul is carried on between the speaker and hearers. To secure this intercourse the speaker should let his soul beam from his eye. Nor should he fail to look at his hearers, if he would have his hearers look at him. Among the faults to be avoided in the management of the eye, Dr. Porter notices particularly that unmeaning look which the eye "bent on vacuity" has, resembling the inexpressive glare of the glass eye of a wax figure; that indefinite sweep of the eye which ranges from one side to the other of an assembly, resting nowhere; and that tremulous, roving cast of the eye, and winking of the eyelid, which is in direct contrast to an open, collected, manly expression of the face.

Among the faults of action to be noticed are:—1. Want of action; 2. Want of expression of countenance; 3. A stiff, or a careless, attitude; 4. Want of appropriateness; 5. Excess of motions of the hands and arms; 6. Too great violence of action; 7. Too great complexity; 8. A mechanical uniformity; 9. Tardiness, the action following the utterances when it should accompany it, or slightly precede it.

It must not be supposed that it is necessary for the pupil to receive training in a technical system of gesticulation before he commences his exercises in declamation. If the student designs to qualify himself to be a professor of elocution, he will need to study the laws of gesture in "Austin's Chironomia," and be instructed in their application by a skillful teacher. But this course is neither practicable nor necessary for the mass of students. Instruction in this department should generally be of a negative nature, and occupy itself mainly in the correction of faults. When the pupil commences his exercises in declamation, the less said about action the better. Freedom is the first thing to be secured, and, to attain this end, few directions should be given and few criticisms be made, at the outset. When the speaker has acquired some confidence, and freedom of action, his faults may be gradually pointed out, and his attention called to some general principles of gesture, such as have been presented respecting the language of the hands. Pupils should be taught to observe accurately the action of accomplished orators, not with the view to imitating their peculiarities, but to learn their method of producing effect by means of attitude and gesture.

DECLAMATION.

Declamation should be attended to in all grades of educational institutions, from the primary school to the college, and every pupil should be required to take his turn in the performance of the exercise. It would be highly beneficial, if well taught. The reason why so many teachers have no taste for it, is because they have not taken pains to qualify themselves to teach it. Want of time is sometimes offered as an excuse for neglecting it. But if a part of the time which is devoted to teaching reading, were appropriately to declamation, the progress in reading itself would be more rapid, to say nothing of other advantages which would result from this course. I cannot too earnestly urge upon every teacher the importance of qualifying himself for teaching well both reading and declamation. There is no accomplishment which more effectively promotes the success of the teacher than that of elocutionary culture,—a good voice skillfully managed in conversation and in teaching. Without special attention to the subject, teachers are apt to acquire certain characteristic faults of voice, such as nasality, sharpness, harshness, and thinness of tone, of which they are quite unconscious. Whereas, by constant attention to the manner of using the voice, since they are in constant practice, it might be perfected in its modulation. For want of culture in the elocutionary art, many teachers are greatly deceived, thinking their pupils read and declaim well when they do not.

In the management of declamation much care should be taken in the selection of the pieces. It is best for the pupil, in the first place, after proper advice, to exercise his own taste in the selection of his piece, which should then be submitted to the teacher for approval. If the selection is very appropriate, the pupil should be commended and told why the piece is considered suitable. If the selection presented is not suitable, the pupil should be informed on what ground it is objected to, so as to aid his judgment in another attempt. If the pupil has made proper effort without success, he should be assisted by the teacher. It is very important that the selection should be suited to the capacity and progress of the pupil. Beginners should take simple pieces, and not be allowed, as is sometimes the case, to murder a passage from *Paradise Lost*, or *Macbeth*. Sometimes a fault is committed on the part of the teacher, by permitting a pupil to confine his selections to one favorite class. I have observed in certain schools, that one particular boy would always appear in a comic piece, another in a tragic, and so on. It would be better for the teacher to require each pupil to speak a variety of pieces, so as to secure a more general and comprehensive culture than would result from practice on a single class of selections.

The choice of the piece should be determined upon a considerable period previous to the day appointed for the public performance of the stage, so as to afford ample time for preparation. The piece should be accurately committed to memory, without the variation of a syllable. It should be made familiar, so that in the delivery no effort will be required in recalling it. The young pupil should be instructed in the best method of learning his piece. It will generally be found best to take one sentence at a time. The teacher's chief work consists in attending to individual private rehearsals. The rehearsal should be a drill. The piece should be analyzed more or less minutely, the allusions and difficult points being explained. It should be the first aim to make the pupil understand it, not only in its general spirit and scope, but in its particular ideas. His attention should then be turned to the emotions which it expresses. Let it be remembered that the paramount object should be to make the pupil understand the meaning and feel the spirit of the piece. If he is timid and diffident he should be encouraged. Tell him that even Daniel Webster could not make a declamation at the first attempt; but that he did not despair; he did not cease his efforts; he persevered and succeeded.

After the rehearsal, the pupil should have time to practice by himself and apply and confirm the instruction received from his teacher. It must be impressed upon his mind that if he would attain excellence he must practice, practice, practice. He must be made to understand that the repetition of a piece three or four times is no adequate preparation, and that it is necessary to go over with it twenty, thirty, or fifty times, if he would excel, and take a high rank.

When the declamation takes place, excepting on public occasions, the criticisms ought to be made immediately after the performance of each speaker. The faults of the diffident should be mildly criticized. It is very important to call attention to points of special excellence in any performance. It should be remembered that judicious commendation is a most powerful stimulant to exertion.

The most difficult task in teaching declamation is to develop that indescribable fervor, that unaffected earnestness of manner which always captivates the hearers, and wins the highest marks at an exhibition for prizes. There will always be one speaker in a school who excels all the rest in this quality. The teacher should point out the peculiar excellence of this speaker, and show wherein it differs from loudness of voice, and violence of actions and affected passion. Let it be remembered that the perfection of declamation consists in delivering the piece as though it were real speaking. The speaker must "put himself in imagination, so completely into the situation of him whom he personages, and adopt for the moment, so perfectly, all the sentiments and views of that character, as to express himself exactly as such a person would have done, in the supposed situation." Give the speaker every other quality—let his enunciation, his modulation of voice, and his action be faultless, and yet without earnestness, real earnestness,—not the semblance of it, not boisterous vociferation, not convulsive gesticulation, but genuine emotion felt in the heart, carrying the conviction to the hearers that the sentiments uttered are real, the spontaneous, irrepressible outpouring of the thought and feeling of the speaker,—without this sovereign, crowning quality, he cannot be said to speak with eloquence. To bring out and develop this highest quality of delivery, requires the highest skill in the teacher. Unless the teacher possesses some degree of this quality himself he cannot develop it in his pupils.

The best immediate preparation for speaking is rest. I have often noticed that speakers at exhibitions have in many cases failed to do themselves justice from sheer exhaustion. A day or two of repose previous to speaking, enables the speaker to bring to the performance that vigor of the faculties which is indispensable to the highest success, Webster told the Senate, and truly, no doubt, that he slept soundly on the night previous to the delivery of his second speech on Foote's resolution, which is considered his greatest parliamentary effort. It is well for the speaker to remember what Mr. Everett said in allusion to this fact: "So the great Condé slept on the eve of the battle of Rocroi, so Alexander slept on the eve of the battle of Arbela, and so they awoke to deeds of immortal fame."

The best training cannot make good readers and good speakers of all pupils, but it can do much. And it is a fact worthy of observation that those who are most sceptical as to the possibilities of elocutionary culture, are invariably those who are themselves unskillful teachers in this branch.

BOOK FIRST.

STANDARD SELECTIONS

FOR

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION

IN PROSE AND POETRY.

BOOK FIRST.

STANDARD SELECTIONS.

PROSE.

I. THE NOBLE PURPOSES OF ELOQUENCE.

If we consider the noble purposes to which Eloquence may be made subservient, we at once perceive its prodigious importance to the best interests of mankind. The greatest masters of the art have concurred, upon the greatest occasions of its display, in pronouncing that its estimation depends on the virtuous and rational use made of it.

It is but reciting the common praises of the Art of Persuasion, to remind you how sacred truths may be most ardently promulgated at the altar—the cause of oppressed innocence be most woefully defended—the march of wicked rulers be most triumphantly resisted—defiance the most terrible be hurled at the oppressor's head. In great convulsions of public affairs, or in bringing about salutary changes, every one confesses how important an ally eloquence must be. But in peaceful times, when the progress of events is slow and even as the silent and unheeded pace of time, and the jars of a mighty tumult in foreign and domestic concerns can no longer be heard, then, too, she flourishes—protectress of liberty—patroness of improvement —guardian of all the blessings that can be showered upon the mass of human kind;—nor is her form ever seen but on ground consecrated to free institutions.

To me, calmly revolving these things, such pursuits seem far more noble objects of ambition than any upon which the vulgar herd of busy men lavish prodigal their restless exertions. To diffuse useful information, to further intellectual refinement, sure forerunner of moral improvement,—to hasten the coming of the bright day when the dawn of general knowledge shall chase away the lazy, lingering class, even from the base of the great social pyramid;—this indeed is a high calling, in which the most splendid talents and consummate virtue may well press onward, eager to bear a part. Lord Brougham.

II.

ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No! You have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea, by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.

They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule;—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate;—we serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore. Wherever they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress. Wherever they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.

They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes;—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection! Yes, such protections as vultures give to lambs,—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise!

Be our plain answer this: The throne we honor 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! R. B. Sheridan.

III.

INVECTIVE AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS.

If, my Lords, a stranger had at this time gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowlah—that prince who with a savage heart had still great lines of character, and who, with all his ferocity in war, had, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the wealth which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil—if, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation of fields unclothed and brown; of vegetation burned up and extinguished; of villages depopulated and in ruins; of temples unroofed and perishing; of reservoirs broken down and dry, this stranger should ask, "what has thus laid waste this beautiful and opulent land; what monstrous madness has ravaged with wide-spread war; what desolating foreign foe; what civil discords; what disputed succession; what religious zeal; what fabled monster has stalked abroad, and, with malice and mortal enmity to man, withered by the grasp of death every growth of nature and humanity, all means of delight, and each original, simple principle of bare existence?" the answer would have been, not one of these causes! No wars have ravaged these lands and depopulated these villages! No desolating foreign foe! No domestic broils! No disputed succession! No religious super-serviceable zeal! No poisonous monster! No affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged us, cut off the sources of resuscitation! No! This damp of death is the mere effusion of British amity! We sink under the pressure of

their support! We writhe under their perfidious gripe! They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and lo! these are the fruits of their alliance!

What then, my Lords, shall we bear to be told that, under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus spurred on to clamor and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums? After hearing the description given by an eye-witness of the paroxysm of fever and delirium into which despair threw the natives when on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for breath, 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 all this was brought about by the incantations of these Begums in their secluded Zenana; or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture?

What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive! That which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man; and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes a part of his being. That feeling which tells him that man was never made to be the property of man; but that, when in the pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty. That principle which tells him that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbor, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which he gave him in his creation—that 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 indicates the independent quality of his race. R. B. Sheridan.

IV.

THE BIBLE THE BEST CLASSIC

The Bible is the only book which God has ever sent, and the only one he ever will send into the world. All other books are frail and transient as time, since they are only the registers of time; but the Bible is as durable as eternity, for its pages contain the records of eternity. All other books are weak and imperfect, like their author, man; but the Bible is a transcript of infinite power and perfection. Every other volume is limited in its usefulness and influence; but the Bible came forth conquering and to conquer,—rejoicing as a giant to run his course,—and like the sun, "there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." The Bible only, of all the myriads of books the world has seen, is equally important and interesting to all mankind. Its tidings, whether of peace or of woe, are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the weak as to the rich, the wise, and the powerful.

Among the most remarkable of its attributes, is justice; for it looks with impartial eyes on kings and on slaves, on the hero and the soldier, on philosophers and peasants, on the eloquent and the dumb. From all, it exacts the same obedience to its commandments: to the good, it promises the fruits of his labors; to the evil, the reward of his hands. Nor are the purity and holiness, the wisdom, benevolence, and truth of the Scriptures less conspicuous than their justice. In sublimity and beauty, in the descriptive and pathetic, in dignity and simplicity of narrative, in power and comprehensiveness, in depth and variety of thought, in purity and elevation of sentiment, the most enthusiastic admirers of the heathen classics have conceded their inferiority to the Scriptures.

The Bible, indeed, is the only universal classic, the classic of all mankind, of every age and country of time and eternity; more humble and simple than the primer of a child, more grand and magnificent than the epic and the oration, the ode and the dramas when genius, with his chariot of fire, and his horses of ire, ascends in whirlwind into the heaven of his own invention. It is the best classic the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals!

If you boast that the Aristotles and the Platos, and the Tullies of the classic age, "dipped their pens in intellect," the sacred authors dipped theirs in inspiration. If those were the "secretaries of nature," these were the secretaries of the very Author of nature. If Greece and Rome have gathered into their cabinet of curiosities the pearls of heathen poetry and eloquence, the diamonds of pagan history and philosophy, God himself has treasured up in the Scriptures, the poetry and eloquence, the philosophy and history of sacred law-givers, of prophets and apostles, of saints, evangelists, and martyrs. In vain you may seek for the pure and simple light of universal truth in the Augustan ages of antiquity. In the Bible only, is the poet's wish fulfilled,— "And like the sun be all one boundless eye." T. S. Grimké.

V.

WHAT WE OWE TO THE SWORD.

To the question, "What have the People ever gained but by Revolution?" I answer, boldly, If by revolution be understood the law of the sword, Liberty has lost far more than she ever gained by it. The sword was the destroyer of the Lycian Confederacy and the Achæan League. The sword alternately enslaved and disenthralled Thebes and Athens, Sparta, Syracuse, and Corinth. The sword of Rome conquered every other free State, and finished the murder of Liberty in the ancient world, by destroying herself. What but the sword, in modern times, annihilated the Republics of Italy, the Hanseatic Towns, and the primitive independence of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland? What but the sword partitioned Poland, assassinated the rising liberty of Spain, banished the Huguenots from France, and made Cromwell the master, not the servant, of the People? And what but the sword of Republican France destroyed the independence of half of Europe, deluged the continent with tears, devoured its millions upon millions, and closed the long catalogue of guilt, by founding and defending to the last, the most powerful, selfish, and insatiable of military despotisms?

The sword, indeed, delivered Greece from the Persian invader, expelled the Tarquins from Rome, emancipated Switzerland and Holland, restored the Prince to his throne, and brought

Charles to the scaffold. And the sword redeemed the pledge of the Congress of '76 when they plighted to each other "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." And yet, what would the redemption of that pledge have availed towards the establishment of our present government, if the spirit of American institutions had not been both the birthright and the birth-blessing of the Colonies? The Indians, the French, the Spaniards, and even England herself, warred in vain against a people, born and bred in the household, at the domestic altar of Liberty herself. They had never been slaves, for they were born free. The sword was a herald to proclaim their freedom, but it neither created nor preserved it. A century and a half had already beheld them free in infancy, free in youth, free in early manhood. Theirs was already the spirit of American institutions; the spirit of Christian freedom of a temperate, regulated freedom, of a rational civil obedience. For such a people the sword, the law of violence, did and could do nothing but sever the bonds which bound her colonial wards to their unnatural guardian. They redeemed their pledge, sword in hand; but the sword left them as it found them, unchanged in character, freemen in thought and in deed, instinct with the immortal spirit of American institutions. T. S. Grimké.

VI.

DUTY OF LITERARY MEN TO THEIR COUNTRY.

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages, and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland-isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-field. What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family,—our country?

I come not here to speak the dialect, or to give the counsels of the patriot-statesman. But I come, a patriot scholar, to vindicate the rights and to plead for the interests of American Literature. And be assured, that we cannot, as patriot-scholars, think too highly of that country, or sacrifice too much for her. And let us never forget, let us rather remember with a religious awe,—that the union of these States is indispensable to our literature, as it is to our national independence and civil liberties,—to our prosperity, happiness, and improvement.

If, indeed, we desire to behold a literature like that which has sculptured with so much energy of expression, which has painted so faithfully and vividly, the crimes, the vices, the follies of ancient and modern Europe;—if we desire that our land should furnish for the orator and the novelist, for the painter and the poet, age after age, the wild and romantic scenery of war; the glittering march of armies, and the revelry of the camp; the shrieks and blasphemies, and all the horrors of the battle-field; the desolation of the harvest, and the burning cottage; the storm, the sack, and the ruin of cities;—if we desire to unchain the furious passions of jealousy and selfishness, of hatred, revenge, and ambition, those lions that now sleep harmless in their den;—if we desire that the lake, the river, the ocean, should blush with the blood of brothers;

that the winds should waft from the land to the sea, from the sea to the land, the roar and the smoke of battle, that the very mountain-tops should become altars for the sacrifice of brothers;—if we desire that these, and such as these,—the elements, to an incredible extent, of the literature of the Old World,—should be the elements of our literature; then, but then only, let us hurl from its pedestal the majestic statue of our Union, and scatter its fragments over all our land.

But, if we covet for our country the noblest, purest, loveliest literature the world has ever seen,—such a literature as shall honor God, and bless mankind,—a literature, whose smiles might play upon an angel's face, whose tears "would not stain an angel's cheek,"—then let us cling to the Union of these State's with a patriot's love, with a scholar's enthusiasm, with a Christian's hope.

In her heavenly character, as a holocaust self-sacrificed to God; at the height of her glory, as the ornament of a free, educated, peaceful Christian people, American Literature will find that THE INTELLECTUAL SPIRIT IS HER VERY TREE OF LIFE, AND THE UNION HER GARDEN OF PARADISE.

T. S. Grimké.

VII.

AMERICA'S OBLIGATIONS TO ENGLAND.

The honorable member has asked—"And now will these Americans, children planted by our care, nourished up by our indulgence and protected by our arms,—will they grudge to attribute their mite?" They planted by your care! No; your oppressions planted them in America! They fled from your tyranny to a then uncultivated and inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to almost all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and, among others, to the cruelties of a savage foe the most subtle, and I will take upon me to say the most formidable, of any people upon the face of the earth; and yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty our American brethren met all the hardships with pleasure, compared with those they steered in their own country from the hands of those that should have been their friends.

They nourished by your indulgence! They grew by your neglect of them! As soon as you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule them, in one department and another, who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to some members of this House, sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon them;—men whose behavior, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them; men promoted to the highest seats of justice,—some who, to my knowledge, were glad by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to the bar of a court of justice in their own.

They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence;—have exerted a valor, amid their constant and laborious industry, for the defence of a country whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emolument. And, believe me,—remember I this day told you so,—that same spirit of freedom

which actuated that people at first will accompany them still; but prudence forbids me to explain myself further.

Heaven knows I do not at this time speak from motives of party heat. What I deliver are the genuine sentiments of my heart. However superior to me, in general knowledge and experience, the respectable body of this House may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you, having seen that country and been conversant with its affairs. The people, I believe, are as truly loyal as any subjects the king has; but they are a people jealous of their liberties, and who, if those liberties should ever be violated, will vindicate them to the last drop of their blood. Isaac Barré.

VIII.

WEBSTER'S PLEA FOR DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

The Supreme Court of the United States held its session that winter in a mean apartment of moderate size—the Capitol not having been built after its destruction in 1814. The audience, when the case came on, was therefore small, consisting chiefly of legal men, the élite of the profession throughout the country. Mr. Webster entered upon his argument in the calm tone of easy and dignified conversation. His matter was so completely at his command that he scarcely looked at his brief, but went on for more than four hours with a statement so luminous, and a chain of reasoning so easy to be understood, and yet approaching so nearly to absolute demonstration, that he seemed to carry with him every man of his audience without the slightest effort or weariness on either side. It was hardly eloquence, in the strict sense of the term; it was pure reason. Now and then, for a sentence or two, his eye flashed and his voice swelled into a bolder note, as he uttered some emphatic thought; but he instantly fell back into the tone of earnest conversation, which ran throughout the great body of his speech.

The argument ended. Mr. Webster stood for some moments silent before the court, while every eye was fixed intently upon him. At length, addressing the chief justice, Marshall, he proceeded thus:—

"This, Sir, is my case! It is the case, not merely of that humble institution, it is the case of every college in our land. It is more. It is the case of every eleemosynary institution throughout the country,—of all those great charities founded by the piety of our ancestors to alleviate human misery; and scatter blessings along the pathway of life. It is more! It is, in some sense, the case of every man among us who has property of which he may be stripped; for the question is simply this: Shall our State legislatures be allowed to take that which is not their own, to turn it from its original use, and apply it to such ends or purposes as they, in their discretion, shall see fit?

"Sir, you may destroy this little institution; it is weak; it is in your hands! I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out. But if you do so, you must carry through your work! You must extinguish one after another, all those great lights of science which, for more than a century, have thrown their radiance over our land!

"It is, Sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet, there are those who love it— —."

Here the feelings which he had thus far succeeded in keeping down, broke forth. His lips quivered; his firm cheeks trembled with emotion; his eyes were filled with tears, his voice choked, and he seemed struggling to the utmost simply to gain that mastery over himself which might save him from an unmanly burst of feeling. I will not attempt to give you the few broken words of tenderness in which he went on to speak of his attachment to the college. The whole seemed to be mingled throughout with the recollections of father, mother, brother, and all the trials and privations through which he had made his way into life. Every one saw that it was wholly unpremeditated, a pressure on his heart, which sought relief in words and tears.

The court-room during these two or three minutes presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief Justice Marshall, with his tall and gaunt figure, bent over as if to catch the slightest whisper, the deep furrows of his cheek expanded with emotion, and eyes suffused with tears. Mr. Justice Washington at his side,—with his small and emaciated frame, and countenance more like marble than I ever saw on any other human being,—leaning forward with an eager, troubled look; and the remainder of the court, at the two extremities, pressing, as it were, toward a single point, while the audience below were wrapping themselves round in closer folds beneath the bench to catch each look and every movement of the speaker's face. If a painter could give us the scene on canvas,—those forms and countenances, and Daniel Webster as he then stood in the midst,—it would be one of the most touching pictures in the history of eloquence. One thing it taught me, that the pathetic depends not merely on the words uttered, but still more on the estimate we put upon him who utters them. There was not one among the strong-minded men of that assembly who could think it unmanly to weep, when he saw standing before him the man who had made such an argument, melted into the tenderness of a child.

Mr. Webster had now recovered his composure, and fixing his keen eye on the Chief Justice, said in that deep tone with which he sometimes thrilled the heart of an audience,—

"Sir, I know not how others feel, (glancing at the opponents of the college before him,) but, for myself when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Caesar in the senate-house, by those who are reiterating stab upon stab, I would not, for my right hand, have her turn to me, and say Et tu quoque, mi fili! And thou, too, my son!"

He sat down. There was a deathlike stillness throughout the room for some moments; every one seemed to be slowly recovering himself and coming gradually back to his ordinary range of thought and feeling. C. A. Goodrich.

IX.

THE FOUNDERS OF BOSTON.

On this occasion, it is proper to speak of the founders of Our city, and of their glory. Now in its true acceptation, the term glory expresses the splendor which emanates from virtue, in the act of producing general and permanent good. Right conceptions, then, of the glory of our ancestors, are to be obtained only by analyzing their virtues. These virtues, indeed, are not seen charactered in breathing bronze, or in living marble. Our ancestors have left no Corinthian temples on our hills, no Gothic cathedrals on our plains, no proud pyramid, no storied obelisk, in our cities. But mind is there. Sagacious enterprise is there. An active, vigorous, intelligent,

moral population throng our cities, and predominate in our fields;—men, patient of labor, submissive to law, respectful to authority, regardful of right, faithful to liberty. These are the monuments of our ancestors. They stand immutable and immortal, in the social, moral, and intellectual condition of their descendants. They exist in the spirit which their precepts instilled, and their example implanted.

It was to this spot, during twelve successive years, that the real body of those just settlers emigrated. In this place, they either fixed permanently their abode, or took their departure from it, for the coast or the interior. Whatever honor devolves on this metropolis, from the events connected with its first settlement, is not solitary or exclusive; it is shared with Massachusetts; with New England; in some sense, with the whole United States. For what part of this wide empire, be it sea or shore, lake or river, mountain or valley, have the descendants of the first settlers of New England not traversed; what depth of forest not penetrated? what danger of nature or man not defied? Where is the cultivated field, in redeeming which from the wilderness, their vigor has not been displayed? Where, amid unsubdued nature, by the side of the first log-hut of the settler, does the school-house stand, and the church-spire rise, unless the sons of New England are there? Where does improvement advance, under the active energy of willing hearts and ready hands, prostrating the moss-covered monarch of the wood, and from their ashes, amid their charred roots, bidding the green sward and the waving harvest to unspring, and the spirit of the fathers of New England is not seen, hovering and shedding around the benign influences of sound, social, moral, and religious institutions, stronger and more enduring than knotted oak or tempered steel? The swelling tide of their descendants has spread upon our coasts, ascended our rivers, taken possession of our plains. Already it encircles our lakes. At this hour, the rushing noise of the advancing wave startles the wild beast in his lair among the prairies of the West. Soon it shall be seen climbing the Rocky Mountains, and, as it dashes over their cliffs, shall be hailed by the dwellers on the Pacific, as the harbinger of the coming blessings of safety, liberty, and truth. Pres. Quincy.

X.

THE AMERICAN SAILOR.

Look to your history—that part of it which the world knows by heart,—and you will find on its brightest page the glorious achievements of the American sailor. Whatever his country has done to disgrace him, and break his spirit, he has never disgraced her;—he has always been ready to serve her; he always has served her faithfully and effectually. He has often been weighed in the balance, and never found wanting. The only fault ever found with him is, that he sometimes fights ahead of his orders. The world has no match for him, man for man; and he asks no odds, and he cares for no odds, when the cause of humanity or the glory of his country calls him to fight.

Who, in the darkest days of our Revolution, carried your flag into the very chops of the British Channel, bearded the lion in his den, and woke the echoes of old Albion's hills by the thunders of his cannon, and the shouts of his triumph? It was the American sailor. And the names of John Paul Jones, and the Bon Homme Richard, will go down the annals of time forever. Who struck the first blow that humbled the Barbary flag—which, for a hundred years, had been the terror of Christendom,—drove it from the Mediterranean, and put an end to the

infamous tribute it had been accustomed to extort? It was the American sailor, and the name of Decatur and his gallant companions will be as lasting as monumental brass.

In the year 1812, when your arms on shore were covered by disaster,—when Winchester had been defeated, when the army of the Northwest had surrendered, and when the feeling of despondency hung like a cloud over the land,—who first relit the fires of national glory, and made the welkin ring with the shouts of victory? It was the American sailor. And the names of Hull and the Constitution will be remembered as long as we have left anything worth remembering.

The wand of British invincibility was broken when the flag of the Guerrière came down. That one event was worth more to the Republic than all the money which has ever been expended for the navy. Since that day the navy has had no stain upon its escutcheon, but has been cherished as your pride and glory. And the American sailor has established a reputation throughout the world,—in peace and in war, in storm and in battle,—for heroism and prowess unsurpassed. He shrinks from no danger, he dreads no foe, he yields to no superior. No shoals are too dangerous, no seas too boisterous, no climate too rigorous for him. The burning sun of the tropic cannot make him effeminate, nor can the eternal winter of the polar seas paralyze his energies. R. F. Stockton.

XI.

MORALITY, THE FOUNDATION OF NATIONAL GREATNESS.

When we look forward to the probable growth of this country; when we think of the millions of human beings who are to spread over our present territory; of the career of improvement and glory open to this new people; of the impulse which free institutions, if prosperous, may be expected to give to philosophy, religion, science, literature, and arts; of the vast field in which the experiment is to be made, of what the unfettered powers of man may achieve; of the bright page of history which our fathers have filled, and of the advantages under which their toils and virtues have placed us for carrying on their work;—when we think of all this, can we help, for a moment, surrendering ourselves to bright visions of our country's glory before which all the glories of the past are to fade away?

Is it presumption to say that, if just to ourselves and all nations, we shall be felt through this whole continent, that we shall spread our language, institutions, and civilization, through a wider space than any nation has yet filled with a like beneficent influence? And are we prepared to barter these hopes, this sublime moral empire, for conquests by force? Are we prepared to sink to the level of unprincipled nations, to content ourselves with a vulgar, guilty greatness, to adopt in our youth maxims and ends which must brand our future with sordidness, aggression, and shame? This country cannot, without peculiar infamy, run the common race of national rapacity. Our origin, institutions, and position are peculiar, and all favor an upright honorable course.

Why cannot we rise to noble conceptions of our destiny? Why do we not feel, that our work as a nation is to carry freedom, religion, science, and a noble form of human nature over this continent? And why do we not remember, that to diffuse these blessings we must first cherish them in our own borders; and that whatever deeply and permanently corrupts us, will make our

spreading influence a curse, not a blessing, to this new world? I am not prophet enough to read our fate. I believe, indeed, that we are to make our futurity for ourselves. I believe, that a nation's destiny lies in its character, in the principles which govern its policy, and bear rule in the hearts of its citizens. I take my stand on God's moral and eternal law. A nation, renouncing and defying this, cannot be free, cannot be great. W. E. Channing.

XII.

INTEMPERANCE.

Among the evils of intemperance, much importance is given to the poverty of which it is the cause. But this evil, great as it is, is yet light, in comparison with the essential evil of intemperance. What matters it, that a man be poor, if he carry into his poverty the spirit, energy, reason, and virtues of a man? What matters it, that a man must, for a few years, live on bread and water? How many of the richest are reduced, by disease, to a worse condition than this? Honest, virtuous, noble-minded poverty, is comparatively a light evil. The ancient philosopher chose it, as a condition of virtue. It has been the lot of many a Christian.

The poverty of the intemperate man owes its great misery to its cause. He who makes himself a beggar, by having made himself a brute, is miserable indeed. He who has no solace, who has only agonizing recollections and harrowing remorse, as he looks on his cold hearth, his scanty table, his ragged children, has indeed to bear a crushing weight of woe. That he suffers, is a light thing. That he has brought on himself this suffering by the voluntary extinction of his reason, that is the terrible thought, the intolerable curse.

Intemperance is to be pitied and abhorred for its own sake, much more than for its outward consequences. These owe their chief bitterness to their criminal source. We speak of the miseries which the drunkard carries to his family. But take away his own brutality, and how lightened would be these miseries! We talk of his wife and children in rags. Let the rags continue; but suppose them to be the effects of an innocent cause. Suppose his wife and children bound to him by a strong love, which a life of labor for their support, and of unlearned kindness has awakened; suppose them to know that his toils for their welfare had broken down his frame; suppose him able to say, "We are poor in this world's goods, but rich in affection and religious trust. I am going from you; but I leave you to the Father of the fatherless, and to the widow's God." Suppose this; and how changed these rags!—how changed the cold, naked room! The heart's warmth can do much to withstand the winter's cold;—and there is hope, there is honor, in this virtuous indigence.

What breaks the heart of the drunkard's wife? It is not that he is poor, but that he is a drunkard. Instead of that bloated face, now distorted with passion, now robbed of every gleam of intelligence, if the wife could look on an affectionate countenance, which had, for years, been the interpreter of a well-principled mind and faithful heart, what an overwhelming load would be lifted from her! It is a husband, whose touch is polluting, whose infirmities are the witness of his guilt, who has blighted all her hopes, who has proved false to the vow which made her his; it is such a husband who makes home a hell,—not one whom toil and disease and Providence have cast on the care of wife and children.

We look too much at the consequences of vice,—too little at the vice itself. It is vice which is the chief weight of what we call its consequences,—vice, which is the bitterness in the cup of human woe. W. E. Channing.

XIII.

INCONSISTENT EXPECTATIONS.

This world may be considered as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities,—riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Everything is marked at a settled price,—our time, our labor, our ingenuity, is so much ready money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject; but stand to your own judgment, and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase.

Such is the force of well-regulated industry that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrifice of everything else? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so, from the lowest beginnings, by toil, and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of mental ease, of a free, unsuspecting temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools, must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things; and as for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments, but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right or to the left. "But you say, I cannot submit to drudgery like this; I feel a spirit above it." 'Tis well, be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price in your estimation? That, toy may be purchased by steady application, and long solitary study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be learned. "But," says the man of letters, "what a hardship is it, that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms on his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life!" Was it, then, to raise a fortune, that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman springs? You have then mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry. "What reward have I then, for all my labor?" What reward! A large, comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man,—of God; a rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, furnished with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection; a perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good Heaven! What other reward can you ask besides!

"But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence, that such a one, who is a mean, dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the least. He made himself a mean, dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself "I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better. I have chosen my lot; I am content and satisfied." The characteristic mark of a great and noble mind is to choose some high and worthy object, and pursue that object through life. Mrs. Barbauld.

XIV.

THE PATRIOT'S SWORD VINDICATED.

But my Lord, I dissented from the resolutions before us, for other reasons. I dissented from them, because I felt that my giving them my assent, I should have pledged myself to the unqualified repudiation of physical force in all countries, at all times, and under every circumstance. This I could not do. For, my Lord, I do not abhor the use of arms in the vindication of national rights. There are times, when arms will alone suffice, and when political ameliorations call for a drop of blood, and many thousand drops of blood. Opinion, I admit, will operate against opinion. But, as the honorable member for Kilkenny has observed, force must be used against force. The soldier is proof against an argument, but he is not proof against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason, let him be reasoned with. But it is the weaponed arm of the patriot that can alone prevail against battalioneed despotism.

Then, my Lord, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say that the King of Heaven—the Lord of Hosts! the God of Battles!—bestows his benediction upon those who unsheathe the sword in the hour of a nation's peril. From that evening, on which, in the valley of Bethulia, he nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to our day in which he has blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Belgian priest, his almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from his Throne of Light, to consecrate the flag of freedom—to bless the patriot's sword! Be it in the defense, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if, my Lord, it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for, in the passes of the Tyrol, it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and, through those cragged passes, struck a path to fame for the present insurrectionist of Innspruck!

Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord; for at its blow, a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled Colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic—prosperous, limitless, and invincible!

Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord; for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium—scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps—and

knocked their flag and scepter, their laws and bayonets into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.

My Lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern herself—not in this hall, but upon the ramparts of Antwerp. This, the first article of a nation's creed, I learned upon those ramparts, where freedom was justly estimated, and the possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of generous blood.

My Lord, I honor the Belgians, I admire the Belgians, I love the Belgians for their enthusiasm, their courage, their success; and I, for one, will not stigmatize, for I do not abhor the means by which they obtained a citizen king, a chamber of deputies. T. F. Meagher.

XV.

ON BEING FOUND GUILTY OF TREASON.

A jury of my countrymen have found me guilty of the crime for which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced, as they must have been, by the charge of the lord chief justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it I feel sincerely would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my Lord,—you who preside on that bench,—when the passions and prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and to ask of it, was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown?

My Lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it will seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost; I am here to regret nothing I have ever done—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave, with no lying lip the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it, even here—here, where the thief the libertine, the murderer, have left their footprints in the dust; here on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an appointed soil opened to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked still consoles, enraptures me.

No; I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up,—to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world; to restore her to her native powers and her ancient constitution,—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal, I deserve no punishment. Judged by that history the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, is sanctioned as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my Lord, I await the sentence of the court.

Having done what I felt to be my duty,—having spoken what I felt to be the truth, as I have done on every other occasion of my short career,—I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death; the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies; whose factions I have sought to still; whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim; whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and

the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honors the endearments, of a happy and an honored home. Pronounce, then, my Lords, the sentence which the laws direct, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a judge of infinite goodness as well as of justice will preside, and where, my Lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed. T. F. Meagher.

XVI.

ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN TROOPS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND.

The time is now near at hand, which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die. Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and, if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us; and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instrument of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and allow the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground, is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honor, are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause. The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad,—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution. Washington.

XVII.

CHARACTER OF CHATHAM.

The secretary stood alone; modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious polities, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk

him to the vulgar level of the great; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame.

Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished,—always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel, and to decide. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age; and the treasury trembled at the name of Chatham, through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents; his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not, like Murray, conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation; nor was he, like Townshend, forever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that would create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder; something to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish, or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world, that should resound through the universe. H. Grattan.

XVIII.

THE PRESS AND THE UNION.

It were good for us to remember that nothing which tends, however distantly, however imperceptibly, to hold these States together, is beneath the notice of a considerate patriotism. It were good to remember that some of the institutions and devices by which former confederacies have been preserved, our circumstances wholly forbid us to employ. The tribes of Israel and Judah came up three times a year to the holy and beautiful city, and united in prayer and praise and sacrifice, in listening to that thrilling poetry, in swelling that matchless song, which celebrated the triumphs of their fathers by the Red Sea, at the fords of Jordan, and on the high places of the field of Barak's victory. But we have no feast of the Passover, or of the Tabernacles, or of the Commemoration. The States of Greece erected temples of the gods by a common contribution, and worshiped in them. They consulted the same oracle; they celebrated the same national festival: mingled their deliberations in the same amphicyonic and

subordinate assemblies, and sat together upon the free benches to hear their glorious history read aloud, in the prose of Heroditus, the poetry of Homer and of Pindar. We have built no national temples but the Capitol; we consult no common oracle but the Constitution. We can meet together to celebrate no national festival. But the thousand tongues of the press—clearer far than the silver trumpet of the jubilee,—louder than the voice of the herald at the games,—may speak and do speak to the whole people, without calling them from their homes or interrupting them in their employments. Happy if they should speak, and the people should hear, those things which pertain at least to their temporal and national salvation! R. Choate.

XIX.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND THE UNION.

In leaving this subject, I cannot help suggesting, at the hazard of being thought whimsical, that a literature of such writings as these, embodying the romance of the whole revolutionary and ante-revolutionary history of the United States, might do something to perpetuate the Union itself. The influence of a rich literature of passion and fancy upon society must not be denied merely because you cannot measure it by the yard or detect it by the barometer. Poems and romances which shall be read in every parlor, by every fireside, in every school-house, behind every counter, in every printing-office, in every lawyer's office, at every weekly evening club, in all the States of this confederacy, must do something, along with more palpable if not more powerful agents, towards moulding and fixing that final, grand, complex result,—the national character. A keen, well instructed judge of such things said, if he might write the ballads of a people, he cared little who made its laws. Let me say, if a hundred men of genius would extract such a body of romantic literature from our early history as Scott has extracted from the history of England and Scotland, and as Homer extracted from that of Greece, it perhaps would not be so alarming if demagogues should preach, or governors practice, or executives tolerate nullification. Such a literature would be a common property of all the States,—a treasure of common ancestral recollections,—more noble and richer than our thousand million acres of public land; and, unlike that land, it would be indivisible. It would be as the opening of a great fountain for the healing of the nations. It would turn back our thoughts from these recent and overrated diversities of interest,—these controversies about negro-cloth, coarse-wooled sheep, and cotton bagging,—to the day when our fathers walked hand in hand together through the valley of the Shadow of Death in the War of Independence. Reminded of our fathers, we should remember that we are brethren. The exclusiveness of State pride,—the narrow selfishness of a mere local policy and the small jealousies of vulgar minds, would be merged in an expanded comprehensive, constitutional sentiment of old, family, fraternal regard. It would reassemble, as it were, the people of America in one vast congregation. It would rehearse in their hearing all things which God had done for them in the old time; it would proclaim the law once more; and then it would bid them join in that grandest and most affecting solemnity,—a national anthem of thanksgiving for the deliverance, of honor for the dead, of proud prediction for the future! R. Choate.

XX.

THE LOVE OF READING.

Let the case of a busy lawyer testify to the priceless value of the love of reading. He comes home, his temples throbbing, his nerves shattered, from a trial of a week; surprised and alarmed by the charge of the judge, and pale with anxiety about the verdict of the next morning, not at all satisfied with what he has done himself, though he does not yet see how he could have improved it; recalling with dread and self-disparagement, if not with envy, the brilliant effort of his antagonist, and tormenting himself with the vain wish that he could have replied to it,—and altogether a very miserable subject, and in as unfavorable a condition to accept comfort from a wife and children as poor Christian in the first three pages of the "Pilgrim's Progress." With a superhuman effort he opens his book, and in the twinkling of an eye he is looking into the full "orb of Homeric or Miltonic song;" or he stands in the crowd—breathless, yet swayed as forests or the sea by winds—hearing and to judge the pleadings for the crown; or the philosophy which soothed Cicero or Boethius in their afflictions, in exile, prison, and the contemplation of death, breathes over his petty cares like the sweet south; or Pope or Horace laughs him into good humor; or he walks with *Aeneas* and the Sibyl in the mild light of the world of the laurelled dead; and the court-house is as completely forgotten as the dreams of a pre-adamite life. Well may he prize that endeared charm, so effectual and safe, without which the brain had long ago been chilled by paralysis, or set on fire of insanity! R. Choate.

XXI.

ELOQUENCE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Men heard that eloquence in 1776, in that manifold and mighty appeal by the genius and wisdom of that new America, to persuade the people to take on the name of nation, and begin its life. By how many pens and tongues that great pleading was conducted; through how many months before the date of the actual Declaration, it went on, day after day; in how many forms, before how many assemblies, from the village newspaper, the more careful pamphlet, the private conversation, the town-meeting, the legislative bodies of particular colonies, up to the hall of the immortal old Congress, and the master intelligences of lion heart and eagle eye, that ennobled it,—all this you know. But the leader in that great argument was John Adams, of Massachusetts. He, by concession of all men, was the orator of that Revolution,—the Revolution in which a nation was born. Other and renowned names, by written or spoken eloquence, coöperated effectively, splendidly, to the grand result,—Samuel Adams, Samuel Chase, Jefferson, Henry James Otis in an earlier stage. Each of these, and a hundred more, within circles of influence wider or narrower, sent forth, scattering broadcast, the seed of life in the ready virgin soil. Each brought some specialty of gift to the work: Jefferson, the magic of style, and the habit and the power of delicious dalliance with those large, fair ideas of freedom and equality, so dear to man, so irresistible in that day; Henry, the indescribable and lost spell of the speech of the emotions, which fills the eye, chills the blood, turns the cheek pale,—the lyric phase of eloquence, the "fire-water," as Lamartine has said, of the Revolution, instilling into the sense and the soul the sweet madness of battle; Samuel Chase, the tones of anger, confidence, and pride, and the art to inspire them. John Adams's eloquence alone seemed to have met every demand of the time; as a question of right, as a question of prudence, as a question of immediate opportunity, as a question of feeling, as a question of conscience, as a question of historical and durable and innocent glory, he knew it all through and through; and

in that mighty debate, which, beginning in Congress as far back as March or February; 1776, had its close on the second and on the fourth of July, he presented it in all its aspects, to every passion and affection,—to the burning sense of wrong, exasperated at length beyond control by the shedding of blood; to grief, anger, self-respect; to the desire of happiness and of safety; to the sense of moral obligation, commanding that the duties of life are more than life; to courage, which fears God, and knows no other fear; to the craving of the colonial heart, of all hearts, for the reality and the ideal of country, and which cannot be filled unless the dear native land comes to be breathed on by the grace, clad in the robes, armed with the thunders, admitted an equal to the assembly of the nations; to that large and heroical ambition which would build States: that imperial philanthropy which would open to liberty an asylum here, and give to the sick heart, hard fare, fettered conscience of the children of the Old World, healing, plenty, and freedom to worship God,—to these passions, and these ideas, he presented the appeal for months, day after day, until, on the third of July, 1776, he could record the result, writing thus to his wife: "Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America; and a greater, perhaps, never was, nor will be, among men."

Of that series of spoken eloquence all is perished; not one reported sentence has come down to us. The voice through which the rising spirit of a young nation sounded out its dream of life is hushed. The great spokesman, of an age unto an age, is dead.

And yet, of those lost words is not our whole America one immortal record and reporter? Do ye not read them, deep cut, defying the tooth of time, on all the marble of our greatness? How they blaze on the pillars of our Union! How is their deep sense unfolded and interpreted by every passing hour! How do they come to life, and grow audible, as it were, in the brightening rays of the light he foresaw, as the fabled invisible heart gave out its music to the morning!

Yes, in one sense, they are perished. No parchment manuscript, no embalming printed page, no certain traditions of living or dead, have kept them. Yet, from out and from off all things around us,—our laughing harvests, our songs of labor, our commerce on all the seas, our secure homes, our school-houses and churches, our happy people, our radiant and stainless flag,—how they come pealing, pealing, Independence now, and Independence forever! R. Choate.

XXII.

TRIBUTE TO WEBSTER.

They say he was ambitious! Yes, as Ames said of Hamilton, "there is no doubt that he desired glory; and that, feeling his own force, he longed to deck his brow with the wreath of immortality." But I believe he would have yielded his arm, his frame to be burned, before he would have sought to grasp the highest prize of earth by any means, by any organization, by any tactics, by any speech, which in the least degree endangered the harmony of the system.

They say, too, he loved New England! He did love New Hampshire—that old granite world—the crystal hills, gray and cloud-topped; the river, whose murmur lulled his cradle; the old hearthstone; the grave of father and mother. He loved Massachusetts, which adopted and honored him—that sounding sea-shore, that charmed elm-tree seat, that reclaimed farm, that choice herd, that smell of earth, that dear library, those dearer friends; but the "sphere of his

duties was his true country." Dearly he loved you, for he was grateful for the open arms with which you welcomed the stranger and sent him onwards and upwards.

But when the crisis came, and the winds were let loose, and that sea of March "wrought and was tempestuous," then you saw that he knew even you only as you were, American citizens; then you saw him rise to the true nature and stature of American citizenship; then you read on his brow only what he thought of the whole Republic; then you saw him fold the robes of his habitual patriotism around him, and counsel for all—for all. So, then, he served you—"to be pleased with his service was your affair, not his."

And now what would he do, what would he be if he were here to-day? I do not presume to know. But what a loss we have in him! I have read that in some hard battle, when the tide was running against him, and his ranks were breaking, some one in the agony of a, need of generalship exclaimed, "Oh for an hour of Dundee!" So say I, Oh for an hour of Webster now! Oh for one more roll of that thunder inimitable! One more peal of that clarion! One more grave and bold counsel of moderation! One more throb of American feeling! One more Farewell Address! And then might he ascend unhindered to the bosom of his Father and his God. R. Choate.

XXIII.

THE FRUITS OF SKILFUL LABOR AND CULTIVATED INTELLECT.

Perhaps as striking an illustration on a large scale as could be desired, of the connection between the best directed and most skilful labor and the most cultivated and most powerful intellect, is afforded by the case of England. British industry as a whole, is among the most splendid and extraordinary things in the history of man. When you consider how small a work-bench it has to occupy altogether, a little stormy island bathed in almost perpetual fogs, without silk, or cotton, or vineyards, or sunshine, and then look at that agriculture, so scientific and so rewarded, that vast net-work of internal intercommunication, the docks, merchant-ships, men-of-war, the trade encompassing the globe, the flag on which the sun never sets,—when you look, above all, at that vast body of useful and manly art, not directed, like the industry of France,—the industry of vanity,—to making pier-glasses and air-balloons and gobelin tapestry and mirrors, to arranging processions and chiselling silver and twisting gold into filigrees, but to clothing the people, to the manufacture of woolen, cotton, and linen cloth, of railroads and chain-cables and canals and anchors and achromatic telescopes, and chronometers to keep the time at sea,—when you think of the vast aggregate mass of their manufacturing and mechanical production, which no statistics can ex-press, and to find a market for which she is planting colonies under every constellation, and by intimidation, by diplomacy, is knocking at the door of every market-house upon the earth,—it is really difficult to restrain our admiration of such a display of energy, labor, and genius, winning bloodless and innocent triumphs everywhere, giving to the age we live in the name of the age of the industry of the people. Now, the striking and the instructive fact is, that exactly in that island workshop, by this very race of artisans, of coal-heavers and woollen manufacturers of machinists and blacksmiths and ship-carpenters, there has been produced and embodied forever, in words that will outlast the mountains as well as the pyramids, a literature which, take it for all in all, is the richest, most profound, most instructive, combining more spirituality with more common sense, springing

from more capacious souls, conveying in better wisdom, more conformable to the truth in man, in nature, and in human life, than the literature of any nation that ever existed. That same race, side by side with the unparalleled growth of its industry produces Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, and Newton, all four at the summit of human thought,—and then, just below these unapproachable fixed lights, a whole firmament of glories, lesser than they, as all created intelligence must be, yet in whose superior rays the age of Augustus, of Leo X., of Louis XIV., all but the age of Pericles, the culture of Greece, pale and fade. And yet the literature of England is not the only, scarcely the most splendid, fruit or form of the mental power and the energetic character of England. That same race, along with their industry, along with their literature, has built up a jurisprudence which is for substance our law to-day,—has constructed the largest mercantile and war navy, and the largest commercial empire with its pillars encircling the globe, that men ever saw,—has gained greater victories on sea and land than any power in the world,—has erected the smallest spot to the most imperial ascendancy recorded in history. The administrative triumphs of her intellect are as conspicuous as her imaginative and her speculative triumphs.

Such is mental power. Mark its union with labor and with all greatness; deduce the law; learn the lesson; see how you, too, may grow great. Such an industry as that of England demanded such an intellect as that of England. *Sic vobis etian itur ad astra!* That way to you, also, glory lies! R. Choate.

XXIV.

THE EMPIRE OF MIND.

Knowledge is power as well as fame. Think of that subtle, all-embracing, plastic, mysterious, irresistible thing called public opinion, the god of this lower world, and consider what a State, or a cluster of States, of marked and acknowledged literary and intellectual lead might do to color and shape that opinion to their will. Consider how winged are words; how electrical, light-like the speed of thought; how awful human sympathy. Consider how soon a wise, a beautiful thought uttered here,—a sentiment of liberty perhaps, or word of succor to the oppressed, of exhortations to duty, to patriotism, to glory, the refutation of a sophism, the unfolding of a truth for which the nation may be better,—how soon a word fitly or wisely spoken here is read on the Upper Mississippi and beneath the orange-groves of Florida, all through the unequalled valley; how vast an audience it gains, into how many bosoms it has access, on how much good soil the seed may rest and spring to life, how easily and fast the fine spirit of truth and beauty goes all abroad upon the face of the world.

There is an influence which I would rather see Massachusetts exert on her sisters of this Union, than see her furnish a President every twelve years or command a majority on any division in Congress; and that is such an influence as Athens exerted on the taste and opinion first of Greece, then of Rome, then of the universal modern world; such as she will exert while the race of man exists. This, of all the kinds of empire, was most grateful and innocent and glorious and immortal. This was won by no bargain, by no fraud, by no war of the Peloponnesus, by the shedding of no human blood. It would rest on admiration of the beautiful, the good, the true, in art, in poetry, in thought; and it would last while the emotions, its object, were left in a human soul. It would turn the eye of America hitherwards with love, gratitude

and tears, such as those with which we turn to the walk of Socrates beneath the plane-tree, now sere, the summer hour of Cicero, the prison into which philosophy descended to console the spirit of Boethius,— that room through whose opened window came into the ear of Scott, as he died, the murmur of the gentle Tweed,—love, gratitude, and tears, such as we all yield to those whose immortal wisdom, whose divine verse, whose eloquence of heaven, whose scenes of many-colored life, have held up the show of things to the insatiate desires of the mind, have taught us how to live and how to die! Herein were power, herein were influence, herein were security. Even in the madness of civil war it might survive for refuge and defence! R. Choate.

XXV.

THE CITY OF OUR LIBERTY.

But now that our service of commemoration is ended, let us go hence and meditate on all that it has taught us. You see how long the holy and beautiful city of our liberty and our power has been in building, and by how many hands, and at what cost. You see the towering and steadfast height to which it has gone up, and how its turrets and spires gleam in the rising and setting sun. You stand among the graces of some—your townsmen, your fathers by blood, whose names you bear, whose portraits hang up in your homes, of whose memory you are justly proud—who helped in their day to sink those walls deep in their beds, where neither frost nor earthquake might heave them,—to raise aloft those great arches of stone,—to send up those turrets and spires into the sky. It was theirs to build; remember it is yours, under Providence, to keep the city,—to keep it from the sword of the invader,—to keep it from licentiousness and crime and irreligion, and all that would make it unsafe or unfit to live in,—to keep it from the fires of faction, of civil strife, of party spirit, that might burn up in a day the slow work of a thousand years of glory. Happy, if we shall so perform our duty that they who centuries hence shall dwell among our graces may be able to remember, on some such day as this, in one common service of grateful commemoration, their fathers of the first and the second age of America,—those who through martyrdom and tempest and battle sought liberty, and made her their own,—and those whom neither ease nor luxury, nor the fear of man, nor the worship of man, could prevail on to barter her away! R. Choate.

XXVI.

SPECIMEN OF THE ELOQUENCE OF JAMES OTIS.

England may as well dam up the wafers of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the step of Freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life, another his crown; and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions—one fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation, from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thanks to God and herself is rich. But the right to take ten pounds, implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust? True, the spectre is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and the torch were behind us. We have waked this New World from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother-country? No! We owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her, to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps others will say, "We ask no money from your gratitude—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses." And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the king—(and with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.) Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne. In every instance, those who take are to judge for those who pay. If this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege, that rain and dew do not depend upon parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

But, thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember that a fire is lighted in these colonies which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it. Mrs. M. L. Child.

XXVII.

WEBSTER IN THE DARTMOUTH COLLEGE CASE.

The Dartmouth College case forms an important era in Mr. Webster's life. His argument in that case stands out among his other arguments, as his speech in reply to Mr. Hayne, among his other speeches. No better argument has been spoken in the English tongue in the memory of any living man, nor is the child that is born to-day likely to live to hear a better. Its learning is ample but not ostentatious; its logic irresistible; its eloquence vigorous and lofty. Judge Story often spoke with great animation of the effect he then produced upon the court "For the first hour," said he, "we listened to him with perfect astonishment; for the second hour, with perfect

delight; and for the third hour with perfect conviction." It is not too much to say that he entered the court on that day a comparatively unknown name, and left it with no rival but Pinkney. All the words he spoke on that occasion have not been recorded. When he had exhausted the resources of learning and logic, his mind passed naturally and simply into a strain of feeling not common to the place. Old recollections and early associations came over him, and the vision of his youth rose up.

The genius of the institution where he was nurtured seemed standing by his side in weeds of mourning, with a countenance of sorrow. With suffused eyes, and faltering voice, he broke into an unpremeditated strain of emotion, so strong and so deep, that all who heard him were borne along with it. Heart answered to heart as he spoke, and, when he ceased, the silence and tears of the impassive bench, as well as of the excited audience were a tribute to the truth and power of the feeling by which he had been inspired. G. S. Hillard.

XXVIII.

THE AMBITION OF WEBSTER.

Mr. Webster was an ambitious man. He desired the highest office in the gift of the people. But on this subject, as on all others, there was no concealment in his nature. And ambition is not a weakness unless it be disproportional to the capacity. To have more ambition than ability is to be at once weak and unhappy. With him it was a noble passion, because it rested upon noble powers. He was a man cast in a heroic mould. His thoughts, his wishes, his passions, his aspirations, were all on a grander scale than those of other men. Unexercised capacity is always a source of rusting discontent. The height to which men may rise is in proportion to the upward force of their genius, and they will never be calm till they have attained their predestined elevation. Lord Bacon says, "as in nature things move violently to their place and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority, settled and calm." Mr. Webster had a giant's brain and a giant's heart, and he wanted a giant's work. He found repose in those strong conflicts and great duties which crush the weak and madden the sensitive. He thought that, if he were elevated to the highest place, he should so administer the government as to make the country honored abroad, and great and happy at home. He thought, too, that he could do something to make us more truly one people. This, above everything else, was his ambition. And we, who knew him better than others, felt that it was a prophetic ambition, and we honored and trusted him accordingly. G. S. Hillard.

XXIX.

THE DANGER OF EXCLUSIVE DEVOTION TO BUSINESS.

This is a world of inflexible compensations. Nothing is ever given away, but everything is bought and paid for. If, by exclusive and absolute surrender of ourselves to material pursuits, we materialize the mind, we lose that class of satisfactions of which the mind is the region and the source. A young man in business, for instance, begins to feel the exhilarating glow of success, and deliberately determines to abandon himself to its delirious whirl. He says to himself, I will think of nothing but business till I shall have made so much money, and then I will begin a new life. I will gather round me books and pictures and friends. I will have

knowledge, taste, and cultivation,—the perfume of scholarship, and winning speech, and graceful manners. I will see foreign countries, and converse with accomplished men. I will drink deep of the fountains of classic lore. Philosophy shall guide me, history shall instruct, and poetry shall charm me. Science shall open to me her world of wonders. I shall remember my present life of drudgery as one recalls a troubled dream when the morning has dawned.

He keeps his self-registered vow. He bends his thoughts downward and nails them to the dust. Every power, every affection, every taste, except those which his particular occupation calls into play, is left to starve. Over the gates of his mind he writes in letters which he who runs may read, "No admittance except on business." In time he reaches the goal of his hopes; but now insulted Nature begins to claim her revenge. That which was once unnatural is now natural to him. The enforced constraint has become a rigid deformity. The spring of his mind is broken. He can no longer lift his mind from the ground. Books and knowledge and wise discourse, and the amenities of it, and the cordial of friendship, are like words in a strange tongue. To the hard, smooth surface of his soul, nothing genial, graceful, or winning will cling; he cannot even purge his voice of its fawning tone, or pluck from his face the mean, money-getting mask which the child does not look at without ceasing to smile. Amid the graces and ornaments of wealths, he is like a blind man in a picture-gallery. That which he has done he must continue to do. He must accumulate riches which he cannot enjoy and contemplate the dreary prospect of growing old without anything to make age venerable or attractive; for age without wisdom and without knowledge is the winter's cold without the winter's fire G. S. Hillard.

XXX.

SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY, IN THE CONVENTION OF DELEGATES OF VIRGINIA, MARCH, 1775.

Mr. President, It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in the great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know, what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss! Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations, which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation! Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love! Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what

means this martial array if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministers have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them?—Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light, of which if is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned,—we have remonstrated,—we have supplicated,—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical bands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free,—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending,—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of or contest shall be obtained,—we must fight; I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

XXXI.

THE SAME CONCLUDED.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed; and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone,—it is to the active, the vigilant, the brave. Besides sir we have no election! If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat,—but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard in the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable,—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace! peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Heaven!—I know not what course others may take, but as for me,—give me liberty, or give me death!

XXXII.

REPLY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

My Lords, I am amazed; yes, my Lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertion in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble Lords, the language of the noble Duke is as applicable and insulting as it is to myself But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my Lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage.

Nay, more; I can say and will say that as a Peer of Parliament, as a Speaker of this right honorable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as Guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England,—nay, even in that character alone, in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered but which character none can deny me,—as a MAN,—I am, at this moment, as respectable,—I beg to leave add, I am as much respected,—as the proudest peer I now look down upon.

Lord Thurlow.

XXXIII.

THE PROSPECTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Judging from the past, what have we not a right to expect in the future. The world has never witnessed anything equal or similar to our career hitherto. Scarcely two years ago California was almost an unoccupied wild. With the exception of a præsidium, a mission a pueblo, or a lonely ranch, scattered here and there, at tiresome distances, there was nothing to show that the uniform stillness had ever been broken by the footsteps of civilized man. The agricultural richness of her valley remained unimproved; and the wealth of a world lay entombed in the bosom of her solitary mountains, and on the banks of her unexplored streams. Behold the contrast! The hand of agriculture is now busy in every fertile valley and its toils are remunerated with rewards which in no other portion of the world can be credited. Enterprise has pierced every hill, for hidden treasure, and has heaped up enormous gains. Cities and villages dot the surface of the whole State. Steamers dart along our rivers, and innumerable vessels spread their white wings over our bays. Not Constantinople, upon which the wealth of imperial Rome was lavished,—not St. Petersburg, to found which the arbitrary Czar sacrificed thousands of his subjects, would rival, in rapidity of growth, the fair city which lies before me.

Our state is a marvel to ourselves, and a miracle to the rest of the world. Nor is the influence of California confined within her own borders. Mexico, and the islands nestled in the embrace of the Pacific, have felt the quickening breath of her enterprise. With her golden wand, she has touched the prostrate corpse of South American industry, and it has sprung up in the freshness of life. She has caused the hum of busy life to be heard in the wilderness "where rolls the Oregon," and but recently heard no sound, "save its own dashings." Even the wall of Chinese exclusiveness has been broken down, and the children of the sun have come forth to view the splendor of her achievements.

But, flattering as has been the past, satisfactory as is the present, it is but a foretaste of the future. It is a trite saying, that we live in an age of great events. Nothing can be more true. But the greatest of all events of the present age is at hand. It needs not the gift of prophecy to predict, that the course of the world's trade is destined soon to be changed. But a few years can elapse before the commerce of Asia and the islands of the Pacific, instead of pursuing the ocean track, by way of Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, or even taking the shorter route of the Isthmus of Darien, or the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, will enter the Golden Gate of California, and deposit its riches in our own city. Hence, on bars of iron, and propelled by steam, it will ascend the mountains and traverse the desert; and having again reached the confines of civilization, will be distributed, through a thousand channels, to every portion of the Union and of Europe. New York will then become what London now is,-the great central point of exchange, the heart of trade, the force of whose contraction and expansion will be felt throughout every artery of the commercial world; and San Francisco will then stand the second city of America. Is this visionary? Twenty years will determine.

The world is interested in our success; for a fresh field is opened to its commerce, and a new avenue to the civilization and progress of the human race. Let us, then, endeavor to realize the hopes of Americans, and the expectations of the world. Let us not only be united amongst ourselves, for our own local welfare, but let us strive to cement the common bonds of brotherhood of the whole Union. In our relations to the Federal Government, let us know no South, no North, no East, no West. Wherever American liberty flourishes, let that be our common country! Wherever the American banner waves, let that be our home! Nathaniel Bennett.

XXXIV.

IN PROSPECT OF WAR

Go forth, defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, when God himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success not to lend you her aid. She will shed over your 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 myriad 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.

While you have everything to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success; so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions

The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But, should Providence determine otherwise,—should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall,—you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man), of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period (and they will incessantly revolve them), will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre.

I cannot but imagine 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 favorable 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 on the throne, and liveth forever and ever, that they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert her cause, which you sustained by your labors, and cemented with your blood! Robert Hall.

XXXV.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

If the Indians had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave. But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? The sachems and the tribes? The hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores,—a plague which the touch of the white man communicated,—a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes,—the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longed curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or dispatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them,—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassible gulf. They know and feel, that for them there is still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is the general burying-ground of their race. J. Story.

XXXVI.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

The importance of classical learning to professional education is so obvious, that the surprise is, that it could ever have become matter of disputation. I speak not of its power in refining the taste, in disciplining the judgment, in invigorating the understanding, or in warming the heart with elevated sentiments; but of its power of direct, positive, necessary instruction. There is not a single nation from the north to the south of Europe, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not embedded in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is, in an emphatic sense, the production of her scholars; of men who have cultivated letters in her universities, and colleges, and grammar-schools; of men who thought any life too short, chiefly because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame too humble, because it faded in the presence of Roman and Grecian genius.

He who studies English literature without the lights of classical learning, loses half the charms of its sentiments and style, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions, of its illustrative associations. Who that reads the poetry of Gray, does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? Who that reads the concentrated sense and melodious versification of Dryden and Pope, does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who that meditates over the strains of Milton does not feel that he drank deep at

"Siloa's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God,—"

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars?

It is no exaggeration to declare, that he who proposes to abolish classical studies, proposes to render, in a great measure, inert and unedifying, the mass of English literature for three centuries; to rob us of the glory of the past, and much of the instruction of future ages; to blind us to excellencies which few may hope to equal, and none to surpass; to annihilate associations which are interwoven with our best sentiments, and give to distant times and countries a presence and reality, as if they were in fact his own. J. Story.

XXXVII.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF PATRIOTISM AND LOYALTY.

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be; resist every object of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman,—the love of your offspring,—teach them as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you young men, to remember whose sons you are; whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country. I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain. May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

No;—I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We, who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs. May he, who at the distance of another century shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people. May he have reason to exult as we do. May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as poetry exclaim that here is still his country.
J. Story.

XXXVIII.

OUR DUTIES TO THE REPUBLIC.

The Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece,

"The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,"

where sister republics, in fair procession, chanted the praises of liberty and the gods,—where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has ground her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery. The fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The Man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions. Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun,—where and what is she? The eternal city yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has travelled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon; and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the senate-chamber. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns,—the swarms of the North,—completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold; but the people offered the tribute-money.

We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning,—simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government, and to self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within

our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they have themselves created? Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North; and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days. Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? Can it be that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is: THEY WERE, BUT THEY ARE NOT? Forbid it, my countrymen! Forbid it, Heaven! J. Story.

XXXIX.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

It had been a day of triumph at Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre, to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drop on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Volturnus with wavy, tremulous light. It was a night of holy calm, when the zephyr sways the young spring leaves, and whispers among the hollow reeds its dreamy music. No sound was heard but the last sob of some weary wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators were crowded together, their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, and the scowl of battle yet lingering upon their brows, when Spartacus, rising in the midst of that grim assemblage, thus addressed them:—

"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief, who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and yet never has lowered his arm. And if there be one among you who can say that, ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him step forth and say it. If there, be three in all your throng dare face me on the bloody sand, let them come on!"

"Yet I was not always thus, a hired butcher, a savage chief of savage men. My father was a reverent man, who feared great Jupiter, and brought the rural deities his offerings of fruits ad flowers. He dwelt among the vine-clad rocks and olive groves at the foot of Helicon. My early life ran quiet as the brook by which I sported. I was taught to prune the vine, to tend the flock; and then, at noon, I gathered my sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute. I had a friend, the son of our neighbor; we led our flocks to the same pasture, and shared together our rustic meal.

"One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle that shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war meant; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why; and I clasped the hand of that venerable man, till my mother, parting the hair from off my brow, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

"That very night the Romans landed on our shore, and the dash of steel was heard within our quiet vale. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the iron hoof of the warhorse; the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling. To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold!—it was my friend! He knew me, —smiled faintly,—gasped,—and died. The same sweet smile that I had marked upon his face, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled some lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the Prætor he was my friend, noble and brave, and I begged his body, that I might burn it upon the funeral-pile, and mourn over him. Ay, upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that boon, while all the Roman maids and matrons, and those holy virgins they call vestal, and the rabble, shouted in mockery, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale, and tremble like a very child, before that piece of bleeding clay; but the Prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, 'Let the carrion rot! There are no noble men but Romans!' And he, deprived of funeral rites,—must wander, a hapless ghost, beside the waters of that sluggish river, and look —and look—and look in vain to the bright Elysian fields where dwell his ancestors and noble kindred. And so must you, and so must I, die like dogs!

"O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me! Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd-lad, who never knew a harsher sound than a flute-note, muscles of iron, and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through rugged brass and plaited mail, and warm it in the marrow of his foe!—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a smooth-cheeked boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back till thy yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! the strength of brass in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet odors from his curly locks, shall come, and with his lily fingers pat your brawny shoulders, and bet his sesterces upon your blood! Hark! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted meat; but tomorrow he shall break his fast upon your flesh; and ye shall be a dainty meal for him.

"If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife; if ye are men, follow me! strike down yon sentinel, and gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that ye do crouch and cower like base-born slaves, beneath your master's lash? O! comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors; if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle." E. Kellogg.

XL.

NO EXTENSION OF SLAVE TERRITORY.

Mr. Chairman, I have no time to discuss the subject of slavery on this occasion, nor should I desire to discuss it in this connection, if I had more time. But I just not omit a few plain words on the momentous issue which has now been raised. I speak for Massachusetts—I believe I speak the sentiments of all New England, and of many other States out of New England—when I say that, upon this question, our minds are made up. So far as we have power—constitutional or moral power—to control political events, we are resolved that there shall be no further extension of the territory of this Union, subject to the institution of slavery. This is not a matter to argue about with us. My honorable friend from Georgia (Mr Toombs) must pardon me if I do not enter into any question with him whether such a policy be equal or just. It may be that the North does not consider the institution of slavery a fit thing to be the subject of equal distribution or nice weighing in the balances. I cannot agree with him that the South gains nothing by the Constitution but the right to reclaim fugitives. Surely he has forgotten that slavery is the basis of representation in this House.

But I do not intend to argue the case. I wish to deal with it calmly, but explicitly. I believe the North is ready to stand by the Constitution with all its compromises, as it now is. I do not intend, moreover, to throw out any threats of disunion, whatever may be the result. I do not intend, now or ever, to contemplate disunion as a cure for any imaginable evil. At the same time I do not intend to be driven from a firm expression of purpose, and a steadfast adherence to principle, by any threats of disunion from any other quarter. The people of New England, whom I have any privilege to speak for, do not desire, as I understand their views, I know my own heart and my own principles and can at least speak for them, to gain one foot of territory by conquest, and as the result of the prosecution of the war with Mexico. I do not believe that even the abolitionists of the North,—though I am one of the last persons who would be entitled to speak their sentiments, would be unwilling to be found in combination with Southern gentlemen, who may see fit to espouse this doctrine. We desire peace. We believe that this war ought never to have been commenced, and we do not wish to have it made the pretext for plundering Mexico of one foot of her lands. But if the war is to be prosecuted, and if territories are to be conquered and annexed, we shall stand fast and forever to the principle that, so far as we are concerned, these territories shall be the exclusive abode of freemen. R. C. Winthrop.

XLI.**NATIONAL MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.**

Fellow-citizens! Let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognize In our common title to the name and fame of Washington, and, in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever! Let the column which we are about to construct, be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and reverted, In a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun—till that sun shall set to rise no more —draw forth from it dally, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic!

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled. Lay the cornerstone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the Illustrious Father of his country! Build it to the skies, you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock, you cannot make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble, you cannot make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and modern art, you cannot make it more proportionate than his character!

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We and those who come after us, in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians.

The wide-spread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its Independence. Uphold its Constitution. Preserve its Union. Defend its Liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light, and hope, and joy, upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world; and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly testify our veneration for him; this, this alone, can adequately illustrate his services to mankind. Nor does he need even this. The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame, of George Washington! R. C. Winthrop.

XLII.

THE PERFECT ORATOR.

Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended. How awful such a meeting! How vast the subject! Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate! Yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for awhile, superseded by the admiration of his talents. With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man; and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions! To effect this must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature,—not a faculty that he possesses is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external testify their energies. Within the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy; without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted; not a feature, not a limb but speaks. The organs of the body attuned to the exertions of the mind through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass,—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same

way, become, as it were, but one man and have but one voice. The universal cry is,—LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP; LET US FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES;—LET US CONQUER OR DIE!

XLIII.

NECESSITY OF A PURE NATIONAL MORALITY.

The crisis has come. By the people of this generation, by ourselves, probably the amazing question is to be decided, whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved or thrown away; whether our Sabbaths shall be a delight or a loathing; whether the taverns, on that holy day shall be crowded with drunkards, or the sanctuary of God with humble worshippers; whether riot and profaneness shall fill our streets, and poverty our dwellings: and convicts our jails, and violence our land; or whether industry, and temperance, and righteousness, shall be the stability of our times; whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of free men, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves. Be not deceived. The rocks and hills of New England will remain till the last conflagration. But let the Sabbath be profaned with impunity, to worship of God be abandoned, the government and religious instruction of children neglected, and the streams of intemperance be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no longer surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defence. The hand that overthrows our doors and temples, is the hand of Death unbarring the gate of pandemonium, and letting loose upon our land the crimes and miseries of hell. If the Most High should stand aloof and cast not a single ingredient into our cup of trembling, it would seem to be full of superlative woe. But He will not stand aloof. As we shall have begun an open controversy with Him, he will contend openly with us. And, never, since the earth stood, has it been so fearful a thing for nations to fall into the hands of the living God. The day of vengeance is at hand; the day of judgment has come; the great earthquakes which sinks Babylon is making the nations, and the waves of the mighty commotions are dashing upon every shore. Is this, then, a time to remove the foundations, when the earth itself is shaken? Is this a time to forfeit the protection of God, when the hearts of men are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are to come upon the earth? Is this a time to run upon His neck and the thick bosses of His buckler, when the nations are drinking blood, and fainting, and passing away in His wrath? Is this the time to throw away the shield of faith, when His arrows are drunk with the blood of the slain?—to cut from the anchor of hope, when the clouds are collecting, and the sea and the waves are roaring and thunders are uttering their voices, and lightnings blazing in the heavens, and the great hail is falling from heaven upon men, and every mountain, sea, and island is fleeing in dismay from the face of an incensed God! L. Beecher.

XLIV.

ON THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL.

I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this House; I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful towards the nation to which I belong,—toward a nation which though subject to England, is yet distinct from it. It is a distinct nation; it has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny. I call upon this House, as you value

the liberty of England, not to allow this nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen. Against the bill I protest, in the name of the Irish people, and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertions, that grievances are not to be complained of,—that our redress is not to be agitated; for, in such cases, remonstrances cannot be too strong, agitation cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

The clause which does away with trial by jury,—what, in the name of Heaven is it, if it is not the establishment of a revolutionary tribunal? It drives the judge from his bench; it does away with that which is more sacred than the throne itself—that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble. If ever I doubted before of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill,—this infamous bill,—the way in which it has been received by the House; the manner in which its opponents have been treated; the personalities to which they have been subjected; the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted,—all these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills? O, they will be heard there!—yes; and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation,—they will say "We are eight millions; and you treat us thus, as through we were no more to your country than the isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!"

I have done my duty. I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country. I have opposed this measure throughout; and I now protest against it as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust;—as establishing an infamous precedent, by retaliating crime against crime;—as tyrannous,—cruelly and vindictively tyrannous! D. O'Connel.

XLV.

CÆSAR'S PAUSE UPON THE RUBICON.

An advocate of Cæsar's character, speaking of his benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon!" How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river?—Oh! but he paused upon the brink! He should leave perished on the brink, ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer,—his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking measure of the blow,—strike wide of the mortal part?—Because of conscience! 'T was that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion!—What compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder as his weapon begins to cut!

Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon!—What was the Rubicon?—The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No: it was cultivated and fertile; rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its

inhabitant!—Love was its inhabitant!—Domestic affection was its inhabitant!—Liberty was its inhabitant!—All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the brink of that stream?—A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused! No wonder if, in his imagination, wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water; and heard groans instead of murmurs. No wonder if some Gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot.—But, no!—he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged!—He crossed!—and Rome was free no more. J. S. Knowles.

XLVI.

GUSTAVUS VASA TO THE DALECARLIANS.

Swedes! countrymen! behold at last, after a thousand dangers past, your chief, Gustavus, here! Long have I sighed 'mid foreign lands; long have I roamed in foreign lands; at length, 'mid Swedish hearts and hands, I grasp a Swedish spear! Yet, looking forth, although I see none but the fearless and the free, sad thoughts the sight inspires; for where, I think, on Swedish ground, save where these mountains frown around, can that best heritage be found—the freedom of our sires? Yes, Sweden pines beneath the yoke; the galling chain our fathers broke is round our country now! On perjured craft and ruthless guilt his power a tyrant Dane has built, and Sweden's crown, all blood-bespilt, rests on a foreign brow. On you your country turns her eyes—on you, on you, for aid relies, scions of noblest stem! The foremost place in rolls of fame, by right your fearless fathers claim; yours is the glory of their name,—t is yours to equal them. As rushing down, when winter reigns, resistless to the shaking plains, the torrent tears its way, and all that bars its onward course sweeps to the sea with headlong force, so swept your sires the Dane and Norse;—can ye do less than they? Rise! Reässert your ancient pride, and down the hills a living tide of fiery valor pour. Let but the storm of battle lower, back to his den the foe will cower;—then, then shall Freedom's glorious hour strike for our land once more! What! silent motionless, ye stand? Gleams not an eye? Moves not a hand? Think ye to fly your fate? Or till some better cause be given, wait ye?—Then wait! till, banished, driven, ye fear to meet the face of Heaven;—till ye are slaughtered, wait. But no! your kindling hearts gainsay the thought. Hark! hear that bloodhound's bay! Yon blazing village see! Rise, countrymen! Awake! Defy the haughty Dane! Your battlecry be Freedom! We will do or die! On! Death or victory!

XLVII.

NOBILITY OF LABOR.

I call upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it then be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world, of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do indeed toil; but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as in some sort a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfill it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and covetous theatre of

improvement. But so he is not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy work-shop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature; it is impiety to Heaven; it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat toil—either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility. O. Dewey.

XLVIII.

SALATHIEL TO TITUS.

Son of Vespasian, I am at this hour a poor man, as I may in the next be an exile or a slave: I have ties to life as strong as ever were bound round the heart of man. I stand here a suppliant for the life of one whose loss would embitter mine! Yet, not for wealth unlimited, for the safety of my family, for the life of the noble victim that is now standing at the place of torture, dare I abandon, dare I think the impious thought of abandoning the cause of the City of Holiness.

Titus! in the name of that Being, to whom the wisdom of the earth is folly, I adjure you to beware. Jerusalem is sacred. Her crimes have often wrought her misery; often has she been trampled by the armies of the stranger. But she is still the City of the Omnipotent; and never was blow inflicted on her by man, that was not terribly repaid.

The Assyrian came, the mightiest power of the world; he plundered her temple, and led her people into captivity. How long was it before his empire was a dream, his dynasty extinguished in blood, and an enemy on his throne? The Persian came; from her protector he turned into her oppressor; and his empire was swept away like the dust of the desert! The Syrian smote her; the smiter died in agonies of remorse; and where is his kingdom now? The Egyptian smote her; and who now sits on the throne of the Ptolemies?

Pompey came: the invincible, the conqueror of a thousand cities, the light of Rome; the lord of Asia, riding on the very wings of victory. But he profaned her temple; and from that hour he went down,—down, like a millstone plunged into the ocean! Blind counsel, rash ambition, womanish fears were upon the great statesman and warrior of Rome. Where does he sleep? What sands were colored with his blood? The universal conqueror died a slave, by the hand of a slave! Crassus came at the head of the legions; he plundered the sacred vessels of the sanctuary. Vengeance followed him, and he was cursed by the curse of God. Where are the bones of the robber and his host? Go, tear them from the jaws of the lion and the wolf of Parthia,—their fitting tomb!

You, too: son of Vespasian, may be commissioned for the punishment of a stiff-necked and rebellious people. You may scourge our naked vice by force of arms; and then you may return to your own land exulting in the conquest of the fiercest enemy of Rome. But shall you escape the common fate of the instrument of evil? Shall you see a peaceful old age? Shall a son of

yours ever sit upon the throne? Shall not rather some monster of your blood efface the memory of your virtues, and make Rome, in bitterness of soul, curse the Flavian name? G. Croly.

XLIX.

AN APPEAL TO THE LOYALTY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Fellow-citizens of my native State! Let me not only admonish you as the first magistrate of our common country not to incur the penalty of its laws, but use the influence that a father would over his children whom he saw rushing to certain ruin. In that paternal language, with that, paternal feeling, let me tell you, my countrymen, that you are deluded by men who are either deceived themselves, or wish to deceive you. Contemplate the condition of that country of which you still form an important part! Consider its government, uniting in one bond of common interest and general protection so many different States—giving to all their inhabitants the proud title of American citizen—protecting their commerce—securing their literature and arts—facilitating their intercommunication—defending their frontiers and making their name respected in the remotest parts of the earth! Consider the extent of its territory, its increasing and happy population, its advance in arts which render life agreeable, and the sciences which elevate the mind! See education spreading the lights of religion, morality, and general information into every cottage in this wide extent of our Territories and States! Behold it, as the asylum where the wretched and the oppressed find a refuge and support! Look on this picture of happiness and honor, and say "We, too, are citizens of America! Carolina is one of these proud States; her arms have defended, her best blood has cemented this happy Union!" And then add, if you can, with out horror and remorse, "This happy Union we will dissolve this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface—this free intercourse we will interrupt—these fertile fields we will deluge with blood—the protection of that glorious flag we renounce—the very name of Americans we discard!" And for what, mistaken men! for what do you throw away these inestimable blessings—for what would you exchange your share in the advantages and honor of the Union? For the dream of a separate independence—a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbors, and a vile dependence on a foreign power. A. Jackson.

L.

THE SAME CONCLUDED.

There is yet time to show, that the descendants of the Pinckneys, the Sumters the Rutledges, and of the thousand other names which adorn the pages of your Revolutionary history, will not abandon that Union to support which so many of them fought, and bled, and died. I adjure you, as you honor their memory, as you love the cause of freedom to which they dedicated their lives, as you prize the peace of your country, the lives of its best citizens, and your own fair fame, to retrace your steps. Snatch from the archives of your State the disorganizing edict of its convention,—bid its members to reassemble and promulgate the decided expression of your will, to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honor;—tell them that compared to disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all;—declare that you will never take the field, unless the star-spangled banner of your country shall float over you; that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and

dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the Constitution of your country,—its destroyers you cannot be.

Fellow-citizens, the momentous case is before you. On your undivided support of the Government depends the decision of the great question it involves: whether our sacred Union will be preserved, and the blessings it secures to us as one people shall be perpetuated. No one can doubt that the unanimity with which that decision will be expressed, will be such as to inspire new confidence in republican institutions; and that the prudence, the wisdom, and the courage, which it will bring to their defense, will transmit them unimpaired and invigorated to our children. May the Great Ruler of nations grant that the signal blessings with which He has favored ours, may not, by the madness of party or personal ambition, be disregarded and lost; and may His wise Providence bring those who have produced this crisis, to see their folly, before they feel the misery of civil strife; and inspire a returning veneration for that Union, which, if we may dare to penetrate His designs, He has chosen as the only means of obtaining the high destinies to which we may reasonably aspire. A. Jackson.

LI.

BURR AND BLENNERHASSETT.

A plain man, who knew nothing of the curious transmutation which the wit of man can work, would be very apt to wonder by what kind of legerdemain Aaron Burr had contrived to shuffle himself down to the bottom of the pack, as an accessory, and turn up poor Blennerhassett as principal, in this treason. Who, then, is Aaron Burr, and what the part which he has borne in this transaction? He is its author, its projector, its active executor. Bold, ardent, restless, and aspiring, his brain conceived it, his hand brought it into action.

Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. On his arrival in America, he retired, even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he brought with him taste, and science, and wealth; and "lo the desert smiled!" Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of Nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence, shed their mingled delights around him. And, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you, sir, that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart,—the destroyer comes. He comes to turn this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitor shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. It is Aaron Burr. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address.

The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no designs itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guards before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers!

The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the object of its affection. By degrees, he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring, desperate thirst for glory; an ardor, panting for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery bloom's and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unfelt and unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors,—of Cromwell, and Cæsar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds" of summer "to visit too roughly,"—we find her shivering, at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness,—thus seduced from the paths of innocents and peace,—thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another,—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason,—this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason! Wm. Wirt.

LII.

CAUSE FOR INDIAN RESENTMENT.

You say you have bought the country. Bought it? Yes; of whom? Of the poor, trembling natives, who knew that refusal would be vain; and who strove to make a merit of necessity, by seeming to yield with a grace what they knew they had not the power to retain.

Alas, the poor Indians! No wonder that they continue so implacably vindictive against the white people. No wonder that the rage of resentment is handed down from generation to generation. No wonder that they refuse to associate and mix permanently with their unjust and cruel invaders and exterminators. No wonder that, in the unabating spite and frenzy of conscious impotence, they wage an eternal war, as well as they are able; that they triumph in

the rare opportunity of revenge; that they dance, sing, and rejoice, as the victim shrinks and faints amid the flames, when they imagine all the crimes of their oppressors collected on his head, and fancy the spirits of their injured forefathers hovering over the scene, smiling with ferocious delight at the grateful spectacle: and feasting on the precious odor as it arises from the burning blood of the white man. Yet the people here affect to wonder that the Indians are so very unsusceptible of civilization; or, in other words, that they so obstinately refuse to adopt the manners of the white man.

Go, Virginians, erase from the Indian nation the tradition of their wrongs. Make them forget, if you can, that once this charming country was theirs; that over these fields and through these forests their beloved forefathers once, in careless gayety, pursued their sports and hunted their game; that every returning day found them the sole, the peaceful, and happy proprietors of this extensive and beautiful domain. Go, administer the cup of oblivion to recollections like these, and then you will cease to complain that the Indian refuses to be civilized. But, until then, surely it is nothing wonderful that a nation, even yet bleeding afresh from the memory of ancient wrongs, perpetually agonized by new outrages, and goaded into desperation and madness at the prospect of the certain ruin which awaits their descendants, should hate the authors of their miseries, of their desolation, their destruction; should hate their manners, hate their color, hate their language, hate their name, hate everything that belongs to them. No, never, until time shall wear out the history of their sorrows and their sufferings, will the Indian be brought to love the white man, and to imitate his manners. Wm. Wirt.

LIII.

SPEECH ON THE BRITISH TREATY.

The refusal of the posts (inevitable if we reject the treaty) is a measure too decisive in its nature to be neutral in its consequences. If any should still maintain, that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether conviction is not already planted there. I resort especially to the convictions of the Western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty! the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within reach of the tomahawk. On this theme my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, Wake from your false security! Your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions, are soon to be renewed. The wounds yet unhealed are to be torn open again. In the daytime, your path through the woods will be ambushed. The darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn-field. You are a mother,—the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings. It is a spectacle of horror which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language compared with which all I have said or can say will be poor and frigid.

Who will accuse me of wandering out of the subject? Who will say that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer, that all this is idle preaching? Would any one deny that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects? Are republicans irresponsible? Have the principles on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish pretty topics of harangue from the windows of that State House? I trust it is neither too presumptuous nor too late to ask, Can you put the dearest interest of society at risk, without guilt and without remorse?

It is in vain to offer as an excuse, that public men are not to be reproached for the evils that may happen to ensue from their measures. This is very true where they are unforeseen or inevitable. Those I have depicted are not unforeseen. They are so far from inevitable, we are going to bring them into being by our vote; we choose the consequences, and become as justly answerable for them, as for the measure that we know will produce them.

By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make,—to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake,—to our country,—and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable; and if duty be anything more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country. There is no mistake in this case; there can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims has already reached us. The Western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps the tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture! Already they seem to sigh in the western wind! Already they mingle with every echo from the mountains! F. Ames.

LIV.

SPEECH AGAINST A LIBELLER.

I am one of those who believe that the heart of the wilful and deliberate libeller is blacker than that of the highway robber, or of one who commits the crime of midnight arson. The man who plunders on the highway may have the semblance of an apology for what he does. An affectionate wife may demand subsistence; a circle of helpless children raise to him the supplicating hand for food. He may be driven to the desperate act by the high mandate of imperative necessity. The mild features of the husband and father may intermingle with those of the robber and soften the roughness of the shade. But the robber of character plunders that which "not enricheth him," though it makes his neighbor "poor indeed." The man who at the midnight hour consumes his neighbor's dwelling does him an injury which perhaps is not irreparable. Industry may rear another habitation. The storm may indeed descend upon him until charity opens a neighboring door; the rude winds of heaven may whistle around his uncovered family. But he looks forward to better days; he has yet a hook left to hang a hope

on. No such consolation cheers the heart of him whose character has been torn from him. If innocent he may look, like Anaxagoras, to the heavens; but he must be constrained to feel this world is to him a wilderness. For whither shall he go? Shall he dedicate himself to the service of his country? But will his country receive him? Will she employ in her councils, or in her armies, the man at whom the "slow unmoving finger of scorn" is pointed? Shall he betake himself to the fireside? The story of his disgrace will enter his own doors before him. And can he bear, think you, can he bear the sympathizing agonies of a distressed wife? Can he endure the formidable presence of scrutinizing, sneering domestics? Will his children receive instructions from the lips of a disgraced father?

Gentlemen, I am not ranging on fairy ground. I am telling the plain story of my client's wrongs. By the guiltless hand of malice his character has been wantonly massacred,—and he now appears before a jury of his country for redress. Will you deny him this redress? Is character valuable? On this point I will not insult you with argument. There are certain things to argue which is treason against nature. The Author of our being did not intend to leave this point afloat at the mercy of opinion, but with His own hand has He kindly planted in the soul of man an instinctive love of character. This high sentiment has no affinity to pride. It is the ennobling quality of the soul; and if we have hitherto been elevated above the ranks of surrounding creation, human nature owes its elevation to the love of character. It is the love of character for which the poet has sung, the philosopher toiled, the hero bled. It is the love of character which wrought miracles at ancient Greece; the love of character is the eagle on which Rome rose to empire. And it is the love of character, animating the bosoms of her sons, on which America must depend in those approaching crises that may "try men's soul's." Will a jury weaken this our nation's hope? Will they by their verdict pronounce to the youth of our country, that character is scarce worth possessing?

We read of that philosophy which can smile at the destruction of property—of that religion which enables its possessor to extend the benign look of forgiveness and complacency to his murderers. But it is not in the soul of man to bear the laceration of slander. The philosophy which could bear it we should despise. The religion which could bear it we should not despise, —but we should be constrained to say, that its kingdom was not of this world. Griffin.

LV.

NEW ENGLAND AND THE UNION.

Glorious New England! thou art still true to thy ancient fame, and worthy of thy ancestral honors. We, thy children, have assembled in this far-distant land to celebrate thy birthday. A thousand fond associations throng upon us, roused by the spirit of the hour. On thy pleasant valleys rest, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life; around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the Revolution; and, far away in the horizon of thy past, gleam, like thy own bright northern lights, the awful virtues of our Pilgrim Sires!

But while we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, we forget not that in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection, that though we count by thousands the miles which separate us from our birthplace, still our country is the same. We are no exiles,

meeting upon the banks of a foreign river to swell its waters with our homesick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider, and its glittering stars increased in number.

The sons of New England are found in every State of the broad Republic. In the East, the South, and the unbounded West, their blood mingles freely with every kindred current. We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion; in all its rooms we are at home, and all who inhabit it are our brothers. To us the Union has but one domestic hearth; its household gods are all the same. Upon us then peculiarly devolves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth, of guarding with pious care those sacred household gods.

We cannot do with less than the whole Union; to us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows Northern and Southern blood. How shall it be separated? Who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption; so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both, and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the Republic. Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of the Union!—thrice accursed the traitorous lips which shall propose its severance! But no; the Union cannot be dissolved. Its fortunes are too brilliant to be marred; its destinies too powerful to be resisted. Here will be their greatest triumphs, their most mighty development. And when, a century hence, this Crescent City shall have filled her golden horns,—when within her broad-armed port shall be gathered the products of the industry of a hundred millions of freemen,—when galleries of art and halls of learning shall have made classic this mart of trade,—then may the sons of the Pilgrims, still wandering from the bleak hills of the North, stand upon the banks of the great river and exclaim with mingled pride and wonder,—"Lo, this is our country: when did the world ever behold so rich and magnificent a city,—so great and glorious a Republic!" S. S. Prentiss.

LVI.

ON SENDING RELIEF TO IRELAND.

We have assembled, not to respond to shouts of triumph from the West, but to answer to the cry of want and suffering which comes from the East. The Old World stretches out her arms to the New. The starving parent supplicates the young and vigorous child for bread. There lies, upon the other side of the wide Atlantic, a beautiful island famous in history and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal, while its harp, like its history, moves to tears, by its sweet but melancholy pathos. Into this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfil his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation in its strangling grasp; and unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets, for a moment, the gloomy history of the past.

Oh, it is terrible, in this beautiful world: which the good God has given us, and in which there is plenty for us all, that men should die of starvation! You who see, each day, poured into the lap of your city, food sufficient to assuage the hunger of a nation, can form but an imperfect idea of the horrors of famine. In battle, in the fulness of his pride and strength, little recks the soldier whether the hissing bullet sings his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger, wrestles alone, day after day with his grim and unrelenting enemy. The blood recedes, the flesh deserts, the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last, the mind, which, at first, had bravely nerved itself for the contest, gives way, under the mysterious influences which govern its union with the body. Then he begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence; he hates his fellow-men, and glares upon them with the longings of a cannibal, and it may be, dies blaspheming!

Who will hesitate to give his mite to avert such awful results? Surely not the citizens of New Orleans, ever famed for deeds of charity and benevolence. Freely leave your hearts and purses opened, heretofore, to the call of suffering humanity. Nobly did you respond to oppressed Greece and to struggling Poland. Within Erin's borders is an enemy more cruel than the Turk, more tyrannical than the Russian. Bread is the only weapon that can conquer him. Let us, then load ships with this glorious munition, and, in the name of our common humanity wage war against this despot Famine. Let us, in God's name, "cast our bread upon the waters," and if we are selfish enough to desire it back again, we may recollect the promise, that it shall return to us after many days. S. S. Prentiss.

LVII.

THE NEW ENGLAND COMMON SCHOOL.

Behold yon simple building near the crossing of the village road! It is small, and of rude construction, but stands in a pleasant and quiet spot. A magnificent old elm spreads its broad arms above, and seems to lean towards it, as a strong man bends to shelter and protect a child. A brook runs through the meadow near, and hard by there is an orchard; but the trees have suffered much, and bear no fruit, except upon the most remote and inaccessible branches. From within its walls comes a busy hum, such as you may hear in a disturbed beehive. Now peep through yonder window, and you will see a hundred children with rosy cheeks, mischievous eyes, and demure faces, all engaged, or pretending to be so, in their little lessons. It is the public school,—the free, the common school,—provided by law; open to all; claimed from the community as a right, not accepted as a bounty.

Here the children of the rich and poor, high and low, meet upon perfect equality, and commence, under the same auspices, the race of life. Here the sustenance of the mind is served up to all alike, as the Spartans served their food upon the public table. Here, young Ambition climbs his little ladder, and boyish Genius plumes his half-fledged wing. From among these laughing children will go forth the men who are to control the destinies of their age and country; the statesman, whose wisdom is to guide the Senate; the poet, who will take captive the hearts of the people, and bind them together with immortal song; the philosopher, who, boldly seizing upon the elements themselves, will compel them to his wishes, and, through new combinations of their primal laws, by some great discovery, revolutionize both art and science.

The common village-school is New England's fairest boast,—the brightest jewel that, adorns her brow. The principle that society is bound to provide for its members' education as well as protection, so that none need be ignorant except from choice, is the most important that belongs to modern philosophy. It is essential to a republican government. Universal education is not only the best and surest, but the only sure, foundation for free institutions. True liberty is the child of knowledge; she pines away and dies in the arms of ignorance. Honor, then, to the early fathers of New England, from whom came the spirit which has built a school-house by every sparkling fountain, and bids all come as freely to the one as to the other. S. S. Prentiss.

LVIII.

CHRISTIANITY THE SOURCE OF REFORM.

The great element of reform is not born of human wisdom: it does not draw its life from human organizations. I find it only in Christianity. "Thy kingdom come!" There is a sublime and pregnant burden in this prayer. It is the aspiration of every soul that goes forth in the spirit of Reform. For what is the significance of this prayer? It is a petition that all holy influences would penetrate, and subdue, and dwell in the heart of man, until he shall think, and speak, and do good, from the very necessity of his being. So would the institutions of error and wrong crumble and pass away. So would sin die out from the earth; and the human soul living in harmony with the Divine Will, this earth would become like Heaven. It is too late for the reformers to sneer at Christianity,—it is foolishness for them to reject it. In it are enshrined our faith in human progress,—our confidence in reform. It is indissolubly connected with all that is hopeful, spiritual, capable in man. That men have misunderstood it, and perverted it, is true. But it is also true, that the noblest efforts for human melioration have come out of it,—have been based upon it. Is it not so? Come, ye remembered ones, who sleep the sleep of the just,—who took your conduct from the line of Christian philosophy—come from your tombs, and answer!

Come, Howard, from the gloom of the prison and the taint of the lazarus-house, and show us what philanthropy can do when imbued with the spirit of Jesus. Come, Eliot, from the thick forest where the red man listens to the Word of Life;—come, Penn, from thy sweet counsel and weaponless victory,—and show us what Christian zeal and Christian love can accomplish with the rudest barbarians or the fiercest hearts. Come, Raikes, from thy labors with the ignorant and the poor, and show us with what an eye this Faith regards the lowest and the least of our race; and how diligently it labors, not for the body, not for the rank, but for the plastic soul that is to course the ages of immortality. And ye, who are a great number,—ye nameless ones,—who have done good in your narrow spheres, content to forego renown on earth, and seeking your reward in the Record on High,—come and tell us how kindly a spirit, how lofty a purpose, or how strong a courage, the Religion ye professed can breathe into the poor, the humble, and the weak. Go forth, then, Spirit of Christianity, to thy great work of Reform! The Past bears witness to thee in the blood of thy martyrs, and the ashes of thy saints and heroes: the Present is hopeful because of thee; the Future shall acknowledge thy omnipotence. E. H. Chapin.

LIX.

NORTHERN LABORERS.

The gentleman, sir, has misconceived the spirit and tendency of Northern institutions. He is ignorant of Northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the Northern laborers! Who are the Northern laborers? The history of your country is their history. The renown of your country is their renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page. Blot from your annals the words and the doings of Northern laborers, and the history of your country presents but a universal blank.

Sir, who was he that disarmed the Thunderer; wrested from his grasp the bolts of Jove; calmed the troubled ocean; became the central sun of the philosophical system of his age, shedding his brightness and effulgence on the whole civilized world; whom the great and mighty of the earth delighted to honor; who participated in the achievement of your Independence, prominently assisted in moulding your free institutions, and the beneficial effects of whose wisdom will be felt to the last moment of "recorded time?" Who sir, I ask, was he? A Northern laborer, a Yankee tallow-chandler's son,—a printer's runaway boy!

And who, let me ask the honorable gentleman, who was he that, in the days of our Revolution, led forth a northern army,—yes, an army of Northern laborers,—and aided the chivalry of South Carolina in their defence against British aggression, drove the spoilers from their firesides, and redeemed her fair fields from foreign invaders? Who was he? A Northern laborer, a Rhode Island blacksmith,—the gallant General Greene, who left his hammer and his forge, and went forth conquering and to conquer in the battle for our Independence! And will you preach insurrection to men like these?

Sir, our country is full of the achievements of Northern laborers. Where is Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the North? And what, sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the never-dying names of those hallowed spots, but the blood and the struggles, the high daring, and patriotism, and sublime courage of Northern laborers? The whole North is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence of Northern laborers! Go, sir, go preach insurrection to men like these!

The fortitude of the men of the North, under intense suffering for liberty's sake, has been almost godlike! History has so recorded it. Who comprised that gallant army, without food, without pay shelterless, shoeless, penniless, and almost naked, in that dreadful winter,—the midnight of our Revolution,—whose wanderings could be traced by their blood-tracks in the snow; whom no arts could seduce, no appeal lead astray, no sufferings disaffect; but who, true to their country and its holy cause, continued to fight the good fight of liberty until it finally triumphed? Who, sir, were these men? Why, Northern laborers! Yes, sir, Northern laborers! Who, sir, were Roger Sherman, and—but it is idle to enumerate. To name the Northern laborers who have distinguished themselves, and illustrated the history of their country, would require days of the time of this House; nor is it necessary. Posterity will do them Justice. Their deeds have been recorded in characters of fire! C. Naylor.

LX.**BROUGHAM'S ATTACK ON CANNING DESCRIBED.**

Upon that occasion, the oration of Brougham was, at the outset, disjointed and ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or principle had been sacrificed for the vanity or the lucre of place; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connection that ordinary men could discover with the business before the House. When however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose,—when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about and about with the cords of illustration and of argument; when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and effect might be more tremendous; and, while doing this, he ever and anon glared his eye, and pointed his finger to make the aim and direction sure.

Canning was the first who seemed to be aware where and how terrible was to be the collision; and he kept writhing his body in agony, and rolling his eyes in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The House soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing his eye fearfully, just towards the orator, and then towards the Secretary. There was, save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that undertone of muttered thunder, which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself, a silence as if the angel of retribution had been flaring in the face of all parties the scroll of their personal and political sins. A pen, which one of the Secretaries dropped upon the matting, was heard in the remotest part of the house; and the voting members, who often slept in the side-galleries during the debate, started up as though the final trump had been sounding them to give an account of their deeds.

The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished; his features seemed concentrated almost to a point; he glanced toward every part of the House in succession; and, sounding the death-knell of the Secretary's forbearance and prudence, with both his clinched hands upon the table, he hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects than ever had been hurled at mortal man within the same walls. The result was instantaneous—was electric; it was as when the thunder-cloud descends upon some giant peak—one flash, one peal—the sublimity vanished, and all that remained was the small and cold pattering of rain. Canning started to his feet, and was able only to utter the unguarded words, "It is false!" to which followed a dull chapter of apologies. From that moment, the House became more a scene of real business than of airy display and angry vituperation. Anonymous.

LXI.

SOUTH CAROLINA DURING THE REVOLUTION.

It is with unfeigned reluctance, Mr. President, that I enter upon the performance of this part of my duty. I shrink almost instinctively from a course, however necessary, which may have a tendency to excite sectional feelings and sectional jealousies. But, sir, the task has been forced upon me, and I proceed right onward to the performance of my duty. Be the consequences what they may, the responsibility is with those who have imposed upon me this necessity. The Senator from Massachusetts has thought proper to cast the first stone, and if he shall find, according to the homely adage, that "he lives in a glass house,"—on his head be the consequences. The gentleman has made a great flourish about his fidelity to Massachusetts. I

shall make no professions of zeal for the interests and honor of South Carolina—of that my constituents shall Judge.

If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President, (and I say it not in a boastful spirit,) that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity, but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affair's—though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties,—the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased as the sound—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle; but great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the cause of their brethren with generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guaranty that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety; they rushed into the conflict, and fighting for principle, perilled all in the sacred cause for freedom. Never was there exhibited in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina during that Revolution. The whole State, from the mountain to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens,—black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible. R. Y. Hayne.

LXII.

INCOMPETENCY OF PARLIAMENT TO PASS THE UNION BILL.

Sir,—I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of Parliament to abolish the Legislature of Ireland. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hand on the Constitution.—I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass an act which surrenders the government of Ireland to the English Parliament, it will be a nullity and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately,—I repeat it and I call on any man who hears me, to take down my words;—you have not been elected for this purpose,—you are appointed to act under the Constitution, not to alter it,—you are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, and not to transfer them,—and if you do so, your act is a dissolution of the government,—you resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you.

Yourselves you may extinguish, but Parliament you cannot extinguish,—it is enthroned in the hearts of the people,—it is enshrined in the sanctuary of the Constitution,—it is immortal as the island which it protects. As well might the frantic suicide hope that the act which destroys his miserable body should extinguish his eternal soul. Again I therefore warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the Constitution; it is above your power. Sir, I do not say that the Parliament and the people, by mutual consent and cooperation, may not change the form of the Constitution.

But, thank God, the people have manifested no such wish,—so far as they have spoken, their voice is decidedly against this daring innovation. You know that no voice has been uttered in its favor, and you cannot be infatuated enough to take confidence from the silence which prevails in some parts of the kingdom; if you know how to appreciate that silence, it is more formidable than the most clamorous opposition,—you may be rived and shivered by the lightning before you hear the peal of the thunder! But, sir, we are told we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honor, and I am told I should be calm and composed.

National pride! Independence of our country! These, we are told by the Minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned in such an enlightened assembly as this; they are trinkets and gew-gaws fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly unworthy of the consideration of this House, or of the matured understanding of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it! Gracious God! We see a Perry re-ascending from the tomb and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom, and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man, are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been transplanted from the nursery to the cabinet, to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country. W. C. Plunkett.

LXIII.

WASHINGTON.

Sir, it matters very little, what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race,—his fame is eternity, and his residence, creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared! How bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if Nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new.

Individual instances, no doubt there were,—splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the

Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that, to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.

If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created! Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism.
C. Phillips.

LXIV.

EDUCATION.

Of all the blessings which it has pleased Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which breathes a purer fragrance, or bears a heavenlier aspect than education. It is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no clime destroy no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave; at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament; it chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once a grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave! A reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passion participated with brutes; and in the accident of their alternate ascendancy, shuddering at the terrors of a hereafter, or embracing the horrid hope of annihilation. What is this wondrous world of his residence?

"A mighty maze, and all without a plan:"

a dark, and desolate, and dreary cavern, without wealth, or ornament, or order. But light up within it the torch of knowledge, and how wondrous the transition! The seasons change, the atmosphere breathes, the landscape lives, earth unfolds its fruits, ocean rolls in its magnificence, the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature rises revealed before him, its varieties regulated, and its mysteries resolved! The phenomena which bewilder, the prejudices which debase, the superstitions which enslave, vanish before education.

Like the holy symbol which blazed upon the cloud before the hesitating constantly, if man follow but its precepts, purely it will not only lead him to the victories of this world, but open the very portals of Omnipotence for his admission. Cast your eye over the monumental map of ancient grandeur, once studded with the stars of empire and the splendors of philosophy. What erected the little State of Athens into a powerful Commonwealth, placing in her hand the

sceptre of legislation, and wreathing round her brow the imperishable chaplet of literary fame? What extended Rome, the heart of banditti, into universal empire? What animated Sparta with that high, unbending, adamantine courage, which conquered Nature herself, and has fixed her in the sight of future ages, a model of public virtue, and a proverb of national independence? What but those wise public institutions which strengthened their minds with early application, informed their infancy with the principles of actions, and sent them into the world too vigilant to be deceived by its calms, and too vigorous to be shaken by its whirlwinds? C. Phillips.

LXV.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive,—a will, despotic in its dictates,—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character,—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the list where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fell from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest,—he acknowledged no criterion but success,—he worshiped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Caesars. C. Phillips.

LXVI.

A COLLISION OF VICES.

My honorable and learned friend began by telling us that, after all, hatred is no bad thing in itself "I hate a Tory," says my honorable friend; "and another man hates a cat; but it does not follow that he would hunt down the cat, or I the Tory." Nay, so far from it, hatred, if it be properly managed, is, according to my honorable friend's theory, no bad preface to a rational esteem and affection. It prepares its votaries for a reconciliation of differences; for lying down with their most inveterate enemies, like the leopard and the kid in the vision of the prophet. This dogma is a little startling, but it is not altogether without precedent. It is borrowed from a character in a play, which is, I dare say, as great a favorite with my learned friend as it is with me,—I mean the comedy of the Rivals; in which Mrs. Malaprop, giving a lecture on the subject of marriage to her niece (who is unreasonable enough to talk of liking, as a necessary

preliminary to such a union), says, "What have you to do with your likings and your preferences, child? Depend upon it, it is safest to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle like a blackamoor before we were married; and yet, you know, my dear, what a good wife I made him." Such is my learned friend's argument, to a hair. But finding that this doctrine did not appear to go down with the House so glibly as he had expected my honorable and learned friend presently changed his tack and put forward a theory which, whether for novelty or for beauty, I pronounce to be incomparable; and, in short, as wanting nothing to recommend it but a slight foundation in truth. "True philosophy," says my honorable friend, "will always continue to lead men to virtue by the instrumentality of their conflicting vices. The virtues where more than one exists, may live harmoniously together; but the vices bear mortal antipathy to one another, and, therefor, furnish to the moral engineer the power by which he can make each keep the other under controls." Admirable! but upon this doctrine, the poor man who has but one single vice must be in a very bad way. No fulcrum no moral power, for effecting his cure! Whereas his more fortunate neighbor, who has two or more vices in his composition, is in a fair way of becoming a very virtuous member of society. I wonder how my learned friend would like to have this doctrine introduced into his domestic establishment. For instance, suppose that I discharge a servant because he is addicted to liquor, I could not venture to recommend him to my honorable and learned friend. It might be the poor man's only fault and therefor clearly incorrigible; but, if I had the good fortune to find out that he was also addicted to stealing, might I not with a safe conscience send him to my learned friend with a strong recommendation, saying "I send you a man whom I know to be a drunkard; but I am happy to assure you he is also a thief: you cannot do better than employ him; you will make his drunkenness counteract his thievery, and no doubt you will bring him out of the conflict a very moral personage!" G. Canning.

LXVII.

"MEASURES, NOT MEN"

If I am pushed to the wall, and forced to speak my opinion, I have no disguise nor reservation:—I do think that this is a time when the administration of the Government ought to be in the ablest and fittest hands; I do not think the hands in which it is now placed answer to that description. I do not pretend to conceal in what quarter I think that fitness most eminently resides; I do not subscribe to the doctrines which have been advanced, that, in times like the present, the fitness of individuals for their political situation is no part of the consideration to which a member of Parliament may fairly turn his attention. I know not a more solemn or important duty that a member of Parliament can have to discharge, than by giving, at fit seasons, a free opinion upon the character and qualities of public men. Away with the cant of "measures, not men!" the idle supposition that it is the harness, and not the horses, that draws the chariot along! No, sir, if the comparison must be made, if the distinction must be taken, men are everything, measures computatively nothing. I speak, sir, of times of difficulty and danger; of times when systems are shaken, when precedents and general rules of conduct fail. Then it is, that not to this or that measure,—however prudently devised, however blameless in execution,—but to the energy and character of individuals, a state must be indebted for its salvation. Then it is that kingdoms rise or fall in proportion as they are upheld, not by well

meant endeavors (laudable though they may be), but by commanding, overawing talents,—by able men.

And what is the nature of the times in which we live? Look at France, and see what we have to cope with, and consider what has made her what she is. A man! You will tell me that she was great, and powerful, and formidable, before the days of Bonaparte's government; that he found in her great physical and moral resources; that he had but to turn them to account, True, and he did so. Compare the situation in which he found France with that to which he has raised her. I am no panegyrist of Bonaparte; but I cannot shut my eyes to the superiority of his talents, to the amazing ascendancy of his genius, Tell me not of his measures and his policy. It is his genius, his character, that keeps the world in awe. Sir, to meet, to check, to curb, to stand up against him, we want arms of the same kind. I am far from objecting to the large military establishments which are proposed to you. I vote for them, with all my heart. But, for the purpose of coping with Bonaparte, one great, commanding spirit is worth them all. G. Canning.

LXVIII.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

My Lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of this measure of parliamentary reform. But, grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat, temporary it can only be; for its ultimate, and even speedy success, is certain. Nothing can now stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded that, even if the present ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles which surround you, without reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them, you would be fain to grant a bill, compared with which, the one we now proffer you is moderate indeed.

Hear the parable of the Sibyl; for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. "She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes—the precious volumes—of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable; to restore the franchise, which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give. You refuse her terms—her moderate terms;—she darkens the porch no longer. But soon—for you cannot do without her wares—you call her back. Again she comes, but with diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands, in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands;—it is Parliaments by the year—it is vote by the ballot—it is suffrage by the million! From this you turn away indignant; and, for the second time, she departs. Beware of her third coming! for the treasure you must have; and what price she may next demand, who shall tell? It may even be the mace which rests upon that woolsack! What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well; that as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace;—nor can you expect to gather in another crop than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

But, among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one that stands preeminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a Judge's just duty never to pronounce a sentence, in the most trifling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause, upon which a Nation's hopes and fears hang? You are? Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving but a resolute people! Alienate not from your body the affections of a whole Empire! As your friend, as the friend of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my sovereign, I counsel you to assist, with your uttermost efforts, in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the Constitution. Therefore, I pray and exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear—by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you—I warn you—I implore you—yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you,—reject not this bill! Lord Brougham.

LXIX.

DENUNCIATION OF SLAVERY.

I trust at length the time has come, when Parliament will no longer bear to be told, that slave-owners are the best lawgivers on slavery; no longer suffer our voice to roll across the Atlantic in empty warnings and fruitless orders. Tell me not of rights,—talk not of the property of the planter in his slave. I deny his rights,—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same, that rejects it.

In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes,—the same throughout the world,—the same in all times; such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the source of power, wealth, and knowledge,—to the others all unutterable woes, such is it at this day; it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and be that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and hate blood, they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy, that man can hold property in man!

In vain ye appeal to treaties,—to covenants between nations. The covenants of the Almighty, whether the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions. To these laws did they of old refer, who maintained the African trade. Such treaties did they cite, and not untruly; for, by one shameful compact, you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood. Yet, in despite of law and of treaty, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other pirates. How came this change to pass? Not, assuredly, by Parliament leading the way; but the country at length awoke; the indignation of the people was kindled; it descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profit to the winds. Now, then, let the planters beware,—let their assemblies beware,—let the government at home beware,—let the Parliament beware! The same country is once more awake,—awake to the condition of negro slavery; the same indignation kindles in the bosom of the same people; the same cloud is gathering that annihilated the slave-trade; and if it shall descend again, they, on whom its crash

may fall, will not be destroyed before I have warned them; but I pray that their destruction may turn away from us the more terrible judgments of God! Lord Brougham.

LXX.

THE TEACHERS OF MANKIND.

There is nothing which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry with than what is termed the "march of intellect;" and here I will confess, that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question. It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceedings of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy to all improvement. The conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of warp,"—banners flying—shouts rending the air—guns thundering—and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded, and the lamentations for the slain.

Not thus the schoolmaster, in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and prepares in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers round him those who are to further their execution, he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path, laboring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots the weeds of vice. His is a progress not to be compared with anything like a march; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won.

Such men—men deserving the glorious title of Teachers of Mankind—I have found, laboring conscientiously, though, perhaps obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone. I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warmhearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the high-minded, but enslaved Italians; and in our own country, God be thanked, their numbers everywhere abound, and are every day increasing.

Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the property of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after-ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of those great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course; awaits in patience the fulfillment of the premises; and, resting from his labors, bequeathed his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating it one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy." Lord Brougham.

LXXI.

THE GREATNESS OF WASHINGTON.

Great he was, preëminently great, whether we regard him sustaining alone the whole weight of campaigns all but desperate, or gloriously terminating a just warfare by his resources and his

courage; presiding over the jarring elements of his political council, alike deaf to the storms of all extremes, or directing the formation of a new government for a great people, the first time that so vast an experiment had ever been tried by man; or, really, retiring from the supreme power to which his virtue had raised him over the nation he had created, and whose destinies he had guided as long as his aid was required,—retiring with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example never might be appealed to by vulgar tyrants.

This is the consummate glory of Washington; a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; but a warrior, whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; and a ruler who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and ostentatiously desired that the cup might pass from him, nor would suffer more to wet his lips than the most solemn and sacred duty to his To his country and his God required!

To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a captain the patron of peace, and a statesman the friend of justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the sword which he had worn in the war for liberty, and charged them "never to take it from the scabbard but in self-defence, or in defence of their country and her freedom;" and commanded them that, "when it should thus be drawn, they should never sheathe it, nor ever give it up, but prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof,"—words, the majesty and simple eloquence of which are not surpassed in the oratory of Athens and Rome.

It will be the duty of the historian and the sage, in all ages, to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington! Lord Brougham.

LXXII.

WASHINGTON, A MAN OF GENIUS.

How many times have we been told that Washington was not a man of genius, but a person of excellent common sense, of admirable judgement, of rare virtues! He had no genius, it seems. O no! genius, we must suppose, is the peculiar and shining attribute of some orator, whose tongue can spout patriotic speeches; or some versifier, whose muse can hail Columbia; but not of the man who supported States on his arm, and carried America in his brain. What is genius? Is it worth anything? Is splendid folly the measure of its inspiration? Is wisdom its base and summit?—that which it recedes from, or tends toward? And by what definition do you award the name to the creator of an epic, and deny it to the creator of a country? On what principle is it to be lavished on him who sculptures in perishing marble the image of possible excellence, and withheld from him who built up in himself a transcendent character, indestructible as the obligations of duty, and beautiful as her rewards?

Indeed, if by genius of action, you mean will enlightened by intelligence, and intelligence energized by will,—if force and insight be its characteristics, and influence its test, and if great effects suppose a cause proportionally great, a vital, causative mind,—then was Washington most assuredly a man of genius, and one whom no other American has equalled in the power

of working morally and mentally on other minds. His genius was of a peculiar kind, the genius of character, of thought and the objects of thought solidified and concentrated into active faculty. He belongs to that rare class of men,—rare as Homers and Miltos, rare as Platos and Newtons,—who have impressed their characters upon nations without pampering national vices. Such men have natures broad enough to include all the facts of a people's practical life, and deep enough to discern the spiritual laws which underlie, animate, and govern those facts.

E. P. Whipple.

LXXIII.

IRISH ALIENS AND ENGLISH VICTORIES.

I should be surprised, indeed, if; while you are doing us wrong, you did not profess your solicitude to do us justice. From the day on which Strongbow set his foot upon the shore of Ireland, Englishmen were never wanting in protestations of their deep anxiety to do us justice;—even Strafford, the deserter of the people's cause,—the renegade Wentworth who gave evidence in Ireland of the spirit of instinctive tyranny which predominated in his character,—even Strafford, while he trampled upon our rights, and trod upon the heart of the country, protested his solicitude to do justice to Ireland! What marvel is it, then, that gentlemen opposite should deal in such vehement protestations? There is, however, one man, of great abilities,—not a member of this House, but whose talents and whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party,—who, disdaining all imposture, and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national antipathies of the people of this country,—abandoning all reserve, and flinging off the slender veil by which his political associates affect to cover, although they cannot hide, their motives,—distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and pronounces them, in any particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, identity, and religion to be aliens—to be aliens in race—to be aliens in country—to be aliens in religion! Aliens! Good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords,—and did he not start up and exclaim, "Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty!"

The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that, when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply,—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. "The battles, sieges, fortunes, that he has passed," to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable,—from Assaye to Waterloo,—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled to the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos? All his victories should have rushed and crowded back

upon his memory,—Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest—

Tell me—for you were there,—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me, from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast;—tell me, for you must needs remember, on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance,—while death fell in showers when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science, when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset,—tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the "aliens" blenched? And when, at length, the moment for the last and decided movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was, at last, let loose,—when, with words familiar but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault,—tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together;—in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out? R. L. Sheil.

LXXIV.

THE ILIAD AND THE BIBLE.

Of all the books with which, since the invention of writing, this world has been deluged, very few have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. By far the greater part have been, even by their contemporaries, unnoticed and unknown. Not many a one has made its little mark upon that generation that produced it, though it sunk with that generation to utter forgetfulness. But, after the ceaseless toil of six thousand years, how few have been the works, the adamantine basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt amid the fluctuations of time, and whose impression can be traced through successive centuries, on the history of our species!

When, however, such a work appears, its effects are absolutely incalculable; and such a work, you are aware, is the Iliad of Homer. Who can estimate the results produced by the incomparable efforts of a single mind? Who can tell what Greece owes to this first-born of song? Her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivalled eloquence, and her matchless verse, all point us to that transcendent genius, who, by the very splendor of his own effulgence, woke the human intellect from the slumber of ages. It was Homer who gave laws to the artist; it was Homer who inspired the poet; it was Homer who thundered in the Senate; and, more than all, it was Homer who was sung by the people; and hence a nation was cast into the mould of one mighty mind, and the land of the Iliad became the region of taste, the birthplace of the arts.

But, considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of Homer with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments? Where in the Iliad shall we find simplicity and pathos which shall vie with the narrative of Moses, or maxims of conduct to equal in wisdom the Proverbs of Solomon, or sublimity which does not fade away before the conceptions of Job, or David, or Isaiah, or St. John? But I cannot pursue this comparison. I feel that it is doing wrong to the mind which dictated the Iliad, and to those other mighty intellects on whom the light of the holy oracles never shined.

If, then, so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined efforts of several, at least his equals in power over the human heart? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his countrymen, what may we not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings on whose authors was poured the full splendor of eternal truth? If unassisted human nature, spell-bound by a childish mythology, have done so much, what may we not hope for from the supernatural efforts of preeminent genius, which spake as it was moved by the Holy Ghost? Dr. Wayland.

LXXV.

ON ADMITTING CALIFORNIA TO THE UNION.

A year ago, California was a mere military dependency of our own. To-day, she is a State, more populous than the least, and richer than several of the greatest of our thirty States. This same California, thus rich and populous, is here asking admission into the Union, and finds us debating the dissolution of the Union itself. No wonder if we are perplexed with ever-changing embarrassments! No wonder if we are appalled by ever-increasing responsibilities! No wonder if we are bewildered by the ever-augmenting magnitude and rapidity of national vicissitudes!

SHALL CALIFORNIA BE RECEIVED? For myself, upon my individual judgment and conscience, I answer—yes. Let California come in. Every new State, whether she come from the east or the west every new State, coming from whatever part of the continent she may, is always welcome. But, California, that comes from the clime where the west dies away into the rising east,—California, that bounds at once the empire and the continent,—California, the youthful queen of the Pacific, in her robes of freedom, gorgeously inlaid with gold, is doubly welcome.

The question now arises, shall this one great people, having a common origin, a common language, a common religion, common sentiments, interests, sympathies and hopes, remain one political state, one nation, one republic; or shall it be broken into two conflicting, and, probably, hostile nations or republics? Shall the American people, then, be divided? Before deciding on this question, let us consider our position, our power, and capabilities. The world contains no seat of empire so magnificent as this; which, embracing all the varying climates of the temperate zone, and traversed by wide expanding lakes and long branching rivers, offers supplies on the Atlantic shores to the overcrowded nations of Europe, and, on the Pacific coast, intercepts the commerce of the Indies. The nations thus situated, and enjoying forest, mineral, and agricultural resources unequaled, if endowed, also with moral energies adequate to the

achievement of great enterprises, and flavored with a government adapted to their character and condition, must command the empire of the seas, which, alone, is real empire.

We think we may claim to have inherited physical and intellectual vigor, courage, invention, and enterprise; and the systems of education prevailing among us, open to all the stores of human science and art. The Old World and the Past were allotted by Providence to the pupilage of mankind. The New World and the Future seem to have been appointed for the maturity of mankind, with the development of self-government, operating in obedience to reason and judgment.

We may, then, reasonably hope for greatness, felicity, and renown, excelling any hitherto attained by any nation, if, standing firmly on the continent, we lose not our grasp on either ocean. Whether a destiny so magnificent would be only partially defeated, or whether it would be altogether lost by a relaxation of the grasp, surpasses our wisdom to determine, and happily it is not important to be determined. It is enough, if we agree, that expectations so grand, yet so reasonable and so just, ought not in any degree to be disappointed. And now, it seems to me, that the perpetual unity of the empire hangs on the decision of this day and this hour.

California is already a State,—a complete and fully appointed State. She never again can be less than that. She never again can be a province or a colony; nor can she be made to shrink or shrivel into the proportions of a federal dependent territory. California, then, henceforth and forever, must be, what she is now,—a State.

The question whether she shall be one of the United States of America, has depended on her and on us. Her election has been made. Our consent alone remains suspended; and that consent must be pronounced now or never. W. H. Seward.

LXXVI.

A HIGHWAY TO THE PACIFIC.

Mr. President, I go for a national highway from the Mississippi to the Pacific. And I go against all schemes of individuals or of companies, and especially those who come here and ask of the Congress of the United States to give themselves and their assigns the means of making a road, and taxing the people for the use of it. If they should make it, they are to tax us for the use of it—tax the people eight or ten millions a year for using a road which their own money built. A fine scheme, that! But they would never build it, neither themselves nor their assigns. It would all end in stock-jobbing. I repudiate the whole idea, sir. I go for a national highway—no stock-jobbing.

We find all the localities of the country precisely such as a national central road would require. The Bay of San Francisco, the finest in the world, is in the centre of the western coast of North America; it is central, and without a rival. It will accommodate the commerce of that coast, both north and south, up to the frozen regions, down to the torrid zone. It is central in that respect. The commerce of the broad Pacific Ocean will centre there. The commerce of Asia will centre there. Follow the same latitude across the country, and it strikes the centre of the valley of the Mississippi. It strikes the Mississippi near the confluence of all the great waters which concentrate in the valley of the Mississippi. It comes to the centre of the valley;

—it comes to St. Louis. Follow the prolongation of that central line, and you find it cutting the heart of the great States between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic Ocean, Illinois, Indiana Ohio a part of Virginia, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania,—they are all traversed or touched by that great central line.

We own the country, from sea to sea, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and upon a breadth equal to the length of the Mississippi, and embracing the whole temperate zone. Three thousand milks across, and half that breadth, is the magnificent parallelogram of our domain. We can run a national central road through and through, the whole distance, under our flag and under our laws. Military reasons require us to make it; for troops and munitions must go there. Political reasons require us to make it; it will be a chain of union between the Atlantic and Pacific States. Commercial reasons demand it from us; and here I touch a boundless field, dazzling and bewildering the imagination from its vastness and importance. The trade of the Pacific Ocean, of this western coast of North America, and of eastern Asia, will all take its track; and not only for ourselves, but for posterity.

Sir, in no instance has the great Asiatic trade failed to carry the nation or the people which possessed it to the highest pinnacle of wealth and power, and with it, to the highest attainments of letters, art, and science. And so will it continue to be. An American road to India, through the heart of our country will revive upon its line all the wonders of which we have read, and eclipse them. The western wilderness, from the Pacific to the Mississippi, will spring into life under its touch. A long line of cities will grow up. Existing cities will take a new start. The state of the world calls for a new road to India, and it is our destiny to give it—the last and greatest. Let us act up to the greatness of the occasion, and show ourselves worthy of the extraordinary circumstances in which we are placed, by securing, while we can, an American road to India, central and national, for ourselves and our posterity, now and hereafter, for thousands of years to come. T. H. Benton.

LXXVII.

ADDRESS TO POLISH EXILES AT LONDON.

It is eighty-one years since Poland first was quartered by a nefarious act of combined royalty, which the Swiss Tacitus, John Müller, well characterized by saying that "God permitted the act, to show the morality of kings;" and it is twenty-four years since down-trodden Poland made the greatest—not the last—manifestation of her imperishable vitality, which the cabinets of Europe were either too narrow-minded to understand, or too corrupt to appreciate. Eighty-one years of still unretributed crime, and twenty-four years of misery and exile! It is a long time to suffer, and not to despair.

And all along this time, you, proscribed patriots of Poland, were suffering, and did not despair. You stood up before the world, a living statue, with unquenchable life-flame of patriotism streaming through its petrified limbs; you stood up a protest of eternal right against the sway of imperious might; a "Mene Tekel Upharsin," written in letters of burning blood on the walls of overweening despotism. Time, misery, and sorrow have thinned the ranks of your scattered Israel; you have carried your dead to the grave, and those who survive went on to suffer and to hope. Wherever oppressed Freedom reared a banner, you rallied around;—the

living statue changed to a fighting hero. Many of yours fell; and, when crime triumphed once more over virtue and right, you resumed the wandering exile's staff and did not despair. Many among you, who were young when they last saw the sun rise over Poland's mountains and plains, have your hair whitened and your strength broken with age, anguish, and misery; but the patriotic heart kept the freshness of its youth; it is young in love for Poland, young in aspirations for freedom, young in hope, and youthfully fresh in determination to break Poland's chains.

What a rich source of noble deeds patriotism must be, that has given you strength to suffer so much and never to despair! You have given a noble example to all of us,—your younger brother in the family of exiles. When the battle of Cannæ was lost, and Hannibal was measuring by bushels the rings of the fallen Roman knights, the Senate of Rome voted thanks to Consul Terentius Varro for "not having despaired of the Commonwealth." Proscribed patriots of Poland! I thank you that you have not despaired of resurrection and of liberty. The time draws nigh when the oppressed nations will call their aggressors to a last account; and the millions of freemen, in the fulness of their right, and their self-conscious strength, will class judgment on arrogant conquerors, privileged murderers, and perjured kings. In that supreme trial, the oppressed nations will stand one for all, and all for one. L. Kossuth.

LXXVIII.

KOSSUTH ON HIS CREDENTIALS.

Let ambitious fools,—let the pygmies who live on the scanty food of personal envy, when the very earth quakes beneath their feet; let even the honest prudence of ordinary household times, measuring eternity with that thimble with which they are wont to measure the bubbles of small party interest, and, taking the dreadful roaring of the ocean for a storm in a water-glass; —let those who believe the weather to be calm, because they have drawn a nightcap over their ears, and, burying their heads in pillows of domestic comfort, do not hear Satan sweeping in a hurricane over the earth; let envy, ambition, blindness, and the pettifogging wisdom of small times,—let all these artistically investigate the question of my official capacity, or the nature of my public authority; let them scrupulously discuss the immense problem whether I still possess, or possess no longer, the title of my once-Governorship; let them ask for credentials, discuss the limits of my commission, as representative of Hungary. I pity all such frog and mouse fighting.

I claim no official capacity,—no public authority, no representation;—boast of no commission, of no written and sealed credentials. I am nothing but what my generous friend, the senator from Michigan, has justly styled me, "a private and banished man." But, in that capacity I have a nobler credential for my mission than all the clerks of the world can write,—the credential that I am a "man;" the credential that I am a "patriot;" the credential that I love with all sacrificing devotion my oppressed fatherland and liberty; the credential that I hate tyrants, and have sworn everlasting hostility to them; the credential that I feel the strength to do good service to the cause of freedom; good service, as perhaps few men can do, because I have the iron will, in this my breast, to serve faithfully devotedly, indefatigably, that noble cause.

I have the credential that I trust to God in heaven, to justice on earth; that I offend no laws, but cling to the protection of the laws. I have the credential of my people's undeniable confidence and its unshaken faith; to my devotion, to my manliness, to my honesty, and to my patriotism; which faith I will honestly answer without ambition, without interest, as faithfully as ever, but more skillfully, because schooled by adversities. And I have the credential of the justice of the cause I plead, and of the wonderful sympathy which, not my person, but that cause, has met, and meets, in two hemispheres. These are my credentials, and nothing else. To whom this is enough, he will help me, so far as the law permits and it is his good pleasure. To whom these credentials are not sufficient, let him look for a better accredited man.

LXXIX.

THE IDES OF MARCH.

To-day is the fourth anniversary of the Revolution in Hungary.

Anniversaries of revolutions are almost always connected with the recollections of some patriot's death,—fallen on that day, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, martyrs of devotion to their fatherland.

Almost in every country there is some proud cemetery, or some modest tombstone, adorned on such a day by a garland of evergreen,—the pious offering of patriotic tenderness. I passed the last night in a sleepless dream; and my soul wandered on the magnetic wings of the past, home to my beloved, bleeding land. And I saw, in the dead of the night, dark veiled shapes, with the paleness of eternal grief upon their brow—but terrible in the fearless silence of that grief—gliding over the churchyards of Hungary and kneeling down to the head of the graves, and depositing the pious tribute of green and cypress upon them; and, after a short prayer, rising with clenched fists and gnashing teeth, and then stealing away tearless! and silent as they came,—stealing away, because the bloodbounds of my country's murder lurks from every corner on that night, and on this day, and leads to prison those who dare to show a pious remembrance to the beloved. To-day, a smile on the lips of a Magyar is taken for a crime of defiance to tyranny; and a tear in his eye is equivalent to a revolt. And yet I have seen, with the eye of my home-wandering soul, thousands performing the work of patriotic piety.

And I saw more. When the pious offerers stole away, I saw the honored dead half risen from their tombs, looking to the offerings, and whispering gloomily, "Still a cypress, and still no flower of joy! Is there still the chill of winter and the gloom of night over thee, Fatherland? Are we not yet revenged?" And the sky of the east reddened suddenly, and quivered with bloody flames; and from the far, far west, a lightning flashed like a star-spangled stripe, and within its light a young eagle mounted and soared towards the quivering flames of the east; and as he drew near, upon his approaching, the flames changed into a radiant morning sun, and a voice from above was heard in answer to the question of the dead:

"Sleep yet a short while; mine is the revenge. I will make the stars of the west the sun of the east; and when ye next awake, ye will find the flower of joy upon your cold bed." And the dead took the twig of cypress, the sign of resurrection, into their bony hands, and lay down.

Such was the dream of my waking soul. And I prayed; and such was my prayer: "Father, if thou deemest me worthy, take the cup from my people, and give it in their stead to me." And there was a whisper around me like the word "Amen." Such was my dream, half foresight and half prophecy; but resolution all. However, none of those dead whom I saw, fell on the 15th of March. They were victims of the royal perjury which betrayed the 15th of March. The anniversary of our Revolution has not the stain of a single drop of blood.

L. Kossuth.

LXXX.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

We, the elect of the nation, sat on that morning busily but quietly, in the legislative hall of old Presburg, and, without any flood of eloquence, passed our laws in short words, that the people shall be free; the burdens of feudalism shall cease; the peasant shall become free proprietor; that equality of duties, equality of rights, shall be the fundamental law; and civil, political, social, and religious liberty shall be the common property of all the people, whatever tongue it may speak, or in whatever church pray; and that a national ministry shall execute these laws, and guard with its responsibility the chartered, ancient independence of our Fatherland.

Two days before, Austria's brave people in Vienna had broken its yoke; and summing up despots in the person of their tool, old Metternich, drove him away; and the Hapsburgs, trembling in their imperial cavern of imperial crimes, trembling, but treacherous, and lying and false, wrote with yard-long letters, the words, "Constitution" and "Free Press" upon Vienna's walls; and the people in joy cheered the inveterate liars, because the people knows no falsehood.

On the 14th, I announced the tidings from Vienna to our Parliament at Presburg. The announcement was swiftly carried by the great democrat, the steam-engine, upon the billows of the Danube, down to old Buda and to young Pesth, and while we, in the House of Representatives, passed the laws of Justice and freedom, the people of Pesth rose in peaceful but majestic manifestation, declaring that the people should be free. At this manifestation all the barriers raised by violence against the laws, fell of themselves. Not a drop of blood was shed. A man who was in prison because he had dared to write a book, was carried home in triumph through the streets. The people armed itself as a National Guard, the windows were illuminated and bon fires burnt, and when these tidings returned back to Presburg, blended with the cheers from Vienna, they warmed the chill of our House of Lords, who readily agreed to the laws we proposed. And there was rejoicing throughout the land. For the first time for centuries the farmer awoke with the pleasant feeling that his time was now his own—for the first time went out to till his field with the consoling thought that the ninth part of his harvest will not be taken by the landlord, nor the tenth by the bishop. Both had fully resigned their feudal portion, and the air was brightened by the lustre of freedom, and the very soil budding into a blooming paradise. Such is the memory of the 15th of March, 1848. L. Kossuth.

LXXXI.**THE SAME CONTINUED.**

One year later, there was blood, but also victory, over the land; the people because free, fought like demi-gods. Seven great victories we had gained in that month of March. On this very day, the remains of the first ten thousand Russians fled over the frontiers of Transylvania, to tell at home how heavily the blow falls from free Hungarian arms. It was in that very month, that one evening I lay down in the bed, whence in the morning Windischgrätz had risen; and from the battle-field I hastened to the Congress at Debreczin, to tell the Representatives of the nation "It is time to declare our national independence, because it is really achieved. The Hapsburgs have not power to contradict it more." Nor had they.

But Russia, having experienced by the test of its first interference, that there was no power on earth caring about the most flagrant violation of the laws of nations, and seeing by the silence of Great Britain and of the United States, that she may dare to violate those laws, our heroes had to meet a fresh force of nearly two hundred thousand Russians. No power cheered our bravely-won independence by diplomatic recognition; not even the United States, though they always professed their principle to be that they recognize every de facto government. We therefore had the right to expect a speedy recognition from the United States. Our struggle rose to European height, but we were left alone to fight for the world; and we had no arms for the new battalions, gathering up in thousands with resolute hearts and empty hands.

The recognition of our independence being withheld, commercial intercourse for procuring arms abroad was impossible,—the gloomy feeling of entire forsakenness spread over our tired ranks, and prepared the field for the secret action of treachery; until the most sacrilegious violation of those common laws of nations was achieved, and the code of "nature and of nature's God" was drowned in Hungary's blood. And I who on the 15th of March, 1848, saw the principle of full civil and religious liberty triumphing in my native land,—who, on the 15th of March, 1849, saw this freedom consolidated by victories,—one year later, on the 15th of March, 1850, was on my sorrowful way to an Asiatic prison. L. Kossuth.

LXXXII.**THE SAME CONCLUDED.**

But wonderful are the ways of Divine Providence. It was again in the month of March, 1851, that the generous interposition of the United States cast the first ray of hope into the dead night of my captivity. And on the 15th of March, 1852, the fourth anniversary of our Revolution, guided by the bounty of Providence, here I stand, in the very heart of your immense Republic; no longer a captive, but free in the land of the free, not only not desponding, but firm in confidence of the future, because raised in spirits by a swelling sympathy in the home of the brave; still a poor, a homeless exile, but not without some power to do good to my country and to the cause of liberty, as my very persecution proves. Such is the history of the 15th of March, in my humble life. Who can tell what will be the character of the next 15th of March?

Nearly two thousand years ago. the first Cæsar found a Brutus on the Ides or 15th of March. May be that the Ides of March, 1853, will see the last of the Cæsars fall under the avenging

might of a thousand-handed Brutus—the name of whom is "the people"—inexorable at last after it has been so long generous. The seat of the Cæsars was first in the south, then from the south to the east, from the east to the west, and from the west to the north. That is their last abode. None was lasting yet. Will the last, and worst, prove luckier? No, it will not. While the seat of the Cæsars was tossed around and thrown back to the icy north, a new world became the cradle of a new humanity, where, in spite of the Cæsars the Genius of Freedom raised (let us hope) an everlasting throne. The Cæsar of the north and the Genius of Freedom have not place enough upon this earth for both of them; one must yield and be crushed beneath the heels of the other. Which is it? Which shall yield? America may decide. L. Kossuth.

LXXXIII.

THE MAYFLOWER AND THE PILGRIMS.

Methinks I see it now that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks, and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely seaworthy vessel. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfling floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea?—was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious? E. Everett.

LXXXIV.**THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.**

After years of fruitless and heart-sick solicitation, after offering, in effect, to this monarchy and to that monarch, the gift of a hemisphere. the great discoverer touches upon a partial success. He succeeds, not in enlisting the sympathy of his countrymen at Genoa and Venice, for a brave brother-sailor,—not in giving a new direction to the spirit of maritime adventure, which had so long prevailed in Portugal,—not in stimulating the commercial thrift of Henry the Seventh, or the pious ambition of the Catholic king. His sorrowful perseverance touches the heart of a noble princess, worthy the throne which she adorned. The New World, which was just escaping the subtle kingcraft of Ferdinand, was saved to Spain by the womanly compassion of Isabella.

It is truly melancholy, however, to contemplate the wretched equipment, for which the most powerful princess of Christendom was ready to pledge her jewels. Floating castles will soon be fitted out to convey the miserable natives of Africa to the golden shores of America; towering galleons will be despatched to bring home the guilty treasures to Spain. But three small vessels, one of which was without a deck, and neither of them, probably, exceeding the capacity of a pilot-boat, and even these impressed into the public service, composed the expedition fitted out under royal patronage, to realize that magnificent conceptions in which the creative mind of Columbus had planted the germs of a new world.

No chapter of romance equals the interest of this expedition. The most fascinating of the works of fiction which have issued from the modern press have, to my taste, no attraction compared with the pages in which the first voyage of Columbus is described by Robertson, and still more by our own Irving and Prescott, the last two enjoying the advantage over the Scottish historian of possessing the lately discovered Journals and letters of Columbus himself. The departure from Palos, where, a few days before, he had begged a morsel of bread and a cup of water for his wayworn child,—his final farewell to the Old World at the Canaries,—his entrance upon the trade winds, which then, for the first time, filled a European sail,—the portentous variation of the needle, never before observed, the fearful course westward and westward, day after day, and night after night, over the unknown ocean, the mutinous and ill-appeased crew; at length, when hope had turned to despair in every heart but one, the tokens of land,—the cloud-banks on the western horizon,—the logs of drift-wood,—the fresh shrub, floating with its leaves and berries,—the flocks of land-birds,—the shoals of fish that inhabit shallow water, the indescribable smell of the shore,—the mysterious presentiment that seems ever to go before a great event, and finally, on that ever-memorable night of the 12th of October, 1492, the moving light seen by the sleepless eye of the great discoverer himself, from the deck of the Santa Maria, and in the morning the real, undoubted land, swelling up from the bosom of the deep, with its plains, and hills, and forests, and rocks, and streams, and strange, new races of men;—these are incidents in which the authentic history of the discovery of our Continent excels the specious wonders of romance, as much as gold excels tinsel, or the sun in the heavens outshines the flickering taper. E. Everett.

LXXXV.**ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.**

We dismiss them not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, can never be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmixed happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. Such men do not, cannot die. To be cold and breathless; to feel not and speak not; this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honors with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," these cannot expire;—

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

E. Everett.

LXXXVI.

THE INDIAN CHIEF TO THE WHITE SETTLER.

Think of the country for which the Indians fought! Who can blame them? As Philip looked down from his seat on Mount Hope, that glorious eminence, that

— — " throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,"—

as he looked down, and beheld the lovely scene which spread beneath, at a summer sunset, the distant hill-tops glittering as with fire, the slanting beams streaming across the waters, the broad plains, the island groups, the majestic forest,—could he be blamed, if his heart burned within him, as he beheld it all passing, by no tardy process, from beneath his control, into the hands of the stranger?

As the river chieftains—the lords of the waterfalls and the mountains—ranged this lovely valley, can it be wondered at, if they beheld with bitterness the forest disappearing beneath the settler's axe? the fishing-place disturbed by his saw-mills? Can we not fancy the feelings with which some strong-minded savage, the chief of the Pocomtuck Indians, who should have ascended the summit of the Sugar-loaf Mountain, (rising as it does before us, at this moment, in all its loveliness and grandeur,)—in company with a friendly settler, contemplating the

progress already made by the white man, and marking the gigantic strides with which he was advancing into the wilderness, should fold his arms and say "White man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers, but with my life. In those woods, where I bent my youthful bow; I will still hunt the deer; over yonder waters I will still glide, unrestrained, in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food; on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn.

"Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my father sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did.

"The stranger came, a timid suppliant,—few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchments over the whole, and says, 'It is mine!'

"Stranger! there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west, the fierce Mohawk,—the man-eater,—is my foe. Shall I fly to the east, the great water is before me. No, stranger; here I have lived, and here will I die; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee.

"Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction; for that alone I thank thee. And now take heed to thy steps; the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day my bullet shall whistle past thee; when thou liest down by night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn,—till the white man or the Indian perish from the land." E. Everett.

LXXXVII.

THE MEN OF "SEVENTY-SIX."

If we look only at one part of the work of the men of '76 if we see them poring over musty parchments by the midnight lamp, citing the year-books against writs of assistance, disputing themselves hoarse, about this phrase in the charter of Charles the First, and that section in a statute of Edward the Third, we should be disposed to class them with the most bigoted conservatives that ever threw a drag-chain around the limbs of a young and ardent people. But, gracious heavens, look at them again, when the trumpet sounds the hour of resistance; survey the other aspect of their work. See these undaunted patriots, in their obscure caucus gatherings, in their town-meetings, in their provincial assemblies, in their continental congress, breathing defiance to the British Parliament and the British throne. March with their raw militia to the conflict with the trained veterans of the seven years' war. Witness them, a group of colonies, extemporized into a confederacy, entering with a calm self-possession into alliance with the oldest monarchy in Europe; and occupying, as they did, a narrow belt of territory along the

coast, plainly peopled, partially cleared, hemmed in by the native savage, by the Alleghenies, by the Ohio, and the Lakes; behold them dilating with the grandeur of the position, radiant in the prospective glories of their career, casting abroad the germs of future independent States, destined, at no distant day, not merely to cover the face of the thirteen British colonies, but to spread over the territories of France and Spain on this continent, over Florida and Louisiana, over New Mexico and California, beyond the Mississippi, beyond the Rocky Mountains,—to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, the arctic and the torrid zones, in one great network of confederate republican government. Contemplate this, and you will acknowledge the men of Seventy-six to have been the boldest men of progress that the world has ever seen!

These are the men whom the Fourth of July invites us to respect and to imitate;—the James Otises and the Warrens, the Franklins and the Adamses, the Patrick Henrys and the Jeffersons, and him whom I may not name in the plural number, brightest of the bright and purest of the pure,—Washington himself. But let us be sure to imitate them, (or strive to do so) in all their great principles, in both parts of their noble and comprehensive policy. Let us reverence them as they revered their predecessors,—not seeking to build up the future on the ruins of all that had gone before, nor yet to bind down the living, breathing, burning present to the mouldering relics of the dead past,—but deducing the rule of a bold and safe progress, from the records of a wise and glorious experience. E. Everett.

LXXXVIII.

THE SAME CONCLUDED.

We live at an era as eventful, in my judgment, as that of '76 though in a different way. We have no foreign yoke to throw off but in the discharge of the duty devolved upon us by Providence, we have to carry the republican independence which our fathers achieved, with all the organized institutions of an enlightened community, institutions of religion, law, education, charity, art, and all the thousand graces of the higher culture, beyond the Missouri, beyond the Sierra Nevada; perhaps, in time around the circuit of the Antilles; perhaps to the archipelagoes of the Central Pacific. The pioneers are on the way. Who can tell how far and fast they will travel? Who, that compares the North America of 1753, but a century ago, and numbering but little over a million of souls of European origin; or still more the North America of 1653, when there was certainly not a fifth part of that number; who that compares this with the North America of 1853, its twenty-two millions of European origin, and its thirty-one States, will venture to assign limits to our growth; will dare to compute the time-table of our railway progress, or lift so much as a corner of the curtain that hides the crowded events of the coming century?

This only we can plainly see; the Old World is rocking to its foundations. From the Gulf of Finland to the Yellow Sea, everything is shaken. The spirit of the age has gone forth to hold his great review, and the kings of the earth are moved to meet him at his coming. The band which holds the great powers of Europe together in one political league, is strained to its utmost tension. The catastrophe may for a while be staved off; but to all appearance they are hurrying to the verge of one of those conflicts which, like those of Pharsalia and Actium, affect the condition of States for twice ten centuries. The Turkish empire, encamped but for four

centuries on the frontiers of Europe, and the Chinese monarchy, contemporary with David and Solomon, are alike crumbling.

While these events are passing in the Old World, a tide of emigration, which has no parallel in history is pouring westward, across the Atlantic, and eastward, across the Pacific to our shores. The real political vitality of the world seems moving to the new hemisphere, whose condition and fortune it devolves upon us and our children to mould and regulate.

It is a grand,—let me say, a solemn thought,—well calculated to still the passions of the day and to elevate us above the paltry strife of parties. It teaches us that we are called to the highest, and, I do verily believe, the most momentous trust that ever devolved upon one generation of men. Let us meet it with a corresponding temper and purpose,—with the wisdom of a well-instructed experience, and with the foresight and preparation of a glorious future; not on the narrow platforms of party policy and temporary expediency, but in the broad and comprehensive spirit of Seventy-six. E. Everett.

LXXXIX.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

Sir, it is our common schools which gives the keys of knowledge to the mass of the people. Our common schools are important in the same way as the common air, the common sunshine, the common rain,—invaluable for their commonness. They are the corner-stone of that municipal organization which is the characteristic feature of our social system; they are the fountain of that widespread intelligence which, like a moral life pervades the country.

From the humblest village-school there may go forth a teacher who, like Newton, shall bind his temples with the stars of Orion's belt; with Herschel, light up his cell with the beams of before-undiscovered planets; with Franklin, grasp the lightning. Columbus, fortified with a few sound geographical principles, was, on the deck of his crazy caravel, more truly the monarch of Castile and Aragon, than Ferdinand and Isabella, enthroned beneath the golden vaults of the conquered Alhambra. And Robinson, with the simple training of a rural pastor in England, when he knelt on the shores of Delft Haven, and sent his little flock upon their Gospel errantry beyond the world of waters, exercised an influence over the destinies of the civilized world, which will last to the end of time.

Sir, it is a solemn, a tender, and sacred duty that of education. What, sir, feed a child's body, and let his soul hunger! pamper his limbs and starve his faculties! Plant the earth, cover a thousand hills with your droves of cattle, pursue the fish to their hiding-places in the sea, and spread out your wheatfields across the plain, in order to supply the wants of that body which will soon be as cold and as senseless as the poorest clod, and let the pure spiritual essence within you, with all its glorious capacities for improvement, languish and pine! What! build factories, turn in rivers upon the water-wheels, enchain the imprisoned spirits of steam, to weave a garment for the body, and let the soul remain unadorned and naked! What! send out your vessels to the farthest ocean, and make battle with the monsters of the deep, in order to obtain the means of lighting up your dwellings and workshops, and prolonging the hours of labor for the meat that perisheth, and permit that vital spark which God has kindled, which He

has intrusted to our care, to be fanned into a bright and heavenly flame,—permit it, I say, to languish and go out!

What considerate man can enter a school and not reflect with awe, that it is a seminary where immortal minds are training for eternity? What parent but is, at times, weighed down with the thought, that there must be laid the foundations of a building which will stand, when not merely temple and palace, but the perpetual hills and adamantine rocks on which they rest, have melted away!—that a light may there be kindled, which will shine, not merely when every artificial beam is extinguished, but when the affrighted sun has fled away from the heavens! I can add nothing, sir, to this consideration. I will only say, in conclusion, Education,—when we feed that lamp, we perform the highest social duty! If we quench it, I know not where (humanly speaking), for time or for eternity,—"

I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can its light resume!"

E Everett.

XC.

WEBSTER'S GREATEST PARLIAMENTARY EFFORT.

The greatest parliamentary effort made by Mr. Webster, was his second speech on Foot's resolution,—the question at issue being nothing less than this; Is the Constitution of the United States a compact without a common umpire between confederated sovereignties; or is it a government of the people of the United States, sovereign within the sphere of its delegated powers, although reserving a great mass of undelegated rights to the separate State governments and the people? With those who embrace the opinions which Mr. Webster combated in this speech, this is not the time nor the place to engage in an argument; but those who believe that he maintained the true principles of the Constitution, will probably agree, that since that instrument was communicated to the Continental Congress, seventy-two years ago this day by George Washington as President of the Federal Convention, no greater service has been rendered to the country than in the delivery of this speech.

Well do I recollect the occasion and the scene. It was truly what Wellington called the battle of Waterloo, a conflict of giants. I passed an hour and a half with Mr. Webster, at his request, the evening before this great effort; and he went over to me, from a very concise brief, the main topics of the speech which he had prepared for the following day. So calm and unimpassioned was the memorandum, so entirely was he at ease himself that I was tempted to think absurdly enough, that he was not sufficiently aware of the magnitude of the occasion. But I soon perceived that his calmness was the repose of conscious power. He was not only at ease, but sportive and full of anecdote; and as he told the Senate playfully the next day he slept soundly that night on the formidable assault of his gallant and accomplished adversary. So the great Condé slept on the eve of the battle of Rocroi; so Alexander slept on the eve of the battle of Arbela; and so they awoke to deeds of immortal fame.

As I saw him in the evening, (if I may borrow an illustration from his favorite amusement,) he was as unconcerned and as free of spirit, as some here have often seen him, while floating in his fishing boat along a hazy shore, gently rocking on the tranquil tide, dropping his line here

and there, with the varying fortune of the sport. The next morning he was like some mighty Admiral, dark and terrible, casting the long shadow of his frowning tiers far over the sea, that seemed to sink beneath him; his broad pendant streaming at the main, the stars and the stripes at the fore, the mizzen, and the peak; and bearing down like a tempest upon his antagonist, with all his canvas strained to the wind and all his thunders roaring from his broadsides. E. Everett.

XCI.

WHAT GOOD WILL THE MONUMENT DO.

I am met with the great objection, What good will the Monument do? I beg leave, sir, to exercise my birthright as a Yankee, and answer this question by asking two or three more, to which, I believe, it will be quite as difficult to furnish a satisfactory reply. I am asked, What good will the monument do? And I ask, What good does anything do? What is good? Does anything do any good? The persons who suggest this objection, of course think that there are some projects and undertakings that do good; and I should therefore like to have the idea of good explained, and analyzed, and run out to its elements.

When this is done, if I do not demonstrate, in about two minutes, that the monument does the same kind of good that anything else does, I shall consent that the huge blocks of granite already laid, should be reduced to gravel, and carted off to fill up the mill-pond; for that, I suppose, is one of the good things. Does a railroad or canal do good? Answer, yes. And how? It facilitates intercourse, opens markets and increases the wealth of the country. But what is this good for? Why, individuals prosper and get rich. And what good does that do? Is mere wealth, as an ultimate end,—gold and silver, without an inquiry as to their use,—are these a good? Certainly not. I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, is neither better nor happier than a poor one. But as men grow rich, they live better. Is there any good in this, stopping here? Is mere animal life—feeding, working, and sleeping like an ox—entitled to be called good? Certainly not. But these improvements increase the population. And what? good does that do? Where is the good in counting twelve millions, instead of six, of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals? There is, then, no good in the mere animal life, except that it is the physical basis of that higher moral existence, which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience; in good principles, good feelings, good actions (and the more disinterested, the more entitled to be called good) which flow from them. Now, sir, I say that generous and patriotic sentiments, sentiments which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country,—feelings like those which carried Prescott, and Warren, and Putnam to the battle-field, are good,—good, humanly speaking, of the highest order. It is good to have them, good to encourage them, good to honor them, good to commemorate them; —and whatever tends to animate and strengthen such feelings does as much right down practical good as filling up low grounds and building railroads. This is my demonstration. E. Everett.

XCI.

EMANCIPATION OF THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

This paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as a part of the libel. If they had waited another year, if they had kept this prosecution impending for another year, how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public information was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which, it seems, it was a libel to propose. In what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? Or, has the stability of the government, or has that of the country been weakened? Or, are one million of subjects stronger than three millions? Do you think that the benefit they receive should be poisoned by the stings of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, "You have demanded your emancipation and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your success; and we will stigmatize, by a criminal prosecution, the adviser of that relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country."

I ask you, gentlemen, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized that you ought to speak this language at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own Parliament by the humanity of their Sovereign? Or, do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane at this moment to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths; do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men honest and bold enough to propose that measure? to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the Church—the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it—giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, "Universal Emancipation!"

I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil—which proclaims even to the stranger and the 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 touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation. J. P. Curran.

XCIII.

THE PUBLIC INFORMER.

But the learned gentleman is further pleased to say, that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you, know by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation of informers, with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day, during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting—the number of horrid miscreants who avowed upon their oaths that they had come from the very seat of government from the castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation to give evidence against their fellows. I speak of the well-known fact that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that tomb, after leaving been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death—a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent. There was an antidote a juror's oath—but even that adamantine chain that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth. Conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim. J. P. Curran.

XCIV.

RED JACKET'S SPEECH TO THE MISSIONARY.

Brother, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, file deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this He had done for his red children, because He loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting-ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers came across the great water, and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and asked for a small seat. We took pity on

them; granted their request; and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return.

The white people, brother, had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came amongst us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor amongst us. It was strong and powerful and has slain thousands.

Brother, our seats were once large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind; and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. We are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said. Brother, you have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. Cram.

XCV.

PARTITION OF POLAND.

Now, sir, what was the conduct of your own allies to Poland? Is there a single atrocity of the French, in Italy, in Switzerland, in Egypt, if you please, more unprincipled and inhuman than that of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, in Poland? What has there been in the conduct of the French to foreign powers; what in the violation of solemn treaties; what in the plunder, devastation, and dismemberment of unoffending countries; what in the horrors and murders perpetrated upon the subdued victims of their rage in any district which they have overrun, worse than the conduct of those three great powers in the miserable, devoted, and trampled-on kingdom of Poland, and who have been, or are, our allies in this war for religion and social order, and the rights of nations? "Oh! but you regretted the partition of Poland! " Yes, regretted! You regretted the violence, and that is all you did. You united yourself with the actors; you, in fact, by your acquiescence, confirmed the atrocity. But they are your allies; and though they overran and divided Poland, there was nothing, perhaps, in the manner of doing it which stamped it with peculiar infamy and disgrace. The hero of Poland [Swarow], perhaps, was merciful and mild! He was "as much superior to Bonaparte in bravery, and in the discipline which he maintained, as he was superior in virtue and humanity! " He was animated by the purest principles of Christianity, and was restrained in his career by the benevolent precepts which it inculcates! Was he? Let unfortunate Warsaw, and the miserable inhabitant's of the suburb of Praga in particular, tell! What do we understand to have been the conduct of this magnanimous hero, with whom, it seems, Bonaparte is not to be compared? He entered the suburb of Praga, the most populous suburb of Warsaw; and there he let his soldiery loose on the miserable, unarmed, and unresisting people. Men, women, and children, nay, infants at the

breast, were doomed to one indiscriminate massacre. Thousands of them were inhumanly, wantonly butchered! And for what? Because they had dared to join in a wish to meliorate their own condition as a people, and to improve their Constitution, which had been confessed by their own Sovereign to be in want of amendment. And such is the hero upon whom the cause of religion and social order is to repose! And such is the man whom we praise for his discipline and his virtue, and whom we hold out as our boast and our dependence; while the conduct of Bonaparte unfits him to be even treated with as an enemy? C. J. Fox.

XCVI.

NATIONAL DISGRACE.

Sir, we may look in vain to the events of former times for a disgrace parallel to what we have suffered. Louis the Fourteenth, a monarch often named in our debates, and whose reign exhibits more than any other the extremes of prosperous and of adverse fortune, never, in the midst of his most humiliating distresses, stooped to so despicable a sacrifice of all that can be dear to man. The war of the succession, unjustly begun by him, had reduced his power, had swallowed up his armies and his navies, had desolated his provinces, had drained his treasures, and deluged the earth with the blood of the best and most faithful his subjects. Exhausted by his various calamities, he offered his enemies at one time to relinquish all the objects for which he had begun the war. That proud monarch sued for peace, and was content to receive it from our moderation. But when it was made a condition of that peace, that he should turn his arms against his grandson, and compel him by force to relinquish the throne of Spain,—humbled, exhausted, conquered as he was, misfortune had not yet bowed his spirit to conditions so hard as these.

We know the event. He persisted still in the war, until the folly and wickedness of Queen Anne's ministers enabled him to conclude the peace of Utrecht, on terms considerably less disadvantageous even than those he had himself proposed. And shall we, sir, the pride of our age, the terror of Europe, submit to this humiliating sacrifice of our honor? Have we suffered a defeat at Blenheim? Shall we, with our increasing prosperity, our widely diffused capital, our navy, the just subject of our common exultation, ever-flowing coffers, that enable us to give back to the people what, in the hour of calamity, we were compelled to take from them; flushed with a recent triumph over Spain, and yet more than all, while our old rival and enemy was incapable of disturbing us, shall it be for us to yield to what France disdained in the hour of her sharpest distress, and exhibit ourselves to the world, the sole example in its annals of such an abject and pitiful degradation? C. J. Fox.

XCVII.

A POLITICAL PAUSE.

Where, then, sir, is this war, which is prolific of all these horrors, to be carried? Where is it to stop? Not till we have established the house of Bourbon! Or, at least, not until we have had due "experience" of Bonaparte's intentions! And all this without an intelligible motive. All this because you may gain a better peace a year or two hence! So that we are called upon to go on merely as a speculation. We must keep Bonaparte for some time longer at war, as a state of

probation! Gracious God, sir! is war a state of probation? Is peace a rash system? Is it dangerous for nations to live in amity with each other? Are your vigilance, your police your common powers of observation, to be extinguished by putting an end to the horrors of war? Cannot this state of probation be as well undergone without adding to the catalogue of human sufferings?

"But we must pause!" says the honorable gentleman. What! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out her best blood be spilled—her treasures wasted—that you may make an experiment? Put yourselves oh! that you would put yourselves on the field of battle, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors that you excite! In former wars a man might, at least, have some feeling, some interest, that served to balance, in his mind, the impressions which a scene of carnage and of death must inflict.

If a man had been present at the battle of Blenheim, for instance, and had inquired the motive of the battle, there was not a soldier engaged who could not have satisfied his curiosity, and even, perhaps, allayed his feelings. They were fighting, they knew, to repress the uncontrolled ambition of the Grand Monarch.

But if a man were present now at the field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting—"Fighting!" would be the answer; "they aren't fighting; they are pausing." "Why is that man expiring?" Why is that other writhing with agony? What means this implacable fury?" The answer must be, "You are quite wrong, sir, you deceive yourself—they are not fighting, do not disturb them they are merely pausing! This man is not expiring with agony—that man is not dead he is only pausing! Lord help you, sir! they are not angry with one another; they have now no cause of quarrel; but their country thinks that there should be a pause. All that you see, sir, is nothing like fighting—there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed in it, whatever: it is nothing more than a political pause! It is merely to try an experiment—to see whether Bonaparte will not, behave himself better than heretofore; and in the mean time we have agreed to pause in pure friendship!"

And is this the way, sir, that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world—to destroy order,—to trample on religion,—to stifle in the heart, not merely the generosity of a noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of this systems you spread terror and devastation all around you.
C. J. Fox

XCVIII.

WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND FRANKLIN'S STAFF.

The Sword of Washington! The Staff of Franklin! O, sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunder-bolt, the printing-press, and the ploughshare! What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! Washington and Franklin! What other two men whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after-time? Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the Independence of his

country, and for the freedom of the human race,—ever manifesting, amidst its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

Franklin! The mechanic of his own fortune; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast; and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive sceptre of oppression: while descending the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the Charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels under the Presidency of Washington, and recording his name under the sanction of devout prayer invoked by him to God,—to that Constitution under the authority of which we are assembled, as the Representatives of the North American People, to receive, in the name of them and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated Republic, these sacred symbols of our golden age. May they be deposited among the archives of our Government! And may every American, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world; and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more! J. Q. Adams.

XCIX.

THE RIGHT OF PETITION BY WOMEN.

The gentleman says that women have no right to petition on political subjects; that it is discreditable, not only to their section of the country, but also to the national character; that these females could have a sufficient field for the exercise of their influence in the discharge of their duties to their fathers, their husbands, or their children—cheering the domestic circle, and shedding over it the mild radiance of the social virtues, instead of rushing into the fierce struggles of political life. I admit, sir, that it is their duty to attend to these things. I subscribe fully, to the elegant compliment, passed by him upon those members of the female sex who devote their time to these duties. But I say that the correct principle is, that women are not only justified, but exhibit the most exalted virtue, when they do depart from the domestic circle, and enter on the concerns of their country, of humanity, and of their God. The mere departure of woman from the duties of the domestic circle, far from being a reproach to her, is a virtue of the highest order, when it is done from purity of motive, by appropriate means, and towards a

virtuous purpose. That is the principle I maintain, and which the gentleman has to refute, if he applies the position he has taken to the mothers, the sisters, and the daughters of the men of my district who voted to send me here. The motive, the means, and the purpose of their petition will bear his scrutiny.

Why, sir, what does the gentleman understand by "political subjects?" Everything in which this House has an agency-everything which relates to peace and war, or to any of the great interests of society. Are women to have no opinions or actions on subjects relating to the general welfare? Where did the gentleman get this principle? Did he find it in sacred history—in the language of Miriam the Prophetess, in one of the noblest and most sublime songs of triumph that ever met the human eye or ear? Did the gentleman never hear of the deed of Jael, who slew the dreaded enemy of her country? Has he forgotten Esther, who, by her petition saved her people and her country? Sir, I might go through the whole sacred history, and find innumerable examples of women, who not only took an active part in the politics of their times, but who are held up with honor to posterity for doing so.

To go from sacred history to profane, does the gentleman there find it "discreditable" for women to take any interest or any part in political affairs? Has he forgotten the Spartan mother, who said to her son, when going out to battle, "My son, come back to me with thy shield, or upon thy shield?" Does he not remember Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, who declared that her children were her jewels? And why? Because they were the champions of freedom. Has he not read of Arria, who, under imperial despotism, when her husband was condemned to die by a tyrant, plunged the sword into her own bosom, and, handing it to her husband, said, "Take it, Paetus, it does not hurt," and expired?

To come to a later period, what names are more illustrious than that of Elizabeth, the great British queen, and that of Isabella of Castile, the patroness of Columbus, the virtual discoverer of this hemisphere, for without her that discovery would not have been made? Did they bring "discredit" on their sex by mingling in politics? And what were the women of the United States in the struggle of the Revolution? Were they devoted exclusively to the duties and enjoyments of the fireside? When the soldiers were destitute of clothing, or sick, or in prison, from whence did relief come? From the hearts where patriotism erects her favorite shrine, and from the hand which is seldom withdrawn when the soldier is in need. The voice of our history speaks trumpet-tongued of the daring and intrepid spirit of patriotism burning in the bosoms of the ladies of that day "Politics," sir, "rushing into the vortex of politics!" They gloried in being called rebel ladies, refusing to attend balls and entertainments, but crowding to the hospitals and prison-ships! And, sir, is that spirit to be charged here, in this hall where we are sitting, as being "discreditable" to our country's name? So far from regarding such conduct as a national reproach, I approve of it, and glory in it. J. Q. Adams.

C.

VALUE OF POPULARITY.

MY Lords, I come now to speak upon what, indeed, I would have gladly avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been said by a noble lord on my left hand, that I, likewise, am running the race of popularity. If the noble lord means by popularity, that applause bestowed by after-ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been

struggling in that race; to what purpose, all-trying time can alone determine: but, if the noble lord means that mushroom popularity which is raised without merit, and lost without crime, he is much mistaken in his opinion.

I defy the noble lord to point out a single action of my life, in which the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations. I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct, the dictates of my own breast. Those that have foregone that pleasing adviser, and given up their mind to be the slave of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity: I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of the mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them, that many who have been saluted with the huzzahs of a crowd one day, have received its execrations the next; and many who by the popularity of their times, have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the historian's page,—when truth has triumphed over delusion,—the assassins of liberty.

True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all,—to the king and to the beggar. Where is the justice, then, or where is the law, that protects a member of Parliament more than any other man from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow no place, nor employment to be a sanctuary for crimes; and where I have the honor to sit as judge, neither royal favor, nor popular applause shall ever protect the guilty. Lord Mansfield.

CL.

SCORN TO BE SLAVES.

The voice of your father's blood cries to you from the ground, "My sons, scorn to be slaves! In vain we met the frowns of tyrants; in vain we crossed the boisterous ocean, found a new world, and prepared it for the happy residence of liberty; in vain we toiled; in vain we fought; we bled in vain, if you, our offspring, want valor to repel the assaults of her invaders!" Stain not the glory of your worthy ancestors; but, like them, resolve never to part with your birthright. Be wise in your deliberations, and determined in your exertions for the preservation of your liberty.

Follow not the dictates of passion, but enlist yourselves under the sacred banner of reason; use every method in your power to secure your rights; at least, prevent the curses of posterity from being heaped upon your memories. If you, with united zeal and fortitude, oppose the torrent of oppression; if you feel the true fire of patriotism burning in your breasts; if you, from your souls, despise the most gaudy dress which slavery can wear; if you really prefer the lonely cottage, while blessed with liberty, to gilded palaces, surrounded with the ensigns of slavery you may have the fullest assurance that tyranny with her whole accursed train, will hide her hideous head in confusion, shame, and despair.

If you perform your part, you must have the strongest confidence, that the same Almighty Being, who protected your pious, and venerable forefathers, who enabled them to turn a barren wilderness into a fruitful field, who so often made bare His arm for their salvation, will still be mindful of their offspring.

May that Almighty Being graciously preside in all our councils. May He direct us to such measures as He himself shall approve, and be pleased to bless. May we be ever favored of God. May our land be a land of liberty, the seat of virtue, the asylum of the oppressed, "a name and a praise in the whole earth," until the last shock of time shall bury the empires of the world in undistinguished ruin. J. Warren.

CII.

LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

It was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages; from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains, and from the capitals of various nations, all of them saying in their hearts, we will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial fury, and then we will embark; we will slide across the appeased ocean, and in the gorgeous month of October, we will greet our longed-for native land, and our heart-loved homes.

And so the throng streamed along from Berlin, from Paris, from the Orient, converging upon London, still hastening toward the welcome ship, and narrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the Arctic borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us. The hour was come. The signal-ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed; the great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes; the wheels revolve; the signal-gun beats its echoes, in upon every structure along the shore, and the Arctic glides joyfully forth from the jersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence nor whispered his errand.

And so hope was effulgent, and little gayety disported itself, and joy was with every guest. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur, — "Home is not far away." And every morning it was still one night nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland. Boldly they made it; and plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers. At noon there came noiselessly stealing from the north that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, both steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible.

At a league's distance, unconscious, and at nearer approach, unwarned; within hail, and bearing right towards each other, unseen, unfeet, till in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened Vesta dealt her deadly stroke to the Arctic. The death-blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers seemed that they had suffered harm. Prompt upon humanity the brave Luce (let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect) ordered away his boat with the first officer to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As Gourley went over the ship's side, oh, that some good

angel had called to the brave commander in the words of Paul on a like occasion, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

They departed, and with them the hope of the ship, for now the waters gaining upon the hold and rising upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. Oh, had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to mind—had he stood to execute sufficiently the commander's will—we may believe that we should not have had to blush for the cowardice and recreancy of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But, apparently, each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, and so honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters, and crew, rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the catastrophe of collision to the catastrophe of sinking!

Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and the flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial-service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as if it had not been. H. W. Beecher.

CIII.

THE GLORY AND GRANDEUR OF PEACE.

Whatever may be the judgment of poets, of moralist, of satirists, or even of soldiers, it is certain that the glory of arms still exercises no mean influence over the minds of men. The art of war, which has been happily termed by a French divine, the baleful art by which men learn to exterminate one another, is yet held even among Christians, to be an honorable pursuit; and the animal courage, which it stimulates and develops, is prized as a transcendent virtue. It will be for another age, and a higher civilization, to appreciate the more exalted character of the art of benevolence, the art of extending happiness and all good influences, by word or deed, to the largest number of mankind, which, in blessed contrast with the misery, the degradation, the wickedness of war, shall shine resplendent, the true grandeur of peace. All then will be willing to join with the early poet in saying, at least,

"Through louder fame attend the martial rage,
'T is greater glory to reform the age."

Then shall the soul thrill with a nobler heroism than that of battle. Peaceful industry, with untold multitudes of cheerful and beneficent laborers, shall be its gladsome token. Literature, full of sympathy and comfort for the heart of man, shall appear in garments of purer glory than she has yet assumed. Science shall extend the bounds of knowledge and power adding unimaginable strength to the hands of man, opening innumerable resources in the earth, and revealing new secrets and harmonies in the skies. Art, elevated and refined, shall lavish fresh streams of beauty and grace. Charity, in streams of milk and honey, shall diffuse itself among all the habitations of the world.

Does any one ask for the signs of this approaching era? The increasing beneficence and intelligence of our own day, the broad-spread sympathy with human suffering, the widening thoughts of men, the longings of the heart for a higher condition on earth, the unfulfilled promises of Christian progress, are the auspicious auguries of this happy future. As early voyagers over untried realms of waste, we have already observed the signs of land. The green twig and fresh red berry have floated by our bark; the odors of the shore fan our faces; nay, we may seem to descry the distant gleam of light, and hear from the more earnest observers, as Columbus heard, after midnight, from the mast-head of the Pinta, the joyful cry of Land! Land! and lo! a new world broke upon his early morning gaze. C. Sumner.

CIV.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PRODUCTIONS.

The classics possess a peculiar charm, from the circumstance that they have been the models, I might almost say the masters, of composition and thought, in all ages. In the contemplation of these august teachers of mankind, we are filled with conflicting emotions. They are the early voice of the world, better remembered and more cherished still than all the intermediate words that have been uttered, as the lessons of childhood still haunt us when the impressions of later years have been effaced from the mind. But they show with most unwelcome frequency the tokens of the world's childhood, before passion had yielded to the sway of reason and the affections. They want the highest charm of purity, of righteousness, of elevated sentiments, of love to God and man. It is not in the frigid philosophy of the porch and academy that we are to seek these; not in the marvelous teachings of Socrates, as they come mended by the mellifluous words of Plato; not in the resounding line of Homer, on whose inspiring tale of blood Alexander pillow'd his head; not in the animated strain of Pindar, where virtue is pictured in the successful strife of an athlete at the Isthmian games; not in the torrent of Demosthenes, dark with self-love and the spirit of vengeance; not in the fitful philosophy and intemperate eloquence of Tully; not in the genial libertinism of Horace, or the stately atheism of Lucretius. No! these must not be our masters; in none of these are we to seek the way of life. For eighteen hundred years the spirit of these writers has been engaged in weaponless contest with the Sermon on the Mount, and those two sublime commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets. The strife is still pending. Heathenism, which has possessed itself of such siren forms, is not yet exorcised. It still tempts the young, controls the affairs of active life, and haunts the meditations of age.

Our own productions, though they may yield to those of the ancients in the arrangement of ideas, in method, in beauty of form, and in freshness of illustration, are immeasurably superior in the truth, delicacy, all elevation of their sentiments,—above all, in the benign recollection of that great Christian revelation, the brotherhood of man. How vain are eloquence and poetry compared with this heaven-descended truth! Put in one scale that simple utterance, and in the other the lore of antiquity, with its accumulating glosses and commentaries, and the last will be light and trivial in the balance. Greek poetry has been likened to the song of the nightingale as she sits in the rich, symmetrical crown of the palm-tree, trilling her thick-warbled notes; but even this is less sweet and tender than the music of the human heart. C. Sumner.

CV.

THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

Why ought the slave trade to be abolished? Because it is incurable injustice! How much stronger, then, is the argument for immediate than gradual abolition! By allowing it to continue even for one hour, do not my right honorable friends weaken—do they not desert their own arguments of its injustice? If on the ground of injustice it ought to be abolished at last, why ought it not now? Why is injustice to be suffered to remain for a single hour?

I know of no evil that ever has existed, nor can imagine any evil to exist, worse than the tearing of eighty thousands persons annually from their native land, by a combination of the most civilized nations in the most enlightened quarter of the globe; but more especially by that nation which calls herself the most free and the most happy of them all. Even if these miserable beings were proved guilty of every crime before you take them off of which however not a single proof is adduced ought we to take upon ourselves the office of executioners? And even if we condescend so far, still can we be justified in taking them, unless we have clear proof that they are criminals?

I have shown how great is the enormity of this evil, even on the supposition that we take only convicts and prisoners of war. But take the subject in the other way; take it on the grounds stated by the right honorable gentleman over the way, and how does it stand? Think of eighty thousand persons carried away out of their country, by we know not what means, for crimes imputed; for light or inconsiderable faults; for debt, perhaps; for the crime of witchcraft; or a thousand other weak and scandalous pretexts, besides all the fraud and kidnapping, the villainies and perfidy, by which the slave trade is supplied. Reflect on these eighty thousand persons thus annually taken off! There is something in the horror of it, that surpasses all the bounds of imagination. Admitting that there exists in Africa something like to courts of justice; yet what an office of humiliation and meanness is it in us, to take upon ourselves to carry into execution the partial, the cruel, iniquitous sentences of such courts, as if we also were strangers to all religion, and to the first principles of justice.

But that country, it is said, has been in some degree civilized, and civilized by us. It is said they have gained some knowledge of the principles of justice. What sir, have they gained the principles of justice from us? Is their civilization brought about by us! Yes, we give them enough of our intercourse to convey to them the means, and to initiate them in the study of mutual destruction. We give them just enough of the forms of justice to enable them to add the pretext of legal trials to their other modes of perpetuating the most atrocious iniquity. We give them just enough of European improvements, to enable them the more effectually to turn Africa into a ravaged wilderness. But I refrain from attempting to enumerate half the dreadful consequences of this system. Do you think nothing of the ruin and the miseries in which so many other individuals, still remaining in Africa, are involved in consequence of carrying off so many myriads of people? Do you think nothing of their families which are left behind; of the connections which are broken; of the friendships, attachments, and relationships which are burst asunder? Do you think nothing of the miseries in consequence, that are felt from generation to generation; of the privation of that happiness which might be communicated to them by the introduction of civilization, and of mental and moral improvement? A happiness which you withhold from them so long as you permit the slave trade to continue.

How shall we hope to obtain, if it be possible, forgiveness from Heaven for these enormous evils we have committed, if we refuse to make use of those means which the mercy of Providence hath still reserved for us, for wiping away the guilt and shame with which we are now covered. If we refuse even this degree of compensation; if, knowing the miseries we have caused, we refuse even now to put a stop to them, how greatly aggravated will be the guilt of Great Britain! and what a blot will these transactions forever be in the history of this country! Shall we, then, delay to repair these injuries, and to begin rendering justice to Africa? Shall we not count the days and hours that are suffered to intervene, and to delay the accomplishment of such a work? Reflect what an immense object is before you; what an object for a nation to have in view, and to have a prospect, under the favor of Providence, of being now permitted to attain! I think the House will agree with me in cherishing the ardent wish to enter without delay upon the measures necessary for these great ends; and I am sure that the immediate abolition of the slave trade is the first, the principal the most indispensable act of policy, of duty, and of justice, that the Legislature of this country has to take, if it is indeed their wish to secure those important objects to which I have alluded, and which we are bound to pursue by the most solemn obligations. W. Pitt.

CVI.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

From her earliest colonial history, the policy of Massachusetts has been to develop the minds of all her people, and to imbue them with the principles of duty. To do this work most effectually, she has begun with the young. If she would continue to mount higher and higher towards the summit of prosperity, she must continue the means by which her present elevation has been gained. In doing this, she will not only exercise the noblest prerogative of government, but will coöperate with the Almighty in one of his sublimest works.

The Greek rhetorician, Longinus, quotes from the Mosaic account of the creation what he calls the sublimest passage ever uttered: "God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light." From the centre of black immensity effulgence burst forth. Above, beneath, on every side, its radiance streamed out, silent, yet making each spot in the vast concave brighter than the line which the lightning pencils upon the midnight cloud. Darkness fled as the swift beams spread onward and outward, in an unending circumfusion of splendor. Onward and outwards still they move to this day, glorifying, through wider and wider regions of space, the infinite Author from whose power and beneficence they sprang. But not only in the beginning, when God created the heavens and the earth, did he say, "Let there be light." Whenever a human soul is born into the world, its Creator stands over it, and again pronounces the same sublime words, "Let there be light."

Magnificent, indeed, was the material creation, when, suddenly blazing forth in mid space, the new-born sun dispelled the darkness of the ancient night. But infinitely more magnificent is it when the human soul rays forth its subtler and swifter beams; when the light of the senses irradiates all outward things, revealing the beauty of their colors, and the exquisite symmetry of their proportions and forms; when the light of reason penetrates to their invisible properties and laws, and displays all those hidden relations that make up all the sciences; when the light of conscience illuminates the moral world, separating truth from error, and virtue from vice.

The light of the newly-kindled sun, indeed, was glorious. It struck upon all the planets, and waked into existence their myriad capacities of life and joy. As it rebounded from them, and showed their vast orbs all wheeling, circle beyond circle, in their stupendous courses, the sons of God shouted for joy. That light sped onward, beyond Sirius, beyond the pole-star, beyond Orion and the Pleiades, and is still spreading onward into the abysses of space. But the light of the human soul flies swifter than the light of the sun, and outshines its meridian blaze. It can embrace not only the sun of our system, but all suns and galaxies of suns; aye! the soul is capable of knowing and of enjoying Him who created the suns themselves; and when these starry lustres that now glorify the firmament shall wax dim, and fade away like a wasted taper, the light of the soul shall still remain; nor time, nor cloud, nor any power but its own perversity, shall ever quench its brightness. Again I would say that whenever a human soul is born into the world, God stands over it, and pronounces the same sublime fiat, "Let there be light!" And may the time soon come, when all human governments shall coöperate with the divine government in carrying this benediction and baptism into fulfillment. H. Mann.

CVII.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action. D. Webster.

CVIII.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

The eulogium pronounced by the honorable gentleman on the character of the State of South Carolina, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of

the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all,—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions,—Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven,—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue, in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections, let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the revolution, hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.
D. Webster.

CIX.**AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.**

I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest, that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must forever 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 abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a 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 there dwell no sentiments of humanity or of justice, 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. There is no brighter page 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 coöperate with the laws of man, and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who by stealth and at midnight labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that 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.

I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice, and all who minister at her altar, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of our religion, that they proclaim its denunciation of these crimes, and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. If the pulpit be silent whenever or wherever there may be a sinner bloody with this guilt within the hearing of its voice, the pulpit is false to its trust. I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates that ever infested them. That ocean, which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence to waft the burden 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, loaded with chains, and bleeding with stripes? 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.

The Christian communities send forth their emissaries of religion and letters, who stop, here and there, along the coast of the vast continent of Africa, and with painful and tedious efforts make some almost imperceptible progress in the communication of knowledge, and in the

general improvement of the natives who are immediately about them. Not thus slow and imperceptible is the transmission of the vices and bad passions which the subjects of Christian States carry to the land. The slave trade having touched the coast, its influence and its evils spread, like a pestilence, over the whole continent, making savage wars more savage and more frequent, and adding new and fierce passions to the contests of barbarians.

I pursue this topic no further, except again to say, that all Christendom, being now blessed with peace, is bound by everything which belongs to its character, and to the character of the present age, to put a stop to this inhuman and disgraceful traffic. D. Webster.

CX.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS IN FAVOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair,—is not he, our venerable colleague, near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our Country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us; it will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England her self will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things

which now predestinates our independence than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory if we gain the victory? D. Webster.

CXI.

THE SAME CONCLUDED.

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see dearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may run it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven, that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am

for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment,—Independence now; and Independence Forever! D. Webster.

CXII.

INFLUENCE OF THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington! And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

Washington! "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad redeems the highest honor on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe and the world what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not, that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be Washington!

The structure now standing before us, by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives, as pure as the serene heavens in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city or a single State, but by all the families of man, ascends the colossal grandeur of the character and life of Washington. In all the constituents of the one, in all the acts of the other, in all its titles to immortal love, admiration and renown, it is an American production. It is the embodiment and vindication of our Transatlantic liberty.

Born upon our soil of parents also born upon it; never for a moment having had sight of the Old World; instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provided for the children of the people; growing up beneath and penetrated by the genuine influences of American society; living from infancy to manhood and age amidst our expanding, but not luxurious civilization; partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unclaimed nature and uncivilized man, our agony of glory, the war of independence, our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the Constitution; he is all, all our own! Washington is ours. That crowded and glorious life,

"Where multitudes of virtues passed along,
Each pressing foremost, in the mighty throng
Ambitious to be seen, then making room
For greater multitudes that were to come,"—

that life was the life of an American citizen.

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the State, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgiving of friends, I turn to that transcendent

name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies or doubts whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness; to him who denies that our forms of government are capable of producing exaltation of soul, and the passion of true glory; to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples; to all these I reply by pointing to Washington! D. Webster.

CXIII.

PUBLIC OPINION.

The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies, were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, a great change has taken place in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the public opinion of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendency over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and as it grows more intelligent and more intense it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassive, inextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

"Vital in every part,

Cannot, but by annihilating die."

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilized world. It is nothing that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honor, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured Justice; it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind. D. Webster.

CXIV.

THE MURDERER'S SECRET.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out

the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the just sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he plies the dagger, though it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard. To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything, as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by man. D. Webster.

CXV.

THE SAME CONCLUDED.

True it is, generally speaking, that murder "will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern tidings, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene; shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses, soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst

forth. It must be confessed; it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession. D. Webster.

CXVI.

DEFENCE OF AMERICAN CLERGYMEN.

By this Will, no minister of the Gospel of any sect or denomination whatever can be authorized or allowed to hold any office within the college; and not only that, but no minister or clergyman of any sect can, for any purpose whatever, enter within the walls that are to surround this college.

Now I will not arraign the founder of this institution or his motives for this. I will not inquire into his opinions upon religion. But I feel bound to say, the occasion demands that I should say that this is the most opprobrious, the most insulting and unmerited stigma, that ever was cast, or attempted to be cast, upon the preachers of Christianity, from north to south, from east to west, through the length and breadth of the land, in the history of the country. When have they deserved it? Where have they deserved it? How have they deserved it? They are not to be allowed even the ordinary rights of hospitality; not even to be permitted to put their foot over the threshold of this college!

Sir, I take it upon myself to say, that in no country in the world, upon either continent, can there be found a body of ministers of the Gospel who perform so much service to man, in such a full spirit of self-denial, under so little encouragement from government of any kind, and under circumstances almost always much straitened and often distressed, at the ministers of the Gospel in the United States, of all denominations. They form no part of any established order of religion; they constitute no hierarchy; they enjoy no peculiar privileges. In some of the states they are even shut out from all participation in the political rights and privileges enjoyed by their fellow-citizens. They enjoy no tithes, no public provision of any kind. Except here and there in large cities, where a wealthy individual occasionally makes a donation for the support of public worship, what have they to depend upon? They have to depend entirely on the voluntary contributions of those who hear them.

And this body of clergymen has shown, to the honor of their own country and to the astonishment of the hierarchies of the Old World that it is practicable in free governments to raise and sustain by voluntary contributions alone a body of clergymen which, for devotedness to their sacred calling, for purity of life and character, for learning, intelligence, piety, and that wisdom which cometh from above, is inferior to none, and superior to most others.

I hope that our learned men have done something for the honor of our literature abroad. I hope that the courts of justice and members of the bar of this country have done something to elevate the character of the profession of the law. I hope that the discussions above (in Congress) have done something to meliorate the condition of the human race, to secure and extend the great charter of human rights, and to strengthen and advance the great principles of human liberty. But I contend that no literary efforts, no adjudications, no constitutional discussions, nothing that has been said or done in favor of the great interests of universal man, has done this country more credit, at home and abroad, than the establishment of our body of

clergymen, their support by voluntary contributions, and the general excellence off their character for piety and learning.

The great truth has thus been proclaimed and proved, a truth which I believe will in time to come shake all the hierarchies of Europe, that the voluntary support of such a ministry, under free institutions, is a practicable idea. D. Webster.

CXVII.

PEACEABLE SECESSION IMPOSSIBLE.

Mr. President, I should much prefer to have heard from every member on this floor declarations of opinion that this Union could never be dissolved, than the declaration of opinion by any body, that, in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible. I hear with distress and anguish the word "secession," especially when it falls from the lips of those who are patriotic, and known to the country, and known all over the world, for their political services.

Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! Who is so foolish, I beg everybody's pardon, as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these States, now revolving in harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without causing the wreck of the universe.

There can be no such thing as peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great Constitution under which we live, covering this whole country, is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear almost unobserved, and run off? No, sir! No, sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union; but, sir, I see as plainly as I see the sun in heaven what that disruption itself must produce; I see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe, in its twofold character.

Peaceable secession! Peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great republic to separate! A voluntary separation, with alimony on one side and on the other. Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What States are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be? An American no longer? Am I to become a sectional man, a local man, a separatist, with no country in common with the gentlemen who sit around me here, or who fill the other house of Congress? Heaven forbid! Where is the flag of the republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower? or is he to cower, and shrink, and fall to the ground? Why, sir, our ancestors, our fathers and our grandfathers, those of them that are yet living amongst us with prolonged lives, would rebuke and reproach us; and our children and our grandchildren would cry out shame upon us, if we of this generation should dishonor these ensigns of the power of the government and the harmony of that Union which is every day felt among us with so much joy and gratitude.

What is to become of the army? What is to become of the navy? What is to become of the public lands? How is each of tile thirty States to defend itself? But, sir, I am ashamed to pursue this line of remark, I dislike it, I have an utter disgust for it. I would rather hear of natural blasts and mildews, war, pestilence, and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of secession. To break up this great government! to dismember this glorious country! to astonish Europe with an act of folly such as Europe for two centuries has never beheld in any government or any people! No, Sir! no, Sir! There will be no secession! Gentlemen are not serious when they talk of secession. D. Webster.

CXVIII.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and though our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recesses behind. I have not coolly weighted the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and clamed throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other

sentiment dear to every true American heart,—Liberty AND Union, Now And For Ever, One And Inseparable. D. Webster.

CXIX.

EVENTS GREAT, BECAUSE OF THEIR RESULTS.

Great actions and striking occurrences having excited a temporary admiration, often pass away and are forgotten, because they leave no lasting results, affecting the prosperity and happiness of communities. Such is frequently the fortune of the most brilliant military achievements. Of the ten thousand battles which have been fought, of all the fields fertilized with carnage, of the banners which have been bathed in blood, of the warriors who have hoped that they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and as durable as the stars, how few that continue long to interest mankind! The victory of yesterday is reversed by the defeat of to-day; the star of military glory, rising like a meteor, like a meteor has fallen; disgrace and disaster hang on the heels of conquest and renown; victor and vanquished presently pass away to oblivion, and the world goes on in its course, with the loss only of so many lives and so much treasure.

But if this be frequently, or generally, the fortune of military achievements, it is not always so. There are enterprises, military as well as civil, which sometimes check the current of events, give a new turn to human affairs, and transmit their consequences through ages. We see their importance in their results, and call them great because great things follow. There have been battles which have fixed the fate of nations. These come down to us in history with a solid and permanent interest not created by a display of glittering armor, the rush of adverse battalions, the sinking and rising of pennons, the flight, the pursuit, and the victory; but by their effect in advancing or retarding human knowledge, in overthrowing or establishing despotism, in extending or destroying human happiness.

When the traveller pauses on the plains of Marathon, what are the emotions which most strongly agitate his breast? What is that glorious recollection, which thrills through his frame and suffuses his eyes? Not I imagine that Grecian skill and Grecian valor were here most signally displayed; but that Greece herself was here saved. It is because to this spot, and to the event which has rendered it immortal, he refers all the succeeding glories of the republic. It is because if that day had gone otherwise, Greece had perished. It is because he perceives that her philosophers and orators, her poets and painters, her sculptors and architects, her governments and free institutions, point backward to Marathon, and that their future existence seems to have been suspended on the contingency, whether the Persian or the Greek banner should wave victorious in the beams of that day's setting sun. And as his imagination kindles at the retrospect, he is transported back to the interesting moment, he counts the fearful odds of the contending hosts, his interest for the result overwhelms him; he trembles, as if it were still uncertain, and seems to doubt whether he may consider Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes, Sophocles, and Phidias, as secure, yet, to himself and to the world. D. Webster.

CXX.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

Fellow-citizens, the hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas. We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings, and improve the hearts, of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our human duration. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government, and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science, and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity and the light of everlasting truth. D. Webster.

CXXI.

LIBERTY OF SPEECH.

Important, sir, as I deem it to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion in its full and just extent. Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing fashionable, make it necessary to be explicit on this point. The more I perceive a disposition to check the freedom of inquiry by extravagant and unconstitutional pretences, the firmer shall be the tone in which I shall assert, and the freer the manner in which I shall exercise it.

It is the ancient and undoubted prerogative of this people to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a "home-bred" right, a fireside privilege. It hath ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin, in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air, or walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those whose representative I am shall find me to abandon. Aiming at all times to be courteous and temperate

in its use, except when the right itself shall be questioned, I shall then carry it to its extent. I shall place myself on the extreme boundary of my right, and bid defiance to any arm that would move me from my ground.

This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this house, and in all places; in times of peace, and in all times. Living, I shall assert it; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defence of them. D. Webster.

CXXII.

WASHINGTON TO THE PRESENT GENERATION.

Fellow-citizens,—What contemplations are awakened in our minds, as we assemble here to reenact a scene like that performed by Washington! Methinks I see his venerable form now before me, as presented in the glorious statue by Houdon, now in the capital of Virginia. He is dignified and grave; but his concern and anxiety seem to soften the lineaments of his countenance. The government over which he presides is yet in the crisis of experiment. Not free from troubles at home, he sees the world in commotion and arms, all around him. He sees that imposing foreign powers are half disposed to try the strength of the recently established American government. We perceive that mighty thoughts, mingled with fears as well as hopes, are struggling within him. He heads a short procession over these then naked fields; he crosses yonder stream on a fallen tree; he ascends to the top of this eminence, whose original oaks of the forest stand as thick around him as if the spot had been devoted to Druidical worship, and here he performs the appointed duty of the day.

And now, fellow-citizens, if this vision were a reality,—if Washington actually were now amongst us,—and if he could draw around him the shades of the great public men of his own days,—patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen, and were to address us, in their presence, would he not say to us,—"Ye men of this generation, I rejoice, and thank God for being able to see that our labors, and toils, and sacrifices, were not in vain. You are prosperous,—you are happy,—you are grateful. The fire of liberty burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while duty and the law restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. Cherish liberty, as you love it;—cherish its securities, as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the Constitution which we labored so painfully to establish and which has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. Preserve the Union of the States, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears, and our blood. Be true to God, to your country, and to your duty. So shall the whole Eastern world follow the morning sun, to contemplate you as a nation; so shall all succeeding generations honor you as they honor us; and so shall that Almighty Power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity."

Great father of your country! we heed your words; we feel their force as if you uttered them with life of flesh and blood. Your example teaches us; your affectionate addresses teach us; your public life teaches us your sense of the value of the blessings of the Union. Those blessings our fathers have tasted, and we have tasted, and still taste. Nor do we intend that

those who come after us shall be denied the same high fruition, Our honor as well as our happiness is concerned. We cannot, we dare not, we will not, betray our sacred trust. We will not filch from posterity the treasure placed in our hands to be transmitted to other generations. The bow that gilds the clouds in the heavens, tile pillars that uphold the firmament, may disappear and fall away, in the hour appointed by the will of God; but, until that day comes, or so long as our lives may last, no ruthless hand shall undermine that bright arch of Union and Liberty which spans the continent from Washington to California. D. Webster.

CXXIII.

THE PLATFORM OF THE CONSTITUTION.

A principal object, in his late political movements the gentleman himself tells us, was to unite the entire South; and against whom, or against what, does he wish to unite the entire South? Is not this the very essence of local feeling and local regard? Is it not the acknowledgment of a wish and object to create political strength, by uniting political opinions geographically? While the gentleman wishes to unite the entire South, I pray to know, sir, if he expects me to turn toward the polar star, and, acting on the same principle, to utter a cry of Rally! to the whole North? Heaven forbid! To the day of my death, neither he nor others shall hear such a cry from me.

Finally, the honorable member declares that he shall now march off, under the banner of State rights! March off from whom? March off from what? We have been contending for great principles. We have been struggling to maintain the liberty and to restore the prosperity of the country; we have made these struggles here, in the national councils, with the old flag—the true American flag, the Eagle and the Stars and Stripes—waving over the chamber in which we sit. He now tells us, however, that he marches off under the State-rights banner!

Let him go. I remain. I am, where I ever have been, and ever mean to be. Here, standing on the platform of the general Constitution,—a platform broad enough, and firm enough, to uphold every interest of the whole country,—I shall still be found. Intrusted with some part in the administration of that Constitution, I intend to act in its spirit, and in the spirit of those who framed it. Yes, sir. I would act as if our fathers, who formed it for us, and who bequeathed it to us, were looking on me,—as if I could see their venerable forms, bending down to behold us from the abodes above! I would act, too, as if the eye of posterity was gazing on me.

Standing thus, as in the full gaze of our ancestors and our posterity, having received this inheritance from the former to be transmitted to the latter, and feeling that, if I am born for any good, in my day and generation, it is for the good of the whole country,—no local policy, no local feeling, no temporary impulse, shall induce me to yield my foothold on the Constitution and the Union. I move off under no banner not known to the whole American People, and to their Constitution and laws. No, sir! these walls, these columns,

"shall fly From their
firm base as soon as
I."

I came into public life, sir, in the service of the United States. On that broad altar my earliest and all my public vows have been made. I propose to serve no other master. So far as depends on any agency of mine, they shall continue United States;—united in interest and in affection; united in everything in regard to which the Constitution has decreed their union; united in war, for the common defense, the common renown, and the common glory; and united, compacted, knit firmly together, in peace, for the common prosperity and happiness of ourselves and our children! D. Webster.

CXXIV.

THE VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

The great event in the history of the Continent, which we are now met here to commemorate, that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, is the American Revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction, and power, we are brought together, in this place, by our love of country by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion. And we now stand here to enjoy all the blessings of our own condition, and to look abroad on the brightened prospects of the world, while we still have among us some of those who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here, from every quarter of New England, to visit once more, and under circumstances so affecting,—I had almost said so overwhelming, this renowned theatre of their courage and patriotism.

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you may behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strowed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amid ibis broken

band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

"another morn risen on mid-noon;"

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But ah! Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit! Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage!—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit! D. Webster.

CXXV.

REPLY TO THE REFLECTIONS OF MR. WALPOLE.

Sir the atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable 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 cease with their youth; and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.

Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely, age may become justly contemptible,—if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt; and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred,—who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, sir, is not my only crime. I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language: and though I may perhaps, have some ambition, yet 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. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them was the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice,—whoever may protect them in their villainy and whoever may partake of their plunder. Lord Chatham.

CXXVI.

SPEECH AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR.

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 envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. 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. "But yesterday and Britain might have stood against the world; now none so poor as to do her reverence." The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valor: I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns, we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be forever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to over run them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, Never, NEVER! Lord Chatham.

CXXVII.

SPEECH AGAINST EMPLOYING INDIANS IN WAR.

But, my Lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitants 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. 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 justifiable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands." I am astonished!—I am shocked! to hear such principles confessed;—to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. My Lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—"That God and nature have put into our hands"! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges to interpose the enmity of their ermine,—to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of our 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! 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. 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 preëminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico, and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I again 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. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles. Lord Chatham.

CXXVIII.

HONORABLE AMBITION.

I have been accused of ambition in presenting this measure—ambition, inordinate ambition. If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself: the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconception both of friends and foes. Ambition? If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers; if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating, and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left these who are charged with the care of the vessel of State to conduct it as they could.

I have been, heretofore, often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, grovelling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism,—beings who, forever keeping their own selfish ends in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement—judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these States, united or separated; I never wish, never expect to be.

Pass this bill, tranquillize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, midst my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment and fidelity, and gratitude which I have not always found in the walks of public life.

Yes, I have ambition! but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land,—the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people. H. Clay.

CXXIX.

THE NOBLEST PUBLIC VIRTUE.

There is a sort of courage, to which—I frankly confess it—I do not lay claim; a boldness to which I dare not aspire; a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That, I cannot, I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested,—a power conferred, not for my personal benefit or aggrandizement, but for my country's good,—to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough,—I am too cowardly for that!

I would not, I dare not, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unaimable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interest. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself.

The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring toward heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspiration from on high, and, leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings,—animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion and of death itself,—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues. H. Clay.

CXXX.

PLEA FOR THE UNION.

At a moment when the White House itself is in danger of conflagration, instead of all hands uniting to extinguish the flames, we are contending about who shall be its next occupant. When a dreadful crevasse has occurred, which threatens inundation and destruction to all around it, we are contesting and disputing about the profits of an estate which is threatened with total submersion.

Mr. President, it is passion, passion—party, party, and intemperance—that is all I dread in the adjustment of the great questions which unhappily at this time divide our distracted country. Sir, at this moment we have in the legislative bodies of this Capitol and in the States, twenty-odd furnaces in full blast, emitting heat and passion, and intemperance, and diffusing them throughout the whole extent of this broad land. Two months ago all was calm in comparison to the present moment. All now is uproar, confusion, and menace to the existence of the Union, and to the happiness and safety of this people. Sir, I implore Senators, I entreat them, by all that they expect hereafter, and by all that is dear to them here below, to repress the ardor of these passions, to look to their country to its interests, to listen to the voice of reason.

Mr. President, I have said—what I solemnly believe—that the dissolution of the Union and war are identical and inseparable; that they are convertible terms. Such a war, too, as that would be, following the dissolution of the Union! Sir, we may search the pages of history, and none so furious, so bloody, so implacable, so exterminating, from the wars of Greece down, including those of the Commonwealth of England, and the revolution of France—none, none of them raged with such violence, or was ever conducted with such bloodshed and enormities, as will that war which shall follow that disastrous event—if that event ever happen—the dissolution of the Union.

And what would be its termination? Standing armies and navies, draining the revenues of each portion of the dissevered empire, would be created; exterminating war would follow—not a war of two or three years, but of interminable duration until some Philip or Alexander, some

Cæsar or Napoleon, would rise to cut the Gordian Knot, and solve the problem of the capacity of man for self-government, and crush the liberties of both the dissevered portions of this Union. Can you, sir, lightly contemplate these consequences? Can you yield yourself to a torrent of passion, amidst dangers which I have depicted in colors far short of what would be the reality, if the event should ever happen?

I implore gentlemen—I adjure them from the South or the North, by all they hold dear in this world—by all their love of liberty, by all their veneration for their ancestors—by all their regard for posterity—by all their gratitude to Him who has bestowed upon them such unnumbered blessings—by all the duties which they owe to mankind, and all the duties they owe to themselves—by all these considerations, I implore upon them to pause—solemnly to pause—at the edge of the precipice before the fearful and disastrous leap is taken into the yawning abyss below, from which none who take it will ever return in safety.

And, finally, Mr. President, I implore, as the best blessing which Heaven can bestow upon me on earth, that if the direful and sad event of the dissolution of the Union shall happen, I may not survive to behold the melancholy and heart-rending spectacle. H. Clay.

CXXXI.

NATIONAL GLORY.

We are asked, what have we gained by the war? I have shown that we have lost nothing, either in rights, territory, or honor; nothing, for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen on the other side, or according to our own. Have we gained nothing by the war? Let any man look at the degraded condition of the country before the war,—the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves, and tell me if we have gained nothing by the war. What is our present situation? Respectability and character abroad; security and confidence at home. If we have not obtained, in the opinion of some, the full measure of retribution, our character and Constitution are placed on a solid basis, never to be shaken.

The glory acquired by our gallant tars on the sea, by our Jacksons and our Browns on the land is that nothing? true we had our vicissitudes: there are humiliating events which the patriot cannot review without deep regret; but the great account when it comes to be balanced, will be found vastly in our favor. Is there a man who would obliterate from the proud pages of our history, the brilliant achievements of Jackson, Brown, and Scott, and the host of heroes on land and sea whom I cannot enumerate? Is there a man who could not desire a participation in the national glory acquired by the war? Yes, national glory, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot.

What do I mean by national glory? Glory such as Hull, Jackson, and Perry have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds, to the value of them in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylæ preserve Greece but once? While the Mississippi contributes to bear the tributes of the Iron Mountains and the Alleghenies to her delta, and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January shall be remembered, and the glory of that day shall stimulate future patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen, in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil.

Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings inspired by the contemplation of such events. But I would ask, does the recollection of Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown, afford no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice of the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the country's inheritance. They awe foreign powers; they arouse and animate our own people. I love true glory. It is this sentiment which ought to be cherished; and, in spite of cavils, and sneers, and attempts to put it down, it will rise triumphant, and finally conduct this nation to that height, to which nature and nature's God have destined it. H. Clay.

CXXXII.

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may be the better judge. If there be any in this assembly,—any dear friend of Cæsar's—to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was not 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 honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is 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 shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart;—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. Shakespeare.

CXXXIII.

HAMLET'S ADDRESS TO THE PLAYERS.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, grippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as life the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may

give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robtustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, we for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. I pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. Shakespeare.

CXXXIV.

FALSTAFF'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS SOLDIERS.

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souzed gurnet. I have misused the king's press outrageously. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeoman's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as have been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as life hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a culverin worse than a struck deer or a hurt wild duck. I pressed me none but such toasts in butter, with hearts in their breasts no bigger than pins' heads; and they bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; discarded, unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and hostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, that I had an hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if—they had gyves on; for, indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt it is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of St. Albans, or the red-nosed innkeeper of Dainty. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge. Shakespeare.

CXXXV.

SOLILOQUY ON CHARACTER.

As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of a few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward; but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel; I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. Shakespeare.

CXXXVI.

DEATH OF HAMILTON.

A short time since, and he who is the occasion of our sorrows, was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence; and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen—suddenly, forever, fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, and the heart which just now was the seat of friendship. There, dim and sightless is the eye, whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever are those lips, on whose persuasive accents we have so often and so lately hung with transport.

From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory—how humble appears the majesty of grandeur. The bubble which seemed to have so much solidity has burst; and we again see that all below the sun is vanity.

True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced. The sad and solemn procession has moved. The badge of mourning has already been decreed, and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing traveller his virtues.

Just tributes of respect! And to the living useful. But to him, mouldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they? How vain! how unavailing! Approach, and behold—while I lift from his sepulchre its covering. Ye admirers of his neatness, ye emulous of his talents and his fame, approach, and behold him now. How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements. No fascinated throng weep—and melt—and tremble at his eloquence!—Amazing change. A shroud! a coffin! a narrow subterraneous cabin! This is all that now remains of Hamilton! And is this all that remains of him?—During a life so transitory, what lasting monument then can our fondest hopes erect?

My brethren! we stand on the borders of an awful gulf, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, notating immortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten?

Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you, from his death-bed, and his illumined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well-known eloquence, the solemn admonition.

"Mortals! hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning and avoid my errors—Cultivate the virtues I have recommended—Choose the Saviour I have chosen—Live disinterestedly—Live for immortality; and would you rescue anything from final dissolution, lay it up in God." Dr. Nott.

CXXXVII.

INVECTIVE AGAINST MR. FLOOD.

It is not the slander of an evil tongue that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man who has not a bad character can ever say that I deceived; no country can call me cheat. But I will suppose such a public character. I will suppose such a man to have existence. I will begin with his character in its political cradle, and I will follow him to the last state of political dissolution. I will suppose him, in the first stage of his life, to have been intemperate; in the second, to have been corrupt; and in the last, seditious; that after an envenomed attack upon the persons and measures of a succession of viceroys, and after much declamation against their illegalities and their profusion, he took office, and became a supporter of government when the profusion of ministers had greatly increased, and their crimes multiplied beyond example. At such a critical moment, I will suppose this gentleman to be corrupted by a great sinecure office to muzzle his declamation, to swallow his invective, to give his assent and vote to the ministers, and to become a supporter of government, its measures, its embargo, and its American war. I will suppose, that with respect to the Constitution of his country that part, for instance, which regarded the Mutiny Bill, when a clause of reference was introduced, whereby the articles of war, which were, or hereafter might be, passed in England, should be current in Ireland without the interference of Parliament—when such a clause was in view, I will suppose this gentleman to have absconded. Again, when the bill was made perpetual, I will suppose him again to have absconded; but a year and a half after the bill had passed then I will suppose this gentleman to have come forward, and to say that your Constitution had been destroyed by the Perpetual Bill.

With respect to commerce, I will suppose this gentleman to have supported an embargo which lay on the country for three years, and almost destroyed it; and when an address in 1778, to open her trade, was propounded, to remain silent and inactive. In relation to three fourths of our fellow-subjects, the Catholics, when a bill was introduced to grant them rights of property and religion, I will suppose this gentleman to have come forth to give his negative to their pretensions.

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy, decided and unreserved; that he voted against her

liberty, and voted, moreover, for an address to send four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers "armed negotiators," and stood with a metaphor in his mouth, and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America, the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind. Thus defective in every relationship, whether to Constitution, commerce, or toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbity to public crimes; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honor on a level with his oath.

He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him, and say, "Sir, you are mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible. You began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue. After a rank and clamorous opposition you became, on a sudden, silent; you were silent for seven years; you were silent on the greatest questions; and you were silent for money! You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry—the address to support the American war—the other address to send four thousand men, which you had yourself declared to be necessary for the defence of Ireland, to fight against the liberties of America, to which you had declared yourself a friend. You, sir, who manufacture stage-thunder against Mr. Eden for his anti-American principles—you, sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden—you, sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America; and you, sir, voted four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle, Liberty! But you found, at last (and this should be an eternal lesson to men of your craft and cunning), that the King; had only dishonored you; the court had bought, but would not trust you; and, having voted for the worst measures, you remained, for seven years, the creature of salary, without the conscience of government. Mortified at the discovery, and stung by disappointment, you betake yourself to the sad expedients of duplicity. You try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary. You give no honest support either to the government or the people; observing, with regard to both prince and people, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your Sovereign, by betraying the government, as you had sold the people, until, at last, by this hollow conduct, and for some other steps, the result of mortified ambition, being dismissed, and another person put in your place, you fly to the ranks of the Volunteers and canvas, for mutiny.

"Such has been your conduct; and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim! The merchant may say to you—the constitutionality may say to you—the American may say to you—and I, I now say, and say to your beard, sir,—'you are not an honest man!'" H. Gratton.

CXXXVIII.

GRATTAN'S REPLY TO MR. CORRY.

Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order, why? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times, when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counsellor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament, and the freedom of debate, by uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counsellor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned, not as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution, of which I was the parent and founder, from the assassination of such men as the right honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt,—they are seditious,—and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx; let them come forth. I tell the ministers, I will neither give quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country.

CXXXIX.

SPEECH OF TITUS QUINCTIUS TO THE ROMANS.

You have seen it—posterity will know it! in the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, our enemies came in arms, to the very gates of Rome,—and went away unchastised! But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise?—the consuls, or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depose us, or punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men

punish your faults! only may you repent!—No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice; they have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord is the ruin of this city! The eternal disputes, between the senate and the people, are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we set no bounds to our dominion, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure Patrician magistrates, and we Plebeian; our enemies take heart, grow elated, and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired Tribunes; for the sake of peace, we granted them. You were eager to have Decemvirs; we consented to their creation. You grew weary of these Decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, Patricians of the first rank in the republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the Tribuneship; we yielded; we quietly saw Consuls of your own faction elected. You have the protection of your Tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the Patricians are subjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you show less temper than we, under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates,—the *Æsquine* is near being taken,—and nobody stirs to hinder it! But against us you are valiant, against us you can arm with diligence. Come on, then, besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles, and when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then, at last, sally out at the *Æsquine* gate, with the same fierce spirits, against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you anything here to repair these damages? Will the Tribunes make up your losses to you? They will give you words as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the State; heap laws upon laws; assemblies you shall have without end; but will any of you return the richer from these assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.

CXL.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

Tell me, ye bloody butchers! ye villains high and low! ye wretches who contrived, as well as you who executed, the inhuman deed! do you not feel the goads and stings of conscious guilt pierce through your savage bosoms? Though some of you may think yourselves exalted to such a height that bids defiance to the arms of human justice, and others shroud yourselves beneath the mask of hypocrisy, and build your hopes of safety on the low arts of cunning, chicanery, and falsehood; yet do you not sometimes feel the gnawings of that worm which never dies? Do not the injured shades of Maverick, Gray, Caldwell, Attucks, and Carr, attend you in your solitary walks, arrest you even in the midst of your debaucheries, and fill even your dreams with terror?

Ye dark, designing knaves! ye murderers! parricides! how dare you tread upon the earth which has drank in the blood of slaughtered innocents, shed by your wicked hands? How dare you breathe that air which wafted to the ear of Heaven the groans of those who fell a sacrifice to your accursed ambition? But, if the laboring earth does not expand her jaws; if the air you breathe is not commissioned to be the minister of death; yet hear it, and tremble! the eye of Heaven penetrates the darkest chambers of the soul; traces the leading clew through all the labyrinths which your industrious folly has devised; and you, however you may have screened yourselves from human eyes, must be arraigned, must lift your hands, red with the blood of those whose deaths you have procured, at the tremendous bar of God. John Hancock.

CXLI.

ENTERPRISE OF NEW ENGLAND.

As to the wealth, Mr. Speaker, which the colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought those acquisitions of value; for they seemed even to excite your envy; and yet the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised, ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry.

Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people; a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

When I contemplate these things; when I know that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection; when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me. My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty. E. Burke.

CXLII.

THE RIGHT OF ENGLAND TO TAX AMERICA.

But Mr. Speaker, "we have a right to tax America." Oh, inestimable right! Oh, wonderful, transcendent right! the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money. Oh, invaluable right! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! Oh, right! more dear to us than our existence, which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all. Infatuated man! Miserable and undone country! not to know that the claim of right, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a right to tax America, the noble lord tells us therefore we ought to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning.

Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf. What, shear a wolf! Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger of the attempt? No, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the right. Man has a right of dominion over the beasts of the forest; and therefore I will shear the wolf.

How wonderful that a nation could be thus deluded! But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of his invention; and he will continue to play to his cheats on this House, so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as he has money enough at command to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come; and whenever that day comes, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities the punishment they deserve. E. Burke.

CXLIII.

DESCRIPTION OF JUNIUS.

Sir,—How comes this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished, through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you, or you. No! they disdain such vermin, when the mighty boar of the forest, that has broken through all their toils, is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the king, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and there was an end of his triumphs. Not that he had not asserted many truths:—Yes, sir, there are in that composition many bold truths, by which a wise prince might profit. It was the rancor and venom, with which I was struck. In these aspects the North-Briton is as much inferior to him, as in strength, wit, and judgment.

But while I expected, in this daring flight, his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both Houses of Parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch, beneath his rage. Nor has he dreaded the terrors of your brow, sir; he has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. King, lords and commons, are but the sport of his fury.

Were he a member of this House, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and integrity? He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his

penetration, by his vigor. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity. Bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity; nor could promises nor threats induce him to conceal anything from the public. E. Burke.

CXLIV.

TRUE STATESMANSHIP.

The true lawgiver ought to have a heart full of sensibility. He ought to love and respect his kind, and to fear himself. It may be allowed to his temperament to catch his ultimate object with an intuitive glance, but his movements toward it ought to be deliberate. Political arrangement, as it is a work for social ends, is to be wrought only by social means. There mind must conspire with mind. Time is required to produce all the good we aim at. Our patience will achieve more than our force. If I might venture to appeal to what is so much out of fashion in Paris, I mean to experience, I should tell you that in my course I have known, and, according to my measure, have coöperated with great men; and I have never yet seen any plan which has not been mended by the observations of those who were much inferior in understanding to the person who took the lead in business. By a slow but well-sustained progress the effect of each step is watched; the good or ill success of the first gives light to us in the second; and so, from light to light, we are conducted with safety through the whole series. We see that the parts of the system do not clash. The evils latent in the most promising contrivances are provided for as they arise. One advantage is as little as possible sacrificed to another. We compensate, we reconcile, we balance. We are enabled to unite into a consistent whole the various anomalies and contending principles that are found in the minds and affairs of men. From hence arises not an excellence in simplicity but one far superior, an excellence in composition. Where the great interests of mankind are concerned through a long succession of generations, that succession ought to be admitted into some share in the councils which are so deeply to affect them. If justice requires this, the work itself requires the aid of more minds than one age can furnish. It is from this view of things that the best legislators have been often satisfied with the establishment of some sure, solid, and ruling principle in government; a power like to that which some of the philosophers have called a plastic nature; and having fixed the principle, they have left it afterward to its own operation. E. Burke.

CXLV.

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE AND THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.

I hear, and I rejoice to hear, that the great lady, the other object of the triumph, has borne that day (one is interested that beings made for suffering should suffer well), and that she bears all the succeeding days—that she bears the imprisonment of her husband, and her own captivity, and the exile of her friends, and the insulting adulation of addresses, and the whole weight of her accumulated wrongs, with a serene patience, in a manner suited to her rank and race and becoming the offspring of a sovereign distinguished for her piety and her courage; that, like her, she has lofty sentiments; that she feels with the dignity of a Roman matron; that in the last extremity she will save herself; and that, if she must fall, she will fall by no ignoble hand.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star full of life and splendor and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult? But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself the spirit of an exalted freedom.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness. E. Burke.

CXLVI.

PERORATION OF OPENING SPEECH AGAINST HASTINGS.

In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villany upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You care the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties, that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My Lords, here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit and whose power you exercise.

We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject—offering a pledge, in that situation, for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch.

My Lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here; those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors, and of their posterity, to guard, and who will justify as they always have justified, that provision in the Constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office.

My Lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen, and exalted themselves by various merits, by great civil and military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun.

My Lords, you have here, also, the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My Lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions.

My Lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors,

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal laws of Justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation and condition of life. E. Burke.

CXLVII.

PERORATION OF CLOSING SPEECH AGAINST HASTINGS.

My Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand.—We call this Nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarication, that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare

which we have carried on with the crimes—with the vices—with the exorbitant wealth—with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption.

My Lords, your House yet stands; it stands as a great edifice; but let me say, that it stands in ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours. My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state that we appear every moment to be on the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation; that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself,—I mean justice; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide in regard to ourselves, and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with yon? Lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not be involved; and, if it should so happen, that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen; if it should happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates, who supported their thrones,—may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony!

My Lords, there is a consolation, and a great consolation it is, which often happens to oppressed virtue and fallen dignity; it often happens that the very oppressors and persecutors themselves are forced to bear testimony in its favor. The Parliament of Paris had an origin very, very similar to that of the great court before which I stand; the Parliament of Paris continued to have a great resemblance to it in its Constitution, even to its fall; the Parliament of Paris, my Lords,—was; it is gone! It has passed away; it has vanished like a dream! It fell pierced by the sword of the Compte de Mirabeau. And yet that man, at the time of his inflicting the death-wound of that Parliament, produced at once the shortest and the grandest funeral oration that ever was or could be made upon the departure of a great court of magistracy. When he pronounced the death sentence upon that Parliament, and inflicted the mortal wound, he declared that his motives for doing it were merely political, and that their hands were as pure as those of justice itself, which they administered—a great and glorious exit, my Lords, of a great and glorious body!

My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! But, if you stand, and stand I trust you will, together with the fortunes of this ancient monarchy—together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom, may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted Nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice! E. Burke.

CXLVIII.

THE CRISIS OF THE NATION.

Lay hold on this opportunity of our salvation, Conscript Fathers,—by the Immortal Gods I conjure you!—and remember that you are the foremost men here, in the council chamber of the whole earth. Give one sign to the Roman people that even as now they pledge their valor—so you pledge your wisdom to the crisis of the State. But what need that I exhort you? Is there one so insensate as not to understand that if we sleep over an occasion such as this, it is ours to bow our necks to a tyranny not proud and cruel only, but ignominious—but sinful? Do ye not know this Antony? Do ye not know his companions? Do ye not know his whole house—insolent—impure—gamesters—drunkards? To be slaves to such as he, to such as these, were it not the fullest measure of misery conjoined with the fullest measure of disgrace? If it be so—may the gods avert the omen—that the supreme hour of the republic has come, let us, the rulers of the world, rather fall with honor, than serve with infamy! Born to glory and to liberty, let us hold these bright distinctions fast, or let us greatly die! Be it, Romans, our first resolve to strike down the tyrant and the tyranny. Be it our second to endure all things for the honor and liberty of our country. To submit to infamy for the love of life can never come within the contemplation of a Roman soul! For you, the people of Rome—you whom the gods have appointed to rule the world—for you to own a master, is impious.

You are in the last crisis of nations. To be free or to be slaves—that is the question of the hour. By every obligation of man or States it behooves you in this extremity to conquer—as your devotion to the gods and your concord among yourselves encourage you to hope—or to bear all things but slavery. Other nations may bend to servitude; the birthright and the distinction of the people of Rome is liberty. Cicero.

CXLI.

EXTRACT FROM DEMOSTHENES.

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

To what are we to impute these disorders, and to what cause assign the decay of a State so powerful and flourishing in past times? The reason is plain. The servant is now become the master. The magistrate was then subservient to the people: all honors, dignities, and preferments, were disposed by the voice and favor of the people; but the magistrate, now, has usurped the right of the people, and exercises an arbitrary authority over his ancient and natural lord. You, miserable people! the meanwhile, without money, without friends,—from being the ruler, are become the servant; from being the master, the dependent: happy that these

governors, into whose hands you have thus resigned your own power, are so good and so gracious as to continue your poor allowance to see plays.

Believe me, Athenians, if, recovering from this lethargy, you would assume the ancient spirit and freedom of your fathers if you would be your own soldiers and own commanders, confiding no longer your affairs in foreign or mercenary hands—if you would charge yourselves with your own defense, employing abroad, for the public, what you waste in unprofitable pleasures at home, the world might once more behold you making a figure worthy of Athenians. "You would have us, then, (you say,) do service in our armies in our own persons; and, for so doing, you would have the pensions we receive in time of peace, accepted as pay in time of war. Is it thus we are to understand you?" Yes, Athenians, 't is my plain meaning. I would make it a standing rule, that no person, great or little, should be the better for the public money, who would grudge to employ it for the public service. Are we in peace? the public is charged with your subsistence. Are we in war, or under a necessity, as at this time, to enter into a war? let your gratitude oblige you to accept, as pay in defence of your benefactors, what you receive, in peace, as mere bounty. Thus, without any innovation—without altering or abolishing anything but pernicious novelties, introduced for the encouragement of sloth and idleness—by converting only for the future, the same funds, for the use of the serviceable, which are spent, at present, upon the unprofitable, you may be well served in your armies—your troops regularly paid—justice duly administered—the public revenues reformed and increased—and every member of the commonwealth rendered useful to his country according to his age and ability without any further burden to the State.

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

CL.

EXTRACT FROM DEMOSTHENES ON THE CROWN.

Athens never was once known to live in a slavish, though a secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No; our whole history is one series of noble contests for preëminence; the whole period of our existence hath been spent in braving dangers, for the sake of glory and renown. And so highly do you esteem such conduct, so consonant to the Athenian character that those of your ancestors who were most distinguished in the pursuit of it, are ever the most favorite objects of your praise—and with reason. For who can reflect without astonishment upon the magnanimity of those men, who resigned their lands, gave up their city and embarked in their ships, to avoid the odious state of subjection?—who chose Themistocle, the adviser of this conduct, to command their forces and, when Cyrsilus proposed that they should yield to the terms prescribed, stoned him to death? Nay the public indignation was not yet allayed. Your very wives inflicted the same vengeance on his wife. For the Athenians of that day looked out for no speaker, no general to procure them a state of prosperous slavery. They had the spirit to reject even life, unless they were allowed to enjoy that life in freedom. Should I then attempt to assert that it was I who inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors, I should meet the just resentment of every hearer. No; it is my point to show, that such sentiments are properly your own—that they were the sentiments of my country, long before my days. I claim

but my share of merit, in having acted on such principles, in every part of my administration. He, then, who condemns every part of my administration, he who directs you to treat me with severity, as one who hath involved the State in terrors and dangers, while he labors to deprive me of present honor, robs you of the applause of all posterity. For, if you now pronounce, that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned it must be thought that you yourselves have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of fortune. But it cannot be! No, my countrymen! it cannot be you have acted wrong, in encountering danger bravely, for the liberty and the safety of all Greece. No! by those generous souls of ancient times, who were exposed at Marathon! By those who stood arrayed at Platæa! By those who encountered the Persian fleet at Salamis! Who fought at Artemisium! No! by all those illustrious sons of Athens, whose remains lie deposited in the public monuments.

CLI.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth may be considered as the opening of the modern history of England, especially in its connection with the modern system of Europe, which began about that time to assume the form that it preserved till the French Revolution. It was a very memorable period, of which the maxims ought to be engraven on the head and heart of every Englishman. Philip the Second, at the head of the greatest empire then in the world openly was aiming at universal domination. To the most extensive and opulent dominions, the most numerous and disciplined armies, the most renowned captains, the greatest revenue, he added also the most formidable power over opinion. Elizabeth was among the first objects of his hostility. That wise and magnanimous princess placed herself in the front of the battle for the liberties of Europe. Though she had to contend at home with his fanatical faction, which almost occupied Ireland, which divided Scotland, and was not of contemptible strength in England, she aided the oppressed inhabitants of the Netherlands in their just and glorious resistance to his tyranny; she aided Henry the Great in suppressing the abominable rebellion which anarchical principles had excited and Spanish arms had supported in France, and after a long reign of various fortune, in which she preserved her unconquered spirit through great calamities and still greater dangers, she at length broke the strength of the enemy, and reduced his power within such limits as to be compatible with the safety of England and of all Europe. Her great heart inspired her with a higher and a nobler wisdom—which disdained to appeal to the low and sordid passions of her people even for the protection of their low and sordid interests, because she knew, or, rather, she felt that there are effeminate, creeping, cowardly, short-sighted passions, which shrink from conflict, even in defence of their own mean objects. In a righteous cause she roused those generous affections of her people, which alone teach boldness, constancy, and foresight, and which are therefore the only safe guardians of the lowest as well as the highest interests of a nation. In her memorable address to the army, when the invasion of her kingdom was threatened by Spain, this woman of heroic spirit disdained to speak to them of their ease and their commerce, and their wealth and their safety. No! She touched another chord—she spoke of their national honor, of their dignity as Englishmen, of "the foul scorn that Parma or Spain should dare to invade the borders of her realms." She breathed into them those grand and powerful sentiments, which exalt vulgar men into heroes which led them into the battle of their country armed with holy and irresistible enthusiasm;

which ever cover with their shield all the ignoble interests that base calculation, and cowardly selfishness tremble to hazard, but shrink from defending. J. Mackintosh.

CLII.

THE FREE PRESS.

Gentlemen, there is one point of view in which this case seems to merit your most serious attention. The real prosecutor is the master of the greatest empire the world ever saw; the defendant is a defenseless, proscribed exile. I consider this case, therefore, as the first of a long series of conflicts between the greatest power in the world and the only Free Press remaining in Europe. Gentlemen, this distinction of the English Press is new—it is a proud and melancholy distinction. Before the great earthquake of the French Revolution had swallowed up all the asylums of free discussion on the Continent, we enjoyed that privilege, indeed, more fully than others; but we did not enjoy it exclusively. It existed, in fact, where it was not protected by law; and the wise and generous connivance of governments was daily more and more secured by the growing civilization of their subjects. In Holland, in Switzerland, in the imperial towns of Germany, the press was either legally or practically free. Holland and Switzerland are no more; and, since the commencement of this prosecution, fifty imperial towns have been erased from the list of independent States by one dash of the pen. Three or four still preserve a precarious and trembling existence. I will not say by what compliances they must purchase its continuance. I will not insult the feebleness of States, whose unmerited fall I do most bitterly deplore.

One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate. There is still one spot in Europe where man can fully exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society, where he can boldly publish his judgment on the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants. The Press of England is still free. It is guarded by the free Constitution of our forefathers. It is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen; and, I trust I may venture to say that if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British Empire. It is an awful consideration, gentlemen. Every other monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric which has been gradually raised by the wisdom and virtues of our fathers still stands. It stands, thanks be to God! solid and entire—but it stands alone, and it stands amid ruins. Believing, then, as I do, that we are on the eve of a great struggle—that this is only the first of a long series of conflicts between reason and power that you have now in your hands committed to your trust, the protection of the only Free Press remaining in Europe, now confined to this kingdom; and addressing you therefore as the guardians of the most important interests of mankind—convinced that the unfettered exercise of reason depends more on your present verdict than on any other that was ever delivered by a jury,—I trust I may rely with confidence on the issue—I trust that you will consider yourselves as the advanced guard of Liberty—as having this day to fight the first battle of free discussion against the most formidable enemy that it ever encountered! J. Mackintosh.

CLIII.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

The liberty of the press, on general subjects, comprehends and implies as much strict observance of positive law as is consistent with perfect purity of intention, and equal and useful society. What that latitude is, cannot be promulgated in the abstract, but must be judged in the particular instance, and consequently, upon this occasion, must be judged of by you without forming any possible precedent for any other case.

If gentlemen, you are firmly persuaded of the singleness and purity of the author's intentions, you are not bound to subject him to infamy, because in the zealous career of a just and animated composition, he happens to have tripped with his pen into an intemperate expression in one or two instances of a long work. If this severe duty were binding on your conscience, the liberty of the press would be an empty sound, and no man could venture to write on any subject, however pure his purpose, without an attorney at one elbow and a counsel at the other.

From minds thus subdued by the terrors of punishment, there could issue no works of genius to expand the empire of human reason, nor any masterly compositions on the general nature of government, by the help of which the great commonwealths of mankind have founded their establishments; much less any of those useful applications of them to critical conjunctures, by which, from time to time, our own Constitution, by the exertion of patriot citizens, has been brought back to its standard. Under such terrors, all the great lights of science and civilization must be extinguished; for men cannot communicate their free thoughts to one another with a lash held over their heads. It is the nature of everything that is great and useful both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular, and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism, but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom when it advances in its path: subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dulness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilize in the summer: the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish for hunger. Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings and dissipate our commerce; but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which without them would stagnate into pestilence. In like manner, Liberty herself, the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken Just as she is: you might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe, scrupulous law, but she would then be Liberty no longer; and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which you had exchanged for the banners of Freedom. Lord Erskine.

CLIV.

BRITISH TYRANNY IN INDIA.

I am driven in the defence of my client, to remark, that it is mad and preposterous to bring to the standard of justice and humanity the exercise of a dominion founded upon violence and terror. It may and must be true that Mr. Hastings has repeatedly offended against the rights and privileges of Asiatic government, if he was the faithful deputy of a power which could not maintain itself for an hour without trampling upon both. He may and must have offended against the laws of God and nature, if he was the faithful viceroy of an empire wrested in blood from the people to whom God and nature had given it. He may and must have preserved that unjust dominion over timorous and abject nations by a terrifying overbearing, insulting

superiority, If he was the faithful administrator of your government, which, leaving no root in consent or affection no foundation in similarity of interests—no support from any one principle which cements men together in society, could only be upheld by alternate stratagem and force. The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilization, still occasionally start up in all the vigor and intelligence of insulted nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed with a rod of iron; and our empire in the East would, long since, have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority—which Heaven never gave—by means which it never can sanction.

Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject, and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself among reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the Governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. "Who is it," said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—"who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to in; and by this title we will defend it," said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection.

If England, from a lust of ambition and dominion, will insist on maintaining despotic rule over distant and hostile nations, beyond all comparison more numerous and extended than herself, and gives commission to her viceroys to govern them with no other instructions than to preserve them, and to secure permanently their revenues, with what color of consistency or reason can she place herself in the moral chair, and affect to be shocked at the execution of her own orders; adverting to the exact measure of wickedness and injustice necessary to their execution, and, complaining only of the excess as the immorality, considering her authority as a dispensation for breaking the commands of God, and the breach of them as only punishable when contrary to the ordinances of man? Such a proceeding, gentlemen, begets serious reflection. It would be better, perhaps, for the masters and the servants of all such governments to join in supplication, that the great Author of violated humanity may not confound them together in one common judgment. Lord Erskine.

CLV.

DECLARATION OF RIGHT.

I might as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you by the laws of the land, and their violation; by the instructions of eighteen counties; by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment—tell us the rule by which we shall go;

assert the law of Ireland; declare the liberty of the land! I will not be answered by a public lie, in the shape of an amendment; nor, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked,—he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time at hand; the spirit is gone forth; the Declaration of Right is planted; and though great men should fall off, yet the cause shall live; and though he who utters this should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the humble organ who conveys it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man will not die with the prophet, but survive him. H. Grattan.

CLVI.

POLITICS AND RELIGION.

That religion has, in fact, nothing to do with the politics of many who profess it, is a melancholy truth. But that it has of right, no concern with political transactions, is quite a new discovery. If such opinions, however, prevail, there is no longer any mystery in the character of those whose conduct in political matters violates every precept and slanders every principle of the religion of Christ. But what is politics? Is it not the science and the exercise of civil rights and civil duties? And what is religion? Is it not an obligation to the service of God, founded on his authority, and extending to all our relations, personal and social? Yet religion has nothing to do with politics? Where did you learn this maxim? The Bible is full of directions for your behavior as citizens. It is plain, pointed; awful in its injunctions on ruler and ruled as such: yet religion has nothing to do with politics! You are commanded "in all your ways to acknowledge Him." In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to let your requests be made known unto God "And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." Yet religion has nothing to do with politics! Most astonishing! And is there any part of your conduct in which you are, or wish to be, without law to God, and not under the law of Jesus Christ? Can you persuade yourselves that political men and measures are to undergo no review in the judgment to come? That all the passion and violence, the fraud and falsehood and corruption, which pervade the system of party, and burst out like a flood at the public elections, are to be blotted from the catalogue of unchristian deeds, because they are politics? Or that a minister of the gospel may see his people, in their political career, bid defiance to their God in breaking through every moral restraint, and keep a guiltless silence, because religion has nothing to do with politics? I forbear to press the argument farther; observing only that many of our difficulties and sins may be traced to this pernicious notion. Yes, if our religion had had more to do with our politics; if, in the pride of our citizenship, we had not forgotten our Christianity; if we had prayed more and wrangled less about the affairs of our country, it would have been infinitely better for us at this day J. M. Mason

STANDARD SELECTIONS.

POETRY

CLVII.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
 O say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses!
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
 'T is the Star-spangled Banner!—O long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution!
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
 And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
 Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a Nation
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto— "In God is our trust;"
 And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

F. S. Key.

CLVIII.**ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH**

Higher, higher, will we climb,
 Up the mount of glory,
 That our names may live through time
 In our country's story;

Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil,
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth, and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college;
Delve we then for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth;
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer, let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather;
O! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home!

J. Montgomery.

CLIX.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.

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 imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored 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,
Touched 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 softened looks, benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews 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 fireside 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, however thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

J. Montgomery.

CLX.

THE BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that over sprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
All in time,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
O, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells,

How it dwells

On the future! how it tells
 Of rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—

Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of time,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now—now to sit, or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

O, the bells, bells, bells!

What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!

 What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!

 Yet the ear, it fully knows,

 By the twanging
 And the clanging,

 How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—

 Of the bells

 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

 Bells, bells, bells—

In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—

 Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

 In the silence of the night,

 How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

 For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—

They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone

They are neither man nor woman—

They are neither brute nor human

They are Ghouls;

And their king it is who tolls;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A paean from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells with the paean of the bells!

And he dances, and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the paean of the bells—

Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells;

Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,

To the rolling of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells;

To the tolling of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells;

Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells!

E. A. Poe.

CLXI.

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary while I pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

"T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow;
From my books, surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'T is the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore:
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure

no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore—
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door—
 With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
 Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
 On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
 Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
 Followed fast, and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore
 Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden bore—
 Of 'Nevermore'—'Nevermore'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust,
 and door;
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking, "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
 She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen Censor,
 Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels
 he hath sent thee
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
 Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
 By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aiden,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,
 upstarting—
 "Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from of my door!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
 And the lamp-light, o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor—
 Shall be lifted—nevermore!

E. A. Poe.

CLXII.

SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,—
 "This is my own,—my native land!"
 Whose heart hath never within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go mark him well,—
 For him,—no minstrel raptures swell!
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored and unsung!

Sir W. Scott.

CLXIII.

LOCHINVAR.

Young Lochinvar is come out of the West!
 Through all the wide Border his steed is the best;
 And save his good broadsword he weapon had none;—
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

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

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

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

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

So stately his form, and so lively her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace!
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
 And the bridemaids whispered, "T were better, by far,
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear—
 When they reached the hall door, where the charger stood near;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—

"She is won!—we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" cried young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie lea!
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!—
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar!

Sir W. Scott.

CLXIV.

MARMION TAKING LEAVE OF DOUGLAS.

The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,—
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone;—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp!"
Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, Haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
E'en in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near—

(Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hands upon your sword,)
 I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
 And if thou said'st I am not a peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
 On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
 Fierce he broke forth: "And darest thou, then,
 To beard the lion in his den,—
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!—
 Up drawbridge, grooms! what, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall."
 Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung;
 The ponderous gate behind him rung:
 To pass, there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim:
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
 A shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shakes his gauntlet at the towers!

Sir W. Scott.

CLXV.

HIGHLAND WAR-SONG.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew, summon Clan Conuil.
 Come away, come away, hark to the summons!
 Come in your war-array, gentles and commons.
 Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rocky;
 The war-pipe and pennon are at Inverlocky.
 Come every hill-plaid, and true heart that wears one,
 Come every steel blade, and strong hand that bears one.
 Leave untended the herd, the flock without shelter;
 Leave the corpse uninterred, the bride at the altar;

Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave nets and barges:
 Come with your fighting gear, broadswords and targes.
 Come as the winds come, when forests are rended,
 Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded:
 Faster come, faster come, faster and faster,
 Chief, vassal, page and groom, tenant and master.
 Fast they come, fast they come; see how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle plume, blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each man set!
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, knell for the onset!

Sir W. Scott.

CLXVI.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

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 bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
 In the resistless eloquence of woe:—

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst 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 pulses thrill,
 Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
 And hear thy sweet 'My father!' from those dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on 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 bruised 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! 'T is hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee!—
And thy dark skin!—oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively as if in prayer;
And, as if 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.

N. P. Willis.

CLXVII.

"LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE."

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup!
Stay not for pleasure when she fills
Her tempting beaker up!

Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
A spell of madness lurks below.
They say 't is pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain;

They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain.
Ay—but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
Its coolness change to thirst;
And, by its mirth, within the brain
A sleepless worm is nursed.
There's not a bubble at the brim
That does not carry food for him.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine;

Take not its madness to thy lip—
 Let not its curse be thine.
 'T is red and rich but grief and woe
 Are in those rosy depths below.

N. P. Willis.

CLXVIII.

THE LEPER.

Day was breaking,
 When at the altar of the temple stood
 The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
 Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
 Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,
 Like an articulate wail; and there, alone,
 Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
 The echoes of the melancholy strain
 Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
 Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
 Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
 His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
 And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
 Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
 Waiting to hear his doom:—

"Depart! depart, O child
 Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
 For He has smote thee with His chastening rod,
 And to the desert-wild,
 From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,
 That from thy plague His people may be free.

"Depart! and come not near
 The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
 Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er.
 And stay thou not to hear
 Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
 From all who in the wilderness pass by.

"Wet not thy burning lip
 In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
 Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
 Nor kneel thee down to dip
 The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
 By desert well, or river's grassy brink.

"And pass not thou between
 The weary traveller and the cooling breeze;
 And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
 Where human tracks are seen;
 Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain
 Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

"And now depart! and when
 Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
 Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him,
 Who, from the tribes of men,
 Selected thee to feel His chastening rod—
 Depart! O leper! and forget not God!"

And he went forth—alone! not one of all
 The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
 Was woven in the fibres of the heart
 Breaking within him now, to come and speak
 Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
 Sick and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
 For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
 And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
 In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
 Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
 The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
 Praying he might be so blest—to die!
 Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
 He drew the covering closer on his lip,
 Crying, "Unclean!—unclean!" and in the folds
 Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
 He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
 Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o'er
 The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name—
 "Helon!" The voice was like the master-tone
 Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
 And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
 And for a moment beat beneath the hot
 And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
 "Helon arise!" And he forgot his curse,
 And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
 Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,
 As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
 In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow

The symbol of a lofty lineage wore;
 No followers at His back, nor in His hand
 Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in His mien
 Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,
 A kingly condescension graced His lips,
 The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
 His garb was simple, and His sandals worn;
 His statue modelled with a perfect grace;
 His countenance, the impress of a God,
 Touched with the open innocence of a child;
 His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
 In the serenest noon; His hair, unshorn,
 Fell to His shoulders; and His curling beard
 The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
 He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
 As if His heart was moved; and stooping down,
 He took a little water in His hand
 And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
 And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
 Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
 And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
 The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
 His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
 Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshiped him.

N. P. Willis.

CLXLX.

PARRHASIUS AND THE CAPTIVE.

The golden light into the painter's room
 Streamed richly, and the hidden colors stole
 From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
 And in the soft and dewy atmosphere,
 Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.
 Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
 Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay
 Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—
 The vulture at his vitals, and the links
 Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
 And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim
 Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth
 With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
 And color clad them, hiss fine earnest eye
 Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl

Of His thin nostril, and his quivering lip
Were like the wingéd god's, breathing from his fight

"Bring me the captive, now!
My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens—around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

"Ha! bind him on his back!
Look!—as Prometheus in my picture here!
Quick!—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
Now—bend him on the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

"So,—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-haired and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"'Pity' thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his pity falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

"But, there's a deathless name!
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn—
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone—
By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on!

"Ay—though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first—
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

"All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot—
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!

O heavens!—but I appall
 Your heart, old man!—forgive—ha! on your lives
 Let him not faint! rack him till he revives!

"Vain—vain—give o'er. His eye
 Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
 Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!
 Gods! if he do not die,
 But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
 Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters
 Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
 Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death?
 Look! how his temple flutters!
 Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
 He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so—he's dead."

How like a mounting devil in the heart
 Rules the unreined ambition! Let it once
 But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
 Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought,
 And enthrones peace forever. Putting on
 The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
 The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
 Left in the bosom for the spirit's life,
 We look upon our splendor, and forget
 The thirst of which we perish!
 Oh, if earth be all, and heaven nothing,
 What thrice mocked fools are we!

N. P. Willis.

CLXX.

CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but him had fled;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

The flames rolled on. He would not go
 Without his father's word;
 That father faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud: "say, father, say
 If yet my task is done!"

He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair;

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

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he!
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart!

Mrs. Hemans.

CLXXI.

THE BENDED BOW.

There was heard the sound of a coming foe,
There was sent through Britain a bended bow;
And a voice was poured on the free winds far,

As the land rose up at the sound of war:
Heard ye not the battle horn?
Reaper! leave thy golden corn!
Leave it for the birds of heaven;
Swords must flash, and spears be riven:
Leave it for the winds to shed,—

Arm! ere Britain's turf grows red!
And the reaper armed, like a freeman's son;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

Hunter! leave the mountain chase!
Take the falchion from its place!
Let the wolf go free to-day;
Leave him for a nobler prey!
Let the deer ungalled sweep by,—
Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh!
And the hunter armed, ere the chase was done;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

Chieftain! quit the joyous feast!
Stay not till the song hath ceased:
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fire gives ruddy light,
Leave the hearth and leave the hall,—
Arm thee! Britain's foes must fall!
And the chieftain armed, and the horn was blown;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

Prince! thy father's deeds are told
In the bower and in the hold,
Where the goatherd's lay is sung,
Where the minstrel's harp is strung!
Foes are on thy native sea,—
Give our bards a tale of thee!
And the prince came armed, like a leader's son;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.
Mother! stay thou not thy boy!
He must learn the battle's joy.
Sister! bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother words of cheer!
Maiden! bid thy lover part;
Britain calls the strong in heart!
And the bended bow and the voice passed on;
And the bards made song of a battle won.

Mrs. Hemans.

CLXXII.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st 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 glance thro' the myrtle boughs?"
 — "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
 Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange, bright birds, on starry wings,
 Bear 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 o'er 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 enter 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"

Mrs. Hemans.

CLXXIII.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of Exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums
 And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that Pilgrim band;
Why have they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus, afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
—They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

Mrs. Hemans.

CLXXIV

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;—
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—O! break my father's chain!"
—"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day!
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as leader in the land:
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's hue
came and went;
He reached that gray-haired 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 dropped from his like lead!
He looked up to the face above,—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—the brow was fixed and white:
He met at last, his father's eyes,—but in them was no light!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed,—but who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts that saw its horror and amaze;—
They might have chained 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 murmured low, and wept like childhood then:
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!
He thought on all his hopes, and all his young renown,—
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,—
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for, now;
My king is false,—my hope betrayed! My father—O! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside thee, yet!
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then;—for thee my fields were won;
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered 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 forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought,—give answer, where are
they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold
clay!"

"Into these glassy eyes put light;—be still! keep down thine ire!—
 Bid these white lips a blessing speak,—this earth is not my sire:
 Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed!—
 Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be mountains on thy head"

He loosed the steed,—his slack hand fell;—upon the silent face
 He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place:
 His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in martial strain:—
 His banner led the spears no more, amidst the hills of Spain.

Mrs. Hemans.

CLXXV.

BERNARDO AND KING ALPHONSO.

With some good ten of his chosen men,
 Bernardo hath appeared,
 Before them all in the palace hall,
 The lying king to beard;
 With cap in hand and eye on ground,
 He came in reverend guise,
 But ever and anon he frowned,
 And flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the king,
 "Who com'st unbid to me!
 But what from traitor's blood should spring,
 Save traitor like to thee?
 His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart,—
 Perchance our champion brave
 May think it were a pious part
 To share Don Sancho's grave."

— "Whoever told this tale,
 The king hath rashness to repeat,"
 Cries Bernard, "here my gage I fling
 Before the liar's feet!
 No treason was in Sancho's blood—
 No stain in mine doth lie:
 Below the throne what knight will own
 The coward calumny?"

"The blood that I like water shed,
 When Roland did advance,
 By secret traitors hired and led,
 To make us slaves of France;
 The life of king Alphonso
 I saved at Roncesval—

Your words, Lord King, are recompense
Abundant for it all.

"Your horse was down—your hope was flown—
I saw the falchion shine
That soon had drunk your royal blood,
Had I not ventured mine;
But memory soon of service done
Deserteth the ingrate;
You've thanked the son for life and crown
By the father's bloody fate.

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith
To set Don Sancho free;
But, curse upon your paltering breath!
The light he never did see;
He died in dungeon cold and dim,
By Alphonso's base decree;
And visage blind and stiffened limb,
Were all they gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word,
Hath stained his purple black;
No Spanish lord will draw his sword
Behind a liar's back;
But noble vengeance shall be mine,
And open hate I'll show—
The king hath injured Carpio's line,
And Bernard is his foe!"

— "Seize, seize him!" loud the King doth scream;
"There are a thousand here!
Let his foul blood this instant stream;—
What! caitiffs, do ye fear?
Seize, seize the traitor!" But not one
To move a finger dareth;
Bernardo standeth by the throne,
And calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath,
And held it up on high;
And all the hall was still as death;—
Cries Bernard, "Here am I—
And here's the sword that owns no lord,
Excepting Heaven and me;
Fain would I know who dares its point,—
King, Condé or Grandee."

Then to his mouth his horn he drew—
 It hung below his cloak—
 His ten true men the signal knew,
 And through the ring they broke;
 With helm on head, and blade in hand,
 The knights the circle break,
 And back the lordlings 'gan to stand,
 And the false king to quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso,
 "What means this warlike guise?
 Ye know full well I jested—
 Ye know your worth I prize!"
 But Bernard turned upon his heel,
 And, smiling, passed away:—
 Long rued Alphonso and his realm
 The jesting of that day!

J. G. Lockhart.

CLXXVI.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHHS.

One more unfortunate,
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly
 Lift her with care;
 Fashioned so slenderly
 Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
 Clinging like cerements;
 Whilst the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing:
 Take her up instantly,
 Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
 Think of her mournfully
 Gentle and humanly;
 Not of the stains of her—
 All that remains of her
 Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
While wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful
Near a whole city full
Home she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

When the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement
Houseless by night.
The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver
But not the dark arch,
Of the black flowing river.

Mad from life's history
 Glad to death's mystery
 Swift to be hurled—
 Anywhere, anywhere,
 Out of the world—
 In she plunged boldly,
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran.

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;
 Fashioned so slenderly
 Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
 Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently, kindly,
 smooth, and compose them;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity,

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest.
 —Cross her hands humbly
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!
 Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behavior,
 And leaving, with meekness,
 Her sins to her Saviour!

T. Hood.

CLXXVII.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,

Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work,—work,—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's, oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work,—work,—work!
Till the brain begins to swim,
Work,—work,—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh! men, with sisters dear!
Oh! men with mothers and wives!
—It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch,—stitch,—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death,
That Phantom of grizzly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own;
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work,—work,—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread,—and rags.—
That shattered roof,—and this naked floor,—
A table,—a broken chair,—

And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work,—work,—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work,—work,—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work,—work,—work,
In the dull December light,
And work,—work,—work,
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweets—
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! for but one short hour,
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch!—stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its song could reach the rich!—

She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

T. Hood.

CLXXVIII.

LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the waves and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If thy friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to the eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest,—the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom,—in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever to bloom.

And, oh! when Death comes in his terror to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft"—and depart.

J. Lawrence.

CLXXIX.

PRESS ON.

Press on! there's no such word as fail!
Press nobly on! the goal is near,—
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward,—never fear!
Why should'st thou faint? Heaven smiles above,
Though storm and vapor intervene;
That sun shines on, whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er Life's shadowed scene.
Press on! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps;

He wins who dares the hero's march.
 Be thou a hero! let thy might
 Tramp on eternal snows its way,
 And, through the ebon wails of night
 Hew down a passage unto day.
 Press on! if once and twice thy feet
 Slip back and stumble, harder try;
 From him who never dreads to meet
 Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
 To coward ranks the bullet speeds,
 While on their breasts, who never quail,
 Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
 Bright courage, like a coat of mail.
 Press on! if Fortune play thee false
 To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
 Whom now she sinks, she now exalts
 Taking old gifts, and granting new.
 The wisdom of the present hour
 Makes up for follies past and gone;—
 To weakness strength succeeds, and power
 From frailty springs,—press on! press on!

Press bravely on! and reach the goal,
 And gain the prize, and wear the crown;
 Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
 Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
 To thine own self be true, and keep
 Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil;
 Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
 A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

P. Benjamin.

CLXXX.

KINDNESS.

The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
 Have their own season. 'T is a little thing
 To give a cup of water; yet its draught
 Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
 May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
 More exquisite than when sectarian juice
 renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
 It is a little thing to speak a phrase
 Of common comfort which by daily use
 Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
 Of him who thought to die unmourned 't will fall

Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
 With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
 To know the bonds of fellowship again;
 And shed on the departing soul a sense
 More precious than the benison of friends
 About the honored death-bed of the rich,
 To him who else were lonely, that another
 Of the great family is near and feels.

Sergeant Talfourd.

CLXXXI.

HOW'S MY BOY?

Ho, sailor of the sea!
 How 's my boy—my boy?
 "What's your boy's name, good wife,
 And in what good ship sailed he?"

My boy John—
 He that went to sea—
 What care I for the ship, sailor?
 My boy's my boy to me.

You come back from sea
 And not know my John?
 I might as well have asked some landsman
 Yonder down in the town.
 There's not an ass in all the parish
 But he knows my John.
 How's my boy—my boy?

And unless you let me know
 I'll swear you are no sailor,
 Blue jacket or no,
 Brass button or no, sailor,
 Anchor or crown or no!
 Sure his ship was the Jolly Briton—
 "Speak low, woman, speak low!"

And why should I speak low, sailor?
 About my own boy John?
 If I was loud as I am proud
 I'll sing him over the town!
 Why should I speak low, sailor?—
 "That good ship went down."

How 's my boy—my boy?
 What care I for the ship, sailor,
 I never was aboard her.
 Be she afloat, or be she aground,
 Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,
 Her owners can afford her!
 I say how's my John?—
 "Every man on board went down,
 Every man aboard her."

How's my boy—my boy?
 What care I for the men, sailor?
 I'm not their mother—
 How's my boy—my boy?
 Tell me of him and no other!
 How's my boy—my boy?

S. Dobell.

CLXXXII.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 "Excelsior!"

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue!
 "Excelsior!"

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 "Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead.
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 "Excelsior!"

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast!" —

A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
 But still he answered with a sigh,
 "Excelsior!"

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
 Beware the awful avalanche!"
 This was the peasant's last good night;—
 A voice replied, far up the height,
 "Excelsior!"

At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered their oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air,
 "Excelsior!"

A traveller,—by the faithful hound,
 Half buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device,
 "Excelsior!"

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless but beautiful he lay;
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star,—
 "Excelsior!"

H. W. Longfellow.

CLXXXIII.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.
 Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting;
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act,—act in the living Present!
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

CLXXXIV.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

All is finished, and at length
 Has come the bridal day
 Of beauty and of strength.
 To-day the vessel shall be launched!
 With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
 And o'er the bay,
 Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
 The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
 Centuries old,
 Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
 Paces restless to and fro,

Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide
With ceaseless flow
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage-day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms.

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms."

How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
 O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
 And safe from all adversity,
 Upon the bosom of that sea
 Thy comings and thy goings be!
 For gentleness, and love, and trust,
 Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
 And in the wreck of noble lives
 Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
 Humanity, with all its fears,
 With all its hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
 We know what Master laid thy keel,
 What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge, and what a heat,
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
 'T is of the wave, and not the rock;
 'T is but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale.
 In spite of rock and tempest roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee:
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee—are all with thee.

H. W. Longfellow.

CLXXXV.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
 Afric's coast I left forlorn;
 To increase a stranger's treasures,
 O'er the raging billows borne.
 Men from England bought and sold me,
 Paid my price in paltry gold;
 But though slave they have enrolled me,
 Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards;
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there One who reigns on high?
Has He bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from His throne, the sky?
Ask Him, if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means that duty urges
Agents of His will to use?

Hark! He answers,—wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which He speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fixed their tyrants' habitation
Where his whirlwinds answer—No.

By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks received the chain;
By the miseries that we tasted,
Crossing in your barks the main;
By our suffering since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart;
All, sustained by patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart.

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger

Than the color of our kind.
 Slaves of gold! whose sordid dealings
 Tarnish all your boasted powers,
 Prove that you have human feelings,
 Ere you proudly question ours.

W. Cowper.

CLXXXVI.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Toll for the brave! the brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave, fast by their native shore!
 Eight hundred of the brave, whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel, and laid her on her side.
 A laud-breeze shook the shrouds, and she was overset;
 Down went the Royal George, with all her crew complete!
 Toll for the brave! Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
 His last sea-fight is fought his work of glory done.
 It was not in the battle; no tempest gave the shock;
 She sprang no fatal leak; she ran upon no rock.
 His sword was in its sheath, his fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down, with twice four hundred men.
 Weigh the vessel up, once dreaded by our foes,
 And mingle with our cup the tear that England owes!
 Her timbers yet are sound, and she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder, and plow the distant main.
 But Kempenfelt is gone, his victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred shall plow the waves no more.

W. Cowper.

CXXXVII.

SLAVERY.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more.

My ear is pained,
 My soul is sick, with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
 It does not feel for man; the natural bond
 Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not colored like his own; and having power
 To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause,
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.

Lands intersected by a narrow frith
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
 Make enemies of nations, who had else
 Like kindred drops been mingled into one.

Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
 And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat

With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.

Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush,
 And hang his head, to think himself a man?

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews, bought and sold, has ever earned.

No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation prized above all price,
 I had much rather be myself the slave,
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
 And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
 That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.

That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it, then,
 And let it circulate through every vein
 Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

W. Cowper.

CLXXXVIII.

THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

Blaze with your serried columns!
 I will not bend the knee!
 The shackles ne'er again shall bind
 The arm which now is free.

I've mailed it with the thunder,
 When the tempest muttered low;
 And where it falls, ye well may dread
 The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,
 I've scalped ye on the plain;
 Go, count your chosen, where they fell
 Beneath my leaden rain!
 I scorn your proffered treaty!
 The pale-face I defy!
 Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
 And blood my battle-cry!

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
 Ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
 And struggling through the everglade,
 Your bristling bayonets gleam;
 But I stand as should the warrior,
 With his rifle and his spear;—
 The scalp of vengeance still is red,
 And warms ye,—Come not here!

I loathe ye in my bosom,
 I scorn ye with my eye,
 And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
 And fight ye till I die!
 I never will ask ye quarter,
 And I never will be your slave;
 But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
 Till I sink beneath the wave!

G. W. Patten.

CLXXXIX.

THE THREE BEATS.

Roll—roll!—How gladly swell the distant notes
 From where, on high, yon starry pennon floats!
 Roll—roll!—On, gorgeously they come,
 With plumes low-stooping, on their winding way,
 With lances gleaming in the sun's bright ray:—
 "What do ye here, my merry comrades,—say?"—
 "We beat the gathering drum;
 'T is this which gives to mirth a lighter tone,
 To the young soldier's cheek a deeper glow,
 When stretched upon his grassy couch, alone,

It steals upon his ear,—this martial call
Prompts him to dreams of gorgeous war, with all

"Its pageantry and show!"
Roll—roll!— "What is it that ye beat?"
"We sound the charge!—On with the courser fleet!—
Where 'mid the columns, red war's eagles fly,
We swear to do or die!—
'T is this which feeds the fires of Fame with breath,
Which steels the soldier's heart to deeds of death;
And when his hand,
Fatigued with slaughter, pauses o'er the slain,
'T is this which prompts him madly once again
To seize the bloody brand!"

Roll—roll!— "Brothers, what do ye here,
Slowly and sadly as ye pass along,
With your dull march and low funereal song?"
"Comrade! we bear a bier!
I saw him fall!
And, as he lay beneath his steed, one thought,
(Strange how the mind such fancy should have wrought!)
That, had he died beneath his native skies,
Perchance some gentle bride had closed his eyes
And wept beside his pall!"

G. W. Patten.

CXC.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land of
France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

O! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League draw out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry and Egmont's Flemish spears!

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
 And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
 To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
 He looked upon his People, and a tear was in his eye;
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
 Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the King!"
 "And if my standard-bearer fall,—as fall full well he may,
 For never saw! promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
 And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies now, upon them with the lance!
 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 rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned 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 fields are heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
 mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van
 "Remember Saint Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.
 But out spake gentle Henry, then—"No Frenchman is my foe;
 Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go."
 O! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

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.
 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 crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor 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.

CXCI.

THE SOLDIER FROM BINGEN.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers.
 There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
 But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebb'd away,
 And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
 The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
 And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
 Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
 For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine."

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
 To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
 That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
 Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
 and 'midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,
 The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
 But some were young—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
 And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!"

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
 and I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
 For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
 My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
 And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
 I let them take whate're they would, but kept my father's sword,
 And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
 On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!"

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
 When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
 But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
 For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
 And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
 To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
 And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
 For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!"

"There's another—not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
 You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning;
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk
And her little hand lay lightly! confidently in mine:
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed and ceased to speak:
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

Mrs Norton.

CXCII.

"GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER."

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have,
Till the coming of the morn.

I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother,
A wolf that is fierce for blood,—
All the livelong day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven to see,—

I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you,
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eye so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand,
As you laid it on your child.

The queen has lands and gold, mother,
The queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold,—
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on, and sees us starve,
Perishing, one by one?
Do the men of England care not, mother,
The great men and the high,
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold;
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night,
Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
My father when he died;
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother;
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! dear mother! ere! die,
Give me three grains of corn.

Miss Edwards.

CXCIII.**TELL'S APOSTROPHE TO LIBERTY.**

Once more I breathe the mountain air; once more
 I tread my own free hills! My lofty soul
 Throws all its fetters off; in its proud flight,
 'T is like the new-fledged eaglet, whose strong wing
 Soars to the sun it long has gazed upon—
 With eye undazzled. O! ye mighty race
 That stand like frowning giants, fixed to guard
 My own proud land; why did ye not hurl down
 The thundering avalanche, when at your feet
 The base usurper stood? A touch, a breath,
 Nay, even the breath of prayer, ere now, has brought
 Destruction on the hunter's head; and yet
 The tyrant passed in safety. God of heaven!
 Where slept thy thunderbolts?

O LIBERTY!

Thou choicest gift of Heaven, and wanting which
 Life is as nothing; hast thou then forgot
 Thy native home? Must the feet of slaves
 Pollute this glorious scene? It cannot be.
 Even as the smile of Heaven can pierce the depths
 Of these dark caves, and bid the wild flowers bloom
 In spots where man has never dared to tread;
 So thy sweet influence still is seen amid
 These beetling cliffs. Some hearts still beat for thee,
 And bow alone to Heaven; thy spirit lives,
 Ay,—and shall live, when even the very name
 Of tyrant is forgot.

Lo! while I gaze

Upon the mist that wreathes yon mountain's brow,
 The sunbeam touches it, and it becomes
 A crown of glory on his hoary head;
 O! is not this a presage of the dawn
 Of freedom o'er the world? Hear me, then, bright
 And beaming Heaven! while kneeling thus, I vow
 To live for Freedom, or with her to die!

O! with what pride I used
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God
 And bless Him that it was so. It was free,—
 From end to end, from cliff to lake 't was free,—
 Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
 And plow 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 I in it then! I loved
 Its very storms! Yes, 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! had no master save His own!

Ye know the jutting cliff; round which a track
 Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
 To such another one, with scanty room
 For two abreast to pass? Overtaken there
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
 And while gust followed 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 wished me there,—the thought that mine was free,
 Has checked 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.

CXCV.

WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Ye crags and peaks: I'm with you once again!
 I hold to you the hands ye 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 you
 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!
 —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 buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
 I bent my brow; yet kept he rounding still
 His airy circle, as in the delight
 Of measuring the ample range beneath
 And round about; absorbed, he heeded not
 The death that threatened him. I could not shoot!—
 'T was Liberty! I turned my bow aside,
 And let him soar away!

J. S. Knowles.

CXCV.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
 Where, in his last, strong agony, a dying warrior lay,—
 The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
 By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er,
 That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more;
 They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,
 Their own liege lord and master born, that I—ha! ha! must die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft, before the Paynim spear;
 Think ye he's entered at my gate—has come to seek me here?
 I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was raging hot;—
 I'll try his might, I'll brave his power!—defy—and fear him not!

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin;
 Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in.
 Up with my banner on the wall,—the banquet board prepare,—
 Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!"

An hundred hands were busy then; the banquet forth was spread,
 And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
 While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
 Lights gleamed on harness, plume and spear, o'er the proud old Gothic
 hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers poured,
 On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board;
 While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of state,
 Armed cap-à-pie, stern Rudiger, with gilded falchion, sat.

"Fill every beaker up, my men! pour forth the cheering wine!
 There's life and strength in every drop,—thanksgiving to the vine!
 Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are waxing dim:
 Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!"

"Ye're there, but yet I see you not!—forth draw each trusty sword,
 And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board!
 I hear it faintly!—louder yet! What clogs my heavy breath?
 Up, all!—and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a, deafening cry,
 That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:
 "Ho! cravens! Do ye fear him? Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
 Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone?"

"But I defy him!—let him come!" Down rang the massy cup,
 While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up;
 And with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
 There in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat—dead!

A. G. Greene.

CXCVI.

THE WATER DRINKER.

O, water for me! Bright water for me,
 And wine for the tremulous debauchee.
 Water cooleth the brow, and cooleth the brain,
 And maketh the faint one strong again;
 It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
 All freshness, like infant purity;
 O, water, bright water, for me, for me!
 Give wine, give wine, to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! fill, fill to the brim;
 Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!
 For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
 For I, like the flowers, drink nothing but dew.
 O, water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
 And the ores which it yieldeth are vigor and health.
 So water, pure water, for one, for me!
 And wine for the tremulous debauchee.

Fill again to the brim, again to the brim!
 For water strengtheneth life and limb!
 To the days of the aged it addeth length,
 To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
 It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,

'T is like quaffing a goblet of morning light!
So, water, I will drink nothing but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

When over the hills, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And, leading a band of laughing hours,
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers,
O! cheerily then my voice is heard
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
Who flingeth abroad his matin loud
As he freshens his wing in the cold, gray cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
Drowsily flying, and weaving anew
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea,
How gently, O sleep, fall thy poppies on me!
For I drink water, pure, cold, and bright,
And my dreams are of heaven the livelong night.
So hurrah for thee, water! hurrah! hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art ribbon and star,
Hurrah for bright water! hurrah! hurrah!

E. Johnson.

CXCVII.

CHAMOUNI.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Riseth from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As will a wedge. But, when I look again,
It is thine own calm home thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer,
I worshiped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,—
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,—

Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy;
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven.

Awake, my soul! Not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks, and silent ecstasy! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
 Green vales and icy cliffs! all join my hymn.

Thou, first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
 O, struggling with the darkness of the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,—
 Companion of the morning star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald—wake! O wake! and utter praise!
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jaggéd rocks,
 Forever shattered, and the same forever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy
 Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
 And who commanded,—and the silence came,—
 "Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest"?

Ye ice-falls! ye, that from the mountain's brow,
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
 "God!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer: and let the ice-plains echo, "God!"
 "God!" sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
 Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!

And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And, in their perilous fall, shall thunder, "God!"

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depths of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,—
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O, ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills!
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
"Earth, with her thousand voices, praises god."

S. T. Coleridge.

CXCVIII.

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX."

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,—
Nor galloped less steadily Roland, a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechlin church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its sprays

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongrés, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they 'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which, (the burgesses voted by common consent,)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

R. Browning.

CXCIX.

THE SWORD.

'T was on the battle-field; and the cold pale moon
Looked down on the dead and dying;
And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Passed a soldier, his plunder seeking;
Careless he stepped where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it;
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his noble heart
Took part with the dead before him;
And he honored the brave who died sword in hand,
As with softened brow he leaned o'er him.

"A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it:
Before I would take that sword from thine hand,
My own life's blood should dye it.

"Thou shalt not be left for the carion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee;
Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee."

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth,
 Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
 And he laid him there, in honor and rest,
 With his sword in his own brave keeping.

Miss Landon.

CC.

THE FIREMAN.

Hoarse wintry blasts a solemn requiem sung
 To the departed day,
 Upon whose bier
 The velvet pall of midnight lead been flung,
 And Nature mourned through one wide hemisphere
 Silence and darkness held their cheerless sway,
 Save in the haunts of riotous excess;
 And half the world in dreamy slumbers lay,
 Lost in the maze of sweet forgetfulness.
 When lo! upon the startled ear,
 There broke a sound so dread and drear,—
 As, like a sudden peal of thunder,
 Burst the bands of sleep asunder,
 And filled a thousand throbbing hearts with fear.

Hark! the faithful watchman's cry
 Speaks a conflagration nigh!—
 See! yon glare upon the sky
 Confirms the fearful tale.
 The deep-mouthed bells with rapid tone,
 Combine to make the tidings known;
 Affrighted silence now has flown,
 And sounds of terror freight the chilly gale!

At the first note of this discordant din,
 The gallant fireman from his slumber starts;
 Reckless of toil and danger, if he win
 The tributary meed of grateful hearts.
 From pavement rough, or frozen ground,
 His engine's rattling wheels resound,
 And soon before his eyes
 The lurid flames, with horrid glare,
 Mingled with murky vapors rise,
 In wreathy folds upon the air,
 And veil the frowning skies!

Sudden a shriek assails his heart,—
 A female shriek, so piercing wild,

As makes his very life-blood start:—
 "My child! Almighty God, my child!"
 He hears,
 And 'gainst the tottering wall
 The ponderous ladder rears:
 While blazing fragments round him fall,
 And crackling sounds assail his ears,
 His sinewy arm, with one rude crash,
 Hurls to the earth the opposing sash;
 And, heedless of the startling din,
 Though smoky volumes round him roll,
 The mother's shriek has pierced his soul,—
 See! see! he plunges in!
 The admiring crowd, with hopes and fears,
 In breathless expectation stands,
 When, lo! the daring youth appears,
 Hailed by a burst of warm, ecstatic cheers,
 Bearing the child triumphant in his arms.

Anonymous.

CCI. SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently: it is better far
 To rule by love than fear.
 Speak gently: let no harsh words mar
 The good we might do here.

Speak gently; love doth whisper low
 The vows that true hearts bind;
 And gently friendship's accents flow,—
 Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child,
 Its love be sure to gain;
 Teach it in accents soft and mild,—
 It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young; for they
 Will leave enough to bear:
 Pass through this life as best we may,
 'T is full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
 Grieve not the care-worn heart;
 The sands of life are nearly run,—
 Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
 Let no harsh tone be heard;
 They have enough they must endure,
 Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring;—know
 They must have toiled in vain;
 Perchance unkindness made them so;—
 O! win them back again.

Speak gently! He who gave His life
 To bend man's stubborn will,
 When elements were fierce with strife,
 Said to them, "Peace! be still."

Speak gently: 't is a little thing
 Dropped in the heart's deep well;
 The good, the joy which it may bring,
 Eternity shall tell.

Anonymous.

CII.

THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Thronged around her magic cell

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:

Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatched her instruments of sound,

And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewildered laid,

And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rustled, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered 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 called on Echo still through all the song;
And, where her sweetest notes 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 the blood-stained 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 woe!
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And, though sometimes, each dreamy pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed:
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild, sequestered seat,

In notes, by distance made more sweet,
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
 And, dashing soft from rocks around
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung!—
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!
 The oak-crowned 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 leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addrest:
 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 Tempé's vale, her native maids,
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unworried minstrel dancing;
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:—
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;—
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

W. Collins.

CCIII.

NEW ENGLAND.

Hail to the land whereon we tread,
 Our fondest boast;
 The sepulchre of mighty dead,
 The truest hearts that ever bled,

Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host:
No slave is here—our unchained feet
Walk freely, as the waves that beat
Our coast.

Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave
To seek this shore;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave;—
With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quelled;
But souls like these, such toils impelled
To soar.

Hail to the acorn, when first they stood.
On Bunker's height,
And, fearless stemmed the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight!
O! 't was a proud, exulting day,
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free;
The home, the port of liberty
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
Thy land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm unshaken rock,
On which we rest;
And rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppressed:
All, who the wreath of freedom twine,
Beneath the shadow of their vine
Are blest.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand—

Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
 And on our heads their fury pour,
 And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
 And storm our land:
 They still shall find, our lives are given
 To die for home;—and leant on Heaven
 Our hand.

J. G. Percival.

CCIV.

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
 This universal frame began:
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 Arise, ye more than dead!
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began:
 From harmony, to harmony,
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound.
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum,
 Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 't is too late to retreat!"

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion
 For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred Organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre;
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
 When to her Organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appeared—
 Mistaking earth for heaven!

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blest above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on highs
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

J. Dryden.

CCV.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
 It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
 I am where I would ever be;
 With the blue above, and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoever I go;
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,
 What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O how I love to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and more,
 And backward flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
 And a mother she was and is to me;
 For I was born on the open sea!
 The waves were white, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born;
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild
 As welcomed to life the ocean-child!
 I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,
 But never have sought nor sighed for change;
 And Death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

B. W. Proctor.

CCVI.

NAPOLEON.

His falchion flashed along the Nile;
 His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
 O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the while,
 His eagle flag unrolled,—and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone! Not one
 Of all the kings, whose crowns he gave,
 Bends o'er his dust;—nor wife, nor son,
 Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Behind this sea-girt rock, the star
 That led him on from crown to crown,
 Has sunk; and nations from afar
 Gazed as it faded and went down.

High is his couch;—the ocean flood,
 Far, far below, by storms is curled;
 As round him heaved, while high he stood
 A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps! The mountain cloud
 That night hangs round him, and the breath
 Of morning scatters, is the shroud
 That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

Pause here! The far-off world, at last,
 Breathes free; the hand that shook its thrones,
 And to the earth its mitres cast,
 Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark! comes there, from the pyramids,
 And from Siberian wastes of snow,
 And Europe's hills, a voice that bids
 The world he awed to mourn him? No:

The only, the perpetual dirge
 That's heard there, is the sea-bird's cry,—
 The mournful murmur of the surge,—
 The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

J. Pierpont.

CCVII.

WARREN'S ADDRESS AT BUNKER HILL.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
 Will ye give it up to slaves?
 Will ye look for greener graves?
 Hope ye mercy still?
 What's the mercy despots feel?
 Hear it in that battle peal!
 Read it on yon bristling steel!
 Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
 Will ye to your homes retire?
 Look behind you! they're a-fire!
 And, before you, see—

Who have done it!—from the vale
 On they come!—and will ye quail?—
 Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
 Die we may, and die we must;—
 But, O! where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
 As where heaven its dews shall shed
 On martyred patriot's bed,
 And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell!

J. Pierpont.

CCVIII.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language. For his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And gentle sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,—
 Go forth under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
 Comes a still voice:— Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course; nor yet if the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements,
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,
 And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain

Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are dining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and traverse Barca's desert sands;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep;—the dead reign there alone.—
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves

To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

W. C. Bryant.

CCIX.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

Chained in the market-place he stood,
 A man of giant frame,
 Amid the gathering multitude
 That shrunk to hear his name,—
 All stern of look and strong of limb,
 His dark eye on the ground;
 And silently they gazed on him,
 As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought—
 He was a captive now;
 Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
 Was written on his brow:
 The scars his dark broad bosom wore
 Showed warrior true and brave:
 A prince among his tribe before,
 He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—
 "My brother is a king:
 Undo this necklace from my neck,
 And take this bracelet ring,
 And send me where my brother reigns,
 And I will fill thy hands
 With store of ivory from the plains,
 And gold dust from the sands."

—"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
 Will I unbind thy chain;
 That bloody hand shall never hold
 The battle-spear again.
 A price thy nation never gave
 Shall yet be paid for thee;

For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In land beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away,
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the platted locks, and long,
And deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crispèd hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold,
Long kept for sorest need:
Take it—thou askest sums untold—
And say that I am freed.
Take it—my wife, the long, long day,
Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me."

— "I take thy gold,—but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife shall wait thee long."
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken,—crazed his brain—
At once his eye grew wild:
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered,—and wept,—and smiled;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,—
The foul hyena's prey.

W. C. Bryant.

CCX.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encounter'd in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gush'd the life-blood of her brave,—
Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting birds
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouth'd gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry:
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weapon'd throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And brench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not,

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who help'd thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd

The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.
W. C. Bryant.

CCXI.**HALLOWED GROUND.**

What's hallowed ground! Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground—where mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed;—
But where's their memory's mansion? Is 't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No; in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'T is not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep,
Their turf may bloom;
Or genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—And
is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is 't death to fall for freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome war to brace
Her drums! and rend heaven's reeking space!
The colors painted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse led on the chase,
Shall still be dear!

And place our trophies where men kneel
 To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
 The cause of truth and human weal,
 O God above!
 Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To peace and love!

Peace, love! the cherubim, that join
 Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine;—
 Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine
 Where they are not;—
 The heart alone can make divine
 Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
 And pompous rites in domes august?
 See mouldering stones and metals' rust
 Belie the vaunt,
 That man can bless one pile of dust
 With chime or chant.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
 Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?
 Else why so swell the thoughts at your
 Aspect above?
 Ye must be Heaven's that make us sure
 Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
 I read the doom of distant time;
 That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
 And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'T is what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
 Peace! independence! truth! go forth
 Earth's compassed round;
 And your high-priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground.

T. Campbell.

CCXII.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

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

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger—
 "The wild deer and wolf to the covert can flee;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger:
 A home and a country remain not to me!
 Never again in the green sunny bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with wild woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of 'Erin go bragh'!"

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

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

"Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;—
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
 Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 'Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh!'"

T. Campbell.

CCXIII.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—

When O! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing!

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

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

'T was vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The wafers wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

T. Campbell.

CCXIV.

FALL OF WARSAW.

O! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!
Warsaw's last champion from her heights surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid—
O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!
He said; and on the rampart heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;

Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,—
 "Revenge, or death!" —the watchword and reply;
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!
 In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
 From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew;—
 O! 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 woe!
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career.
 Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shrieked, as Kosciusko fell!
 0 righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
 Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
 Where was thine arm, O vengeance! where thy rod,
 That smote the foes of Sion and of God?
 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!
 O! once again to Freedom's cause return
 The patriot Tell,—the Bruce of Bannockburn!
 Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
 that man hath yet a soul,—and dare be free!
 A little while, along thy saddening plains,
 The starless night of Desolation reigns;
 Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
 And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
 Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
 Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

T. Campbell.

CCXV.

HOHENLINDEN.

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

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,

Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

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

'T is morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

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

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

T. Campbell.

CCXVI.

WAR-SONG OF THE GREEKS, 1822.

Again to the battle Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land,—the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free;
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale, dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefather's graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succor advances,
 Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
 Are stretched in our aid?—Be the combat our own!
 And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone;
 For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
 By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
 By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
 By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,—
 That living we will be victorious,
 Or that dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not;
 The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not;
 Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
 And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
 Earth may hide—waves engulf—fire consume us,
 But they shall not to slavery doom us:
 If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves,—
 But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
 And new triumphs on land are before us.
 To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us!

This day—shall ye blush for its story?
 Or brighten your lives with its glory?—
 Our women—O say, shall they shriek in despair,
 Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
 Accursed may his memory blacken,
 If a coward there be that would slacken,
 Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
 Being sprung from, and named for, the godlike of earth.
 Strike home!—and the world shall revere us
 As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
 Her inlands, her isles of the ocean:
 Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee sing,
 And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring.
 Our hearths shall be kindled with gladness,
 That were cold, and extinguished in sadness;
 Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
 Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,—
 When the blood of you Mussulman cravens
 Shall have crimsoned the beaks of our ravens.

T. Campbell.

CCXVII.

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I saw him on the battle-eve
 When like a king he bore him;
 Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
 And prouder chiefs, before him.
 The warrior and the warrior's deeds,
 The morrow and the morrow's meeds,—
 No daunting thought came o'er him;
 He looked around him, and his eye
 Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

He looked on ocean,—its broad breast
 Was covered with his fleet:
 On earth,—and saw from east to west
 His bannered millions meet;
 While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
 Shook with the war-cry of that host,
 The thunder of their feet!
 He heard the imperial echoes ring,—
 He heard, and felt himself a king.

I saw him next alone;—nor camp
 Nor chief his steps attended;
 Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
 With war-cries proudly blended.
 He stood alone, whom Fortune high
 So lately seemed to deify,
 He, who with Heaven contended,
 Fled like a fugitive and slave!—
 Behind, the foe; before, the wave!

He stood—fleet, army, treasure, gone—
 Alone, and in despair!
 But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
 For they were monarchs there;
 And Xerxes, in a single bark,
 Where late his thousand ships were dark
 Must all their fury dare.
 What a revenge, a trophy, this,
 For thee, immortal Salamis!

Miss Jewsbury.

CCXVIII.**OLD IRONSIDES.**

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;—
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave!
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave!
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms—
 The lightning and the gale!

O. W. Holmes.

CCXIX.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said.
 Into the valley of Death,
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismayed?
 Not though the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered;
 Theirs not to make reply
 Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die:
 Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered:
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered:
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 Right through the line they broke
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre stroke,
 Shattered and sundered;
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them,
 Volleyed and thundered:
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well,
 Came through the jaws of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 O, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

A. Tennyson.

ARNOLD WINKELREID.

"Make way for liberty!"—he cried;
Made way for liberty, and died!—
It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power!
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield,—
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he,
On whose sole arm clung victory.

It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him,—Arnold Winkelreid!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood among the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done,—
The field was in a moment won!
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
"Make way for liberty!" he cried—
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly:
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all:
An earthquake could not overthrow.
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus Death made way for liberty!
J. Montgomery.

CCXXI.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

New England's dead!—New England's dead!
On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife made red
By bloody victory.
Each valley, where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword,
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.
The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviours of the land!
O! few and weak their numbers were,—
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.
They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half-garnered on the plain,
And mustered in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress;
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,—
To perish or o'ercome their foe.
And where are ye, O fearless men?
And where are ye to-day?
I call:—the hills reply again
That ye have passed away;
That on old Bunker's lonely height,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,

The grass grows green, the harvest bright,
 Above each soldier's mound.
 The bugle's wild and warlike blast
 Shall muster them no more;
 An army now might thunder past,
 And they not heed its roar.
 The starry flag 'neath which they fought,
 In many a bloody day,
 From their old graves shall rouse them not;
 For they have passed away.

I. M'Lellan.

CCXXII.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! it is wiser and better
 Always to hope, than once to despair;—
 Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetters,
 And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.

Never give up, or the burden may sink you,—
 Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
 And in all trials and troubles bethink you,
 The watchword of life must be, "Never give up!"

Never give up; there are chances and changes,
 Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one,
 And through the chaos, High wisdom arranges
 Ever success, if you'll only hold on.

Never give up; for the wisest is boldest,
 Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
 And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,
 Is the stern watchword of "Never give up!"

Never give up, though the grape-shot may rattle,
 Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst;
 Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
 Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.

Never give up; if adversity presses,
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup;
 And the best counsel in all your distresses
 Is the brave watchword of "Never give up!"

Anonymous.

CCXXIII.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
 When Greece, her knee in supppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power:
 In dreams, through camp and court he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;—
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,—
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
 On old Platæa's day;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
 That bright dream was his last;
 He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
 He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet-loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band:
 "Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
 Strike—for your altars and your fires;
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires,—
 God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won:

Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,—
And thou art terrible!—The tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave,
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.

We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die!

F. G. Halleck.

CCXXIV.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;

Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer downy
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning's lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven!
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,—
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,—
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthing loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnights pall;
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,

And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float, that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

J. R. Drake.

CCXXV.

THE WIDOW OF GLENCOE.

Do not lift him from the bracken, leave him lying where he fell—
Better bier ye cannot fashion: none beseems him half so well
As the bare and broken heather, and the hard and broken sod,
Whence his angry soul ascended to the judgment-seat of God!
Winding-sheet we cannot give him—seek no mantle for the dead,
Save the cold and spotless covering showered from heaven upon his
head.

Leave his broadsword as we found it, rent and broken with the blow,
That, before he died, avenged him on the foremost of the foe.
Leave the blood upon the bosom—wash not off that sacred stain;
Let it stiffen on the tartan, let his wounds unclosed remain,
Till the day when he shall show them at the throne of God on high,
When the murderer and the murdered meet before their Judge's eye.
Nay—ye should not weep, my children! leave it to the faint and weak;
Sobs are but a woman's weapons—tears befit a maiden's cheek.
Weep not, children of Macdonald! weep not thou, his orphan heir;
Not in shame, but stainless honor, lies thy slaughtered father there;
Weep not—but when years are over, and thine arm is strong and sure,
And thy foot is swift and steady on the mountain and the muir,
Let thy heart be hard as iron, and thy wrath as fierce as fire,
Till the hour when vengeance cometh for the race that slew thy sire!
Till in deep and dark Glenlyon rise a louder shriek of woe,
Than at midnight, from their eyry, scared the eagles of Glencoe;
Louder than the screams that mingled with the howling of the blast,
When the murderers' steel was clashing, and the fires were rising
fast;

When thy noble father bounded to the rescue of his men,
And the slogan of our kindred pealed throughout the startled glen;
When the herd of frantic women stumbled through the midnight snow,
With their fathers' houses blazing, and their dearest dead below!

Oh, the horror of the tempest, as the flashing drift was blown,
Crimsoned with the conflagration, and the roofs went thundering down!
Oh, the prayers, the prayers and curses, that together winged their
flight

From the maddened hearts of many, through that long and woful night!—
Till the fires began to dwindle, and the shots grew faint and few,
And we heard the foeman's challenge only in a far halloo:
Till the silence once more settled o'er the gorges of the glen,
Broken only by the Cona plunging through its naked den.
Slowly from the mountain summit was the drifting veil withdrawn,
And the ghastly valley glimmered in the gray December dawn.
Better had the morning never dawned upon our dark despair!
Black amidst the common whiteness rose the spectral ruins there:
But the sight of these was nothing more than wrings the wild dove's
breast,

When she searches for her offspring round the relics of her nest.
For in many a spot the tartan peered above the wintry heap,
Marking where a dead Macdonald lay within his frozen sleep.
Tremblingly we scooped the covering from each kindred victim's head
And the living lips were burning on the cold ones of the dead.
And I left them with their dearest—dearest charge had every one—
Left the maiden with her lover, left the mother with her son.
I alone of all was mateless—far more wretched I than they,
For the snow would not discover where my lord and husband lay.
But I wandered up the valley, till I found him lying low,
With the gash upon his bosom, and the frown upon his brow—
Till I found him lying murdered where he wooed me long ago.

Woman's weakness shall not shame me—why should I have tears to shed?
Could I rain them down like water, O my hero! on thy head—
Could the cry of lamentation wake thee from thy silent sleep,
Could it set thy heart a-throbbing, it were mine to wail and weep!
But I will not waste my sorrow, lest the Campbell women say
That the daughters of Clanranald are as weak and frail as they.
I had wept thee, hadst thou fallen, like our fathers, on thy shield,
When a host of English foemen camped upon a Scottish field.
I had mourned thee, hadst thou perished with the foremost of his name,
When the valiant and the noble died around the dauntless Græme!
But I will not wrong thee, husband, with my unavailing cries,
Whilst thy cold and mangled body, stricken by the traitor, lies;
Whilst he counts the gold and glory that this hideous night has won,
And his heart is big with triumph at the murder he has done.
Other eyes than mine shall glisten, other hearts be rent in twain,
Ere the heath-bells on thy hillock wither in the autumn rain.
Then I'll seek thee where thou sleepest, and I'll veil my weary head,
Praying for a place beside thee, dearer than my bridal-bed:
And I'll give thee tears, my husband, if the tears remain to me,

When the widows of the foeman cry the coronach for thee!

W. E. Aytoun.

CCXXVI.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

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

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

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,

And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,

And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
But half of our heavy task was done

When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

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

C. Wolfe.

CCXXVII.

THE MANIAC.

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee,
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair;
My language shall be mild, though sad:
But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad, I am not mad.

My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
Oh! jailer, haste that fate to tell;
Oh! haste my father's heart to cheer:
His heart at once 't will grieve and glad
To know though kept a captive here,
I am not mad, I am not mad.

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key;
He quits the grate; I knelt in vain;
His glimmering lamp still, still I see—
'T is gone! and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold!—No warmth! no light!—
Life, all thy comforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad; no, no, not mad.

'Tis sure some dream—some vision vain!
What! I—the child of rank and wealth,—
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head;
But 'tis not mad; no, 'tis not mad.

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll never forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with her you sued to stay;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away!
They'll make me mad, they'll make me mad.

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
 His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
 None ever bore a lovelier child:
 And art thou now forever gone?
 And must I never see thee more,
 My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
 I will be free! unbar the door!
 I am not mad, I am not mad.

Oh! hark! what mean those yells and cries?
 His chain some furious madman breaks;
 He comes!—I see his glaring eyes;
 Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes—
 Help! help!—He's gone!—Oh! fearful woe,
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
 My brain, my brain,—I know, I know,
 I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon; for lo you!—while I speak—
 Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
 He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
 He whirls a serpent high in air.
 Horror!—the reptile strikes his tooth
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;—
 Ay, laugh, ye fiends;—I feel the truth;
 Your task is done—I'm mad! I'm mad!

Lewis.

CCXXVIII.

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.

Friends!
 I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
 The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
 A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
 Falls on a slave; not such, as swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
 To crimson glory and undying fame,—
 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! Each hour, dark fraud
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cries out against them. But this very day,

An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands—
 Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
 The badge of Ursini! 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! Be we men,
 And suffer such dishonor?—men, and wash not
 The stain away in blood?

Such shames are common.

I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
 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. How I loved
 That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once and son! He left my side,
 A summer bloom on his fair cheeks a smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
 The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
 The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
 Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl
 To see them die! Have ye fair daughters?—Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
 Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash! Yet, this is Rome,
 That sate 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
 Was greater than a King! And once again—
 Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus!—once again I swear
 The Eternal City shall be free!

Miss Mitford.

CCXXIX.

THE BELL OF THE "ATLANTIC."

Toll, toll, toll!
 Thou bell by billows swung,
 And, night and day, thy warning words
 Repeat with mournful tongue!
 Toll for the queenly boat,
 Wrecked on yon rocky shore!

Sea-weed is in her palace halls,—
She rides the surge no more.

Toll for the master bold,
The high-souled and the brave,
Who ruled her like a thing of life
Amid the crested wave!
Toll for the hardy crew,
Sons of the storm and blast,
Who long the tyrant ocean dared;
But it vanquished them at last.

Toll for the man of God,
Whose hallowed voice of prayer
Rose calm above the stifled groan
Of that intense despair!
How precious were those tones,
On that sad verge of life,
Amid the fierce and freezing storm,
And the mountain billows' strife!

Toll for the lover, lost
To the summoned bridal train!
Bright glows a picture on his breast,
Beneath th' unfathomed main.
One from her casement gazeth
Long o'er the misty sea:

He cometh not, pale maiden,—
His heart is cold to thee!
Toll for the absent sire,
Who to his home drew near,
To bless a glad, expecting group,—
Fond wife, and children dear!
They heap the blazing hearth,
The festal board is spread,
But a fearful guest is at the gate;—
Room for the sheeted dead!

Toll for the loved and fair,
The whelmed beneath the tide,—
The broken harps around whose strings
The dull sea-monsters glide!
Mother and nursling sweet,
Reft from the household throng;
There's bitter weeping in the nest
Where breathed their soul of song.

Toll for the hearts that bleed
 'Neath misery's furrowing trace;
 Toll for the hapless orphan left,
 The last of all his race!
 Yea, with thy heaviest knell,
 From surge to rocky shore,
 Toll for the living,—not the dead,
 Whose mortal woes are o'er.

Toll, toll, toll!
 O'er breeze and billow free;
 And with thy startling lore instruct
 Each rover of the sea.
 Tell how o'er proudest joys
 May swift destruction sweep,
 And bid him build his hopes on high,—
 Lone teacher of the deep!

Mrs. Sigourney.

CCXXX.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

If thou wouldst win a lasting fame,—
 If thou the immortal wreath wouldst claim,
 And make the future bless thy name,—

Begin thy perilous career,
 Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear,
 And walk thy way without a fear.

And if thou hast a voice within,
 That ever whispers, "Work and win,"
 And keeps thy soul from sloth and sin;—

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
 And never flag till it succeed,
 Though in the strife thy heart should bleed;—

If thou canst struggle day and night,
 And, in the envious world's despite,
 Still keep thy cynosure in sight;—

If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn,
 Nor curse the day that thou wert born
 To feed on husks, and he on corn;—

If thou canst dine upon a crust,
And still hold on with patient trust,
Nor pine that fortune is unjust;—

If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dressed,
Whilst thou must walk in tattered vest;—

If thou canst rise ere break of day,
And toil and moil till evening gray,
At thankless work, for scanty pay;—

If in thy progress to renown
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown
Of those who strive to pull thee down;—

If thou canst bear the averted face,
The gibe, or treacherous embrace,
Of those who run the self-same race;—

If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
To reconcile thee to thy kind;—

Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come—go on—true soul!
Thou'l't win the prize, thou'l't reach the goal.

If not—what matters? Tried by fire,
And purified from low desire,
Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.

Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,
And men's neglect shall ne'er destroy
Thy secret peace, thy inward joy!

C. Mackay.

CCXXXI.

THE SAILOR-BOY'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight, the sailor-boy lay;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;

While memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise—
Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulse—all hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"O God, thou hast blest me—I ask for no more."

Ah! what is that flame, which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?
'T is the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky!
'T is the crash of the thunder, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

O! sailor-boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frostwork of bliss—
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss!

O! sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid;
 Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
 Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
 And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
 Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—
 O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

Dimond.

CCXXXII.

ON THE ENTRY OF THE AUSTRIANS INTO NAPLES.

Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!
 From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,
 That shrunk from the first touch of Liberty's war,
 Be sucked out by tyrants or stagnate in chains!

On—on, like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,
 Ye locusts of tyranny!—blasting them o'er:
 Fill—fill up their wide, sunny waters, ye sails,
 From each slave-mart in Europe, and poison their shore.

May their fate be a mockword—may men of all lands
 Laugh out with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,
 When each sword that the cowards let fall from their hands,
 Shall be forged into fetters to enter their souls!

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driven,
 Base slaves! may the whet of their agony be,
 To think—as the damned haply think of the heaven
 They had once in their reach,—that they might have been free.

Shame! shame! when there was not a bosom whose heat
 Ever rose o'er the zero of Castlereagh's heart,
 That did not, like Echo, your war-hymn repeat,
 And send back its prayers with your Liberty's start!

Good God! that in such a proud moment of life,
 Worth ages of history—when, had you but hurled
 One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife
 Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the world!

That then—O, disgrace upon manhood! e'en then
 You should falter—should cling to your pitiful breath,

Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men,
And prefer a slave's life to a glorious death!

It is strange!—it is dreadful! Shout, Tyranny, shout
Through your dungeons and palaces, "Freedom is o'er"—
If there lingers one spark of her fire, tread it out,
And return to your empire of darkness once more.

For if such are the braggarts that claim to be free,
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss,
Far nobler to live the brute-bondman of thee,
Than sully even chains by a struggle like this.

T. Moore.

CCXXXIII.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE BERLIN LANDSTURM.

Father of earth and heaven! I call thy name!
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
Mine eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;
Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul.
Or life, or death, whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round this struggling hour,
Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer, 't was that no cloud might lower
On my young fame!—O hear! God of eternal power!
Now for the fight—now for the cannon-peal—
Forward—through blood, and toils and cloud, and fire!
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire;
They shake—like broken waves their squares retire,—
On, hussars!—Now give them rein and heel;
Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire;—
Earth cries for blood—in thunder on them wheel!
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal!

Körner.

CCXXXIV.

THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on take bay,—
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the Captain's son,

A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein,—
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky;
No hold had he above, below;
Alone he stood in air:
To that far height none dared to go;—
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed,—but not a man could speak!
With horror all aghast,
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue;—
As riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck:—he gasped,
"Oh God! Thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son:
"Jump, far out, boy into the wave!
Jump, or I fire!" he said;
"That only chance your life can save!
Jump, jump, boy!" He obeyed.

He sunk, he rose, he lived,—he moved,—
And for the ship struck out.
On board, we hailed the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck—
Then folded to his heart his boy,
And fainted on the deck.

G. P. Morris.

CCXXXV.

CATILINE ON HIS BANISHMENT FROM ROME.

Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free,
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!"—Who says this?

Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
 Banished?—I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
 I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
 But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;
 I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
 Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
 I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
 To leave you in your lazy dignities.
 But here I stand and scoff you: here I fling
 Hatred and full defiance in your face.
 Your consul's merciful. For this all thanks.
 He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.
 "Traitor!" I go but I return. This trial!—
 Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,
 To stir a fever in the blood of age,
 Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
 This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's work
 Will breed proscriptions. Look to your hearths, my lords;
 For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
 Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shapes and crimes;
 Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
 Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
 Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
 Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
 Till anarchy comes down on you like Night,
 And massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

G. Croly.

CCXXXVI.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

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.

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, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

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

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into the yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy watery wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

Lord Byron.

CCXXXVII.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night;
 And Belgium's capital had gathered 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 looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;—
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No: 't was but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
 But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and crumblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed 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 never might be repeated. Who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar—
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;—
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

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

With 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!

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 unreasoning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow,
In its next verdure; when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife;
The morn, the marshalling in arms; the day,
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover,—heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

Lord Byron.

CCXXXVIII.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances uplifted, the trumpet unknown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Lord Byron.

CCXXXIX.

SPEECH OF MOLOCH.

My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,
 More inexpert, I boast not; them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now;
 For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
 The signal to ascend, sit lingering here,
 Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
 Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny, who reigns
 By our delay? No; let us rather choose,
 Armed with hell-flames and fury, all at once,
 O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the torturer; when, to meet the noise
 Of his almighty engine, he shall hear
 Infernal thunder, and for lightning, see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his angels,—and his throne itself,
 Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
 His own invented torments.

But, perhaps,
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale,
 With upright wing, against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat; descent and fall
 To us adverse. Who but felt of late,
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
 Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight,
 We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;

The event is feared.

Should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction; if there be in hell,
 Fear to be worse destroyed. What can be worse
 Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end,
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour
 Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus
 We should be quite abolished and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which to the height enraged,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential (happier far,
 Than miserable, to have eternal being,)
 Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
 Which, if not victory—is yet Revenge.

Milton.

CCXL.

ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

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 interréed with their bones:
 So let it be with Cæsar, The noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar, was ambitious:
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
 And grievously hath Cæsar, answered it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honorable man;
 So are they all, all honorable men),
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
 But Brutus says he was ambitious,
 And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar, seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar, hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar, might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O Masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men:
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found it in his closet; 't is his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they, would go and kiss dead Cæsar's, wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar, ever put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii.—

Look! In this place ran Cassius's dagger through:
 See what a rent the envious Casca made:
 Through this, the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed;
 And as he plucked his curséd steel away,
 Mark, how the blood of Cæsar, followed it!—
 This was the most unkindest cut of all!
 For when the noble Cæsar, saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished 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.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I and you, and all of us, fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel

The dint of pity:—these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar, vesture wounded? Look ye here!
 Here is himself—marred, as you see, by traitors.
 Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
 They that have done this deed are honorable!
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it! They are wise and honorable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But as you all know me, a plain, blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood:—I only speak right on;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
 And Brutus, Antony, there were an Antony,
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

Shakespeare.

CCXLI.

HAMLETS SOLILOQUY.

To be,—or not to be;—that is the question:—
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
 No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
 To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despiséd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 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 pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 with this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

Shakespeare.

CCXLII.

SOLILOQUY OF HAMLET'S UNCLE.

Oh! my offence is rank; it smells to heaven;
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't,
 A brother's murder! Pray I cannot,
 Though inclination be as sharp as 't will:
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect. What if this curséd hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood;
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,—
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardoned being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past.—But, O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder!"
 That cannot be; since I am still possessed
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,—
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law: but 't is not so above;
 There is no shuffling; there the action lies
 In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
 Try what repentance can: what can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
 O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All may be well.

Shakespeare.

CCXLIII.

PERSEVERANCE KEEPS HONOR BRIGHT.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingratitudes.
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done, Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honor bright. To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
 For Honor travels in a strait so narrow,

Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
 For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue: if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost;—
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'errun and trampled on. Then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
 For Time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
 Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
 And Farewell goes out sighing. O, let not Virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, alacrity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating Time.
 One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin,—
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More land than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
 Than what not stirs: The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldest not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, did but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drove great Mars to faction.

Shakespeare.

CCXLIV.

MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? come, let me clutch thee:—
 I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight, or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind—a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Know, o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered Murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. [A bell rings.]
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell,
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

Shakespeare.

CCXLV.

ROMEO IN THE GARDEN.

But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid, art far more fair than she.
 Be not her maid, since she is envious:
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
 It is my lady: O, it is my love!
 O, that she knew she were!—
 She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
 Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
 I am too bold; 't is not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Shakespeare.

CCXLVI.

POLONIUS TO LAERTES.

My blessing with you!
And these few precepts in thy memory,
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade: beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft, loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all,—to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man!

Shakespeare.

CCXLVII.

WOLSEY, ON BEING CAST OFF BY THE KING.

Nay, then, farewell!
 I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And, when he thinks,—good easy man,—full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have.
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again!

Shakespeare.

CCXLVIII.

WOLSEY TO CROMWELL.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,—
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—
 Found thee away, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.—
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me!
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
 By that sin fell the angels: how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
 Corruption wins not more than honesty;
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fallest, O Cromwell,
 Thou fallest a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
 And—Prithee, lead me in:
 There, take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 't is the king's; my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, He would not, in mine age,
 Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Shakespeare.

CCXLIX.

GRIFFITH'S DESCRIPTION OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now? This Cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashioned to much honor. From his cradle,
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one:
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
 Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,
 But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer;
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 (Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely; ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,

Unwilling to outlive the good he did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
For then and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Shakespeare.

BOOK SECOND.

RECENT SELECTIONS

FOR

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION

IN PROSE AND POETRY.

BOOK SECOND.

RECENT SELECTIONS.

PROSE.

CCL.

THE ORATORS OF REVOLUTIONS.

And then and thus comes the orator of that time, kindling with their fire; sympathizing with that great beating heart; penetrated, not subdued; lifted up rather by a sublime and rare moment of history made real to his consciousness; charged with the very mission of life, yet unassured whether they will hear or will forbear; transcendent good within their grasp, yet a possibility that the fatal and critical opportunity of salvation will be wasted; the last evil of nations and of men overhanging, yet the siren song of peace—peace when there is no peace—chanted madly by some voice of sloth or fear,—there and thus the orators of revolutions come to work their work! And what then is demanded, and how it is to be done, you all see; and that in some of the characteristics of their eloquence they must all be alike. Actions, not law or policy: whose growth and fruits are to be slowly evolved by time and calm; actions daring, doubtful but instant; the new things of a new world,—these are what the speaker counsels; large, elementary, gorgeous ideas of right, of equality, of independence, of liberty, of progress through convulsion,—these are the principles from which he reasons, when he reasons,—these are the pinions of the thought on which he soars and stays; and then the primeval and

indestructible sentiments of the breast of man,—his sense of right, his estimation of himself, his sense of honor, his love of fame, his triumph and his joy in the dear name of country, the trophies that tell of the past, the hopes that gild and herald her dawn,—these are the springs of action to which he appeals,—these are the chords his fingers sweep, and from which he draws out the troubled music, "solemn as death, serene as the undying confidence of patriotism," to which he would have the battalions of the people march! Directness, plainness, a narrow range of topics, few details, few but grand ideas, a headlong tide of sentiment and feeling; vehement, indignant, and reproachful reasonings,—winged general maxims of wisdom and life; an example from Plutarch; a pregnant sentence of Tacitus; thoughts going forth as ministers of nature in robes of light, and with arms in their hands; thoughts that breathe and words that burn,—these vaguely, approximately, express the general type of all this speech. R. Choate.

CCLI.

THE ELOQUENCE OF REVOLUTIONS

The capital peculiarity of the eloquence of all times of revolution, is that the actions it persuades to are the highest and most heroic which men can do, and the passions it would inspire, in order to persuade to them, are the most lofty which man can feel. "High actions and high passions"—such are Milton's words, high actions through and by high passions; these are the end and these the means of the orator of the revolution. Hence are his topics large, simple, intelligible, affecting. Hence are his views broad, impressive, popular; no trivial details, no wire-woven developments, no subtle distinctions and drawing of fine lines about the boundaries of ideas, no speculation, no ingenuity; all is elemental, comprehensive, intense, practical, unqualified, undoubting. It is not of the small things of minor and instrumental politics he comes to speak, or men come to hear. It is not to speak or to hear about permitting an Athenian citizen to change his tribe; about permitting the Roman knights to have jurisdiction of trials equally with the Senate; it is not about allowing a £10 householder to vote for a member of Parliament; about duties on indigo, or onion-seed, or even tea.

"That strain you hear is of an higher mood."

It is the rallying-cry of patriotism, of liberty, in the sublimest crisis of the State,—of man. It is a deliberation of empire, of glory, of existence, on which they come together. To be or not to be, that is the question. Shall the children of the men of Marathon become slaves of Philip? Shall the majesty of the Senate and people of Rome stoop to wear the chains forging by the military executors of the will of Julius Cæsar? Shall the assembled representatives of France, just waking from her sleep of ages to claim the rights of man,—shall they disperse, their work undone, their work just commencing; and shall they disperse at the order of the king? or shall the messenger be bid to go, in the thunder-tones of Mirabeau,—and tell his master that "we sit here to do the will of our constituents, and that we will not be moved from those seats but by the point of the bayonet?" Shall Ireland bound upward from her long prostration, and cast from her the last links of the British chain, and shall she advance "from injuries to arms, from arms to liberty," from liberty to glory? Shall the thirteen Colonies become, and be free and independent States, and come unabashed, unterrified, an equal, into the majestic assembly of the nations?

These are the thoughts with which all bosoms are distended and oppressed. Filled with these, and with these flashing in every eye, swelling every heart, pervading electric all ages, all orders, like a visitation, "an unquenchable public fire," men come together,—the thousands of Athens around the Bema, or in the Temple of Dionysus,—the people of Rome in the forum, the Senate in that council-chamber of the world,—the masses of France, as the spring-tide, into her gardens of the Tuilleries, her club-rooms, her hall of the convention,—the representatives, the genius, the grace, the beauty of Ireland into the Tuscan Gallery of her House of Commons,—the delegates of the Colonies into the Hall of Independence at Philadelphia,—thus men come in an hour of revolution, to hang upon the lips from which they hope, they need, they demand, to hear the things which belong to their national salvation, hungering for the bread of life. R. Choate.

CCLII.

AMERICAN NATIONALITY.

By the side of all antagonisms, higher than they, stronger than they, there rises colossal the fine sweet spirit of nationality, the nationality of America! See there the pillar of fire which God has kindled and lifted and moved for our hosts and our ages. Gaze on that, worship that, worship the highest in that. Between that light and our eyes a cloud for a time may seem to gather; chariots, armed men on foot, the troops of kings may march on us, and our fears may make us for a moment turn from it; a sea may spread before us, and waves seem to hedge us up; dark idolatries may alienate some hearts for a season from that worship; revolt, rebellion, may break out in the camp, and the waters of our springs may run bitter to the taste and mock it; between us and that Canaan a great river may seem to be rolling; but beneath that high guidance our way is onward, ever onward; those waters shall part, and stand on either hand in heaps; that idolatry shall repent; that rebellion shall be crushed; that stream shall be sweetened; that overflowing river shall be passed on foot dryshod, in harvest time; and from that promised land of flocks, fields, tents, mountains, coasts, and ships, from north and south, and east and west, there shall swell one cry yet, of victory, peace, and thanksgiving! R. Choate.

CCLII.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Think of this nationality first as a state of consciousness, as a spring of feeling, as a motive to exertion, as blessing your country, and as reacting on you. Think of it as it fills your mind and quickens your heart, and as it fills the mind and quickens the heart of millions around you. Instantly, under such an influence, you ascend above the smoke and stir of this small local strife; you tread upon the high places of the earth and of history; you think and feel as an American for America; her power, her eminence, her consideration, her honor, are yours; your competitors, like hers, are kings; your home, like hers, is the world; your path, like hers, is on the highway of empires; our charge, her charge, is of generations and ages; your record, her record, is of treaties, battles, voyages, beneath all the constellations; her image, one, immortal, golden, rises on your eye as our western star at evening rises on the traveller from his home; no lowering cloud, no angry river, no lingering spring, no broken crevasse, no inundated city or

plantation, no tracts of sand, arid and burning, on that surface, but all blended and softened into one beam of kindred rays, the image, harbinger, and promiser of love, hope, and a brighter day!

But if you would contemplate nationality as an active virtue, look around you. Is not our own history one witness and one record of what it can do? This day and all which it stands for,—did it not give us these? This glory of the fields of that war, this eloquence of that revolution, this one wide sheet of flame which wrapped tyrant and tyranny and swept all that escaped from it away, forever and forever; the courage to fight, to retreat, to rally, to advance, to guard the young flag by the young arm and the young heart's blood, to hold up and hold on till the magnificent consummation crowned the work,—were not all these imparted or inspired by this imperial sentiment? Has it not here begun the master-work of man, the creation of a national life? Did it not call out that prodigious development of wisdom, the wisdom of constructiveness which illustrated the years after the war, and the framing and adopting of the Constitution? Has it not, in general, contributed to the administering of that government wisely and well since? R. Choate.

CCLIV.

THE SAME CONCLUDED.

Look at it! It has kindled us to no aims of conquest. It has involved us in no entangling alliances. It has kept our neutrality dignified and just. The victories of peace have been our prized victories. But the larger and truer grandeur of the nations, for which they are created, and for which they must one day, before some tribunal, give an account, what a measure of these it has enabled us already to fulfil! It has lifted us to the throne, and has set on our brow the name of the Great Republic. It has taught us to demand nothing wrong, and to submit to nothing wrong; it has made our diplomacy sagacious, wary, accomplished; it has opened the iron gate of the mountains and planted our ensign on the great, tranquil sea.

It has made the desert to bud and blossom as the rose; it has quickened to life the giant brood of useful arts; it has whitened lake and ocean with the sails of a daring, new, and lawful trade; it has extended to exiles, flying as clouds, the asylum of our better liberty.

It has kept us at rest within all our borders; it has repressed without blood the intemperance of local insubordination; it has scattered the seeds of liberty, under law and under order, broadcast; it has seen and helped American feeling to swell into a fuller flood; from many a field and many a deck, though it seeks not war, makes not war, and fears not war, it has borne the radiant flag, all unstained; it has opened our age of lettered glory; it has opened and honored the age of the industry of the people! R. Choate.

CCLV.

THE NATIONAL ENSIGN.

Sir, I must detain you no longer. I have said enough, and more than enough, to manifest the spirit in which this flag is now committed to your charge. It is the national ensign, pure and simple; dearer to all our hearts at this moment, as we lift it to the gale, and see no other sign of

hope upon the storm-cloud which rolls and rattles above it, save that which is reflected from its own radiant hues; dearer, a thousand-fold dearer to us all, than ever it was before, while gilded by the sunshine of prosperity and playing with the zephyrs of peace. It will speak for itself far more eloquently than I can speak for it.

Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. There is no language or speech where their voices are not heard. There's magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories, and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and the dead: and of him, the first and greatest of them all, around whose consecrated ashes this unnatural and abhorrent strife has so long been raging—"the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not." But before all and above all other associations and memories—whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds, or glorious places—its voice is ever of Union and Liberty, of the Constitution and the Laws.

Behold it! Listen to it! Let it tell the story of its birth to these gallant volunteers, as they march beneath its folds by day, or repose beneath its sentinel stars by night. Let it recall to them the strange, eventful history of its rise and progress; let it rehearse to them the wondrous tale of its trials and its triumphs, in peace as well as in war; and, whatever else may happen to it or to them, it will never be surrendered to rebels; never be ignominiously struck to treason; nor be prostituted to any unworthy or unchristian purpose of revenge, depredation, or rapine. And may a merciful God cover the head of each one of its brave defenders in the hour of battle. R. C. Winthrop.

CCLVI.

THE CAUSE.

"Union for the sake of the Union"; "our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country";—these are the mottoes, old, stale, hackneyed, and threadbare as they may have seemed when employed as the watchwords of an electioneering campaign, but clothed with a new power, a new significance, a new gloss, and a new glory, when uttered as the battlecries of a nation struggling for existence; these are the mottoes which can give a just and adequate expression to the Cause in which you have enlisted. Sir, I thank Heaven that the trumpet has given no uncertain sound, while you have been preparing yourselves for the battle.

This is the Cause which has been solemnly proclaimed by both branches of Congress, in resolutions passed at the instance of those true-hearted sons of Tennessee and Kentucky—Johnson and Crittenden—and which, I rejoice to remember at this hour, received your own official sanction as a Senator of the United States.

This is the Cause which has been recognized and avowed by the President of the United States, with a frankness and fearlessness which have won the respect and admiration of all.

This is the Cause which has been so fervently commended to us from the dying lips of a Douglas, and by the matchless living voices of a Holt and an Everett.

This is the Cause in which the heroic Anderson, lifting his banner upon the wings of prayer,—and looking to the guidance and guardianship of the God in whom he trusted, went through that fiery furnace unharmed, and came forth, not indeed without the smell of fire and smoke upon his garments, but with an undimmed and undying lustre of piety and patriotism on his brow.

This is the Cause in which the lamented Lyon bequeathed all that he had of earthly treasure to his country, and then laid down a life in her defense, whose value no millions could measure.

This is the Cause in which the veteran chief of our armies crowned with the laurels which Washington alone had worn before him, and renouncing all inferior allegiance at the loss of fortune and of friends, has tasked, and is still tasking to the utmost the energies of a soul whose patriotism no age could chill. This is the Cause to which the young and noble McClellan, under whose lead it is your privilege to serve, has brought that matchless combination of sagacity and science, of endurance modesty, caution, and courage, which have made him the hope of the hour, the bright particular star of our immediate destiny.

And this, finally, is the Cause which has obliterated, as no other cause could have done, all divisions and distinction of party, nationality, and creed; which has appealed alike to Republican, Democrat, and Union Whig, to native citizen and to adopted citizen; and in which not the sons of Massachusetts or of New England or of the North alone, not the dwellers on the Hudson, the Delaware, and the Susquehanna only, but so many of those, also, on the Potomac and the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Missouri, on all the lakes, and in all the vast Mesopotamia of the mighty West—yes, and strangers from beyond the seas, Irish and Scotch, German, Italian, and French—the common emigrant and those who have stood nearest to a throne—brave and devoted men from almost every nation under heaven—men who have measured the value of our country to the world by a nobler standard than the cotton crop; and who realize that other and momentous destinies are at stake upon our struggle than such as can be wrought upon any mere material looms and shuttles—all, all are seen rallying beneath a common flag, and, exclaiming with one heart and voice: "The American Union—it must be, and shall be preserved." R. C. Winthrop.

CCLVII.

THE ASSAULT ON CHARLES SUMNER.

On the 22d of May, when the Senate and House had clothed themselves in mourning for a brother fallen in the battle of life, in the distant State of Missouri, the Senator from Massachusetts sat in the silence of the Senate chamber, engaged in employments appertaining to his office, when a member from this House, who had taken an oath to sustain the Constitution, stole into the Senate, that place which had hitherto been held sacred against violence, and smote him as Cain smote his brother. One blow was enough; but it did not satiate the wrath of that spirit which had pursued him through two days. Again, and again, and again, quicker and faster fell the leaden blows, until he was torn away from his victim, when the

Senator from Massachusetts fell into the arms of his friends, and his blood ran down the floor of the Senate.

Sir, the act was brief and my comments on it shall be brief also. I denounce it in the name of the Constitution which it violated. I denounce it in the name of the sovereignty of Massachusetts, which was stricken down by the blow. I denounce it in the name of humanity. I denounce it in the name of civilization, which it outraged. I denounce it in the name of that fair play, which bullies and prize-fighters respect. What, strike a man when he is pinioned, when he cannot respond to a blow! Call you that chivalry? In what code of honor did you get your authority for that? God knows my heart. I desire to speak with kindness. I speak in no spirit of revenge. I do not believe the member has a friend who must not in his heart of hearts condemn the act. Even the member himself—if he has left a spark of that chivalry and gallantry attributed to him—must loathe and scorn the act. But much as I reprobate the act, much more do I reprobate the conduct of those who stood by and saw the outrage perpetrated. O, magnanimous Slidell! O, prudent Douglas! O, audacious Toombs!

Sir, there are questions arising out of this, which are far more important than those of a mere personal nature. Of these personal considerations I shall speak when the question comes properly before us, if I am permitted to do so. The higher question involves the very existence of the government itself. If, sir, freedom of speech is not to remain to us, what is the government worth? If we from Massachusetts, or any other State,—senators or members of the House, are to be called to account by some "gallant uncle," when we utter something which does not suit their sensitive nature, we desire to know it.

If the conflict is to be transferred from the peaceful, intellectual field to one where, it is said, "honors are easy and responsibilities equal," then we desire to know it. Massachusetts, if her sons and representatives are to have the rod held over them,—though she utters no threats,—may be called upon to withdraw them to her own bosom, where she can furnish to them that protection which is not vouchsafed to them under the flag of their common country. But while she permits us to remain, we shall do our duty; we shall speak whatever we choose to speak, whatever we will, and however we will, regardless of the consequences.

Sir, the sons of Massachusetts are educated, at the knees of their mothers, in the doctrines of peace and good-will, and God knows we desire to cultivate those feelings,—feelings of social kindness, and public kindness.

The House will bear witness that we have not violated or trespassed upon any of them; but, sir, if we are pushed too long and too far, there are men from the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts who will not shrink from a defence of freedom of speech, and the State they represent: in any field where they may be assailed. A. Burlingame.

CCLVIII.

STRENGTH OF THE GOVERNMENT.

I know that I may be met at once by the objection that our general government is, after all, but a qualified and imperfect government. I may be reminded that it was from Massachusetts that the amendment came which expressly declares that all powers not given, are withheld.

And then it may be asked, is there not here a manifest division of sovereignty and of power, and does not this show that much is wanting—that all which is retained at home is wanting—to constitute the full strength of a national government? My answer is twofold. First, I say, the national government has at this moment, by force of the Constitution, all the strength—absolutely all—which it needs, or could profitably use, as a central national government. I answer next, that by the admirable provisions of our Constitution, the reserved powers of every State may be, and, so far as that State does its duty, will be, prepared and developed to their utmost efficiency, and then imparted to the nation in its need.

Do we want a proof and illustration of all this? Very recent events have supplied one, which history will not forget, if we do. How happened it that, a few weeks since, when the general government seemed to be feeble, and was in peril, and the demand—I may as well say the cry for help came forth—why was it that Massachusetts was the first to spring to the rescue? Why was it that she was able, in four days from that in which this cry reached her, to add a new glory to the day of Lexington? Why was it that she could begin that offering of needed aid which has since poured itself in a full, and swollen, and rushing stream, into the war power of the national government? Even as I ask the question, the answer is in all your minds. It is, that Massachusetts could do this because she had done her own duty beforehand. She could do this because, within her own bounds, she had prepared and organized her own strength, and stood ready for the moment when she could place it in the outstretched hands of the government. And other States followed, offering their contributions with no interval—with almost too little of delay; with a haste which was sometimes precipitation; with an importunate begging for acceptance—all of it yet far behind the earnest desire and demand of the people of these States, until at length we stood before an astonished world the strongest government on the face of the earth.

Stronger, therefore, for all the purposes to which our national government should apply its strengths stronger for all the good it can do and all the harm it can prevent, that government is, as it is now constructed, and because it is so constructed, than it could be if it were the single, central, consolidated power of other nations. And it will show its strength, not by preventing all checks and reverses, for that is impossible; but, as I believe, in prompt and thorough recovery from them. T. Parsons.

CCLIX.

THE HIGHER LAW.

In the whole political history of our own country, there has been no sin so atrocious as the repudiation of a higher than human law. It is stark atheism; for, with the law, this position virtually denies also the providence of God, and makes men and nations sole arbiters of their own fortunes. But "the Heavens do rule." If there be institutions or measures inconsistent with immutable rectitude, they are fostered only under the ban of a righteous God; they inwrap the germs of their own harvest of shame, disorder, vice, and wretchedness; nay, their very prosperity is but the verdure and blossoming which shall mature the apples of Sodom. O, how often have our legislators had reason to recall those pregnant words of Jefferson,—sad indeed is it that they should have become almost too trite for repetition, without having worked their way into the national conscience,—"I tremble for my country, when I consider that God is

just!" The nations that have passed away, the decaying nations, the convulsed thrones, the smouldering rebellion-fires of the Old World, reveal the elements of national decline and ruin, and hold out baleful signals over the career on which our republic is hurrying; assuring us, by the experience of all climes and ages, that slavery, the unprincipled lust of power and territory official corruption and venality, aggressive war, partisan legislation, are but "sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind."

Our statesmen of the "manifest destiny" type seem to imagine our country necessary to the designs of Providence. So thought the Hebrews, and on far more plausible grounds, of their commonwealth; but, rather than fulfil to such degenerate descendants the promise made to their great ancestor, "God is able," said the divine Teacher. "of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

Our destiny must be evolved, not from the blending of the world's noblest races in our ancestral stock; not from a position in which we hold the keys of the world's commerce, and can say to the North, "Give up," and to the South, "Keep not back;" not from our capacity to absorb and assimilate immigrant millions. Destiny is but the concrete of character. God needs no man or nation. He will bring in the reign of everlasting righteousness; and as a people, we must stand or fall as we accept or spurn that reign. Brethren, scholars, patriots also, I trust,—you whose generous nurture gives you large and enduring influence,—seek for the country of your pride and love, above all things else, her establishment on the eternal right as on the Rock of Ages. Thus shall there be no spot on her fame, no limit to her growth, no waning to her glory. A. P. Peabody.

CCLX.

"STEP TO THE CAPTAINS OFFICE AND SETTLE."

This old watchword, so often heard by travellers in the early stages of steam-navigation, is now and then ringing in our ears with a very pointed and pertinent application. It is a note that belongs to all the responsibilities of this life for eternity. There is a day of reckoning, a day for the settlement of accounts. All unpaid bills will then have to be paid; all unbalanced books will have to be settled. There will be no loose memorandums forgotten; there will be no heedless commissioners for the convenience of careless consciences; there will be no proxies; there will be no bribed auditors. Neither will there be such a thing as a hesitating conscience; but the inward monitor, so often drugged and silenced on earth, will speak out. There will be no doubt nor question as to the right and wrong. There will be no vain excuses! nor any attempt to make them. There will be no more sophistry, no more considerations of expediency, no more pleading of the laws of men and the customs of society, no more talk about organic sins being converted into constructive righteousness, or collective and corporate frauds releasing men from individual responsibilities.

When we see a man, a professed Christian, running a race with the worshippers of wealth and fashion, absorbed in the vanities of the world, or endeavoring to serve both God and mammon, we hear the voice, Step to the captain's office and settle! When we see editors and politicians setting power in the place of goodness, and expediency in the place of justice and law in the place of equity, and custom in the place of right, putting darkness for light, and evil

for good, and tyranny for general benevolence, we think of the day when the issuers of such counterfeit money will be brought to light, and their sophistries and lies exposed,—for among the whole tribe of unprincipled politicians there will be great consternation when the call comes to step to the captain's office and settle. When we see unjust rulers in their pride of power fastening chains upon the bondmen, oppressing the poor, and playing their pranks of defiant tyranny before high heaven, then also come these words to mind, like a blast from the last trumpet, Step to the captain's office and settle! G. B. Cheever

CCLXI.

THE MURDER OF THE SOUL.

There are some people whose sympathies have been excited upon the subject of slavery, who, if they can only be satisfied that the slaves have enough to eat, think it is all very well, and that nothing more is to be said or done.

If slaves were merely animals, whose only or chief enjoyment consisted in the gratification of their bodily appetites, there would be some show of sense in this conclusion. But, in fact, however crushed and brutified, they are still men; men whose bosoms beat with the same passions as our own; whose hearts swell with the same aspirations,—the same ardent desire to improve their condition; the same wishes for what they have not; the same indifference towards what they have; the same restless love of social superiority; the same greediness of acquisition; the same desire to know; the same impatience of all external control.

The excitement which the singular case of Caspar Hauser produced a few years since in Germans is not yet forgotten. From the representations of that enigmatical personage, it was believed that those from whose custody he declared himself to have escaped, had endeavored to destroy his intellect, or rather to prevent it from being developed, so as to detain him forever in a state of infantile imbecility. This supposed attempt at what they saw fit to denominate the murder of the soul, gave rise to great discussions among the German jurists; and they soon raised it into a new crime, which they placed at the very head of social enormities.

It is this very crime, the murder of the soul, which is in the course of continuous and perpetual perpetration throughout the southern States of the American Union; and not upon a single individual only, but upon nearly one half of the entire population.

Consider the slaves as men, and the course of treatment which custom and the laws prescribe is an artful, deliberate and well-digested scheme to break their spirit; to deprive them of courage and of manhood; to destroy their natural desire for an equal participation in the benefits of society; to keep them ignorant, and therefore weak; to reduce them, if possible, to a state of idiocy; to crowd them down to a level with the brutes. R. Hildreth.

CCLXII.

JUDICIAL TRIBUNALS.

Let me here say that I hold judges, and especially the Supreme Court of the country, in much respect; but I am too familiar with the history of judicial proceedings to regard them with any

superstitious reverence. Judges are but men, and in all ages have shown a full share of frailty. Alas! alas! the worst crimes of history have been perpetrated under their sanction. The blood of martyrs and of patriots, crying from the ground, summons them to judgment.

It was a Judicial tribunal which condemned Socrates to drink the fatal hemlock, and which pushed the Saviour barefoot over the pavements of Jerusalem, bending beneath his cross. It was a judicial tribunal which, against the testimony and entreaties of her father, surrendered the fair Virginia as a slave; which arrested the teachings of the great apostle to the Gentiles, and sent him in bonds from Judea to Rome; which, in the name of the Old Religion, adjudged the saints and fathers of the Christian Church to death, in all its most dreadful forms; and which afterwards, in the name of the New Religion, enforced the tortures of the Inquisition, amidst the shrieks and agonies of its victims, while it compelled Galileo to declare, in solemn denial of the great truth he had disclosed, that the earth did not move round the sun.

It was a judicial tribunal which, in France, during the long reign of her monarchs, lent itself to be the instrument of every tyranny, as during the brief reign of terror it did not hesitate to stand forth the unpitying accessory of the unpitying guillotine. Ay, sir, it was a judicial tribunal in England, surrounded by all the forms of law, which sanctioned every despotic caprice of Henry the Eighth, from the unjust divorce of his queen, to the beheading of Sir Thomas More; which lighted the fires of persecution that glowed at Oxford and Smithfield, over the cinders of Latimer, Ridley, and John Rogers; which, after elaborate argument, upheld the fatal tyranny of ship-money against the patriotic resistance of Hampden; which, in defiance of justice and humanity, sent Sydney and Russell to the block; which persistently enforced the laws of Conformity that our Puritan Fathers persistently refused to obey; and which afterwards, with Jeffries on the bench, crimsoned the pages of English history with massacre and murder—even with the blood of innocent woman.

Ay, sir, and it was a judicial tribunal in our country, surrounded by all the forms of law, which hung witches at Salem,—which affirmed the constitutionality of the Stamp Act, while it admonished "jurors and the people" to obey,—and which now, in our day has lent its sanction to the unutterable atrocity of the Fugitive Slave Bill. C. Sumner.

CCLXIII.

SLAVERY THE MAINSPRING OF THE REBELLION.

The whole quantity of slave-owners, great and small, according to the recent census, is not more than four hundred thousand; out of whom there are not more than one hundred thousand who are interested to any considerable extent in this peculiar species of property; and yet this petty oligarchy—itself controlled by a squad still more petty—in a population of many millions, has aroused and organized this gigantic rebellion. The future historian will record that the present rebellion—notwithstanding its protracted origin, the multitudes it has enlisted, and its extensive sweep—was at last precipitated by fewer than twenty men; Mr. Everett says, by as few as ten. It is certain that thus far it has been the triumph of a minority; but of a minority moved, inspired, combined, and aggrandized by slavery.

And now this traitorous minority, putting aside all the lurking, slimy devices of conspiracy steps forth in the full panoply of war. Assuming to itself all the functions of a government, it

organizes States under a common head—sends ambassadors into foreign countries—levies taxes—borrows money—issues letters of marque—and sets armies in the field, summoned from distant Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas, as well as from nearer Virginia, and composed of the whole lawless population—the poor who cannot own slaves as well as the rich who own them—throughout the extensive region where, with satanic grasp, this slaveholding minority claims for itself

"—ample room and verge enough The characters of hell to trace."

Pardon the language which I employ. The words of the poet do not picture too strongly the object proposed. And now these parricidal hosts stand arrayed openly against that paternal Government to which they owed loyalty, protection, and affection. Never in history did rebellion assume such a front. Call their numbers four hundred thousand or two hundred thousand—what you will—they far surpass any armed forces ever before marshalled in rebellion; they are among the largest ever marshalled in war. And all this is in the name of slavery, and for the sake of slavery, and at the bidding of slavery. The profligate favorite of the English monarch—the famous Duke of Buckingham—was not more exclusively supreme—even according to those words by which he was exposed to the judgment of his contemporaries:

"Who rules the kingdom? The king.

"Who rules the king? The Duke.

"Who rules the Duke? The Devil."

The prevailing part here attributed to the royal favorite belongs now to slavery, which in the rebel States is a more than royal favorite.

Who rules the rebel States? The President.

Who rules the President? Slavery.

Who rules slavery?—

The latter question I need not answer. But all must see—and nobody can deny—that slavery is the ruling idea of this rebellion. It is slavery which marshals these hosts and breathes into their embattled ranks its own barbarous fire. It is slavery which stamps its character alike upon officers and men. It is slavery which inspires all, from the general to the trumpeter. It is slavery which speaks in the words of command, and which sounds in the morning drum-beat. It is slavery which digs trenches and builds hostile forts. It is slavery which pitches its white tents and stations its sentries over against the national capital. It is slavery which sharpens the bayonet and casts the bullet; which points the cannon and scatters the shell, blazing, bursting with death. Wherever this rebellion shows itself—whatever form it takes—whatever thing it does—whatever it meditates—it is moved by slavery; nay, it is slavery itself, incarnate, living, acting, raging, robbing, murdering, according to the essential law of its being. C Sumner.

CCLXIV.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Mr. President, with unspeakable delight I hail this measure and the prospect of its speedy adoption. It is the first instalment of that great debt which we all owe to an enslaved race, and will be recognized in history as one of the victories of humanity. At home, throughout our own country, it will be welcomed with gratitude, while abroad it will quicken the hopes of all who love freedom. Liberal institutions will gain everywhere by the abolition of slavery at the national Capital. Nobody can read that slaves were once sold in the markets of Rome, beneath the eyes of the sovereign Pontiff without confessing the scandal to religion, even in a barbarous age; and nobody can hear that slaves are now sold in the markets of Washington, beneath the eyes of the President, without confessing the scandal to liberal institutions. For the sake of our good name, if not for the sake of justice, let the scandal disappear.

Slavery, beginning in violence, can have no legal or constitutional existence, unless through positive words expressly authorizing it. As no such positive words can be found in the Constitution, all legislation by Congress supporting slavery must be unconstitutional and void, while it is made still further impossible by positive words of prohibition guarding the liberty of every person within the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress. But the question is asked, Shall we vote money for this purpose? I cannot hesitate; and I place it at once under the sanction of that commanding charity proclaimed by prophets and enjoined by apostles, which all history recognizes and which the Constitution cannot impair. From time immemorial every government has undertaken to ransom its subjects from captivity,—and sometimes a whole people has felt its resources well bestowed in the ransom of its prince. Religion and humanity have both concurred in this duty, as more than usually sacred. "The ransom of captives is a great and excelling office of justice," exclaims one of the early fathers. The power thus commended has been exercised by the United States under important circumstances with the coöperation of the best names of our history, so as to be without question.

If slavery be unconstitutional in the national Capital, and if it be a Christian duty, sustained by constitutional examples, to ransom slaves, then your swift desires cannot hesitate to adopt the present bill, and it becomes needless to enter upon other questions, important perhaps, but irrelevant. C. Sumner.

CCLXV.

THE SAME CONCLUDED.

Of course, I scorn to argue the obvious truth that the slaves here are as much entitled to freedom as the white slaves that enlisted the early energies of our Government. They are men by the grace of God, and this is enough. There is no principle of the Constitution, and no rule of justice, which is not as strong for the one as for the other. In consenting to the ransom proposed, you will recognize their manhood, and, if authority be needed, you will find it in the example of Washington, who did not hesitate to employ a golden key to open the house of bondage.

Let this bill pass, and the first practical triumph of freedom for which good men have longed, dying without the sight—for which a whole generation has petitioned, and for which orators and statesmen have pleaded—will at last be accomplished. Slavery will be banished from the national Capital. This metropolis, which bears a venerated name, will be purified; its

evil spirit will be cast out; its shame will be removed; its society will be refined; its courts will be made better; its revolting ordinances will be swept away; and even its loyalty will be secured. If not moved by justice to the slave, then be willing to act for your own good and in self-defence. If you hesitate to pass this bill for the blacks, then pass it for the whites. Nothing is clearer than that the degradation of slavery affects the master as much as the slave; while recent events testify that wherever slavery exists, there treason lurks, if it does not flaunt. From the beginning of this rebellion, slavery has been constantly manifest in the conduct of the masters, and even here in the national Capital, it has been the traitorous power which has encouraged and strengthened the enemy. This power must be suppressed at every cost, and if its suppression here endangers slavery elsewhere, there will be a new motive for determined action.

Amidst all present solicitudes the future cannot be doubtful. At the national Capital slavery will give way to freedom; but the good work will not stop here. It must proceed. What God and nature decree rebellion cannot arrest. And as the whole wide-spreading tyranny begins to tumble, then, above the din of battle, sounding from the sea and echoing along the land, above even the exaltations of victory on well-fought fields, will ascend voices of gladness and benediction, swelling from generous hearts wherever civilization bears sway, to commemorate a sacred triumph whose trophies, instead of tattered banners, will be ransomed slaves. C. Sumner.

CXLVI.

EXTRACT FROM FAREWELL ADDRESS AT NEW ORLEANS.

I shall speak in no bitterness, because I am not conscious of a single personal animosity. Commanding the Army of the Gulf, I found you captured, but not surrendered; conquered, but not orderly; relieved from the presence of an army, but incapable of taking care of yourselves. I restored order, punished crime, opened commerce, brought provisions to your starving people, reformed your currency, and gave you quiet protection, such as you had not enjoyed for many years. The enemies of my country unrepentant and implacable, I have treated with merited severity. I hold that rebellion is treason, and that treason persisted in is death, and any punishment short of that due a traitor gives so much clear gain to him from the clemency of the government. Upon this thesis have I administered the authority of the United States, because of which I am not unconscious of complaint. I do not feel that I have erred in too much harshness, for that harshness has ever been exhibited to disloyal enemies to my country, and not to my loyal friends. To be sure, I might have regaled you with the amenities of British civilization, and yet been within the supposed rules of civilized warfare. You might have been smoked to death in caverns, as were the Covenanters of Scotland, by the command of a general of the royal house of England; or roasted, like the inhabitants of Algiers during the French campaign; your wives and daughters might have been given over to the ravisher, as were the unfortunate dames of Spain in the Peninsular war; or you might have been scalped and tomahawked, as our mothers were at Wyoming by the savage allies of Great Britain, in our own Revolution; your property could have been turned over to indiscriminate "loot," like the palace of the Emperor of China; works of art which adorned your buildings might have been sent away, like to paintings of the Vatican; your sons might have been blown from the mouths of cannon, like the Sepoys at Delhi; and yet all this would have been within the rules of civilized warfare as

practised by the most polished and the most hypocritical nations of Europe. For such acts the records of the doings of some of the inhabitants of your city toward the friends of the Union, before my coming, were a sufficient provocative and justification. But I have not so conducted. On the contrary, the worst punishment inflicted, except for criminal acts punishable by every law, has been banishment with labor to a barren island, where I encamped my own soldiers before marching here.

It is true I have levied upon the wealthy rebels, and paid out nearly half a million of dollars to feed forty thousand of the starving poor of all nations assembled here, made so by this war. I saw that this rebellion was a war of the aristocrats against the middling men—of the rich against the poor; a war of the landowner against the laborer; that it was a struggle for the retention of power in the hands of the few against the many; and I found no conclusion to it, save in the subjugation of the few and the disenthralment of the many. I, therefore, felt no hesitation in taking the substance of the wealthy, who had caused the war, to feed the innocent poor, who had suffered by the war. And I shall now leave you with the proud consciousness that I carry with me the blessings of the humble and loyal, under the roof of the cottage and in the cabin of the slave! and so am quite content to incur the sneers of the salon, or the curses of the rich. B. F. Butler.

CCLXVII.

CONCLUSION OF FAREWELL ADDRESS AT NEW ORLEANS.

I found you trembling at the terrors of servile insurrection All danger of this I have prevented by so treating the slave that he had no cause to rebel. I found the dungeon, the chain, and the lash your only means of enforcing obedience in your servants. I leave them peaceful, laborious, controlled by the laws of kindness and justice. I have demonstrated that the pestilence can be kept from your borders. I have added a million of dollars to your wealth in the form of new land from the batture of the Mississippi. I have cleansed and improved your streets, canals, and public squares, and opened new avenues to unoccupied land. I have given you freedom of elections greater than you have ever enjoyed before. I have caused justice to be administered so impartially that your own advocates have unanimously complimented the judges of my appointment. You have seen, therefore, the benefit of the laws and justice of the government against which you have rebelled. Why, then, will you not all return to your allegiance to that government,—not with lip-service, but with the heart.

I conjure you, if you desire ever to see renewed prosperity, giving business to your streets and wharves—if you hope to see your city become again the mart of the Western world, fed by its rivers for more than three thousand miles, draining the commerce of a country greater than the mind of man hath ever conceived—return to your allegiance. If you desire to leave to your children the inheritance you received from your fathers—a stable constitutional government; if you desire that they should in the future be a portion of the greatest empire the sun ever shone upon—return to your allegiance.

There is but one thing that stands in the way. There is but one thing that at this hour stands between you and the Government—and that is slavery. The institution, cursed of God, which has taken its last refuge here, in His providence will be rooted out as the tares from the wheat,

although the wheat be torn up with it. I have given much thought to the subject. I came among you, by teachings, by habit of mind, by political position, by social affinity, inclined to sustain your domestic laws, if by possibility they might be with safety to the Union. Months of experience and observation have forced the conviction that the existence of slavery is incompatible with the safety either of yourselves or of the Union. As the system has gradually grown to its present huge dimensions, it were best if it could gradually be removed; but it is better, far better, that it should be taken out at once, than that it should longer vitiate the social, political, and family relations of your country. I am speaking with no philanthropic views as regards the slave, but simply of the effect of slavery on the master.

See for yourselves. Look around you and say whether this saddening, deadening influence has not all but destroyed the very framework of your society. I am speaking the farewell words of one who has shown his devotion to his country at the peril of his life and his fortune, who, in these words, can have neither hope nor interest, save the good of those he addresses; and let me here repeat, with all the solemnity of an appeal to Heaven to bear me witness, that such are the views forced upon me by experience. Come, then, to the unconditional support of the Government. Take into your own hands your own institutions; remodel them according to the laws of nations and of God, and thus attain that great prosperity assured to you by geographical position, only a portion of which was heretofore yours. B. F. Butler.

CCLXVIII.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE UNION.

I am not for the Union as it was. I have the honor to say, as a Democrat, and as an Andrew Jackson Democrat, I am not for the Union as it was, because I saw, or thought I saw, the troubles in the future which have burst upon us; but having undergone those troubles, having spent all this blood and this treasure, I do not mean to go back again and be cheek by jole, as I was before, with South Carolina, if I can help it. Mark me now; let no man misunderstand me; and I repeat, lest I may be misunderstood (for there are none so difficult to understand as those who do not wish to)—mark me again,—I say, I do not mean to give up a single inch of the soil of South Carolina If I had been living at that time, and had the position, the will, and the ability, I would have dealt with South Carolina as Jackson did, and kept her in the Union at all hazards; but now that she has gone out, I would take care that when she comes in again she should come in better behaved; that she should no longer be the firebrand of the Union, ay, that she should enjoy what her people never yet enjoyed, the blessings of a republican form of government. And, therefore, in that view I am not for the reconstruction of the Union as it was. I have spent treasure and blood enough upon it, in conjunction with my fellow-citizens, to make it a little better, and I think we can have a better Union. It was good enough if it had been let alone. The old house was good enough for me, but the South pulled it down, and I propose, when we build it up, to build it up with all the modern improvements.

And one of the logical sequences, it seems to me, that follow inexorably and inevitably, from the proposition that we are dealing with alien enemies, is the question, what is our duty in regard to the confiscation of their property? And that would seem to me to be very easy of settlement under the Constitution, and without any discussion, if my proposition is right. Has it not been held from the beginning of the world down to this day, from the time the Israelites

took possession of the land of Canaan, which they got from alien enemies, has it not been held that the whole of the property of those alien enemies belongs to the conqueror, and that it has been at his mercy and his clemency what should be done with it? And for one, I would take it and give it to the loyal man—loyal from the heart,—at the South, enough at least to make him as well as he was before; and I would take the rest of it and distribute it among the volunteer soldiers who have gone forth in the service of their country; and so far as I know them, if we should settle South Carolina with them, in the course of a few years, I should be quite willing to receive her back into the Union. B. F. Butler.

CCLXIX.

SPEECH AT THE UNION SQUARE MEETING IN NEW YORK.

But we are called upon to act. There is no time for hesitation or indecision—no time for haste and excitement. It is a time when the people should rise in the majesty of their might, stretch forth their strong arm, and silence the angry waves of tumult. It is time the people should command peace. It is a question between union and anarchy—between law and disorder. All politics for the time being are and should be committed to the oblivion of the grave. The question should be, "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country." We should go forward in a manner becoming a great people, But six months ago, the material prosperity of our country was at its greatest height. To-day, by the fiat of madness, we are plunged in distress and threatened with political ruin, anarchy, and annihilation. It becomes us to stay the hands of this spirit of disunion. The voice of the Empire State can be potent in this unnatural strife. She has mighty power for union. She has great wealth and influence, and she must bring forward that wealth and exert that influence. She has numerous men, and she must send them to the field, and in the plenitude of her power command the public peace. This is a great commercial city—one of the modern wonders of the earth. With all the great elements that surround her, with her commercial renown, with her architectural magnificence, and with her enterprise and energy, she is capable of exercising a mighty power for good in silencing the angry waves of agitation.

While I would prosecute this war in a manner becoming a civilized and a Christian people, I would do so in no vindictive spirit. I would do it as Brutus set the signet to the death-warrant of his son—"Justice is satisfied, and Rome is free." I love my country; I love this Union. It was the first vision of my early years; it is the last ambition of my public life. Upon its altar I have surrendered my choicest hopes. I had fondly hoped that in approaching age it was to beguile my solitary hours, and I will stand by it as long as there is a Union to stand by and when the ship of the Union shall crack and groan, when the skies lower and threaten, when the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, the storms beat, and the waves run mountain-high, if the ship of State goes down, and the Union perishes, I would rather perish with it than survive its destruction. Let us, my friends, stay up the hands of Union men in other sections of the country. How much have they sacrificed of advantage of national wealth, of political promotion! Let us aid them and cheer them on. Let us, my fellow-citizens, rally round the flag of our country, the flag of our fathers, the glorious flag known and honored throughout the earth, and now rendered more illustrious by the gallant Anderson. In the spirit of peace and forbearance he waved it over Fort Sumter. The pretended authorities of South Carolina and the other Southern States attacked him because they seemed to consider him a kind of minister

plenipotentiary. Let us maintain our flag in the same noble spirit that animated him, and never desert it while one star is left. If I could see my bleeding, torn, maddened, and distracted country once more restored to quiet and lasting peace under those glorious stars and stripes, I should almost be ready to take the oath of the infatuated leader in Israel—Jephthah and swear to sacrifice the first living thing that I should meet on my return from victory. D. S. Dickinson.

CCLXX.

THE PERPETUITY OF THE UNION.

Give up the Union? Never! The Union shall endure, and its praises shall be heard when its friends and its foes, those who support, and those who assail, those who bare their bosoms in its defence, and those who aim their daggers at its heart, shall all sleep in the dust together. Its name shall be heard with veneration amid the roar of the Pacific's waves, away upon the river of the North and East where liberty is divided from monarchy, and be wafted in gentle breezes upon the Rio Grande. It shall rustle in the harvest and wave in the standing corn, on the extended prairies of the West, and be heard in the bleating folds find lowing herds upon a thousand hills. It shall be with those who delve in mines, and shall hum in the manufactories of New England, and in the cotton-gins of the South. It shall be proclaimed by the Stars and Stripes in every sea of earth, as the American Union, one and indivisible; upon the great thoroughfares, wherever steam drives, and engines throb and shriek, its greatness and perpetuity shall be hailed with gladness. It shall be lisped in the earliest words, and ring in the merry voices of childhood, and swell to Heaven upon the song of maidens. It shall live in the stern resolve of manhood, and rise to the mercy-seat upon woman's gentle availing prayer. Holy men shall invoke its perpetuity at the altars of religion, and it shall be whispered in the last accents of expiring age. Thus shall survive and be perpetuated the American Union; and when it shall be proclaimed that time shall be no more, and the curtain shall fall, and the good shall be gathered to a more perfect union, still may the destiny of our dear land recognize the conception, that

"Perfumes as of Eden flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The Queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

D. S. Dickinson.

CCLXXI.

OUR REFORMERS.

What to-day is the position of the men who, for the past thirty years, have worked to bring our practice into conformity with the principles of the Government, and who, in the struggle against established and powerful interests, have accepted political disability and humiliated lives? Have any of these been put in governing places where their proved fidelity would guarantee the direct execution of what is to-day the nearly unanimous will of the people? Certainly not yet. So far, the virtue of the reformers is its own reward. While they are yet living, their mantles have fallen upon the shoulders of others to whom you have given high

position, but they are still laboring in narrow paths—broadening, to be sure, and brightening—for the rough ground is passed, and their sun of victory is already rising. We give deep sympathy and honor to the men who, in the interests of civilization, separated themselves from mankind to penetrate the chill solitudes of the Arctic regions. Their names remain an added constellation in polar skies. But, we know that bitter skies and winter winds are not so unkind as man's ingratitude. And why, then, do we withhold sympathy and honor from these men who have so unflinchingly trod their isolated paths of self-appointed duty, accepting political and social excommunication—these heroes of the moral solitudes? But even as it is, our reformers have a better lot than history usually records for such; they have the satisfaction not only to see but to enter, with the people whom they led, into the promised land. And perhaps they are well satisfied to repose, and to rest upon their finished work, feeling surely that they have been faithful servants and that their country will yet say to them, "Well done!"

Sometimes, in unfamiliar countries, the traveller finds himself shrouded in fog and the way so hidden, the features of the country so singularly cleansed from the reality, that he cannot safely move. But if some friendly mountain side lets him ascend a few hundred feet above, he finds himself suddenly in a clear atmosphere with a blue sky and a shining sun. Below him the smaller objects that misled and bewildered him lie hidden; before him stand out, salient and clear, the leading ridges and great outlines of the country which point out to him the right way, and show him where he may reach a place of security and repose for the night, and he goes on his journey confidently. And so it is with those men who devote their lives, unflinchingly and singly, to the public good to the maintenance of principles and the advocacy of great reforms. They live in a pure atmosphere. And such ought also to be the character of the men whom we elevate to our high places. Raised into that upper air, and charged with the general safety, they are expected to be impersonal; they are expected to see over and beyond the personal ambitions and individual interests which of necessity influence men acting individually; their horizon is universal, and they see broadly defined the great principles which lead a nation continuously on to a settled prosperity and a sure glory. And as a condition of our material safety we should see to it that only such men are put in such places. Men capable of receiving a conviction and realizing a necessity—men able to comprehend the spirit of the age and the country in which we live, and fearless in working up to it. J. C. Fremont.

CCLXXII.

PUBLIC RUMOR.

The counsel for the prosecution has said that if the Reverend defendant has not been duly charged with heretical teachings by actual evidence, he has been so charged by public rumor; and he gravely contends that a clergyman charged by public rumor may be required to exculpate himself before an ecclesiastical council. There is a passion known among men as the most eager, implacable, remorseless of passions, a moral curiosity, named by psychologists the *odium theologicum*. It thrives on the slightest possible food. It lives on air. Public rumor is substantial enough for its richest diet. Public Rumor! I was educated to despise it. An established public opinion, we must treat with due respect, but disparaging rumor, however public, I should be ashamed to own as a motive for one action of my life. When the counsel for the prosecution passed his eulogy on the memory of Dr. Croswell, I could not but think what a rebuke his whole life was to public rumor. If ever man was the destined victim of public rumor,

that man was William Croswell. Not left to its low haunts, but elevated by Episcopal sanction, promulgated by Episcopal proclamation, it charged him with teaching doctrines and observances "degrading to the character of the Church and perilling the souls of the people." But in patience and confidence he lived it all down. He went forward in the discharge of his noble duties, in daily prayers, daily public service, daily ministrations to the poor, sick and afflicted, not without much suffering from the relentless attacks of party spirit,—sufferings which shortened his days on earth,—and the daily beauty of his life made ugly the countenance of detraction and defamation. Public confidence, a plant of slow growth, grew about him. Public justice was rendered to him without a movement of his own. He fell, at his post, with all his armor on. At the time of the evening sacrifice, the angel touched him and he was called away. He fell, with his face to the altar, with the words of benediction on his lips, surrounded by a devoted congregation, mourned by an entire community. All men rose up and called him blessed. From the distinguished Rector of St. Paul's, exclaiming, in the words of the prophet, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" to the humble orphan child in the obscure alley, who missed his daily returning visit,—all, all, with one accord, sent up their voices as incense to Heaven.

I had the privilege to be one of the number who received him on his entrance into this city, to take charge of his newly formed parish. I am proud and grateful to remember that I was one of those on whom, in his long struggle, in a measure, according to my ability, he leaned for support. And after seven years, I believe seven years to the very day that we received him, I had the melancholy privilege, with that same company, of bearing his body up that aisle which he had so often ascended in his native dignity and in the beauty of holiness.

I should be an unworthy parishioner, pupil, I may say friend of his, if I allowed myself to defer for a moment to public rumor on a question of character or principle. I should be forgetful of his example if I permitted any one to do so who looked to me for counsel or direction. No, gentlemen, let us all, laymen or clergymen, call to mind his life and his death, and let public rumor blow past us as the idle wind. R. H. Dana, Jr.

CCLXXIII.

THE POLITICAL ENFRANCHISEMENT OF THE NORTH.

Mr. Chairman; Will the people of the Free States unite in one earnest effort to recover their personal and political equality, and to retrieve the honor of the country? It must be done! But, let us not deceive ourselves. The task is no easy one. Oligarchies have ruled the world. Our national government has always been qualified by the element of a slaveholding aristocracy. This aristocracy is powerful,—powerful in its unity of interest, the common slave property, with its values and its perils. It is powerful in its character as a caste. Unlike all other modern aristocracies it is a caste, and the most formidable, exclusive and ineradicable of all castes—a caste founded on race and color. It is powerful in the ordinary elements of power which oligarchies possess. The slaveholding education gives elements of control, the bearing and habit of command, and the assertion of superiority. This exercises its influence over weak minds. People doubtful of their own gentility bow to the established aristocracy of slavery. The thing that hath been is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun.

What forces are we to bring into the field against them?—the divided, heterogeneous masses of a free and equal people. The vast class of the timid, mercenary and time-serving belong to the strongest. Slavery has had them. We shall never have them until we show ourselves the strongest. Will the trading and moneyed interests, so powerful in the Northern cities, do their duty? Is there force enough, virtue enough, in our thirteen millions to assert their political equality, to achieve their own enfranchisement, to make freedom national and slavery sectional; to secure the future to freedom? The few next years will answer this question. You appeal to the spirit of 1776. Remember that the Dutch revolution was as glorious as our own. Holland began in civil and religious liberty, with heroism, freedom, industry and prosperity. In time the Dutch learned to make material interests their ruling motive. They ceased to live for ideas, and where are they now? Prosperous, educated, industrious and—despised! The high tone, the glory is gone!

But is such to be the fate of Massachusetts,—of New England? Massachusetts, in times past, has lived and suffered for ideas, for principles, for abstractions. Powerful influences have been exerted, from the highest quarters, to bring her into subjection to material interests and unheroic maxims, to sap the chivalry and enthusiasm of her youth. But it is not too late, Let her slough this all off in her hour of trial! Let her cast off her disguises and her rags together, and stand forth in the garb and attitude of a hero! This work must be done. If the men of scholarship and accomplishments and wealth who have heretofore enjoyed prominence, do not feel themselves up to the work, the people will call the cobbler from his stall, the factory-boy from his loom, the yeoman from his plough, but the work shall be done. Fishermen and tent-makers renovated the world. The Roman centurion was sent to a fisherman who lodged at the house of a tanner by the seaside, to hear what, should be done for mankind.

Why do we hesitate? What provocation more do we propose to wait for? They have added Slave States by a coup d'état: shall we wait until they have added Cuba and Mexico? They are forcing slavery upon the Territories: must we wait until they have succeeded? They have violated one solemn compact: how many more must they break before we assert our right? They have struck down a Senator in his place. They are already designating the next victim: must we wait until he has fallen? The Senator from Georgia spoke truth when he said the deed was done in the right time and right manner. There needed an act as bad as it could be made to rouse the spirit of the North. Let the priest be slain at the altar-stone. Let these Herods mingle blood with their sacrifices. It is needed. We have been so long sentient that the spirit of freedom must be roused by violence. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer! By the duty we owe to justice and liberty throughout the world, by the natural pride of men, by the cultivated honor of gentlemen, it is not fit that we bear the shame longer!
R. H. Dana, Jr.

CCLXXIV.

THE EDUCATION OF THE WAR.

Over and above the ordinary and universal means of intellectual development, the Divine Providence, now and then, prepares extraordinary means to the same end, in those social convulsions and calamities that shake whole nations with the mighty upheavals of thought and passion. A war of secession and disintegration is upon us. The nation's integrity and its very

life are at stake. It is an epoch that the most sluggish minds cannot sleep through. They who never thought before must think now. They who never felt before must feel now. The intellect of the nation is aroused in the presence of this immense issue. It is an educational epoch. Its perils, trials, sacrifices, are the school-discipline of God. The mind of the people grows up whole cubits of stature in a short time. The heart of the people is moved to its deepest depths,—of all classes, but most of the most numerous and the governing class, the agricultural. And the heart is always the head's best ally. Deep feeling begets strong thinking. Sentiments of patriotism and loyalty, newborn and fervid, awaken and reinforce the intellect, raise up character, enlarge the whole man. And this reviving and reinvigorating influence will not pass away with the trials that produced it. When God educates it is not for a day, but for generations. When He quickens a new life in the soul of a people, it is a life that lasts. When He touches the human harp with His own mighty, but tender hand, the sound remains in the strings for an age, and for ages.

Long after this war shall have closed, and its distresses passed away, its moral and intellectual compensations will remain. Every village will have its war-worn veterans to tell the story of Antietam, and Gettysburg, and Port Hudson, and many another field of daring achievement. Almost every farm-house in the land will have its sacred and inspiring memories of a father, son, or brother, who fought for his country, whom they, and their posterity after them, must henceforth love and take thought for as their very mother.

And every village graveyard will have its green mounds, that shall need no storied monuments to clothe them with a peculiar consecration,—graves that hold the dust of heroes,—graves that all men approach with reverent steps,—graves out of whose solemn silence shall whisper inspiring voices, telling the young from generation to generation, how great is their country's worth and cost, and how beautiful and noble it was to die for it. G. Putnam.

CCLXXV.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY FEBRUARY 22, 1864.

Meanwhile, the military signs of the hour are auspicious. Already we seem to see the dawn breaking in the horizon. In these latter months, we have heard it from all loyal tongues, and seen it in all loyal faces—the confident hope that the day of triumph and peace is ready to break and shine on into noonday fulness.

The nation's banner, torn and soiled in battle, but with every star and stripe kept whole and radiant in its fair expanse, shall be brought back to the Capitol; and it may well be that he, the illustrious civic leader, who first flung it to the breeze in the nation's necessity, should be the man whose hands shall be privileged to furl it again in Peace,—he, who sits worthily in the chair that once held Washington; he, so honest and pure in his great function, so wise and prudent, so faithful and firm;—God bless and preserve Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States!

Therefore, if it be in our hearts this day, bending at the shrine of Washington, to renew our vow to preserve the country which he gave us for a sacred inheritance, we can do it with good hope. And verily we must vow, and keep the vow, cost what it may of time or wealth, or blood,—for his sake, and our own, and our children's, and humanity's sake, we must.

It is true, there is no perpetuity for national existence, or for individual influence or renown. Earthly empires must decay at last, and with them the vital presence, the living influence of their founders and fathers.

This magnificent polity—his, ours—must, doubtless, one day, share the common fate, and where it goes down, the star of Washington must set with it, and his name pass, an unheeded word, into the dead annals of the obsolete ages. But O! not yet—say it, Americans!—not now!

The laurel chaplet must not be torn from his brow while it is still so fresh and green, and not yet fully wreathed. His statues must not be pushed from their pedestals to be crumbled into common earth, until the centuries have had time to hallow them with their venerable stains.

This fair palace of national freedom, of which he was the master-builder, must not crumble into ruin, till it shall have given a shelter and a home, security, glory, and peace, to the children's children, and the remote posterity of those for whom he reared it with the loving ardor of his great soul and the strength of his mighty arm.

It must not, need not, shall not be. To think of it for a moment is base recreancy and intolerable shame. Forbid it, thou God of nations, and our fathers God! Forbid it, ye, my countrymen, as ye have the power—ay, ten times the power that is requisite. Only rise up again, and yet again, in your strength, and by all that is dear and sacred in the name and fame of your country's Father, swear that it shall not be, and then it cannot be. Give anew your heart and soul and faith, unswerving fidelity, whole-hearted loyalty—your voice, your strength, your wealth all that you are or possess, to this great cause, give these unitedly, fervently, with one shout, one blow, and in perfect accord, and then it will not be. Then the mad enterprise of rebellion is crushed, and the fiend goes howling back, baffled, to his place. Then your birthright is rescued from the destroyer, And when this anniversary shall return, next year, or the next, yonder marble form in our Capitol shall exchange the look of majestic sorrow which seems to have gathered over it, for a smile of grateful joy; and those lips of stone shall move and grow fervid with words of exultant and benedictory congratulation.

Forth, then, friends and compatriots, to the work that shall save the storm-tossed ark of our liberties and our hopes. G. Putnam.

CCLXXVI.

OUR HEROIC DEAD.

There is a history in almost every home of Massachusetts, which will never be written; but the memory of kindred has it embalmed forever. The representatives of the pride and hope of uncounted households, departing, will return no more. The shaft of the archer, attracted by the shining mark, numbers them among his fallen. In the battles of Big Bethel, of Bull Run, of Ball's Bluff, of Roanoke Island, of Newbern, of Winchester, of Yorktown, of Williamsburg, of West Point, of Fair Oaks, the battles before Richmond from Mechanicsville to Malvern Hill, of James Island, of Baton Rouge, of Cedar Mountain, of Bull Run again, of Chantilly of Washington in North Carolina, of South Mountain, of Antietam, of Fredericksburg, of Goldsborough,—through all the capricious fortunes of the war, the regiments of Massachusetts have borne her flag by the side of the banner of the Union. And, beyond the Atlantic slope,

every battle-field has drunk the blood of her sons, nurtured among her hills and sands, from which in adventurous manhood they turned their footsteps to the West. Officers and enlisted men have vied with each other in deeds of valor. This flag, whose standard-bearer, shot down in battle, tossed it from his dying hand nerved by undying patriotism, has been caught by the comrade, who in his turn has closed his eyes for the last time upon its starry folds as another hero-martyr clasped the splintered staff and rescued the symbol at once of country and of their blood-bought fame.

How can fleeting words of human praise gild the record of their glory? Our eyes suffused with tears, and blood retreating to the heart, stirred with unwonted thrill, speak with the eloquence of nature, uttered but unexpressed. From the din of the battle, they have passed to the peace of eternity. Farewell! warrior, citizen, patriot, lover, friend,—whether in the humbler ranks or bearing the sword of official power, whether private, captain, surgeon, or chaplain, for all these in the heady fight have passed away,—Hail! and Farewell! Each hero must sleep serenely on the field where he fell in a cause "sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind."

"Worn by no wasting, lingering pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way."

J. A. Andrew.

CCLXXVII.

HONOR TO OUR HEROES.

The heart swells with unwonted emotion when we remember our sons and brothers, whose constant valor has sustained on the field, during nearly three years of war, the cause of our country, of civilization, and liberty. Our volunteers have represented Massachusetts, during the year just ended, on almost every field and in every department of the army where our flag has been unfurled. At Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Fort Wagner, at Chickamauga, Knoxville, and Chattanooga,—under Hooker, and Meade, and Banks, and Gillmore, and Rosecrans, Burnside, and Grant; in every scene of danger and of duty, along the Atlantic and the Gulf, on the Tennessee, the Cumberland, the Mississippi and the Rio Grande,—under Dupont and Dahlgren, and Foote, and Farragut and Porter,—the sons of Massachusetts have borne their part, and paid the debt of patriotism and valor. Ubiquitous as the stock they descend from, national in their opinions and universal in their sympathies, they have fought shoulder to shoulder with men of all sections and of every extraction. On the ocean, on the rivers, on the land, on the heights where they thundered down from the clouds of Lookout Mountain the defiance of the skies, they have graven with their swords a record imperishable,

The Muse herself demands the lapse of silent years to soften, by the influences of Time, her too keen and poignant realization of the scenes of War—the pathos, the heroism, the fierce joy, the grief of battle. But, during the ages to come, she will brood over their memory. Into the hearts of her consecrated priests will breathe the inspirations of lofty and undying Beauty, Sublimity and Truth, in all the glowing forms of speech, of literature and plastic art. By the

homely traditions of the fireside—by the head-stones in the church-yard consecrated to those whose farms repose far off in rude graves by the Rappahannock, or sleep beneath the sea,—embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations of parents and children, the heroic dead will live on in immortal youth. By their names, their character, their service, their fate, their glory, they cannot fail:—

"They never fail who die
 In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;
 Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs
 Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
 But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
 Elapse and others share as dark a doom,
 They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
 Which overpower all others, and conduct
 The world at last to Freedom."

The edict of Nantes maintaining the religious liberty of the Huguenots gave lustre to the fame of Henry the Great, whose name will gild the pages of philosophic history after mankind may have forgotten the martial prowess and the white plume of Navarre. The Great Proclamation of Liberty will lift the Ruler who uttered it, our Nation and our Age, above all vulgar destiny.

The bell which rang out the Declaration of independence, has found at last a voice articulate, to "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the Land unto all the Inhabitants thereof." It has been heard across oceans, and has modified the sentiments of cabinets and kings. The people of the Old World have heard it, and their hearts stop to catch the last whisper of its echoes. The poor slave has heard it, and with bounding joy, tempered by the mystery of religion, he worships and adores. The waiting Continent has heard it, and already foresees the fulfilled prophecy, when she will sit "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible Genius of Universal Emancipation." J. A. Andrew.

CCLXXVIII.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CONTEST.

I hold this armed contest to be a great historical movement, and to have high moral interest and significance because it is to determine the character of the institutions under which we, and those who come after us, are to live. You are not merely sustaining the administration of President Lincoln against unlawful combinations, but you are fighting on the side of law, order, government, civilization and progress. The result of this war is to settle the question whether they who are hereafter to inhabit this magnificent country are or are not to have that primal blessing of a good government, without which the most abundant material resources are as valueless as scientific books or philosophical installments would be among the most barbarous tribes of Africa or Australia. Surely there cannot be imagined a war more worthy of calling forth all the energies of a great people than this.

And if I am asked to define my meaning more distinctly and precisely, I say that the questions now submitted to the stern arbitrament of war are substantially these: Is the

Constitution of the United States a compact or a law? Is this Union a Commonwealth, a State, or is it merely a confederacy or a copartnership? Is there a right of secession in the separate States, singly or collectively, other than the right of revolution? These are momentous questions, and if they can be settled in no other way than by a war, then such a war is worth the price it costs, great as that is. For if the right of secession be fairly and logically deducible from the Constitution—if any State, upon its own mere motion, with cause or without cause, can withdraw from the Union as a partner may dissolve a copartnership—then the Constitution itself is a stupendous failure, the men who made it were bungling journeymen and not master-mechanics, and to institutions of our country, so far from deserving our gratitude and admiration, are worthy only of our contempt. The hour has come, and the men have come, to settle these issues, fraught with such vital consequences to unborn millions. The dusky clouds, surcharged with electric fires, that stand front to front in mid air and darken the heavens with their power, have been long in gathering; let the storm continue till the air is cleared—and no longer.

I want to have it now determined that for all future time any State, or any cluster of States, that may attempt to coerce or bully a legal and constitutional majority by the threat of secession, shall be met with the answer: "You don't go out of this Union unless you are strong enough to fight your way out." I want to have the armed heel of the country crush the serpent head of secession, now and forever, so that it shall never again glare with its baleful eyes, or brandish its venomous tongue. Let not the fate and fortunes of this glorious country be committed to the keeping of a clumsy, misshapen raft, compacted of twenty-four or thirty-four logs, good enough to float down a river, but sure to go to pieces when it gets into deep water; Let let them be embarked on board a goodly ship, well found, well fastened, well manned—in which every timber and plank has been so fashioned as to contribute to the beauty and strength of the whole fabric, with a good seaman at the helm, the Constitution in the binnacle, and the stars and stripes at the masthead. When the time of my departure shall come, let me feel, let me know, that I leave those whom I love under the protection of a government good enough to secure the affection of its subjects, and strong enough to enforce their obedience. Remember that if a strong government be sometimes bad, a weak government is never good. G. S. Hillard.

CCLXXIX.

THE MILITARY CAPACITY OF THE PEOPLE.

We have cause for gratitude in the military capacity which our people have developed. We had no great standing armies. We had but a single thoroughly furnished military school. There was no military profession proper, inviting young men on the threshold of life to choose the trade of arms. A soldier's garb was a rare spectacle, and every child ran to the window to gaze at the passing glitter. Whence should come our fighting men if the bugle should blow? You must have men before you have soldiers. Our institutions raised men. Proverbially the Yankee can turn his hand to anything. He likes to do well what he undertakes. He has a pride in showing himself equal to his position. Above all, he has force of personal character. When a Northern regiment makes a charge, it is not merely the weight of so much physical humanity; there goes weight of character with it. Why, there is an accomplished schoolmaster there, and the best blacksmith of the village, and a solid merchant, and a dexterous lawyer, and the handiest coachman of the stable, and a well known stage-driver on a prominent public route,

and a butcher with an unerring cleaver, and a jolly tar whose vessel never missed stays with his hand at the wheel; do you suppose that these men are going to charge like so many nameless Hessians? Why, it is a personal matter with every one of them. They go in under orders, to be sure, but they have not lost the sense of individual responsibility. The thing is to be well done because they are there. I know it, my friends, the personal character of our recruits lends weight and irresistibleness to them as soldiers.

There have been no braver men, no stouter soldiers, in all war's red annals, than these armed clerks, farmers, college boys, and their comrades of every peaceful calling. Each community keeps the name of some young hero, nobler than Spartan mothers ever welcomed on his shield. Redder blood never stained the earth, than those full libations our new mustered ranks have poured out for union, law, and liberty. There has been no fighting in the bloody past of human story, where muzzle to muzzle and steel to steel, bold hearts have more truly played the man, than in those battles of two years past in which our citizen armies have saved our nationality. Never have the hardships of the camp, the march, the field, and the trenches, and the merciless privations of imprisonment been more heroically endured. It was not needed—and our President said it well—to consecrate the sacred acres of Gettysburg; that was already done by the deep baptism that had laved those hills, and not that field only, but all the sands and sods and waves our boys' brave blood have crimsoned. No land beneath the blue heavens was ever kept by stouter living bulwarks; no mourners ever had a nobler heritage than those that mourn our soldier-dead. A. L. Stone.

CCLXXX.

LIMIT TO HUMAN DOMINION.

God has given the land to man, but the sea He has reserved to Himself. "The sea is His, and He made it." He has given man "no inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on." If he enters its domain, he enters it as a pilgrim and a stranger. He may pass over it, but he can have no abiding place upon it. He cannot build his house, nor so much as pitch his tent within it. He cannot mark it with his lines, nor subdue it to his uses, nor rear his monuments upon it. It steadfastly refuses to own him as its lord and master. Its depths do not tremble at his coming. Its waters do not flee when he appeareth. All the strength of all his generations is to it as a feather before the whirlwind; and all the noise of his commerce, and all the thunder of his navies, it can hush in a moment within the silence of its impenetrable abysses. Whole armies have gone down into that unfathomable darkness, and not a floating bubble marks the place of their disappearing. If all the populations of the world, from the beginning of time, were cast into its depths the smooth surface of its oblivion would close over them in an hour; and if all the cities of the earth, and all the structures and monuments ever reared by man were heaped together over that grave for a tombstone, it would not break the surface of the deep or lift back their memory to the light of the sun and the breath of the upper air. The sea would roll its billows in derision, a thousand fathoms deep, above the topmost stone of that mighty sepulchre. The patient earth submits to the rule of man, and the mountains bow their rocky heads before the hammer of his power and the blast of his terrible enginery. The sea cares not for him; not so much as a single hair's breadth can its level be lowered or lifted by all the art, and all the effort, and all the enginery of all the generations of time. He comes and goes upon it, and a moment after it is as if he had never been there. He may engrave his titles upon the

mountain top, and quarry his signature into the foundations of the globe, but he cannot write his name on the sea. And thus, by its material uses and its spiritual voices, does the sea ever speak to us, to tell up that its builder and maker is God. He hewed its channels in the deep, and drew its barriers upon the stand, and cast its belted waters around the world. He fitted it to the earth and the sky, and poised them skilfully, the one against the other, when He "measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighted the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." He gave the sea its wonderful laws, and armed it with its wonderful powers, and set it upon its wonderful work.

"O'er all its breadth His wisdom walks,
On all its waves His goodness shines."

L. Swain.

CCLXXXI.

THE BATTLE OF CIVILIZATIONS.

Our war is only an appeal from the nineteenth century of freedom and ballots to the system of the sixteenth century. The old conflict,—a new weapon, that is all. The South thought because once, twice, thrice, the spaniel North had gotten down on her knees, that this time, also, poisoned by cotton-dust, she would kiss her feet. But instead of that, for the first time in our history, the North has flung the insult back, and said: "By the Almighty, the Mississippi is mine, and I will have it." Now, when shall come peace? Out of this warlike conflict, when shall come peace? Just as it came in the conflict of parties and discussion. Whenever one civilization gets the uppermost positively, then there will be peace, and never till then.

There is no new thing under the sun. The light shed upon our future is the light of experience. Seventy years have not left us ignorant of what the aristocracy of the South means and plans. The South needs to rule, or she goes by the board. She is a wise power. I respect her for it. She knows that she needs to rule. What does Mr. Jefferson Davis plan? Do you suppose he plans for an imaginary line to divide South Carolina from New York and Massachusetts? What good would that do? An imaginary line would not shut out ideas. But she must bar out those ideas. That is the programme in the South. He imagines he can broaden his base by allying himself to a weaker race. He says: "I will join marriage with the weak races of Mexico and the Southwest, and then, perhaps, I can draw to my side the Northwest, with its interests as an agricultural population, naturally allied to me, and not to the Northeast, with its tariff set of States." And he thinks thus, a strong, quiet, slaveholding empire, he will bar New England and New York out in the cold, and will have comparative peace.

But if he bar New England out in the cold, what then? She is still there. And give it only the fulcrum of Plymouth Rock an idea will upheave the continent. Now, Davis knows that better than we do,—a great deal better. His plan, therefore is to mould an empire so strong, so broad, that it can control New England and New York. He is not only to found a slaveholding despotism, but he is to make it so strong that, by traitors among us, and hemming us in by power, he is to cripple, confine, break down, the free discussion of these Northern States. Unless he does that, he is not safe. He knows it. Now I do not say he will succeed, but I tell

you what I think is the plan of a statesmanlike leader of this effort. To make slavery safe, he must mould Massachusetts, not into being a slaveholding Commonwealth, but into being a silent, unprotesting Commonwealth; that Maryland and Virginia, the Carolinas, and Arkansas, may be quiet, peaceable populations. He is a wise man. He knows what he wants, and he wants it with a will, like Julius Cæsar of old. He has gathered every dollar and every missile south of Mason and Dixon's line to hurl a thunderbolt that shall serve his purpose. And if he does achieve a separate confederacy, and shall be able to bribe the West into neutrality, much less alliance, a dangerous time, and a terrible battle, will these Eastern States have. For they will never make peace. The Yankee who comes out of Cromwell's bosom will fight his Naseby a hundred years, if it last so long, but he will conquer. In other words, Davis will try to rule. If he conquers, he is to bring, in his phrase, Carolina to Massachusetts. And if we conquer, what is our policy? To carry Massachusetts to Carolina. In other words, carry Northern civilization all over the South. It is a contest between civilizations. Which ever conquers supersedes the other.

W. Phillips.

CCLXXXII.

SECESSION THE DEATH OF SLAVERY.

Severed from us, South Carolina must have a government. You see now a reign of terror,—threats to raise means. That can only last a day. Some system must give a support to a government. It is an expensive luxury. You must lay taxes to support it. Where will you levy your taxes? They must rest on productions. Productions are the result of skilled labor. You must educate your laborer, if you would have the means for carrying on a government. Despotisms are cheap; free governments are a dear luxury,—the machinery is complicated and expensive. If the South wants a theoretical republic, she must pay for it, she must have a basis for taxation. How will she pay for it? Why, Massachusetts, with a million workmen,—men, women, and children,—the little feet that can just toddle bringing chips from the wood-pile.—Massachusetts only pays her own board and lodging, and lays by about four per cent a year. And South Carolina, with one half idlers, and the other half slaves, a slave doing only half the work of a freeman,—only one quarter of the population actually at work, how much do you suppose she lays up? Lays up a loss! By all the laws of political economy, she lays up bankruptcy; of course she does! Put her out, and let her see how sheltered she has been from the laws of trade by the Union! The free labor of the North pays her plantation patrol; we pay for her government, we pay for her postage, and for everything else. Launch her out, and let her see if she can make the year's ends meet! And when she tries, she must educate her labor in order to get the basis for taxation. Educate slaves! Make a locomotive with its furnaces of open wirework, fill them with anthracite coal, and when you have raised it to a white heat, mount and drive it through a powder magazine, and you are safe, compared with a slaveholding community educating its slaves. But South Carolina must do it, in order to get the basis for taxation to support an independent government. The moment she does it, she removes the safeguard of slavery.

What is the contest in Virginia now? Between the men who want to make their slaves mechanics, for the increased wages it will secure, and the men who oppose, for fear of the influence it will have on the general security of slave property and white throats. Just that dispute will go on, wherever the Union is dissolved. Slavery comes to an end by the laws of

trade. Hang up your Sharpe's rifle, my valorous friend! The slave does not ask the help of your musket. He only says, like old Diogenes to Alexander, "Stand out of my light!" Just take your awkward proportions, you Yankee Democrat and Republican, out of the light and heat of God's laws of political economy, and they will melt the slaves' chains away! W. Phillips.

CCLXXXIII.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.

No matter where you meet a dozen earnest men pledged to a new idea,—wherever you have met them, you have met the beginning of a revolution. Revolutions are not made: they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak. It comes out of the past. Its foundations are laid far back. The child feels; he grows into a man, and thinks; another, perhaps, speaks, and the world acts out the thought. And this is the history of modern society. Men undervalue the Anti-slavery movement, because they imagine you can always put your finger on some illustrious moment in history, and say, here commenced the great change which has come over the nation. Not so. The beginning of great changes is like the rise of the Mississippi. A child must stoop and gather away the pebbles to find it. But soon it swells broader and broader, bears on its ample bosom the navies of a mighty republic, fills the Gulf, and divides a continent.

I remember a story of Napoleon which illustrates my meaning. We are apt to trace his control of France to some noted victory, to the time when he camped in the Tuilleries, or when he dissolved the Assembly by the stamp of his foot. He reigned in fact when his hand was first felt on the helm of the vessel of state, and that was far back of the time when he had conquered in Italy, or his name had been echoed over two continents. It was on the day when five hundred irresolute men were met in that Assembly which called itself, and pretended to be, the government of France. They heard that the mob of Paris was coming the next morning, thirty thousand strong, to turn them, as was usual in those days, out of doors. And where did this seemingly great power go for its support and refuge? They sent Tallien to seek out a boy-lieutenant,—the shadow of an officer,—so thin and pallid that, when he was placed on the stand before them, the President of the Assembly, fearful, if the fate of France rested on the shrunken form, the ashy cheek before him, that all hope was gone, asked, "Young man, can you protect the Assembly?" And the stern lips of the Corsican boy parted only to reply, "I always do what I undertake!" Then and there Napoleon ascended his throne; and the next day, from the steps of St. Roche, thundered forth the cannon which taught the mob of Paris, for the first time, that it had a master. That was the commencement of the Empire. So the Anti-slavery movement commenced unheeded in that "obscure hole" which Mayor Otis could not find, occupied by a printer and a black boy. W. Phillips.

CCLXXXIV.

"TOUCH NOT SLAVERY"

What! you the descendants of those men of iron who preferred a life-or-death struggle with misery on the bleak and wintry coast of New England to submission to priestcraft and kingcraft; you, the offspring of those hardy pioneers who set their faces against all the dangers and difficulties that surround the early settler's life; you, who subdued the forces of wild

nature, cleared away the primeval forest, covered the end less prairie with human habitations; you, this race of bold reformers who blended together the most incongruous elements of birth and creed, who built up a government which you called a model republic, and undertook to show mankind how to be free; you, the mighty nation of the West, that presumes to defy the world in arms, and to subject a hemisphere to its sovereign dictation; you, who boast of recoiling from no enterprise ever so great, and no problem ever so fearful—the spectral monster of Slavery stares you in the face, and now your blood runs cold, and all your courage fails you? For half a century it has disturbed the peace of this Republic; it has arrogated to itself your national domain; it has attempted to establish its absolute rule, and to absorb even your future development; it has disgraced you in the eyes of mankind, and now it endeavors to ruin you if it cannot rule you; it raises its murderous hand against the institutions most dear to you; it attempts to draw the power of foreign nations upon your heads; it swallows up the treasures you have earned by long years of labor; it drinks the blood of your sons and the tears of your wives and now, every day it is whispered in your ears, "Whatever Slavery may have done to you, whatever you may suffer, touch it not! No matter how many thousand millions of your wealths it may cost, no matter how much blood you may have to shed in order to disarm its murderous hand, touch it not! No matter how many years of peace and prosperity you may have to sacrifice in order to prolong its existence, touch it not! And if it should cost you your honor, touch it not!"

Listen to this story: On the Lower Potomac, as the papers tell us, a negro comes within our lines, and tells the valiant defenders of the Union that his master conspires with the rebels, and has a quantity of arms concealed in a swamp; our soldiers go and find the arms; the master reclaims the slave; the slave is given up; the master ties him to his horse, drags him along eleven miles to his house, lashes him to a tree, and, with the assistance of his overseer, whips him three hours—three mortal hours; then the negro dies. That black man served the Union; Slavery attempts to destroy the Union; the Union surrenders the black man to Slavery, and he is whipped to death—touch it not! Let an imperishable blush of shame cover every cheek in this boasted land of freedom—but be careful not to touch Slavery! Ah, what a dark divinity is this, that we must sacrifice to it our peace, our prosperity, our blood, our future, our honor! What an insatiable vampire is this that drinks out the very marrow of our manliness! Pardon me; this sounds like a dark dream, like the offspring of a hypochondriac imagination; and yet —have I been unjust in what I have said? Carl Schurz.

CCLXXXV.

OHIO.

Ohio rises before the world as the majestic witness to the beneficent reality of the democratic principle. A commonwealth younger in years than he who addresses you, not long ago having no visible existence but in the emigrant wagons, now numbers almost as large a population as that of all England when it gave birth to Raleigh, and Bacon, and Shakespeare, and began its continuous attempts at colonizing America. Each one of her inhabitants gladdens in the fruit of his own toil. She possesses wealth that must be computed by thousands of millions; and her frugal, industrious and benevolent people, at once daring and prudent, unfettered in the use of their faculties, restless in enterprise, do not squander the accumulations of their industry in vain show, but ever go on to render the earth more productive, more

beautiful, and more convenient to man; mastering for mechanical purposes the unwitting forces of nature; keeping exemplary good faith with their public creditors; building in half a century more. churches than all England has raised since this continent was discovered; endowing and sustaining universities and other seminaries of learning. Conscious of the dynamic power of mind in action as the best of fortresses, Ohio keeps no standing army but that of her school-teachers, of whom she pays more than twenty thousand; she provides a library for every school-district; she counts among her citizens more than three hundred thousand men who can bear arms, and she has more than twice that number of children registered as students in her public schools. Here the purity of domestic morals is maintained by the virtue and dignity of woman. In the heart of the temperate zone of this continent, in the land of corn, of wheat, and the vine, the eldest daughter of the Ordinance of 1787, already the young mother of other commonwealths that bid fair to vie with her in beauty, rises in her loveliness and glory, crowned with cities, and challenges the admiration of the world. Hither should come the political skeptic, who, in his despair, is ready to strand the ship of state; for here he may learn how to guide it safely on the waters. Should some modern Telemachus, heir to an island empire, touch these shores, here he may observe the vitality and strength of the principle of popular power; take from the book of experience the lesson that in public affairs great and happy results follow in proportion to faith in the efficacy of that principle, and learn to rebuke ill-advised counsellors who pronounce the most momentous and most certain of political truths a delusion and a failure. G. Bancroft.

CCLXXXVI.

THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

It is exceedingly desirable that all parts of this great Confederacy shall be at peace, and in harmony, one with another. Let us do our part to have it so. Even though much provoked, let us do nothing through passion and ill temper. Even though the Southern people will not so much as listen to us, let us calmly consider their demands, and yield to them if, in our deliberate view of our duty, we possibly can. The question is, What will satisfy them? Simply this: We must not only let them alone, but we must, somehow, convince them that we do let them alone. This, we know by experience, is no easy task. We have been trying to convince them from the very beginning of our organization, but with no success. In all our platforms and speeches we have constantly protested our purpose to let them alone; but this has had no tendency to convince them. What will convince them? This, and this only: cease to call slavery wrong, and join them in calling it right. And this must be done thoroughly—done in acts as well as in words. Silence will not be tolerated we must place ourselves avowedly with them. Senator Douglas's new sedition law must be enacted and enforced suppressing all declarations that slavery is wrong, whether made in politics, in presses, in pulpits or in private. We must arrest and return their fugitive slaves with greedy pleasure. We must pull down our Free State constitutions. The whole atmosphere must be disinfected from all taint of opposition to slavery, before they will cease to believe that all their troubles proceed from us.

I am quite aware they do not state their case precisely in this way. Most of them would probably say to us: "Let us alone, do nothing to us, and say what you please about slavery." But we do let them alone—have never disturbed them—so that, after all, it is what we say, which dissatisfies them. They will continue to accuse us of doing, until we cease saying.

Nor can we justifiably withhold this, on any ground save our conviction that slavery is wrong. If slavery is right, all words, acts, laws, and constitutions against it, are themselves wrong, and should be silenced, and swept away. If it is right, we can not justly object to its nationality—its universality; if it is wrong, they cannot justly insist upon its extension—its enlargement. All they ask, we could readily grant, if we thought slavery right; all we ask, they could as readily grant, if they thought it wrong. Their thinking it right and our thinking it wrong, is the precise fact upon which depends the whole controversy. Thinking it right, as they do, they are not to blame for desiring its full recognition, as being right; but, thinking it wrong, as we do, can we yield to them? Can we cast our votes with their view, and against our own? In view of our moral, social, and political responsibilities, can we do this?

Wrong as we think slavery is, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation; but can we, while our votes will prevent it, allow it to spread into the National Territories, and to overrun us here in these Free States? If our sense of duty forbids this, then let us stand by our duty, fearlessly and effectively.

Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces either of destruction to the government or of dungeons to ourselves. LET US HAVE FAITH THAT RIGHT MAKES MIGHT, AND IN THAT FAITH, LET US, TO THE END DARE TO DO OUR DUTY AS WE UNDERSTAND IT. A. Lincoln.

CCLXXXVII.

THE PRETEXT OF REBELLION.

If war must come—if the bayonet must be used to maintain the Constitution—I can say, before God, my conscience is clear. I have struggled long for a peaceful solution of the difficulty. I have not only tendered those States what was theirs of right, but I have gone to the very extreme off magnanimity, The return we receive is war, armies marched upon our Capital obstructions and danger to our navigation, letters of marque to invite pirates to prey upon our commerce, a concerted movement to blot out the United States of America from the map of the globe. The question is, Are we to be stricken down by those who, when they can no longer govern, threaten to destroy? What cause, what excuse do disunionists give us for breaking up the best government on which the sun of heaven ever shed its rays? They are dissatisfied with the result of a Presidential election. Did they never get beaten before? Are we to resort to the sword when we get defeated at the ballot-box? I understand that the voice of the people expressed in the mode appointed by the Constitution must command the obedience of every citizen. They assume, on the election of a particular candidate, that their rights are not safe in the Union. What evidence do they present of this? I defy any man to show any act on which it is based. What act has been omitted or been done? I appeal to these assembled thousands, that so far as the constitutional rights of the Southern States—I will say the constitutional rights of slaveholders—are concerned, nothing has been done, and nothing omitted, of which they can complain.

There has never been a time, from the day that Washington was inaugurated first President of these United States, when the rights of the Southern States stood firmer under the laws of

the land than they do now; there never was a time when they had not as good a cause for disunion as they have to-day. What good cause have they now that has not existed under every administration? If they say the Territorial question—now, for the first time, there is no act of Congress prohibiting slavery anywhere. If it be the non-enforcement of the laws, the only complaints that I have heard have been of the too vigorous and faithful fulfillment of the Fugitive Slave Law. Then what reason have they? The slavery question is a mere excuse. The election of Lincoln is a mere pretext. The present secession movement is the result of an enormous conspiracy formed more than a year since—foraged by leaders in the Southern Confederacy more than twelve months ago. They use the slavery question as a means to aid the accomplishment of their ends. They desired the election of a Northern candidate, by a sectional vote, in order to show that the two sections cannot live together. When the history of the two years from the Lecompton charter down to the Presidential election shall be written, it will be shown that the scheme was deliberately made to break up this Union. They desired a Northern Republican to be elected by a purely Northern vote, and now assign this fact as a reason why the sections may not longer live together. If the disunion candidate in the late Presidential contest had carried the united South, their scheme was, the Northern candidate successful, to seize the Capital last spring, and, by a united South and divided North, hold it. That scheme was defeated in the defeat of the disunion candidate in several of the Southern states. The conspiracy is now known. Armies have been raised, war is levied to accomplish it. There are only two sides to the question. Every man must be for the United States or against them. There can be no neutrals in this war; only patriots or traitors. S. A. Douglass.

CCLXXXVIII.

NO NEUTRALS; ONLY PATRIOTS OR TRAITORS.

But this is no time for a detail of causes. The conspiracy is now known. Armies have been raised, war is levied to accomplish it. There are only two sides to the question. Every man must be for the United States or against them. There can be no neutrals in this war; only patriots or traitors. We cannot close our eyes to the sad and solemn fact that war does exist. The government must be maintained, its enemies overthrown; and the more stupendous our preparations the less the bloodshed, and the shorter the struggle will be. But we must remember certain restraints on our action even in time of war. We are a Christian people, and the war must be prosecuted in a manner recognized by Christian nations. We must not invade constitutional rights. The innocent must not suffer, nor women or children be the victims. Savages must not be let loose. But while I sanction no war on the rights of others, I will implore my countrymen not to lay down their arms until our own rights are recognized. The Constitution and its guarantees are our birth right, and I am ready to enforce that inalienable right to the last extent. We cannot recognize secession. Recognize it once, and you have not only dissolved government, but you have destroyed social order, and upturned the foundations of society. You have inaugurated anarchy in its worst form, and will shortly experience all the horrors of the French Revolution.

Then we have a solemn duty,—to maintain the government. The greater our unanimity, the speedier the day of peace. We have prejudices to overcome from a fierce party contest waged a few short months since. Yet these must be allayed. Let us lay aside all criminations and recriminations as to the origin of these difficulties. When we shall have again a country, with

the United States flag floating over it, and respected on every inch of American soil, it will then be time enough to ask who and what brought all this upon us. I have said more than I intended to say. It is a sad task to discuss questions so fearful as civil war; but sad as it is, bloody and disastrous as I expect the war will be, I express it as my conviction, before God, that it is the duty of every American citizen to rally round the flag of his country. S. A. Douglass.

CCLXXXIX.

ON THE ORDINANCE OF SECESSION IN THE GEORGIA CONVENTION.

This step, once taken, can never be recalled; and all the baleful and withering consequences that follow will rest on the convention for all coming time. When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon of war, which this act of yours will inevitably invite and call forth; when your green fields of waving harvests shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery and the very car of war sweeping over our land; our temples of justice laid in ashes; all the horrors and desolation of war upon us, who but this convention will be held responsible for it? and who but him who shall have given his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act by the present generation, and probably cursed and execrated by posterity for all coming time, for the wide and desolating ruin that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetrate?

Pause, I entreat you, and consider for a moment what reasons you can give that will ever satisfy yourselves in calmer moments,—what reasons you can give to your fellow-sufferers in the calamity that it will bring upon us? What reason can you give the nations of the earth to justify it? They will be the calm and deliberate judges in the case, and to what cause, or one overt act can you point, on which to rest the plea of justification? What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? and what claim founded in justice and right has been withheld? can either of you to-day name one governmental act of wrong deliberately and purposely done by the government at Washington of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer! While, on the other hand, let me show the facts (and believe me, gentlemen, I am not here the advocate of the North, but am here the firm friend and lover of the South and her institutions, and for this reason I speak thus plainly and faithfully for yours, mine, and every other man's interest, the words of truth and soberness,) let me show the facts, I say, of which I wish you to judge, and I will only state facts which are clear and undeniable, and which now stand as records authentic in the history of our country.

When we of the South demanded the slave-trade, or the importation of Africans for the cultivation of our lands, did they not yield the right for twenty years? When we asked a three-fifths representation in Congress for our slaves, was it not granted? When we asked and demanded the return of any fugitive from justice, or the recovery of those persons owing labor or allegiance, was it not incorporated in the constitution? and again ratified and strengthened in the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850? Do you reply that in many instances they have violated this compact, and have not been faithful to their engagements? As individuals and local communities they may have done so; but not by the sanction of government; for that has always been true to Southern interests.

Leaving out of the view, for the present, the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North, there will be thousands and tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle, and opened up as sacrifices upon the altar of ambition,—and for what, we ask again? It is for the overthrow of the American government, established by our common ancestry cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded on the broad principles of Right, Justice, and Humanity? And, as such, I must declare here, as I have often done before, and which has been repeated by the greatest and wisest of statesmen and patriots in this and other lands, that it is the best and freest government,—the most equal in its rights,—the most just in its decisions—the most lenient in its measures: and the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of men, that the sun in heaven ever shone upon.

Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a government as this, under which we have lived for more than three quarters of a century, in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety while the elements of peril are round us with peace and tranquility accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed—is the height of madness, folly and wickedness, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote. A. H. Stephens.

CCXC.

"THE HIRELING LABORERS" OF THE NORTH.

The Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Hammond] exclaims: "The man who lives by daily labor, your whole hireling class of manual laborers, are essentially slaves; and they feel galled by their degradation." What a sentiment is this to hear uttered in the councils of this democratic republic! This language of scorn and contempt is addressed to senators who were not nursed by a slave; whose lot it was to toil with their own hands,—to eat bread, earned, not by the sweat of another's brow, but by their own.

Sir, should the Senator and his agitators and lecturers come to Massachusetts, on a mission to teach our "hireling class of manual laborers," our "slaves," the "tremendous secret of the ballot-box," and to help "combine and lead them," these stigmatized "hirelings" would reply to the Senator and his associates: "we are freemen; we are the peers of the gifted and the wealthy; we know 'the tremendous secret of the ballot-box;' and we mould and fashion these institutions that bless and adorn our free Commonwealth! These public schools are ours, for the education of our children; these libraries, with their accumulated treasures, are ours; these multitudinous and varied pursuits of life, where intelligence and skill find their reward, are ours. Labor is here honored and respected, and great examples incite us to action.

"All around us, in the professions, in the marts of commerce, on the exchange where merchant princes and capitalists do congregate, in these manufactories and workshops where the products of every clime are fashioned into a thousand forms of utility and beauty, on these smiling farms fertilized by the sweat of free labor, in every position of private and of public life,—are our associates, who were but yesterday what you call 'hireling laborers,' and therefore, 'essentially slaves!' In every department of human effort are noble men who sprang from our ranks,—men whose good deeds will be felt, and will live in the grateful memories of men, when the stones reared by the hands of affection to their honored names shall crumble

into dust. Our eyes glisten and our hearts throb over the bright, glowing, and radiant pages of our history that record the deeds of patriotism of the sons of New England who sprang from our ranks, and wore the badges of toil. While the names of Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, Nathaniel Greene, and Paul Revere, live on the brightest pages of our history, the mechanics of Massachusetts and New England will never want illustrious examples to incite us to noble aspirations and noble deeds.

"Go home, sir, and say to your privileged class, which you vauntingly say leads progress, civilization, and refinement, that in the opinion of the 'hireling laborers' of Massachusetts, if you have no sympathy for your African bondsmen, you should, at least, sympathize with the millions of your own race, whose labor you have dishonored and degraded by slavery! You should teach your millions of poor and ignorant white men, so long oppressed by your policy, the 'tremendous secret that the ballot-box is stronger than an army with banners!' You should 'combine' and lead them to the adoption of a policy which shall secure their own emancipation from a degrading thraldom!" H. Wilson.

CCXCI.

THE DEATH OF SLAVERY THE LIFE OF THE NATION.

We of America have been accustomed to contemplate, with something of gratified and patriotic pride, the wondrous progress of our country, and the strength and stability of our Government. Gazing with beaming eye and throbbing heart upon the grandeur and beauty of this splendid edifice of constitutional government in America, we came to believe that it was as imperishable as the memory of its illustrious builders. We dreamed for our native land a glorious destiny—a magnificent career among the nations during the coming ages. But our firm, confident faith is now shaken—our bright hopes are now dimmed—our lofty pride is now humbled—our gorgeous visions of the future glories of the Republic are now obscured by the storm of battle. Our country, the land of so much of affection, of pride and of hope, now presents to the startled and astonished gaze of mankind an appalling, humiliating, and saddening spectacle. Treasonable menaces of other days have now ripened into treasonable deeds. Civil war holds its carnival, and reaps its bloody harvest. The nation is grappling with a gigantic conspiracy—struggling for existence—for the preservation of its menaced life—against a rebellion that finds no parallel in the annals of the world.

Why is it that the land resounds with the measured tread of a million of armed men? Why is it that our bright waters all stained and our green fields reddened with fraternal blood? Why is it that the young men of America, in the pride and bloom of early manhood, are summoned from homes, from the mothers who bore them, from the wives and sisters who love them, to the fields of bloody strife—there to do soldiers' duties, bear soldiers' burdens, and fill soldiers' graves? Why is it that thousands of the men and the women of Christian America are sorrowing, with aching hearts and tearful eyes, for the absent, the loved, and the lost? Why is it that the heart of loyal America throbs, heavily oppressed with anxiety and gloom, for the future of the country?

These crimes against the peace of the country and the life of the nation are all, all to eternize the hateful dominion of man over the souls and bodies of his fellow-men—to make slavery

perpetual and its power forever dominant in Christian and Republican America. These sacrifices of property of health, of life—these appalling sorrows and agonies now upon us, are all the inflictions of slavery, in its gigantic effort to found a slaveholding empire in America. Yes, slavery is the "architect of ruin" who organized this mighty conspiracy against the unity and existence of the Republic. Slavery is the traitor that plunged the Nation into the fire, and blood, and darkness of civil war. Slavery is the criminal whose hands are dripping with the blood of our murdered sons. Before the tribunal of mankind, of the present and of coming ages—before the bar of the ever-living God—the loyal heart of America holds slavery responsible for every dollar sacrificed, for every drop of blood shed, for every pang of toil, of agony, and of death for every tear wrung from suffering or affection, in this godless rebellion now upon us. For these treasonable deeds, these crimes against freedom, humanity, and the life of the Nation, slavery should be doomed by the loyal people of America to a swift, utter, and ignominious annihilation.

Slavery, bold, proud, domineering with hate in its heart, scorn in its eye, defiance in its mien, has pronounced against the existence of republican institutions in America, against the supremacy of the Government, the unity and life of the Nation. Slavery, hating the cherished institutions that tend to secure the rights and enlarge the privileges of mankind, despising the toiling masses, as "mudsills" and "white slaves," defying the Government, its Constitution and its laws, has openly pronounced itself the mortal and unappeasable enemy of the Republic. Slavery stands now the only clearly pronounced foe our country has on the globe. Therefore, every word spoken, every line written, every act performed, that keeps the breath of life, for a moment, in slavery, is against the existence and perpetuity of democratic institutions against the dignity of the toiling millions of America—against the liberty, the peace, the honor, the renown, and the life of the Nation. In the lights of to-day that flash upon us from camp and battle-field, the loyal eye, heart, and brain of America sees and feels and realizes that **THE DEATH OF SLAVERY IS THE LIFE OF THE NATION!** The loyal voice of patriotism throughout all the land pronounces, in clear accents, that **AMERICAN SLAVERY MUST DIE THAT THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC MAY LIVE!** H. Wilson.

CCXCII.

THE FANATICISM OF MASSACHUSETTS.

This, sir, is not the first time in her history that Massachusetts has drawn upon herself reproach and rebuke for unbending adherence to the rights of human nature. In the days of her colonial existence, her unshinking devotion to the rights of mankind often drew upon her the censure of the pliant supporters of the British Crown; but the world now quotes and commends her inspiring example. Now her abhorrence of human slavery brings upon her the condemnation of its advocates and apologists, but the hour will yet come, in the march of time, when her unwavering fidelity to an unpopular cause in spite of obloquy and reproach, will be a source of inspiration to men struggling to recover lost rights. Massachusetts clings with the tenacity of profound conviction to the teachings of her own illustrious sons. She was taught by Benjamin Franklin that "slavery is an atrocious debasement of human nature;" by John Adams that "consenting to slavery is a sacrilegious breach of trust;" by John Quincy Adams that "slavery taints the very sources of moral principle"—"establishes false estimates of virtue and vice;" by Daniel Webster that "it is a continual and permanent violation of human

rights"—"opposed to the whole spirit of the Gospels and to the teachings of Jesus Christ;" by William Ellery Channing that "to extend and perpetuate the evil, we cut ourselves off from the communion of nations; we sink below the civilization of our age; we invite the scorn, indignation and abhorrence of the world." Massachusetts cannot forget or repudiate these words of her immortal sons.

The distinguishing opinion of Massachusetts concerning slavery in America is often flippantly branded in these Halls, as wild, passionate, unreasoning fanaticism. Senators of the South! tell me, I pray you tell me, if it be fanaticism for Massachusetts to see in this age, what your peerless Washington saw in his age "the direful effects of slavery?" Is it fanaticism for Massachusetts to believe as your Henry believed, that "slavery is as repugnant to humanity as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty?" Is it fanaticism for her to believe as your Madison believed, that "slavery is a dreadful calamity?" Is it fanaticism for her to believe with your Monroe, that "slavery has preyed upon the vitals of the union and has been prejudicial to all the States in which it has existed?" Is it fanaticism for her to believe with your Martin that "slavery lessens the sense of the equal rights of mankind, and habituates us to tyranny and oppression?" Is it fanaticism for her to believe with your Pinckney that "it will one day destroy the reverence for liberty, which is the vital principle of a Republic?" Is it fanaticism for her to believe with your Henry Clay, that "slavery is a wrong, a grievous wrong, and no contingency can make it right?" Surely, Senators who are wont to accuse Massachusetts of being drunk with fanaticism, should not forget that the noblest men the South has given to the service of the Republic, in peace and in war, were her teachers. H. Wilson.

CCXCIII.

DEFENCE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Massachusetts, in her heart of hearts, loves liberty—loathes slavery. I glory in her sentiments; for the heart of our common humanity is throbbing in sympathy with her opinions. But she is not unmindful of her constitutional duties, of her obligations to the Union and to her sister States. Up to the verge of constitutional power she will go in maintenance of her cherished convictions; but she has not shrunk, and she does not mean to shrink, from the performance of her obligations as a member of this Confederation of constellated States. She has never sought, she does not seek, to encroach, by her own acts or by the action of the Federal Government, upon the constitutional rights of her sister States. Jealous of her own rights, she will respect the rights of others. Claiming the power to control her own domestic policy, she freely accords that power to her sister States. Concealing the rights of others, she demands her own. Loyal to the Union, she demands loyalty in others. Here, and now, I demand of her accusers that they file their bill of specifications, and produce the proofs of their allegations, or forever hold their peace.

In other days, when Adams, Webster, Davis, Everett, Cushing, Choate, Winthrop, Mann, Rantoul, and their associates graced these chambers, Massachusetts was then, as she is now, the object of animadversion and assault. I have sometimes thought, Mr. President, that these continual assaults upon the Commonwealth of Massachusetts were prompted—not by her faults, but by her virtues rather—not by the sense of justice, but by the spirit of envy and jealousy and uncharitableness. Unawed, however, by censure or menace, she continues in her

course, upward and onward, to the accomplishment of her high destinies. She is but a speck, a mere patch on the surface of America, hardly more than one four-hundredth part of the territory of the Republic, with a rugged soil and still more rugged clime. But on that little spot of the globe is a Common wealth where common consent is recognized as the only just basis of fundamental law, and personal freedom is secured in its completest individuality. In that Commonwealth are one and a quarter million of freemen, with skilled hand and cultivated brain,—with mechanic arts and manufactures on every streamlet, and commerce on the waves of all the seas—with institutions of moral and mental culture open to all, and art, science, and literature illustrated by glorious names—with benevolent institutions for the sons and daughters of misfortune and poverty, and charities for humanity the wide world over, The heart, the soul, the reason of Massachusetts send up unceasing aspirations for the unity, indivisibility, and perpetuity of the North American Republic; but if it shall be rent, torn, dissevered, she will not lose her faith in God and humanity, she will not go down with the falling fortunes of her country without making a struggle to preserve and perpetuate free institutions. So long as the ocean shall roll at her feet, so long as God shall send her health-giving breezes and sunshine and rain, she will endeavor to illustrate, in the future as in the past, the daily beauty of freedom secured and protected by law. H. Wilson.

CCXCIV.

EMANCIPATION.

Shall these once slaves but now freemen be remanded back to bondage? No: "personal property once forfeited is always forfeited." No: slaves once legally free are always free. No, no; thrice no, by the ashes of our fathers, by the altar of our God! The "chosen curses," and the "hidden thunder in the stores of heaven" will forbid the rendition—a crime to them, a malediction to their masters, a shame to us, and a disgrace to the age. If these children of wrong and oppression are the lawful spoil of our victorious arms, give up to the enemy your proudest national memorials—the sword of Washington, the staff of Franklin, that time-worn but immortal parchment which just authoritatively published your Independence to the world—give up to him the blood-stained flags and trophies which, upon the bristling crest of battle, our heroic defenders have wrenched from his desperate grasp; give up to him this Capitol itself and throw at his feet the President's head, before you give up the most abject of these bondsmen disenthralled; for in surrendering them you will squander one of those priceless moments, big with the future, worth more than a whole generation of either bond or free, the rare and pregnant occasion placed in your hand by the fortune of war of wiping forever African slavery from the American continent.

If this deliverance is ever vouchsafed, then shall we be purged forever of the sole source of our weakness and dissension in the past; then will pass away forever the sole cloud that threatens the glory of our future; then will the American Union be transfigured into a more erect and shining presence, and tread with firm footsteps a loftier plane, and cherish nobler theories, and carry its head nearer the stars; then will it be no profanation to wed its redeemed and unpolluted name to that of immortal Liberty; then Liberty and Union will go on, hand in hand, and, under a holier inspiration and with more benign and blessed auspices, will revive their grand mission of peacefully acquiring and peacefully incorporating contiguous territories, and peacefully assimilating their inhabitants; then from the Orient to the Occident, from the

flowery shores of the great Southern Gulf to the frozen barriers of the great Northern Bay, will they unite in spreading a civilization, not intertwined with slavery, but purged of its contamination, a civilization which means universal emancipation, universal enfranchisement, universal brotherhood.

Despair not, then, soldiers, statesmen, citizens, women, we are fighting energetically for a nation's life. The cloud which now shuts down before your vision will yet disclose its silver lining. Peace shall be born from war, and out of chaos order shall yet emerge. We shall dwell together in harmony, and but one nation shall inhabit our sea-girt borders. We seem sailing along the land, hearing the ripple that breaks upon the shore, where our recreated and regenerated Republic, after it has passed through this fiery furnace of war, these gates of death, shall be permanently installed. We shall yet tread its meadows and pastures green, trade in its marts, live in its palaces worship in its temples, and legislate in its Capitol. H. C. Deming.

CCXCV.

PROTECTION FOR TENNESSEE.

The amendments to the Constitution which constitute the Bill of Rights, declare that "a well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." Our people are denied this right secured to them in their own constitution and the constitution of the United States; yet we hear no complaints here of violations of the Constitution in this respect. We ask the Government to interpose to secure us this constitutional right. We want the passes in our mountains opened, we want deliverance and protection for a down-trodden and oppressed people who are struggling for their independence without arms. If we had had ten thousand stand of arms and ammunition when the contest commenced, we should have asked no further assistance. We have not got them. We are a rural people; we have villages and small towns—no large cities. Our population is homogeneous, industrious, frugal, brave, independent; but now harmless and powerless, and oppressed by usurpers. You may be too late in coming to our relief or you may not come at all though I do not doubt you will come—and they may trample us under foot; they may convert our plains into graveyards, and the caves of our mountains into sepulchers; but they will never take us out of this Union, or make us a land of slaves—no, never! We intend to stand as firm as adamant, and as unyielding as our own majestic mountains that surround us. Yes, we will be as fixed and as immovable as are they upon their bases. We will stand as long as we can; and if we are overpowered and Liberty shall be driven from the land, we intend before she departs to take the flag of our country with a stalwart arm, a patriotic heart, and an honest tread, and place it upon the summit of the loftiest and most majestic mountain. We intend to plant it there, and leave it, to indicate to the inquirer who may come in after times, the spot where the Goddess of Liberty lingered and wept for the last time, before she took her flight from a people once prosperous, free, and happy.

We ask the Government to come to our aid. We love the Constitution as made by our fathers. We have confidence in the integrity and capacity of the people to govern themselves. We have lived entertaining these opinions; we intend to die entertaining them. We may meet with impediments, and may meet with disasters, and here and there a defeat; but ultimately freedom's cause must triumph, for—

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Yes, we must triumph. My faith is strong, based on the eternal principles of right that a thing so monstrously wrong as this rebellion cannot triumph. I say, let the battle go on—it is freedom's cause—until the Stars and Stripes (God bless them!) shall again be unfurled upon every cross-road, and from every house-top throughout the Confederacy North and South. Let the Union be reinstated; let tie law be enforced; let the Constitution be supreme. A. Johnson.

CCXCVI.

THE SUBMISSIONISTS.

With the curled lip of scorn we are told by the disunionists that, in thus supporting a Republican Administration in its endeavors to uphold the Constitution and the laws, we are "submissionists," and when they have pronounced this word, they suppose they have imputed to us the sum of all human abasement. Well, let it be confessed, we are "submissionists," and weak and spiritless as it may be deemed by some, we glory in the position we occupy. The law says, "Thou shalt not swear falsely;" we submit to this law, and while in the civil or military service of the country, with an oath to support the Constitution of the United States resting upon our consciences, we would not, for any earthly consideration, engage in the formation or execution of a conspiracy to subvert that very Constitution and with it the Government to which it has given birth. Write us down, therefore, "submissionists."

Nor are we at all disturbed by the flippant taunt that, in thus submitting to the authority of our Government, we are necessarily cowards. We know whence this taunt comes, and we estimate it at its true value. We hold that there is a higher courage in the performance of duty than in the commission of crime. The tiger of the jungle and the cannibal of the South Sea Islands have that courage in which the revolutionists of the day make their especial boast; the angels of God and the spirits of just men made perfect have had, and have that courage which submits to the law. Lucifer was a non-submissionist, and the first secessionist of whom history has given us any account, and the chains which he wears fitly express the fate due to all who openly defy the laws of their Creator and of their country. He rebelled because the Almighty would not yield to him the throne of heaven. The principle of the Southern rebellion is the same. Indeed, in this submission to the laws, is found the chief distinction between good men and devils. A good man obeys the laws of truth, of honesty, of morality, and all those laws which have been enacted by competent authority for the government and protection of the country in which he lives; a devil obeys only his own ferocious and profligate passions.

The principle on which this rebellion proceeds, that laws have in themselves no sanctions, no binding force upon the conscience, and that every man, under the promptings of interest, or passion, or caprice, may at will, and honorably, too, strike at the government that shelters him, is one of utter demoralization, and should be trodden out as you would tread out a spark that has fallen on the roof of your dwelling. Its unchecked prevalence would resolve society into chaos, and leave you without the slightest guarantee for life, liberty, or property. It is time, that, in their majesty, the people of the United States should make known to the world that this

Government, in its dignity and power, is something more than a moot court, and that the citizen who makes war upon it is a traitor, not only in theory but in fact, and should have meted out to him a traitor's doom. The country wants no bloody sacrifice, but it must and will have peace, cost what it may. J. Holt.

CCXCVII.

ADDRESS TO KENTUCKY VOLUNTEERS.

Soldiers, next to the worship of the Father of us all, the deepest and grandest of human emotions is the love of the land that gave us birth. It is an enlargement and exaltation of all the tenderest and strongest sympathies of kindred and of home. In all centuries and climes it has lived and has defied chains and dungeons and racks to crush it. It has strewed the earth with its monuments, and has shed undying lustre on a thousand fields on which it has battled. Through the night of ages, Thermopylæ glows like some mountain peak on which the morning sun has risen, because twenty-three hundred years ago, this hallowing passion touched its mural precipices and its crowning crags.

It is easy, however, to be patriotic in piping times of peace, and in the sunny hour of prosperity. It is national sorrow, it is war, with its attendant perils and horrors, that tests this passion, and winnows from the masses those who, with all their love of life, still love their country more. While your present position is a most vivid and impressive illustration of patriotism, it has a glory peculiar and altogether its own.

The mercenary armies which have swept victoriously over the world, and have gathered so many of the laurels that history has embalmed, were but machines drafted into the service of ambitious spirits whom they obeyed, and little understood or appreciated the problems their blood was poured out to solve. But while you have all the dauntless physical courage which they displayed, you add to it a thorough knowledge of the argument on which this mighty movement proceeds, and a moral heroism which, breaking away from the entanglements of kindred, and friends, and State policy enables you to follow your convictions of duty, even though they should lead you up to the cannon's mouth. It must, however, be added, that with elevation of position come corresponding responsibilities. Alike in the inaction of the camp, and amid the fatigues of the march, and the charge and shouts of battle, you will remember that you have in your keeping not only your own personal reputation, but the honor of your native State, and, what is infinitely more inspiring, the honor of that blood-bought and beneficent Republic whose children you are. Any irregularity on your part would sadden the land that loves you; any faltering in the presence of the foe would cover it with immeasurable humiliation.

Soldiers, when Napoleon was about to spur on his legions to combat on the sands of an African desert, pointing them to the Egyptian pyramids that loomed up against the far-off horizon, he exclaimed, "From yonder summits forty centuries look down upon you." The thought was sublime and electric; but you have even more than this. When you shall confront those infuriated hosts, whose battle-cry is, "Down with the government of the United States," let your answering shout be, "The Government as our fathers made it;" and when you strike, remember that not only do the good and the great of the past look down upon you from heights

infinitely above those of Egyptian pyramids, but that uncounted generations yet to come are looking up to you, and claiming at your hands the unimpaired transmission to them of that priceless heritage which has been committed to our keeping. I say its unimpaired transmission—in all the amplitude of its outlines, in all the symmetry of its matchless proportions, in all the palpitating fulness of its blessings; not a miserably shrivelled and shattered thing, charred by the fires and torn by the tempests of revolution, and all over polluted and scarred by the bloody poniards of traitors. J. Holt.

CCXCVIII.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

Citizens of Carlyle, I have endeavored to present to your view a faithful picture of the religion and politics, the objects and the aims, of the rebel confederate States of America; of those States that at this moment, through their commissioned emissaries on this side the Atlantic, are seeking admission into the Commonwealth of Christian nations! One of these accredited representatives is, while I am speaking, upon our shores; and on the behalf of the object of these men some of our leading journals are daily writing laborious articles; for them our shipbuilders are constructing warlike vessels, not to meet an equal foe in fair fight, but to plunder and destroy defenseless merchantmen, engaged in the lawful and laudable trade of carrying the legitimate products of one country to the markets of another; for these men our capitalists are raising money, that, if possible, they may render successful a rebel slaveholders' revolt—a revolt which for wickedness and infamy has no parallel save in the impious rebellion of Lucifer and his compeers.

Yonder, across the wide waste of waters, four millions of helpless slaves—the victims of the cruelty and lust of Southern men-stealers—raise their fettered hands and imploringly inquire what part you will take in the conflict which involves their fate and that of their posterity; whether you will give aid and comfort to their oppressors, or whether you will send them words of sympathy and hope, and give encouragement and support to the friends of freedom in the North, who are nobly sacrificing property and life for their redemption. What answer will you return to this appeal? What think you is the duty of England in this life-or-death contest between the North and the South? Of England, whose heart was with the cause of the heroic black population of Hayti, when, under the leadership of the immortal Toussaint l'Ouverture, they were resisting unto blood, in the cause of liberty, the mercenary hordes of Napoleon? Of England who, with disinterested ardor, fought the battle of the Greeks against the Turks? Of England, who has so often raised her voice on behalf of bleeding, crusaded, denationalized Poland? Who has welcomed in her cities, and cherished in her homes, the illustrious patriot Louis Kossuth? Whose best wishes and earnest prayers have ever attended the efforts in the cause of freedom of Mazzini and Garibaldi?

In what do the struggles in which England has heretofore sympathized, differ from that which is now convulsing America? Is it not a contest between a vile slaveholding oligarchy on the one hand, and the upholders of free democratic institutions and the friends of emancipation on the other? The only difference, if difference there be, is this, that the conspirators against human rights in the South are fighting for objects immeasurably more base and more deeply stained with guilt than any which were ever sought by the crowned kings and despots of the

Old World. The confederate banditti of the South are fighting for what their Vice-president avows is a new idea—a government based upon the perpetual enslavement of the laboring class. In a conflict between liberty and slavery between a free democratic government and the foulest despotism which the enemies of mankind ever conspired together to establish, where should England stand? On the side of two hundred and fifty thousand traitors and tyrants, or on the side of four millions of slaves? England with her past history and glorious traditions, England that extinguished the accursed slave trade, and abolished colonial slavery, whose cathedrals and council chambers and market places are adorned with the statues of Howard and Wilberforce, and Clarkson, and Buxton, and Sturge?

It may be granted that, when the Government of the North first armed for the defence of the national life, it did not at once decree the universal abolition of slavery; and I have given, as I think, good and sufficient reasons why it did not and could not. The action of the President at the beginning was restricted to constitutional objects. Those objects were—the enforcement of the laws; the suppression of a local insurrection; the reintegration of the disputed territory; the protection of the Capitol and its archives from the spoliating hands of traitors. But the seat of government saved; the President seated firmly in the chair; the Congress duly assembled; and the machinery of the Constitution set to work; and then commenced, and were carried out, a series of measures such as were never before accomplished in the same space of time by any government in the world. First we saw the National District purged from the pollution and shame of slavery; then, the prohibition of slavery forever in the vast Territories of the Northwest; then, the enforcement of the laws against the slave trade, and the execution of Gordon the slave trader; then, an offer of compensation to such slave States as would adopt measures of emancipation; then, the recognition of the independence of the black republics of Hayti and Liberia; and finally, a proclamation of freedom to all the slaves within the rebel States.

It was said of Napoleon that he would go down to posterity with the code which bears his name, in his hand. It may be said of Abraham Lincoln, that he will descend to future time, holding in his hand the Great Charter of the Negro's rights his Emancipation Proclamation of January, 1863. With such a President, at the head of such a people, engaged in such a cause, need I answer the questions I have so often put to you, on which side should England be found in the great American struggle? G. Thompson.

CCXCIX.

PATRIOTISM.

Right and wrong, justice and crime, exist independently of our country. A public wrong is not a private right for any citizen. The citizen is a man bound to know and do the right, and the nation is but an aggregation of citizens. If a man should shout, in the delirium of his dinner, "My country, by whatever means extended and bounded: my country, right or wrong;" he merely repeats the words of the thief who steals in the streets or of the trader who swears falsely at the Custom-House, both of them chuckling "My fortune, however acquired." Thus, gentlemen, we see that a man's country is not a certain area of land—of mountains, rivers, and woods—but it is principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

In poetic minds and in popular enthusiasm this feeling becomes closely associated with the soil and symbols of the country. But the secret sanctification of the soil and the symbol is the idea which they represent, and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol, as a lover kisses with rapture the glove of his mistress and wears a lock of her hair upon his heart.

So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold Von Winkelreid gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, that his death may give life to his country. So Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that his country demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So George Washington, at once comprehending the scope of the destiny to which his country was devoted, with one hand put aside the crown, and with the other sets his slaves free. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fight and fall—recruited only from the flower of mankind—cheered only by their own hope of humanity, strong only in their confidence in their cause. G. W. Curtis.

CCC.

POLITICAL MORALITY.

Have we no interest that the controlling force in this country shall be a moral force?—that it shall conspire with the great idea of Liberty, and not degrade and destroy it? The theory of our institutions is our pride. But it is a pitiful truth that our public life has become synonymous with knavery. If a politician is introduced, you feel of your pockets. It is shameful that it is universally conceded that the best men, the men of intelligence and probity, generally avoid politics, and that the word itself has come to mean something not to be touched without defilement. Consequently, what good men will not touch, bad men will. It is understood that bribery carries the election; and the Presidency is the result of an adroit process of financial engineering. I have myself been shown a handful of bank-notes publicly displayed in the ante-room of a Legislature, and sagaciously told: "That is the logic for legislators." Men think they cannot afford to go to Congress, and send other men to do their duties to the State—forgetting that we can have nothing without paying for it, and that if we hope to enjoy the best government in the world we must give time and labor, each one of us, and not suppose that the country will govern itself nor bad men govern it well.

Remember that the greatness of our country is not in its achievement, but in its promise—a promise which cannot be fulfilled without that sovereign moral sense—without a sensitive national conscience. If it were a question of the mere daily pleasure of living, the gratification of taste, opportunity of access to the great intellectual and æsthetic results of human genius, and whatever embellishes human life, no man could hesitate for a moment between the fulness of foreign lands in these respects, and the conspicuous poverty of our own. What have we done? We have subdued and settled a vast domain. We have made every inland river turn a mill, and wherever, on the dim rim of the globe, there is a harbor, we have lighted it with an American sail. We have bound the Atlantic to the Mississippi, so that we drift from the sea to the prairie upon a cloud of vapor; and we are stretching one hand across the continent to fulfil

the hope of Columbus in a shorter way to Cathay, and with the other we are grasping under the sea to clasp there the hand of the old continent, that so the throbbing of the ocean may not toss us further apart, but be as the beating of one common pulse of the world.

Yet these are the results common to all national enterprise, and different with us only in degree, not in kind. These are but the tools with which to shape a destiny. Commercial prosperity is only a curse, if it be not subservient to moral and intellectual progress; and our prosperity will conquer us, if we do not conquer our prosperity. G. W. Curtis.

CCCI.

IDEAS THE LIFE OF A PEOPLE.

The leaders of our Revolution were men of whom the simple truth is the ugliest praise. Of every condition in life, they were singularly sagacious, sober and thoughtful. Lord Chatham spoke only the truth when he said to Franklin, of the men who composed the first colonial Congress: "The Congress is the most honorable assembly of statesmen since those of the ancient Greeks and Romans in the most virtuous times." Given to grave reflection, they were neither dreamers nor missionaries, and they were much too earnest to be rhetoricians. It is a curious fact, that they were generally men of so calm a temper that they lived to extreme age. With the exception of Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams, they were most of them profound scholars, and studied the history of mankind that they might know men. They were so familiar with the lives and thoughts of the wisest and best minds of the past that a classic aroma hangs about their writings and their speech; and they were profoundly convinced of what statesmen always know, and the adroitest mere politicians never perceive—that ideas are the life of a people—that the conscience, not the pocket, is the real citadel of a nation, and that when you have debauched and demoralized that conscience by teaching that there are no natural rights, and that therefore there is no moral right or wrong in political action, you have poisoned the wells and rotted the crops in the ground. The three greatest living statesmen of England knew this also—Edmund Burke knew it, and Charles James Fox, and William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. But they did not speak for the King or parliament, or the English nation. Lord Gower spoke for them when he said in Parliament: "Let the Americans talk about their natural and divine rights! their rights as men and citizens! their rights from God and nature! I am for enforcing these measures!" My lord was contemptuous, and the King hired the Hessians, but the truth remained true. The Fathers saw the scarlet soldiers swarming over the sea, but more steadily they saw that national progress had been secure only in the degree that the political system had conformed to natural Justice. They knew the coming wreck of property and trade, but they knew more surely that Rome was never so rich as when she was dying, and, on the other hand, the Netherlands, never so powerful as when they were poorest. Farther away, they read the names of Assyria, Greece, Egypt. They had art, opulence, splendor. Corn enough grew in the valley of the Nile. The Syrian sword was as sharp as any. They were merchant princes, and the clouds in the sky were rivalled by their sails upon the sea. They were soldiers, and their frown frightened the world. "Soul, take thine ease." those Empires said, languid with excess of luxury and life. Yes: but you remember the King who had built his grandest palace, and was to occupy it upon the morrow, but when the morrow came the palace was a pile of ruins. "Woe is me!" cried the King, "who is guilty of this crime?" "There is no crime," replied the sage at his side; "but the mortar was made of sand and water only, and the builders forgot to put in the lime."

So fell the old empires, because the governors forgot to put justice into their governments. G. W. Curtis.

CCCII.

THE SAME CONCLUDED.

These things our fathers saw and pondered. I do not mean that when the Writs of Assistance were issued, or the Stamp Act proposed, or Port Bill passed, they did not oppose them upon technical and legal grounds. Undoubtedly they did. But their character, and habits, and studies, were such that, as the tyranny encroached, they rose naturally into the sphere of fundamental truths, as into a purer and native air. In great crises, men always revert to first principles, as in sailing out of sight of land the mariner consults celestial laws. So the Fathers began at the beginning, with God and human nature, and derived their government from truths which they disdained to prove, asserting them to be self-evident. Thus the Revolution was not the struggle of a class only, but of a people. It was not merely the rebellion of subjects whose pockets were threatened, it was the protest of men whose instincts had been outraged. As Mr. Webster was fond of saying, it was fought on a preamble. A two-penny tax on tea or paper was not the cause, it was only the occasion, of the Revolution. The spirit which fought the desperate and disastrous battle on Long Island yonder was not a spirit which could be quieted by the promise of sugar gratis. The chance of success was slight—the penalty of failure was sure. But they believed in God, they kissed wife and child, left them in His hand, and kept their powder dry. Then to Valley Forge, the valley of the shadow of death—with feet bleeding upon the sharp ground—with hunger, thirst, and cold dogging their steps—with ghastly death waiting for them in the snow, they bore that faith in ideas which brought their fathers over a pitiless sea to a pitiless shore.

Ideas were their food; ideas were their coats and camp-fires. They knew that their ranks were thin and raw, and the enemy trained and many. But they knew, also, that the only difficulty with the proverb that God fights upon the side of the strongest battalions is that it is not true. If you load muskets with bullets only, the result is simply a question of numbers. But one gun loaded with an idea is more fatal than the muskets of a whole regiment. A bullet kills a tyrant, but an idea kills tyranny, What chance have a thousand men fighting for a sixpence a day against a hundred fighting for life and liberty, for home and native land? In such hands, the weapons themselves feel and think. And so the family firelocks and rusty swords, the horse-pistol and old scythes of our fathers thought terribly at Lexington and Monmouth, at Saratoga and Eutaw Springs. The old Continental muskets thought out the whole Revolution. The English and Hessian arms were better and brighter than ours; but they were charged only with saltpetre. Our guns were loaded and rammed home with ideas. G. W. Curtis.

CCCIII.

EMANCIPATION THE WAR POLICY OF THE PRESIDENT.

At length the skies are cleared, and the oracles have spoken. The ultimate achievement is already determined in the irreversible purpose of the loyal

States; and that purpose is, a restored republic from the Gulf to the Lakes,—and a Republic of Freemen.

When the war first broke out, the free States became at once united for the safety of the capital and for vengeance upon those who had dishonored the common flag. Time passed on; the capital was supposed to be secure; changing fortune visited our arms; the people of the North became divided; some insisted upon an instant order of emancipation; others insisted upon no emancipation at all. One there was, as it has seemed to me, who abided the time of Providence and possessed his soul in patience; he was the President. He waited, counselled, struggled for a restored Union, before which and in comparison with which all other things should be subordinated. Within seventeen months after the first gun—so short are the historic stages in our time—he issued his proclamation of freedom with three months of notice. It saved the heart of the North and of a portion of Europe.

In the mean time the loyal arms had rescued several States from the clutch of revolt, and the inquiry everywhere arose, when, and how, and in what manner, the policy of emancipation should be applied. Then again it was, in the fulness of time, that the second Presidential proclamation came forth for the restoration of the States upon the basis of the equality of all men before God. Upon that he will stand, and upon that we shall stand, with no faltering or retracing step, until from the waters of the Gulf to the woods of the North, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific sea, this broad beat of empire shall possess an invincible people with no clanking manacle to fetter the creatures of God.

Accepting this, then, as the fixed policy of the States which are to subjugate the rebellion, we may felicitate ourselves upon the part we are permitted to bear in human events—that a measure, which in other countries and in more peaceful ages would have required a quarter or a half a century for its accomplishment, has become the announced edict of the loyal people of the United States, within the space of thirty-four months. The abolishment of the slave trade by the British Government, initiated by Wilberforce, supported by Pitt and Fox, and Burke and Granville, was accomplished only after seventeen years of parliamentary agitation.

When Mr. Fox, in 1806 submitted this, which proved to be the last motion he ever made in Parliament, and lived to witness its success, nobly did he declare: "That if, during the forty years he had sat in Parliament, he had been so fortunate as to accomplish that object, and that only, he should think he had done enough." If Mr. Fox might take to his heart that gratulation over the first sanction extorted from the Legislature of Great Britain for the abolition of the slave trade, may I not reclaim it with redoubled force for the American Magistrate under whose decree four millions of men will burst the bondage of ages, and mount enriched and ennobled to the enfranchisements of immortality.

The literature of England is rich with the eloquence of eulogium upon the statesman whose star was in the ascendant when freedom became the policy of the Empire; but I choose to appropriate it to him upon this side of the ocean, who has achieved the highest honor of mortal lot; who has won a triumph which leaves every other triumph of humanity and justice out of sight behind it, and for which, to the end of time, mankind will revere his name and bless his memory. A. H. Bullock.

CCCIV.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

As to duty, that is clear from what I have already told you. We owe allegiance to the Government of the Union, and its history to the breaking out of the present foul rebellion, the memory of the men who gave it to us, the untold blessings it has conferred upon us, the support it has given to constitutional liberty everywhere, the gratitude we owe to Washington, whom Providence, it has been said, left childless, that his country might call him father, will all unite in making that allegiance a pleasure as well as a duty. To be false to such a Government, to palter even with the treason that seeks its downfall, to associate with the wicked men or the madmen who are in arms against it, would be as vile a dishonor and as base a crime as fallen man ever perpetrated.

Peace, in such a crisis—the cry of our opponents—how is it to be attained? How, upon their plan, but by a gross violation of our clearest obligations—or total disregard of an allegiance to which we are bound, not only by the Constitution, but by the pledge our ancestors gave for us? The force the Government is raising is not, as is falsely alleged by the conspirators, to subjugate States or citizens. It is but to vindicate the Constitution and the laws, and maintain the existence of the government. It is but to suppress the "insurrection," force the citizen to return to his duty, and restore him to the unequalled benefits of the Union. And when this is done, as done it will be if there is justice in Heaven, the authors of the present calamity will be consigned to the execrations of the civilized world, and punished, perhaps, if that is possible, more severely by the people whom, by arts and subterfuges, they have so deluded and deceived. R. Johnson.

CCCV.**THE FIRST GUN FIRED AT SUMTER.**

As if to show how coldly and calmly all this had been calculated beforehand by the conspirators, to make sure that no absence of malice aforethought should degrade the grand malignity of settled purpose into the trivial effervescence of transient passion, the torch which was literally to launch the first missile, figuratively, to "fire the Southern heart" and light the flame of civil war, was given into the trembling hand of an old white-headed man, the wretched incendiary whom history will handcuff in eternal infamy with the temple-burner of ancient Ephesus. The first gun that spat its iron insult at Fort Sumter, smote every loyal American full in the face. As when the foul witch used to torture her miniature image, the person it represented suffered all that she inflicted on his waxen counterpart, so every buffet that fell on the smoking fortress was felt by the sovereign nation of which that was the representative. Robbery could go no farther, for every loyal man of the North was despoiled in that single act as much as if a footpad had laid hands upon him to take from him his father's staff and his mother's Bible. Insult could go no farther, for over those battered walls waved the precious symbol of all we most value in the past and hope for in the future,—the banner under which we became a nation, and which, next to the cross of the Redeemer, is the dearest object of love and honor to all who toil or march or sail beneath its waving folds of glory. O. W. Holmes.

CCCVI.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

We shall have success if we truly will success,—not other wise. It may be long in coming,—Heaven only knows through what trials and humblings we may have to pass before the full strength of the nation is duly arrayed and led to victory, We must be patient, as our fathers were patient; even in our worst calamities we must remember that defeat itself may be a gain where it costs our enemy more in relation to his strength than it costs ourselves. But if, in the inscrutable providence of the Almighty, this generation is disappointed in its lofty aspirations for the race, if we have not virtue enough to enoble our whole people, and make it a nation of sovereigns, we shall at least hold in undying honor those who vindicated the insulted majesty of the Republic, and struck at her assailants so long as a drum-beat summoned them to the field of duty.

Citizens of Boston, sons and daughters of New England, men and women of the North, brothers and sisters in the bond of the American Union, you have among you the scared and wasted soldiers who have shed their blood for your temporal salvation. They bore your Nation's emblems bravely through the fire and smoke of the battlefield; nay, their own bodies are starred with bullet-wounds and striped with sabre-cuts, as if to mark them as belonging to their country until their dust becomes a portion of the soil which they defended, In every Northern graveyard slumber the victims of this destroying struggle. Many whom you remember playing as children amidst the clover-blossoms of our Northern fields, sleep under nameless mounds, with strange Southern wild-flowers blooming over them. By those wounds of living heroes, by those graces of fallen martyrs, by the hopes of your children, and the claims of your children's children yet unborn, in the name of outraged honor, in the interest of violated sovereignty, for the life of an imperilled nation, for the sake of men everywhere and of our common humanity, for the glory of God and the advancement of His kingdom on earth, your country calls upon you to stand by her through good report and through evil report, in triumph and in defeat, until she emerges from the great war of Western civilization, Queen of the broad continent, arbitress in the councils of earth's emancipated peoples; until the flag that fell from the wall of Fort Sumter floats again inviolate, supreme, over all her ancient inheritance, every fortress, every capital, every ship, and this warring land is once more a united nation. O. W. Holmes.

CCCVII.**MANHOOD AND COUNTRY BEFORE WEALTH AND LUXURY.**

Let us say it plainly it will not hurt our people to be taught that there are other things to be cared for besides money making and money spending; that the time has come when manhood must assert itself by brave deeds and noble thoughts; when womanhood must assume its most sacred office, "to warn, to comfort," and, if need be, "to command" those whose services their country calls for. This Northern section of the land has become a great variety shop, of which the Atlantic cities are the long-extended counter. We have grown rich for what? To put gilt bands on coachmen's hats? To sweep the foul sidewalks with the heaviest silks which the toiling artisans of France can send us? To look through plate-glass windows, and pity the brown soldiers,—or sneer at the black ones? to reduce the speed of trotting horses a second or two below its old minimum? to color meerschaums? to flaunt in laces, and sparkle in

diamonds? to dredge our maiden's hair with gold-dust? to float through life, the passive shuttlecocks of fashion, from the avenues to the beaches, and back again from the beaches to the avenues? Was it for this that the broad domain of the Western hemisphere was kept so long unvisited by civilization?—for this, that Time, the father of empires, unbound the virgin zone of this youngest of his daughters, and gave her, beautiful in the long veil of her forests, to the rude embrace of the adventurous Colonists?

All this is what we see around us, now,—now, while we are actually fighting this great battle, and supporting this great load of indebtedness. Wait till the diamonds go back to the Jews of Amsterdam; till the plate-glass window bears the fatal announcement, For Sale, or to Let; till the voice of our Miriam is obeyed as she sings:—

"Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms!"

till the gold-dust is combed from golden locks, and hoarded to buy bread; till the fast-driving youth smokes his clay-pipe on the platform of the horse-car; till the music-grinders cease because none will pay them; till there are no peaches in the windows at twenty-four dollars a dozen, and no heaps of bananas and pine-apples selling at the street-corners; till the ten-flounced dress has but three flounces, and it is a felony to drink champagne; wait till these changes show themselves, the signs of deeper wants, the preludes of exhaustion and bankruptcy; then let us talk of the Maelstrom;—but till then, let us not be cowards with our purses, while brave men are emptying their hearts upon the earth for us; let us not whine over our imaginary ruin, while the reversed current of circling events is carrying us farther and farther, every hour, beyond the influence of the great failing which was born of our wealth, and of the deadly sin which was our fatal inheritance! O. W. Holmes.

CCCVIII.

OUR COUNTRY'S GREATEST GLORY.

The true glory of a nation is in an intelligent, honest, industrious Christian people. The civilization of a people depends on their individual character; and a constitution which is not the outgrowth of this character is not worth the parchment on which it is written. You look in vain in the past for a single instance where the people have preserved their liberties after their individual character was lost. It is not in the magnificence of its palaces, not in the beautiful creations of art lavished on its public edifices, not in costly libraries and galleries of pictures, not in the number or wealth of its cities, that we find pledges of a nation's glory. The ruler may gather around him the treasures of the world, amid a brutalized people; the senate chamber may retain its faultless proportions long after the voice of patriotism is hushed within its wails; the monumental marble may commemorate a glory which has forever departed. Art and letters may bring no lesson to a people whose heart is dead.

The true glory of a nation is in the living temple of a loyal, industrious, and upright people. The busy click of machinery, the merry ring of the anvil, the lowing of peaceful herds, and the song of the harvest-home, are sweeter music than paeans of departed glory, or songs of triumph in war. The vine-clad cottage of the hillside, the cabin of the woodsman, and the rural home of the farmer are the true citadels of any country. There is a dignity in honest toil which belongs not to the display of wealth or the luxury of fashion. The man who drives the plough, or swings

his axe in the forest, or with cunning fingers plies the tools of his craft, is as truly the servant of his country, as the statesman in the senate or the soldier in battle. The safety of a nation depends not alone on the wisdom of its statesmen or the bravery of its generals. The tongue of eloquence never saved a nation tottering to its fall; the sword of a warrior never stayed its destruction. There is a surer defence in every Christian home. I say Christian home, for I allow of no glory to manhood which comes not from the cross. I know of no rights wrung from tyranny, no truth rescued from darkness and bigotry, which has not awaited on a Christian civilization.

Would you see the image of true glory, I would show you villages where the crown and glory of the people was in Christian schools, where the voice of prayer goes heaven-ward, where the people have that most priceless gift—faith in God. With this as the basis, and leavened as it will be with brotherly love, there will be no danger in grappling with any evils which exist in our midst; we shall feel that we may work and bide our time, and die knowing that God will bring victory. Bishop Whipple.

CCCIX.

OUR NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

We celebrate to-day no idle tradition—the deeds of no fabulous race; for we tread in the scarcely obliterated footsteps of an earnest and valiant generation of men, who dared to stake life, and fortune, and sacred honor, upon a declaration of rights, whose promulgation shook tyrants on their thrones, gave hope to fainting freedom, and reformed the political ethics of the world.

The greatest heroes of former days have sought renown in schemes of conquest, based on the love of dominion or the thirst for war; and such had been the worship of power in the minds of men, that adulation had ever followed in the wake of victory. How daring then the trial of an issue between a handful of oppressed and outlawed colonists, basing their cause, under God, upon an appeal to the justice of mankind and their own few valiant arms. And how immeasurably great was he, the fearless commander, who, after the fortunes and triumphs of battle were over, scorned the thought of a regal throne for a home in the hearts of his countrymen. Amidst the rejoicings of this day, let us mingle something of gratitude with our joy—something of reverence with our gratitude—and something of duty with our reverence.

Let us cultivate personal independence in the spirit of loyalty to the State, and may God grant that we may always be able to maintain the sovereignty of the State in the spirit of integrity to the Union. Thus shall still be shed imperishable honors upon the American name thus perpetuated, through all coming time, the heritage which has been bequeathed to us by our fathers. Whatever shall be the fate of other governments, ours thus sustained, shall stand forever. As has been elsewhere said, nation after nation may rise and fall, kingdoms and empires crumble into ruin, but our own native land, gathering energy and strength from the lapse of time, shall go on and still go on its destined way to greatness and renown. And when thrones shall crumble into dust, when sceptres and diadems shall have been forgotten, till Heaven's last thunder shall shake the world below, the flag of the republic shall still wave on, and its Stars, its Stripes, and its Eagle, shall still float in pride, and strength, and glory,

"Whilst the earth bears, a plant,
Or the sea rolls a wave."

A. H. Rice.

CCCX.

SOUTHERN USURPATIONS AND NORTHERN CONCESSIONS.

Why did these Southerners make war upon the country, converting their own domain into a receptacle of stolen goods, and the hiding-place of mercenaries, murderers, and madmen, and ours into one vast recruiting tent? Tell me, you cowardly and traitorous Northmen, who talk about peace before the last armed foe has expired on the soil his attainted blood defiles, or of compromise, while yet the walls of our hospitals resound with the groans of the mangled, and are damp with the death-dew of the expiring? Tell me, you traitors, Davis, Pickens, Stephens, and Floyd? what do you say provoked you to the point where forbearance ceased to be a virtue? What had we of the North usurped that belonged to you? I inquire not now of what some among us may have said. I challenge any act of usurpation by the non-slaveholding States against your rights as members of the confederacy. Facts are incontrovertible. What had we done? What provision of the Federal Constitution had we violated? For once lay aside your declamation and abuse, and soberly and truthfully state your grievances.

You know, and we know, and the world knows, that we made no encroachment upon your reserved rights as a party to the compact between your fathers and ours. You know, also, that we have been so terrified at your reiterated threats against the family peace and general welfare, that, in our anxiety to preserve national concord, we have sacrificed personal honor and State pride. You called us "mudsills" and "greasy mechanics," until labor almost began to be ashamed of its God-given dignity. You beat our representatives in the national council chambers, because they expressed the views of those whom they served. You denied us freedom of speech in all your borders. This and much else, before the last burden, which broke our uncomplaining patience into active, and, as you are destined to learn, terrible resistance and deserved retribution. But what had we done? How sinned against you? In 1820 you wanted a geographical limit assigned to your peculiar institution and we passed the law known as the Missouri Compromise. You got sick of this when it appeared that slavery would not be a gainer thereby, as it was supposed, and begged a repeal of the act. It was repealed. In 1850, you clamored for further legislation in favor of your property in human beings, and the fugitive slave law was placed on the nation's statute book. You continually cried, "Give, give!" and we gave. But nothing would satisfy your rapacity; you had resolved to quarrel with us. Do you remind me that we did not return your escaped slaves? This is only half the truth. Whenever you came after your chattel, with legal proofs of ownership, we caught and caged him, and sent him back to you, often at our own expense. If you did not think it worth your while to hunt up your runaway, it was none of our concern. Sometimes a man among us, more of a humanitarian than a jurisconsult, and better versed in the law of nature than the law of the land, illegally, but conscientiously, aided your bondman to escape. John Brown did so, and you hanged him for it! But no State, as such, and no authority within a State, ever hesitated or refused to fulfil its constitutional obligations to you on this head. But you did not mean to be satisfied. You meant to rebel. You have rebelled, and you must abide the consequences. R. Busteed.

CCCXI.**MONUMENTAL HONORS TO PUBLIC BENEFACTORS.**

What parent, as he conducts his son to Mount Auburn or to Bunker Hill, will not, as he pauses before their monumental statues, seek to heighten his reverence for virtue, for patriotism, for science, for learning, for devotion to the public good, as he bids him contemplate the form of that grave and venerable Winthrop, who left his pleasant home in England to come and found a new republic in this untrodden wilderness; of that ardent and intrepid Otis, who first struck out the spark of American independence; of that noble Adams, its most eloquent champion on the floor of Congress; of that martyr Warren, who laid down his life in its defense; of that self-taught Bowditch, who, without a guide, threaded the starry mazes of the heavens; of that Story, honored at home and abroad as one of the brightest luminaries of the law, and, by a felicity of which I believe there is no other example, admirably portrayed in marble by his son? What citizen of Boston, as he accompanies the stranger around our streets, guiding him through our busy thoroughfares, to our wharves, crowded with vessels which range every sea and gather the produce of every climate, up to the dome of this capitol, which commands as lovely a landscape as can delight the eye or gladden the heart, will not, as he calls his attention at last to the statues of Franklin and Webster, exclaim:—"Boston takes pride in her natural position, she rejoices in her beautiful environs, she is grateful for her material prosperity; but richer than the merchandise stored in palatial warehouses, greener than the slopes of sea-girt islets, lovelier than this encircling panorama of land and sea, of field and hamlet, of lake and stream, of garden and grove, is the memory of her sons, native and adopted; the character, services and fame of those who have benefited and adorned their day and generation. Our children, and the schools at which they are trained, our citizens, and the services they have rendered:—these are our monuments, these are our jewels, these our abiding treasures." E. Everett.

CCCXII.**THE CRIME OF THE REBELLION.**

I call the war which the Confederates are waging against the Union a "Rebellion," because it is one, and in grave matters it is best to call things by their right names. I speak of it as a crime, because the Constitution of the United States so regards it, and puts "rebellion" on a par with "invasion." The Constitution and law not only of England, but of every civilized country regard them in the same light; or rather they consider the rebel in arms as far worse than the alien enemy. To levy war against the United States is the constitutional definition of treason, and that crime is, by every civilized government: regarded as the highest which citizen or subject can commit. Not content with the sanctions of human justice, of all the crimes against the law of the land it is singled out for the denunciations of religion. The litanies of every church in Christendom, as far as I am aware, from the metropolitan cathedrals of Europe to the humblest missionary chapel in the islands of the sea, concur with the Church of England in imploring the Sovereign of the universe, by the most awful adjurations which the heart of man can conceive or his tongue utter, to deliver us from "sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion." And reason good,—for while a rebellion against tyranny; a rebellion designed, after prostrating arbitrary power, to establish free government on the basis of justice and truth, is an enterprise on which

good men and angels may look with complacency; an unprovoked rebellion of ambitious men against a beneficent government, for the purpose—the avowed purpose—of establishing, extending, and perpetuating any form of injustice and wrong, is an imitation on earth of that first foul revolt of "the Infernal serpent," against which the Supreme Majesty of Heaven sent forth the armed myriads of his angels, and clothed the right arm of his Son with the three-bolted thunders of Omnipotence.

Lord Bacon, "in the true marshalling of the sovereign degrees of honor," assigns the first place to "the Conditores Imperiorum, founders of States and Commonwealths"; and truly to build up from the discordant elements of our nature; the passions, the interests, and the opinions of the individual man; the rivalries of family, clan, and tribe; the influences of climate and geographical position; the accidents of peace and war accumulated for ages, to build up, from these oftentimes warring elements, a well-compacted, prosperous and powerful State, if it were to be accomplished by one effort, or in one generation, would require a more than mortal skill. To contribute in some notable degree to this the greatest work of man, by wise and patriotic counsel in peace, and loyal heroism in war, is as high as human merit can well rise, and far more than to any of those to whom Bacon assigns this highest place of honor, whose names can hardly be repeated without a wondering smile,—Romulus; Cyrus, Cæsar, Ottoman, Israel,—is it due to our Washington, as the founder of the American Union. But if to achieve or help to achieve this greatest work of man's wisdom and virtue gives title to a place among the chief benefactors, rightful heirs of the benedictions, of mankind, by equal reason shall the bold bad men who seek to undo the noble work,—Eversores Imperiorum, destroyers of States,—who for base and selfish ends rebel against beneficent governments, seek to overturn wise constitutions, to lay powerful republican unions at the foot of foreign thrones, bring on civil and foreign war, anarchy at home, dictation abroad, desolation, ruin,—by equal reason, I say, yes a thousand fold stronger, shall they inherit the execrations of ages. E. Everett.

CCCXIII.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HONORED DEAD.

How bright are the honors which await those who with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption. The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous hosts that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than

we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. It was your son: but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright: now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sister's, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before he was yours: he is ours. He has died from the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgot ten or neglected: and it shall by-and-by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulette nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor, that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crowds will give way to hobbling cripples, and uncover in the presence of feebleness and helplessness. And buoyant children shall pause in their noisy games, and with loving reverence honor them whose hands can work no more, and whose feet are no longer able to march except upon that journey which brings good men to honor and immortality. Oh, mother of lost children! set not in darkness nor sorrow whom a nation honors. Oh, mourners of the early dead, they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives because you gave it men that love it better than their own lives. And when a few more days shall have cleared the perils from around the nation's brow, and she shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance. H. W. Beecher.

CCCXIV.

ON THE CONFISCATION BILL.

Few of those engaged in this rebellion will ever be made to suffer in their persons; and if they are to be left in the full possession and enjoyment of their cotton, their lands, and their negroes, the innocent will have been made to suffer while the guilty will go unpunished. Shall the fathers of the gallant sons whose mangled bodies have been borne back to Illinois by hundreds, from the bloody fields of Belmont, of Donelson, and Pea Ridge, be ground down by onerous taxes, which shall descend upon their children to the third and fourth generations, to defray the expenses of defending the Government against traitors, and we forbear to touch even the property of the authors of these calamities, whose persons are beyond our reach? Suppose ye that the loyal people of this country will submit to such injustice?

I believe I represent as loyal, as patriotic and as brave a constituency as any other Senator. I claim nothing more. While I am proud of the part which the soldiers of my own State took in defeating the enemy in the West, I do not claim for them any superiority over the other soldiers of the Republic. The brave men who besieged Donelson, and who, after fighting through the day for three consecutive days, lay each night on the ground without shelter, exposed to the rain and sleet, were chiefly Illinoisans. It was there that rebellion received the heavy blow which has staggered it ever since. Forty dead bodies were borne from that bloody field to one small town in my State, and buried in a common grave. The Union forces at Pea Ridge were also largely made up of soldiers from Illinois. Suppose ye that I can go back to Illinois, among the relatives of those who have been cruelly destroyed, and propose to levy taxes upon them in order to conciliate and compensate the murderers, for that is really what exempting rebel property from confiscation amounts to? Sir, I know not if they would submit to such injustice; and yet there are those who not only talk of an amnesty to the men who have brought these troubles upon the country, but oppose providing the mild punishment of confiscation of property for those who shall continue hereafter to war upon the Government, and whose persons are beyond our reach. Do gentlemen regard it as conciliatory to oblige us to lay taxes upon those whose habitations have been consumed, to reward those who have burned them? upon those whose whole property has been stolen, to reward the thieves? upon those whose relatives have been slain, to compensate the murderers? In my judgment, justice, humanity, and mercy herself all demand that we at once provide that the supporters of this cruel and wicked rebellion should henceforth be made to feel its burdens. When the rebels, whose hands are dripping with the blood of loyal citizens, shall have grounded their arms, it will be time enough to talk of clemency; but to have our sympathies excited in their behalf now, when fighting to overthrow the Government, is cruelty to the loyal men who have rallied to its support. L. Trumbull.

CCCXV.

THE CRITTENDEN COMPROMISE.

Sir, what are the remedies that are proposed for the present condition of things, and what have they been from the beginning? They have been propositions of compromise; and Senators have spoken of peace, and of the horrors of civil war; and gentlemen who have contended for the right of the people of the Territories to regulate their own affairs, and who have been horrified at the idea of a geographical line dividing free States from slave States, free territory from slave territory,—and we have proclaimed that the great principle upon which the Revolution was fought was that of the right of the people to govern themselves, and that it was a monstrous doctrine for Congress to interfere in any way with its own Territories—these gentlemen come forward here with propositions to divide the country on a geographical line; and not only that, but to establish slavery south of the line; and they call this the Missouri Compromise! The proposition known as the Crittenden Compromise is no more like the Missouri Compromise than is the government of Turkey like that of the United States. The Missouri Compromise was a law declaring that in all the territory which we had acquired from Louisiana, north of a certain line of latitude, slavery or involuntary servitude should never exist. But it said nothing about the establishment of slavery south of that line. It was a compromise made in order to admit Missouri into the Union as a slave State, in 1820. That was

the consideration for the exclusion of slavery from all the country north of 36° 30'. Now, sir, I have no objection to the restoration of the Missouri Compromise as it stood in 1854, when the Kansas-Nebraska Bill repealed it.

The proposition known as the Crittenden Compromise declares not only that "in the territory south of the said line of latitude, slavery of the African race is thereby recognized as existing, and shall not be interfered with by Congress;" but it provides further, that, in the territory we shall hereafter acquire south of that line, slavery shall be recognized, and not interfered with by Congress; but "shall be protected as property by all the departments of the territorial government during its continuance;" so that, if we make acquisitions on the south of territories now free, and where by the laws of the land the footsteps of slavery have never been, the moment we acquire jurisdiction over them, the moment the stars and stripes of the Republic float over those free territories, they carry with them African slavery, established beyond the power of Congress and beyond the power of any territorial legislature or of the people, to keep it out: and we are told that this is the Missouri Compromise!

Now, sir, why cannot we have peace, I ask, upon the compromise measures of 1850? Why disturb them? They were enacted by great men. They gave peace to the country. Why is it necessary now to overturn them? Restore the old Missouri Compromise as it stood; let us go back to the settlement made in 1850, and there let us stand. What more would Senators have? The South were satisfied with that settlement. Have we disturbed it? Are we proposing to disturb it? Not at all. You yourselves disturbed it, and brought these difficulties upon the country.

I have always insisted that the people of the Northern States were in no manner responsible for slavery in the Southern states; and why? Because they had no power in regard to it. Each State has a right to manage its own domestic affairs. I will not interfere with it where I have no authority by the Constitution to interfere; but I will never consent, the people of my State will never consent, the people of the great Northwest, numbering more in white population than all your Southern States together, never will consent by their act to establish African slavery anywhere. No, sir; I will never agree to put into the Constitution of the country a clause establishing or making perpetual slavery anywhere. No, sir; no human being shall ever be made a slave by my vote. Not one single foot of God's soil shall ever be dedicated to African slavery by my act—never! Never! L. Trumbull.

CCCXVI.

REPLY TO SENATOR BRECKINRIDGE.

The Senator from Kentucky stands up here in opposition to what he sees is the overwhelming sentiment of the Senate, and utters reproof, malediction and prediction combined. I would ask him, sir, what would you have us to do now—a rebel army within twenty miles of us, advancing or threatening to advance to destroy your Government? Will the Senator yield to rebellion? Will he shrink from armed insurrection? Will his State justify it? Will its better public opinion allow it? Shall we send a flag of truce? What would he have? Or would he conduct this war so feebly that the whole world would smile at us in derision? What would he have? These speeches of his, sown broadcast over the land—what clear, distinct meaning have they? Are they not intended for disorganization in our very midst? Are they not

intended to dull our weapons? Are they not intended to destroy our zeal? Are they not intended to animate our enemies? Sir, are they not words of brilliant, polished treason, even in the very Capitol of the Confederacy?

Be with the enemy or with us.

I come, then, to emancipation. And, first, I ask my countrymen to proclaim emancipation to the slaves as a matter of necessity to ourselves; for unless it be by accident, we are not to come out of this contest as one nation, except by emancipation. Confiscation of the property of the rebels may be necessary and just; but it is not enough. It will not save us in "this rugged and awful crisis." It is inadequate to meet the exigency in which the country is placed. We must have emancipation. The political salvation of the country demands it; and it is inevitable. The time is approaching when emancipation must take place, and we have now, I think, only a choice of ways. Emancipation may be achieved by the slaves themselves; it may be effected by the Government of the United States; it may come through the desperation of the slaveholding rebels themselves. But come it must. I say, then, let us, at the head of our armies, on the soil of South Carolina, proclaim Freedom—freedom to all her slaves, and then enforce the proclamation as far and as fast as we have opportunity. Let the blow fall first on that State which first rebelled, as a warning and a penalty for her perfidy in this business, which began at the moment that her delegates penned their names to the Constitution.

Next, Florida, impotent in her treachery, with less than a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and with property not equal to that of a single ward in this city, and that purchased with the money of the people,—emancipate her slaves, and invite the refugees from slavery in the South, for the moment to assemble there, if they desire, and take possession of the soil.

And next in this work of emancipation I name Texas, a State purchased by a costly war with Mexico and which went out of the Union because she could not extend slavery in the Union. Let us teach her people that in the Union or out of the union, slavery is not to be extended. Emancipate the slaves in Texas, and invite men from the army, invite men from the North, invite men from Ireland, invite men from Germany,—the friends of freedom, of every name and every nation?—bid them welcome to the millions of acres of fertile lands we shall there confiscate, and they will form a barrier of freemen, a wall of liberty, over which, or through which, or beneath which it will be impossible for slavery to extend itself.

These three States may be sufficient for warning, for refuge, and for security against the spread of slavery; but I would have it distinctly understood, that by the next anniversary of the birth of the Father of his Country, we shall emancipate the slaves in all the disloyal and rebellious States if they do not previously return to their allegiance.

But justice to the slaves, no less than necessity to us, demands emancipation. Certainly they have been subjected to a sufficient apprenticeship under slavery, through two centuries, to prepare them for freedom if ever they are to be prepared. I say, then, justice to the slave demands emancipation. Let us maintain the principles of the declaration of Independence. The fundamental difference on which the North and South have divided for thirty years is on that part of the Declaration which says "All men are created equal." They have denied it; we have undertaken to maintain it. Jefferson meant, when he penned that immortal truth, not that men are equal physically, intellectually, or morally, but that no one is born under any political

subserviency to his fellow man. Let us maintain the doctrine now. These slaves are men; Jefferson did not hesitate to call them "brethren." The declaration concerning the equality of men applies to them as to us; and now that in the progress of events the South has relieved us from responsibility in regard to eleven disloyal States, let us stand forth as a nation in our original strength and purity, maintaining the ideas to which our fathers gave utterance. That we may have ground on which to stand and defend ourselves in this contest, let us declare in the presence of these slaveholders and rebels, in the presence of Europe, that we proclaim THE EQUALITY OF ALL MEN. G. S. Boutwell.

CCCXVIII.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. President and Fellow-citizens—At the request of the Committee of Arrangements, I am present as a spectator, to witness the imposing and grand ceremonies of this interesting occasion, and reluctantly to express in words my great gratification at the progress that has been made in the restoration of Louisiana to the Union of States, and in the majestic evidence before me of the returning loyalty of its people. I have watched with the deepest interest the momentous events in the struggle through which we are passing, from its inception to the present hour. In common with the mass of my countrymen I have sorrowed at reverses, and rejoiced in victories. I have mourned over the heroes who have fallen on the field of battle—my brothers in blood, my brothers in arms—and have joined in the honors which a grateful people have showered upon the gallant spirits who upon the sea and upon the land have led our hosts to victory. They never can be forgotten. Day by day and hour by hour, I have observed the receding armies of the enemy, until more than half the territory covered by the shadow of the rebel flag at the beginning of the war, has fallen into the possession of the Government, and is covered by the Stars and Stripes—the emblem of Liberty, now and forever, here and everywhere.

We have, indeed, enough to rejoice our hearts in the progress of our armies, and to give joy to the festivities of this glad hour,—

"But much remains
To conquer still. Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

In order to maintain the ground we have recovered with such terrible sacrifice of precious life, and to enable the gallant leaders and heroic men of our armies to retire to the walks of civil life again, it is necessary that civil institutions of government should be reestablished, and a new, subdued, yet patriotic spirit, like that which held

"The helm of Rome, when robes, not arms,
Repelled the fierce Epirote and the bold African,"

should animate our people and restore the pristine purity and power of the nation.

Louisiana has not been faithless to her duties, nor is she now, nor will she be in the future. Among the truest spirits in the hour of trial were her sons and her daughters. Among the

bravest and truest upon the field of battle have been her volunteers. She was the first in this great revolution of ideas rather than arms, to organize her public schools upon a war footing, and infuse into the uncorrupted hearts of their pupils this new sentiment of nationality, by the daily repetition, with the morning prayers, of the magnificent anthems of American liberty. She was the first to institute the system of compensated labor, that makes the restoration of the institution of slavery on this continent impossible that compels us to prepare for the elevation of the oppressed race among us, and the ultimate recognition of all their rights. She is the first in this revolution of ideas to give to the social element of the people a national interest and a national spirit in the great drama of life through which we are passing. And here, to-day, with this splendid pageant—here, to-day, at the inauguration which consummates an election by the people of more than ordinary purity and of unrestricted freedom—here, to-day she is to recognize, as a national sentiment for the new age and the new history, the doctrine that Union AND Liberty, now and forever, must be, and will be, one and inseparable.

In proportion to the confidence with which the people of the American continent shall view the results of this day's history so will arise, in all parts of our land, a cry of joy as of a people liberated from the bondage of slavery and death. And from the hearthstone and the altar will arise the prayer of the good and wise, that this first gleam of light will prove a joyful harbinger of a perpetual day of peace, prosperity, and power. N. P. Banks.

CCCXIX.

THE BIBLE—ITS INFLUENCE.

This Book has taken such a hold on the world as no other. The literature of Greece, which goes up like incense from that land of temples and heroic deeds, has not half the influence of this Book from a nation alike despised in ancient and modern times. It is read of a Sunday in all the thirty thousand pulpits of our land. In all the temples of Christendom is its voice lifted up, week by week. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar, and colors the talk of the street. The bark of the merchant cannot sail the sea without it; no ship of war goes to the conflict but the Bible is there! It enters men's closets; mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life. The affianced maiden prays God in Scripture for strength in her new duties; men are married by Scripture. The Bible attends them in their sickness; when the fever of the world is on them, the aching head finds a softer pillow if such leaves lie underneath. The mariner, escaping from shipwreck, clutches this first of his treasures, and keeps it sacred to God. It goes with the peddler, in his crowded pack; cheers him at eventide, when he sits down dusty and fatigued; brightens the freshness of his morning face. It blesses us when we are born; gives names to half Christendom; rejoices with us; has sympathy for our mourning; tempers our grief to finer issues. It is the better part of our sermons. It lifts man above himself; our best of uttered prayers are its storied speech, wherewith our fathers and the patriarchs prayed.

The timid man, about awaking from this dream of life, looks through the glass of Scripture and his eye grows bright; he does not fear to stand alone, to tread the way unknown and distant, to take the death-angel by the hand, and bid farewell to wife, and babes, and home. Men rest on this their dearest hopes. It tells them of God, and of his blessed Son; of earthly duties and of heavenly rest. Foolish men find it the source of Plato's wisdom, and the science

of Newton, and the art of Raphael; wicked men use it to rivet the fetters of the slave. Men who believe nothing else that is Spiritual, believe the Bible all through; without this they would not confess, say they, even that there was a God. T. Parker.

CCCXX.

THE BIBLE—ITS DEEP AND LASTING POWER.

For this deep and lasting power of the Bible there must be an adequate cause. That nothing comes of nothing is true all the world over. It is no light thing to hold, with an electric chain, a thousand hearts, though but an hour, beating and bounding with such fiery speed. What is it then to hold the Christian world, and that for centuries? Are men fed with chaff and husks? The authors we reckon great, whose word is in the newspaper, and the market-place, whose articulate breath now sways the nation's mind, will soon pass away, giving place to other great men of a season, who in their turn shall follow them to eminence and then to oblivion. Some thousand "famous writers" come up in this century, to be forgotten in the next. But the silver cord of the Bible is not loosed, nor its golden bowl broken, as Time chronicles its tens of centuries passed by. Has the human race gone mad? Time sits as a refiner of metal; the dross is piled in forgotten heaps, but the pure gold is reserved for use, passes into the ages, and is current a thousand years hence as well as to-day. It is only real merit that can long pass for such. Tinsel will rust in the storms of life. False weights are soon detected there. It is only a heart that can speak deep and true, to a heart; a mind to a mind; a soul to a soul; wisdom to the wise, and religion to the pious. There must then be in the Bible, mind, conscience, heart and soul, wisdom and religion. Were it otherwise, how could millions find it in their lawgiver, friend, and prophet? Some of the greatest of human institutions seem built on the Bible; such things will not stand on heaps of chaff but on mountains of rocks. T. Parker.

CCCXXI.

SUPPORT OF THE GOVERNMENT BY FORCE.

What we have to do is clear. The dictate of wisdom, the impulse of patriotism, the instinct of safety and preservation, the lessons of the past, the hopes of the future, all bid us uphold the constitutional Government of the United States, and by the power of force—a power which, of necessity, underlies all government—carry it triumphantly through this conflict, till its legitimate results are attained. Upon this power of force, the conspirators against this Government have relied from the beginning. They have expected to appeal to it, as is evident from the extent to which the Northern forts, arsenals, and people have been robbed of arms and munitions of war, which, during the last administration, were sent into the Southern States in numbers altogether disproportionate to their population, and unauthorized by law. If they believed in the right of peaceable secession from the Government of the United States, as a right clearly admitted and secured by the Constitution, it is strange that they should have made such far-sighted preparations to maintain this right by forcible resistance to its authority. To this power, these conspirators and those whom they had beguiled from their allegiance, made a direct appeal when they fired their first shot upon Fort Sumter. This appeal, the United States Government is compelled to meet, and by the strong arm of its military power, at the point of the bayonet, and beneath the smoke and blaze of its guns, enforce the obedience which reason,

if it had not been dethroned, would never have refused, and recover the allegiance which patriotism, if it had not been deceived and bewildered, would never have relinquished. In this case, it is not the Government that inaugurates civil war, but the men who, by treason and rebellion, are seeking to overturn it; and for this gigantic crime,—the crime of disturbing the peace of thirty millions of people, of attempting to dismember a Union fraught with manifest advantages to all embraced in it, and to overturn, by force, a Government benignant in its sway, and mighty in its protection, its benefits, and its blessings,—for this crime they have no justification.

Under civil institutions, republican and representative in their character, where there are legitimate, constitutional channels provided for the expression of the popular will, through which the Government can be modified, its organic or its statute laws reached, altered, amended, so as to meet the wishes of the majority, or protect the rights of a minority, there can be no justification of rebellion that will stand before the world, or secure a verdict of approval from the pen of impartial history. If we would secure for ourselves that approval, let us stand by this constitutional Government of the United States, and at whatever cost, carry it thorough to the legitimate results of this conflict. S. K. Lothrop.

BOOK SECOND.

RECENT SELECTIONS.

POETRY.

CCCXXII.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade;
 Leave in its track the toiling plough;
 The rifle and the bayonet-blade
 For arms like yours were fitter now;
 And let the hands that ply the pen
 Quit the light task, and learn to wield
 The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
 The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!
 To where the blood-stream blots the green,
 Strike to defend the gentlest sway
 That Time in all his course has seen.
 See, from a thousand coverts—see
 Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
 They rush to smite her down, and we
 Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
 And moved as soon to fear and flight,
 Men of the glade and forest! leave
 Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
 The arms that wield the axe must pour
 An iron tempest on the foe;
 His serried ranks shall reel before
 The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm
 By grassy steep or highland lake,
 Come, for the land ye love, to form
 A bulwark that no foe can break.
 Stand, like your own gray cliff's that mock
 The whirlwind; stand in her defence:
 The blast as soon shall move the rock
 As rushing squadron's bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
 Swift rivers, rising far away,
 Come from the depth of her green land
 As mighty in your march as they;
 As terrible as when the rains
 Have swelled them over bank and bourn,
 With sudden floods to drown the plains
 And sweep along the woods uptoorn.

And ye who throng, beside the deep,
 Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
 In number like the waves that leap
 On his long murmuring marge of sand,
 Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
 He rises, all his floods to pour,
 And flings the proudest barks that swim,
 A helpless wreck against the shore.

Few, few were they whose swords, of old,
 Won the fair land in which we dwell;
 But we are many, we who hold
 The grim resolve to guard it well.
 Strike for that broad and goodly land,
 Blow after blow, till men shall see
 That Might and Right move hand in hand,
 And glorious must their triumph be.

W. C. Bryant.

CCCXXIII.

NOT YET.

O country, marvel of the earth!
 O realm to sudden greatness grown!
 The age that gloried in thy birth,
 Shall it behold thee overthrown?
 Shall traitors lay that greatness low?
 No, Land of Hope and Blessing, No!

And we who wear thy glorious name,
 Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,
 When those whom thou hast trusted, aim
 The death-blow at thy generous heart?
 Forth goes the battle-cry, and lo!
 Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No!

And they who founded, in our land,
 The power that rules from sea to sea,
 Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
 To leave their country great and free?
 Their sleeping ashes, from below,
 Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

Knit they the gentle ties which long
 These sister States were proud to wear,
 And forged the kindly links so strong
 For idle hands in sport to tear—
 For scornful hands aside to throw?
 No, by our fathers' memories, No!

Our humming marts, our iron ways,
 Our wind-tossed woods on mountain crest,
 The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
 The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
 And Mississippi's torrent flow,
 And loud Niagara, answer, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
 Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,
 Earth's ancient kings, shall rise and say,
 "Proud country, welcome to the pit!
 So soon art thou, like us, brought low?"
 No, sullen group of shadows, No!

For now, behold the arm that gave
 The victory in our fathers' day,
 Strong as of old, to guard and save—
 That mighty arm which none can stay—

On clouds above and fields below,
Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!
W. C. Bryant.

CCCXXIV.**THE AMERICAN FLAG.**

At last, at last, each glowing star
In that pure field of heavenly blue,
On every people shining far,
Burns, to its utmost promise true.

Hopes in our fathers' hearts that stirred,
Justice, the seal of peace, long scorned,
O perfect peace! too long deferred,
At last, at last, your day has dawned.

Your day has dawned, but many an hour
Of storm and cloud, of doubt and tears,
Across the eternal sky must lower,
Before the glorious noon appears.

And not for us that noontide glow:
For us the strife and toil shall be;
But welcome toil, for now we know
Our children shall that glory see.

At last, at last, O Stars and Stripes!
Touched in your birth by Freedom's flame,
Your purifying lightning wipes
Out from our history its shame.

Stand to your faith, America!
Sad Europe listen to our call!
Up to your manhood, Africa!
That gracious flag floats over all.

And when the hour seems dark with doom,
Our sacred banner, lifted higher,
Shall flash away the gathering gloom
With inextinguishable fire.

Pure as its white the future see!
Bright as its red is now the sky!
Fixed as its stars the faith shall be,
That nerves our hands to do or die.

G. W. Curtis

CCCXXV.**AM I FOR PEACE? YES.**

For the peace which rings out from the cannons' throat,
 And the suasion of shot and shell,
 Till Rebellion's spirit is trampled down
 To the depths of its kindred hell.

For the peace which shall follow the squadron's tramp,
 Where the brazen trumpets bray,
 And, drunk with the fury of storm and strife,
 The blood-red chargers neigh.

For the peace which shall wash out the leprous stain
 Of our slavery—foul and grim,
 And shall sunder the fetters which creak and clank
 On the down-trodden dark man's limb.

I will curse him as traitor, and false of heart,
 Who would shrink from the conflict now,
 And will stamp it, with blistering, burning brand,
 On his vitreous, Cain-like brow.

Out! out of the way! with your spurious peace,
 Which would make us Rebellion's slaves;
 We will rescue our land from the traitorous grasp,
 Or cover it with our graves.

Out! out of the way! with your knavish schemes!
 You trembling and trading pack!
 Crouch away in the dark, like a sneaking hound
 That its master has beaten back.

You would barter the fruit of our fathers' blood,
 And sell out the Stripes and Stars,
 To purchase a place with Rebellion's votes,
 Or escape from Rebellion's scars.

By the widow's wail, by the mother's tears,
 By the orphans who cry for bread,
 By our sons who fell, we will never yield
 Till Rebellion's soul is dead.

Anonymous.

CCCXXVI.**THE GREAT BELL ROLAND.**

Toll! Roland, toll!
In Old St. Bavon's tower,
At midnights hour,
The great bell Roland spoke!
All souls that slept in Ghent awoke!
What meant the thunder stroke?
Why trembled wife and maid?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet
All flying to the city's wall?
It was the warning call
That Freedom stood in peril of a foe!
And even timid hearts grew bold
Whenever Roland tolled,
And every hand a sword could hold!
So acted men
Like patriots then,
Three hundred years ago!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So grand a tongue!
If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill!
Then toll and strike the test
Through each man's breast,
Till loyal hearts shall stand confess'd,—
And may God's wrath smite all the rest!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Not now in old St. Bavon's tower-Not
now at midnight hour—
Not now from River Scheldt to Zuyder Zee,
But here,—this side the sea!—.
Toll here, in broad, bright day!-For
not by night awaits
A noble foe without the gates,
But perjured friends within betray,
And do the deed at noon!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Thy sound is not too soon!
To Arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
Reëcho it from East to West,

Till every hero's breast
Shall swell beneath a soldier's crest!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun!
The sire bequeathed them to the son,
When only half their work was done!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
Toll! Roland, toll!
What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall?
Toll! Roland, toll!
In shadowed hut and small
Shall lie the soldier's pall,
And hearts shall break while graves are filled!
Amen! So God has willed!
And may his grace anoint us all!

Toll! Roland, toll!
The Dragon on thy tower
Stands sentry to this hour,
And Freedom so stands safe in Ghent!
And the merrier bells now ring,
And in the land's serene content
Men shout "God save the King!"
Until the skies are rent!
So let it be;
For a kingly king is he
Who keeps his people free!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Ring out across the sea!
No longer They but We
Have now such need of thee!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Forever may thy throat
Keep dumb its warning note
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall overshadow not a man enslaved!
Toll! Roland, toll!
From Northern lake to Southern strand,
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till friend and foe, at thy command,
Once more shall clasp each other's hand,
And shout, one-voiced, "God save the land!"

And love the land that God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

T. Tilton.

CCXXVII.

THE MASSACHUSETTS LINE.

Still first, as long and long ago,
Let Massachusetts muster:
Give her the post right next the foe;
Be sure that you may trust her.
She was the first to give her blood
For Freedom and for Honor;
She trod her soil to crimson mud:
God's blessing be upon her!

She never faltered for the right,
Nor ever will hereafter:
Fling up her name with all your might;
Shake roof-tree and shake rafter.
But of old deeds she need not brag,—
How she broke sword and fetter:
Fling out again the old striped Flag;
She'll do yet more and better.

In peace, her sails fleck all the seas;
Her mills shake every river;
And where are scenes so fair as these
God and her true hands give her?
In war, her claim who seek to rob?
All others come in later:
It is hers first to front the Mob,
The Tyrant, and the Traitor.

God bless, God bless, the glorious State!
Let her have way to battle!
She'll go where batteries crash with fate,
Or where thick rifles rattle.

Give her the Right, and let her try;
And then who can may press her;
She'll go straight on, or she will die:
God bless her, and God bless her!

R. Lowell.

CCCXXVIII.

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

"Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey—
Massa won't be with you long;
And I fain would hear the south wind
Bring once more the sound to me,
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur,
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
That I've loved so long and well,
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and stripes on sloop and shallop,
Sailing up the Tennessee.

"And, Pompey, while old massa's waiting
For death's last despatch to come,
If that exiled starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall greet it, slave no longer—
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shouts and points to Union colors
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey;
But ole darkey's happy here,
Where he's tended corn and cotton
For 'ese many a long-gone year.
Over yonder Missis's sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me;
Mebbie she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee.

"Pears like she was watching Massa—
If Pompey should beside him stay,
Mebbie she'd remember better
How for him she used to pray;
Telling him that way up yonder
White as snow his soul would be,
If he served the Lord of heaven
While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them,
As they gazed on rock and tree
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee.

Master dreaming of the battle
Where he fought by Marion's side,
When he bid the haughty Tarleton
Stoop his lordly crest of pride.
Man, remembering how yon sleeper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vervair, of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
'Mid the veteran's silvery hair;
Still the bondman close beside him
Stands behind the old arm-chair,
With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
Shading eyes he bends to see
Where the woodland boldly jutting
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever,
To the river's yielding breast.
Ha! above the foliage yonder
Something flutters wild and free!
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin-door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you;
Give a freeman's shout with me—
'God and Union!' be our watchword
Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier

Glided to that better land.
When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free,
While the ringdove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee.

E. L. Beers.

CCCXXIX.

A BATTLE-SONG FOR FREEDOM.

Men of action! men of might!
Stern defenders of the right!
Are you girded for the fight?

Have you marked and trenched the ground,
Where the din of arms must sound,
Ere the victor can be crowned?

Have you guarded well the coast?
Have you marshalled all your host?
Standeth each man at his post?

Have you counted up the cost?
What is gained and what is lost,
When the foe your lines have crost?

Gained—the infamy of fame.
Gained—a dastard's spotted name.
Gained—eternity of shame.

Lost—desert of manly youth.
Lost—the right you had by birth.
Lost—lost!—freedom for the earth.

Freemen, up! The foe is nearing!
Haughty banners high uprearing—
Lo, their serried ranks appearing!

Freemen, on! The drums are beating!
Will you shrink from such a meeting?
Forward! Give them hero greeting!

From your hearths, and homes, and altars,
Backward hurl your proud assaulters.
He is not a man that falters.

Hush! The hour of fate is nigh,
On the help of God rely!

Forward! We will do or die.

G. Hamilton.

CCCXXX.

THE VOICE OF THE NORTH.

Up the hill-side, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen:
Summon out the might of men!

Like a lion growling low-Like
a night-storm rising slow-Like
the tread of unseen foe—

It is coming—it if nigh!
Stand your homes and altars by,
On your own free threshold die.

Clang the bells in all your spires,
On the gray hills of your sires
Fling to heaven your signal-fires.

Oh! for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the old grates of the land.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow.

Freedom's soil has only place
For a free and fearless race—
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party—perish clan;
Strike together while you can,
Like the strong arm of one man.

Like the angel's voice sublime,
Heard above a world of crime,
Crying for the end of Time.

With one heart and with one mouth,
Let the North speak to the South;
Speak the word befitting both.

J. G. Whittier.

CCCXXXI.

THE WATCHERS.

Beside a stricken field I stood;
On the torn turf, on grass and wood,
Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the slain,
But all the air was quick with pain
And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head
And folded wings and noiseless tread,
Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one with forehead saintly bland
And lips of blessing, not command,
Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and knit,
His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

"How long!" I knew the voice of Peace,—
"Is there no respite?—no release?—
When shall the hopeless quarrel cease?

"O Lord, how long!—One human soul
Is more than any parchment scroll,
Or any flag thy winds unroll.

"What price was Ellsworth's, young and brave?
How weigh the gift that Lyon gave,
Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave?

"O brother! if thine eye can see,
Tell me how and when the end shall be,
What hope remains for thee and me."

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,
I watered in Toussaint's cell of rock,
I walked with Sidney to the block.

"The Moor of Marston felt my tread,
Through Jersey snows the march I led,
My voice Magenta's charges sped.

"But now through weary day and night,
I watch a vague and aimless fight
For leave to strike one blow aright.

"On either side my foe they own:
One guards through love his ghastly throne,
And one through fear to reverence grown.

"Why wait we longer, mocked, betrayed,
By open foes, or those afraid
To speed thy coming through my aid?

"Why watch to see who win or fall?—
I shake the dust against them all,
I leave them to their senseless brawl."

"Nay," Peace implored: "yet longer wait;
The doom is near, the stake is great;
God knoweth if it be too late.

"Still wait and watch; the way prepare
Where I with folded wings of prayer
May follow, weaponless and bare."

"Too late!" the stern, sad voice replied
"Too late!" its mournful echo sighed,—
In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,
An upward gleam of lessening white,
So passed the vision, sound and sight.

But round me, like a silver bell
Rung down the listening sky to tell
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

"Still hope and trust," it sang; "the rod
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod,
But all is possible with God!"

J. G. Whittier.

CCCXXXII.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-walls—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that her heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of your gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

J. G. Whittier.

CCCXXXIII.

PRO PATRIA.

INSCRIBED TO THE SECOND NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

The grand old earth shakes at the tread of the Norsemen,
Who meet, as of old, in defence of the true;
All hail to the stars that are set in their banner!
All hail to the red, and the white, and the blue!
As each column wheels by,
Hear their hearts' battle-cry,—
It was Warren's,—'Tis sweet for our country to die!

Lancaster and Coös, Laconia and Concord,
Old Portsmouth and Keene, send their stalwart young men;
They come from the plough, and the loom, and the anvil,
From the marge of the sea, from the hill-top and glen.
As each column wheels by,

Hear their hearts' battle-cry,—
It was Warren's,—'Tis sweet for our country to die!

The prayers of fair women, like legions of angels,
Watch over our soldiers by day and by night;
And the King of all glory, the Chief of all armies,
Shall love them and lead them who dare to do right!
As each column wheels by,
Hear their hearts' battle-cry,—
'T was Warren's,—'Tis sweet for our country to die!

T. B. Aldrich.

CCXXXIV.

THE CALVARY CHARGE.

With bray of the trumpet
And roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugle,
The cavalry come.
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild chargers fling.

Tramp! tramp! o'er the greensward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit
The fierce horses go!
And the grim-visaged colonel,
With ear-rending shout,
Peals forth to the squadrons
The order—"Trot out!"

One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain.
As rings the word "Gallop!"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed
To a horse's hot flank:
And swift is their rush
As the wild torrent's flow,
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below.

"Charge!" thunders the leader:
Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe.
A thousand bright sabres
Are gleaming in air;
A thousand dark horses
Are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless
Of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals,
The wild troopers ride.
Cut right! and cut left!—
For the parry who needs?
The bayonets shiver
Like wind-shattered reeds.
Vain—vain the red volley
That bursts from the square,—
The random-shot bullets
Are wasted in air.

Triumphant, remorseless,
Unerring as death,—
No sabre that's stainless
Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt
By that murderous steel
Will never yield case
For the surgeon to heal.
Hurrah! they are broken—
Hurrah! boys, they fly—
None linger save those
Who but linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses
And call in your men,—
The trumpet sounds "Rally
To color" again.
Some saddles are empty,
Some comrades are slain,
And some noble horses
Like stark on the plain,
But war's a chance game, boys,
And weeping is vain.

F. A. Durivage.

CCCXXXV.**THE CUMBERLAND.**

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle-blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the South uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the Rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the main mast-head,
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!

Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

H. W. Longfellow.

CCCXXXVI.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God of the Free! upon Thy breath
Our Flag is for the Right unrolled,
As broad and brave as when its stars
First lit the hallowed time of old.

For Duty still its folds shall fly;
For Honor still its glories burn,
Where Truth, Religion, Valor, guard
The patriot's sword and martyr's urn.

No tyrant's impious step is ours;
No lust of power on nations rolled:
Our Flag—for friends, a starry sky;
For traitors, storm in every fold.

O thus we'll keep our Nation's life,
Nor fear the bolt by despots hurled;
The blood of all the world is here,
And they who strike us strike the world!

God of the Free! our Nation bless
In its strong manhood as its birth;
And make its life a Star of Hope
For all the struggling of the Earth.

Then shout beside thine Oak, O North!
O South! wave answer with thy Palm;
And in our Union's heritage
Together sing the Nation's Psalm!

W. R. Wallace.

CCCXXXVII.

THE FISHERMAN OF BEAUFORT.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
 And still the fisherman's boat,
 At early dawn and at evening shade,
 Is ever and ever afloat:
 His net goes down, and his net comes up,
 And we hear his song of glee:
 "De fishes dey hates de ole slave nets,
 But comes to de nets of de free."

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
 And the oysterman below
 Is picking away, in the slimy sands,
 In the sands ob de long ago.
 But now if an empty hand he bears,
 He shudders no more with fear,
 There's no stretching-board for the aching bones,
 And no lash of the overseer.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
 And ever I hear a song,
 As the moaning winds, through the moss-hung oaks,
 Sweep surging ever along:
 "O massa white man! help de slave,
 And de wife and chillen too;
 Eber dey'll work, wid de hard worn hand
 Ef ell gib 'em de work to do."

The tide comes up, and the tide goes go down,
 But it bides no tyrant's word,
 As it chants unceasing the anthem grand,
 Of its Freedom to the Lord.
 The fisherman floating on its breast
 Has caught up the key-note true:
 "De sea works, mass, for 't sef and God,
 And so must de brack man too."

"Den gib him de work, and gib him de pay,
 For de chillen and wife him love;
 And de yam shall grow, and de cotton shall blow,
 And him nearer, nebberr rove;
 For him love de ole Carlina State,
 And de ole magnolia-tree:
 Oh! nebberr him trouble de icy Norf,
 Ef de brack folks am go free."

Mrs. F. D. Gage.

CCCXXXVIII.**THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.**

What flower is this that greets the morn,
 Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
 With burning star and flaming band
 It kindles all the sunset land;—
 O, tell us what its name may be!
 Is this the Flower of Liberty?
 It is the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode
 Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
 The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
 Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
 Till, lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
 The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite
 One mingling flood of braided light,—
 The red that fires the Southern rose,
 With spotless white from Northern snows,
 And, spangled o'er its azure, see
 The sister Stars of Liberty!
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round;
 Where'er it springs is holy ground;
 From tower and dome its glories spread;
 It waves where lonely sentries tread;
 It makes the land as ocean free,
 And plants an empire on the sea!
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
 Shall ever float on dome and tower,
 To all their heavenly colors true,
 In blackening frost or crimson dew,—
 And God love us as we love thee,
 Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
 Then hail the banner of the free,

The starry Flower of Liberty!
O. W. Holmes.

CCCXXXIX.

AN APPEAL.

Listen, young heroes! your country is calling!
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

You whom the fathers made free and defended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!
Yon whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping!
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!
Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands' clasping,—
"Off for the Wars!" is enough for them all.

Break from the arms that would fondly caress you!
Hark! 't is the bugle-blast, sabres are drawn!
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!

Never or now! cries the blood of a nation,
Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom;
Now is the day and the hour of salvation,—
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated cannon
Through the black canopy blotting the skies;
Never or now! flaps the shell-blasted pennon
O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies!

From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,
Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,—
From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth,—

From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,
Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's plough,
Comes the loud summons; too long you have slumbered,
Hear the last Angel-trump—Never or Now!

O. W. Holmes.

CCCXL.**THE LAST CHARGE.**

Now men of the North! will you join in the strife
 For country, for freedom, for honor, for life?
 The giant grows blind in his fury and spite,—
 One blow on his forehead will settle the fight!

Flash full in his eyes the blue lightning of steel,
 And stun him with cannon-bolts peal upon peal!
 Mount, troopers, and follow your game to its lair,
 As the hound tracks the wolf and the beagle the hare!

Blow, trumpets, your summons, till sluggards awake!
 Beat, drums, till the roofs of the fainthearted shake!
 Yet, yet, ere the signet is stamped on the scroll,
 Their names may be traced on the blood-sprinkled roll!

Trust not the false herald that painted your shield:
 True honor to-day must be sought on the field!
 Her scutcheon shows white with a blazon of red,—
 The life-drops of crimson for liberty shed!

The hour is at hand, and the moment draws nigh!
 The dog-star of treason grows dim in the sky!
 Shine forth from the battle-cloud, light of the morn,
 Call back the bright hour when the Nation was born!

The rivers of peace through our valleys shall run,
 As the glaciers of tyranny melt in the sun;
 Smite, smite the proud parricide down from his throne,—
 His sceptre once broken, the world is our own!

O. W. Holmes.

CCCXLI.**VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP UNION.**

'Tis midnight: through my troubled dream
 Loud wails the tempest's cry;
 Before the gale, with tattered sail,
 A ship goes plunging by.
 What name? Where bound? The rocks around
 Repeat the loud halloo.
 —The good ship Union, Southward bound:
 God help her and her crew!

And is the old flag flying still
That o'er your fathers flew,
With bands of white and rosy light,
And field of starry blue?
—Ay! look aloft! its folds full oft
Have braved the roaring blast,
And still shall fly when from thy sky
This black typhoon has past!

Speak, pilot of the storm-tost bark!
May I thy peril share?
—O landsman, these are fearful seas
The brave alone may dare!
—Nay, ruler of the rebel deep,
What matters wind or wave?
The rocks that wreck your reeling deck
Will leave me nought to save!

O landsman, art thou false or true?
What sign hast thou to show?
—The crimson stains from loyal veins
That hold my heart-blood's flow!
—Enough! what more shall honor claim?
I know the sacred sign;
Above thy head our flag shall spread!
Our ocean path be thine!

The bark sails on; the Pilgrim's cape
Lies low along her lee,
Whose headland crooks its anchor-flukes
To lock the shore and sea.
No treason here! it cost too dear
To win this barren realm!
And true and free the hands must be
That hold the whaler's helm.

Still on! Manhattan's narrowing bay
No Rebel cruiser scars;
Her raters feel no pirate's keel
That flaunts the fallen stars!
But watch the light on yonder height,—
Ay, pilot, have a care!
Some lingering cloud in mist may shroud
The capes of Delaware!

Say, pilot, what this fort may be,
Whose sentinels look down
From moated wails that show the sea

Their deep embrasures' frown?
 The Rebel host claims all the coast,
 But these are friends, we know,
 Whose footprints spoil the "sacred soil,"
 And this is?—Fort Monroe!

The breakers roar,—how bears the shore?
 —The traitorous wreckers' hands
 Have quenched the blaze that poured its rays
 Along the Hatteras sands.
 —Ha! say not so! I see its glow!
 Again the shoals display
 The beacon light that shines by night,
 The Union Stars by day!

The good ship flies to milder skies,
 The wave more gently flows;
 The softening breeze wafts o'er the seas
 The breath of Beaufort's rose.
 What fold is this the sweet winds kiss,
 Fair-striped and many-starred,
 Whose shadow palls these orphaned walls,
 The twins of Beauregard?

What! heard you not Port Royal's doom?
 How the black war-ships came
 And turned the Beaufort roses' bloom
 To redder wreaths of flame?
 How from Rebellion's broken reed
 We saw his emblem fall,
 As soon his cursed poison-weed
 Shall drop from Sumter's wall?

On! on! Pulaski's iron hail
 Falls harmless on Tybee!
 Her topsails feel the freshening gale,—
 She strikes the open sea;
 She rounds the point, she threads the Keys
 That guard the Land of Flowers,
 And rides at last where firm and fast
 Her own Gibraltar towers!

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,
 At anchor safe she swings,
 And loud and clear with cheer on cheer
 Her joyous welcome rings:
 Hurrah! Hurrah! it shakes the wave,
 It thunders on the shore,—

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation, evermore!

O. W. Holmes.

CCCXLII.

THE STRIPES AND THE STARS.

O Star Spangled Banner! the flag of our pride!
Though trampled by traitors and basely defied,
Fling out to the glad winds your Red, White, and Blue,
For the heart of the North-land is beating for you!
And her strong arm is nerving to strike with a will
Till the foe and his boastings are humbled and still!
Here's welcome to wounding and combat and scars
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!

From prairie, O ploughman! speed boldly away—
There's seed to be sown in God's furrows to-day—
Row landward, lone fisher! stout woodman, come home!
Let smith leave his anvil and weaver his loom,
And hamlet and city ring loud with the cry,
"For God and our country we'll fight till we die!
Here's welcome to wounding and combat and scars
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!"

Invincible Banner! the Flag of the Free!
O, where treads the foot that would falter for thee?
Or the hands to be folded, till triumph is won
And the eagle looks proud, as of old, to the sun?
Give tears for the parting—a murmur of prayer—
Then Forward! the fame of our standard to share!
With welcome to wounding and combat and scars
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!

O God of our Fathers! this Banner must shine
Where battle is hottest, in warfare divine!
The cannon has thundered, the bugle has blown,—
We fear not the summons—we fight not alone!
O, lead us, till wide from the Gulf to the Sea
The land shall be sacred to Freedom and Thee!
With love, for oppression; with blessing, for scars—
One Country—one Banner—the Stripes and the Stars!

E. D. Proctor.

CCCXLIII.

WHO'S READY?

God help us! Who's ready? There's danger before!
 Who's armed and who's mounted? The foe's at the door!
 The smoke of his cannon hangs black o'er the plain;
 His shouts ring exultant while counting our slain;
 And northward and northward he presses his line,—
 Who's ready? O, forward!—for yours and for mine!

No halting, no discord, the moments are Fates;
 To shame or to glory they open the gates!
 There's all we hold dearest to lose or to win;
 The web of the future to-day we must spin;
 And bid the hours follow with knell or with chime!—
 Who's ready? O, forward!—while yet there is time!

Lead armies or councils,—be soldier a-field,—
 Alike, so your valor is Liberty's shield!
 Alike, so you strike when the bugle-notes call,
 For Country, for Fireside, for Freedom to All!
 The blows of the boldest will carry the day,—
 Who's ready? O, forward!—there's death in delay!

Earth's noblest are praying, at home and o'er sea,—
 "God keep the great nation united and free!"
 Her tyrants watch, eager to leap at our life,
 If once we should falter or faint in the strife;
 Our trust is unshaken, though legions assail,—
 Who's ready? O, forward! and Right shall prevail.

Who's ready? "All ready!" undaunted we cry;
 "For Country, for Freedom, we'll fight till we die;
 No traitor, at midnight, shall pierce us in rest;
 No alien, at noonday, shall stab us abreast;
 The God of our Fathers is guiding us still,—
 All forward! we're ready,—and conquer we will!"

E. D. Proctor.

CCCXLIV.**MITCHELL.****"HUNG BE THE HEAVENS WITH BLACK."**

His mighty life was burned away
 By Carolina's fiery sun;
 The pestilence that walks by day
 Smote him before his course seemed run.

The constellations of the sky,—
 The Pleiades, the Southern Cross,—
 Looked sadly down to see him die,
 To see a nation weep his loss.

"Send him to us," the stars might cry,—
 "You do not feel his worth below;
 Your petty great men do not try
 The measure of his mind to know.

"His eye could pierce our vast expanse,—
 His ear could hear our morning songs,—
 His mind, amid our mystic dance,
 Could follow all our myriad throngs.

"Send him to us! No martyr's soul,
 No hero slain in righteous wars
 No raptured saint could e'er control
 A holier welcome from the stars."
 Take him, ye stars! Take him on high
 To your vast realms of boundless space;
 But once he turned from you to try
 His name on martial scrolls to trace.
 That once was when his country's call

Said danger to her flag was nigh;
 And then her banner's stars dimmed all
 The radiant lights which gemmed the sky.
 Take him, loved orbs! His country's life,—
 Freedom for all,—for these he wars;
 For these he welcomed bloody strife,
 And followed in the wake of Mars.

W. F. Williams.

CCCXLV.

WAR SONG.

DEDICATED TO THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENTS.

Up with the Flag of the Stripes and the Stars!
 Gather together from plough and from loom!
 Hark to the signal!—the music of wars
 Sounding for tyrants and traitors their doom.
 March, march, march, march!
 Brothers unite—rouse in your might,
 For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right!

Down with the foe to the land and the laws!
 Marching together our country to save,
 God shall be with us to strengthen our cause,
 Nerving the heart and the hand of the brave.
 March, march, march, march!
 Brother's unite—rouse in your might,
 For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right!

Flag of the Free! under thee will we fight,
 Shoulder to shoulder, our face to the foe;
 Death to all traitors, and God for the Right!
 Singing this song as to battle we go:
 March, march, march, march!
 Freemen unite—rouse in your might
 For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right!

Land of the Free—that our fathers of old,
 Bleeding together, cemented in blood—
 Give us thy blessing, as brave and as bold,
 Standing like one, as our ancestors stood—
 We march, march, march, march!
 Conquer or fall! Hark to the call:
 Justice and Freedom for one and for all!

Chain of the slave we have suffered so long—
 Striving together thy links we will break!
 Hark! for God hears us, as echoes our song,
 Sounding the cry to make Tyranny quake:
 March, march, march, march!
 Conquer or fall! Rouse to the call—
 Justice and Freedom for one and for all!

Workmen, arise! There is work for us now;
 Ours the red ledger for bayonet pen;
 Sword be our hammer, and cannon our plough;
 Liberty's loom must be driven by men.
 March, march, march, march!
 Freemen we fight, roused in our might,
 For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right.

W. W. Story.

CCCXLVI.

THE BLACK REGIMENT; OR, THE SECOND LOUISIANA AT THE STORMING OF PORT HUDSON.

Dark as the clouds of even,
 Ranked in the western heaven,
 Waiting the breath that lifts

All the dread mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee
Waiting the great event,
Stands the Black Regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come—
Told them what work was sent
For the Black Regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down like the whining hound—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our old chains again!"
Oh! what a shout there went
From the Black Regiment.

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke;
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and sabre stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh;
Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear, man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel,
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the Black Regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry

"Freedom! or leave to die!"

Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 't is heard,
Not a mere party shout;
They gave their spirits out;
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood,
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death,
Praying—alas! in vain!—
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what "Freedom" lent
To the Black Regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
Oh, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the Black Regiment!

G. H. Boker.

CCCXLVII.

FORWARD!

God, to the human soul,
And all the spheres that roll,
Wrapped by his Spirit in their robes of light,
Hath said: "The primal plan,
Of all the world, and man,
Is forward! Progress is your law—your right."
The despots of the earth,
Since Freedom had her birth,
Have to their subject nations said, "Stand still;"
So, from the Polar Bear,
Comes down the freezing air,

And stiffens all things with its deadly chill.
He who doth God resist—
God's old antagonist—
Would snap the chain that binds all things to him;
And in his godless pride,
All peoples would divide,
And scatter even the choirs of seraphim.

God, all the orbs that roll,
Binds to one common goal—
One source of light and life—his radiant throne.
In one fraternal mind
All races would he bind,
Till every man in man a brother own.

Tyrants with tyrants league,
Corruption and intrigue
To strangle infant Liberty conspire.
Around her cradle, then,
Let self-devoted men
Gather, and keep unquenched her vital fire.

When Tyranny, grown bold,
To Freedom's host cries, "Hold!
Ye towards her temple at your peril march;"
"Stop," that great host replies,
Raising to heaven its eyes,
"Stop, first, the host that moves across yon arch!"

When Tyranny commands,
"Hold thou my victim's hands,
While I more firmly rivet on his chains,
Or with my bowie-knife
I'll take your craven life,
Or show my streets bespattered with your brains,"—

Freedom with forward tread,
Unblenching, turns her head,
And drawing from its sheath her flashing glave,
Calmly makes answer: "Dare
Touch of my head one hair,
I'll cut the cord that holds your every slave!"

J. Pierpont.

BOOK THIRD.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS

FOR

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION

IN PROSE AND POETRY.

BOOK THIRD.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

PROSE.

CCCXLVIII.

PLEA OF SERJEANT BUZFUZ, IN "BARDELL vs. PICKWICK."

The plaintiff gentlemen, the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford. Some time before his death he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription—"Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Enquire within." I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—"Apartments furnished for a single gentleman!" Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—she had no suspicion—all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "Mr. Bardell was a man of honor—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let." Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse, (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen,) the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain their long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days—three days, gentlemen—a being erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and systematic villainy. I say systematic villainy gentlemen, and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff, or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall allow you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and after inquiring whether he had won any alley-tors or commoneys lately, (both of which I understand to be species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town,) made use of this respectable expression—"How would you like to have another father?"

Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervid, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—"Garraway's, twelve o'clock—Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious—"Dear Mrs. B.—I shall not be at home to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression:—"Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan!" The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who does trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed about a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Barbell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeable to some preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know it may be a reference to Pickwick himself,

who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will soon be greased by you!

But enough of this, gentlemen: it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his "alley-tors" and his "commoneys" are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of "knuckle-down," and at tip-chesse, or odd-and-even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in Goswell Street-Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen. C. Dickens

CCCXLIX.

MR. PUFF'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

Sir,—I make no secret of the trade I follow. Among friends and brother authors, I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself *vivâ vocé*. I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric; or, to speak more plainly, a professor of the art of puffing, at your service—or anybody's else. I dare say, now, you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends. No such thing; nine out of ten manufactured by me, in the way of business. You must know, sir, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement, my success was such, that for some time after I led a most extraordinary life, indeed. Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes; by advertisements To the charitable and humane! and To those whom Providence has blessed with affluence! And, in truth, I deserved what I got; for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time. Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes; then, sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burned out, and lost my little all both times. I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs. That told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself. I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption. I was then reduced to—O no!—then I became a widower with six helpless children. All this I bore with patience, though I made some occasional attempts at *felo de se*; but, as I did not find those rash actions answer, I left off killing myself very soon. Well, sir, at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and

embellishments, through my favorite channel of diurnal communication; and so, sir, you have my history. R. B. Sheridan.

CCCL.

LYCEUM SPEECH OF MR. ORATOR CLIMAX.

Mr. President,—Happiness is like a crow perched upon the neighboring top of a far distant mountain, which some fisherman vainly strives, to no purpose, to ensnare. He looks at the crow, Mr. President,—and—Mr. President the crow looks at him; and, sir, they both look at each other. But the moment he attempts to reproach him, he banishes away like the schismatic taints of the rainbow, the cause of which it was the astonishing and perspiring genius of a Newton, who first deplored and enveloped the cause of it. Cannot the poor man, sir, precipitate into all the beauties of nature, from the loftiest mounting up to the most humblest valley as well as the man prepossessed of indigence? Yes, sir; while trilling transports crown his view, and rosy hours allure his sanguinary youth, he can raise his mind up to the laws of nature, incompressible as they are, while viewing the lawless storm that kindleth up the pretentious roaring thunder, and fireth up the dark and rapid lightnings, and causeth it to fly through the intensity of space, that belches forth those awful and sublime meteors, and roll-abolly-aliases, through the unfathomable regions of fiery hemispheres. Sometimes, sir, seated in some lonely retreat, beneath the shadowy shades of an umbrageous tree, at whose venal foot flows some limping stagnant stream, he gathers around him his wife and the rest of his orphan children. He there takes a retrospective view upon the diagram of futurity, and casts his eye like a flashing meteor forward into the past. Seated in their midst, aggravated and exhaled by the dignity and independence coincident with honorable poverty, his countenance irrigated with an intense glow of self-deficiency and excommunicated knowledge, he quietly turns to instruct his little assemblage. He there endeavors to distil into their young youthful minds useless lessons, to guard their juvenile youths against vice and immortality. There, on a clear sunny evening, when the silvery moon is shining forth in all her indulgence and ubiquity, he teaches them the first sediments of gastronomy, by pointing out to them the bear, the lion, and many other fixed invisible consternations, which are continually involving upon their axletrees, through the blue cerulean fundamus above. From this vast ethereal he dives with them to the very bottom of the unfathomable oceans, bringing up from thence liquid treasures of earth and air. He then courses with them on the imaginable wing of fancy through the boundless regions of unimaginable either, until, swelling into impalpable immensity, he is forever lost in the infinite radiation of his own overwhelming genius. Anonymous.

CCCLI.

BULLUM vs. BOATUM.

What a profound study is the law! How shall I define it? Law is—law. Law is—law; and so forth, and hereby and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it till they are tired. It is like physic; they that take the least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman; very well to follow. Law is like a scolding wife; very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion; people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather; most people are glad when they get out of

it. We will now mention, in illustration, a case that came before us,—the case of Bullum vs. Boatum. It was as follows:—

There were two farmers—farmer A. and farmer B. Farmer A was seized or possessed of a bull; farmer B. was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band,—after he had made his boat fast to the aforesaid post (as it was very natural for a hungry man to do) went up to town to dinner. Farmer A.'s bull (as it was natural for a hungry bull to do) came down town to look for a dinner; and, observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out some turnips in the bottom of the ferryboat, ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band. The boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river with the bull in it; it struck against a rock, beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard; whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat for running away with the bull. The owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat. And thus notice of trial was given, Bullum vs. Boatum, Boatum vs. Bullum. The counsel for the bull begun with saying:—"My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or, how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be non-suited, because, in his declaration, he had not specified what color he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel:—"My lord, if the bull was of no color, he must be of some color; and, if he was not of any color, what color could the bull be of?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no color; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of color t in law, for the law can color anything. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away; upon which I gave it as my opinion, that, as, the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued, and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose: How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled by Boatum's attorney declaring that, for his client, he would swear anything.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record in true law Latin; which set forth in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood or the tide of ebb. The character of the water-bailiff was as follows: "Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choici, sapor omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus riveris, lakos, pondis, canalibus et well-boats, sive oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimpi, turbutus solus;" that is, not turbots alone, but turbots and soles both

together. But now comes the nicety of the law; for the law is as nice as a new-laid egg. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but, it being proved that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but, such was the lenity of the court, that, upon their paying all costs they were allowed to begin again de novo. G. A. Stevens.

CCCLII.

PLEADING EXTRAORDINARY.

May it please the Court—Gentlemen of the Jury—You sit in that box as the great reservoir of Roman liberty, Spartan fame, and Grecian polytheism. You are to swing the great flail of justice and electricity over this immense community, in hydraulic majesty, and conjugal superfluity. You are the great triumphal arch on which evaporates the even scales of justice and numerical computation. You are to ascend the deep arcana of nature, and dispose of my client with equiponderating concatenation, in reference to his future velocity and reverberating momentum. Such is your sedative and stimulating character. My client is only a man of domestic eccentricity and matrimonial configuration, not permitted, as you are, gentlemen, to walk in the primeval and lowest vales of society, but he has to endure the red-hot sun of the universe, on the heights of nobility and feudal eminence. He has a beautiful wife of horticultural propensities, that hen-pecks the remainder of his days with soothing and bewitching verbosity that makes the nectar of his pandemonium as cool as Tartarus.

He has a family of domestic children, that gathers around the fireplace of his peaceful homicide in tumultudinous consanguinity, and cry with screaming and rebounding pertinacity for bread, butter, and molasses. Such is the glowing and overwhelming character and defeasance of my client, who stands convicted before this court of oyer and terminer, and lex non scripta, by the persecuting pettifogger of this court, who is as much exterior to me as I am interior to the judge, and you, gentlemen of the jury.

This Borax of the law here has brought witnesses into this court, who swear that my client has stolen a firkin of butter. Now, I say, every one of them swore to a lie, and the truth is concentrated within them. But if it is so, I justify the act on the ground that the butter was necessary for a public good, to tune his family into harmonious discord. But I take no other mountainous and absquatulated grounds on this trial, and move that a quash be laid upon this indictment.

Now I will prove this by a learned expectoration of the principle of the law. Now butter is made of grass, and, it is laid down by St. Peter Pindar, in his principle of subterraneous law, that grass is couchant and levant, which in our obicular tongue, means that grass is of a mild and free nature; consequently, my client had a right to grass and butter both.

To prove my second great principle, "let facts be submitted to a candid world." Now butter is grease, and Greece is a foreign country, situated in the emaciated regions of Liberia and California; consequently my client cannot be tried in this horizon, and is out of the benediction of this court. I will now bring forward the ultimatum respondentia, and cap the great climax of logic, by quoting an inconceivable principle of law, as laid down in Latin, by Pothier, Hudibras, Blackstone, Hannibal, and Sangrado. It is thus: *Hæc hoc morus multicaulis, a mensa*

et thoro, ruta baga centum. Which means; in English, that ninety-nine men are guilty, where one is innocent.

Now, it is your duty to convict ninety-nine men first; then you come to my client, who is innocent and acquitted according to law. If these great principles shall be duly depreciated in this court, then the great North pole of liberty, that has stood so many years in pneumatic tallness, shading there publican regions of commerce and agriculture, will stand the wreck of the Spanish Inquisition, the pirates of the hyperborean seas, and the marauders of the Aurora Blivar! But, gentlemen of the jury, if you convict my client, his children will be doomed to pine away in a state of hopeless matrimony; and his beautiful wife i will stand lone and delighted like a dried up mullen-stalk in a sheep-pasture. Anonymous.

CCCLIII.

FUSS AT FIRES.

It having been announced to me, my young friends, that you were about forming a fire-company, I have called you together to give you such directions as long experience in a first-quality engine company qualifies me to communicate. The moment you hear an alarm of fire, scream like a pair of panthers. Run any way, except the right way,—for the furthest way round is the nearest way to the fire. If you happen to run on the top of a wood-pile, so much the better; you can then get a good view of the neighborhood. If a light breaks on your view, "break" for it immediately; but be sure you don't jump into a bow window. Keep yelling, all the time; and, if you can't make night hideous enough yourself, kick all the dogs you come across, and set them yelling, too; 't will help amazingly. A brace of cats dragged up stairs by the tail would be a "powerful auxiliary." When you reach the scene of the fire, do all you can to convert it into a scene of destruction. Tear down all the fences in the vicinity. If it be a chimney on fire, throw salt down it; or if you can't do that, perhaps the best plan would be to jerk off the pump-handle and pound it down. Don't forget to yell, all the while, as it will have a prodigious effect in frightening off the fire. The louder the better, of course; and the more ladies in the vicinity, the greater necessity for "doing it brown." Should the roof begin to smoke, get to work in good earnest, and make any man "smoke" that interrupts you. If it is summer, and there are fruit-trees in the lot, cut them down, to prevent the fire from roasting the apples. Don't forget to yell! Should the stable be threatened, carry out the cow-chains. Never mind the horse,—he'll be alive and kicking; and if his legs don't do their duty, let them pay for the roast. Ditto as to the hogs,—let them save their own bacon, or smoke for it. When the roof begins to burn, get a crow-bar and pry away the stone steps; or, if the steps be of wood, procure an axe and chop them up. Next, cut away the wash-boards in the basement story; and if that don't stop the flames, let the chair-boards on the first floor share a similar fate. Should the "devouring element" still pursue the "even tenor of its way," you had better ascend to the second story. Pitch out the pitchers, and tumble out the tumblers. Yell all the time!

If you find a baby a-bed, fling it into the second story window of the house across the way; but let the kitten carefully down in a work-basket. Then draw out the bureau drawers, and empty their contents out of the back window; telling somebody below to upset the slop-barrel and rain-water hogshead at the same time. Of course, you will attend to the mirror. The further it can be thrown, the more pieces will be made. If anybody objects, smash it over his head. Do

not, under any circumstances, drop the tongs down from the second story; the fall might break its legs, and render the poor thing a cripple for life. Set it straddle of your shoulder, and carry it down carefully. Pile the bedclothes carefully on the floor, and throw the crockery out of the window. By the time you will have attended to all these things, the fire will certainly be arrested, or the building be burnt down. In either case, your services will be no longer needed; and, of course, you require no further directions. Anonymous.

CCCLIV.

MR. PEPPERAGE'S PERORATION.

The Union! Inspiring theme! How shall I find words to describe its momentous magnificence and its beatific lustre? The Union!—it is the ark of our safety!—the palladium of our liberties!—the safeguard of our happiness!—and the ægis of our virtues! In the Union we live and move and go ahead It watches over us at our birth—it fans us in our cradles—it accompanies us to the district school—it gives us our victuals in due season—it selects our wives for us from "America's fair daughters," and it does a great many other things; to say nothing of putting us to sleep sometimes, and keeping the flies from our innocent repose.

While the Union lasts, we have the most remarkable prospect of plenty of fodder, with occasional drinks. By its beneficent energies, however, should the present supply give out, we shall rise superior to the calculations of an ordinary and narrow prudence, and take in Cuba, Hayti, and Mexico, and such parts of all contiguous islands as may offer prospects for an advantageous investment.

Palsied be the arm, then, and blistered the tongue, and humped the back, and broken the legs, and eviscerated the stomach, of every person who dares to think, or even dream of harming it! May the heaviest curses of time fall upon his scoundrelly soul! May his juleps curdle in his mouth. May he smoke none but New Orleans tobacco! May his family be perpetually ascending the Mississippi in a steamboat! May his own grandmother disown him! And may the suffrages of his fellow-citizens pursue him like avenging furies, till he is driven howling into Congress. For oh! my dear, dear friends—my beloved fellow-citizens, who can foretell the agonies, or the sorrows, or the blights, and the anguish, and the despair, and the black eyes, and the bloody noses, that would follows upon the dispersion of our too happy, happy family.

The accursed myrmidons of despotism, with gnashing teeth and blood-stained eyes, would rush at large over the planet. They would lap the crimson gore of the most respectable and wealthy citizens. The sobs of females, and the screams of children, would mingle with the bark of dogs and the crash of falling columns. A universal and horrid night would mantle the skies, and one by one, the strong pillars of the universe go crumbling into ruin, amid the gleam of bowie-knives and the lurid glare of exploding steamboats. Anonymous.

CCCLV.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

Feller-Citizens,—I've bin honored with a invite to norate before you to-day; and when I say that I scarcely feel ekal to the task, I'm sure you will believe me. I'm a plane man. I don't know nothing about no ded langwidges and am a little shaky on livin ones. There 4, expect no flowry talk from me. What I shall say will be to the pint, right strate out. I am not a politician and my other habits air good. I've no enemys to reward, nor friends to sponge. But I'm a Union man. I luv the Union—it is a Big thing and it makes my hart bleed to see a lot of ornery people a-movin heaven—no, not heaven, but the other place—and earth, to bust it up.

Feller-citizens—I haint got time to notis the growth of Ameriky frum the time when the Mayflowers cum over in the Pilgrim and bawrt Plymouth Rock with them, but every skool boy nose our career has bin tremenjis. You will excuse me if I don't prase the early settlers of the KOLONIES. I spouse they ment well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nusepapers, "peas to their ashis." There was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled and died in the American Revolushun. We need n't be afraid of setting 'em up two steep. Like my show, they will stand any amount of prase. G. Washington was abowt the best man this world ever sot eyes on, He was a clear-headed, warm-harted, and stiddy goin man. He never slept over! The prevailin weakness of most public men is to slop over! They git filled up and slop. They Rush Things. They travel too much on the high presser principle. They git onto the fust poplar hobby-hoss which trots along, not caring a cent whether the beest is even goin, clear sited and sound or spavined, blind and bawky. Of course they git throwed eventooualy, if not sooner. When they see the multitood goin it blind they go pel mel with it, instid of exerted theirselves to set it right. They can't see that the crowd which is now bearin then triumfuntly on its shoulders will soon diskiver its error and cast them into the hoss pond of oblivyon, without the slitest hesitashun. Washington never slopt over. That was n't George's stile. He lued his country dearly. He was n't after the spiles. He was a human angel in a 3 cornered hat and knee britches, and we shant see his like right away. My frends, we cant all be Washingtons, but we kin all be patrits and behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin let us not give him a push, but let us seize rite hold of his coat-tails and draw him back to Morality.

Imagine G. Washington and P. Henry in the characters of seseshers! As well fancy John Bunyan and Dr. Watts in spangled tites, doin the trapeze in a one-horse circus.

I tell you, feller-citizens, it would have bin ten dollars in Jeff Davis's pocket if he'd never been born! C. F. Brown.

BOOK THIRD.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

POETRY.

CCCLVI.

The DUEL.

In Brentford town, of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray

Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mister Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allowed,
Such fair "outside" was never seen,—
An angel on a cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
"You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell; but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.

"Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love;—
I who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

"So pray, before you woo her more,
Consider what you do:
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—
I'll pop it into you."

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
"Your threats I do explode;—
One who has been a volunteer
Knows how to prime and load.

"And so I say to you, unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I, who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,
May chance to hit a sheep's!"

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they found a friend apiece,
This pleasant thought to give—
That when they both were dead, they'd have
Two seconds yet to live.

To measure out the ground, not long
The seconds next forbore;
And having taken one rash step,
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol pan,
 Against the deadly strife;
 By putting in the prime of death
 Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes;
 But when they took their stands,
 Fear made them tremble so, they found
 They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
 "Here one of us must fall,
 And, like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
 Be doomed to have a fall.

"I do confess I did attach
 Misconduct to your name!
 If I withdraw the charge, will then
 Your ramrod do the same?"

Said Mr. B., "I do agree;—
 But think of Honor's courts,—
 If we go off without a shot,
 There will be strange reports.

"But look! the morning now is bright,
 Though cloudy it begun;
 Why can't we aim above as if
 We had called out the sun?"

So up into the harmless air
 Their bullets they did send;
 And may all other duels have
 That upshot in the end.

T. Hood.

CCCLVII.

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.

Amongst the great inventions of this age,
 Which every other century surpasses,
 Is one,—just now the rage,—
 Called "Singing for all classes,"
 That now, alas! have no more ear than asses,
 To learn to warble like the birds in June—
 In time and tune,
 Correct as clocks, and musical as glasses!

Whether this grand harmonic scheme
Will ever get beyond a dream,
And tend to British happiness and glory
May be no, and may be yes,
Is more than I pretend to guess—
However here's my story.
In one of those small, quiet streets,
Where business retreats,

To shun the daily bustle and the noise
The shoppy Strand enjoys,
But land, joint-companies, and life-insurance
Find past endurance—
In one of these back streets, to peace so dear,
The other day a ragged wight
Began to sing with all his might,
"I have a silent sorrow here!"

Heard in that quiet place,
Devoted to a still and studious race,
The noise was quite appalling!
To seek a fitting simile, and spin it,
Appropriate to his calling,
His voice had all Lablache's body, in it;
But oh! the scientific tone it lacked,
And was in fact
Only a forty-boatswain power of bawling!

'T was said indeed for want of vocal nous
The stage had banished him when he 'tempted it,
For though his voice completely filled the house,
It also emptied it.
However, there he stools
Vociferous—a ragged don!
And with his iron pipes laid on—
A row to all the neighborhood.

In vain were sashes closed,
And doors against the persevering Stentor;
Though brick and glass, and solid oak opposed,
The intruding voice would enter,
Heedless of ceremonial or decorum,
Den, office, parlor, study, and sanctorum;
Where clients and attorneys, rogues and fools,
Ladies, and masters who attend the schools,
Clerks, agents all provided with their tools,
Were sitting upon sofas, chairs, and stools,

With shelves, pianos, tables, desks, before 'em—
How it did bore 'em!

Louder and louder still,
The fellow sang with horrible good-will,
Curses, both loud and deep, his sole gratuities,
From scribes bewildered, making many a flaw,
In deeds of law
They had to draw;
With dreadful incongruities
In posting ledgers, making up accounts,
To large amounts,
Or casting up annuities—
Stunned by that voice so loud and hoarse,
Against whose overwhelming force
No invoice stood a chance, of course!

From room to room, from floor to floor,
From Number One to Twenty-four,
The nuisance bellowed; till all patience lost,
Down came Miss Frost,
Expostulating at her open door—
"Peace, monster, peace!
Where is the new police?
I vow I cannot work, or read, or pray,
Do n't stand there bawling, fellow, don't!
You really send my serious thoughts astray,
Do—there's a dear, good man—do, go away."
Says he, "I won't!"

The spinster pulled her door to with a slam,
That sounded like a wooden d—n;
For so some moral people, strictly loth
To swear in words, however up,
Will crash a curse in setting down a cup,
Or through a door-post vent a banging oath,—
In fad, this sort of physical transgression
Is really no more difficult to trace,
Than in a given face
A very bad expression.

However in she went
Leaving the subject of her discontent
To Mr. Jones's clerk at Number Ten;
Who throwing up the sash,
With accents rash,
Thus hailed the most vociferous of men;

"Come, come, I say, old fellow, stop your chant;

I cannot write a sentence—no one can't!

So pack up your trumps,—

And stir your stumps."

Says he "I shan't!"

Down went the sash,

As if devoted to "eternal smash."

(Another illustration

Of acted imprecation,)

While close at hand, uncomfortably near,

The independent voice, so loud and strong,

And clanging like a gong,

Roared out again the everlasting song,

"I have a silent sorrow here!"

The thing was hard to stand!

The music-master could not stand it,

But rushing forth with fiddle-stick in hand,

As savage as a bandit,

Made up directly to the tattered man,

And thus in broken sentences began:

"Com—com—I say!

You go away!

Into two parts my head you split—

My fiddle cannot hear himself a bit,

When I do play—

You have no business in a place so still!

Can you not come another day?"

Says he, "I will."

"No—no—you scream and bawl!

You must not come at all!

You have no right, by rights, to beg-

You have not one off leg—

You ought to work—you have not some complaint—

You are not cripple in your back or bones—

Your voice is strong enough to break some stones"—

Says he, "It ain't."

"I say you ought to labor!

You are in a young case,

You have not sixty years upon your face,

To come and beg your neighbor—

And discompose his music with a noise

More worse than twenty boys—

Look what a street it is for quiet!

No cart to make a riot,
 No coach, no horses, no postillion:
 If you will sing, I say, it is not just
 To sing so loud."
 Says he, "I must!
 I'm singing for the million!"

T. Hood.

CCCLVIII.

ODE TO MY BOY, AGED THREE YEARS.

Thou happy, happy elf!
 (But stop, first let me kiss away that tear,)
 Thou tiny image of myself!
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
 Thou merry, laughing sprite,
 With spirits feather light,
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoled by sin—
 (Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)
 Thou little tricksy Puck!

With antic toys so funnily bestruck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
 (The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
 Thou darling of thy sire!
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
 Thou imp of mirth and joy!
 In love's dear chain, so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!)
 There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth;
 Fit play-fellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls his tail!)
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From every blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)
 Thy father's pride and hope!
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping rope!)
 With pure heart, newly stamp'd from nature's mint,
 (Where did he learn that squint?)
 Thou young domestic dove!
 (He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
 Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!

(Are those torn clothes his best?)

Little epitome of man!

(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)

Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—

(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!

No storms, no clouds in thy blue sky foreseeing,

Play on, play on,

My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—

(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)

With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,

Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,

With many a lamb-like frisk,

(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!

(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)

Balmy and breathing music like the south,

(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)

Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as the star,—

(I wish that window had an iron bar!)

Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—

(I'll tell you what, my love,

I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

T. Hood.

CCCLIX.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I wrote some lines, once on a time

In wondering merry mood,

And thought, as usual, men would say

They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,

I laughed as I would die;

Albeit in the general way,

A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;

How kind it was of him,

To mind a slender man like me,

He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
 And, in my humorous way,
 I added (as a trifling jest),
 "There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
 And saw him peep within;
 At the first line he read, his face
 Was all upon a grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad.
 And shot from ear to ear;
 He read the third; a chuckling noise
 I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
 The fifth; his waistband split;
 The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
 And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
 I watched that wretched man;
 And since, I never dare to write
 As funny as I can.

O. W. Holmes.

CCCLX.

THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

I'm not a chicken; I have seen
 Full many a chill September,
 And though I was a youngster then,
 That gale I well remember;
 The day before my kite-string snapped,
 And I, my kite pursuing,
 The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat;—
 For me two storms were brewing!

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
 When married pairs get clashing;
 There was a heavy sigh or two,
 Before the fire was flashing,—
 A little stir among the clouds,
 Before they rent asunder,—
 A little rocking of the trees,
 And then came on the thunder.

Oh! how the ponds and rivers boiled,
And how the shingles rattled!
And oaks were scattered on the ground,
As if the Titans battled;
And all above was in a howl,
And all below a clatter,—
The earth was like a frying-pan,
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,
And all our things were drying;
The storm came roaring through the lines,
And set them all a flying;
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches;
I lost, ah! bitterly I wept,—
I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds as if
A demon had been in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,—
My boyhood's only riches,—
"Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried,—
"My breeches! O my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams,
How changed from what I knew them!
The dews had steeped their faded thread,
The winds had whistled through them;
I saw the wide and ghastly rents,
Where demon claws had torn them;
A hole was in their amplest part,
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever,
But those young pantaloons have gone
Forever and forever!
And not till fate has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long-lost breeches!

O. W. Holmes.

LOVE AND MURDER.

In Manchester a maiden dwelt,
Her name was Phbe Blown;
Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,
And, she was considered by good judges to be
by all odds the best looking girl in town.

Her age was nearly seventeen,
Her eyes were sparkling bright;
A very lovely girl she was,
And for about a year and a half there had been a young man
paying his attention to her, by the name of Reuben Wright.

Now Reuben was a nice young man
As any in the town,
And Phbe loved him very dear,
But, on account of his being obliged to work for a living,
he never could make himself agreeable to old Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Her parents were resolved
Another she should wed,
A rich old miser in the place,
And old Brown frequently declared, that rather than have his
daughter marry Reuben Wright, he'd sooner knock him in the head.

But Phbe's heart was brave and strong,
She feared not her parents' frowns;
And as for Reuben Wright so bold,
I've heard him say more than fifty times that (with the exception of Phbe)
he did n't care a cent for the whole race of Browns.

So Phbe Brown and Reuben Wright
Determined they would marry;
Three weeks ago last Tuesday night,
They started for old Parson Webster's, determined to be united in the holy
bonds of matrimony, though it was tremendous dark, and rained like the old
Harry.

But Captain Brown was wide awake,
He loaded up his gun,
And then pursued the loving pair;
He overtook 'em when they'd got about half way to the Parson's, and then
Reuben and Phbe started off upon the run.

Old Brown then took a deadly aim
Toward young Reuben's head,
But, oh! it was a bleeding shame,

He made a mistake, and shot his only daughter, and had the unspeakable
anguish of seeing her drop right down stone dead.

Then anguish filled young Reuben's heart,
And vengeance crazed his brain,
He drew an awful jack-knife out,
And plunged it into old Brown about fifty or sixty times, so that it's very
doubtful about his ever coming to again.

The briny drops from Reuben's eyes
In torrents pouréd down,—
And in this melancholy and heart-rending manner terminates the history of
Reuben and Phbe and likewise old Captain Brown.

Anonymous.

CCCLXII.

THE REMOVAL.

A nervous old gentleman, tired of trade,—
By which, though, it seems, he a fortune had made,—
Took a house 'twixt two sheds, at the skirts of the town,
Which he meant, at his leisure, to buy and pull down.

This thought struck his mind when he viewed the estate;
But, alas! when he entered he found it too late;
For in each dwelt a smith;—a more hard-working two
Never doctored a patient, or put on a shoe.

At six in the morning, their anvils, at work,
Awoke our good squire, who raged like a Turk.
"These fellows," he cried, "such a clattering keep,
That I never can get above eight hours of sleep."

From morning till night they keep thumping away,—
No sound but the anvil the whole of the day;
His afternoon's nap and his daughter's new song,
Were banished and spoiled by their hammer's ding-dong.

He offered each Vulcan to purchase his shop;
But, no! they were stubborn, determined to stop;
At length, (both his spirits and health to improved,)
He cried, "I'll give each fifty guineas to move."

"Agreed!" said the pair; "that will make us amends."
"Then come to my house, and let us part friends;
You shall dine; and we'll drink on this joyful occasion,
That each may live long in his new habitation."

He gave the two blacksmiths a sumptuous regale;
 He spared not provisions, his wine, nor his ale;
 So much was he pleased with the thought that each guest
 Would take from him noise, and restore him to rest.

"And now," said he, "tell me, where mean you to move?
 I hope to some spot where your trade will improve."
 "Why, sir," replied one with a grin on his phiz,
 "Tom Forge moves to my shop, and I move to his!"

Anonymous.

CCCLXIII.

NONGTONGPAW.

John Bull for pastime took a prance,
 Some time ago, to peep at France;
 To talk of sciences and arts,
 And knowledge gained in foreign parts.
 Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,
 And answered John in heathen Greek:
 To all he asked, 'bout all he saw,
 'T was "Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas."

John, to the Palais-Royal came,
 Its splendor almost struck him dumb.
 "I say, whose house is that there here?"
 "House! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur." —
 "What, Nongtongpaw again!" cries John;
 "This fellow is some mighty Don:
 No doubt he 's plenty for the maw,
 I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw."

John saw Versailles from Marlé's height,
 And cried, astonished at the sight,
 "Whose fine estate is that there here?"
 "State! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur."
 "His? What the land and houses too?
 The fellow's richer than a Jew:
 On everything he lays his claw!
 I should like to dine with Nongtongpaw."

Next tripping came a courtly fair,
 John cried, enchanted with her air,
 "What lovely wench is that there here?"
 "Ventch! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur."
 "What, he again? Upon my life!
 A palace, lands, and then a wife

Sir Joshua might delight to draw:
I should like to sup with Nongtongpaw."

"But hold! whose funeral's that?" cries John.
"Je vous n'entends paw." — "what is he gone?
Wealth fame, and beauty could not save
Poor Nongtongpaw then from the grave!
His race is run, his game is up,—
I'd with him breakfast, dine and sup;
But since he chooses to withdraw,
Good-night t' ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw."

C. Dibdin.

CCCLXIV.

THE SWELLS SOLILOQUY ON THE WAR.

I don't approve this hawid waw;
Those dweadful bannahs hawt my eyes;
And guns and drums are such a baw—
Why don't the pawties compwamise?

Of cawce, the twoilet has its chawms;
But why must all the vulgah crowd
Pawsist in spawting uniforms
In cullaws so extremely loud?

And then the ladies—precious deahs!—
I mawk the change on ev'wy bwow;
Bai Jove! I really have my feahs
They wathah like the howid wow!

To hear the chawming cweatures talk,
Like patwons of the bloody wing,
Of waw and all its dawty wark?—
It does n't seem a pwappah thing!

I called at Mrs. Gween's last night,
To see her niece, Miss Mary Hertz,
And found her making—cwushing sight!—
The weddest kind of flannel shirts!
Of cawce I wose and saught the daw,
With fewy flashing from my eyes!
I can't approve this hawid waw;—
Why don't the parties compromise?

Vanity Fair.

CCCLXV.

THE ALARMED SKIPPER.

Many a long, long year ago,
Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, though "lying low,"
How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,
And then, by sounding through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck, so well,
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eye's were dim,
Could tell by tasting, just the spot,
And so below, he'd "dowse the glim,"—
After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
This ancient skipper might be found;
No matter how his craft would rock,
He slept,—for skippers' naps are sound!

The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him, with the lead;
He'd up and taste, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.

One night, 't was Jotham Marden's watch,
A curious wag,—the pedler's son;
And so he mused (the wanton wretch),
"To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

"We're all a set of stupid fools,
To think the skipper knows by tasting,
What ground he's on; Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff; with all their basting!"

And so he took the well-greased lead,
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck—(a parsnip bed),—
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir, please to taste."
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Then oped his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprung!

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden,—

"Nantucket 's sunk, and here we are
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"
J. T. Fields.

CCCLXVI.

THE COLD-WATER MAN.

It was an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well;
And he lived by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod;
So even ran his line of life
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said
He never had a wish;
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a school of fish.

In short, this honest fisherman,
All other tools forsook;
And though no vagrant man was he,
He lived by hook and crook.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
Nor cared about a name;
For though much famed for fish was he,
He never fished for fame!

To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine;
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line!

And many a gudgeon of the pond,
If they could speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, the angler had
A mighty taking way!

One day, while fishing on a log,
He mourned his want of luck,—
When suddenly, he felt a bite,
And jerking—caught a duck!

Alas! that day this fisherman
 Had taken too much grog;
 And being but a landsman, too,
 He could n't keep the log!

'T was all in vain with might and main
 He strove to reach the shore;
 Down, down he went, to feed the fish
 He'd baited oft before!

The jury gave their verdict, that
 'T was nothing else but gin,
 That caused the fisherman to be
 So sadly taken in;

Though one stood out upon a whim,
 And said the angler's slaughter,
 To be exact about the fact,
 Was clearly gin-and-water.

The moral of this mournful tale,
 To all is plain and clear,—
 That drinking habits bring a man
 Too often to his bier;

And he who scorns to "take the pledge,"
 And keep the promise fast,
 May be, in spite of fate, a stiff
 Cold-water man, at last!

J. G. Saxe.

CCCLXVII.

WHITTLING.

The Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
 Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
 The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye
 Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;
 His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
 Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it;
 And, in the education of the lad,
 No little part that implement hath had,—
 His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings
 A growing knowledge of material things.

Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
 His chestnut whistle and his shingle dart,

His elder pop-gun with its hickory rod,
 its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
 His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
 That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone,
 Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
 His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
 His windmill, raised the passing breeze to win,
 His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin;
 Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
 You'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"
 Full rigged, with raking masts, and timbers stanch
 And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a launch.

Thus, by his genius and his jack-knife driven,
 Ere long he'll solve you any problem given;
 Make any jim-crack, musical or mute,
 A plough, a couch, an organ or a flute;
 Make you a locomotive or a clock,
 Cut a canal, or build a floating dock,
 Or lead forth Beauty from a marble block;—
 Make anything, in short, for sea or shore,
 From a child's rattle, to a seventy-four;—
 Make it, said I?—Ay, when he undertakes it,
 He'll make the thing, and the machine that makes it.

And when the thing is made, whether it be
 To move on earth, in air, or on the sea;
 Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
 Or, upon land to roll, revolve, or slide;
 Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,
 Whether it be a piston or a spring,
 Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,
 The thing designed shall surely come to pass;
 For, when his hand 's upon it, you may know
 That there's go in it, and he'll make it go.

J. Pierpont.

CCCLXVIII.

HOTSPUR'S ACCOUNT OF A FOP.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,

Showed like a stubble land at harvest-home.
 He was perfumed like a milliner;
 And. 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon,
 He gave his nose, and took 't away again;—
 And still he smiled and talked;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He called them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He questioned me; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pestered with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answered neglectingly, I know not what;
 He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad.
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the mark!)
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
 And that it was a great pity, so it was,
 This villainous saltpetre should be digged
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answered indirectly, as I said;
 And, I beseech you, let not this report
 Come current for an accusation
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Shakespeare.

CCCLXIX.

HOW TO HAVE WHAT WE LIKE.

Hard by a poet's attic lived a chemist,
 Or alchemist, who had a mighty
 Faith in the elixir vitae;
 And, though unflattered by the dimmest
 Glimpse of success, kept credulously groping
 And grubbing in his dark vocation;

Stupidly hoping
 To onto the art of changing metals,
 And so coin guineas, from his pots and kettles,
 By mystery of transmutation.

Our starving poet took occasion
 To seek this conjurer's abode;
 Not with encomiastic ode,
 Of laudatory dedication,
 But with an offer to impart,
 For twenty pounds, the secret art
 Which should procure, without the pain
 Of metals, chemistry, and fire,
 What he so long had sought in vain,
 And gratify his heart's desire.

The money paid, our bard was hurried
 To the philosopher's sanctorum,
 Who, as it were sublimed and flurried
 Out of his chemical decorum,
 Crowded, capered, giggled, seemed to spurn his
 Crucibles, retort, and furnace,
 And cried, as he secured the door,
 And carefully put to the shutter,
 "Now, now, the secret, I implore!
 For heaven's sake, speak, discover, utter!"

With grave and solemn air the poet
 Cried: "List! O, list, for thus I show it:
 Let this plain truth those ingrates strike,
 Who still, though blessed, new blessings crave;
 THAT WE MAY ALL HAVE WHAT WE LIKE,
 SIMPLY BY LIKING WHAT WE HAVE!"

Horace Smith.

CCCLXX.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
 One took the other briskly by the hand:
 "Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this,
 About the crows!" — "I don't know what it is,"
 Replied his friend. — "No? I'm surprised at that;
 Where I came from 't is the common chat;
 But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed!
 And that it happened, they are all agreed.

Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
 A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,
 This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
 Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows."
 "Impossible!"— "Nay, but it's really true;
 I had it from good hands, and so may you."
 "From whose, I pray?" So having named the man,
 Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
 "Sir, did you tell?"— relating the affair—
 "Yes, sir, I did; and if it's worth you care,
 Ask Mr. Such-a-one; he told it me;
 But, by-the-by, 't was two black crows, not three."
 Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
 Whip to the third, the virtuoso went.
 "Sir,"— and so forth— "Why, yes; the thing is fact,
 Though in regard to number not exact;
 It was not two black crows; 't was only one;
 The truth of that you may depends upon,
 The gentleman himself told me the case."
 "Where may I find him?"— "Why, in such a place."
 Away he goes, and having found him out—
 "Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."

Then to his last informant he referred,
 And begged to know if true what he had heard.
 "Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?"— "Not I!"—
 "Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
 Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,
 And here I find at last all comes to none!
 Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"
 "Crow— crow— perhaps I might, now I recall
 The matter over."— "And pray, sir, what was 't?"
 "Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last,
 I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
 Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

Byrom.

CCCLXXI.

HELPS TO READ.

A certain artist—I've forgot his name—
 Had got, for making spectacles, a fame,
 Or, "helps to read," as, when they first were sold,
 Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold;
 And, for all uses to be had from glass,
 His were allowed by readers to surpass.

There came a man into his shop one day—
"Are you the spectacle contriver, pray?"
"Yes Sir," said he, "I can in that affair
Contrive to please you, if you want a pair."
"Can you? pray do, then." So at first he chose
To place a youngish pair upon his nose;
And, book produced, to see how they would fit,
Asked how he liked them. "Like 'em!—not a bit."
"Then, sir, I fancy, if you please to try
These in my hand will better suit your eye?"—
"No, but they don't."—"Well come, sir, if you please,
Here is another sort; we'll e'en try these;
Still somewhat more they magnify the letter,
Now, sir?"—"Why, now, I'm not a bit the better."—
"No! here, take these which magnify still more,—
How do they fit?"—"Like all the rest before!"
In short, they tried a whole assortment through,
But all in vain, for none of them would do.
The operator, much surprised to find
So odd a case, thought, sure the man is blind!
"What sort of eyes can you have got?" said he.
"Why very good ones, friend, as you may see."
"Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball.
Pray let me ask you Can you read at all?"
"No! you great blockhead!—If I could, what need
Of paying you for any 'helps to read?'"
And so he left the maker in a heat,
Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

Byrom.

BOOK FOURTH.

STANDARD SELECTIONS OF DIALOGUES.

BOOK FOURTH.

STANDARD DIALOGUES.

CCCLXXII.

PRINCE ARTHUR OF BRETAGNE.

PRINCE ARTHUR—HUBERT—ATTENDANTS.

HUB. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
1 Att. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to it.
[Exeunt Attendants.]
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you. [Enter Arth.]
Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.— You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to Heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate,
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [Aside.]
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might, sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [Showing a paper.] How now,
foolish rheum. [Aside.]
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you:
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was a crafty love,

And call it cunning: do, and if you will:
If Heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,
Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?—
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him; no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [Stamps.—Reénter Attendants.]
Do as I bid you.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the irons angrily.

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 Att. I am best pleased to be away from such a deed.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O, Heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a meandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.

Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes,

Though to no use, but still to look on you!

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,

And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief—

Being create for comfort,—to be used

In undeserved extremes. See else yourself:

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,

And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;

Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes,

And, like a dog, that is compelled to fight,

Snatch at his master that does tarre him on.

All things that you should use to do me wrong,

Deny their office: only you do lack

That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,—

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.

Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,

With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while

You were disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more: Adieu!—

Your uncle must not know but you are dead;

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure

That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,

Will not offend thee.

Arth. O, Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence: no more. Go closely in with me:

Much danger do I undergo for thee.

Shakespeare.

CCCLXXIII.

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cassius. That you have wronged me, doth appear in
this:

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

What villain touched his body, that did stab,

And not for justice?—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 honors

For so much trash as may be grasp'd thus?—

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman!

Cas. Brutus, bay not me!

I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you 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!
Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more! Fret till your proud heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble! Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humor? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth,—yea for my laughter,

When you are waspish!

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus:

I said, an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him!

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life, you durst not!

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am armed so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Can. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not;—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart;
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine,—richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, then lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius!

Brat. Sheathe your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.
 Cas. Hath Cassius lived
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?
 Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered, too.
 Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
 Bru. And my heart too.
 Cas. O, Brutus!
 Bru. What's the matter?
 Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humor, which my mother gave me,
 Makes me forgetful?
 Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Shakespeare.

CCCXXLIV.

DOGBERRY'S CHARGE.

DOGBERRY—VERGES—THE WATCH.

Dog. Are you good men and true? Ver. Yea, or else it were a pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul. Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch. Ver. Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry. Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable? 1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read. Dog. Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature. 2 Watch. Both which, master constable,— Dog. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore, bear you the lantern. This is your charge;—you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name. 2 Watch. How, if he will not stand? Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. Ver. If he will not stand when he is bidden he is none of the prince's subjects. Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.— You shall also make no noise in the streets: for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured. 2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch. Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen.— Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed. 2

Watch. How, if they will not? Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for. 2 Watch. Well, sir. Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty. 2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him? Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company. Ver. You have been always called a merciful man, partner. Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog, by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him. Ver. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it. 2 Watch. How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us. Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when it bleats. Ver. 'T is very true. Dog. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him. Ver. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, he cannot. Dog. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will. Ver. By 'r lady, I think, it be so. Dog. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good-night.—Come, neighbor. 2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed. Dog. One word more, honest neighbors: I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door, for the wedding being there tomorrow there is a great coil to-night.—Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you. Shakespeare.

CCCLXXV.

INDIGESTION.

DR. GREGORY—PATIENT.

[SCENE.——DR. GREGORY'S STUDY. ENTER A PLUMP GLASGOW MERCHANT.]

Pa. Good morning, Dr. Gregory! I'm just come into Edinburg about some law business, and I thought when I was here, at any rate, I might just as weel take your advice, sir, about my trouble. Dr. Pray, sir, sit down. And now, my good sir, what may your trouble be? Pa. Indeed, Doctor, I'm not very sure; but I'm thinking it's a kind of weakness that makes me dizzy at times, and a kind of pickling about my stomachs;—I'm just na right. Dr. You are from the West country, I should suppose, sir? Pa. Yes, sir, from Glasgow. Dr. Ay; pray, sir, are you a glutton? Pa. God forbid, sir; I'm one of the plainest men living in all the West country. Dr. Then, perhaps, you are a drunkard? Pa. No, Dr. Gregory; thank God, no one can accuse me of that. I'm of the Dissenting persuasion, Doctor, and an Elder; so you may suppose I'm na drunkard. Dr. I'll suppose no such thing till you tell me your mode of life. I'm so much puzzled with your symptoms, sir, that I would wish to hear in detail what you

do eat and drink. When do you breakfast, and what do you take at it? Pa. I breakfast at nine o'clock; take a cup of coffee, and one or two cups of tea, a couple of eggs, and a bit of ham or kipper salmon, or, may be, both, if they're good, and two or three rolls and butter. Dr. Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, at breakfast? Pa. Oh, yes, sir! but I don't count that as anything. Dr. Come, this is a very moderate breakfast. What kind of a dinner do you make? Pa. Oh, sir, I eat a very plain dinner indeed; some soup, and some fish, and a little plain roast or boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes; I think, some way, they never satisfy the appetite. Dr. You take a little pudding, teens and afterwards some cheese. Pa. Oh, yes! though I don't care much about them. Dr. You take a glass of ale and porter with your cheese? Pa. Yes, one or the other; but seldom both. Dr. You West-country people generally take a glass of Highland whiskey after dinner. Pa. Yes, we do; it as good for digestion. Dr. Do you take any wine during dinner? Pa. Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner. I drink a good deal of beer Dr. What quantity of port do you drink? Pa. Oh, very little; not above half a dozen glasses or so. Dr. In the West country it is impossible, I hear to dine without punch? Pa. Yes, sir, indeed, 't is punch we drink chiefly; but for myself unless I happen to have a friend with me, I never take more than a couple of tumblers or so, and that's moderate. Dr. Oh, exceedingly moderate indeed! You then, after this slight repast, take some tea and bread and butter? Pa. Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters. Dr. And on your return you take supper, I suppose. Pa. No, sir, I canna be said to take supper; just something before going to bed;—a rizzard haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese, or a half-hundred of oysters: or the like o' that and may be, two thirds of a bottle of ale; but I take no regular supper. Dr. But you take a little more punch after that? Pa. No, sir, punch does not agree with me at bedtime. I take a tumbler of warm whiskey-toddy at night; it is lighter to sleep on. Dr. So it must be, no doubt. This, you say, is your every day life; but, upon great occasions, you perhaps exceed a little? Pa. No, sir, except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which, as I am a sober family man, does not often happen. Dr. Not above twice a week? Pa. No; not oftener. Dr. Of course you sleep well and have a good appetite? Pa. Yes, sir, thank God, I have; indeed, any ill-health that I have is about meal-time. Dr. [Assuming a severe look, knitting his brow, and lowering his eyebrows.] Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow indeed. You come here and tell me you are a moderate man; but upon examination, I find by your own showing that you are a most voracious glutton. You said you were a sober man; yet, by your own showing, you are a beer-swiller, a dram-drinker, a wine-bibber, and a guzzler of punch. You tell me you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep. I see that you chew tobacco. Now, sir, what human stomach can stand this? Go home, sir, and leave your present [course of] riotous living, and there are hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health, like your neighbors. Pa. I'm sure, Doctor, I'm very much obliged to you [taking out a bundle of bank-notes], I shall endeavor to. Dr. Sir, you are not obliged to me:—put up your money, sir. Do you think I'll take a fee for telling you what you know as well as myself? Though you're no physician, sir, you are not altogether a fool. Go home, sir, and reform, or, take my word for it, your life is not worth half a year's purchase.

CCCLXXVI.**THE TWO ROBBERS.**

[Alexander THE great, in his tent. A man with a fierce countenance, chained and fettered, brought before him.]

Alex. What! art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

Rob. I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

Alex. A soldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honor thy courage; but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

Rob. What have I done of which you can complain?

Alex. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority; violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and the properties of thy fellow-subjects?

Rob. Alexander, I am your captive I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

Alex. Speak freely. Far be it for me take the advantage of my power, to silence those with whom I deign to converse.

Rob. I must; then, answer your question by another. How have you passed your life?

Alex. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you.

Among the brave, I have been the bravest; among sovereigns, the noblest; among conquerors, the mightiest.

Rob. And does not Fame speak of me, too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

Alex. Still, what are you, but a robber—a base dishonest robber?

Rob. And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too gone about the earth like an evil genius: blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district, with a hundred followers you have done to whole nations, with a hundred thousand.

If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes.

If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

Alex. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

Rob. I, too, have freely given to the poor what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind; and I have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for the mischief we have done it.

Alex. Leave me.—Take off his chains, and use him well. Are we, then, so much alike? Alexander to a robber?—Let me reflect.

Dr. Aiken.

CCCLXXVII.

THE MISER.

LOVEGOLD—JAMES.

Love. Where have you been? I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom do you want, sir,—your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and t' other.

Love. I want my cook.

James. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of horses were starved; but your cook, sir, shall wait upon you in an instant. [Puts off his coachman's great-coat and appears as a cook.] Now sir, I am ready for your commands.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half-year; a dinner, indeed, now and then; but, for a supper, I'm almost afraid, for want of practice, my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, and see that you provide a good supper.

James. That may be done with a good deal of money, sir.

Love. Is the mischief in you? Always money! Can you say nothing else but money, money, money? My children, my servants, my relations, can pronounce nothing but money.

James. Well, sir; but how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have supper dressed but for eight; for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, sir, at one end, a handsome soup; at the other, a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side, a fillet of veal; on the other, a turkey, or rather a bustard, which may be had for about a guinea—

Love. Zounds! is the fellow providing an entertainment for

my lord mayor and the court of aldermen?

James. Then a ragout—

Love. I'll have no ragout. Would you burst the good people
you dog?

James. Then pray, sir, what will you have?

Love. Why, see and provide something to cloy their stomachs:
let there be two good dishes of soup-maire; a large suet pudding;
some dainty, fat pork-pie, very fat; a fine, small lean
breast of mutton, and a large dish with two artichokes. There;
that's plenty and variety.

James. O, dear—

Love. Plenty and variety.

James. But, sir, you must have some poultry.

Love. No; I'll have none.

James. Indeed, sir, you should.

Love. Well, then,—kill the old hen, for she has done laying.

James. Mercy! sir, how the folks will talk of it; indeed,
people say enough of you already.

Love. Eh! why, what do the people say, pray?

James. Oh, sir, if I could be assured you would not be angry.

Love. Not at all; for I'm always glad to hear what the
world says of me.

James. Why, sir, since you will have it, then, they make a
jest of you everywhere; nay, of your servants, on your account.
One says, you pick a quarrel with them quarterly, in order to
find an excuse to pay them no wages.

Love. Poh! poh!

James. Another says, you were taken one night stealing
your own oats from your own horses.

Love. That must be a lie; for I never allow them any.

James. In a word, you are the bye-word everywhere; and
you are never mentioned, but by the names of covetous, stingy,
scraping, old—

Love. Get along, you impudent villain!

James. Nay, sir, you said you would n't be angry.

Love. Get out, you dog! you—

Fielding.

CCCLXXVIII.

THE LETTER.

SQUIRE EGAN AND HIS NEW IRISH SERVANT, ANDY.

Squire. Well, Andy, you went to the postoffice, as I
ordered you?

Andy. Yis, sir.

Squire. Well, what did you find?

Andy. A most impertinent fellow indade, sir.

Squire. How so?

Andy Says I, as decent like as a gentleman, "I want a letter, sir, if you plase." "Who do you want it for?" said the posth-masther, as ye call him. "I want a letter, sir, if you plase," said I "And whom do you want it for?" said he again. "And what 's that to you?" said I.

Squire. You blockhead, what did he say to that?

Andy. He laughed at me, sir, and said he could not tell what leather to give me, unless I told him the direction.

Squire. Well, you told him then, did you?

Andy. "The directions I got," said I "was to get a leather here,—that 's the directions." "Who gave you the directions?" says he. "The masther" said I. "And who 's your masther?" said he. "What consarn is that of yours?" said I.

Squire. Did he break your head, then?

Andy. No sir. "Why you stupid rascal," said he, "if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you his leather?" "You could give it, if you liked," said I; "only you are fond of axing impudent questions, because you think I'm simple." "Get out o' this!" said he. "Your masther must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a missenger."

Squire. Well, how did you save my honor, Andy?

Andy. "Bad luck to your impudence!" said I. "Is it Squire Egan you dare say goose to?" "O Squire Egan's your masther?" said he. "Yes," says I; "Have you anything to say agin it?"

Squire. You got the letter, then, did you?

Andy. "Here 's a leather for the squire," says he. "You are to pay me eleven pence posthage." "What 'ud I pay 'levenpence for?" said I "For posthage," said he. "Did n't I see you give that gentlewoman a leather for four-pence, this blessed minit?" said I; "and a bigger letter than this? Do you think I 'm a fool?" says I? "Here 's a four-pence for you, and give me the letter."

Squire. I wonder he did n't break your skull, and let some light into it.

Andy. "Go along, you stupid thafe!" says he, because I would n't let him chate your honor.

Square. Well, well; give me the letter.

Andy. I have n't it, sir. He would n't give it to me, sir.

Squire. Who would n't give it to you?

Andy. That old chate beyant in the town.

Square. Did n't you pay what he asked?

Andy. Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated, when he

was selling them before my face for four-pence a-piece?

Squire. Go back, you scoundrel, or I'll horsewhip you.

Andy. He'll murther me, if I say another word to him about the leather; he swore he would.

Squire. I'll do it, if he don't, if you are not back in less than an hour. [Exit]

Andy. O, that the like of me should be murthered for defending the charracter of my master! It's not I'll go to dale with that bloody chate again. I'll off to Dublin, and let the leather rot on his dirty hands, bad luck to him!

Anonymous.

CCCLXXIX.

THE FRENCHMAN'S LESSON.

Frenchman. Ha! my friend! I have met one very strange name in my lesson. Vat you call H-o-u-g-h,—eh?

Tutor. "Huff."

Fr. Très bien, "huff;" and snuff you spell s-n-o-u-p-h?

Tut. Oh! no, no! "Snuff" is spelled s-n-u-f-f. In fact, words in o-u-g-h are a little irregular.

Fr. Ah, very good!—t is beautiful language! H-o-u-g-h is "huff." I will remember; and of course, c-o-u-g-h is "cuff."

I have a bad "cuff,"—eh?

Tut. No, that is wrong; we say "kauff,"—not "cuff"

Fr. "Kauff," eh? "Huff," and "kauff;" and, pardonnez-moi, how you call d-o-u-g-h—"duff,"—eh? is it "duff?"

Tut. No, not "duff."

Fr. Not "duff!" Ah oui; I understand, it is "dauff,"—eh?

Tut. No; d-o-u-g-h spells "doe."

Fr. "Doe!" It's ver' fine! Wonderful language! It is "doe;" and t-o-u-g-h is "toe," certainement. My beefsteak is very "toe."

Tut. Oh! no, no! You should say "tuff."

Fr. "Tuff!" And the thing the farmer uses, how you call him, p-l-o-u-g-h,—"pluff," is it? Ha! you smile. I see that I am wrong; it must be "plaff." No? then it is "ploe," like "doe?" It is one beautiful language! ver' fine! "ploe!"

Tut. You are still wrong, my friend; it is "plow."

Fr. "Plow!" Wonderful language! I shall understand ver' soon. "Plow" "doe" "kauff;" and one more r-o-u-g-h—what you call General Taylor,—"Rauff and Ready?"

No? then "Row and Ready?"

Tut. No; r-o-u-g-h spells "ruff."

Fr. "Ruff," ha? Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is "ruff,"
and b-o-u-g-h is "buff,"—ha?
Tut. No; "bow."
Fr. Ah! 't is ver' simple! Wonderful language! But I
have had vat you call e-n-o-u-g-h,—ha? Vat you call him?—Ha! ha! ha!
Anonymous.

CCCLXXX.

HOW TO TELL BAD NEWS.

Mr. H.—Steward.

Mr. H. Ha! Steward, How are you, my old boy? How
do things go on at home?
Steward. Bad enough, your honor; the magpie's dead.
Mr. H. Poor mag! so he's gone. How came he to die?
Stew. Over-ate himself sir.
Mr. H. Did he, faith? a greedy dog; why, what did he get
he liked so well?
Stew. Horse-flesh, sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.
Mr. H. How came he to get so much horse-flesh?
Stew. All your father's horses, sir.
Mr. H. What! Are they dead, too?
Stew. Ay, sir; they died of over-work.
Mr. H. And why were they over-worked, pray?
Stew. To carry water, sir.
Mr. H. To carry water! and what were they carrying water
for?
Stew. Sure, sir, to put out the fire.
Mr. H. Fire! what fire?
Stew. Oh, sir, your father's house is burned down to the
ground.
Mr. H. My father's house burned down! and how came it
set on fire?
Stew. I think, sir, it must have been the torches.
Mr. H. Torches! what torches?
Stew. At your mother's funeral.
Mr. H. My mother dead!
Stem. Ah, poor lady, she never looked up after it.
Mr. H. After what?
Stew. The loss of your father.
Mr. H. My father gone too?
Stew. Yes, poor gentleman, he took to his bed as soon as he
heard of it.
Mr. H. Heard of what?
Stew. The bad news, sir, and please your Honor.

Mr. H. What! more miseries! more bad news?

Stew. Yes, sir, your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, sir, to come to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

Anonymous.

CCCLXXXI.

THE CHOLERIC father.

CAPT. ABSOLUTE—SIR ANTHONY

Capt. A. Sir, I am delighted to see you here and looking so well! Your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health. Sir A. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, are you recruiting here, eh? Capt. A. Yes, sir; I am on duty. Sir A. Well, Jack! I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long. Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray fervently that you may continue so. Sir A. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that as I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit. Capt. A. Sir, you are very good. Sir A. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence. Capt. A Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensation even of filial affection. Sir A. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention; and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks. Capt. A. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude. I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army? Sir A. O, that shall be as your wife chooses. Capt. A. My wife, sir? Sir A. Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you. Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say? Sir A. Ay, a wife—why did I not mention her before? Capt A. Not a word of her, sir. Sir A. Upon my word, I must n't forget her, though! Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife; but I suppose that makes no difference? Capt. A. Sir! sir, you amaze me! Sir A. What 's the matter? Just now you were all gratitude and duty. Capt. A. I was, sir; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not one word of a wife. Sir A. Why, what difference does that make? Sir, if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands. Capt. A. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. Pray, sir, who is the lady? Sir A. What 's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly. Capt. A. Sure, sir, that 's not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of! Sir A. I am sure, sir, 't is more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of. Capt. A. You must

excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that on this point I cannot obey you. Sir A. Hark you, Jack! I have heard you for some time with patience; I have been cool,—quite cool; but take care; you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led—when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy. Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it; in this I cannot obey you. Sir A. Now, shoot me, if ever I call you Jack again while I live! Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me. Sir A. Sir, U won't hear a word—not a word!—not one word!—So, give me your promise by a nod; and I'll tell you what, Jack,—I mean, you dog,—if you don't— Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness; to— Sir A. Sir, the lady shall be as ugly as I choose; she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum; she shall leave a skin like a mumps and the beard of a Jew; he shall be all this, sir! Yet, I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty! Capt. A. This is reason and moderation, indeed! Sir A. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes! Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life. Sir A. 'T is false, sir! I know you are laughing in your sleeve. I know you'll grin when I am gone, sir! Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better. Sir A. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if, you please! It won't do with me, I promise you. Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life. Sir A. I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! But it won't do! Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word Sir A. So you will fly out! Can't you be cool like me? What good can passion do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! Don't provoke me! But you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog! You play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet, take care; the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! But, mark: I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why, I may, in time, forgive you. If not, don't enter the same hemisphere with me; don't care to breathe the same air, or use the same light, with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest! I'll disown you. I'll disinherit you! I'll never call you Jack again. [Exit.] Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hand. R. B. Sheridan.

CCCLXXXII.

ROLLA AND ALONZO.

[ENTER ROLLA DISGUISED AS A MONK.]

Rolla. Inform me, friend, is Alonzo, the Peruvian, confined in this dungeon? Sentinel. He is. Rolla. I must speak with him. Sentinel. You must not. Rolla. He is my friend. Sentinel. Not if he were your brother. Rolla. What is to be his fate? Sentinel. He dies at sunrise. Rolla. Ha! then I am come in time, Sentinel. Just to witness his death. Rolla. [Advancing toward the door.] Soldier, I must speak with him. Sentinel. [Pushing him back with his gun.] Back! Back! it is impossible. Rolla. I do entreat you, but for one moment. Sentinel. You entreat in vain, my orders are

most strict. Rolla. Look on this massive wedge of gold! look on these precious gems! In thy land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them; they are thine; let me but pass one moment with Alonzo. Sentinel. Away! Wouldest thou corrupt me?—me, an old Castilian! I know my duty better. Rolla. Soldier, hast thou a wife? Sentinel. I have. Rolla. Hast thou children? Sentinel. Four honest, lovely boys. Rolla. Where didst thou leave them? Sentinel. In my native village, in the very cot where I was born. Rolla. Dost thou love thy wife and children? Rolla. Do I love them? God knows my heart,—I do. Rolla. Soldier, imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death, in a strange land,—what would be thy last request? Sentinel. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children. Rolla. What if that comrade was at thy prison door, and should there be told, "Thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children, or his wretched wife!"— What would'st thou think of him who thus could drive thy comrade from the door? Sentinel. How! Rolla. Alonzo has a wife and child; and I am come but to receive for her, and for her poor babes the last blessing of my friend. Sentinel. Go in. [Exit sentinel.] Rolla. [Calls] Alonzo! Alonzo! [Enter Alonzo, speaking as he comes in.] Alonzo. How! is my hour elapsed? Well, I am ready. Rolla Alonzo—Know me! Alonzo. Rolla! Heavens! how didst thou pass the guard? Rolla. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle. It has gained me entrance to thy dungeon; now take it thou, and fly. Alonzo And Rolla,— Rolla. Will remain here in thy place. Alonzo. And die for me! No! Rather eternal torture rack me. Rolla. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is thy life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's; and thy arm may soon deliver me from prison. Or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted tree in the desert; nothing lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband and a father; the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant depend upon thy life. Go, go, along, not to save thyself but Cora and thy child. Alonzo. Urge me not thus, my friend. I am prepared to die in peace. Rolla. To die in peace! devoting her you have sworn to live for to madness, misery, and death! Alonzo. Merciful Heavens! Rolla. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo,—now mark me well. Thou knowest that Rolla never pledged his word, and shrank from its fulfilment. And here I swear, if thou art proudly obstinate, thou shalt have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side. Alonzo. O, Rolla! you distract me! Wear you the robe and though dreadful the necessity we will strike down the guard and force our passage. Rolla. What, the soldier on duty here? Alonzo Yes,—else, seeing two, the alarm will be instant death. Rolla. For my nation's safety, I would not harm him. That soldier, mark me, is a man! All are not men that wear the human form. He refused my prayers, refused my gold, refused to admit, till his own feelings bribed him. I will not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my heartstrings from consuming fire But haste! A moment's further pause, and all is lost. Alonzo Rolla, I fear thy friendship drives me from honor and from right.. Rolla. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonor to his friend? [Throwing the friar's garment over his shoulder.] There! conceal thy face. Now, God be with thee! Kotzebue.

CCCLXXXIII.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

Traveller. Do you belong to this house, friend? Landlord. No, it belongs to me, I guess. [The Traveller takes out his memorandum-book, and in a low voice reads what he writes.] Trav. "Mem. Yankee landlords do not belong to their house's [Aloud] You seem young for a landlord: may I ask how old you are? Land. Yes, if you'd like to know. Trav. Hem! [Disconcerted.] Are you a native, sir? Land. No, sir; there are no natives hereabouts. Trav. "Mem. None of the inhabitants natives; ergo, all foreigners." [Aloud] Where were you born, sir? Land. Do you know where Marblehead is? Trav. Yes. Land. Well, I was not born there. Trav. Why did you ask the question, then? Land. Because my daddy was. Trav. But you were born somewhere. Land. That 's true; but as father moved up country afore the townships were marked out, my case is somewhat like the Indian's who was born at Nantucket, Cape Cod, and all along shore. Trav. Were you brought up in this place, sir? Land. No; I was raised in Varmount till mother died, and then, as father was good for nothing after that I pulled up stakes and went to sea a bit. Trav. "Mem. Yankees, instead of putting up gravestones, pull up stakes, and go to sea, when a parent dies" [Aloud] You did not follow the sea long, for you have not the air of a mariner. Land. why, you see, I had a leetle knack at the coopering business; and larning that them folks that carry it on in the West Indies die off fast, I calculated I should stand a chance to get a handsome living there. Trav. And so you turned sailor to get there? Land. Not exactly; for I agreed to work my passage by cooking for the crew, and tending the dumb critters. Trav. Dumb critters! Of what was your lading composed? Land. A leetle of everything;—horses, hogs, hoop-poles, and Hingham boxes; boards, ingyons, soap, candles, and ile. Trav. "Mem. Soap, candles, and ile, called dumb critters by the Yankees." [Aloud.] Did you arrive there safely? Land. No, I guess we did n't. Trav. Why not? Land. We had a fair wind, and sailed a pretty piece, I tell you; but jest afore we reached the eend of our vige, some pirates overhauled us, and stole all our molasses, rum, and gingerbread. Trav. Is that all they did to you? Land. No, they ordered us on board their vessel, and promised us some black-strap. Trav. "Mem. Pirates catch Yankees with a black-strap." [Aloud] Did you accept the invitation? Land. No, I guess we did n't. And so they threatened to fire into us. Trav. What did your captain do? Land. "Fire, and be dammed!" says he, "but you'd better not spill the deacon's ile, I tell you." Trav. And so you ran off, did you? Land. No; we sailed off a small piece. But the captain said it was a tarnal shame to let them steal our necessaries; and so he right about, and peppered them, I tell you. Trav. "Mem. Yankees pepper pirates when they meet them." [Aloud.] Did you take them? Land. Yes, and my shear built this house. Trav. "Mem. Yankees build houses with shears." Land. It 's an ill wind that blows nowhere, as the saying is. And now, may I make so bold as to ask whose name I shall enter in my books? Trav. Mine! Land. Hem!—if it 's not an impertinent question, may I ask which way you are travelling? Trav. Home. Land. Faith! have I not as good a right to catechize you, as you had to catechize me? Trav. Yes. "Mem. Yankees the most inquisitive people in the world,—impertinent, and unwilling to communicate information to travellers." [Aloud] Well, sir, if you have accommodations fit for a gentleman, I will put up with you. Land. They have always suited gentlemen, but I can't say how you'll like 'em. Trav. There is a

tolerable prospect from this window. What hill is that, yonder? Land. Bunker Hill, sir. Trav. Pretty hill! If I had my instruments here, I should like to take it. Land. You had better not try. It required three thousand instruments to take it in '75. Tram "Mem. A common Yankee hill cannot be drawn without three thousand instruments." [Aloud] Faith, Landlord, your Yankee draughtsmen must be great bunglers. But come, sir, give me breakfast, for I must be going; There is nothing else in the vicinity worthy the notice of a traveller. Anon.

CCCLXXXIV.

THE EMBRYO LAWYER.

OLD FICKLE—TRISTAM FICKLE.

Old F. What reputation, what honor, what profit can accrue to you from such conduct as yours? One moment you tell me you are going to become the greatest musician in the world, and straight you fill my house with fiddlers.

Tri. I am clear out of that scrape now, sir.

Old F. Then from a fiddler you are metamorphosed into a philosopher; and for the noise of drums, trumpets, and hautboys, you substitute a vile jargon, more unintelligible than was ever heard at the tower of Babel.

Tri. You are right, sir, I have found out that philosophy is folly; so, I have cut the philosophers of all sects, from Plato and Aristotle down to the puzzlers of modern date.

Old F. How much had I to pay the cooper, the other day, for barreling you up in a large tub, when you resolved to live like Diogenes?

Tri. You should not have paid him anything, sir, for the tub would not hold. You see the contents are run out.

Old F. No jesting, sir; this is no laughing matter. Your follies have tired me out. I verily believe you have taken the whole round of arts and science in a month, and have been of fifty different minds in half an hour.

Tri. And, by that, shown the versatility of my genius.

Old F. Don't tell me of versatility, sir. Let me see a little steadiness. You have never yet been constant to anything but extravagance.

Tri. Yes, sir, one thing more.

Old F. What is that, sir.

Tri. Affection for you. However my head may have wandered, my heart has always been constantly attached to the kindest of parents; and, from this moment, I am resolved to lay my follies aside, and pursue that line of conduct which will be most pleasing to the best of fathers and of friends.

Old F. Well said, my boy,—well said! You make me

happy indeed. [patting him on the shoulder] Now, then, my dear Tristram, let me know what you really mean to do.

Tri. To study the law.

Old F. The law!

Tri. I am most resolutely bent on following that profession.

Old F. No!

Tri. Absolutely and irrevocably fixed.

Old F. Better and better. I am overjoyed. Why, 't is the very thing I wished. Now I am happy. [Tristram makes gestures as if speaking.] See how his mind is engaged!

Tri, Gentlemen of the jury,—

Old F. Why Tristram,—

Tri. This is a cause,—

Old F. O, my dear boy! I forgive you all your tricks. I see something about you, now, that I can depend upon. [Tristram continues making gestures.]

Tri. I am for the plaintiff in this cause,—

Old F. Bravo! bravo! excellent boy! I'll go and order your books directly.

Tri. It is done sir.

Old F. What, already!

Tri. I ordered twelve square feet of books when I first thought of embracing the arduous profession of the law.

Old F. What, do you mean to read by the foot?

Tri. By the foot, sir; that is the only way to become a solid lawyer.

Old F. Twelve square feet of learning! Well,—

Tri. I have likewise sent for a barber,

Old F. What, is he to teach you to shave close?

Tri. He is to shave one half of my head, sir.

Old F. You will excuse me if I cannot perfectly understand what that has to do with the study of the law.

Tri. Did you never hear of Demosthenes, sir, the Athenian orator? He had half his head shaved, and locked himself up in a coal-cellar.

Old F. Ah! he was perfectly right to lock himself up after having undergone such an operation as that. He certainly would have made rather an odd figure abroad.

Tri. I think I see him now, awaking the dormant patriotism of his countrymen,—lightning in his eye, and thunder in his voice: he pours forth a torrent of eloquence, resistless in its force—the throne of Philip trembles while he speaks; he denounces, and indignation fills the bosom of his hearers; he exposes the impending danger, and every one sees impending ruin; he threatens the tyrant,—they grasp their swords; he calls for vengeance, their thirsty weapons glitter in the air,

and thousands reverberate the cry. One soul animates the nation,
and that soul is the soul of the orator.

Old F. O! what a figure he'll make in the King's Bench!

But, come, I will tell you now what my plan is, and then you
will see how happily this determination of yours will further it.

You have [Tristram makes extravagant gestures, as if speaking,]
often heard me speak of my friend Briefwit, the barrister,—

Tri. Who is against me in this cause?—

Old F. He is a most learned lawyer,—

Tri. But as I have justice on my side,—

Old F. Zounds! he does n't hear a word I say! Why,
Tristram!

Tri. I beg your pardon, sir, I was prosecuting my studies.

Old F. Now, attend,—

Tri. As my learned friend observes,—Go on, sir, I am all
attention.

Old F. Well, my friend the counselor,—

Tri. Say learned friend, if you please, sir. We gentlemen
of the law always,—

Old F. Well, well,—my learned friend,—

Tri. A black patch!

Old F. Will you listen, and be silent?

Tri. I am as mute as a judge.

Old F. My friend, I say, has a ward, who is very handsome,
and who has a very handsome fortune. She would make you
a charming wife.

Tri. This is an action,

Old F. Now, I have hitherto been afraid to introduce you
to my friend, the barrister, because I thought your lightness and
his gravity,—

Tri. Might be plaintiff and defendant.

Old F. But now you are growing serious and steady, and
have resolved to pursue his profession, I will shortly bring you
together; you will obtain his good opinion, and all the rest follows
of course.

Tri. A verdict in my favor.

Old F. You marry and sit down, happy for life.

Tri. In the King's Bench.

Old F. Bravo! Ha, ha, ha! But now run to your study,
—run to your study, my dear Tristram, and I'll go and call
upon the counsellor.

Tri. I remove by habeas corpus.

Old F. Pray have the goodness to make haste, then.

[Hurrying him off.]

Tri. Gentlemen of the jury this is a cause. [Exit.]

Old F. The inimitable boy! I am now the happiest father

living. What genius he has! He'll be Lord Chancellor one day or other, I dare be sworn. I am sure he has talents! O! how I long to see him at the bar!

Allingham.

NOTES.

Page No.

3. I. BROUGHAM, (broom,) HENRY, Lord, philosopher, law-reformer, statesman, orator, and critic, was born in 1779, at Edinburgh, where he was educated at the High School and University. He united with Jeffrey and Horner in establishing the "Edinburgh Review," and for nearly twenty years he was one of its most regular contributors. Having for a few years practised law at the Scottish bar, he removed to England in 1807, and entered Parliament in 1810. His long parliamentary career has been characterized as one of desultory warfare. "A great part of his life has been spent in beating down; in detecting false pretensions whether in literature or politics; in searching out the abuses of long-established institutions; in laying open the perversions of public charities; in exposing the cruelties of the criminal code; or in rousing public attention to a world of evils resulting from the irregularities in the administration of municipal law." The character of his eloquence is well suited to the purposes of an assailant. "For fierce, vengeful, and irresistible assault," says John Foster, "Brougham stands the foremost man in all the world." This extract is taken from his Inaugural Discourse as Lord Rector of the university of Glasgow delivered in 1825.

4. II. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was born at Dublin, September, 1751. His father was Thomas Sheridan, author of a Pronouncing Dictionary, and a distinguished teacher of elocution. His career was brilliant and successful, both as a dramatist and an orator. He entered Parliament in 1780 where his first speech was a failure; and when told, at its close, by one of his disappointed friends, that he had better have stuck to his former pursuit of writing plays, he rested his head on his hand for some minutes, and then exclaimed with vehemence, "It is in me, and it shall come out of me!" And so it did. Of his speech against Hastings, on the charge of the Begums, Mr. Pitt said, "an abler speech was perhaps never delivered;" and Mr. Fox characterized it as "the greatest that had been delivered within the memory of man." But his convivial habits betrayed him into gross intemperance, and he became bankrupt in character and health, as well as in fortune, and died on the 7th of July, 1816, at the age of sixty-four, a melancholy example of brilliant talents sacrificed to a love of display and sensual indulgence.

4. II. This is a very useful piece for practice, on account of the excellent illustrations of emphasis and inflections which it affords. The third paragraph is a fine example of the circumflex slides.

5. III. From the speech on the Begum Charge, before the House of Lords, sitting as a High Court of Parliament, June, 1788, and, said to be the most graphic and powerful description to be found in the speeches of Sheridan.

—Oude, (ood.): Begums, Hindoo Princesses. —Zenana. (ze-náh-nah): that part of a house in India particularly reserved for women.

6. IV. THOMAS SMITH GRIMKE was born in Charleston S. C., September 26, 1786. He was a descendant of the Huguenots. In the days of Nullification he supported the General Government. He was an eloquent advocate of the Union, and in a Fourth of July Oration at Charleston, in 1809, he graphically depicts the horrors of civil war, which must follow disunion. He died on the 12th of October 1834.

8. V. Lycian (lí-she-an): Achæan (a-kee'-an): Hanseatic (han-se-at'-ic), from Hance (hän-seh), a German word signifying "association for mutual support." Hamburg, Lubeck, Bremen, and Frankfort, constitute the present free Hanseatic cities.

12. VIII. CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH Occupied the chair of Rhetoric and Oratory in Yale College, from 1817 until 1839, when he was transferred to that of Pastoral Theology, which he filled for more than twenty years. His chief literary works are his "Collection of Select British Eloquence," an excellent book, and his revised and enlarged edition of "Webster's Dictionary." Mr. Webster's argument in the Dartmouth College case, was delivered in 1818 and Professor Goodrich says that he went to Washington chiefly for the sake of hearing it.

14. IX. JOSHUA QUINCY was born in 1772 and graduated at Harvard College in 1790. He was in Congress from 1805 until 1813; mayor of Boston for six years, and President of Harvard from 1829 until 1845. He died July 1, 1864. This extract is from his Centennial Address on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of Boston, delivered in 1830.

16 X. Bon Homme Richard: (bo nom ree'-shar") Guerriére: (ghér-re-air").

17. XI. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, grandson of William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration, was born at Newport, R. I., April 7, 1780. In 1798, he was graduated at Harvard, with the highest honors. For nearly forty years he was pastor of the Federal Street Church in Boston. The collection of his Works embraces six volumes. He was one of the most eloquent of American divines, and he wrote largely on war, temperance, slavery, and education. He died October 2, 1842.

22. XIV. Tyrol (tyr'-ol): Innspruk (inns'-prook): Scheldt (skelt).

23. XV. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, an Irish patriot and orator. At present a general in the United States Army, and a stanch friend of the Union.

25. XVII. HENRY GRATTAN, born at Dublin, July 3, 1746; died May 14, 1820. He was the greatest of Irish patriots, and the greatest of Irish orators. His forte was reasoning, but it was "logic on fire." A distinguished writer described his eloquence as a "combination of cloud, whirlwind, and flame." His style was elaborated with great care. His language is select, and his periods are easy and fluent.

27. XVIII. RUFUS CHOATE was born at Ipswich, Mass., October 1, 1799, graduated at Dartmouth College, with the highest honors, in 1819, and died at Halifax, while on his way to Europe, July 13, 1859. Gifted with the most brilliant intellectual powers, he was ever a hard student. Mr. Everett says of him, "With such gifts, such attainments, and such a spirit, he placed himself, as a matter of course, not merely at the head of the jurists and advocates, but of the public speakers of the country." His most famous oration is his Eulogy on Daniel Webster, delivered at Dartmouth College. Mr. Choate's works have been edited, and an admirable

Memoir of his Life written, by Professor Samuel G. Brown, the whole being published in two octavo volumes.

29. XX. Boëthius (bo-e'-thi-us). —Sibyl (sib' il).

30 XXI. From a Lecture on the Eloquence of Revolutionary Periods, delivered in Boston, February 1857.

33. XXIII. gobelin (gob'-e-lin): Pericles (per'-i-cles).

37. XXVII. MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, whose maiden name was FRANCIS, was born in Massachusetts, but passed a portion of her earlier years in Maine. Her literary productions are numerous and are characterized by vigor and originality of thought. She has been very prominent in the anti-slavery movement. A work on the subject of slavery, published by her in 1833, produced a great sensation. This selection is from *The Rebels*, a tale of the Revolution, which was published in 1825, when she was quite young.

41. XXX. PATRICK HENRY. This distinguished "orator of nature" was born in Virginia, May 29, 1736. He was a member of the first Congress, which met in Carpenter's Hall, at Philadelphia, on the 4th of September, 1774. For several years he was governor of Virginia and for more than thirty years he stood among the foremost of American patriots and statesmen. He was one of the earliest and most powerful opponents of British power. In 1765, as member of the House of Burgesses, he introduced his famous resolutions against the Stamp Act, which proved the opening of the American Revolution in the colony of Virginia. He died on the 6th of June, 1799. His life has been written by William Wirt. This speech was delivered about one month before the battle of Lexington, so that his prophecy, "The next gale," &c. was almost literally fulfilled.

44. XXXIII, Præsidium (pre-sid'-i-um): a guard. -Puéblo (pwa'-blo): a village. —-ranch: a hut, or collection of huts; a farming establishment. —-Tehuauntepec (ta-huán-te-pec).

46. XXXIV. REV. ROBERT HALL, an eminent Baptist minister, was born at Arnsby, England, August, 1764, and died at Bristols, on the 21st of February, 1831. His writings, which have been published in six volumes, are highly finished in style, and display a remarkable combination of logical precision, metaphysical acuteness, practical sense and sagacity, with a rich luxuriance of imagination, and all the graces of composition. Dr. Parr says of him—"He has, like Jeremy Taylor, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet the subtlety of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint."

47. XXXV. JOSEPH STORY was born at Marblehead, Mass., September 18, 1779. In 1810 he was appointed by President Madison Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and in 1829, he was made Professor of the Dane Law School, which office he held until his death, September 10th, 1845. He was an eminent jurist, an eloquent orator, and a finished scholar.

—Siloa: the metre here requires the accent on the first syllable (sil'-o-a,) though most authorities make it (sil-ó'-a.).

52. XXXIX. REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG, a clergyman in Boston. He wrote this piece especially for declamation. This copy is a recent revision by the author for Hillard's Reader.

54. XL. From a speech delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, January 8, 1847.

56. XLI. From an oration delivered at the seat of Government, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the National Monument to Washington, July 4, 1848.

70. LIII. FISHER AMES was born at Dedham, Mass., April 9th, 1758, where he died, July 4th, 1808 He was a member of the first Congress under the Constitution, in which body he remained eight years. In 1804, he was tendered the Presidency of Harvard College, which he declined.. He was an excellent classical scholar and an accomplished orator. His speech on Jay's Treaty, from which this extract is taken is a production of the deepest pathos and richest eloquence. Webster is said to have committed the whole speech to memory in early life.

92. LXIX. Brougham's career, though brilliant, has been marked by the most extraordinary inconsistencies and contradictions, and now, at the age of eighty-five, forgetting his brave denunciation of slavery, he takes sides with a wicked rebellion, which was set on foot for the establishment of an empire based on slavery.

97. LXXIII. RICHARD LALOR SHIEL was born in Ireland, August 17, 1791 and died in Italy, May 23, 1857. He entered Parliament in 1830, and at the time of his death, he was Minister at the Court of Tuscany. For bold, impassioned declamation, this extract has seldom been equalled.

—STRAFFORD, EARL, whose family name was Wentworth. Rene gade, because having at first resisted the arbitrary power of Charles the First, he afterwards became so obnoxious to the people by his own exercise of arbitrary power that he was impeached of high treason and executed.

—one man of great abilities: LORD LYNDHURST, who was born in Boston, Mass., May 21, 1772. He was the son of the eminent portrait and historical painter, John Singleton Copley.

68.—Assaye (as-si'), a small town in Hindostan, where the Duke of Wellington commenced his career of victory in a battle fought September 23, 1803.

98. LXXIII. Waterloo: (waw'-ter-loo,) battle of, June 18, 1815.

—Vimeira: (ve-ma-e-rah,) a town in Portugal, where the Duke of Wellington defeated the French, August 21, 1808.

—Badajos: (bad-ah-hoce') a town in Spain, taken from the French by the Duke of Wellington, April 6, 1812.

—Salamanca: (sah-lah-mang'-kah) a city in Spain near which the English, under Wellington totally defeated the French, under Marmont and Clusel, July 22, 1812,

—Albuera: (al-boo-a'-rah) a town in Spain where the British and allies gained a victory over the French, May 16, 1811.

—Toulouse: (too-looz') a city in France, where Wellington defeated the French under Soult, April 10, 1814.

99. LXXIV. FRANCIS WAYLAND, President of Brown University from 1827 until 1856, was born at New York, March 11. 1796. 111. LXXXIII. Edward Everett was born at Dorchester Mass., April 11, 1794, took his degree at Harvard College in 1811, and was settled over the church in Brattle Street, Boston, in 1813. In 1815, he was appointed Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard College, and he devoted the four succeeding years to study and travel in Europe, with the view to further qualify himself for its duties, which he assumed in 1819, with those of editor of the "North American Review." Both these positions he held till 1825 when he took his seat in Congress as Representative from Middlesex County, which he held for ten years. He was Governor of Massachusetts from 1836 until 1840. In 1841 he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James and on his return home in 1846, was elected President of Harvard College, which position he resigned in 1849. He succeeded Mr. Webster as Secretary of State, in 1852, and in 1853 was chosen to the Senate of the United States, but soon resigned on account of ill health. Edward Everett is the most accomplished orator in this country, and he may justly be styled the Cicero of America. His splendid oration pronounced August 26, 1824, at Cambridge, before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, closing with the beautiful apostrophe to Lafayette, who was present, placed him before the public as one of the greatest and most accomplished orators who had ever appeared in America. The reputation then achieved by him has been steadily advancing for forty years. On the breaking out of the rebellion, he at once came out boldly in support of the Government and the constitution, and during the struggle thus far, his matchless pen, his eloquent voice, and his great personal influence have been employed, on all proper occasions, in maintaining the cause of his country. Three large octavo volumes of his orations and occasional speeches have been published constituting a body of eloquence and learning, which has been surpassed by no other orator in the language.

111—From an oration delivered at Plymouth, on the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims: 22d of December, 1824.

114. LXXXVI. From an oration delivered at Bloody Brook, in South Deerfield, Mass., September 30, 1835, in commemoration of the fall of the "Flower of Essex," at that spot, in King Philip's war, September 18, (O. S.) 1675.

114. LXXXVI. Mount Hope: a beautiful eminence of Bristol County, R. I., on the west shore of Mount Hope Bay.

118. LXXXVIII. Nevada, (na-vah'-dah): Antilles, (an-teel'): Archipelagoes, (ar-ke-pel'-a-goze).

120 XC. From a eulogy delivered at Boston, September 17, 1850, on the occasion of the inauguration of the statue of Daniel Webster which stands in front of the State House.

121.—Condé (con-da'): Rocroi, (ro-kroi'): Arbela, (ar-bee'-lah).

123. XCII. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN was born at Nermarket, in the county of Cork, Ireland, July 24, 1750, and died at London, October 14, 1817. His voice was naturally bad, and his articulation so hasty and confused that he went among his school fellows by the name of "Stuttering Jack Curran." His manner was awkward his gesture constrained and meaningless and his whole appearance calculated only to produce laughter, notwithstanding the evidence he

gave of superior abilities. All these faults he overcame by severe and patient labor. One of his biographers says,— "His oratorical training was as severe as any Greek ever underwent." Constantly on the watch against bad habits, he practised daily before a glass, reciting passages from Shakespeare, Junius, and the best English orators. He became the most eloquent of all Irish advocates, and for more than twenty years he had an unrivalled mastery of the Irish bar. He was member of the Irish House of Commons from 1783 to 1797. In 1806, he was made Master of the Rolls, which office he resigned in 1814.

127 XCV. CHARLES JAMES FOX was born on the 24 th of January, 1749; was educated at Eton College and Oxford University. He was fond of the classics and took up Demosthenes as he did the speeches of Lord Chatham. As an orator he was much indebted to the study of the Greek writers, for the simplicity of his tastes, his entire abstinence from everthing like mere ornament, the terseness of his style, the point and stringency of his reasonings, and the all-pervading cast of intellect which distinguishes his speeches even in the most vehement bursts of impassioned feeling. But his tastes were too exclusively literary. He could discuss Greek metres with Porson, but he had little acquaintance with the foundations of jurisprudence, or the laws of trade; and he always felt the want of an early training in scientific investigation, correspondent to that he received in classical literature. He took his seat in Parliament in 1768. He was the first man in the House of Commons, who took the ground of denying the right of Parliament to tax the colonies without their consent, and he went on identifying himself more and more to the end of life with the popular part of the Constitution, and with the cause of free principles throughout the world, aiming always amid all the conflicts of party "to widen the base of freedom,—to infuse and circulate the spirit of liberty." He made it a point to speak on every question that came up, whether interested in it or not, as a means of exercising and training his faculties, for he was bent on making himself a powerful debater. His love of argument was perhaps the most striking trait of his character, and "he rose," said Mr. Burke, "by slow degrees to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw." There was nothing strained or unnatural in his most vehement bursts of passion, "his feeling," says Coleridge, "was all intellect, and his intellect was all feeling." In his language, Mr. Fox studied simplicity, strength, and boldness. "Give me an elegant Latin and a homely Saxon word," says he, "and I will always choose the latter." He died on the 13th September, 1806, and was buried with the highest honors of the nation, in Westminster Abbey.

127. XCV. This extract is from his speech on the rejection of Bonaparte's overtures for peace which was delivered February 3d, 1800 and was considered by most who heard it as the ablest speech he ever made. This selection is a fine illustration of the use of the circumflex slides.

—Suwarrow: a Russian general. Praga: (prah'-gah).

129. XCVI. Utrecht, (yoo'-trekt): Blenheim, (blen'-hime).

131. XCVIII. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, son of John Adams, the second President, was born at Braintree, Mass., on the 11th of July, 1767. He took his degree at Harvard College in 1787, a year after his admission, having been prepared for an advanced class, in Europe, where he had previously resided for several years. He studied law with Theophilus Parsons. at Newburyport, and commenced practice in 1790. He was a member of the Senate of the United States from 1803 until 1808. In 1806 he was appointed Boylston Professor of Rhetoric in Harvard College, which office he held for three years. In 1810 he was appointed Minister to Russia, where he

remained until 1815, when with other Commissioners he negotiated the treaty of peace with England at Ghent, and was appointed Minister to that country in the same year, a post which his father had occupied before him, and which is now so ably filled by his son, Charles Francis. He served as Secretary of State during the administration of Monroe, whom he succeeded in the Presidency. On his retirement from the Chief Magistracy, he was elected to represent his native district in the House of Representatives, until his death, which occurred the 23d of February, 1848. His career as a member of the House was distinguished for his fearless and uncompromising defence of the right of petition, and for his bold and effective opposition to the usurpation of the slave power.

133. XCIX. Gracchi: (grak'-ki) two distinguished Romans, sons of Cornelia.

135. CI. JOSEPH WARREN, the first great martyr in the cause of independence, was born at Roxbury, Mass., June 11th, 1741, and was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775. General Warren acted as a volunteer at the battle of Bunker Hill, serving as a private in the ranks in the redoubt having borrowed a musket from a sergeant. When urged against hazarding his life on that day, he replied enthusiastically,— "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

141. CV. WILLIAM PITT, the younger, was born on the 28th of May, 1759, and was the second son of Lord Chatham. He was educated at Cambridge university, where he continued nearly seven years, devoting his attention mainly to three things; namely, the classics, mathematics and the logic of Aristotle applied to the purposes of debate. In early life his whole soul seems to have been absorbed by one idea—that of becoming a distinguished orator. "Multum haud multa," was his motto in most of his studies for life. This language gave direction to most of his reading in English Literature; he had the finest parts of Shakspeare by heart; he read the best historians with great care; he entered Parliament in 1781, and at a single bound when only twenty-two years of age, he placed himself in the foremost rank of English statesmen and orators, at the proudest era of English eloquence. He was made Prime Minister at the age of twenty-four, and he continued to fill the first place in the councils of his country during most of the remaining period of his life, which terminated on the 23d of January, 1806, in the 47th year of his age. As a debater in the House, his speeches were logical and argumentative. The strength of his oratory was intrinsic, and his speeches were stamped with the inimitable marks of originality. This extract was taken from a speech of the abolition of the slavetrade, in the House of Commons, 1792, which is regarded as one of the most brilliant displays of his eloquence.

143. CVI. HORACE MANN was born at Franklin, Mass. May 1796, and graduated at, Brown University, in 1819, with the highest honors. After a successful career as a politician having served in both branches of the Legislature, on the organization of the Board of Education in Massachusetts, on the 29th of June, 1837 Mr. Mann was elected its Secretary, which office he continued to fill with great ability, for twelve years. His twelve Annual Reports to the Board of Education probably constitute the most readable and instructive series of educational documents which has been produced by one mind in any language. On his retirement from the Secretaryship, he was elected Representative to Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John Quincy Adams. Having served in Congress two terms, he again returned to the educational field by accepting the Presidency of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, where he died.

144. CVII. DANIEL WEBSTER was born at Salisbury, N. H., on the 18th of January, 1782, and graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1801. His college life was distinguished by assiduous and various studies. He was admitted to the bar in 1805, and commenced the practice of law in his native town, but soon after removed to Portsmouth. He removed to Boston in 1816, and died at Marshfield, Mass., October, 1852. He was the first orator, the first Jurist, and the first statesman of his generations in America. His most famous forensic performance, was his argument in the Dartmouth College case. His greatest parliamentary effort was his second speech on Foote's resolution; and his most important diplomatic service was his negotiation of the treaty of Washington, in 1842. His speeches and orations have been published in six volumes, with an admirable memoir, by Mr. Everett.

157. CXVI. This Will: of Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, providing for the founding of a college for orphans.

160. CXVIII. This selection is the peroration to Mr. Webster's second speech on Foote's resolution.

165. CXXII. This extract is taken from the address delivered by Mr. Webster on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the extension of the National Capitol.

168. CXXIV. From the address on the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, at Charleston, Mass., the 17th of June, 1825.

170. CXXV. WILLIAM PITT, first Earl of Chatham, was born at London, on the 15th of November, 1708. He became a member of Parliament in 1735, at the age of twenty-six, and was made Secretary of State in December, 1756, which office he continued to hold, with a brief interval, until October, 1761. He was appointed to the office of Lord Privy Seal in 1766, and elevated to the peerage with the title of Earl Chatham. He died at Hayes, in Kent, on the 11th of May, 1778 in the seventieth year of his age. His devotion to the interest of the great body, especially the middling classes, of the English nation, won for him the title of "the Great commoner." He consecrated his great talents and commanding eloquence to the defense of the popular part of the Constitution. In the latter part of his life, though suffering much from bodily infirmities, he was the champion of the American cause, standing forth, in presence of the whole British empire, to arraign, as a breach of the Constitution every attempt to tax a people who had no representative in Parliament. This was the era of his noblest efforts in oratory. He has been generally regarded as the most powerful orator of modern times. His success, no doubt was owing in part to his extraordinary personal advantages. In his best days before he was crippled by the gout, his figure was tall and erect; his attitude imposing; his gestures energetic even to vehemence, yet tempered with dignity and grace. His voice was full and clear; his loudest whisper was distinctly heard; his middle notes were sweet and beautifully varied; and, when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the House was completely filled with the volume of sound. The effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate; then he had spiritstirring notes which were perfectly irresistible. But although gifted by nature with a fine voice and person, he spared, no effort to add everything that art could confer, for his improvement as an orator.

174 CXXVIII. HENRY CLAY was born in Virginia, April 12, 1777, and died at Washington, June 29, 1852. In early life his advantages of education were limited. He commenced the

practice of the law in 1797. His political career began in 1803, and ended in 1852. He was twice Speaker of the National House of Representatives. In 1814, he was one of the commissioners to negotiate the Treaty of Ghent. He represented the State of Kentucky in the United States Senate at various periods from 1806 till 1852. He was Secretary of State during the administration of John Quincy Adams, and he was three times the unsuccessful Whig candidate for the Presidency. He was a man of the warmest sympathies, and he captivated the hearts of all who came in contact with him. He was a patriot, and willingly sacrificed private preference to public good. He said truly in his valedictory address to the Senate,—"In all my public acts, I have had a single eye directed and a warm and devoted heart dedicated to what, in my best judgment, I believed the true interest, the honor, the union, and the happiness of my country required." He was a consummate orator. In his manner he united the gentleness of woman with the pride and dignity of the haughtiest manhood. His style was full flowing, and manly; and his voice was sonorous, sweet, and powerful.

183. CXXXVI. ELIPHALET NOTT was born in Connecticut, in 1773 and is now upwards of ninety years of age. He has occupied the office of President of Union College for about sixty years. The eloquent discourse on the death of Hamilton was delivered at Albany, in 1804.

190. CXL. JOHN HANCOCK, President of the American Congress in 1776, and Signer of the Declaration, was born in Massachusetts in 1739, and died in 1793. This extract is from an oration delivered March 5th on the anniversary of the massacre of Boston citizens by British soldiers, which took place four years before.

191. CXLI. EDMUND BURKE, who was preëminently the great philosophical orator of our language, was born at Dublin January 1. 1730, and died at Beaconsfield, near London, July 9th, 1797. His political career commenced in the House of Commons, of which body he was a member during the greater part of his subsequent life. He wrote out six of his great speeches, the last of which was that on the Nabob of Arcot's debts. He was strenuously opposed to the American war, and two of his greatest speeches that on the Stamp Act, and that on Conciliation with America, supported the cause of the colonies. Of the latter, Mr. Everett says,—"It was less than a month before the commencement of hostilities, that Burke pronounced that truly divine oration on 'Conciliation with America,' which in my poor judgment, excels everything, in the form of eloquence, that has come down to us from Greece or Rome." And he said further,—"Certainly, no compositions in the English tongue can take precedence of those of Burke, in depth of thought, reach of forecast, or magnificence of style. . . . In political disquisition elaborated in the closet, the palm must perhaps be awarded to Burke over all others, ancient or modern."

203. CL. Platæa, (pla-te'-a): Artmisium (ar-te-me'-ze-um).

220. CLXII. SIR WALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, August 15, 1711, and died at; Abbotsford, his country seat, on the banks of the Tweed, September 21, 1832. He passed through the High School and University of his native city without attaining any marked distinction as a scholar. He made some proficiency in Latin, ethics and history, but he had no taste for Greek. He acquired a general, though not a critical knowledge, of the German, French, Italian, and Spanish languages. But from early youth he was an insatiable reader, and he stored his mind with a vast fund of miscellaneous knowledge. Romances were among his chief favorites, and he had great facility in inventing and telling stories. He became greatly

distinguished as a poet before he commenced his career as a novelist. His first great poem, the Lay of the Last Minstrel, published in 1805, was received with enthusiastic admiration, and at once stamped him as a poetical genius. The appearance of Marmion, in 1808 greatly enhanced his reputation as a poet, and the Lady of the Lake, which came out two years later, was still more popular. Here he touched his highest point in poetical composition. His subsequent poems certainly added nothing to his reputation, if, indeed they sustained it. But, "as the old mine gave symptoms of exhaustion," says Bulwer, the new mine, ten times more affluent at least in the precious metals, was discovered. In 1814 he commenced that long and magnificent series of prose fictions which for seventeen years were poured out with an unprecedented prodigality, and which can only be compared with the dramas of Shakspeare, as presenting an endless variety of original characters scenes historical situations and adventures. In 1826, he became bankrupt, in consequence of a partnership with a printer and publisher, and, although fifty-five years old, he undertook the heroic task of discharging his heavy pecuniary liabilities by the productions of his pen. In six years of intense literary labor, he nearly accomplished his noble object, but before he reached the goal, he sank exhausted on the course. "In the portion of his life, from his bankruptcy to his death," says Mr. Hillard, "Scott's character shines with a moral grandeur far above mere literary fame."

222. CLXIV. From the poem Marmion.—Tantallon's towers: the ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the German Ocean about two miles east of North Berwick, in the southeastern part of Scotland.

223.—DOUGLAS, ARCHIBALD, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, who died broken-hearted at calamities which befell his house and country at Flooden.

224. CLXV. Pibroch, (pi'-brok). In Scotland, a Highland air played on the bagpipe before the Highlanders when they go out to battle.—Doneuil Dhu, (donnil du): MacDonald the Black.

230. CLXIX. Parrhasius, (par-ra'-zhius): Prometheus, (pro-me'-thuse): Caucasus, (caw'-ca'-sus): lame Lemnian: Vulcan, the artisan of the Olympian gods.

232. CLXX. MRS. FELICIA HEMANS, an admirable woman and sweet hostess, was born at Liverpool, England. September 25, 1793 and died May 16, 1835. Her maiden name was Browne. She was married to Captain Hemans an officer in the British Army, but the union was not a happy one. Her imagination was chivalrous and romantic, and she delighted in picturing the ancient martial glory of England. The purity of her mind is seen in all her works. Though popular, and in many respects excellent, her poetry is calculated to please the fancy rather than to make a deep and lasting impression.

232. CLXX. A true story. Young Casabianca, a boy thirteen years old, son of the commander of the Orient, remained at his post, in the battle of the Nile after the ship had taken fire and all the guns had been abandoned, and was blown up with the vessel when the flames reached the magazine.

259. CLXXXVI. The Royal George, of 108 guns, whilst undergoing a partial ca reening in Portsmouth Harbor, England, was overset about 10, A. M. August 29, 1782. The total loss was believed to be near 1000 souls.

263. CXC. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born in the county of Leicester, England, October 25, 1800, and died December, 28, 1859. He was educated at Cambridge University. He was several times elected member of Parliament and for several years he served the government in India as member of the Supreme Council. But his fame rests mainly on his literary productions, the principal of which is his History of England whose popularity has never been exceeded by any other historical work in the language. His essays, which have been collected and published in six volumes, are remarkable for brilliancy of style and richness of matter. As a descriptive poet he has exhibited high genius in his "Lays of Ancient Rome." His "Battle of Ivry" has the true trumpet-ring which kindles the soul and stirs the blood.—Ivry (ee'-vree): a town in France where Henry IV. gained a decisive victory over Mayenne, 1590.—oriflamme, (or'-e-flam): the ancient royal standard of France.—Mayenne, Duke: commander of the army of the League.—Remember Saint Bartholomew: the massacre on Saint Bartholomew's Eve, August 23, 1572.

265. CXCI. Bingen,(been'-ghen).

274. CXCVII. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, a man remarkable for his rich poetical imagination his unrivalled colloquial eloquence, and his superior critical powers was born in Devonshire, England, October 20, 1772, and died July 25, 1834. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, London, where he had Charles Lamb for a school-fellow, and at Jesus' College, Cambridge. He afterwards acquired a knowledge of the German language and literature at Ratzburg and Gottingen, In early life he was a Unitarian and a Jacobin, but he subsequently became a Trinitarian and a Royalist. Those who knew him thought him equal to any task; he planned great works in prose and verse which he never executed. His poetical works, of which his Ancient Mariner is the most striking and original, have been collected and published in three volumes. His language is often rich and musical, highly figurative and ornate. His Ode on France was considered by Shelley to be the finest English ode of modern times. His Hymn on Chamouni is equally lofty and brilliant.

274. CXCVII. Chamouni, (sha-moo'-ne): a valley in the Sardinian States, bounded on the south by Mont Blanc, the most remarkable for its picturesque sites and the wild grandeur of its glaciers.—Arve, (arve); a rapid river flowing into the Rhone.

277.—Hierarch, (hi'-e-rark).

283. CCII. WILLIAM COLLINS, whose poems though small in number are rich in vivid imagery and beautiful description, was born in Chichester, England, December 25, 1720, and died in 1756. His odes are acknowledged to be the best of their kind in the language. His finest lyric is his Ode on the Passions, which has been called "a magnificent gallery of allegorical paintings."

287. CCIV. JOHN DRYDEN, one of the great masters of English verse, was born in Northamptonshire, England, August, 1631, and died May 1, 1700. His Life, by Johnson, is regarded as the most carefully written, the most eloquent and discriminating of all the "Lives of the Poets." His Life was also written by Sir Walter Scott, who edited a complete edition of his works, in eighteen volumes.—St. Cecilia: the patron-saint of music, and the reputed inventress of the organ.

298. CCX. THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow, Scotland, July 27, 1777, and died at Boulogne, France, June 15, 1844. He was educated at the university of his native city, and afterwards studied Greek in Germany under the learned Processor Heyne. After travelling on the continent he took up his residence in London in 1803, and devoted himself to literature as a profession. In 1799, at the earlyage of twenty-two years, he published *The Pleasures of Hope*, a poem of great merit, which captivated all hearts by its exquisite melody, its polished diction and its generous and lofty sentiments. His second great poem, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, a Pennsylvania Tale, was published in 1809. His genius shines most conspicuously in his shorter poems, his war-songs or lyrics, and his ballads, which have been said to form the richest offering ever made by poetry at the shrine of patriotism. Mr. Hillard says of him,— "No poet of our times has contributed so much in proportion to the extent of his writings, to that stock of established quotations which pass from lip to lip, and from pen to pen, without any thought as to their origin."

303. CCXIV. This fine passage is from the *Pleasures of Hope*—pandours, (pan-dor'z), the o as in move; the metre of the line requires the accent on the first syllable: infantry soldiers in the service of Austria, from districts near Pandur, in Hungary.—hussars, (hooz'-zarz): light-armed Hungarian horse-soldiers.

304.—Kosciusko, (kos-ci-us'-ko): a Polish patriot and hero, who served on Washington's staff in the war of the Revolution. In the battle which decided the fate of Poland, in 1794, he fell from his horse covered with wounds, and was made prisoner by the enemy. He died in France, in 1817.

305. CCXV. Hohenlinden: (hohen, high; linden, lime-trees,) the name of a village in upper Bavaria, twenty miles east of Munich celebrated for the victory of the French and Bavarians, under Moreau, over the Austrians under Archduke John, December 3, 1800. This battle was witnessed by the poet Campbell from the monastery of St. Jacob. In a letter written at this time, He says: "The sight of Ingoldstadt in ruins, and Hohenlinden covered with fire, seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten." He has immortalized that conflict in these inimitable stanzas which form one of the grandest battle-pieces that ever were drawn.

305. CCXV, Iser, (e'-zer): the name of a river in the vicinity of Holhenlinden.—Frank: the ancient name of the French.—Hun: a name applied to the barbarous people of Scythia who conquered and gave name to Hungary.—Munich, (mu'-nik).

314. CCXXIII. This is considered one of the best martial lyrics in the language. Its author, FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, was born at Gifford, in Conn., August, 1795. He has written but very little, but that little is of such excellence as to make us regret that he has not written more.—Marco Bozzaris, (bot-sah'-ris): the most famous hero of modern Greece, fell in a night attack on the Turkish camp at Lapsi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were:—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

315.—Old Platæa's Day: B. C. 479, when the Greeks, under Aristides and Pausanias, defeated the Persians with great slaughter.

317. CCXXIV. JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE was born at New York August 7, 1795, and died September 21, 1820. The most popular of his poems is the spirited ode, *The American*

Flag, though his fame rests chiefly on the Culprit Fay, a poem of exquisite fancy and artistic execution.

318. CCXVIII. Old Ironsides: the frigate Constitution. This poem was written when it was proposed to break her up and convert her into a receiving ship, as unfit for service.

321. CCXXVI. CHARLES WOLFE was born at Dublin, Ireland, December 14, 1791, and died February 21, 1823.—Sir John Moore a British general, was killed at Corunna, in Spain, in a battle between the French and English January 16,

1809. He was wrapped in his military cloak and buried by night in a hasty grave on the ramparts of the town.

335. CCXXXVI. From the last canto of Childe Harold. Compare this with the splendid prose poem by Dr. Swains page 396.

336.—Armada, (ar-mah'-da):a naval or military armament espacially applied to the fleet sent by Spain against England, 1588, which was dispersed and shattered by a storm.—Trafalgar, (traf-al-gar'): a cape on the coast of Spain, memorable for the great naval victory of the English under Nelson, who was killed in the action, over the French and Spanish fleets, October 21, 1805.

355. CCL. From a lecture on The Eloquence of Revolutionary Periods, delivered in Boston before the Mechanic Apprentices' Association, February 19, 1857.

356. CCLI. From the same as above. 357.—Mirabeau, (me'-rah-boe"): the greatest of French orators. Bema: a raised place in Athens whence the orators addressed assemblies of the people.

358. CCLII. From an oration delivered in Boston, July 5, 1858, before the Boston Democratic Club, his last address on general political interests.

360. CCLV. From a speech on Boston Common, in the autumn of 1861, on the occasion of presenting a flag to the 22d Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, commanded by Senator Wilson.

361. CCLVI. From a speech on Boston Common in 1861, at a grand rally of Union men to promote enlistments to put down the rebellion. 365. CCLVIII. From an oration delivered on the 4th of July, 1861, before the municipal authorities of Boston.

387. CCLXXIV. From an address delivered before the Norfolk County Agricultural Society, September, 1863.

388. CCLXXV. From an oration delivered at Roxbury, before the municipal authorities of the city, February 22, 1864.

391. CCLXXVI. From an address by Governor Andrew, to both branches of the legislature, at the opening of the session, January, 1863.

392. CCLXXVII. From an address before both branches of the Legislature, at the opening of the session, January, 1864.

393. CCLXXVIII. From a speech delivered in 1861 on the occasion of presenting a flag to the Second Regiment of Volunteers.

396. CCLXXX. From a discourse recently delivered by the author, in his own pulpit at Providence, on his return from a voyage to Europe.

404. CCLXXXVI. From the author's speeches in the memorable canvass with Douglas for the senatorship in Illinois.

406. CCLXXXVII. This extract and the succeeding one, are from the author's last great speech delivered at Springfield, Illinois, in 1861.

423. CCXCVIII. GEORGE THOMPSON, the great English agitator and anti-slavery leader delivered numerous addresses in different parts of England, during the summer of 1863, in defence of the American cause. This extract, from one delivered at Carlisle, England, was written out by the author, especially for this book.

433. CCCV. This extract and the two following were taken from an oration delivered July 4, 1863, before the municipal authorities of Boston.

440. CCCXI. From a eulogy on Webster, delivered in Boston, September 17, 1859, on the occasion of the inauguration of his statue, in front of the State House.

441. CCCXII. From an oration delivered at the Dedication of the Soldiers' National Cemetery at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863.

449. CCCXVII. From a speech delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, 1862.

451. CCCXVIII. From a speech delivered in New Orleans, at a grand celebration, on the occasion of the election of a Union Governor.

455. CCCXXI. From a discourse delivered in Boston, before the Ancient and honorable Artillery Company, at their anniversary, June, 1861.

462. CCCXXVI. Suggested by the President's first call for volunteers, April 16, 1861. The fabulous bell Roland, of Ghent, was an object of great affection to the people because it rang them to arms when Liberty was in danger.

468 CCCXXIX. GAIL HAMILTON, the nom de plume of Miss Abigail Dodge, a popular authoress, who resides in the town of Hamilton Mass.

472. CCCXXXI. Ziska's hunted flock, (shish'-ka): the Hussites in Bohemia.—Toussaint L'Ouverture, the great St. Domingo chief, an unmixed. negro, with no drop of white blood in his veins, having been treacherously arrested by his French foe, he was taken to France, and then sent by Napoleon to the Castle of St. Joux, to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, where he was finally left to starve to death.

478. CCCXXXV. On Saturday, the 7th of March, 1862, the United States sloop-of-war Cumberland, commanded by Captain Morris, was sunk in Hampton Roads, by the Confederate iron-clad. Merrimac, her men firing a broadside as she went down, with her flag flying.

490. CCCXLIV. The subject of these stanzas was Ormsby McKnight Mitchell, a distinguished astronomer, and major-general of volunteers in the United States service, who was born in Kentucky, August 28, 1810, and died at Beaufort, S. C., October 30, 1862. He was commander of the department of the South, and was making preparations for a vigorous campaign when he fell a victim to the yellow fever.

493. CCCXLVI. This is one of the finest productions which the present crisis has called forth. General Banks, in his official report of the assault on the fortifications of Port Hudson, on May 27th, thus speaks of the negro troops: "On the extreme right of our line I posted the 1st and 2d regiments of negro troops. . . . The position occupied by these troops was one of importance and called for the utmost steadiness and bravery in those to whom it was confided. It gives me pleasure to report that they answered every expectation. In many respects their conduct was heroic,—no troops could, be more determined or more daring. They made during the day, three charges upon the batteries of the enemy, suffering very heavy losses, and holding their positon at nightfall with the other troops on the right of our lines. The highest commendation is bestowed upon them by all the officers in command on the right." And thus the question which had been so often asked, Will the negroes fight? was answered, and settled, and ever since our brave white soldiers have been glad to "Hail them as comrades tried."

511. CCCLV. C. F. BROWN, the comic writer, known as Artemus Ward.

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