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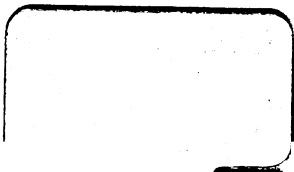
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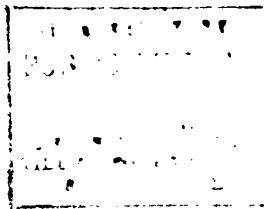


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PROPER POSITION.



IMPROPER POSITION.



IMPROPER POSITION.



PROPER POSITION.

L. P. O.

PARKER'S RHETORICAL READER.

EXERCISES

IN

RHETORICAL READING;

WITH A SERIES OF

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS,

PARTICULARLY DESIGNED TO FAMILIARIZE READERS WITH THE
PAUSES AND OTHER MARKS IN GENERAL USE, AND LEAD
THEM TO THE PRACTICE OF MODULATION AND
INFLECTION OF THE VOICE.

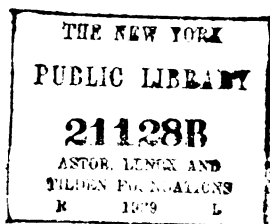
BY RICHARD GREEN PARKER, A. M.

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COMPOSITION," "OUTLINES OF GENERAL HISTORY," "THE SCHOOL
COMPEND OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY," &c.

"NATURA DUCE."

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PREFACE.

THE principal difficulty, in teaching the art of Reading, lies in conveying to the pupil a clear idea of tone, modulation, and inflection of the voice. If the teacher can induce the pupil to inflect his voice *at all*, he will find little difficulty in teaching him to modulate it rightly. Nature directs every one in this, in common conversation, with unerring precision. It is only, therefore, by "*holding the mirror up to Nature*," that the teacher can expect to see her as she is. Few teachers have not noticed the animation and correctness with which even young children will modulate the colloquial parts of their story-books. But the same children almost invariably fall into a lifeless, monotonous manner, when performing their portioned tasks in their reading-books at school. This arises from no want of excellent selections for *exercises* in Reading. But a wide distinction is to be drawn between a *lesson* and an *exercise*. We have many selections abounding in all the beauties of taste, learning, and judgment; which may, with great advantage, be put into the hands of the pupil, *after he has been taught the art of reading*; but I have met with none, designed for the general classes of learners, which have combined *instruction* with *practice*. It has been thought that directions for the management of the voice in reading would be lost upon young learners, and that they are suitable for them only whose riper powers and more matured intellect better fit them for their reception. But it seems to have been forgotten, how easily children are taught to *imitate*. If, in connexion with some colloquial sentence, another of less obvious import be given, *requiring the same modulations and inflections of the voice*, the child *naturally* catches the true manner of modulating the latter, from the former. It is upon this principle of imitation and analogy combined, that many of the *lessons* in this volume are founded. The author has been convinced, by experience, in the institution under his charge, that the principle is a good one; and experience, he thinks, does not often deceive. Whether the details of the plan are judiciously executed, is for others to decide.

Such being the plan of the work, the author has thought it inexpedient to encumber its pages with rules, definitions, or explanatory details; because it has been fully proved that how simple soever a rule may be, the pupil will not readily apply it, unless particularly directed by the teacher; and if nature and analogy will direct him to a correct and rhetorical modulation, rules and definitions become superfluous.

A great deficiency in all our reading-books remains to be supplied. The

Spelling-book and the Grammar furnish copious explanations of the pauses and other marks used in written language. But there is no elementary work, designed for common schools, which affords particular exercises for the management of those important marks. The author has endeavored, in the first part of this volume, to supply this remarkable defect; and he believes, that, how much soever others may differ from him in the analogies which he has traced, in the subsequent lessons, between "*the models*" and the exercises under the models, he is justly entitled to the credit of having originated the two important principles above mentioned, upon which the plan of the work is founded; and he is encouraged, not only by experience, but by the confident opinion of many judicious friends, to whom the plan has been unfolded, to believe that this volume, assisted by the familiar explanations of the teacher, will serve as a better introduction to the *art* of Reading than a more labored treatise formed on rhetorical rule. A lesson is first devoted to each of the respective pauses and other marks, and the pupil is then led by progressive steps, in the subsequent lessons, from the simplest sentences, requiring little attention to pause, emphasis, or inflection of the voice, to those which involve the highest exertions of taste and intellect.

LILAC LODGE, DEDHAM, MASS., *June*, 1849.

INTRODUCTION.

As a large portion of this volume is devoted to a consideration of the pauses and other marks usually employed in written language, and the notice which should be taken of them in the correct and judicious enunciation of the sentences in which they are respectively used, a few introductory remarks respecting their nature and the origin of their names may not, perhaps, be deemed superfluous by those who use the book.

Punctuation is peculiar to the modern languages of Europe. It was wholly unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and the languages of the East, although they have certain marks or signs to indicate tones, have no regular system of punctuation. The Romans and the Greeks also, it is true, had certain points, which, like those of the languages of the East, were confined to the delivery and pronunciation of words; but the pauses were indicated by breaking up the matter into lines or paragraphs, not by marks resembling those in the modern system of punctuation. Hence, in the responses of the ancient oracles, which were generally written down by the priests and delivered to the inquirers, the ambiguity—intentional, doubtless—which the want of punctuation caused, saved the credit of the oracle, whether the expected event was favorable or unfavorable. As an instance of this kind, may be cited that remarkable response which was given on a well known occasion when the oracle was consulted with regard to the success of a certain military expedition.

“Ibis et redibis nunquam peribis in bello.” Written, as it was, without being pointed, it might be translated either “Thou shalt go, and shalt never return, thou shalt perish in battle;” or “Thou shalt go and shalt return, thou shalt never perish in battle.” The correct translation depends on the placing of a comma after the word *nunquam*, or after *redibis*.

The invention of the modern system of punctuation has been attributed to the Alexandrian grammarian Aristophanes, after whom it was improved by succeeding grammarians; but it was so entirely lost in the time of Charlemagne that he found it necessary to have it restored by Warnefried and Alcuin. It consisted at first of only one point, used in three ways, and sometimes of a stroke, both being formed in several ways. But as no particular rules were followed in the use of these signs, punctuation was exceedingly uncertain, until the end of the fifteenth

century, when the learned Venetian printers, the Manutii, increased the number of the signs, and established some fixed rules for their application. These were so generally adopted, that we may consider them as the inventors of the present method of punctuation; and although modern grammarians have introduced some improvements, nothing but some particular rules have been added since that time.

The design of the system of Manutius was purely grammatical, and had no further reference to enunciation, than to remove ambiguity in the meaning and to give precision to the sentence. This, therefore, is the object of punctuation, and although the marks employed in written language may sometimes denote the different pauses and tones of voice which the sense and an accurate pronunciation require, yet they are more generally designed to mark the grammatical divisions of a sentence, and to show the dependence and relation of words and members which are separated by the intervening clauses. The teacher, therefore, who directs his pupils to "*mind their pauses in reading,*" gives but an unintelligible direction to those who are unversed in the rules of analysis. A better direction would be to disregard the pauses, and endeavor to read the sentence with just such pauses and tones as they would employ if the sentence were their own, and they were uttering it in common conversation. The truth of this remark will abundantly appear by a reference to the ninth lesson of this volume, and the directions given in relation to the comma. Indeed it is often the case that correct and tasteful reading requires pauses, and those too of a considerable length, to be made, where such pauses are indicated in written language by no mark whatever. [See Lesson X.]

In like manner it will appear, from an inspection of the latter part of the ninth lesson, that it is not unfrequently the case that the sense will allow no pause whatever to be made in cases where, if the marks alone were observed, it would seem that a pause of considerable length is required. The pupil, therefore, who has been taught to *mind his pauses*, must first be taught to *unlearn* this direction, and endeavor to *understand* the sentence which he is to read before he attempts to enunciate it.

The characters employed in written language are the following :

The Comma,	,	The Hyphen,	-
The Semicolon,	;	The Breve,	˘
The Colon,	:	The Apostrophe,	'
The Period,	.	The Brace,	}
The Dash,	—	The Acute Accent,	'
The Exclamation,	!	The Grave Accent,	`
The Interrogation,	?	The Circumflex Accent,	ˆ
The Quotation Marks,	" "	The Caret,	^
The Diæresis,	¨	The Cedilla,	¸
The Crotchets,	()	The Asterisk,	*
The Brackets,	[]		

The Obelisk or Dagger,	†	The Section,	§
The Double Obelisk or Double Dagger,	} ‡	The Paragraph,	¶
		The Parallels,	
The Ellipsis, sometimes expressed by Periods, thus,		
“ “ sometimes by Hyphens, thus,			- - - - -
“ “ sometimes by Asterisks or Stars, thus,			* * * * *
“ “ sometimes by a Dash prolonged, thus,			_____

These characters, when judiciously employed, *fix* the meaning and give precision to the signification of sentences, which, in a written form, would be ambiguous or indefinite without them. Thus, “I said that he is dishonest it is true and I am sorry for it.” Now the meaning of this sentence can be ascertained only by a correct punctuation. If it be punctuated as follows: “I said that he is dishonest, it is true, and I am sorry for it;” the meaning will be, that it is true that I said he was dishonest, and I am sorry that I said so. But if it be punctuated thus, “I said that he was dishonest; it is true; and I am sorry for it;” the meaning will be, I said that he was dishonest; it is true that he was dishonest, and I am sorry that he was so.

Again, the following sentence, as here punctuated, is an innocent remark: “Believing Richard Brothers to be a prophet sent by God, I have painted his portrait.” But the sentence as it was originally written by its author, with the comma after *sent*, instead of after *God*, was a piece of horrid profanity.

A further instance of the importance of correct punctuation was afforded by a late advertisement, in which the commissioner for lighting one of the most commercial cities of Europe, by the misplacing of a comma in his advertisement, would have contracted for the supply of but half the required light. The advertisement represented the lamps as “4050 in number, having two spouts each, composed of not less than twenty threads of cotton.” This expression implied that the lamps had each two spouts, and that the two spouts had twenty threads, that is, each spout had ten threads. But the meaning that the commissioner intended to convey was, that each spout had twenty threads; and his advertisement should have had the comma after “*spouts*,” instead of after “*each*,” thus: The lamps have two spouts, each composed of twenty threads, &c.

These instances will suffice to illustrate the nature and the importance of correct punctuation.

But although the meaning of a sentence is thus materially affected by the punctuation, it will be seen in the following lessons that the punctuation alone is an unsafe guide to follow in the enunciation of any collection of words. For, in many cases, these marks indicate no pause, emphasis, or other remarkable circumstance requiring notice in the enunciation of the sentence. [See Lesson IX., *latter part*.]

The nature of the marks used in written language may also be understood by a reference to the origin of their names.

The word *Comma* is derived from the Greek language, and properly designates a *segment*, section, or part cut off from a complete sentence. In its usual acceptation, it signifies the point which marks the smaller segments or portions of a period. It therefore represents the shortest pause, and consequently marks the least constructive, or most dependent parts of a sentence.

The word *colon* is from the Greek, and signifies a member, and the Latin prefix *semi* means *half*. A *Semicolon* is used for the purpose of pointing out those parts of a compound sentence, which, although they each constitute a distinct proposition, have yet a dependence upon each other, or on some common clause.

The *Colon* is used to divide a sentence into two or more parts, which, although the sense be complete in each, are not independent.

The word *Period* is derived from the Greek, and means a circuit. When the circuit of the sense is completed, with all its relations, the mark bearing this name is used to denote this completion.

The word *Interrogation* is derived from the Latin, and means a *question*.

The word *Exclamation* is from the same language, and means a *passionate utterance*.

The word *Parenthesis* is derived from the Greek language, and means *an insertion*. A sentence, clause, or phrase, inserted between the parts of another sentence for the purpose of explanation, or of calling particular attention, is properly called a parenthesis.

It is to be remarked, however, that the name parenthesis belongs only to the *sentence inserted* between brackets or crotchets, and not to those marks themselves.

The word *Hyphen* is derived from the Greek language, and signifies *under one*, that is, *together*; and is used to imply that the letters or syllables between which it is placed are to be taken *together* as one word.

The hyphen, when placed over a vowel, to indicate the long sound of the vowel, is called *the Macron*, from the Greek, signifying *long*.

The mark called a *Breve*, indicating the short sound of the vowel, is from the Latin, signifying *short*.

The word *Ellipsis*, also from the Greek, means an omission, and properly refers to the words, the members, or the sentences which are omitted, and not to the marks which indicate the omission.

The word *Apostrophe*, also from the Greek, signifies the *turning away*, or the omission of one letter or more.*

The word *Diæresis* is also from the Greek, and signifies *the taking apart*, or the separation of the vowels, which would otherwise be pronounced as one syllable.

The term *Accent* is derived from the Latin language, and implies *the tone of the voice* with which a word or syllable is to be pronounced.

* The word *Apostrophe*, as here used, must not be confounded with the same word as the name of a rhetorical figure.

The word *Section*, derived also from the Latin, signifies a cutting, or a division. The character which denotes a section seems to be composed of *ss*, and to be an abbreviation of the words *signum sectionis*, or the sign of a section. This character, which was formerly used as the sign of the division of a discourse, is now rarely used except as a reference to a note at the bottom of the page.

The word *Paragraph* is derived from the Greek language, and signifies an ascription in the margin. This mark, like that of the section, was formerly used to designate those divisions of a section which are now indicated by unfinished lines or blank spaces. This mark, as well as the section, is now rarely used except as a reference.

It may further be remarked, that notes at the bottom of the page, on the margin, or at the end of the book, are often indicated by figures, or by letters, instead of the marks which have already been enumerated.

The word *Caret* is from the Latin, and signifies *it is wanting*. This mark is used only in manuscript.

The *Cedilla* is a mark placed under the letters *c* and *g* to indicate the soft sound of those letters.

The *Asterisk*, *Obelisk*, *Double Obelisk*, and *Parallels*, with the section and paragraph, are merely arbitrary marks to call attention to the notes at the bottom of the page.

As these marks which have now been enumerated all have a meaning, and are employed for some special purpose, it is recommended to the teacher never to allow the pupil to pass by them without being assured that he or she understands what that purpose is. Correct and tasteful reading can never be attained without a full appreciation of the meaning which the author intended to convey; and that meaning is often to be ascertained by the arbitrary marks employed for the purpose of giving definiteness to an expression. At the same time the teacher should be careful that the pupil shall consider these marks as his guide to the *meaning* only, not to the enunciation, of a sentence. Correct delivery must be left to the guidance of taste and judgment only.

In many excellent selections for lessons in *reading, the pieces have been arranged in regular order, according to the nature of their respective subjects, under the heads of Narrative, Descriptive, Didactic, Argumentative and Pathetic pieces, Public Speeches, Promiscuous pieces, the Eloquence of the Bar, of the Pulpit, and of the Forum.

By Narrative pieces is meant those pieces only which contain a simple narration. Descriptive pieces are those in which something is described. Didactic pieces are those designed to convey some particular kind of instruction, whether moral, religious, or scientific. Argumentative pieces are those in which some truth is designed to be proved. Pathetic pieces are those by which the feelings of pity, love, admiration and other passions, are excited. Promiscuous pieces are those which fall under none of the classes which have been enumerated, or consist of a mixture of those classes. The Eloquence of the Bar consists of speeches (or

pleas, as they are technically called) made by distinguished lawyers in the courts of justice in favor of or against a supposed criminal. The Eloquence of the Pulpit consists of sermons or discourses delivered on religious occasions. The Eloquence of the Forum consists in the speeches, addresses, orations, &c., addressed to political or promiscuous assemblies.

To many, this information may seem superfluous or puerile. But as this volume is designed for the young and the unlettered, it must not be forgotten that their sources of information are few, and that they will not always take the pains to inform themselves of the meaning of words, even when they are familiar to their eyes in capital letters, and in the running titles of the books before them every day. It is often the case, that the teacher also, taking for granted that his pupils are familiar with the meaning of words so often presented to their eyes, neglects to question them on the subject; and in riper years it becomes a matter of surprise to the pupil himself, that, in early life, words which he had heard sounded almost every day at school presented no idea to his mind beyond that of an unmeaning, or rather an unintelligible sound.

The object of all education is not so much to fill the mind with knowledge as to strengthen its powers, and enlarge its capacity. Those exercises, therefore, are always most beneficial, in all education, which tend most effectually to this result. There is, perhaps, no branch of study connected with popular education, which, when properly pursued, is more highly subservient to this end than the study of correct and tasteful *reading, as an art*. It necessarily involves a complete knowledge of the subject to be read, the relation and dependences of the phrases, clauses, and members of the sentences, the proper meaning of the words employed, and the connexion between the sentences themselves. This cannot be acquired without a vigorous employment of the perceptive powers, aided by those of comparison, of analysis, of reasoning, of judgment, of taste, and of discrimination. Subordinate and auxiliary to the acquisition of this important art, on the part of the pupil, it is here recommended that the teacher should exercise also the power of classification, by requiring his pupils, while studying a reading lesson, (which, by the way, *always should be studied*, previous to practising it,) to ascertain and to inform his teacher under which of the above mentioned classes, whether narrative, descriptive, didactic, &c., the piece he is about to read belongs. The teacher who thus employs the faculties of his pupils cannot fail to see a vigorous growth of intellect springing up under his culture, and will be amply compensated for such mortifications as may occasionally arise *during formal examinations*, from the treachery of the youthful memory, or the want of a proper command over its stores.

One of the best selections of reading lessons which has been in use in the common schools of this country is that of Mr. Lindley Murray, called "*The English Reader*." Whether estimated by its moral and

religious tone, or by the taste and beauty of the selections, it must equally command the approbation of all to whom the subject of education is consigned. It is true that the compiler had not learnt the modern art of selecting from the productions of editors, members of school committees, and others, whose vanity might, perhaps, aid the circulation of his work, — but he has made ample amends for this kind of neglect, by presenting the choicest gems of English literature, selected from the brightest stars of that galaxy familiarly known as the British classics. His introductory tract, for many of the observations in which he has acknowledged his indebtedness to Dr. Blair and to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, contains so much valuable instruction on the art of reading, that the author of this work is persuaded that he cannot render better service than by presenting it entire. Many of the suggestions, it will be seen, are followed out in the introductory lessons in this volume; but as all information becomes the better *fixed* by repetition, such repetition will, to say the least, be pardonable, even though it may be deemed superfluous.

“OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF GOOD READING.

“To read with propriety is a pleasing and important attainment; productive of improvement both to the understanding and the heart. It is essential to a complete reader, that he minutely perceive the ideas, and enter into the feelings of the author, whose sentiments he professes to repeat: for how is it possible to represent clearly to others, what we have but faint or inaccurate conception of ourselves? If there were no other benefits resulting from the art of reading well, than the necessity it lays us under of precisely ascertaining the meaning of what we read, and the habit thence acquired of doing this with facility, both when reading silently and aloud, they would constitute a sufficient compensation for all the labor we can bestow upon the subject. But the pleasure derived to ourselves and others from a clear communication of ideas and feelings, and the strong and durable impressions made thereby on the minds of the reader and the audience, are considerations which give additional importance to the study of this necessary and useful art. The perfect attainment of it doubtless requires great attention and practice, joined to extraordinary natural powers; but as there are many degrees of excellence in the art, the student whose aims fall short of perfection will find himself amply rewarded for every exertion he may think proper to make.

“To give rules for the management of the voice in reading, by which the necessary pauses, emphasis, and tones, may be discovered and put in practice, is not possible. After all the directions that can be offered on these points, much will remain to be taught by the living instructor: much will be attainable by no other means than the force of example, influencing the imitative powers of the learner. Some rules and principles on these heads will, however, be found useful, to prevent erroneous and vicious modes of utterance; to give the young reader some taste for the subject; and to assist him in acquiring a just and accurate mode of delivery. The observations which we have to make, for these purposes, may be comprised under the following heads: *Proper Loudness of Voice; Distinctness; Slowness; Propriety of Pronunciation; Emphasis; Tones; Pauses; and Mode of Reading Verse.*

"PROPER LOUDNESS OF VOICE.

"The first attention of every person who reads to others, doubtless, must be to make himself heard by all those to whom he reads. He must endeavor to fill with his voice the space occupied by the company. This power of voice, it may be thought, is wholly a natural talent. It is, in a good measure, the gift of nature; but it may receive considerable assistance from art. Much depends, for this purpose, on the proper pitch and management of the voice. Every person has three pitches in his voice; the high, the middle, and the low one. The high is that which he uses in calling aloud to some person at a distance. The low is when he approaches to a whisper. The middle is that which he employs in common conversation, and which he should generally use in reading to others. For it is a great mistake, to imagine that one must take the highest pitch of his voice, in order to be well heard in a large company. This is confounding two things which are different — loudness or strength of sound, with the key or note in which we speak. There is a variety of sound within the compass of each key. A speaker may, therefore, render his voice louder, without altering the key; and we shall always be able to give most body, most persevering force of sound, to that pitch of voice to which in conversation we are accustomed. Whereas by setting out on our highest pitch or key, we certainly allow ourselves less compass, and are likely to strain our voice before we have done. We shall fatigue ourselves, and read with pain; and whenever a person speaks with pain to himself, he is always heard with pain by his audience. Let us, therefore, give the voice full strength and swell of sound; but always pitch it on our ordinary speaking key. It should be a constant rule never to utter a greater quantity of voice than we can afford without pain to ourselves, and without any extraordinary effort. As long as we keep within these bounds, the other organs of speech will be at liberty to discharge their several offices with ease; and we shall always have our voice under command. But whenever we transgress these bounds, we give up the reins, and have no longer any management of it. It is a useful rule too, in order to be well heard, to cast our eye on some of the most distant persons in the company, and to consider ourselves as reading to them. We naturally and mechanically utter our words with such a degree of strength as to make ourselves be heard by the person whom we address, provided he is within the reach of our voice. As this is the case in conversation, it will hold also in reading to others. But let us remember, that in reading, as well as in conversation, it is possible to offend by speaking too loud. This extreme hurts the ear, by making the voice come upon it in rumbling, indistinct masses.

"By the habit of reading, when young, in a loud and vehement manner, the voice becomes fixed in a strained and unnatural key; and is rendered incapable of that variety of elevation and depression which constitutes the true harmony of utterance, and affords ease to the reader, and pleasure to the audience. This unnatural pitch of the voice, and disagreeable monotony, are most observable in persons who were taught to read in large rooms; who were accustomed to stand at too great a distance, when reading to their teachers; whose instructors were very imperfect in their hearing; or who were taught by persons who considered loud expression as the chief requisite in forming a good reader. These are circumstances which demand the serious attention of every one to whom the education of youth is committed.

"DISTINCTNESS.

"In the next place, to being well heard and clearly understood, distinctness of articulation contributes more than mere loudness of sound. The quantity of sound necessary to fill even a large space is smaller than is commonly imagined; and, with distinct articulation, a person with a weak voice will make it reach further than the strongest voice can reach without it. To this, therefore, every reader ought to pay great attention. He must give every sound which he utters its due proportion; and make every syllable, and even every letter, in the word which he pronounces, be heard distinctly; without slurring, whispering, or suppressing, any of the proper sounds.

"An accurate knowledge of the simple, elementary sounds of the language, and a facility in expressing them, are so necessary to distinctness of expression, that if the learner's attainments are, in this respect, imperfect, (and many there are in this situation,) it will be incumbent on his teacher to carry him back to these primary articulations; and to suspend his progress till he become perfectly master of them. It will be in vain to press him forward, with the hope of forming a good reader, if he cannot completely articulate every elementary sound of the language.

"DUE DEGREE OF SLOWNESS.

"In order to express ourselves distinctly, moderation is requisite with regard to the speed of pronouncing. Precipitancy of speech confounds all articulation, and all meaning. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that there may be also an extreme on the opposite side. It is obvious that a lifeless, drawling manner of reading, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the speaker, must render every such performance insipid and fatiguing. But the extreme of reading too fast is much more common; and requires the more to be guarded against, because, when it has grown into a habit, few errors are more difficult to be corrected. To pronounce with a proper degree of slowness, and with full and clear articulation, is necessary to be studied by all, who wish to become good readers; and it cannot be too much recommended to them. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to the subject. It is a great assistance to the voice, by the pauses and rests which it allows the reader more easily to make; and it enables the reader to swell all his sounds, both with more force and more harmony.

"PROPRIETY OF PRONUNCIATION.

"After the fundamental attentions to the pitch and management of the voice, to distinct articulation, and to a proper degree of slowness of speech, what the young reader must, in the next place, study, is propriety of pronunciation; or, giving to every word which he utters that sound which the best usage of the language appropriates to it; in opposition to broad, vulgar, or provincial pronunciation. This is requisite both for reading intelligibly, and for reading with correctness and ease. Instructions concerning this article may be best given by the living teacher. But there is one observation, which it may not be improper here to make. In the English language, every word which consists of more syllables than one has one accented syllable. The accents rest sometimes on the vowel, sometimes on the consonant. The genius of the language requires the voice to mark that syllable by a stronger percussion, and to pass more slightly over the rest. Now, after we have

learned the proper seats of these accents, it is an important rule, to give every word just the same accent in reading as in common discourse. Many persons err in this respect. When they read to others and with solemnity, they pronounce the syllables in a different manner from what they do at other times. They dwell upon them and protract them; they multiply accents on the same word, from a mistaken notion, that it gives gravity and importance to their subject, and adds to the energy of their delivery. Whereas this is one of the greatest faults that can be committed in pronunciation: it makes what is called a pompous or mouthing manner, and gives an artificial, affected air to reading, which detracts greatly both from its agreeableness and its impression.

“Sheridan and Walker have published dictionaries for ascertaining the true and best pronunciation of the words of our language. By attentively consulting them, particularly ‘Walker’s Pronouncing Dictionary,’ the young reader will be much assisted in his endeavors to attain a correct pronunciation of the words belonging to the English language.*

“EMPHASIS.

“By emphasis is meant a stronger and fuller sound of voice, by which we distinguish some word, or words, on which we design to lay particular stress, and to show how they affect the rest of the sentence. Sometimes the emphatic words must be distinguished by a particular tone of voice, as well as by a particular stress. On the right management of the emphasis depends the life of pronunciation. If no emphasis be placed on any words, not only is discourse rendered heavy and lifeless, but the meaning is often left ambiguous. If the emphasis be placed wrong, we pervert and confound the meaning wholly.

“Emphasis may be divided into the *Superior* and the *Inferior* emphasis. The superior emphasis determines the meaning of a sentence, with reference to something said before, presupposed by the author as general knowledge, or removes an ambiguity, where a passage may have more senses than one. The inferior emphasis *enforces, graces, and enlivens*, but does not *fix*, the meaning of any passage. The words to which this latter emphasis is given are, in general, such as seem the most important in the sentence, or, on other accounts, to merit this distinction. The following passage will serve to exemplify the superior emphasis.

‘Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,’ &c.
‘Sing, heavenly Muse!’

“Supposing that originally other beings besides men had disobeyed the commands of the Almighty, and that the circumstance were well known to us, there would fall an emphasis upon the word *man’s* in the first line; and hence it would read thus:

‘Of *man’s* first disobedience, and the fruit,’ &c.

“But if it were a notorious truth, that mankind had transgressed in

* This remark must now be received, in this country at least, with some qualification. The best dictionary that we have at the present day is undoubtedly that of Mr. Worcester, a gentleman to whose accuracy, fidelity, and industry, the cause of education is much indebted. His dictionary, in the opinion of the author of this work, is the most comprehensive, as well as the safest guide, that has yet been published.

a peculiar manner more than once, the emphasis would fall on *first*; and the line be read,

'Of man's *first* disobedience,' &c.

"Again, admitting death (as was really the case) to have been an unheard-of and dreadful punishment, brought upon man in consequence of his transgression; on that supposition, the third line would be read,

'Brought *death* into the world,' &c.

"But if we were to suppose that mankind knew there was such an evil as death in other regions, though the place they inhabited had been free from it till their transgression, the line would run thus:

'Brought death into the *world*,' &c.

"The superior emphasis finds place in the following short sentence, which admits of four distinct meanings, each of which is ascertained by the emphasis only.

'Do you ride to town to-day?'

[See Lesson XXII.]

"The following examples illustrate the nature and use of the inferior emphasis:

"'Many persons mistake the *love*, for the *practice* of virtue.'

"'Shall I reward his services with *Falsehood*? Shall I forget *him* who cannot forget *me*?'

"'If his principles are *false*, no apology from *himself* can make them *right*; if founded in *truth*, no censure from *others* can make them *wrong*.'

"'Though *deep*, yet *clear*; though *gentle*, yet not *dull*;
Strong without *rage*; without *o'erflowing*, full.'

"'A *friend* exaggerates a man's *virtues*; an *enemy*, his *crimes*.'

"'The *wise man* is happy when he gains his *own* approbation; the *fool*, when he gains that of *others*.'

"The superior emphasis, in reading as in speaking, must be determined entirely by the *sense* of the passage, and always made *alike*; but as to the inferior emphasis, *taste* alone seems to have the right of fixing its situation and quantity.

"Among the number of persons who have had proper opportunities of learning to read, in the best manner it is now taught, very few could be selected, who, in a given instance, would use the inferior emphasis alike, either as to place or quantity. Some persons, indeed, use scarcely any degree of it; and others do not scruple to carry it far beyond anything to be found in common discourse; and even sometimes throw it upon words so very trifling in themselves, that it is evidently done with no other view than to give a greater variety to the modulation.* Notwithstanding this diversity of practice, there are certainly proper boundaries, within which this emphasis must be restrained, in order to make it meet the approbation of sound judgment and correct taste. It will, doubtless, have different degrees of exertion, according to the greater or

* By modulation is meant, that pleasing variety of voice which is perceived in uttering a sentence, and which in its nature is perfectly distinct from emphasis, and the tones of emotion and passion. The young reader should be careful to render his modulation correct and easy; and, for this purpose, should form it upon the model of the most judicious and accurate speakers.

less degree of importance of the words upon which it operates; and there may be very properly some variety in the use of it: but its application is not arbitrary, depending on the caprice of readers.

"As emphasis often falls on words in different parts of the same sentence, so it is frequently required to be continued, with a little variation, on two, and sometimes more words together. The following sentences exemplify both the parts of this position: 'If you seek to make one rich, study not to *increase his stores*, but to *diminish his desires*.' 'The Mexican figures, or picture-writing, represent things, not words: they exhibit images to the eye, not ideas to the understanding.'

"Some sentences are so full and comprehensive, that almost every word is emphatical: as, 'Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains!' or, as that pathetic expostulation in the prophecy of Ezekiel, 'Why will ye die!'

"Emphasis, besides its other offices, is the great regulator of quantity. Though the quantity of our syllables is fixed, in words separately pronounced, yet it is mutable when these words are arranged in sentences; the long being changed into short, the short into long, according to the importance of the word with regard to meaning. Emphasis also, in particular cases, alters the seat of the accent. This is demonstrable from the following examples. 'He shall *increase*, but I shall *decrease*.' 'There is a difference between giving and *forgiving*.' 'In this species of composition, *plausibility* is much more essential than *probability*.' In these examples, the emphasis requires the accent to be placed on syllables to which it does not commonly belong.

"In order to acquire the proper management of the emphasis, the great rule to be given is, that the reader study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of the sentiments which he is to pronounce. For to lay the emphasis with exact propriety is a constant exercise of good sense and attention. It is far from being an inconsiderable attainment. It is one of the most decisive trials of a true and just taste; and must arise from feeling delicately ourselves, and from judging accurately of what is fittest to strike the feelings of others.

"There is one error, against which it is particularly proper to caution the learner; namely, that of multiplying emphatical words too much, and using the emphasis indiscriminately. It is only by a prudent reserve and distinction in the use of them, that we can give them any weight. If they recur too often; if a reader attempts to render everything he expresses of high importance, by a multitude of strong emphases, we soon learn to pay little regard to them. To crowd every sentence with emphatical words, is like crowding all the pages of a book with Italic characters; which, as to the effect, is just the same as to use no such distinctions at all.

"TONES.

"Tones are different both from emphasis and pauses; consisting in the notes or variations of sound which we employ in the expression of our sentiments. Emphasis affects particular words and phrases, with a degree of tone or inflection of voice; but tones, peculiarly so called, affect sentences, paragraphs, and sometimes even the whole of a discourse.

"To show the use and necessity of tones, we need only observe, that the mind, in communicating its ideas, is in a constant state of activity, emotion, or agitation, from the different effects which those ideas pro-

duce in the speaker. Now the end of such communication being not merely to lay open the ideas, but also the different feelings which they excite in him that utters them, there must be other signs than words to manifest those feelings; as words uttered in a monotonous manner can represent only a similar state of mind, perfectly free from all activity and emotion. As the communication of these internal feelings was of much more consequence in our social intercourse than the mere conveyance of ideas, the Author of our being did not, as in that conveyance, leave the invention of the language of emotion to man, but impressed it himself upon our nature, in the same manner as he has done with regard to the rest of the animal world; all of which express their feelings by various tones. Ours, indeed, from the superior rank that we hold, are in a high degree more comprehensive; as there is not an act of the mind, an exertion of the fancy, or an emotion of the heart, which has not its peculiar tone or note of the voice, by which it is to be expressed; and which is suited exactly to the degree of internal feeling. It is chiefly in the proper use of these tones, that the life, spirit, beauty, and harmony of delivery consist.

“The limits of this introduction do not admit of examples to illustrate the variety of tones belonging to the different passions and emotions. We shall, however, select one, which is extracted from the beautiful lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan; and which will in some degree elucidate what has been said on this subject.

“‘The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice; lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew nor rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away; the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.’ The first of these divisions expresses sorrow and lamentation; therefore the note is low. The next contains a spirited command, and should be pronounced much higher. The other sentence, in which he makes a pathetic address to the mountains where his friends had been slain, must be expressed in a note quite different from the two former; not so low as the first, nor so high as the second, but in a manly, firm, yet plaintive tone.

“The correct and natural language of the emotions is not so difficult to be attained as most readers seem to imagine. If we enter into the spirit of the author’s sentiments, as well as into the meaning of his words, we shall not fail to deliver the words in properly varied tones. For there are few people who speak English without a provincial note, that have not an accurate use of tones, when they utter their sentiments in earnest discourse. And the reason that they have not the same use of them in reading aloud the sentiments of others may be traced to the very defective and erroneous method in which the art of reading is taught; whereby all the various, natural, expressive tones of speech are suppressed, and a few artificial, unmeaning reading notes are substituted for them.

“But when we recommend to readers an attention to the tone and language of emotions, we must be understood to do it with proper limitation. Moderation is necessary in this point, as in other things. For when the reading becomes strictly imitative, it assumes a theatrical manner, and must be highly improper, as well as give offence to the hearers, because it is inconsistent with that delicacy and modesty which

are indispensable on such occasions. The speaker who delivers his own emotions must be supposed to be more vivid and animated than would be proper in the person who relates them at second hand.

"We shall conclude this section with the following rule for the tones that indicate the passions and emotions: 'In reading, let all your tones of expression be borrowed from those of common speech, but, in some degree, more faintly characterized. Let those tones which signify any disagreeable passion of the mind be still more faint than those which indicate agreeable emotions: and on all occasions preserve yourselves from being so far affected with the subject as to be unable to proceed through it with that easy and masterly manner which has its good effects in this, as well as in every other art.'

" PAUSES.

"Pauses or rests, in reading or speaking, are a total cessation of the voice, during a perceptible, and, in many cases, a measurable space of time. Pauses are equally necessary to the speaker and the hearer. To the speaker, that he may take breath, without which he cannot proceed far in delivery; and that he may, by these temporary rests, relieve the organs of speech, which otherwise would be soon tired by continued action; to the hearer, that the ear also may be relieved from the fatigue which it would otherwise endure from a continuity of sound; and that the understanding may have sufficient time to mark the distinction of sentences, and their several members.

"There are two kinds of pauses: first, emphatical pauses; and next, such as mark the distinctions of sense. An emphatical pause is generally made *after* something has been said of peculiar moment, and on which we desire to fix the hearer's attention. Sometimes, *before* such a thing is said, we usher it in with a pause of this nature. Such pauses have the same effect as a strong emphasis; and are subject to the same rules, especially to the caution of not repeating them too frequently. For as they excite uncommon attention, and of course raise expectation, if the importance of the matter be not fully answerable to such expectation, they occasion disappointment and disgust.

"But the most frequent and principal use of pauses is to mark the divisions of the sense, and at the same time to allow the reader to draw his breath; and the proper and delicate adjustment of such pauses is one of the most nice and difficult articles of delivery. In all reading, the management of the breath requires a good deal of care, so as not to oblige us to divide words from one another, which have so intimate a connexion that they ought to be pronounced with the same breath, and without the least separation. Many a sentence is miserably mangled, and the force of the emphasis totally lost, by divisions being made in the wrong place. To avoid this, every one, while he is reading, should be very careful to provide a full supply of breath for what he is to utter. It is a great mistake to imagine that the breath must be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may easily be gathered at the intervals of the period, when the voice is suspended only for a moment; and, by this management, one may always have a sufficient stock for carrying on the longest sentence, without improper interruptions.

"Pauses in reading must generally be formed upon the manner in which we utter ourselves in ordinary, sensible conversation, and not upon the stiff, artificial manner which is acquired from reading books

according to the common punctuation. It will by no means be sufficient to attend to the points used in printing, for these are far from marking all the pauses which ought to be made in reading. A mechanical attention to these resting places has perhaps been one cause of monotony, by leading the reader to a similar tone at every stop, and a uniform cadence at every period. The primary use of points is to assist the reader in discerning the grammatical construction; and it is only as a secondary object that they regulate his pronunciation. On this head the following direction may be of use: 'Though in reading great attention should be paid to the stops, yet a greater should be given to the sense, and their correspondent times occasionally lengthened beyond what is usual in common speech.'

"To render pauses pleasing and expressive, they must not only be made in the right place, but also accompanied with a proper tone of voice, by which the nature of these pauses is intimated; much more than by the length of them, which can seldom be exactly measured. Sometimes it is only a slight and simple suspension of voice that is proper; sometimes a degree of cadence in the voice is required; and sometimes that peculiar tone and cadence which denote the sentence to be finished. In all these cases, we are to regulate ourselves by attending to the manner in which nature teaches us to speak when engaged in real and earnest discourse with others. The following sentence exemplifies the *suspending* and the *closing* pauses: 'Hope, the balm of life, soothes us under every misfortune.' The first and second pauses are accompanied by an inflection of voice, that gives the hearer an expectation of something further to complete the sense; the inflection attending the third pause signifies that the sense is completed.

"The preceding example is an illustration of the suspending pause, in its simple state: the following instance exhibits that pause with a degree of cadence in the voice; 'If content cannot remove the disquietudes of mankind, it will at least alleviate them.'

"The suspending pause is often, in the same sentence, attended with both the rising and the falling inflection of voice; as will be seen in this example: 'Moderate exercise, and habitual temperance, strengthen the constitution.'*

"As the suspending pause may be thus attended with both the rising and the falling inflection, it is the same with regard to the closing pause: it admits of both. The falling inflection generally accompanies it; but it is not unfrequently connected with the rising inflection. Interrogative sentences, for instance, are often terminated in this manner: as, 'Am I ungrateful?' 'Is he in earnest?'

"But where a sentence is begun by an interrogative pronoun or adverb, it is commonly terminated by the falling inflection: as, 'What has he gained by his folly?' 'Who will assist him?' 'Where is the messenger?' 'When did he arrive?'

"When two questions are united in one sentence, and connected by the conjunction *or*, the first takes the rising, the second the falling inflection: as, 'Does his conduct support discipline or destroy it?'

"The rising and falling inflections must not be confounded with emphasis. Though they may often coincide, they are, in their nature, perfectly distinct. Emphasis sometimes controls those inflections.

"The regular application of the rising and falling inflections confers

* The rising inflection is denoted by the acute, the falling by the grave, accent.

so much beauty on expression, and is so necessary to be studied by the young reader, that we shall insert a few more examples, to induce him to pay greater attention to the subject. In these instances, all the inflections are not marked. Such only are distinguished as are most striking, and will best serve to show the reader their utility and importance.

“‘Manufactures’, trade’, and agriculture’, certainly employ more than nineteen parts in twenty of the human species.’

“‘He who resigns the world has no temptation to envy’, hatred’, malice’, anger’; but is in constant possession of a serene mind: he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care’, solicitude’, remorse’, and confusion.’

“‘To advise the ignorant’, relieve the needy’, comfort the afflicted’, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives.’

“‘Those evil spirits, who, by long custom, have contracted in the body habits of lust’ and sensuality’; malice’ and revenge’; an aversion to everything that is good’, just’ and laudable’, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery.’

“‘I am persuaded, that neither death’, nor life’; nor angels’, nor principalities’, nor powers’; nor things present’, nor things to come’; nor height’, nor depth’; nor any other creature’, shall be able to separate us from the love of God!’

“The reader who would wish to see a minute and ingenious investigation of the nature of these inflections, and the rules by which they are governed, may consult Walker’s Elements of Elocution.

“MANNER OF READING VERSE.

“When we are reading verse, there is a peculiar difficulty in making the pauses justly. The difficulty arises from the melody of verse, which dictates to the ear pauses or rests of its own; and to adjust and compound these properly with the pauses of the sense, so as neither to hurt the ear nor offend the understanding, is so very nice a matter, that it is no wonder we so seldom meet with good readers of poetry. There are two kinds of pauses that belong to the melody of verse: one is the pause at the end of the line; and the other, the cæsural pause in or near the middle of it. With regard to the pause at the end of the line, which marks that strain or verse to be finished, rhyme renders this always sensible, and in some measure compels us to observe it in our pronunciation. In respect to blank verse, we ought also to read it so as to make every line sensible to the ear; for, what is the use of melody, or for what end has the poet composed in verse, if, in reading his lines, we suppress his numbers, by omitting the final pause; and degrade them, by our pronunciation, into mere prose? At the same time that we attend to this pause, every appearance of sing-song and tone must be carefully guarded against. The close of the line, where it makes no pause in the meaning, ought not to be marked by such a tone as is used in finishing a sentence; but, without either fall or elevation of the voice, it should be denoted only by so slight a suspension of sound as may distinguish the passage from one line to another, without injuring the meaning.

“The other kind of melodious pause is that which falls somewhere about the middle of the verse, and divides it into two hemistichs; a pause not so great as that which belongs to the close of the line, but

still sensible to an ordinary ear. This, which is called the *cæsural pause*, may fall, in English heroic verse, after the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh, syllable in the line. Where the verse is so constructed that this *cæsural pause* coincides with the slightest pause or division in the sense, the line can be read easily; as in the two first verses of Pope's *Messiah* :

‘Ye nymphs of Solyma^s! begin the song;
To heavenly themes^s sublimer strains belong.’

But if it should happen that words which have so strict and intimate a connexion as not to bear even a momentary separation are divided from one another by this *cæsural pause*, we then feel a sort of struggle between the sense and the sound, which renders it difficult to read such lines harmoniously. The rule of proper pronunciation in such cases is, to regard only the pause which the sense forms, and to read the line accordingly. The neglect of the *cæsural pause* may make the line sound somewhat unharmoniously; but the effect would be much worse, if the sense were sacrificed to the sound. For instance, in the following lines of Milton,

————— ‘What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support,’

the sense clearly dictates the pause after *illumine*, at the end of the third syllable, which, in reading, ought to be made accordingly; though, if the melody only were to be regarded, *illumine* should be connected with what follows, and the pause not made till the fourth or sixth syllable. So in the following line of Pope's *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*,

‘I sit, with sad civility I read,’

the ear plainly points out the *cæsural pause* as falling after *sad*, the fourth syllable. But it would be very bad reading to make any pause there, so as to separate *sad* and *civility*. The sense admits of no other pause than after the second syllable, *sit*, which therefore must be the only pause made in reading this part of the sentence.

“There is another mode of dividing some verses, by introducing what may be called *demi-cæsuras*, which require very slight pauses; and which the reader should manage with judgment, or he will be apt to fall into an affected, sing-song mode of pronouncing verses of this kind. The following lines exemplify the *demi-cæsura*.

‘Warm’s in the sun’, refreshes’ in the breeze,
Glows’ in the stars”, and blossoms’ in the trees:
Lives’ through all life”; extends’ through all extent,
Spreads’ undivided”, operates’ unspent.’

“Before the conclusion of this introduction, the compiler takes the liberty to recommend to teachers to exercise their pupils in discovering and explaining the emphatic words, and the proper tones and pauses, of every portion assigned them to read, previously to their being called out to the performance. These preparatory lessons, in which they should be regularly examined, will improve their judgment and taste, prevent the practice of reading without attention to the subject, and establish a habit of readily discovering the meaning, force, and beauty, of every sentence they peruse.”

To the directions of Mr. Murray which have now been recited, the author of this work has little to add, except the suggestions which are given in the respective lessons which follow. One direction more, however, he will add, which is partly expressed in borrowed language :

“Learn to speak slow ; all other graces
Will follow in their proper places ;”
And while thus *slowly* onward you proceed,
Study the meaning of whate'er you read.

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS.

LESSON I.

THE PERIOD.

The Period is a round dot or mark like this .

2. The period is generally placed after the last word in a sentence.

3. When you come to a period, you must stop, as if you had nothing more to read.

4. You must pronounce the word which is immediately before a period, with the falling inflection of the voice.

5. But you do not know what I mean by the falling inflection of the voice.

6. I am now going to tell you.

7. Listen attentively to what I am going to say.

8. Charles has bought a new hat.

9. That sentence was read with the falling inflection of the voice.

10. I am going to tell you in the next lesson what I mean by the rising inflection of the voice.

11. Look in the next lesson, and find the eighth sentence, which you have just read.

12. Tell me whether you would read it in the same manner in the second lesson.

LESSON II.

THE INTERROGATION POINT, OR QUESTION.

The Interrogation Point, or Question, is a mark like this ?

The interrogation point, or question, shows that a question is asked, and is generally read with the rising inflection of the voice.

EXAMPLES.

13. Has Charles bought a new hat ?
14. Did you say that Charles has bought a new hat ?
15. Did you read the thirteenth sentence in the same manner that you read the eighth ?
16. Do you know what I mean by the rising inflection of the voice ?
17. Do you know now how to read a sentence with the falling inflection of the voice ?
18. Shall I tell you again ? Will you listen attentively ?
19. Are the little marks after the sentences in the first lesson, like those at the end of the sentences in this lesson ?
20. Do you know that you have read all the sentences in this lesson with the rising inflection of the voice ?
21. Will you look at the following sentences, and read those which are marked **D**, with the falling inflection of the voice, and those which are marked **Q**, with the rising inflection of the voice ?
22. **D**. John has arrived.
23. **Q**. Has John arrived ?
24. **D**. My father is very well.
25. **Q**. Is your mother well ?
26. **D**. Mary has lost her book.
27. **Q**. Has Caroline found her work-box ?
28. **D**. They who have not read these sentences well must read them over again.
29. **Q**. May they who have read them well proceed to the next lesson ?
30. **D**. As soon as they understand what they have read, I shall give them a new lesson.
31. **Q**. Will they all be as easy as this ?

32. D. That will depend upon yourself more than on me.

33. Q. Does the D in the above sentences stand for a declaration?

34. D. Yes. I think, also, that the Q stands for a question.

LESSON III.

Sometimes the sentence which ends with an interrogation point, should be read with the falling inflection of the voice.

EXAMPLES.

35. What o'clock is it?
36. How do you do to-day?
37. What have you in your hand?
38. Where have you been?
39. When did your father return home?
40. How did you hear that story?
41. How much did he give for his book?
42. Whose hat is that in the entry?
43. What did you see in the street?
44. How high is the steeple of St. Paul's Church?
45. Where does that man live?
46. Which of those books do you prefer?
47. Who is that at the other end of the room?
48. Whither is that bird flying?
49. Why did you leave your place just now?
50. Wherefore do you not try to read correctly?

LESSON IV.

Sometimes the first part of a sentence ending with an interrogation point, must be read with the rising inflection of the voice, and the last part with the falling inflection. The parts of the sentence are separated by a mark like this (,) called a comma. At the comma the rising inflec-

tion must be used, and at the interrogation point the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

51. Shall I give you a peach, or an apple ?
52. Would you rather have a kite, or a football ?
53. Is that John, or Charles ?
54. Are you going home, or into the school-house ?
55. Will you go now, or will you stay a little longer ?
56. Is that a Grammar, or a Geography ?
57. Do you expect to ride, or to walk ?
58. Does your father intend to build his new house in the city, or in the country ?
59. Shall we now attend to our reading lessons, or to our lessons in spelling ?
60. Did you go to church on the last Sabbath, or did you stay at home ?

LESSON V.

Sometimes the first part of a sentence ending with a note of interrogation, must be read with the falling inflection of the voice, and the last part with the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

61. Where have you been to-day ? At home ?
62. Whose books are those on the floor ? Do they belong to John ?
63. Whither shall I go ? Shall I return home ?
64. What is that on the top of the house ? Is it a bird ?
65. What are you doing with your book ? Are you tearing out the leaves ?
66. Whom shall I send ? Will John go willingly ?
67. When shall I bring you those books ? Would you like to have them to-day ?
68. Who told you to return ? Did your father ?
69. How much did you pay for that book ? More than three shillings ?
70. How old shall you be on your next birthday ? Eleven ?

71. Why did you not arrive sooner ? Were you necessarily detained ?

72. How often shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him ? Till seven times ?

73. But what excuse can the Englishman plead ? The custom of duelling ?

74. What concern they ? The general cause ?

75. How many lessons are there in this book ? Are there more than twenty-five ?

LESSON VI.

In this lesson some of the sentences are questions requiring the rising, and some the falling, inflection of the voice. A few sentences also ending with a period are inserted. No directions are given to the pupil with regard to the manner of reading them, it being desirable that his own understanding, under the guidance of nature alone, should direct him. But it may be observed that questions which can be answered by yes, or no, generally require the rising inflection of the voice; and that questions which cannot be answered by yes, or no, generally require the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

76. John, where have you been this morning ?

77. Have you seen my father to-day.

78. That is a beautiful top.

79. Where did you get it ?

80. I bought it at the toy-shop.

81. What did you give for it ?

82. I gave a shilling for it.

83. What excuse have you for coming late this morning ?
Did you not know that it is past the school hour ?

84. If you are so inattentive to your lessons, do you think that you shall make much improvement ?

85. Will you go, or stay ? Will you ride, or walk ?

86. Will you go to-day, or to-morrow ?

87. Did he resemble his father, or his mother ?

88. Is this book yours, or mine ?

89. Do you hold the watch to-night ? We do, sir.

90. Did you say that he was armed? He was armed.
 91. Did you not speak to it? I did.
 92. Art thou he that should come, or must we expect another person?
 93. Why are you so silent? Have you nothing to say?
 94. Who hath believed our report? To whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?

LESSON VII.

THE EXCLAMATION POINT

The Exclamation Point is a mark like this !

The exclamation point is placed at the end of sentences which express surprise, astonishment, wonder, or admiration, and other strong feelings; and such sentences are generally read with the falling inflection of the voice.

EXAMPLES.

95. How cold it is to-day!
 96. What a beautiful top that is!
 97. How mysterious are the ways of Providence!
 98. How noisy those boys are in the street!
 99. What a simple fellow he is to spend his money so uselessly!
 100. Poor fellow, he does not know what to do with himself!
 101. What a fine morning it is! How brightly the sun shines! How verdant is the landscape! How sweetly the birds sing!
 102. Look here! See what a handsome doll my mother has just given me!
 103. Good Heaven! What an eventful life was hers!
 104. Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up to such a sudden flood of mutiny!
 105. Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 106. Oh disgrace upon manhood! It is strange! It is dreadful!
 107. Alas, poor country, almost afraid to know itself!

108. Oh glory! glory! mighty one on earth! How justly imaged in this waterfall!

109. Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush the terrors of thy voice!

110. Ah, terribly the hoarse and rapid whirlpools rage there!

111. Oh! deep enchanting prelude to repose! The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!

112. Daughter of Faith, awake! arise! illumine the dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!

113. It is a dread and awful thing to die!

114. Lovely art thou, oh Peace! and lovely are thy children, and lovely are the prints of thy footsteps in the green valleys!

115. Why, here comes my father! How quickly he has returned! Oh how glad I am to see him!



LESSON VIII.

THE PERIOD, INTERROGATION, AND EXCLAMATION UNITED.

The pupil was taught, in the first lesson, (see No. 3,) that when he comes to a period, he must stop, as if he had nothing more to read. At the end of a paragraph, whether the period or any other mark be used, a longer pause should be made than at the end of an ordinary sentence. The interrogation and the exclamation points generally require pauses of the same length with the period.

It may here be remarked, that good readers always MAKE THEIR PAUSES LONG; but whatever be the length of the pause, the pupil must be careful that every pause which he makes shall be a TOTAL CESSATION OF THE VOICE.

EXAMPLES.

116. George is a good boy. He gets his lesson well. He is attentive to the instructions of his teacher. He is orderly and quiet at home.

117. A good scholar is known by his obedience to the rules of the school. He obeys the directions of his teacher. His attendance at the proper time of school is always punctual.

tual. He is remarkable for his diligence and attention. He reads no other book than that which he is desired to read by his master. He studies no lessons but those which are appointed for the day. He takes no toys from his pocket to amuse himself or others. He pays no regard to those who attempt to divert his attention from his book.

118. Do you know who is a good scholar? Can you point out many in this room? How negligent some of our fellow-pupils are! Ah! I am afraid that many will regret that they have not improved their time!

119. Why, here comes Charles! Did you think that he would return so soon? I suspect that he has not been pleased with his visit. Have you, Charles? And were your friends glad to see you? When is cousin Jane to be married? Will she make us a visit before she is married? Or will she wait until she has changed her name?

120. My dear Edward, how happy I am to see you! I heard of your approaching happiness with the highest pleasure. How does Rose do? And how is our old whimsical friend the baron? You must be patient, and answer all my questions. I have many inquiries to make.

121. The first dawn of morning found Waverley on the esplanade in front of the old Gothic gate of the castle. But he paced it long before the draw-bridge was lowered. He produced his order to the sergeant of the guard, and was admitted. The place of his friend's confinement was a gloomy apartment in the central part of the castle.

122. Do you expect to be as high in your class as your brother? Did you recite your lessons as well as he did? Lazy boy! Careless child! You have been playing these two hours. You have paid no attention to your lessons. You cannot say a word of them. How foolish you have been! What a waste of time and talents you have made!

LESSON IX.

THE COMMA.

The Comma is a mark like this ,

When you come to a comma in reading, you must generally make a short pause. Sometimes you must use the falling

inflection of the voice, when you come to a comma; and sometimes you must keep your voice suspended, as if some one had stopped you before you had read all that you intended. In this lesson you must keep your voice suspended when you come to a comma; but let the slight pause, or stop that you make, be a TOTAL CESSATION of the voice.

EXAMPLES.

123. Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young.

124. He is generous, just, charitable, and humane.

125. By wisdom, by art, by the united strength of a civil community, men have been enabled to subdue the whole race of lions, bears, and serpents.

126. The genuine glory, the proper distinction of the rational species, arises from the perfection of the mental powers.

127. Courage is apt to be fierce, and strength is often exerted in acts of oppression. Wisdom is the associate of justice. It assists her to form equal laws, to pursue right measures, to correct power, to protect weakness, and to unite individuals in a common interest and general welfare. Heroes may kill tyrants, but it is wisdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppression.

[Sometimes a comma must be read like a question.]

128.* Do you pretend to sit as high in school as Anthony? Did you read as correctly, speak as loudly, or behave as well as he?

128. Do you pretend to sit as high on Olympus as Hercules? Did you kill the Neméan lion, the Erymanthian boar, the Lernean serpent, or Stympthalian birds?

129. Are you the boy, of whose good conduct I have heard so much?

129. Art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

130. Have you not misemployed your time, wasted your talents, and passed your life in idleness and vice?

130. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated

* Some of the sentences which follow will be marked with the same number; and such sentences are to be read in the same manner, and with the same inflection of the voice, &c.

the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects ?

131. Who is that standing up in his place, with his hat on, and his books under his arm ?

131. Whom are they ushering from the world, with all this pageantry and long parade of death ?

132. Did he recite his lesson correctly, read audibly, and appear to understand what he read ?

132. Was his copy written neatly, his letters made handsomely, and did no blot appear on his book ?

132. Was his wealth stored fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wronged, and widows who had none to plead their rights ?

132. Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry ?

133. Is that a map which you have before you, with the leaves blotted with ink ?

133. Is this a dagger, which I see before me, the handle toward my hand ?

133. Will you say that your time is your own, and that you have a right to employ it in the manner you please ?

[Sometimes the comma is to be read like a period, with the falling inflection of the voice.]

134. The teacher directed him to take his seat, to study his lesson, and to pass no more time in idleness.

134. It is said by unbelievers that religion is dull, unsocial, uncharitable, enthusiastic, a damper of human joy, a morose intruder upon human pleasure.

134. Charles has brought his pen instead of his pencil, his paper instead of his slate, his grammar instead of his arithmetic.

134. Perhaps you have mistaken sobriety for dulness, equanimity for moroseness, disinclination to bad company for aversion to society, abhorrence of vice for uncharitableness, and piety for enthusiasm.

135. Henry was careless, thoughtless, heedless, and inattentive.

135. This is partial, unjust, uncharitable, iniquitous.

135. The history of religion is ransacked for instances of persecution, of austerities, and enthusiastic irregularities.

135. Religion is often supposed to be something which must be practised apart from every thing else, a distinct profession, a peculiar occupation.

135. Dryden's mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention.

135. Oh! you might deem the spot the spacious cavern of some virgin mine, deep in the womb of earth, where the gems grow, and diamonds put forth radiant rods, and bud with amethyst and topaz.

[*Sometimes the comma is to be read like an exclamation.**]

136. Oh how can you destroy those beautiful things which your father procured for you! that beautiful top, those polished marbles, that excellent ball, and that beautifully painted kite, oh how can you destroy them, and expect that he will buy you new ones!

136. Oh how canst thou renounce the boundless store of charms that Nature to her votary yields! the warbling woodland, the resounding shore, the pomp of groves, the garniture of fields, all that the genial ray of morning gilds, and all that echoes to the song of even, all that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields, and all the dread magnificence of heaven, oh how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgiven!

137. Oh winter! ruler of the inverted year! thy scattered hair with sleetlike ashes filled, thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks fringed with a beard made white with other snows than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds, a leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne a sliding car, indebted to no wheels, but urged by storms along its slippery way, I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest, and dreaded as thou art!

138. Lovely art thou, O Peace! and lovely are thy children, and lovely are the prints of thy footsteps in the green valleys.

[*Sometimes the comma and other marks are to be read without any pause or inflection of the voice.*]

138. You see, boys, what a fine school-room we have, in which you can pursue your studies.

* The pupil will notice that some sentences which contain a question, to which no answer is given or expected, are marked with an exclamation point instead of an interrogation point; but such sentences generally express surprise or astonishment, &c. The sentences numbered 136 are of this kind. See Parker and Fox's Grammar, Part III., No. 64.

138. You see, my son, this wide and large firmament over our heads, where the sun and moon, and all the stars appear in their turns.

138. Therefore, my child, fear, and worship, and love God.

138. He, that can read as well as you can, James, need not be ashamed to read aloud.

138. He, that can make the multitude laugh and weep as you can, Mr. Shakspeare, need not fear scholars.

139. I consider it my duty, at this time, to tell you, that you have done something, of which you ought to be ashamed.

139. 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 revolt.

140. The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed, in silent admiration, upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising.

141. Yet, fair as thou art, thou shunest to glide, beautiful stream! by the village side, but windest away from the haunts of men, to silent valley and shaded glen.

142. But it is not for man, either solely or principally, that night is made.

143. We imagine, that, in a world of our own creation, there would always be a blessing in the air, and flowers and fruits on the earth.

144. Share with you! said his father — so the industrious must lose his labor to feed the idle.

144. His brother, Moses, did not imitate his example.

LESSON X.

[Sometimes the pause of a comma must be made where there is no pause in your book. Spaces are left in the following sentences where the pause is proper.]

145. James was very much delighted with the picture which he saw.

145. The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them.

146. The inhabitants were entirely naked. Their black hair, long and curled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their head.

147. Persons of reflection and sensibility contemplate with interest the scenes of nature.

148. The succession and contrast of the seasons give scope to that care and foresight, diligence and industry, which are essential to the dignity and enjoyment of human beings.

149. The eye is sweetly delayed on every object to which it turns. It is grateful to perceive how widely, yet chastely, nature hath mixed her colors and painted her robe.

150. Winter compensates for the want of attractions abroad by fireside delights and homefelt joys. In all this interchange and variety we find reason to acknowledge the wise and benevolent care of the God of seasons.

[The pupil may read the following sentences; but before reading them, he may tell after what word the pause should be made. The pause is not printed in the sentences, but it must be made when reading them. And here it may be observed, that the comma is more frequently used to point out the grammatical divisions of a sentence, than to indicate a rest or cessation of the voice. Good reading depends much upon skill and judgment in making those pauses which the sense of the sentence dictates, but which are not noted in the book; and the sooner the pupil is taught to make them, with proper discrimination, the surer and the more rapid will be his progress in the art of reading.]

151. While they were at their silent meal a horseman came galloping to the door, and, with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslee.

152. The golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting.

153. For even though absent from school I shall get the lesson.

153. For even though dead I will control the trophies of the capitol.

154. It is now two hundred years since attempts have been made to civilize the North American savage.

155. Doing well has something more in it than the fulfilling of a duty.

156. You will expect me to say something of the lonely records of the former races that inhabited this country.

157. There is no virtue without a characteristic beauty to make it particularly loved by the good, and to make the bad ashamed of their neglect of it.

158. A sacrifice was never yet offered to a principle, that was not made up to us by self-approval, and the consideration of what our degradation would have been had we done otherwise.

159. The following story has been handed down by family tradition for more than a century.

160. The succession and contrast of the seasons give scope to that care and foresight, diligence and industry, which are essential to the dignity and enjoyment of human beings, whose happiness is connected with the exertion of their faculties.

161. A lion of the largest size measures from eight to nine feet from the muzzle to the origin of the tail, which last is of itself about four feet long. The height of the larger specimens is four or five feet.

162. The following anecdote will show with what obstinate perseverance pack horses have been known to preserve the line of their order.

163. Good morning to you, Charles! Whose book is that which you have under your arm?

163. A benison upon thee, gentle huntsman! Whose towers are these that overlook the wood?

164. The incidents of the last few days have been such as will probably never again be witnessed by the people of America, and such as were never before witnessed by any nation under heaven.

165. To the memory of Andre his country has erected the most magnificent monuments, and bestowed on his family the highest honors and most liberal rewards. To the memory of Hale not a stone has been erected, and the traveller asks in vain for the place of his long sleep.

LESSON XI.

THE SEMICOLON.

The Semicolon is made by a comma placed under a period, thus ;

When you come to a semicolon, you must generally make a pause twice as long as you would make at a comma.

Sometimes you must use the falling inflection of the voice when you come to a semicolon, and sometimes you must keep your voice suspended, as you were directed in the ninth lesson.

Whatever may be the length of the pauses, let it be a TOTAL CESSATION of the voice.

When you come to a semicolon in this lesson, you must keep your voice suspended, as you were directed in the ninth lesson.

EXAMPLES.

166. That God whom you see me daily worship ; whom I daily call upon to bless both you and me, and all mankind ; whose wondrous acts are recorded in those Scriptures which you constantly read ; that God who created the heaven and the earth is your Father and Friend.

167. My son, as you have been used to look to me in all your actions, and have been afraid to do any thing unless you first knew my will ; so let it now be a rule of your life to look up to God in all your actions.

168. If I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering ; if his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep ; if I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate ; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone.

169. The stranger did not lodge in the street ; but I opened my doors to the traveller.

170. If my land cry against me, or the furrows thereof complain ; if I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life ; let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockles instead of barley.

171. When the fair moon, refulgent lamp of night, o'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light ; when not a

breath disturbs the deep serene, and not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene; around her throne the vivid planets roll, and stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole; o'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed, and tip with silver every mountain's head; then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise, a flood of glory bursts from all the skies; the conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight, eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

172. When the battle was ended, the stranger disappeared; and no person knew whence he had come, nor whither he had gone.

173. The relief was so timely, so sudden, so unexpected, and so providential; the appearance and the retreat of him who furnished it were so unaccountable; his person was so dignified and commanding; his resolution so superior, and his interference so decisive, that the inhabitants believed him to be an angel, sent by Heaven for their preservation.

LESSON XII.

Sometimes you must use the falling inflection of the voice when you come to a semicolon, as in the following

EXAMPLES.

174. Let your dress be sober, clean, and modest; not to set off the beauty of your person, but to declare the sobriety of your mind; that your outward garb may resemble the inward plainness and simplicity of your heart.

175. In meat and drink, observe the rules of Christian temperance and sobriety; consider your body only as the servant and minister of your soul; and only so nourish it, as it may best perform an humble and obedient service.

176. Condescend to all the weakness and infirmities of your fellow-creatures; cover their frailties; love their excellences; encourage their virtues; relieve their wants; rejoice in their prosperity; compassionate their distress; receive their friendship; overlook their unkindness; forgive their malice; be a servant of servants; and condescend to do the lowest offices for the lowest of mankind.

177. Struck with the sight of so fine a tree, he hastened to his own, hoping to find as large a crop upon it; but, to his great surprise, he saw scarcely any thing, except branches, covered with moss, and a few yellow leaves.

178. In sleep's serene oblivion laid, I've safely passed the silent night; again I see the breaking shade, again behold the morning light.

179. New-born, I bless the waking hour; once more, with awe, rejoice to be; my conscious soul resumes her power, and soars, my guardian God, to thee.

180. That deeper shade shall break away; that deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes; thy light shall give eternal day; thy love, the rapture of the skies.

181. 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.

182. Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose; the spectacles set them unhappily wrong; the point in dispute was, as all the world knows, to which the said spectacles ought to belong.

183. What hope of liberty is there remaining, if whatever is their pleasure, it is lawful for them to do; if what is lawful for them to do, they are able to do; if what they are able to do, they dare do; if what they dare do, they really execute; and if what they execute, is in no way offensive to you?

184. Mercury, I won't go in the boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman; he has murdered his friend; I say I won't go in the boat with that fellow; I will swim over the river; I can swim like a duck.

185. It is not the use of the innocent amusements of life which is dangerous, but the abuse of them; it is not when they are occasionally, but when they are constantly pursued; when the love of amusement degenerates into a passion; and when, from being an occasional indulgence, it becomes an habitual desire.

186. The prevailing color of the body of a tiger is a deep tawny, or orange yellow; the face, throat, and lower part of the belly are nearly white; and the whole is traversed by numerous long black stripes.

187. The horse, next to the Hottentot, is the favorite prey of the lion; and the elephant and camel are both highly relished; while the sheep, owing probably to its woolly fleece, is seldom molested.

188. The lion, with his strong teeth, breaks large bones

with the greatest ease; and he often swallows their fragments along with the flesh.

189. The horse is quick-sighted; he can see things in the night which his rider cannot perceive; but when it is too dark for his sight, his sense of smelling is his guide.

190. In summer, horses in the country feed on grass, or on grass and oats; in winter, they eat oats, corn, and hay. When grazing in the pasture, they always choose the shortest grass, because it is the sweetest; and as they have cutting teeth in both their jaws, they can eat very near the ground.

LESSON XIII.

The semicolon is sometimes used for a question, and sometimes as an exclamation.

EXAMPLES.

192. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority; violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

193. Oh, it was impious; it was unmanly; it was poor and pitiful!

194. 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?

195. 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?

196. Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod; or art thou ashamed to betray thy awkwardness? [*This sentence should be read as directed in Lesson 4.*]

197. By such apologies shall man insult his Creator; and shall he hope to flatter the ear of Omnipotence? Think you that such excuses will gain new importance in their ascent to the Majesty on high; and will you trust the interests of eternity in the hands of these superficial advocates?

198. And shall not the Christian blush to repine; the Christian, from before whom the veil is removed; to whose eyes are revealed the glories of heaven?

199. Why, for so many a year, has the poet and the philosopher wandered amidst the fragments of Athens or of Rome; and paused, with strange and kindling feelings, amidst their broken columns, their mouldering temples, their deserted plains? It is because their day of glory is passed; it is because their name is obscured; their power is departed; their influence is lost!

200. Where are they who taught these stones to grieve; where are the hands that hewed them; and the hearts that reared them?

201. Hope ye by these to avert oblivion's doom; in grief ambitious, and in ashes vain?

202. Can no support be offered; can no source of confidence be named?

203. Is this the man that made the earth to tremble; that shook the kingdoms; that made the world like a desert; that destroyed the cities?

203. Falsely luxurious, will not man awake; and, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy the cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour, to meditation due and sacred song?

204. But who shall speak before the king when he is troubled; and who shall boast of knowledge when he is distressed by doubt?

205. Who would in such a gloomy state remain longer than nature craves; when every muse and every blooming pleasure wait without, to bless the wildly devious morning walk?

206. Farewell! May the smile of Him who resides in the heaven of heavens be upon thee; and against thy name, in the volume of his will, may happiness be written!

207. What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which, nature seems to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

208. Who that bears a human bosom, hath not often felt, how dear are all those ties which bind our race in gentleness together; and how sweet their force, let fortune's wayward hand the while be kind or cruel?

209. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not

the Great Spirit given it to us; and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of rightly understanding it?

LESSON XIV.

THE COLON.

The Colon consists of two periods placed one above the other, thus :

Sometimes the passage ending with a colon is to be read with the voice suspended; but it should generally be read with the falling inflection of the voice. In this lesson the falling inflection is required.

Be careful to let this pause be a TOTAL CESSATION OF THE VOICE, — longer than that indicated by a comma, or by a semi-colon.

EXAMPLES.

210. The smile of gayety is often assumed while the heart aches within: though folly may laugh, guilt will sting.

211. There is no mortal truly wise and restless at the same time: wisdom is the repose of the mind.

212. Nature felt her inability to extricate herself from the consequences of guilt: the gospel reveals the plan of Divine interposition and aid.

213. Nature confessed some atonement to be necessary: the gospel discovers that the atonement is made.

214. Law and order are forgotten: violence and rapine are abroad: the golden cords of society are loosed.

215. The temples are profaned: the soldier's curse resounds in the house of God: the marble pavement is trampled by iron hoofs: horses neigh beside the altar.

216. Blue wreaths of smoke ascend through the trees, and betray the half-hidden cottage: the eye contemplates well-thatched ricks, and barns bursting with plenty: the peasant laughs at the approach of winter.

217. The necessaries of life are few, and industry secures them to every man: it is the elegancies of life that empty the

purse: the knick-knacks of fashion, the gratification of pride, and the indulgence of luxury, make a man poor.

218. Your tree was as fruitful, and in as good order as his: it bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil: only it was not fostered with the same care. Edmund has kept his tree clear of hurtful insects: you have suffered them to eat up yours in its blossom.

219. My dear children, I give you these trees: you see that they are in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care as they will decline by your negligence: their fruits will reward you in proportion to your labor.

220. But Abraham pressed him greatly: so he turned, and they went into the tent: and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

221. A bee among the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment: so busy and so pleased: yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted.

222. 'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined, with the strong and unperishing colors of mind: a part of my being beyond my control, beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

223. Bare trees and shrubs but ill you know could shelter them from rain or snow: stepping into their nests they paddled: themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled: soon every father bird and mother grew quarrelsome and pecked each other.

224. Yet such is the destiny of all on earth: so flourishes and fades majestic man.

225. Let those deplore their doom whose hopes still grovel in this dark sojourn: but lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb, can smile at fate, and wonder why they mourn.

226. If for my faded brow thy hand prepare some future wreath, let me the gift resign: transfer the rosy garland: let it bloom around the temples of that friend beloved, on whose maternal bosom, even now, I lay my aching head.

227. We do not understand these things: we are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been

handed down to us: it teaches us to be thankful for all favors received, to love each other, and to be united: we never quarrel about religion.

LESSON XV.

THE COLON,—*continued.*

In this lesson the passages ending with a colon are to be read with the voice suspended. (See Lesson 9th.)

228. Do not flatter yourselves with the hope of perfect happiness: there is no such thing in the world.

229. He was often heard to say: I have done with the world; and I am willing to leave it.

229. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

229. Those will be bad days to acquire and cultivate the spirit of devotion: but the spirit of devotion, acquired, and cultivated, and confirmed before, will convert those bad days into good ones.

230. But, when old age has on your temples shed her silver frost, there's no returning sun: swift flies our summer, swift our autumn's fled, when youth, and spring, and golden joys, are gone.

231. A divine legislator, uttering his voice from heaven; an almighty governor, stretching forth his arm to punish or reward; informing us of perpetual rest prepared hereafter for the righteous, and of indignation and wrath awaiting the wicked: these are the considerations which overawe the world, which support integrity, and check guilt.

232. Not to the rosy maid, whom former hours beheld me fondly covet, tune I now the melancholy lyre: but 'tis to thee, O Sickness! 'tis to thee I wake the silent strings.

233.* A boy at school is by no means at liberty to read what books he pleases: he must give attention to those which contain his lessons; so that when he is called upon to recite, he may be ready, fluent, and accurate in repeating the portion assigned him.

233. A poet is by no means at liberty to invent what system of the marvellous he pleases: he must avail himself

* See note on page 33.

either of the religious faith, or the superstitious credulity of the country wherein he lives; so as to give an air of probability to events which are most contrary to the common course of nature.

234.* It is not only in the school-room, that attention should be given to your books: there is a place, one not like a school-room; I mean your own chamber: where you can find many opportunities of acquiring knowledge.

234. It is not only in the sacred fane that homage should be paid to the Most High: there is a temple, one not made with hands; the vaulted firmament: far in the woods, almost beyond the sound of city-chime, at intervals heard through the breezeless air.

235. As we perceive the shadow to have moved along the dial, but did not perceive its moving; and it appears that the grass has grown, though nobody ever saw it grow: so the advances we make in knowledge, as they consist of such minute steps, are perceivable only by the distance gone over.

236. When the proud steed shall know why man restrains his fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains; when the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod, is now a victim, and now Egypt's god: then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend his actions', passions', being's use and end.

237. Jehovah, God of hosts, hath sworn, saying: Surely as I have devised, so shall it be; and as I have purposed, so shall it stand.

238. That day he wore a riding coat, but not a whit the warmer he: another was on Thursday brought, and ere the Sabbath he had three.

239. George, you must not laugh at me; I will not bear it. You forget what you are about when you ridicule me: I know more than you do about the lessons.

239. Brutus, bay not me; I'll not endure it. You forget yourself, to hedge me in: I am a soldier, older in practice, abler than yourself to make conditions.

240. I never heard a word about it before, said George, yesterday: who told you about it, Charles?

240. I never heard one word of it before, said my uncle Toby, hastily: how came he there, Trim?

241. Thou shalt pronounce this parable upon the king of Babylon; and shalt say: How hath the oppressor ceased?

* See note on page 33.

LESSON XVI.

THE PARENTHESIS, CROTCHETS, AND BRACKETS.

A Parenthesis is a sentence, or part of a sentence, enclosed between two curved lines like these ()

The curved lines in which the parenthesis is enclosed are called Crotchets.

The parenthesis, with the crotchets which enclose it, is generally inserted between the words of another sentence, and may be omitted without injuring the sense.

The parenthesis should generally be read in a quicker and lower tone of voice than the other parts of the sentence in which it stands.

*Sometimes a sentence is enclosed in marks like these [] which are called Brackets.**

Sentences which are included within crotchets or brackets, should generally be read in a quicker and lower tone of voice.

EXAMPLES.

242. I asked my eldest son (a boy who never was guilty of a falsehood) to give me a correct account of the matter.

243. The master told me that the lesson (which was a very difficult one) was recited correctly by every pupil in the class.

244. When they were both turned of forty, (an age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, there is no dallying with life,) they determined to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country.

245. Notwithstanding all this care of Cicero, history informs us, that Marcus proved a mere blockhead; and that nature (who, it seems, was even with the son for her

* Although the crotchet and the bracket are sometimes indiscriminately used, the following difference in their use may generally be noticed: Crotchets are used to enclose a sentence, or part of a sentence, which is inserted *between the parts* of another sentence: brackets are generally used to separate two subjects, or to enclose an explanation, note, or observation, standing by itself. When a parenthesis occurs within another parenthesis, brackets enclose the former, and crotchets enclose the latter. See No. 263, and also Parker and Fox's Grammar, Part III., page 30.

prodigality to the father) rendered him incapable of improving, by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavors, and the most refined conversation in Athens.

246. Natural historians observe (for whilst I am in the country I must fetch my allusions from thence) that only the male birds have voices; that their songs begin a little before breeding-time, and end a little after.

247. Dr. Clark has observed, that Homer is more perspicuous than any other author; but if he is so, (which yet may be questioned,) the perspicuity arises from his subject, and not from the language itself in which he writes.

248. The many letters which come to me from persons of the best sense of both sexes (for I may pronounce their characters from their way of writing) do not a little encourage me in the prosecution of this my undertaking.

249. It is this sense which furnishes the imagination with its ideas; so that by the pleasures of the imagination, or fancy, (terms which I shall use promiscuously,) I here mean such as arise from visible objects.

250. The stomach (cramm'd from every dish, a tomb of boiled and roast, and flesh and fish, where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid, jar, and all the man is one intestine war) remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare, the temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

251. William Penn was distinguished from his companions by wearing a blue sash of silk network, (which it seems is still preserved by Mr. Kett of Seething-hall, near Norwich,) and by having in his hand a roll of parchment, on which was engrossed the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity.

252. Again, would your worship a moment suppose, ('tis a case that has happened, and may be again,) that the visage or countenance had not a nose, pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

253. Upon this the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm.

254. To speak of nothing else, the arrival of the English in her father's dominions must have appeared (as indeed it turned out to be) a most portentous phenomenon.

255. Surely, in this age of invention something may be struck out to obviate the necessity (if such necessity exists) of so tasking the human intellect.

256. I compassionate the unfortunates now, (at this very

moment, perhaps,) screwed up perpendicularly in the seat of torture, having in the right hand a fresh-nibbed patent pen, dipped ever and anon into the ink-bottle, as if to hook up ideas, and under the outspread palm of the left hand a fair sheet of best Bath post, (ready to receive thoughts yet unhatched,) on which their eyes are rivetted with a stare of disconsolate perplexity, infinitely touching to a feeling mind.

257. Oh the unspeakable relief (could such a machine be invented) of having only to *grind* an answer to one of one's dear five hundred friends!

258. Have I not groaned under similar horrors, from the hour when I was first shut up (under lock and key, I believe) to indite a dutiful epistle to an honored aunt?

259. To such unhappy persons, then, I would fain offer a few hints, (the fruit of long experience,) which may prove serviceable in the hour of emergency.

260. If ever you should come to Modena, (where, among other relics, you may see Tassoni's bucket,) stop at a palace near the Reggio gate, dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.

261. My father and my uncle Toby (clever soul) were sitting by the fire with Dr. Slop; and Corporal Trim (a brave and honest fellow) was reading a sermon to them. — As the sermon contains many parentheses, and affords an opportunity also of showing you a sentence in brackets, (you will observe that all the previous parentheses in this lesson are enclosed in crotchets,) I shall insert some parts of it in the following numbers. [See No. 262, 263, &c.]

262. To have the fear of God before our eyes, and in our mutual dealings with each other, to govern our actions by the eternal measures of right and wrong: the first of these will comprehend the duties of religion; the second those of morality, which are so inseparably connected together, that you cannot divide these two tables, even in imagination, (though the attempt is often made in practice,) without breaking and mutually destroying them both. [Here my father observed that Dr. Slop was fast asleep.] I said the attempt is often made; and so it is; there being nothing more common than to see a man who has no sense at all of religion, and, indeed, has so much honesty as to pretend to none, who would take it as the bitterest affront, should you but hint at a suspicion of his moral character, or imagine he was not conscientiously just and scrupulous to the uttermost mite.*

* See Parker and Fox's Grammar, Part III., page 30.

263. I know the banker I deal with, or the physician I usually call in, [There is no need, cried Dr. Slop (waking) to call in any physician in this case,] to be neither of them men of much religion.

264. For a general proof of this, examine the history of the Romish Church: [Well, what can you make of that? cried Dr. Slop:] see what scenes of cruelty, murder, rapine, bloodshed, [They may thank their own obstinacy, cried Dr. Slop,] have all been sanctified by religion not strictly governed by morality.

265. Experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all (saving some few exceptions) to certain general rules.

266. Ingenious boys, who are idle, think, with the hare in the fable, that, running with snails, (so they count the rest of their school-fellows,) they shall come soon enough to the post; though sleeping a good while before their starting.

LESSON XVII.

THE DASH.

The Dash is a straight mark like this — .

The dash is sometimes used to express a sudden stop, or change in the subject.

Sometimes the dash requires a pause no longer than a comma, and sometimes a longer pause than a period.

The dash is frequently used instead of crotchets or brackets, and a parenthesis is thus placed between two dashes. [See Number 281.]

The dash is sometimes used to precede something unexpected; as when a sentence beginning seriously ends humorously. [See Numbers 311 to 318.]

In the following sentences the dash expresses a sudden stop, or change of the subject.

EXAMPLES.

267. If you will give me your attention, I will show you — but stop, I do not know that you wish to see,

268. Alas! that folly and falsehood should be so hard to grapple with — but he that hopes to make mankind the wiser for his labors, must not be soon tired.

269. I stood to hear — I love it well — the rain's continuous sound; small drops, but thick and fast they fell, down straight into the ground.

270. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered — I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards.

271. Each zone obeys thee — thou goest forth dread, fathomless, alone.

272. Please your honors, quoth Trim, the inquisition is the vilest —. Prithee spare thy description, Trim. I hate the very name of it, said my father.

273. The fierce wolf prowls around thee — there he stands listening — not fearful, for he nothing fears.

274. The wild stag hears thy falling waters' sound, and tremblingly flies forward — o'er his back he bends his stately horns — the noiseless ground his hurried feet impress not — and his track is lost amidst the tumult of the breeze, and the leaves falling from the rustling trees.

275. The wild horse thee approaches in his turn. His mane stands up erect — his nostrils burn — he snorts — he pricks his ears — and starts aside.

276. The music ceased, and Hamish Fraser, on coming back into the shealing, (or shed,) said, I see two men on horseback coming up the glen — one is on a white horse. Ay — blessed be God, that is the good priest — now will I die in peace. My last earthly thoughts are gone by — he will show me the salvation of Christ — the road that leadeth to eternal life.

277. There was silence — not a word was said — their meal was before them — God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

277. They hear not — see not — know not — for their eyes are covered with thick mists — they will not see.

278. The God of gods stood up — stood up to try the assembled gods of earth.

279. And ye like fading autumn leaves will fall; your throne but dust — your empire but a grave — your martial pomp a black funereal pall — your palace trampled by your meanest slave. ~

280. To-day is thine — improve to-day, nor trust to-morrow's distant ray.

281. And thus, in silent waiting, stood the piles of stone and piles of wood; till Death, who, in his vast affairs, never puts things off—as men in theirs—and thus, if I the truth must tell, does his work *finally* and *well*—winked at our hero as he passed,—Your house is finished, sir, at last; a narrower house—a house of clay—your palace for *another* day.

282. For some time the struggle was most amusing—the fish pulling, and the bird screaming with all its might—the one attempting to fly, and the other to swim from its invisible enemy—the gander at one moment losing and the next regaining his centre of gravity.

The dash is sometimes to be read as a period, with the falling inflection of the voice.

283. The favored child of nature, who combines in herself these united perfections, may justly be considered as the masterpiece of creation—as the most perfect image of the Divinity here below.

284. Now launch the boat upon the wave—the wind is blowing off the shore—I will not live a cowering slave, in these polluted islands more.

285. The wind is blowing off the shore, and out to sea the streamers fly—my music is the dashing roar, my canopy the stainless sky—it bends above, so fair a blue, that heaven seems opening to my view.

286. He had stopped soon after beginning the tale—he had laid the fragment away among his papers, and had never looked at it again.

287. The exaltation of his soul left him—he sunk down—and his misery went over him like a flood.

288. May their fate be a mock-word—may men of all lands laugh out with a scorn that shall ring to the poles.

289. You speak like a boy—like a boy who thinks the old gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling.

290. I am vexed for the bairns—I am vexed when I think of Robert and Hamish living their father's life—But let us say no more of this.

291. He hears a noise—he is all awake—again he hears a noise—on tiptoe down the hill he softly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake! She is at the hedge of Harry Gill.

292. Mr. Playfair was too indulgent, in truth, and favora-

ble to his friends — and made a kind of liberal allowance for the faults of all mankind — except only faults of baseness or of cruelty; against which he never failed to manifest the most open scorn and detestation.

293. Towards women he had the most chivalrous feelings of regard and attention, and was, beyond almost all men, acceptable and agreeable in their society — though without the least levity or pretension unbecoming his age or condition.

The dash is sometimes to be read like a comma, with the voice suspended. [See Lesson 9th.]

294. Vain men, whose brains are dizzy with ambition, bright your swords — your garments flowery, like a plain in the spring-time — if truth be your delight, and virtue your devotion, let your sword be bared alone at wisdom's sacred word.

295. I have always felt that I could meet death with composure; but I did not know, she said, with a tremulous voice, her lips quivering — I did not know how hard a thing it would be to leave my children, till now that the hour is come.

296. The mountain — thy pall and thy prison — may keep thee.

297. And Babylon shall become — she that was the beauty of kingdoms, the glory of the pride of the Chaldeans — as the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah by the hand of God.

298. Our land — the first garden of liberty's tree — it has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free.

299. Earth may hide — waves engulf — fire consume us, but they shall not to slavery doom us.

300. They shall find that the name which they have dared to proscribe — that the name of Mac Gregor is a spell.

301. You must think hardly of us — and it is not natural that it should be otherwise.

302. Delightful in his manners — inflexible in his principles — and generous in his affections, he had all that could charm in society, or attach in private.

303. The joys of life in hurried exile go — till hope's fair smile, and beauty's ray of light, are shrouded in the griefs and storms of night.

304. Day after day prepares the funeral shroud; the

world is gray with age : — the striking hour is but an echo of death's summons loud — the jarring of the dark grave's prison door. Into its deep abyss — devouring all — kings and the friends of kings alike must fall.

305. No persuasion could induce little Flora to leave the shealing — and Hamish Fraser was left to sit with her all night beside the bed.

306. One large star arose in heaven — and a wide white glimmer over a breaking mass of clouds told that the moon was struggling through, and in another hour, if the upper current of air flowed on, would be apparent.

307. He was too weak, however, to talk — he could only look his thanks.

308. She made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black ribbon or so — a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs her grief that passeth show.

309. One great clime, whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean are kept apart, and nursed in the devotion of freedom which their fathers fought for and bequeathed — a heritage of heart and hand, and proud distinction from each other land, whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion, as if his senseless sceptre were a wand full of the magic of exploded science — still one great clime, in full and free defiance, yet rears her crest, unconquered and sublime, above the far Atlantic.

The dash sometimes precedes something unexpected; as when a sentence beginning seriously ends humorously.

310. Good people all, with one accord, lament for Madam Blaize; who never wanted a good word — from those who spoke her praise.

311. The needy seldom passed her door, and always found her kind; she freely lent to all the poor — who left a pledge behind.

312. She strove the neighborhood to please, with manner wondrous winning; and never followed wicked ways — except when she was sinning.

313. At church, in silks and satin new, with hoop of monstrous size, she never slumbered in her pew — but when she shut her eyes.

314. Her love was sought, I do aver, by twenty beaux, and more; the king himself has followed her — when she has walked before.

315. But now, her wealth and finery fled, her hangers-on cut short all; her doctors found, when she was dead — her last disorder mortal.

316. Let us lament, in sorrow sore; for Kent Street well may say, that, had she lived a twelve-month more — she had not died to-day.

The dash is sometimes used with other pauses to lengthen them.

317. That God whom you see me daily worship, whom I daily call upon to bless both you and me and all mankind; whose wondrous acts are recorded in those Scriptures which you constantly read, — that God who created the heavens and the earth; who appointed his Son Jesus Christ to redeem mankind: — this God, who has done all these great things, who has created so many millions of men, with whom the spirits of the good will live and be happy forever; — this great God, the Creator of worlds of angels, and of men, is your Father and Friend.

318. It is not, therefore, the use of the innocent amusements of life which is dangerous, but the abuse of them; — it is not when they are occasionally, but when they are constantly pursued; when the love of amusement degenerates into a passion, and when, from being an occasional indulgence, it becomes an habitual desire.

319. In every pursuit, whatever gives strength and energy to the mind of man, experience teaches to be favorable to the interests of piety, of knowledge, and of virtue; — in every pursuit, on the contrary, whatever enfeebles or limits the powers of the mind, the same experience ever shows to be hostile to the best interests of human nature.

320. From the first hour of existence to the last, — from the cradle of the infant, beside which the mother watches with unslumbering eye, to the grave of the aged, where the son pours his last tears upon the bier of his father, — in all that intermediate time, every day calls for exertion and activity, and moral honors can only be won by the steadfast magnanimity of pious duty.

321. They say they have bought it. — 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 grace, what they knew they had not the power to retain.

322. We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glowed, when a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud;— it was not like the sun, as at mid-day we view, nor the moon, that rolls nightly through star-light and blue.

323. It is not the lifeless mass of matter, he will then feel, that he is examining, — it is the mighty machine of Eternal Wisdom: the workmanship of Him, in whom every thing lives, and moves, and has its being.

324. The expanding rose, just bursting into beauty, has an irresistible bewitchingness;— the blooming bride led triumphantly to the hymenæal altar, awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight;— but the charm of maternity is more sublime than all these.

325. But Winter has yet brighter scenes;— he boasts splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows, or Autumn, with his many fruits and woods, all flushed with many hues.

326. When suffering the inconveniences of the ruder parts of the year, we may be tempted to wonder why this rotation is necessary;— why we could not be constantly gratified with vernal bloom and fragrance, or summer beauty and profusion.

327. I feared, — said the youth, with a tear in his eye, — I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet, would disturb her.

328. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes:— There was silence, and I heard a voice — Shall mortal man be more just than God?

The dash is sometimes to be read as a question.

329. Is it not enough to see our friends die, and part with them for the remainder of our days — to reflect that we shall hear their voices no more, and that they will never look on us again — to see that turning to corruption, which was but just now alive, and eloquent, and beautiful with all the sensations of the soul?

330. He hears the ravens cry; and shall he not hear, and will he not avenge, the wrongs that his nobler animals suf-

fer — wrongs that cry out against man from youth to age, in the city and in the field, by the way and by the fireside?

331. Can we view their bloody edicts against us — their hanging, heading, hounding, and hunting down an ancient and honorable name — as deserving better treatment than that which enemies give to enemies?

332. Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim, lights of the world, and demi-gods of fame? Is this your triumph — this your proud applause, children of truth, and champions of her cause?

333. Still what are you but a robber — a base, dishonest robber? [*See Lesson 3d, page 27th.*]

334. Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever — but I scorn to boast.

335. And what if thou shalt fall unnoticed by the living — and no friend take note of thy departure?

336. Seest thou yon lonely cottage in the grove — with little garden neatly planned before — its roof deep-shaded by the elms above, moss-grown, and decked with velvet verdure o'er?

337. What shall we call them? — Piles of crystal light — a glorious company of golden streams — lamps of celestial ether burning bright — suns lighting systems with their joyous beams? [*See Lesson 5th, page 28th.*]

338. Can you renounce a fortune so sublime — such glorious hopes — your backward steps to steer, and roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime? No! no! your heaven-touched hearts disdain the sordid crime!

The dash is sometimes to be read like an exclamation.

339. Now for the fight — now for the cannon-peal — forward — through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire!

340. They shake — like broken waves their squares retire, — on them, 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!

341. What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime, like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast, and see the enormous waste of vapor, tossed in billows lengthening to the horizon round, now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed — and hear the voice of mirth and song rebound, flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

342. The chain of being is complete in me; in me is matter's last gradation lost, and the next step is spirit—Deity! I can command the lightning, and am dust!

343. Sadly to Blount did Eustace say, Unworthy office here to stay! no hope of gilded spurs to-day—but, see, look up—on Flodden bent, the Scottish foe has fired his tent.

344. 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!

345. Beneath the very shadow of the fort, where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew, ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew was near?—Yet there, with lust of murderous deeds, gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view, the ambushed foeman's eye—His volley speeds, and Albert—Albert—falls! the dear old father bleeds!

346. Above me are the Alps, the palaces of Nature, whose vast walls have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps, and throned Eternity in icy halls of cold sublimity, where forms and falls the avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!

347. Now, now, the secret I implore; out with it—speak—discover—utter!

348. Peace! I'd not go if staying here would strew his hoar hairs in the tomb—not stir, by Heaven! Must I toss counters? sum the odds of life, when honor points the way?—When was the blood of Douglas precious in a noble cause?

349. How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, and was never heard of more.

350. A measure of corn would hardly suffice me fine flour enough for a month's provision, and this arises to above six score bushels; and many hogsheads of wine and other liquors have passed through this body of mine—this wretched strainer of meat and drink! And what have I done all this time for God and man? What a vast profusion of good things upon a useless life and a worthless liver!

351. Ay, cluster there, cling to your masters; judges, Romans—slaves!

LESSON XVIII.

THE HYPHEN.

The Hyphen is a little mark like this - It resembles a dash, but is not so long.

The hyphen is used to separate the syllables of a word; or to make one word of two; as, semi-circle, sea-water.

When there is not room enough in the line for the whole of a word, some of its syllables are put into the line with a hyphen, and the remainder in the next line: as, extraordinary.*

When a hyphen is placed over the letters a, e, i, o, u, or y, it shows that they have their long sound.

[The pupil may tell for what purpose the hyphen is used in the following words.]

352. Extraneous, sea-water, semi-circle, demi-gods, Seething-hall, Moss-side, plane-trees, bed-side, Birk-knowe, over-canopied, toil-hardened, gray-haired, to-morrow, Sabbath-day, Sardanapalus, ill-requited, thunder-cloud, European, Epicurean, pine-covered, clay-cold, snow-clad, parish-clerk, night-steed, moon-eyed, azure, all-wise, edict, fellow-creatures, icy, well-founded, omega, fellow-feeling, uniform, prophesy, earth-born, far-wandering, storm-clouds, hymeneal, chamber, either, fairy, lever, apiary, culinary.

LESSON XIX.

ELLIPSIS.

Ellipsis means an omission of some word or words.† Sometimes a sentence is unfinished, or some parts of it are

* See Parker and Fox's Grammar, Part III., page 31, No. 66.

† The ellipsis sometimes refers to syllables or letters only. See No. 359.

purposely omitted; and the mark which indicates an ellipsis, is put in the place of that which is left out.

An ellipsis is sometimes indicated by a mark like this ———, which resembles a dash lengthened.

*Sometimes the ellipsis is denoted by asterisks, or stars, like these * * * * **

Sometimes the ellipsis is marked by small dots, or periods, like these

And sometimes the ellipsis is indicated by hyphens, like these - - - - -

The ellipsis sometimes so closely resembles a dash that it is scarcely distinguishable from it.

The voice is generally suspended at an ellipsis; but the falling inflection is frequently used when the ellipsis follows a question or exclamation. In some of the following sentences, the dash and ellipsis are both used.

EXAMPLES.

353. Hast thou ——— But how shall I ask a question which must bring tears into so many eyes!

354. The air breathes invitation; easy is the walk to the lake's margin, where a boat lies moored beneath her sheltering tree. —

* * * * *

Forth we went, and down the valley, on the streamlet's bank, pursued our way, a broken company, mute or conversing, single or in pairs.

355. 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.

356. It is in vain to explain: — the time it would take to reveal to you ———

Satisfy my curiosity in writing them.

357. Indeed he is very ill, sir, — Can't help it. — We are very distressed, — Can't help it. — Our poor children, too — Can't help that, neither.

358. Now, if he had married a woman with money, you know, why, then

The suppliant turned pale, and would have fainted.

359. I have been, my dear S on an excursion through the counties which lie along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge.

360. You have my answer: * * * —let my actions speak.

361. No, no, Dionysius; remember that it was I alone who displeased thee: Damon could not ———

362. If *he* were all — Remember haughty Henry, the nephew of his wife, whose word could speed a veteran army to his kinsman's aid.

363. I would not wound thee, Douglas, well thou knowest; but thus to hazard on a desperate cast thy golden fortunes ———

364. For thy father's sake ———

Peace! I'd not go if staying here would strew his hoar hairs in the tomb — not stir, by Heaven!

365. Nay, hear me, hear me, Douglas ———

—Talk to me of dangers? Death and shame! is not my race as high, as ancient, and as proud as thine?

366. Still must I wonder; for so dark a cloud ———

Oh, deeper than thou think'st I've read thy heart.

367. Your grace will pardon me for obeying ———

Say no more, my child; you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions.

368. Let them - - - or suppose I address myself to some particular sufferer—there is something more confidential in that manner of communicating one's ideas—as Moore says, Heart speaks to heart—I say, then, take especial care to write by candle-light.

369. To such unhappy persons, in whose miseries I deeply sympathize - - - - Have I not groaned under similar horrors?

370. *That* spares manual labor—*this* would relieve from mental drudgery, and thousands yet unborn - - - - But hold! I am not so sure that the female sex in general may quite enter into my views on the subject.

371. I am glad to see you well: Horatio ——— or I do forget myself.

372. Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven, or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My father ——— methinks I see my father.

LESSON XX.

APOSTROPHE, QUOTATION, AND DIÆRESIS.

An Apostrophe is a mark which differs from a comma only in being placed above the line; thus '.

The apostrophe shows that some letter or letters are left out; as, 'tis for it is, tho' for though, lov'd for loved.

The apostrophe is likewise used in grammar to designate the possessive case; as, John's book.

A Quotation consists of four commas or apostrophes; two placed at the beginning and two at the end of a word, sentence, or part of a sentence. The two which are placed at the beginning are inverted, or upside down.

A quotation shows that the word or sentence was spoken by some one, or was taken from some other author.

A Diæresis consists of two periods placed over a vowel; thus, ä.

The diæresis shows that the letter over which it is placed is to be pronounced separately; as, creätor, Zoönomia, aërial.

[In this lesson the pupil is to recognize each of the above-mentioned marks, and explain their use.]

EXAMPLES.

373. The fox-howl's heard on the fell (or hill) afar.*

374. The kindling fires o'er heaven so bright, look sweetly out from yon azure sea.

375. Banished from Rome! what's banished, but set free

* In this lesson, as well as in some of the preceding lessons, there are several sentences of poetry, which are not divided into poetical lines. The reason of this is, that, in the opinion of the author, poetical lines should not be read by the pupil, without special instruction to avoid that "sing song" utterance, into which he is too apt to fall in reading verse. This subject is reserved for the 36th lesson, where it is fully exemplified. It remains to be observed here, that abbreviations and contractions, such as occur in the poetical sentences in this lesson and others, which appear in the form of prose, are not allowable in prose itself. This explanation appears to be necessary, lest the authority of this book should be quoted by the pupil for the use of abbreviations in prose.

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.

376. 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. * * * * * This day is the birth of sorrows.

377. The eye could at once command a long-stretching vista, seemingly closed and shut up at both extremities by the coalescing cliffs.

378. It seemed like Laocoön struggling ineffectually in the hideous coils of the monster Python.

379. In those mournful months, when vegetables and animals are alike coerced by cold, man is tributary to the howling storm, and the sullen sky; and is, in the pathetic phrase of Johnson, a "slave to gloom."

380. I would call upon all the true sons of humanity to cooperate with the laws of man and the justice of Heaven in abolishing this "cursed traffic."

381. Come, faith, and people these deserts! Come and reanimate these regions of forgetfulness.

382. I am a professed lucibrator; and who so well qualified to delineate the sable hours, as

"A meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin!"

383. He forsook, therefore, the bustling tents of his father, the pleasant "south country" and "well of Lakhairi;" he went out and pensively meditated at the eventide.

384. The Grecian and Roman philosophers firmly believed that "the dead of midnight is the noon of thought."

385. Young observes, with energy, that "*an undevout astronomer is mad.*"

386. Young Blount his armor did unlace, and, gazing on his ghastly face, said — "By Saint George, he's gone! that spear-wound has our master sped; and see the deep cut on his head! Good night to Marmion!" — "Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease · he opes his eyes," said Eustace, "peace!" —

387. The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

388. A celebrated modern writer says, "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves." This is an admirable remark, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well doing," from the thought of having much to do.

389. I've seen the moon gild the mountain's* brow; I've watched the mist o'er the river stealing; but ne'er did I feel in my breast, till now, so deep, so calm, and so holy a feeling: 'tis soft as the thrill which memory throws athwart the soul in the hour of repose.

390. Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew from Pyrrho's* maze and Epicurus'* sty; and held high converse with the godlike few, who to th' enraptured heart, and ear, and eye, teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

391. But thou, who Heaven's* just vengeance dar'st defy, this deed, with fruitless tears, shalt soon deplore.

392. O Winter! ruler of the inverted year! thy scatter'd hair with sleet-like ashes fill'd, thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks fring'd with a beard made white with other snows than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds, a leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne a sliding car, indebted to no wheels, but urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way, I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st, and dreaded as thou art!

393. For, as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD." Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

* The apostrophe in these words is the sign of the possessive case.

LESSON XXI.

THE ASTERISK, OBELISK, DOUBLE OBELISK, SECTION, PARALLELS, PARAGRAPH, INDEX, CARET, BREVE, AND BRACE.*

The pupil will take particular notice of the following marks, so that he may call them by name, and explain their use in the following lesson.

This mark	.	*	is called an Asterisk, or Star.
This mark	†		is called an Obelisk.
This mark	‡		is called a Double Obelisk.
This mark	¶		is called a Paragraph.
This mark	§		is called a Section.
These marks			are called Parallels.

The Asterisk, Obelisk, Double Obelisk, Paragraph, Section, Parallel, and sometimes figures, or letters, are used to show that there is a note at the bottom of the page. When many notes occur on a page, these marks are sometimes doubled. [See next page.]

The Paragraph ¶ is used to show the beginning of a new subject.

The Section § is also used to divide chapters into less parts.

The Index or Hand ☞ points to something which requires particular attention.

The Breve ˘ is placed over a letter to show that it has a short sound; as, Hěľěna.

The Brace } is used to unite several lines of poetry, or to connect a number of words with one common term.

The Caret ^ is never used in printed books; but in writing it shows that something has accidentally been left out; as,

George has his lesson.

^

* The teacher will find, in Parker and Fox's Grammar, Part III., page 21st to 35th, a complete enumeration of all the marks used in written language, with rules, observations, and practical exercises for the pupil in the use of them, more extensive and particular than he will probably find in any other work.

☐ When several asterisks or stars are placed together, they represent an ellipsis. [See Lesson 19th.]

EXAMPLES.

394. Many persons pronounce the word Helëna,* incorrectly. They call it Helëna; and the words ac'ceptable, rec'ognize, Epicure'an, and Europe'an, are frequently incorrectly called accep'table, recog'nize, 'Epicu'rean, and Euro'pean.

395. The lëprosy, therefore, of Naäman shall cleave unto thee. * * * * And he went out from his presence a lëper as white as snow.

396. The Cougar † is the largest animal of the cat kind, found in North America; and has occasionally received the name of the American lion, from the similarity of its proportions and color to those of the lion of the old world.

397. The keeper of the elephant gave him a gallon of arrack, ‡ which rendered the animal very furious.

398. I fell upon my knees on the bank, with my two servants, and the drogoman § of the mōnăstëry.

399. The history of Joseph is exceedingly interesting and instructive.||

400. It was a cave, a huge recess, that keeps, till June, December's snow; a lofty precipice in front, a silent tarn ¶ below.

401. C-e-o-u-s, }
C-i-o-u-s, } are pronounced like shüs.
S-c-i-o-u-s, }
T-i-o-u-s, }

402. See where the rector's ** splendid mansion stands, embossed deep in new enclosed lands, — lands wrested from the indigent and poor, because, forsooth, he holds the village cure. ††

403. When the young blood danced jocund through his veins, 'tis said his sacred stole ‡‡ received some stains.

404. Their wants are promised Bridewell, §§ or the stocks.

* This is the name of a small island situated on the west of Africa, noted for the exile of Napoleon Bonaparte.

† Pronounced *Coo'-gar*. The name given to this animal, by the country people, generally, is *painter*, evidently a corruption of *pantier*.

‡ *Arrack* is a very strong spirituous liquor.

§ *Drogoman* means an interpreter.

|| The whole history of *Joseph* will be found in the Bible; from the 37th chapter to the end of the book of Genesis.

¶ *Ta n* is a small lake, high up in the mountains.

** A clergyman.

†† *Cure*, — The office of a clergyman.

‡‡ *Stole*, — A long robe worn by the clergy of England.

§§ *Bridewell*, — A house of correction.

LESSON XXII.

ACCENT.

Accent is the peculiar tone or force given to some letter syllable of a word.

There are three accents, the Acute, the Grave, and the Circumflex.

The acute accent is noted by a mark like this ' placed over a letter or syllable, as in the word Epicuréan.

The grave accent is represented by a mark like this ` placed over a letter or syllable, as in the word Clessàmmor.

The circumflex accent is distinguished by a mark like this ^ placed over a letter or syllable.

The letter or syllable over which either of the accents is placed, is to be pronounced more forcibly than the other parts of the same word; as, rec'ognize, Reuthàmir, Fingâl.

The word or syllable over which the acute accent is placed, must be pronounced with the rising inflection of the voice; as, rec'ognize, Epicure'an, ac'ceptable.

The word or syllable over which the grave accent is placed must be pronounced with the falling inflection of the voice; as, Reuthàmir, Clessàmmor.

The word or syllable over which the circumflex accent is placed, must be pronounced partly with the rising and partly with the falling inflection of the voice. If it begin with the rising and end with the falling, it is called the falling circumflex; but if it begin with the falling and end with the rising, it is called the rising circumflex.

The circumflex accent is sometimes used to express the broad sound of a letter, as in Fingâl, in which the a is pronounced as in the word fall.

In every word of more than one syllable, there is one (and sometimes more than one) which must be pronounced more forcibly than the others; and the acute accent is often used to show which this syllable is. The syllable thus pronounced is called the accented syllable; as, cap'illary, red'olent, ax'iom.

The acute, grave, and circumflex accents are sometimes used to direct the management of the voice in reading sentences; the acute accent indicating the rising, the grave the

falling inflection of the voice, and the circumflex both the rising and falling united. When the circumflex is used to indicate a sound commencing with the rising and ending with the falling inflection, it is printed thus, \wedge ; but when the sound commences with the falling and ends with the rising inflection, it is printed thus, \vee , which the pupil will perceive is the same mark inverted.

[The pupil may now read the following sentences, recollecting to manage his voice, when he meets the respective marks of accent, as directed above.]

405. Did they recite corr \acute{e} ctly, or ìncorr \acute{e} ctly?
 406. They recited corr \acute{e} ctly, not ìncorr \acute{e} ctly.
 407. Did they speak pr \acute{o} perly, or ìmpr \acute{o} perly?
 408. They spoke pr \acute{o} perly, not ìmpr \acute{o} perly.
 409. Did Charles go wìllingly, or ùnwìllingly?
 410. Charles went wìllingly, not ùnwìllingly.
 411. Did you say Epic \acute{u} rean, or Epicur \grave{e} an?
 412. I said Epicur \grave{e} an, not Epic \acute{u} rean. I know better than to say s \acute{o} .
 413. You must not say accep'table, but ac'ceptable.
 414. You must not pronounce that word r \acute{e} cognize, but r \acute{e} cognize.
 415. We must act acc \acute{o} rding to the law, not c \acute{o} ntrary to it.
 416. Did he say wìsdom, or wìsdom?
 417. He said wìsdom, not wìsdom.
 418. What must the King do n \acute{o} w? Must he submìt?
 The King shall d \acute{o} it: must he be dep \acute{o} sed?
 The King shall be cont \acute{e} nted: must he lose
 The name of Kìng? — let it g \acute{o} !
 419. I'll give my j \acute{e} wels, for a set of b \acute{e} ads;
 My gorgeous p \acute{a} lace, for a h \acute{e} rmitage;
 My gay app \acute{a} rel, for an almsman's g \acute{o} wn;
 My fig \acute{u} red g \acute{o} blets, for a dish of w \acute{o} od;
 My sc \acute{e} ptre, for a painter's w \acute{a} lking staff;
 My s \acute{u} bjects, for a pair of carved s \acute{a} ints:
 And my large kìngdom, for a little gr \acute{a} ve;
 A little, little gr \acute{a} ve — an obs \acute{c} ure gr \acute{a} ve.
 420. Art thou p \acute{o} or? Show thyself \acute{a} ctive and ind \acute{u} s-
 trious, p \acute{e} aceable and cont \acute{e} nted: Art thou wealthy? Show
 thyself ben \acute{e} ficent and ch \acute{a} ritable, cond \acute{e} sc \acute{e} nding and hu-
 m \acute{a} ne.

421. This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

422. Religion raises men above themselves; irreligion sinks them beneath the brutes.

423. And if you do, you will but make it blush, and glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.

424. Hamlet, you have your father much offended.

425. Madam, you have my father much offended.

426. If you said so, then I said so.

427. No, say you; did he say No? He did; he said No.

428. Is the goodness, or the wisdom of the divine Being more manifest in this his proceeding?

429. Shall we in your person crown the author of the public calamities, or shall we destroy him?

430. From whence can he produce such cogent exhortations to the practice of every virtue, such ardent excitement to piety and devotion, and such assistance to attain them, as those which are to be met with throughout every page of these inimitable writings?

431. Where, amidst the dark clouds of Pagan philosophy, can he show us such a clear prospect of a future state, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the dead, and the general judgment, as in St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians?

432. Would it not employ a beau prettily enough, if, instead of eternally playing with his snuff-box, he spent some time in making one?

433. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious beings for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted, capacities that are not to be gratified?

434. Whither shall I turn? Wretch that I am! to what place shall I betake myself? Shall I go to the capitol? Alas! it is overflowed with my brother's blood! Or shall I retire to my house? Yet there I behold my mother plunged in misery, weeping and despairing!

435. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest.

436. Art thou he that should come, or shall we look for another?

437. The baptism of John, was it from heaven, — or of men?

438. Will you *gó*, — or *stày*? Will you *ride*, — or *wàlk*? Will you go *to-dáy*, — or *to-mòrròw*?

439. Did you see him, — or his *bròther*? Did he travel for *héalth*, — or *pléasure*?

440. Did he resemble his *father*, — or his *mòther*? Is this book *yours*, — or *mìne*?

441. Was it *ar'med*, say you? 'Armed, my lord. From top to *tóe*? My lord, from head to *foòt*.

442. Then saw you not his *face*? Oh *yés*, my lord, he wore his *beaver úp*.

443. I did not say a *bétter* soldier, but an *élder*.

444. Aim not to *shòw* knowledge, but to *acquire* it.

445. Did I say *gó*, — or *gò*?

446. *Hènce!* — *hòme*, you idle creatures, get you *hòme*. You *blòcks*, you *stònes!* you *wòrse* than senseless things!

447. Get thee behind me, *Sàtan*. *Nò*. You did not read that *right*. You should say, Get thee behind me, *Sàtan*.

448. 'Angels and ministers of *gràce*, defend us.

449. *Jèsus*, *Màster!* have mercy on us.*

450. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity *ènvie*th not; charity *vaunt*eth not itself; is not puffed *ùp*; doth not behave itself *unseèmly*; seeketh not her own; is not easily *provòked*; thinketh no *èvil*.

451. And though I have the gift of *pròphècy*, and understand all mysteries, and all *knòwledge*; and though I have all *faith*, so that I could remove *mòuntains*, and have not *chàrity*, I am *nòthing*.

452. I tell you, though *yóu*, though all the *wòrld*, though an angel from *heàven*, should declare the truth of it, I could not believe it.

453. I tell you, though *yòu*, though all the *wòrld*, though an angel from *heàven*, should declare the truth of it, I could not believe it.

454. You *wróng* me every way, you *wróng* me, Brutus.

455. You *wróng* me every way, you *wróng* me, Brutus.

[*The pupil may say which is the correct way of reading these two sentences.*]

* This impassioned expression of the ten lepers to our Savior is most frequently read from the sacred desk with the acute accent. The author thinks that due reflection will convince every one that it thereby loses a great portion of its force and feeling. The grave accent is on many, perhaps on all occasions, expressive of a tone of much deeper emotion than that indicated by the acute accent; a remark which this sentence will clearly prove. See also Numbers 452 and 453, and especially Number 657, page 108.

456. Are you going to Bóston? What did you ask me?
Are you going to Bòston?*

457. They tell ús to be moderate; but thêy, thêy are to revel in profusion.

458. I see thou hast learned to râil.

459. I know that thou art a scoûndrel.

460. Such trifling would not be admitted in the intercourse of mèn, and do you think it will avail more with Almighty Góð?

461. Is thy servant a dóg, that he should do this great thing?

462. Talk to me of dǎngers? Death and shame! Is not my race as high, as ancient, and as proud as thine?

[Let the pupil tell in which of the four ways the following sentence should be read.]

463. Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kíss?

464. Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kíss?

465. Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kíss?

466. Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kíss?

467. Lo! — have I wandered o'er the hills for thís?

468. That lulled them, as the north wind does the sea.

469. For we *trust* we have a good conscience.

470. Trúst! Trúst we have a good conscience!

471. Certainly, Trim, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that sentence a very improper accent; for you curl up your nose, man, and read it with such a sneering tone, as if the parson was going to abuse the apostle.

472. For we *trúst* we have a good conscience.

473. Trúst! Trúst we have a good conscience!

474. Surely, if there is anything in this life which a man may depend upon, and to the knowledge of which he is capable of arriving upon the most indisputable evidence, it must be this very thing, — whether he has a good conscience or no.

* In all questions which can be answered by yes or no, (as has been already stated, under Lesson 6th,) rising inflection of the voice is used. But it may here be remarked, that when the question is repeated, the repetition is generally accompanied by the falling inflection. But the reason of this is, that on the repetition of the question it becomes rather a declaration than a question. Thus, in the question in No. 456, if the person addressed, by reason of distance or deafness, does not hear distinctly, and says, What did you ask me? the reply would naturally be, *I asked you, Are you going to Boston.*

475. I am positive I am right, quoth Dr. Slop.

476. If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a stranger to the true state of this account; — he must be privy to his own thoughts and desires — he must remember his past pursuits, and know certainly the true springs and motives which in general have governed the actions of his life. I defy him, without an assistant, quoth Dr. Slop.

477. In other matters we may be deceived by false appearances; but here the mind has all the evidence and facts within herself.

LESSON XXIII.

EMPHASIS.

By Emphasis is meant the force or loudness of voice by which we distinguish the principal word or words in a sentence.

To emphasize a word, means to pronounce it in a loud or forcible manner.

The meaning of a sentence, especially if it be a question, often depends upon the proper placing of the emphasis. Thus: in the sentence, Shall you ride to town to-day? if the emphasis be placed upon *ride*, the question will be, Shall you **RIDE** to town to-day? — and it may be answered, No, I shall not ride, I shall walk. If the emphasis be placed upon *you*, the question then becomes, Shall **YOU** ride to town to-day? and the answer may be, No, I shall not go myself, I shall send my son. If the emphasis be placed on *town*, the question then becomes, Shall you ride to **TOWN** to-day? and the answer may be, No, I shall not ride to town, but I shall ride into the country. If the emphasis be placed upon *day*, the question then becomes, Shall you ride to town **TO-DAY**? and the answer may be, No, I shall not go to-day, but I shall to-morrow.

In reading the following sentences, the pupil will emphasize the words in capital letters.

478. You were paid to **FIGHT** against Alexander, not to **RAIL** at him.

479. And Saul said unto Michal, Why hast thou **DECEIVED** me so?

480. Then said the High Priest, Are these things **SO**?

481. Exercise and temperance strengthen even an **INDIFFERENT** constitution.

482. **AGAIN** to the battle, Achaians.

483. I that denied thee **GOLD**, will give my **HEART**.

484. You wronged **YOURSELF** to write in such a case.

485. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our **STARS**; but in **OURSELVES**, that we are underlings.

486. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the **BEAM** that is in thine **OWN** eye?

487. And Nathan said unto David, **THOU** art the man.

488. A day, an **HOUR** of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

489. I'm tortured even to madness when I **THINK** of the proud victor.

490. 'Tis all a libel, **PAXTON**, sir, will say:—

Not yet, my friend! **TO-MORROW**, faith, it may;

And for that very cause I print **TO-DAY**.

491. The men whom nature's works can charm, with **GOD HIMSELF** hold converse; grow familiar day by day with his conceptions, **ACT** upon his plan, and form to **HIS** the relish of their souls.

492. It is equally unjust in thee to put **DAMON** or **ME** to death: but **PYTHIAS** were unjust, did he let Damon suffer a death that the tyrant prepared only for **PYTHIAS**.

493. What! does life **DISPLEASE** thee?

Yes; it displeases me when I see a **TYRANT**.

494. **BETRAYEST** thou the Son of man with a kiss?

495. Betrayest **THOU** the Son of man with a kiss?

496. Betrayest thou the **SON** of man with a kiss?

497. Betrayest thou the Son of **MAN** with a kiss?

498. Betrayest thou the Son of man with a **KISS**?

499. The firmest works of **MAN**, too, are gradually giving way.

500. And **THOU** must sail upon this sea, a long eventful voyage. The wise **MAY** suffer wreck — the foolish **MUST**.

501. 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.

502. Slaves cannot BREATHE in England; if their lungs receive our air, that moment they are FREE.

LESSON XXIV.

PRIMARY AND SECONDARY EMPHASIS.*

In sentences where several words are to be emphasized, some words receive a stronger emphasis than others. This leads to a distinction, called primary and secondary emphasis. The primary emphasis is the stronger emphasis. The secondary emphasis is the weaker emphasis; of which, there are several degrees.

In the following sentences, the words in LARGE CAPITALS are to receive the primary emphasis. Those in SMALL CAPITALS are to receive the secondary emphasis, and those in Italic an emphasis of less force than those in small capitals.

503. What STRONGER breastplate than a heart *untainted!* THRICE is he armed that hath his quarrel JUST: and he but *naked*, though locked up in STEEL, whose *conscience* with INJUSTICE is corrupted.

504. But winter has yet BRIGHTER scenes; — he boasts splendors BEYOND what gorgeous SUMMER knows, — or AUTUMN with her many fruits and woods, all flushed with many hues.

505. *Boisterous* in speech, in action *prompt* and *bold*.

He buys, he *sells*, — he STEALS, he KILLS for gold.

506. The combat *depens*. ON, *ye brave*, who rush to *glory* or the GRAVE! WAVE, Munich, all thy *banners* WAVE, and CHARGE with all thy *chivalry*.

507. Oh, fear not thou to DIE! But rather fear to LIVE;

* Although emphasis generally requires a degree of loudness in the voice, yet it is frequently the case that strongly emphatic words should be uttered with a *deeper* rather than a louder tone of voice. This remark can be exemplified better by the living teacher than by examples addressed to the eye.

for life has thousand **SNARES** thy feet to try, by peril, pain, and strife.

508. Yea, long as Nature's humblest child hath kept her temple undefiled by sinful sacrifice, Earth's fairest scenes are all **HIS OWN**: he is a **MONARCH**, and his *throne* is built amid the *skies*.

509. Misses! the **TALE** that I relate this **LESSON** seems to carry—Choose not alone a proper **MATE**, but proper **TIME** to marry.

510. Son of night, **RETIRE**; call thy winds and fly: **WHY** dost thou come to my presence with thy shadowy arms? Do I **FEAR** thy **GLOOMY FORM**, dismal spirit of Loda! **WEAK** is thy shield of clouds; **FEEBLE** is that meteor, thy *sword*.

511. My dwelling is *calm*, above the clouds; the fields of my rest are *pleasant*.

DWELL then in thy *calm field*, and let *Comhal's* son be *forgot*. Do *my* steps ascend, from my hills into **THY** peaceful plains? Do *I* meet *thee*, with a *spear*, in thy *cloud*, spirit of dismal Loda? **Why**, then, dost thou *frown* on Fingal?—or shake thine airy *spear*? But thou frownest in **VAIN**; I never fled from mighty **MEN**. And shall the sons of the **WIND** frighten the **KING OF MORVEN**? **NO**; he knows the *weakness* of their arms.

512. Yonder schoolboy, who plays the truant, says, the proclamation of peace was **NOTHING** to the show; and even the chairing of the members at **ELECTION**, would not have been a *finer* sight than **THIS**; only that red and green are prettier *colors* than all this mourning.

513. The text is gospel wisdom. I would **RIDE** the camel,—yea, **LEAP** him **FLYING**, through the needle's eye, as *easily* as such a *pampered* soul could *pass* the narrow gate.

514. **Why** judge you then so **HARDLY** of the dead? For what he left **UNDONE**:—for sins, not **ONE** of which is *mentioned* in the ten commandments.

515. Though you may **THINK** of a *million* strokes in a minute, you are required to **EXECUTE** but *one*.

516. Not thirty **TYRANTS** now enforce the chain, but every **CARLE** can lord it o'er thy land.

517. **HEREDITARY BONDMEN**! Know ye *not*,—who would be free, **THEMSELVES** must *strike the blow*? By **THEIR right arm** the conquest must be wrought:—Will **GAUL** or **MUSCOVITE** redress ye?—**NO**! True, they may

lay your proud *despoilers* low : but not for YOU will freedom's altars flame.

518. A THOUSAND YEARS scarce serve to FORM a state ; an HOUR may lay it in the dust.

519. He prayed but for LIFE — for LIFE he would give all he had in the world ; — it was but LIFE he asked — LIFE, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations ; — he asked only BREATH, though it should be drawn in the damp of the *lowest caverns* of their hills.

520. I could have BID you LIVE, had life been to YOU the same *wearry* and *wasting* burden that it is to ME.

521. Be the *combat* our OWN ! and we'll perish or conquer MORE PROUDLY ALONE ; for we have sworn by our country's assaulters, that living we WILL be VICTORIOUS, or that dying our deaths shall be GLORIOUS.

522. *Earth* may hide — WAVES engulf — FIRE consume us, but they SHALL not to SLAVERY doom us.

523. If they *rule*, it shall be o'er OUR ASHES and GRAVES : but we have smitten 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.

524. FALSE WIZARD, AVAUNT ! I have marshalled my clan : their SWORDS are a THOUSAND, their BOSOMS are ONE.

525. What means this SHOUTING ? I do fear the people choose Cæsar for their KING.

Ay, do you FEAR it ? Then must I think you would not HAVE it so.

526. I speak not to DISPROVE what Brutus spoke ; but here I am to speak what I do KNOW.

527. But YESTERDAY, the word of Cæsar might have stood against the WORLD. Now *lies* he *there*, and none so poor to do him reverence.

528. 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

* As this reading is new and original, it may, perhaps, require some defence. In the first assertion, the emphasis is thrown on the word *ambitious* because that is the objection made by Brutus against Cæsar. The cunning Antony then brings forward circumstances to prove that Cæsar was *not* ambitious ; and then asserts that Brutus says he *was* ambitious, notwithstanding these arguments in Cæsar's defence. Antony then proceeds to produce further proof to the contrary ; and having brought what he supposes an incontrovertible argument in proof of the injustice of the charge, he then states the charge as resting merely on the bare assertion of Brutus. Brutus says so still.

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.

529. 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.

530. 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.

531. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this *mantle* : I remember the first time ever Cæsar put it on : ('t was on a summer's evening in his tent : that day he overcame the Nervii :) — LOOK ! In *this* place ran CASSIUS' dagger through : see what a rent the envious CASCA made. Through THIS, the well-beloved BRUTUS stabbed ; and, as he plucked his cursed *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.

532. 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's VESTURE wounded ? Look ye here ! Here is HIMSELF — MARRED, as you see, by TRAITORS.

LESSON XXV.

DISTINCTNESS OF ARTICULATION.

In order to exercise the voice, and acquire distinctness of articulation, the pupil is required, in this lesson, to pronounce (as well as he can) certain letters, which do not constitute a word, and then the words in which the same letters occur. It is not designed that he should call the letters by name, but endeavor to pronounce the sound which they represent when united.*

Sound the following letters, and then the words which follow, in which the same letters occur. Be particularly careful to give a clear and distinct sound to every letter.

- Aw.** Law, saw, draw.
Or. For, nor.
Bd. Orbed, probed.
Bdst. Robb'dst, prob'dst.
Bl. Able, table, cable, abominable.
Bld. Troubl'd, humbl'd, tumbl'd.
Bldst. Troubl'dst, crumbl'dst, tumbl'dst.
Blz. Troubles, crumbles, tumbles.
Blst. Troubl'st, crumbl'st, tumbl'st.
Br. Brand, strand, grand.
Bs. Ribs, cribs, fibs, nibs.

* This lesson is deemed by the author one of the most important in the book, and *indispensably necessary* to be carefully practised and often repeated, in order to acquire distinctness of articulation. There are some letters and syllables, which are very frequently lost by a vicious pronunciation. A native Bostonian seldom pronounces the final *g* in the syllable *ing*. The letters *d*, *l*, *r*, *t*, and the syllable *ed*, frequently share the fate of the *ing*, not only among Bostonians, but also among the generality of readers and speakers. The syllable *er* is almost universally mispronounced, as if it were *ur*. In the words *merry*, and *perish*, few, if any, mistake the proper sound of the letters *er*; but in the words *mercy* and *mermaid*, there are few who give the proper sound of these letters. The letters *aw* also are frequently mispronounced like *or*. In order that this lesson may be understood by those teachers, who are not familiar with the mode in which the sounds of the letters are taught in the Boston schools, the author deems it necessary to give the following explanation. Where two vowels, or a vowel and a consonant, occur together, no difficulty will occur in pronouncing the sounds of the letters; but when several consonants occur together without a vowel, as in the fourth line of this lesson, where *Bldst* occur together, it must be understood that each of these letters stands for a certain sound, although that sound be not a clear, articulate one; and the sounds of each of these letters must be given together, as one syllable, before the words *robb'st* and *prob'st*, in which they occur, are read. By such an exercise the voice will be improved, and ease acquired in the pronunciation of words in which letters of difficult combination occur.

- Cht.* Fetch'd.
Dl. Candle, handle, bridle, saddle.
Dld. Handl'd, bridl'd, saddl'd.
Dlz. Candles, handles, bridles, saddles.
Dlst. Fondl'st, handl'st, bridl'st.
Dr. Drove, draw, drink, drive.
Dz. Deeds, reeds, feeds, seeds.
Dth. Breadth, width.
Dths. Breadths, widths.
Fl. Flame, fling, flounce, fly, flew.
Fld. Triff'd, stiff'd, rifl'd.
Flst. Triff'st, stiff'st, rifl'st.
Ftz. Trifles, rifles, stifles, ruffles.
Fr. Frame, France, frown, front.
Fs. Laughs, quaffs, staffs, ruffs, muffs.
Fst. Laugh'st, quaff'st.
Ft. Waft, raft, graft.
Fts. Wafts, grafts, rafts.
Ftst. Waft'st, graft'st.
Gd. Bragg'd, begg'd, pegg'd.
Gdst. Bragg'dst, begg'dst, pegg'dst.
Gl. Glow, glance, glide, gluck, glad.
Gld. Hagg'l'd, struggl'd, mangl'd, strangl'd.
Gldst. Hagg'l'dst, struggl'dst, mangl'dst, strangl'dst.
Glz. Mangles, strangles, struggles.
Glst. Mangl'st, strangl'st, struggl'st.
Gr. Grave, grand, grow, grind, ground.
Gz. Pigs, figs, begs, pegs, cags, nags.
Gst. Bragg'st, begg'st.
Jd. Hedged, fledged, wedged, caged.
Kl. Uncle, carbuncle, ankle, crinkle, rinkle.
Kld. Rankl'd, tinkl'd, knuckl'd, truckl'd.
Klz. Truckles, ankles, rinkles, uncles.
Klst. Truckl'st, rinkl'st, buckl'st.
Kldst. Truckl'dst, rinkl'dst, buckl'dst.
Kn. Blacken, broken, spoken.
Knd. Blacken'd, reckon'd, beckon'd.
Knz. Blackens, reckons, beckons.
Knst. Black'nst, reck'nst, beck'nst.
Kndst. Black'ndst, reck'ndst, beck'ndst.
Kr. Crony, crumble, crank, crinkle.
Ks. Thinks, brinks, sinks, thanks.
Kst. Think'st, sink'st, thank'st.
Ct. Sack'd, thwack'd, crack'd, smack'd.

<i>Lb.</i>	Elb, bulb.
<i>Lbd.</i>	Bulb'd.
<i>Lbz.</i>	Elbs, bulbs.
<i>Ld.</i>	Hold, told, fold, scold, roll'd.
<i>Ldz.</i>	Holds, folds, scolds
<i>Ldst.</i>	Hold'st, fold'st, roll'd'st, scold'st
<i>Lf.</i>	Elf, self, shelf.
<i>Lfs.</i>	Elfs.
<i>Lft.</i>	Delft.
<i>Lj.</i>	Bulge, bilge.
<i>Lk.</i>	Milk, silk, elk.
<i>Lkt.</i>	Milk'd.
<i>Lks.</i>	Milks, silks, elks.
<i>Lkts.</i>	Mulcts.
<i>Lm.</i>	Elm, whelm, film.
<i>Lmd.</i>	Whelm'd, film'd.
<i>Lmz.</i>	Whelms, films.
<i>Ln.</i>	Fall'n, stol'u, swell'n.
<i>Lp.</i>	Help, scalp, whelp.
<i>Lps.</i>	Helps, scalps, whelps.
<i>Lpst.</i>	Help'st, scalp'st.
<i>Ls.</i>	False, pulse.
<i>Lst.</i>	Fall'st, call'st, dwell'st.
<i>Lt.</i>	Felt, halt, salt, malt, colt, dolt.
<i>Lts.</i>	Halts, colts, dolts, faults.
<i>Lv.</i>	Shelve, delve, helve.
<i>Lvd.</i>	Shelv'd, delv'd.
<i>Lvz.</i>	Elves, shelves, delves.
<i>Lz.</i>	Balls, stalls, halls, falls, shells.
<i>Lsh.</i>	Filch, milch.
<i>Lsht.</i>	Filched.
<i>Lth.</i>	Health, wealth, stealth.
<i>Lths.</i>	Healths, wealths, stealths.
<i>Md.</i>	Entomb'd, doom'd, room'd.
<i>Mf.</i>	Humphrey.
<i>Mt.</i>	Attempt.
<i>Mts.</i>	Attempts.
<i>Mz.</i>	Tombs, catacombs, combs.
<i>Mst.</i>	Entomb'st, comb'st.
<i>Nd.</i>	And, brand, sand, hand, land.
<i>Ndz.</i>	Bands, sands, hands, lands.
<i>Ndst.</i>	Send'st, defend'st, lend'st, brand'st.
<i>Nj.</i>	Range, strange, mange, grange.
<i>Njd.</i>	Ranged, flanged.

- Nk.* Rank, think, crank, prank, sank.
Nks. Ranks, thiunks, cranks, pranks.
Nkst. Rank'st, thank'st, think'st, sank'st.
Nt. Sent, rent, went, bent, lent, trent.
Ntst. Want'st, went'st, sent'st, lent'st.
Nts. Wants, rents, scents.
Nz. Fins, bans, scans, mans, fans.
Nsh. Flinch, lynch, pinch, bench.
Nsht. Flinch'd, pinch'd, bench'd, drench'd.
Nst. Winc'd.
Ngd. Hanged, banged, prolonged.
Ngz. Songs, tongs, prolongs.
Ngth. Length, strength.
Pl. Pluck, ply, plain, plume.
Pld. Rippled, tipp'd.
Plz. Ripples, tipples, apples.
Plst. Ripplest, tipp'lest.
Pr. Pray, prance, prince, prime, prayer
Ps. Claps, raps, sips, nips, dips.
Pst. Rapp'st, sipp'st, nipp'st, dipp'st.
Rb. Herb, barb, disturb.
Rbd. Barb'd.
Rbs. Herbs, barbs.
Rbst. Barb'st, disturb'st.
Rbdst. Barb'd'st.
Rd. Bard, word, hard, lard, heard.
Rds. Bards, words, interlards.
Rdst. Heard'st, fear'd'st, appear'd'st.
Rf. Surf, scurf, scarf, wharf.
Rft. Wharf'd, scarf'd, scurf'd.
Rg. Burgh.
Rgz. Burghs.
Rj. Barge, large, dirge, charge.
Rjd. Urged, enlarged, charged.
Rk. Hark, lark, ark, dark, stark.
Rkt. Hark'd, work'd, dirk'd.
Rks. Harks, works, dirks, arks.
Rkst. Work'st, embark'st, dirk'st.
Rktst. Bark'd'st, embark'd'st, dirk'd'st.
Rl. Snarl, marl, whirl, dirl, girl, hurl.
Rld. Snarl'd, hurl'd, world.
Rlz. Snarls, hurls, whirls.
Rlst. Snarl'st, hurl'st, whirl'st.
Rldst. Snarl'd'st, hurl'd'st, whirl'd'st.

- Rm.* Arm, harm, farm, alarm.
Rmd. Arm'd, harm'd, alarm'd, warm'd.
Rmz. Arms, harms, alarms, warms.
Rmst. Arm'st, harm'st, alarm'st, warm'st.
Rmdst. Arm'dst, harm'dst, alarm'dst.
Rn. Burn, spurn, turn, fern.
Rnd. Burn'd, spurn'd, turn'd.
Rnt. Burnt, learnt.
Rnz. Urns, burnns, turns, spurns.
Rnst. Earn'st, learn'st.
Rndst. Earn'dst, learn'dst.
Rp. Harp, carp, warp.
Rpt. Harp'd, carp'd, warp'd.
Rps. Harps, carps, warps.
Rs. Hearse, verse, terse.
Rst. First, erst, worst, burst.
Rsts. Bursts.
Rt. Heart, dart, mart, hart, part, art.
Rts. Harts, darts, marts, parts, arts.
Rtst. Hurt'st, dart'st, part'st.
Rv. Curve, swerve, carve.
Rvd. Curv'd, swerv'd, nerv'd.
Rvz. Curves, swerves, nerves.
Rvst. Curv'st, swerv'st, nerv'st.
Rvst. Curv'dst, swerv'dst, nerv'dst.
Rz. Errs, avers, prefers, offers, scoffers.
Rch. Search, lurch, birch, church.
Rcht. Search'd, church'd.
Rsh. Harsh, marsh.
Rth. Hearth, earth, birth, dearth, mirth.
Rths. Hearths, earths, births.
Sh. Ship, shut, shun, shine, share.
Sht. Push'd, hush'd, brush'd, crush'd.
Sk. Mask, risk, brisk, frisk.
Skt. Mask'd, risk'd, frisk'd.
Sks. Masks, risks, frisks.
Skst. Mask'st, risk'st, frisk'st.
Sl. Slay, slew, slain, slim, slink.
Sld. Nestled, bristled, wrestled.
Sm. Smoke, smite, smart, small, **smack**.
Sn. Snail, snarl, snort, snag.
Sp. Spurn, spank, spirt, spa.
Sps. Whisps, lisps.

<i>St.</i>	Starve, stay, stock, strike.
<i>Str.</i>	Strain, strong, strive, strung.
<i>Sts.</i>	Busts, lusts, masts, fasts, blasts.
<i>Th.</i>	Thine, thee, that, those, there.
<i>Th.</i>	Thin, thistle, thief.
<i>Thd.</i>	Wreathed, breathed, sheathed.
<i>Thz.</i>	Wreathes, breathes, sheathes.
<i>Thst.</i>	Wreath'st, breath'st, sheath'st.
<i>Tl.</i>	Little, title, whittle, bottle, settle, nettle
<i>Tld.</i>	Settled, whittled, bottled, nettled.
<i>Tlz.</i>	Battles, whittles, bottles, nettles, settles
<i>Tlst.</i>	Settl'st, whittl'st, bottl'st, nettl'st.
<i>Tldst.</i>	Settl'dst, whittl'dst, bottl'dst.
<i>Tr.</i>	Travels, trinket, trunk, contrive.
<i>Tz.</i>	Hats, flits, cats, bats, mats, brats.
<i>Tst.</i>	Combat'st.
<i>Vd.</i>	Swerved, nerved, curved, loved.
<i>Vdst.</i>	Liv'dst, nerv'dst, curv'dst, swerv'dst
<i>Vl.</i>	Swivel, drivel, grovel, novel.
<i>Vld.</i>	Drivel'd, grovel'd.
<i>Vlz.</i>	Drivels, swivels, grovels, nove s.
<i>Vlst.</i>	Drivel'st, grovel'st.
<i>Vldst.</i>	Drivel'dst, grovel'dst.
<i>Vn.</i>	Driven, riven, heaven.
<i>Vz.</i>	Lives, drives, swerves, nerves.
<i>Vst.</i>	Liv'st.
<i>Zl.</i>	Muzzle, dazzle.
<i>Zld.</i>	Muzzl'd, dazzl'd.
<i>Zlz.</i>	Muzzles, dazzles.
<i>Zlst.</i>	Muzzl'st, dazzl'st.
<i>Zldst.</i>	Muzzl'dst, dazzl'dst.
<i>Zm.</i>	Spasm, chasm.
<i>Zmz.</i>	Spasms, chasms.
<i>Zn.</i>	Prison, risen, mizzen.
<i>Znd.</i>	Imprisoned, reasoned.
<i>Znz.</i>	Prisons.
<i>Znst.</i>	Imprison'dst.

The pupil, having been required to pronounce the letters and words in the preceding exercise, may now read the following sentences, in which he must be particularly careful to pronounce clearly and distinctly every letter which is not silent. The sentences must be read very slowly.

533. Deeply possess your mind with the vast importance of a good judgment, and the inestimable advantage of right reasoning.

534. Review the instances of your own misconduct in life.

535. Think seriously how many follies and sorrows you might have escaped, and how much guilt and misery you might have prevented, if from your early years you had taken pains to judge correctly, concerning persons, times, and things.

536. This will awaken you with lively vigor to the work of improving your reasoning powers, and seizing every opportunity and advantage for that end.

537. Consider the weakness, frailties, and mistakes of human nature in general; the depth and the difficulty of many truths, and the flattering appearances of falsehood.

538. Whence arise the infinite varieties of dangers to which we are exposed in our judgment of things?

539. Contrive and practise some suitable methods to acquaint yourself with your own ignorance, and to impress your mind with a deep and painful sense of the low and imperfect degrees of your present knowledge.

540. Presume not too much upon a bright genius, a ready wit, and good parts; for these, without labor and study, will never make a man of knowledge and wisdom.

In order to show the pupil the difference between distinct and indistinct articulation, the following extract is presented; the left-hand column being printed as the piece is frequently read by pupils at school, and the right-hand column exhibiting the same as it should be articulated.

541. The young of all animals pear treceive playzhu from the excise of thlimbs an bodily facties, without refrence tenny end ter be tained, ur enny use tbe ansd by theexshun.

542. Ur chile without knowin enny thing er the use er language zin er high dgree dlighted with bin abe ter speak.

541. The young of all animals appear to receive pleasure from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, and any use to be answered, by the exertion.

542. A child, without knowing any thing of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak.

543. Its cessant reption
uv er few ticlate sounds or
praps of a single word, which
it has lunned ter prunounce,
proves this point clilly.

544. Nor ist less pleased
with its fust successful deav-
urs ter walk, or rath ter run,
which purcedes walkin, al-
though tirely ignurunt er
th importance er th attain-
munt tits futur life, an even
without plyin it ter enny
present purps.

545. Childs dlighted with
speak without hav enny
thing tur say, an with walk
without known wither ter
go.

546. An prevesly ter both
these sreasonable ter blieve
that the wake hours funcy
ragreebly take up with the-
cise vish, or praps more
prop speak, with learn ter
see.

543. Its incessant repeti-
tion of a few articulate
sounds, or perhaps of a sin-
gle word, which it has learn-
ed to pronounce, proves this
point clearly.

544. Nor is it less pleased
with its first successful en-
deavors to walk, or rather to
run, which precedes walking;
although entirely ignorant of
the importance of the attain-
ment to its future life, and
even without applying it to
any present purpose.

545. A child is delighted
with speaking, without hav-
ing any thing to say; and
with walking, without know-
ing whither to go.

546. And previously to
both these, it is reasonable
to believe that the waking
hours of infancy are agreea-
bly taken up with the exer-
cise of vision, or perhaps,
more properly speaking, with
learning to see.

In reading the above sentences in the right-hand column, the pupil must be particularly careful to pronounce clearly and distinctly all the sounds which he finds omitted in the left-hand column, particularly the syllableing, the letters d, n, t, and all the proper vowel sounds.

LESSON XXVI.

MANNER, OR EXPRESSION.

In this lesson, the pupil is required to adapt the manner of his reading to the meaning of the sentences which he is to read; and endeavor to imitate, as closely as possible, the

tones which nature teaches him to use in common conversation, or when he is affected by strong feelings. Thus, if he have such a sentence as the following to read, —

“Sirrah, savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? Dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?” —

He will of course read it in quite a different manner from that which he would use in this which follows :

“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.”

[The following sentence should be read in an angry manner.]

547. Father, what sort of a tree is that which you have given me? It is as dry as a broomstick; and I shall not have ten apples on it. You have treated my brother Edmund better than you have me. You have given him a tree which is full of apples. You ought to make him give me half of them.

[The following should be read in a milder manner.]

548. Give you half of them? Your tree was as fruitful and in as good order as his; but you have not taken good care of it. Edmund has kept his tree clear of hurtful insects; but you have suffered them to eat up yours in its blossoms. I shall not direct him to share his apples with so idle a boy as you have been.

[To be read in a respectful, calm, but decided manner.]

549. 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.

[To be read in a threatening manner.]

550. He DARES not touch a HAIR of Catiline.

551. *[With surprise.]* What! does life displease thee?

[Calmly, but with emphasis.] Yes; — it displeases me when I see a tyrant.

552. *[Mildly.]* The sun not set yet, Thomas? Not quite, sir. It blazes through the trees on the hill yonder, as if their branches were all on fire.

553. [*With energy.*] Sirrah, I begin with this kick, as a tribute to your boasted honor. Get you into the boat, or I will give you another. I am impatient to have you condemned.

554. [*With moderation.*] Stranger, if thou hast learnt a truth, which needs experience more than reason, that the world is full of guilt and misery; and hast known enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares, to tire thee of it—enter this wild wood, and view the haunts of nature.

555. [*Proudly and haughtily.**] Do you pretend to sit as high on Olympus as Hercules? Did you destroy tyrants and robbers? You value yourself greatly on subduing one serpent. I did as much as that while I lay in my cradle.

556. [*With fear.*] Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed as a man who suddenly perceives that he is on the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force; but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream.

557. [*In a threatening manner.*] I know thou art a scoundrel! Not pay thy debts! Kill thy friend who lent thee money, for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight, or I will drive thee into the Styx.

558. [*In a commanding manner.*] Stop, I command thee. No violence. Talk to him calmly.

559. [*In a solemn manner.*] Such are the excuses which irreligion offers. Could you have believed that they were so empty, so unworthy, so hollow, so absurd? And shall such excuses be offered to the God of heaven and earth? By such apologies shall man insult his Creator?

560. [*In a mournful manner.*] Oh, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son! your poor boy, George?

561. [*In a terrified manner.*] The Lord have mercy upon us—what is this?

562. [*In a proud, disdainful manner.*] Why then dost thou frown on Fingál? Or shake thine airy spear? But thou frownest in vain: I never fled from mighty men. And shall the sons of the wind frighten the King of Morven? No; he knows the weakness of their arms.

563. [*In an energetic manner.*] Now launch the boat upon the wave,—the wind is blowing off the shore—I will not live a cowering slave on these polluted islands more.

* See Number 128, page 33.

Beyond the wild, dark, heaving sea, there is a better home for me.

564. [*In a plaintive, sorrowful manner.*] O Switzerland! my country! 'tis to thee I strike my harp in agony:—My country! nurse of liberty, home of the gallant, great, and free, my sullen harp I strike to thee. Oh! I have lost you all!—parents, and home, and friends.

565. [*With quickness and emphasis.*] Talk to me of dangers?—Death and shame!—is not my race as high, as ancient, and as proud as thine? By heaven, it grieves me, Harry Percy, preaching such craven arguments to me.

566. [*With humility.*] Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

567. [*With horror.*] How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear! with the howls of the storm wind—the creaks of the bier, and the white bones all clattering together.

568. [*With calmness.*] How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb! No tempests are there;—but the nightingales come, and sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

569. [*In an authoritative manner.*] 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.

570. [*In a supplicating tone.*] 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 torments you do put me to.

571. [*Solemn caution.*] Lochiel! Lochiel, beware of the day when the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array! for a field of the dead rushes red on my sight, and the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

572.

Martial Description.

'T was at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son,

8*

Awe.

Aloft, in awful state,
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne.

Admiration.

His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound :
So should desert in arms be crown'd.

Delight.

The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.

Rapture.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,

Triumph.

None but the brave, deserve the fair.

573.

Description.

Timotheus, placed on high,
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seat above—
Such is the power of mighty love!—

Awe.

A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympos press'd
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound :

Surprise increased.

“A present deity!” they shout around;—
“A present deity!” the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,

Importance.

Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

574.

Jovial description.

The praise of Bacchus, then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair and young!

The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets! beat the drums!
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.

Inciting.

Now give the hautboys breath. — He comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain.

Bacchanalian rapture.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain!

575.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again:

Swelling.

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!

Observing.

The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes: (*rapidly.*)
And while he heaven and earth defied,
(*Slowly.*) Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.*

576.

Sorrowful.

He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse; (*very slowly.*)
He sung Darius great and good!
By too severe a fate,
Fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen! — (*gradually sinking.*)
(*Louder.*) Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood!

* There should be a transition in the voice here, as in the strain of Timotheus, from *heroic* to *pathetic*; as rapid too.

Reproach.

Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes!

Reflection.

With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving, in his alter'd soul,
 The various turns of fate below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,

Pity.

And tears began to flow!

577.

Secret satisfaction.

The mighty master smiled, to see
 That love was in the next degree:
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
 For pity melts the mind to love. (*rapidly,*
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures, *changed to*
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures. *lively.*)

Remonstrance.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
 Honor, but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying.

Requesting.

If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh, think it worth enjoying!

Admiration.

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.

Bursts of approbation.

The many rend the skies with loud applause:
 So love was crown'd; but music won the cause.

578.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Pensive.

Gazed on the fair,
 Who caused his care,

Effeminately.

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor — sunk upon her breast!

579.

Burst of voice.*

Now strike the golden lyre again!
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder!

Amazement.

Hark! hark! — the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead;
And, amazed, he stares around.

580.

Inciting furiously.

Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries —
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes! (*rapidly.*)
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand.
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And, unburied, remain
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold! how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.

581.

Breathless engerness.

The princes applaud, with a furious joy; †
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey!

Burst.

And, like another Helen, fired — another Troy.

* The burst upon "rouse;" dwelling on the consonant *r*, trilled by the tongue against the upper gum.

† The princes — applaud — with a furious — joy;
And the king — seized a flambeau — with zeal — to destroy, &c.

582.

Narrative manner.

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

583.

Pleasure.

At last, divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame.
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Concluding.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown :

Awe.

He raised a mortal to the skies ;

Delight.

She drew an angel down. — *Dryden.*

584.

Disdain.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
 Or, if gory Cuiloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

LESSON XXVII.

PITCH OF THE VOICE.

Every person has three keys, or pitches of the voice, called THE HIGH, THE MIDDLE and THE LOW KEY.

The HIGH KEY is that which is used in calling to a person at a distance.

The MIDDLE KEY is that which is used in common conversation.

The LOW KEY is that which is used when we wish no one to hear, except the person to whom we speak; and is almost, but not quite, a whisper.

Each one of these keys or pitches of the voice has different degrees of loudness; and it is important that the pupil should exercise his voice in speaking, in all of these keys, both with mildness and with force.

[*The pupil may read the following sentence in each of the different keys.*]

585. They have rushed through like a hurricane; like an army of locusts they have devoured the earth; the war has fallen like a water-spout, and deluged the land with blood.

[*Read the following in the high key.*]

586. Next Anger rushed; — his eyes on fire, in lightnings owned his secret stings; in one rude clash he struck his lyre, and swept with hurried hands the strings.

[*Read the following in the low key.*]

587. With woful measures wan Despair — low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled: — a solemn, strange, and mingled air: — 'twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

[*Read the following in the middle key.*]

588. 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!

589. [*Read with the high key.*] But, with a frown, Revenge impatient rose. He threw his 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: [*Low key, very slowly.*] and though, sometimes, each dreary pause between, dejected Pity, at his side, her soul-subduing voice applied, [*High key, rapidly.*] yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien, while each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

590. [*Middle key.*] Alexander the Great demanded of a pirate, whom he had taken, by what right he infested the seas. "By the same right," replied the pirate, "that Alexander enslaves the world. But I am called a robber, because I have only one small vessel; and he is styled a conqueror, because he commands great fleets and armies."

LESSON XXVIII.

TRANSITION.

[It is important that the pupil practise a change or transition of the voice from loud and forcible utterance to a softer and lower tone; and from rapid to slow pronunciation. In this lesson he is presented with a few examples in which such a change of manner is required.]

591. [*Softly and slowly.*] An hour passed on. The Turk awoke. That bright dream was his last. [*More loudly.*] He woke—to hear the sentry's shriek, [*Very loud and rapid.*] “To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!” [*Slowly and softly.*] He woke to die midst flame and smoke, and shout and groan, and sabre stroke, and [*Faster and louder.*] death shots falling thick and fast, as lightnings from the mountain cloud; [*Still louder.*] and heard, with voice as trumpet loud, Bozzaris cheer his band; [*Very loud, rapidly, and with much animation.*] 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.

[*In a softer and slower manner.*] They fought—like brave men, long and well,—they piled that ground with Moslem slain,—they conquered—[*Very slowly, and in a mournful manner.*] but Bozzaris fell, bleeding at every vein.

592. [*In a gentle manner and low tone.*] When, doffed his casque, he felt free air, around 'gan* Marmion wildly stare:—[*Much louder, and in a wild and somewhat angry manner.*] “Where's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustace, where? Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare? Redeem my pennon,—charge again! Cry—‘Marmion to the rescue.’—[*Very slowly, and almost in a whisper.*] Vain! Last of my race, on battle plain that shout shall ne'er be heard again! [*Increasing in loudness.*] Yet my last thought is England's:—[*Louder, and with more earnestness.*] fly—Fitz Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie. [*More rapidly.*] Tunstall lies dead upon the field; his life-blood stains the spotless shield: Edmund is down,—my life is rest,—the Admiral alone is left.

* A contraction for *began*. See *Apostrophe*, Lesson 20, page 64.

[*With much earnestness of manner.*] Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, with Chester charge and Lancashire, full upon Scotland's central host, [*Slowly.*] or victory and England's lost. [*Angrily.*] Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly! Leave Marmion here alone—to die."

593. [*Distinctly, slowly, and in a moderate tone.*] Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew with wavering flight, while fiercer grew around the battle yell. [*Loudly and quickly.*] "A Home! a Gordon!" was the cry.

594. [*Slowly and with feeling.*] Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, [*Loudly and with emphasis.*] while bloody treason flourished over us.

595. [*Softly and slowly.*] Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel the dint of pity:—these are gracious drops. Kind souls! [*Quickly, louder, and with strong emphasis.*] What, weep you when you but behold our Cæsar's VESTURE wounded? [*Very loudly and earnestly.*] Look ye here!—here is HIMSELF—marred as you see by traitors.

596. [*Very slowly and sorrowfully.*] Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes, and braggart with my tongue!— [*With earnestness, louder, and rapidly.*] But, gentle heaven, cut short all intermission; front to front, bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself; [*Still more forcibly, but with a lower tone.*] within my sword's length set him; if he escape, heaven forgive him too.

597. [*Proudly, and with a loud and angry manner.*] But here I stand and scoff you;—here I fling hatred and defiance in your face. [*In a much milder manner, slowly, and in derision.*] Your consul's* merciful—For this—all thanks. [*Very loud, and in a threatening manner.* See Number 550.] He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.

598. [*In a low tone, very softly.*] His words do take possession of my bosom,— [*Louder, and with earnestness.*] Read here, young Arthur. [*Very softly.*] How now, foolish rheum! turning despiteous torture out the door! I must be brief, lest resolution drop out at my eyes in tender, womanish tears.— [*Louder, and as if striving to hide his tears.*] Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

* The pupil will notice that there are many abbreviations of this kind made in this book in pieces which appear to be *prose*. All the sentences which are poetical have been printed in the form of prose, to prevent the "*sing song*" manner of reading. But it must be understood and recollected, that although *abbreviations* are allowable in poetry, they are not admitted in prose.

599. [*Slowly, and in a very sad manner.*] Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect. [*In an entreating manner.*] Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

[*In a stern manner.*] Young boy, I must.

[*In a very sorrowful and supplicating manner.*] And will you?

[*Sternly, and in an apparently determined manner.*] And I will.

600. [*With a very earnest, sorrowful, and entreating manner.*] Will you put out mine eyes? These eyes that never did, nor never shall, so much as frown on you?

601. [*In a rough manner, but still struggling to conceal his pity.*] I have sworn to do it; and with hot irons must I burn them out.

602. [*In a very pathetic manner.*] If an angel should have come to me, and told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes, I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.*

603. [*In a kind, relenting, and very feeling manner.*] Well—see to live; I will not touch thine eyes, for all the treasure that thy uncle owes. — [*In a slow, solemn, and decided manner.*] Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy, with this same very iron to burn them out.

604. [*In a joyful and grateful manner.*] O, now you look like Hubert! all this while you were disguised.

605. [*In an animated manner.*] The combat deepens — [*Very loud, rapidly, and with much energy.*] On, ye brave, who rush to glory, or the grave! Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave; and charge with all thy chivalry.

606. [*In a slow, solemn, and mournful manner.*] Ah, 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.

* This expression, "I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's," is a grammatical error, hardly sanctioned even by the great name of Shakspeare, from whom it was taken. The poets frequently have great liberties allowed them under the name of poetic license; and the name of Shakspeare "honors this corruption." Were it known to a certainty that he was a classical scholar, the expression above quoted might be pardoned as an *idiotism*, or imitation of the Greek construction, in which, double negatives are frequently used to strengthen the negation. — See Parker and Fox's *Grammar, Part II. page 47, No. 106, and Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, page 303, § 325, No. 6, edition of 1836.* — Shakspeare and Cowper both use the expressions, "I had as lief not be," and "I had much rather be;" thus joining the auxiliary of the pluperfect tense with the present. — See Parker and Fox's *Grammar, Part II. page 54.*

LESSON XXIX.

ELLIPTICAL SENTENCES.

An Ellipsis means an omission; and when any thing is omitted, or purposely left out, it is said that there is an ellipsis in the sentence, and the sentence is called an elliptical sentence.*

Elliptical sentences occur very frequently; and it is necessary, in reading such sentences, to supply, in our minds, all that is omitted, in order to give the proper tone, accent, emphasis, and expression. Thus in the following questions,—"What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken by the wind?"—there is an ellipsis or omission of the words "did you go out to see;" and when these words are supplied, the questions will be, "What went ye out into the wilderness to see? Did you go out to see a reed shaken by the wind?"

Elliptical sentences must always be read in the same manner, with the same emphasis, tone, accent, and expression, that they would be if the ellipses were supplied.

In every elliptical sentence, a pause should be made at every ellipsis long enough to pronounce, or rather to think over, the words which are omitted.

In the following sentences, the ellipsis is supplied in Italic letters, in the form of a parenthesis. The pupil will first read them as they stand, and then read them with the omission of those parts which are in Italic letters.

607. What sought they thus afar? (*Did they seek*) Bright jewels of the mine? (*Did they seek*) The wealth of seas? (*or*) the spoils of war? (*No, they did not seek either of these, but*) They sought a faith's pure shrine.

608. What, then, would it be reasonable to expect from the fanciful tribe, from the musicians and poets of such a region? (*Would it be reasonable to expect*) Strains expressive of joy, tranquillity, or the softer passions? No;

* See Lesson 19, page 62.

their style must have been better suited to their circumstances.

609. Art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

(*No! I am not a Thracian robber, but*) I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

(*Do you call yourself*) A soldier? (*I consider you as nothing better than*) a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! (*who is*) the pest of the country.

610. No deep and deadly quarrel was between these brothers, and neither of them could distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement. Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favor (*was the cause of this unnatural estrangement — perhaps*) selfish thoughts that will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts respecting temporal expectations (*was the cause of this unnatural estrangement — perhaps*) unaccommodating manners on both sides (*were the cause of this unnatural estrangement — perhaps*) taunting words that mean little when uttered, but which rankle and fester in remembrance, or imagined opposition of interests, that, duly considered, would have been found one and the same, (*were the causes of this unnatural estrangement*) — these and many other causes, slight when single, but strong when rising up together in one baneful band, had gradually, but fatally infected their hearts, till at last they who in youth had been seldom separate, and truly attached, now met at market, and, miserable to say, (*not only at market, but even also*) at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clansmen during a feud.

611. What shall we call them? (*Shall we call them*) Piles of crystal light? — (*Shall we call them*) A glorious company of golden streams — (*Shall we call them*) Lamps of celestial ether burning bright — (*or*) suns lighting systems with their joyous beams? But thou to these art as the noon to night.

612. Hail to your lordship! I am glad to see you well.

(*It is*) Horatio (*who speaks to me,*) or I do forget myself.

613. (*It is*) The same, my lord, and (*I am*) your poor servant ever.

614. Sir, (*you are*) my good friend. I'll change *that* name with you.

615. Ah, whither now are fled those dreams of greatness? (*Whither now are fled*) Those unsated hopes of happiness? (*Whither now are fled*) Those busy, bustling days?

(*Whither now are fled**) Those gay-spent, festive nights, (and) those veering thoughts, lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?

616. Almighty! trembling like a timid child, I hear thy awful voice ——— (and when I hear it I am) alarmed — (and) afraid. I see the flashes of thy lightning wild, and in the very grave would hide my head.

617. Sourceless and endless God! compared with thee, life is a shadowy, (and not only a shadowy, but also a) momentary dream; and (even) time, when viewed through thy eternity, (is) less than the mote of morning's golden beam.

618. What excuse can the Englishman plead? (*Will he plead*) the custom of duelling? An excuse, this (is) that in these regions cannot avail.

The spirit that made him draw his sword in the combat against his friend, is not the spirit of honor; it is the spirit of the furies, (*it is the spirit*) of Alecto herself (*who was the chief of the furies.*) To her he must go, for she has long dwelt in his merciless bosom.

619. Curse these cowardly covenanters — what (*shall we do*) if they tumble down upon our heads pieces of rock from their hiding places? (*Shall we*) advance? Or (*shall we*) retreat?

620. To save a bishop, may I name a dean? (*May you name*) a dean, sir? No; his fortune is not made; you hurt a man that's rising in the trade. If (*I may*) not (*name*) the tradesman who set up to-day, much less (*may I name*) the apprentice who to-morrow may (*set up*.)

621. And what are things eternal? Powers depart, (and therefore they are not things eternal,) possessions vanish, (and therefore they are not things eternal,) and opinions change, (and therefore they are not things eternal,) and passions hold a fluctuating seat, (and therefore they are not things eternal;) but, by the storms of circumstance unshaken, and subject neither to eclipse nor wane, duty exists — immutably survives! What (*is there*) more that may not perish?

622. So goes the world; if (*you are*) wealthy, you may

* The ellipsis is supplied at each of these inquiries, to show that the falling inflection of the voice is required at each of the questions; [see *Lesson 6th* ;] and it will be noticed throughout this lesson that the ellipsis is supplied in parentheses in many sentences where it may appear to be superfluous; but the author's design in so doing is to lead more directly to the proper intonation of the voice. As a particular instance of this kind, see *No. 615, 616, and 618.*

call this (*man your*) friend, that (*man your*) brother;— friends and brothers all (*men will be to you*) (or *you may call all men your friends and brothers.*)

623. I once saw a poor fellow (*who was both*) keen and clever, witty and wise;— he paid a man a visit, and no one noticed him, and no one ever gave him a welcome. (*It is*) Strange, cried I; whence is it (*that this man is so much neglected?*) He walked on this side (*of the room,*) and then on that (*side of the room;**) he tried to introduce a social chat; now here, now there, in vain he tried (*to introduce a social chat.*) Some (*persons, when he spoke to them*) formally and freezingly replied (*to him;*) and some (*persons made him no proper answer, but*) said by their silence, (*you would*) better stay at home (*than come here, where you are not wanted.*)

624. A rich man burst the door. (*A man who was*) As Cræsus rich. I'm sure he could not pride himself upon his wit; and as to wisdom, he had none of it. He had what's better; he had wealth. What a confusion (*there was when he entered the room!*) All (*who are in the room*) stand up erect— These † (*persons in this part of the room*) crowd around to ask him of his health; (*and*) these (*persons in another part of the room*) arrange a sofa or a chair, and these (*persons*) conduct him there. (*Some said to him,*) Allow me, sir, the honor (*of handing you a chair, or of conducting you to it.*) Then (*they each made*) a bow down to the earth. Is't possible to show meet gratitude for such kind condescension? ‡

* This example shows very clearly how the proper intonation of the voice is intimated by supplying the ellipses, although the sense is sufficiently clear as the sentence is expressed.

† It may here be observed, that a pause should be made in every elliptical sentence long enough to pronounce, or rather to think over, the words which are omitted. The extract above affords a clear illustration of this remark. See the directions, at the beginning of this lesson.

‡ It may perhaps be thought that some ellipses are unnecessarily supplied in the preceding sentences; but the practical teacher will readily allow that a correct *analysis* is indispensable to the correct *reading* of a sentence, and that the facilities afforded to a child in his *first attempts*, cannot be too great. It will be borne in mind that this book is designed for very young, as well as for more advanced pupils.

LESSON XXX.

ANTITHESIS.

The word Antithesis means opposition or contrast. In all sentences in which an emphatic word occurs, there is an antithesis expressed or understood; and it is necessary to be able to distinguish the words which form the antithesis, or which are contrasted, in order to ascertain which word should be emphasized. Thus, in the sentence given in the introduction to the 23d lesson—"Shall you ride to-town to-day?"—if the answer be, "No, I shall walk," there is an antithesis, or contrast, in the words ride and walk, which shows that ride is the emphatic word. Again, if the answer be, "No, I shall ride into the country," the antithesis is in the words town and country, which shows that the word town is the emphatic word. Once more, if the answer be, "No, but I shall go to-morrow," the antithesis is in the words to-day and to-morrow, which shows that the word to-day is to be emphasized.

[It is thus seen, that it is necessary that the pupil should study out the meaning of a sentence, and be able to form the antithesis upon which the emphatic words depend, in order to read it correctly and expressively. This exercise will often require a degree of judgment and discrimination not to be expected in a child, until the assistance of the teacher comes to his aid. Indeed, it is this very thing which constitutes the whole ART of reading, and which often renders it a subject of deep study even to matured minds. It is, however, a subject of such paramount importance, that it must not be overlooked or neglected even in the lessons of very young pupils. The assistance afforded the pupil in this lesson, will lead his mind, it is thought, to a correct understanding of the subject, and enable him to apply his powers successfully to the analysis of other sentences, in which no aid is furnished for him.*]

* The great importance of a correct understanding of this principle will be seen in the following passages from holy writ, which are frequently read from the sacred desk as follows:—

"As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all MEN." Now, if the emphasis be thus placed on the word *men*, it would seem as if the apostle would imply that it is a duty to live peaceably with *men* only, but that with women and children we may live in a different manner. But by placing the emphasis on the word *all*, the inconsistency is removed; thus,

"As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with ALL men."

Again, in the fourth commandment, if the emphasis be put on the word *day*, as many read it, thus, "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath DAY," it would seem that the *night* might be differently occupied. The command-

In this lesson the emphatic words which form the antithesis are printed in capitals, and the member of the antithesis which is understood is supplied in Italic letters between crotchets. The pupil will first read the whole passage, and then read it with the omission of the part in crotchets.

625. Mercury, Charon's boat is on the **OTHER** side of the water, (*and as there will be time enough before he gets over to THIS side*) allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North American savage, whom you brought hither at the same time that you conducted me to the shades.

626. Why judge you then so hardly of the dead?

(*I judge so hardly of the dead, not for any thing that he has DONE, but*) For what he left **UNDONE**.

627. This man of half a million (*was not* **DESTITUTE** of them, *but he*) **HAD** all these public virtues that you praise.

628. The darts of anguish (*may* **STRIKE**, *but they*) **FIX** not where the seat of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified by acquiescence in the will supreme, (*not only for a SHORT PERIOD, but*) for **TIME** and for **ETERNITY**.

629. Hereditary bondmen! Know ye not, who would be free (*must not depend upon the assistance of others, but*) **THEMSELVES** must strike the blow? By **THEIR** right arm, (*not by the right arm of OTHERS*) the conquest must be wrought.

630. Where'er we tread (*it is not a COMMON spot, but*) 'tis **HAUNTED**, **HOLY** ground.

631. Authors of modern date are (*not so POOR as they formerly were, but they are*) **WEALTHY** fellows. (*It is not for the benefit of his ASSISTANCE*) 'Tis but to snip his **LOCKS** they follow now the golden-haired Apollo.

ment undoubtedly should be read, "Remember that thou keep holy the **SAB-BATH** day.

The following passage was read from the sacred **desk** by one of the most correct readers of the day, in the hearing of the author of this volume, *three times*, with a false emphasis on the word *men*; thus,

"O that **MEN** would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men."

This reading gives rise to the question whether women and children, and even angels, &c., should not praise the Lord for his goodness. The emphasis undoubtedly should be placed on the word *praise*; thus, "O that men would therefore **PRAISE** the Lord for his goodness, and declare the **WONDERS** that he doeth for the children of men."

This principle of antithesis must be carefully studied by all who aim at correct reading. The difference in style which characterizes the most eminent speakers and readers is much affected by their peculiar understanding of the meaning of an author, and of consequence the manner in which they mentally supply the ellipsis forming the antithesis.

632. Yet none but you by NAME the guilty lash; (*others lash them in a DIFFERENT manner.*)

633. It is often said by inconsiderate men, that TIME (*not INCLINATION*) is wanted for the duties of religion.

634. My friends! (*do not be HASTY, but*) be CAUTIOUS how ye treat the subject upon which we meet.

635. Misses! the tale that I relate (*is not intended for your DIVERSION alone, but it*) seems to carry this LESSON: Choose not alone a proper MATE, but proper TIME to marry.

636. As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all MEN, (*but not with all WOMEN.*)

637. You did not read that last sentence correctly: for by emphasizing the word MEN, you made it appear as if the apostle meant that you might quarrel with WOMEN and CHILDREN, (*if you would live peaceably with MEN.*) Now, his meaning is, that you should live peaceably with ALL men, (*not with your FRIENDS alone, but with ALL MANKIND.*)

Therefore you should read it thus: As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with ALL men.

[*Sometimes both the words which constitute the antithesis are expressed, as in the following sentence.*]

638. It is from UNTAMED PASSIONS, not from WILD BEASTS, that the greatest evils arise to human society.

639. By wisdom, by art, by the united strength of a civil community, men have been enabled to subdue (*not only ONE SINGLE lion, bear, or serpent, but*) the WHOLE RACE of lions, bears, and serpents.

LESSON XXXI.

ENUMERATION.

When a number of particulars are mentioned in a sentence, it is called an Enumeration.

In many sentences of this kind, it is proper to use the falling inflection of the voice at each of the subjects of the enumeration, except the last but one, which should be read with the rising inflection. The following sentences are of this

kind. In order to assist the pupil, the acute and grave accents are used to designate the inflections of the voice, according to the principles stated in Lesson 22, page 70.

640. But who the melodies of morn can tell? — The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side; the lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell; the pipe of early shepherd, dim descried in the lone valley; echoing far and wide, the clamorous horn along the cliffs above; the hollow murmur of the ocean tide; the hum of bees; the linnet's lay of love; and the full choir * that wakes the universal grove.

641. Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store of charms that Nature to her votary yields! The warbling woodland, the resounding shore, the pomp of groves, the garniture of fields; all that the genial ray of morning gilds, and all that echoes to the song of even; all that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields, and all the dread magnificence of heaven, — oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

642. The coffin was let down to the bottom of the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped up brink, the first rattling clods had struck their knell, the quick shovelling was over, and the long, broad, skilfully-cut pieces of turf were aptly joined together, and trimly laid by the beating spade, so that the newest mound in the churchyard was scarcely distinguishable from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of a luxuriant spring.

643. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around him. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midway throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler, that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind adoration.

644. Our lives, says Seneca, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do.

* Pronounced *quire*.

645. It was necessary for the world that arts should be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized.

646. All other arts of perpetuating our ideas, except writing or printing, continue but a short time. Statues can last but a few thousands of years, edifices fewer, and colors still fewer than edifices.

647. Life consists, not of a series of illustrious actions, or elegant enjoyments; the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures.

648. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are constantly wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire.

649. The devout man does not only believe, but feels there is a Deity; he has actual sensations of him; his experience concurs with his reason; he sees him more in all his intercourse with him; and even in this life almost loses his faith in conviction.

650. Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like.

651. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

652. The ill-natured man, though but of equal parts with the good-natured man, gives himself a large field to expatiate in; he exposes those failings in human nature over which the other would cast a veil, laughs at vices which the other either excuses or conceals, falls indifferently on friends or enemies, exposes the person who has obliged him, and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his character of a wit.

653. What can interrupt the content of the fair sex, upon whom one age has labored after another to confer honors, and accumulate immunities? Those to whom rudeness is infamy, and insult is cowardice? Whose eye commands the brave, and whose smile softens the severe? Whom the sailor travels to adorn, the soldier bleeds to defend, and the poet wears out life to celebrate; who claim tribute from

every art and science, and for whom, all who approach them endeavor to multiply delights, without requiring from them any return but willingness to be pleased.

654. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion; made it the seat of smiles and blushes; lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes; hung it on each side with curious organs of sense; given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair, as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light.

655. Should the greater part of the people sit down and draw up a particular account of their time, what a shameful bill would it be! So much in eating, and drinking, and sleeping, beyond what nature requires; so much in revelling and wantonness; so much for the recovery of the last night's intemperance; so much in gaming, plays, and masquerades; so much in paying and receiving formal and impertinent visits; so much in idle and foolish prating, in censuring and reviling our neighbors; so much in dressing out our bodies and talking of fashions; and so much wasted and lost in doing nothing at all.

656. They, through faith, subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouth of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

657. I conjure you by that which you profess, (howe'er you came to know it,) answer me. Though you untie the winds, and let them fight against the churches; though the yesty waves confound and swallow navigation up; though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down; though castles topple on their warders' heads; though palaces and pyramids do slope their heads to their foundations; though the treasure of nature's germins tumble altogether, even till destruction sicken, answer me to what I ask you.

[*Sometimes the falling inflection is used at each particular in the enumeration except the last, as in the following sentences.*]

658. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day in our lives.

659. The miser is more industrious than the saint. The

pains of getting, the fear of losing, and the inability of enjoying his wealth, have been the mark of satire in all ages.

660. When ambition palls in one way, interest another, inclination a third, and perhaps reason contrary to all, a man is likely to pass his time but ill, who has so many different parties to please.

661. As the genius of Milton was wonderfully turned to the sublime, his subject is the noblest that could have entered into the thoughts of man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing has a place in it. The whole system of the intellectual world, the chaos and the creation, heaven, earth, and hell, enter into the constitution of his poem.

662. Labor, or exercise, ferments the humors, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which, the body cannot subsist in its vigor, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.



LESSON XXXII.

IRONY.

Irony consists in such expressions as are intended to convey a meaning directly opposite to what the words imply. Thus, when we say of a boy who never gets his lesson, that he is an admirable scholar, this is called IRONY.

The word or words which are ironical, are generally to be emphasized, sometimes with the circumflex, and sometimes with the other accents. In the following sentences the ironical parts are printed in Italic letters, and the pupil will manage his voice in pronouncing the accented words, according to the principles explained in Lesson 22, page 69.

663. *They will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves* the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride.

664. That lulled them as the north wind does the sea.

665. "This is well got up for a closing scene," said Fergus, smiling disdainfully upon the apparatus of terror.

666. *Your consul is merciful:* for this all thanks. — He DARES not touch a HAIR of Catiline.

667. Surely in this age of invention, something may be

your talents, and passed your life in idleness and vice?

681. Who is that standing up in his place, with his hat on, and his books under his arm?

682. Did he recite his lesson correctly, read audibly, and appear to understand what he read?

683. Is that a map which you have before you, with the leaves blotted with ink?

684. Henry was careless, thoughtless, heedless, and inattentive.

685. Oh, how can you destroy those beautiful things which your father procured for you!—that beautiful top, — those polished marbles, — that excellent ball, — and that beautifully painted kite, — oh, how can you destroy them, and expect that he will buy you new ones?*

the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

681. Whom are they ushering from the world with all this pageantry and long parade of death?

682. Was his wealth stored fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wronged, and widows who have none to plead their rights?

683. Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle towards my hand?

683. Will you say that your time is your own, and that you have a right to employ it in the manner you please?

684. This is partial, unjust, uncharitable, iniquitous.

685. Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store of charms that Nature to her votary yields! — the warbling woodland, the resounding shore, the pomp of groves, the garniture of fields; all that the genial ray of morning gilds, and all that echoes to the song of even, all that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields, and all the dread magnificence of heaven, — oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

* The principle involved in this lesson will be found by the teacher a useful auxiliary in *leading* the pupil to the correct enunciation of difficult sentences. It is deemed unnecessary to extend the lesson by numerous *models*, or examples of analogy. The teacher will find it easy to form models for the pupil in his exercises in reading; and if the experience of the author may be adduced in

LESSON XXXIV.

THE SLUR.*

The Slur is the name given to such a management of the voice as is opposed to emphasis. When a word or part of a sentence is emphasized, it is to be pronounced with a louder and more forcible effort of the voice, and it is frequently to be prolonged. But when a sentence or part of a sentence is SLURRED, it is to be read like a parenthesis,† in an altered tone of voice, more rapidly, and not so forcibly, and with all the words pronounced nearly alike.‡

The parts which are to be SLURRED in this lesson are printed in Italic letters, and the words on which emphatic force is to be bestowed are printed in capitals, as in Lesson 24, page 75.

proof of the utility and efficacy of the principle, he has little doubt that it will be acknowledged as a valuable aid in teaching the art of reading.

* The following remarks upon the slur were communicated to the author by a distinguished teacher.

"In order to communicate clearly and forcibly the whole signification of a passage, it must be subjected to a rigid analysis. It will then be found, that often one paramount idea pervades the sentence, although it may be associated with incidental statements, and qualified in every possible manner. It is the province of the reader, by appropriate inflections and modulations of the voice, to communicate to the listener every shade of meaning, be it more or less delicate. The primary idea, then, will require a forcible utterance, while the other portions will be thrown into the shade. For want of a better name, we may designate as '*The Slur*' that particular element in elocution, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance, are rendered less impressive to the ear.

"It will be understood, that the use of stress, alone, can by no means make a reader; indeed, it is certain that the best elocutionists are they who most adroitly blend emphasis and slur. The presence of the slur generally implies the existence of emphasis; and the former is often used to set an emphatic word or phrase in stronger relief.

"A slurred passage must generally be read in a lower and less forcible tone of voice, and more rapidly than the context; and this element (namely, the slur) must be employed in cases of *parenthesis, contrast, repetition, or explanation*, where the sentence is of small comparative importance; and often where *qualification of time, place, or manner* is made."

† See page 48, Lesson 16.

‡ On the management of the slur, much of the beauty and propriety of enunciation depends; especially in all sentences in which parentheses abound. How much soever a sentence may be cumbered with explanatory details, or interrupted and obscured by parentheses and unimportant adjuncts, the reader, by a proper management of the slur, can always bring forward the most important particulars into a strong light, and throw the rest into shade; thereby entirely changing the character of the sentence, and making it appear lucid strong, and expressive.

686. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis; but how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives, *a prosperous gentleman*; and to be King stands not within the prospect of belief, no more than to be Cawdor. Say from **WHENCE** *you owe this strange intelligence*; — or **WHY** *upon this blasted heath you stop our way with such prophetic greeting*.

687. But let me ask by **WHAT RIGHT** *do you involve yourself in this multiplicity of cares*? **WHY** *do you weave around you this web of occupation, and then complain that you cannot break it*?

688. And when the prodigal son came to himself, he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and **GO** to my father; and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: — make me as one of thy hired servants.'" And he arose, and was coming to his father; — but while he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son **SAID** unto him, "*Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.*"*

689. When therefore the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John, *though Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples*, he left Judea, and departed again into Galilee.

690. Search the Scriptures, *for in them ye think ye have eternal life*, and they are they which testify of me.

691. **STRANGER**, if thou hast learnt a truth which needs experience more than reason, *that the world is full of guilt and misery*, and hast known enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares, to tire thee of it, — **ENTER THIS WILD WOOD**, and view the haunts of nature.

692. The calm shade shall bring a **KINDRED** calm, and the sweet breeze, *that makes the green leaves dance*, shall waft a balm to thy sick heart.

693. The massy rocks themselves, the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees, *that lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude, or bridge, the sunken brook*, and their dark roots

* This passage has been previously related; and all similar repetitions are to be slurred, unless there is particular reason for emphasizing them.

with all their earth upon them, TWISTING HIGH, breathe FIXED TRANQUILLITY.

694. The RIVULET sends forth glad sounds, *and tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks, seems with continuous laughter to REJOICE in its own being.**

695. 'Therefore said they unto him, "How were thine eyes OPENED?" He answered and said, "A man that is called JESUS made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, 'GO TO THE POOL OF SILOAM AND WASH:' and I went and washed, and I received sight." * * * * * Then again the PHARISEES asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto THEM, "*He put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed, and do see.*"

696. And oft he traced the uplands, TO SURVEY, *when o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn, the CRIMSON CLOUD, BLUE MAIN, and MOUNTAIN GRAY, and LAKE dim gleaming on the smoky lawn; — far to the west, the long, long VALE withdrawn, where twilight loves to linger for a while; and now he faintly kens the bounding FAWN, and VILLAGER abroad at early toil. But lo! the SUN appears! and HEAVEN, EARTH, OCEAN, SMILE.*

697. O God! BE THOU A GOD, and spare while yet 'tis time! RENEW NOT Adam's fall: — Mankind were then but TWAIN; but they are NUMEROUS now as are the WAVES, and the TREMENDOUS RAIN, whose drops shall be less thick than would their GRAVES, *were graves permitted to the sons of Cain.*

698. Mountains interposed, make ENEMIES OF NATIONS, *who had else, like kindred drops, been mingled into one.*

699. No! DEAR as FREEDOM is, *and in my heart's just estimation prized above all price, I would much rather be MYSELF the SLAVE, and WEAR the BONDS, than fasten them ON HIM.*

700. A GREAT CITY — *situated amidst all that nature could create of beauty and profusion, or art collect of science and magnificence, — the GROWTH of many AGES — the scene of splendor, festivity, and happiness — in one moment withered as by a spell — its palaces, its streets, its temples, its gardens glowing with eternal spring, and its inhabitants in the full enjoyment of life's blessings, obliterated from their very place in creation, not by war, nor famine, or disease, nor any of the natural causes of destruction to which earth had been accus-*

* See note on page 145, No. 780.

tomed—but IN A SINGLE NIGHT, *as if by magic, and amid the conflagration, as it were, of nature itself*, presented a subject on which the wildest imagination might grow weary, without even equalling the grand and terrible reality.

701. And THOU, O silent form, alone and bare, *whom, as I lift again my head, bowed low in silent adoration, I again behold, and to thy summit upward from thy base sweep slowly, with dim eyes suffused with tears*, AWAKE, THOU MOUNTAIN FORM.

702. YE STARS! *which are the poetry of heaven, if in your bright leaves we would read the fate of men and empires*,—'tis to be forgiven, that, *in our aspirations to be great*, our destinies o'erleap their mortal state, and claim a kindred with you; for ye are a BEAUTY and a MYSTERY, and create in us such love and reverence from afar, that FORTUNE, FAME, POWER, LIFE, have named themselves a STAR.

703. A few hours more, and she will move in stately grandeur on, *cleaving her path majestic through the flood*, as if she were a GODDESS of the DEEP.

704. Falsely luxurious, will not MAN awake, and *springing from the bed of sloth*, enjoy the cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour, to meditation due and sacred song!

705. For is there aught in sleep can charm THE WISE? *To lie in dead oblivion, losing half the fleeting moments of too short a life;—total extinction of the enlightened soul! Or else to feverish vanity alive*, wildered and tossing through distempered dreams!

706. But yonder comes the powerful KING OF DAY, rejoicing in the east. *The lessening cloud, the kindling azure, and the mountain's brow illumed with fluid gold, his near approach betoken glad*. LO, NOW, APPARENT ALL, *aslant the dew-bright earth and colored air*, he looks in boundless MAJESTY abroad, and sheds the shining day, *that burnished plays on rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams*, HIGH GLEAMING FROM AFAR.

707. PRIME CHEERER, LIGHT! of all material beings FIRST AND BEST; EFFLUX DIVINE, NATURE'S RESPLENDENT ROBE! *without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt in unessential gloom*; and THOU, O SUN! SOUL of surrounding WORLDS! *in whom, best seen, shines out thy Maker*—may I sing of THEE?

708. 'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force, *as with a chain indissoluble bound*, thy system rolls entire; from the

far bourn of utmost Saturn, *wheeling wide his round of thirty years*, to Mercury, *whose disk can scarce be caught by philosophic eye*, LOST in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

709. And thus, *in silent waiting*, stood the piles of stone and piles of wood; TILL DEATH, *who, in his vast affairs, ne'er puts things off — as men in theirs — and thus, if I the truth must tell, does his work FINALLY and WELL*, WINKED at our hero as he passed, “Your house is FINISHED, sir, at last; a NARROWER house — a house of CLAY — your palace for another day.”

710. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail — cannot SAVE us *in this rugged and awful crisis*.

711. What PROFIT hath a man of all his labor, *which he taketh under the sun?*

712. IS *there any thing wherof it may be said*, “See, *this is new?*” The thing which HAS been, it is that which shall be, and that which IS done, is that which SHALL be done, and there is NO NEW thing *under the sun*.

713. 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.

714. CENTRE of LIGHT AND ENERGY! thy way is through the unknown void; thou hast thy throne, *morning and evening, and at noon of day*, far in the blue, untended and alone: Ere the first wakened airs of earth had blown, ON didst thou march, triumphant in thy light. Then didst thou send thy glance, *which still hath flown wide through the never-ending worlds of night*; and yet thy full orb burns with flash unquenched and bright.

715. In thee, FIRST LIGHT, the bounding ocean smiles, when the quick winds uprear it in a swell, *that rolls in glittering green around the isles, where ever-springing fruits and blossoms dwell*.

716. THINE are the MOUNTAINS, — *where they purely lift snows that have never wasted, in a sky which hath no stain; below the storm may drift its darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by*; — ALOFT, in thy eternal smile, they lie, DAZZLING, but COLD; — thy farewell glance

looks there, and when below thy hues of beauty die, *girt round them as a rosy belt*, they bear into the high, dark vault, a brow that still is fair.

717. May **THE LIKE SERENITY**, *in such dreadful circumstances*, and a **DEATH EQUALLY GLORIOUS**, be the lot of **ALL** whom **TYRANNY**, *of whatever denomination or description*, **SHALL**, *in any age, or in any country*, **CALL** to expiate their virtues on the scaffold.

718. Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a **MOMENT**, in the **TWINKLING** of an **EYE**, **AT** the **LAST TRUMP**; *for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.* For this **CORRUPTIBLE** must put on **INCORRUPTION**, and this **MORTAL** must put on **IMMORTALITY**. *So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY.*

719. O **WINTER!** **RULER OF THE INVERTED YEAR!** *thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled, thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks fringed with a beard made white with other snows than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds, a leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne a sliding car, indebted to no wheels, but urged by storms along its slippery way, I LOVE THEE, all UNLOVELY as thou seem'st, and DREADED as thou ART.*

720. Lo! the **UNLETTERED HIND**, *who never knew to raise his mind excursive to the heights of abstract contemplation,* as he sits on the green hillock by the hedge-row side, *what time the insect swarms are murmuring,* and marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds, *that fringe with loveliest hues the evening sky,* **FEELS** in his soul the hand of nature rouse the thrill of **GRATITUDE** to him who **FORMED** the goodly prospect; he beholds the **GOD THRONED** in the west; and his reposing ear hears sounds angelic *in the fitful breeze, that floats through neighboring copse or fairy brake, or lingers, playful, on the haunted stream.*

721. They shall reap of my **VENGEANCE**, that would **SCORN** to **LISTEN** to the tale of my **WRONGS**. The **MISERABLE HIGHLANDER** *captured, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonored, and sold into slavery, because the avarice of others grasped his property, that poor all could pay, shall BURST ON them in the day of my VENGEANCE.*

LESSON XXXV.

MEASURE OF SPEECH.*

In Lesson 10th, page 16th, the pupil was informed that a pause is sometimes made in reading, where there is no pause in the book. The pause to which allusion is there made, is rendered necessary to allow the reader to take breath. This lesson is designed to explain to the pupil another sort of pause, or rather interruption of the voice, caused by the peculiar operation of the organs of speech.

Dr. Rush, in his work "On the Human Voice," has remarked, with regard to the manner in which children learn to read, that "the close attention which their ignorance requires, and their slowness of utterance, lead them to lay an equal stress upon every syllable, or at least upon every word. This habit continues a long time after the eye has acquired a facility in following up discourse, and in some cases infects pronunciation throughout subsequent life."

The object of this lesson, which is entitled "*Measure of Speech*," is twofold: 1st. To teach the pupil so to manage his voice, in conformity with the natural operation of the organs of speech, as to break up the monotonous, or "equal" manner of reading above mentioned, and to introduce such an agreeable variety, as will cause peculiar melody of utterance; and, 2dly. To enable him to read in such a manner that he will not be "*out of breath*," and consequently to exercise his voice without fatigue.

A MEASURE OF SPEECH consists of an accented and an unaccented portion of sound, produced by one effort of the voice.

In pronouncing an accented syllable, the voice makes an effort, which must be repeated, if the next syllable is also an accented syllable. But if the next syllable or syllables be unaccented, the voice can pronounce them all with a single effort. Thus the words *spirit*, *spirit*, *spiritual*, or *spiritually*, may each be pronounced with a single effort or pulsation of the voice.

* The teacher who would thoroughly understand the subject treated in this lesson, and who aims at excellence in the art of reading, is referred to the very valuable and scientific work of Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, entitled the "Philosophy of the Human Voice," or to Dr. Barber's Grammar of Elocution, a work founded on the principles advanced by Dr. Rush. Dr. Barber, whose opinion on the subject has great weight, says, "In Dr. Rush's work, the reader may repair to a fountain at once deep and full." In another place, Dr. Barber assures "every public speaker, and every philosophical actor, that he will fail in his duty to himself, if he neglects a diligent perusal of Dr. Rush's Philosophy of the Voice." The same may also be said in relation to Dr. Barber's own work. From the works of both these gentlemen, the author has derived assistance in the preparation of these Exercises.

It may here be remarked, that it is not material whether the syllables belong to the same word. The voice may utter, with a single effort, several syllables, even when they constitute different words. Thus each of the following lines may be pronounced by a single effort or pulsation of the voice :—

Came to the —
 When he was in —
 'Twas at the —
 Does to the —
 Oft did the —
 Utterable, &c.

But when two accented syllables follow one another, there must be a distinct effort or pulsation of the voice to pronounce each. Thus the words *fate*, *hate*, both being accented, require a distinct effort or pulsation of the voice for the pronunciation of each ; and a pause must be made between each, long enough to pronounce an unaccented syllable. It will thus be seen, that the two syllables *fatal*, or *hating*, can be pronounced by the same effort that is required to pronounce the syllables *fate* and *hate*. And here it may be remarked that, while an accented syllable requires a distinct effort or pulsation of the voice in pronouncing it, an unaccented syllable is uttered without such effort. This distinction of the voice, in pronouncing accented and unaccented syllables, is called by Dr. Barber, in his Grammar of Elocution, the *pulsative* and the *remiss* action of the voice.

An accented syllable, therefore, is uttered by the pulsative action of the voice.*

An unaccented syllable is uttered by the remiss action of the voice.*

A perfect measure of speech consists of one syllable, or any number of syllables, (not exceeding five,) uttered during one pulsation and remission of the voice.

It may here be remarked, that a single syllable *may* constitute a measure ; for if it be extended in sound, the first part of that sound may be accented or heavy, and the latter unaccented or light. But a short syllable will not constitute a measure.

More than one syllable cannot be uttered during the pulsative effort of the voice ; while one, two, three, and even four, can be uttered during the remiss action ; as in the word *spiritually*, in which the first syllable, *spir*, is pronounced by the pulsative, and the syllables *itually* by the remiss action of the voice.

* As a proper understanding of these terms is deemed essential to a clear comprehension of the principle on which this lesson is founded, the teacher who wishes a fuller development of the subject, is referred to Dr. Barber's Grammar of Elocution — or to Dr. Rush's work, already mentioned, on the Philosophy of the Human Voice, Section 49th, entitled "the Rhythmus of Speech."

An imperfect measure of speech consists of a single syllable on which the acute accent is placed, — or of a syllable or syllables which are unaccented.

In the following examples for reading, the lines are divided into several parts, which are separated by a mark like this | called a bar, and the parts divided by the bars are all PERFECT OR IMPERFECT MEASURES OF SPEECH.

The accented syllables, or those which require the pulsative effort of the voice, are noted by a star * under them, and the unaccented syllables, or those which require the remiss action of the voice, have hyphens - under them.

The time occupied in reading each portion between the bars must be equal, whether the bar includes a perfect or imperfect measure of speech. A bar may contain an imperfect measure; the accented or the unaccented portions of the measure being omitted. In that case, a mark like this ∟ is inserted, to indicate a rest or stop long enough to pronounce the portion which is omitted.*

[In reading the following passages, the pupil will recollect that all the syllables which have a star under them are accented — that all which have the hyphen under them are unaccented — and that all the marks like this ∟ indicate that a pause is to be made long enough to pronounce an unaccented syllable.]

722.

∟	In the		second		century		∟	of the		Christian			
*	-	-	*	-	*	-	*	-	-	*	-		
era		∟	the		empire of		Rome		∟	compre-		hended the	
*	-	*	-	*	-	*	-	*	-	*	-	*	-
fairest		part of the		earth		∟	and the		most		∟	civil-	
*	-	*	-	*	-	*	-	*	-	*	-	*	-
ized		portion of man-		kind.									
-	*	*	-	-	-	*	-						

* Dr. Rush, in the very valuable work already mentioned, has the following remarks in relation to the method of marking and dividing sentences here introduced: —

“This notation will not, indeed, inform us what syllables are to be emphatic, nor where the pauses are to be placed; but it will enable a master, who knows how to order all these things in speech, to furnish that which most men require for every thing they do — a copy. If a boy is taught by this method, he acquires the habit of attention to the subjects of accentuation and pause, which may be readily applied in ordinary discourse.”

723.

'Twas at the | royal | feast ♪ | ♪ for | Persia | won. |
 * - - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |

HOHENLINDEN.*

724.

♪ On | Linden | ♪♪ | when the | sun was | low |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 ♪ All | bloodless | ♪♪ | lay the un- | trodden | snow |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 ♪♪ | ♪ And | dark as | winter | ♪ was the | flow |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 ♪ Of | Iser | rolling | rapidly. | ♪♪ | ♪♪ |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | ♪♪ | ♪♪ |

725.

♪ But | Linden | ♪♪ | saw an- | other | sight |
 * - | * - | ♪♪ | * - | * - | * - |
 When the | drum | beat | ♪ at | dead of | night |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 ♪ Com- | manding | fires of | death | ♪ to | light |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 ♪ The | darkness | ♪ of her | scenery. | ♪♪ | ♪♪ |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | ♪♪ | ♪♪ |

726.

♪ By | torch and | trumpet | ♪♪ | fast ar- | rayed |
 * - | * - | * - | ♪♪ | * - | * - |
 Each | horseman | drew his | battle | blade | ♪♪ |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - | ♪♪ |

* Although there are many poetical extracts in the preceding parts of this book, this is the first extract in which the lines are distinguished. All the preceding extracts have been presented in sentences like prose, to prevent that "sing-song" manner of reading into which children are apt to fall. It is thought that the introductory remarks in this lesson are adapted to prepare the pupil to read verse, without the danger of "favoring the poetry," as this sing-song is sometimes called. The usual punctuation is omitted, in this lesson, as the system of notation adopted fully supplies its place.

♪ And | furious | ♪ | every | charger | neighed |
 ♪ To | join the | dreadful | revelry. | ♪ | ♪ |

727.

Then | shook the | hills | ♪ | with | thunder | riven |
 Then | rushed the | steeds | ♪ | to | battle | driven |
 ♪ And | louder than the | bolts of | heaven | ♪ |
 Far | flashed | ♪ | the | red | ♪ | ar- | tillery. | ♪ | ♪ |

728.

♪ And | redder | yet | ♪ | those | fires shall | glow |
 ♪ On | Linden's | hills of | blood-stained | snow | ♪ |
 ♪ And | darker | yet | ♪ | shall | be the | flow |
 ♪ Of | Iser | rolling | rapidly. | ♪ | ♪ |

729.

♪ 'Tis | morn | ♪ | ♪ | but | scarce | yon | lurid | 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. |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |

730.

Few | few shall | part | where | many | meet |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 The | snow | shall be their | winding | sheet |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 And | every | turf | be- | neath their | feet |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 Shall | be a | soldier's | sepulchre. |
 * - | * - | * - | * - |

CATHARINA.

731.

She | came | she is | gone | we have | met |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 And | meet perhaps | never a- | gain |
 * - | * - | * - | * - |
 The | sun of | that | moment | is | set |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 And | seems to have | risen in | vain. |
 * - | * - | * - | * - |

732.

Catha- | rina | has | fled like a | dream |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 So | vanishes | pleasure | a- | las |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 But has | left | a re- | gret | and es- | teem |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 That | will not so | suddenly | pass. |
 * - | * - | * - | * - |

733.

In | yonder | grave | a | Druid | lies |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 Where | slowly | winds the | stealing | wave |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 The | year's | best | sweets shall | duteous | rise |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 To | deck | its | Poet's | sylvan | grave. |
 * - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * - |

[The pupil will observe that prose as well as poetry is made up of similar measures of speech. The only difference *in sound*, between poetry and prose, is, that poetry or verse consists of a regular succession of similar measures, which produce a harmonious impression on the ear; while in prose, the different kinds of measure occur promiscuously, without any regular succession. The following example affords an instance of prose divided off into measures.]

734.

And I be- | held | and I | heard the | voice of | ma-
 * - - | * - | * - - | * - - | * - - | * -
 ny | angels | round a- | bout the | throne | and the |
 - | * - - | * - - | * - - | * - - | * - - |
 beasts | and the | elders | and the | number of
 * - | * - - | * - - | * - - | * - - |
 them | was | ten | thousand | times | ten | thou-
 - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * - | * -
 sand | and | thousands of | thousands | Saying
 - | * - | * - - | * - - | * - - |
 with a | loud | voice | Worthy is the | Lamb that
 - - | * - | * - | * - - - | * -
 was | slain | to re- | ceive | power | and | riches |
 - | * - | * - - | * - | * - | * - | * - |
 and | wisdom | and | strength | and | honor |
 * - | - - | * - | - - | * - | * - | * - |
 and | glory | and | blessing. |
 - | * - | * - | * - - |

[In the following extracts, the marks of the accented and unaccented syllables are omitted, but the bars and rests are retained. The usual punctuation is also restored.]

735.

PART OF THE NINTH CHAPTER OF ST. JOHN.

And as | Jesus | passed | by, | he | saw a | man which
was | blind from his | birth. | And his dis- | ci-
ples | asked him, | saying, | Master, | who did | sin, |
| this | man | or his | parents, | that he was | born |
blind? | Jesus | answered, | Neither hath this |
man | sinned | nor his | parents: | but that the |
works of | God | should be | made | manifest in | him.
| I must | work the | works of | him that | sent
me, | while it is | day: | the | night | cometh |
| when | no | man | can | work. | As |
long | as | I am in the | world, | I | am the | light |
| of the | world. | When he had | thus |
spoken, | he | spat on the | ground, | and | made |
clay | of the | spittle, | and he a- | nointed the | eyes |
| of the | blind | man | with the | clay, | and | said
unto him, | Go, | wash in the | pool of | Siloam, |
(which is, by in- | terpre- | tation, | Sent.) |
| He | went his | way, | therefore, | and | washed, |
| and | came | seeing. |

| The | neighbors | therefore, | and | they which be- |
fore had | seen him, | that he was | blind, | said, |
Is not | this | he that | sat and | begged? |
Some | said, | This | is | he; | others | said, | He
is | like him: | but | he | said, | I | am | he. |
| Therefore | said they unto him, | How | were
thine | eyes | opened? | He | answered and |
said, | A | man | that is | called | Jesus, | made | clay, |
| and a- | nointed mine | eyes, | and | said unto me, |
Go to the | pool of | Siloam, | and | wash: |
| and I | went and | washed, | and I re- | ceived | sight. |

Then | said they unto him, | Where | is
he? | He | said, | I know not. |

They | brought to the | Pharisees | him that a- | fore
time | was | blind. | And it was the | Sabbath |
day | when | Jesus | made the | clay, | and | opened
his | eyes. | Then a- | gain the | Pharisees | also |
asked him | how he had re- | ceived his | sight. |
He | said unto | them,* | He | put | clay | upon
mine | eyes, | and I | washed | and do | see. |
Therefore said | some of the | Pharisees, | This | man
is | not of | God, | be- | cause | he | keepeth not the |
Sabbath | day. | Others | said, | How can a | man
that is a | sinner, | do such | miracles? | And there
was | a di- | vision a- | mong them. | They
say | unto the | blind | man a- | gain, | What |
sayest | thou of him? | that he hath | opened thine | eyes? |
He said, | He is a | prophet. |

736.

PSALM CXXXIX.

O | Lord, | thou hast | searched me, | and | known
me. | Thou | knowest my | down | sitting |
and mine | up | rising; | thou | under- | standest
my | thoughts | a- | far | off. | Thou |
compassest my | path, | and my | lying | down, | and
art ac- | quainted with | all my | ways. | For there is |
not a | word in my | tongue, | but | lo, | O | Lord, |
thou | knowest it | alto- | gether. | Thou hast
be- | set me | be- | hind and be- | fore, | and | laid
thine | hand up- | on me. | Such | knowledge
is | too | wonderful for | me: | it is | high, | I |
cannot at- | tain unto it. | Whither shall I |
go | from thy | spirit? | or | whither shall I |
flee from thy | presence? | If I as- | cend |

* See Number 695, page 115.

up into | heaven, | ☽☽ | thou art | there: | ☽☽ | if I |
 make my | bed in | hell, | ☽ be- | hold, ☽ | thou art | there. |
 ☽☽ | ☽☽ | If I | take the | wings of the | morning | ☽ and |
 dwell in the | uttermost | parts of the | sea: | ☽☽ | Even |
 there | ☽ shall thy | hand ☽ | lead me, | ☽ and thy |
 right ☽ | hand shall | hold me. | ☽☽ | ☽☽ | If I | say, | Surely
 the | darkness shall | cover me: | ☽☽ | even the | night ☽ |
 ☽ shall be | light a- | bout me: | ☽☽ | Yea, | ☽ the dark-
 ness | hideth not from | thee; | ☽☽ | but the | night | shineth
 as the | day: | ☽☽ | ☽ the | darkness | and the | light ☽ |
 ☽ are | both a- | like | ☽ to | thee. | ☽☽ | ☽☽ |

737.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

[He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Lapsi, the site of ancient Platœa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory.]

☽ At | midnight, | ☽☽ | in his | guarded | tent, ☽ |
 ☽ The | Turk | ☽ was | dreaming | ☽ of the | hour, |
 ☽ When | Greece, | ☽ her | knee in | suppliance | 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 ☽ | press'd that | monarch's | throne, — | ☽☽ | ☽ a
 | King; ☽ | ☽☽ |
 ☽ As | wild his | thoughts, ☽ | ☽ and | gay of | wing, ☽ |
 ☽ As | Eden's | garden | bird. ☽ | ☽☽ | ☽☽ |

738.

☽ At | midnight, | ☽ in the | forest | shades, | ☽☽ |
 ☽ Boz- | zaris | 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 Pla- | tæa'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. ˘ | ˘ ˘ ˘ ˘ |

739.

˘ An | hour pass'd | on — ˘ | ˘ ˘ | ˘ the | Turk a- | woke :
 | ˘ ˘ |
 That ˘ | bright ˘ | dream | ˘ was his | last ; ˘ | ˘ ˘ |
 ˘ He | woke — ˘ | ˘ to | hear his | sentry's | 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 | thunder | loud, ˘ |
 ˘ Boz- | zaris | cheer his | band ; |
 ˘ ˘ | “ Strike — ˘ | ˘ till the | last | armed | foe ex- | pires,
 ˘ | ˘ ˘ |
 Strike | ˘ ˘ | ˘ for your | altars | ˘ and your | fires, ˘ |
 ˘ ˘ |
 Strike | ˘ for the | green | graves of your | sires, | ˘ ˘ |
 God — ˘ | ˘ and your | native | land ! ” ˘ | ˘ ˘ | ˘ ˘ |

740.

They | fought, ˘ | ˘ like | brave | men, ˘ | long and | well
 ˘ | ˘ ˘ |
 ˘ They | piled that | ground | ˘ with | Moslem | slain, ˘ |
 ˘ They | conquered — | ˘ ˘ | but Boz- | zaris | fell, ˘ |
 ˘ ˘ | Bleeding at | every | vein. ˘ | ˘ ˘ | ˘ ˘ | ˘ ˘ |
 ˘ His | few sur- | viving | 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 re- | pose, √ |
 √ Like | flowers at | set of | sun. √ | √∇ | √∇ |

741.

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 √ |
 Which | close the | pestilence | √ are | broke, √ | √∇ |
 √ And | crowded | cities | wail its | stroke;— √ | √∇ |
 Come in con- | sumption'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. | √∇ | √∇ |

742.

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. √ | √∇ | √∇ |
 √ Boz- | zaris! | √∇ | √ 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 | √ with- | out a | sigh; √ |
 For thou art | Freedom's | now, √ | √ and | Fame's; √ | √∇ |
 One of the | few, √ | √ the im- | mortal | names, | √∇ |
 √ That | were not | born to | die. √ | √∇ | √∇ |

743.

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

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 in- | terred | ♪ with their |
 bones: | ♪ |
 So let it | be | ♪ with | Cæsar! | ♪ | ♪ The | noble |
 Brutus |
 ♪ Hath | told you, | Cæsar | ♪ was am- | bitious. | ♪ |
 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. | ♪ | ♪ |

744.

He was my | friend,* | ♪ | faithful | ♪ and | just to |
 me: | ♪ |
 ♪ But | Brutus | says | he was am- | bitious; | ♪ |
 ♪ | ♪ 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 am- | bitious? | ♪ | ♪ |
 When that the | poor have | cried, | ♪ | Cæsar hath |
 wept; | ♪ | ♪ |
 ♪ Am- | bition | ♪ should be | made of | sterner | stuff. |
 ♪ | ♪ |

* See Number 528, page 77.

˘ Yet | Brutus | says | ˘ he | was am- | bitious ; |
 ˘˘ | ˘ And | Brutus | ˘ is an | honorable | man. | ˘˘ |
 ˘˘ |
 ˘ You | all did | see, | ˘ that, | on the | Lupercal, |
 ˘ I | thrice pre- | sented him | ˘ a | kingly | crown ; |
 ˘˘ | Which he did | thrice | ˘ re- | fuse. | ˘˘ | ˘ Was
 this am- | bition ? | ˘˘ | ˘˘ |
 ˘ Yet | Brutus | says | he was am- | bitious ; | ˘˘ |
 ˘ And | sure, | ˘ he | is | ˘ an | honorable | man. | ˘˘ |

745.

˘˘ | ˘ I | speak not | ˘ to dis- | prove | what | Brutus |
 spoke ; |
 ˘ But | here | I am to | speak | what I do | know. | ˘˘ |
 ˘˘ |
 ˘ You | all did | love him | once ; | ˘˘ | not without |
 cause : | ˘˘ |
 What | cause with- | holds 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.
 | ˘˘ | ˘˘ |

746.

˘ But | yesterday, | ˘ the | word of | Cæsar | might |
 ˘ Have | stood a- | gainst the | world ! | ˘˘ | now | lies
 he | there, |
 ˘˘ | ˘ And | none | so | poor | ˘ to | do him | rever-
 ence. | ˘˘ | ˘˘ |
 O | masters ! | ˘˘ | If I were dis- | posed 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 my- | self | ♪
 and | you, |
 Than I will | wrong | such ♪ | honorable | men. | ♪ |
 ♪ |

747.

♪ But | here's a | parchment | ♪ with the | seal of |
 Cæsar; |
 ♪ I | found it | ♪ in his | closet; | ♪ | 'Tis 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, |
 ♪ | ♪ Be- | queathing it | ♪ as a | rich ♪ | legacy, |
 Unto their | issue. | ♪ | ♪ |

748.

If you have | tears, | ♪ pre- | pare to | shed them |
 now. | ♪ | ♪ |
 ♪ You | all do | know | this | mantle: | ♪ | I remem-
 ber |
 ♪ The | first | time | ever | Cæsar | put it | on; | ♪ |
 'Twas on a | summer's | evening, | ♪ in his | tent; | ♪ |
 That | day | ♪ he | overcame the | Nervii: | ♪ | ♪ |
 Look! | ♪ in | this | place | ran | Cassius' | dagger |
 through! | ♪ | ♪ |
 See what a | rent | ♪ the | envious | Casca | made! | ♪ |
 | ♪ |

Through | this | ♪ the | well be- | loved | Brutus | stabbed,
 | ♪ |
 ♪ | And as he | plucked his | cursed | steel a- | way |
 ♪ | Mark ♪ | how the | blood of | Cæsar | followed it.
 | ♪ | ♪ |

749.

This | ♪ was the | most un- | kindest | cut of | all! |
 ♪ | ♪ For | when the | noble | Cæsar | saw | him | stab, |
 ♪ In- | gratitude, | ♪ more | strong than | traitor's | 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. | ♪ | ♪ |
 Oh! what a | fall | ♪ was | there, | ♪ my | countrymen! |
 | ♪ | ♪ |
 Then | I, | ♪ and | you, | ♪ and | all of us, | fell | down, |
 Whilst ♪ | bloody | treason | flourished | over us. | ♪ |
 ♪ |
 Oh! | now you | weep; | ♪ | ♪ and I per- | ceive | ♪ you
 | feel |
 ♪ The | dint of | pity; | ♪ | these | ♪ are | gracious |
 drops. | ♪ | ♪ |
 Kind | souls; | ♪ | what, | weep you | ♪ | when you
 but be- | hold |
 ♪ Our | Cæsar's | vesture | wounded? | ♪ | ♪ | Look
 you | here! | ♪ | ♪ |
 Here is him- | self, | ♪ | marr'd, | ♪ as you | see, | ♪ by
 | traitors. | ♪ | ♪ |

750.

Good | friends, | sweet | friends, | ♪ | let me not |
 stir you | up |
 ♪ To | such a | sudden | flood of | mutiny. | ♪ |

They that have | done this | deed, | are | honor-
 able: |
 What | private | griefs | they | have, | a- | las!
 | I | know not, |
 That | made them | do it: | they are | wise, |
 | and | honorable, |
 And | will, | no | doubt, | with | reason | answer
 you. |

751.

I | come not, | friends, | to | steal away | your |
 hearts; |
 I am | no | orator, | as | Brutus is; |
 But as you | know me | all, | a | plain | blunt |
 man, |
 That | love my | friend; | and | that | they |
 know | full | well |
 That | gave me | public | leave | to | speak of him.
 |

752.

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 |

ʃ In | every | wound of | Cæsar, | ʃ that should | move |
 ʃ The | stones of | Rome | ʃ to | rise in | mutiny. |
 | ʃ ʃ | ʃ ʃ |

The preceding examples, including both poetry and prose, it is thought, will be sufficient to explain the principle embraced in this lesson, entitled the Measure of Speech. The pupil should endeavor, in all his reading exercises, to form the sentences, whether of poetry or prose, into measures, for the purpose of reading with facility and without fatigue. The pauses or rests which occur in the imperfect measures, will afford him an opportunity of taking breath at such intervals, that, in the words of Dr. Barber, "reading will cease to be laborious, and the sense will be rendered clear, as far as it is dependent on the capital point of the distribution of time, or measure." The principle explained in this lesson, when well understood, and judiciously applied, will make the pupil acquainted with the nature of all the different kinds of versification; for he will perceive that all the varieties of poetry (or verse) are dependent upon the regular succession of the various measures of speech." *

LESSON XXXVI.

MANNER OF READING POETRY.

The division of poetry into verses,† addressing themselves to the eye, is often the cause of what is called a "*sing song*" utterance, which it should be the study of every good reader to avoid. [See note on page 122.]

In the last lesson, the attention of the pupil was drawn to the MEASURE OF SPEECH — a subject, which, although it is very important in prose, is doubly so in the reading of poetry or verse, as it determines a question which has long been debated by teachers of the art of reading, viz. whether a pause should be made at the end of every line.

It is maintained by a very respectable writer, that in reading '*blank verse*,' "we ought to make every line sensible to the ear; for what" (it is asked by the writer) "is the use of the melody, or for what end has the poet composed in verse, if, in reading his lines, we suppress his

* A greater variety of exercises for reading, divided into measures, may be found in Dr. Barber's Grammar of Elocution.

They, who have any curiosity to know the manner in which Garrick pronounced Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death, are referred to Steele's *Prosodia Rationalis*, (edition of 1779, p. 40, et seq.,) where it is divided into measures, and accented. Dr. Barber's method of dividing speech is identical with Mr. Steele's.

† See Parker and Fox's Grammar, Part III., page 51, No. 160, and the note.

numbers, by omitting the final pause, and degrade them, by our pronunciation, into mere prose?"

The remarks made in the previous lesson are a sufficient reply to this question. It is there stated that all sentences that are, or can be, read or pronounced, are divisible into measures; and that the only difference there is *in sound* between prose and verse is, that verse consists of a *regular succession* of similar measures, while in prose the different kinds of measure occur promiscuously, without any regular succession. Now, if this be the case, as it undoubtedly is, there will be no necessity of a pause at the end of the line, to render the melody sensible to the ear. Indeed, it will be impossible for the reader, who pays proper attention to the *measures* into which all poetical lines are divided, to conceal the melody which the lines possess. The art of the poet, so far as the harmony is concerned, consists in such an arrangement of his measures, as to leave little for the reader to do, in order to convey the melody to the hearer; and those lines which require '*humoring*,' in order that the music of the versification may be distinguished, have little title to the name of verse.

The only direction, therefore, which it is necessary to give the pupil in reading verse is, to endeavor to forget, or rather to disregard, the division of the sentences into lines, and to read with the same inflections, accent, tone, emphasis, and expression, that he would use in reading prose.

In addition to the remarks which were made in the last lesson in relation to the pauses caused by imperfect measures of speech, it remains to be observed that there is generally a pause, which belongs exclusively to poetry, called the CÆSURA,* or the Cæsural pause. This pause must always be properly regarded; and in studying a reading lesson in verse, the pupil must be careful to ascertain where this pause belongs. It is generally made after the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable in the line; but it is sometimes found after the third or the seventh, and occasionally even after the second or the eighth.

In the following lines, the place where the cæsura, or the cæsural pause, is to be made, is indicated by a figure, and the parallel lines ||; and in reading them, the pupil will remember to make a slight pause when he comes to the figure.

753.

The cæsura after the 4th syllable.

The Savior comes, ⁴ || by ancient bards foretold.

754.

The cæsura after the 5th syllable.

From storms a shelter, ⁵ || and from heat a shade.

* The word *cæsura* means a cut, or division. An attentive observer will not fail to notice that the beauty and grace of English versification depends much upon the situation of the cæsura. The poet has it in his power, by diversifying its position, to give his numbers a grateful variety, which they would not otherwise possess. They, who would see this subject more fully discussed, will find some valuable remarks in the work of Dr. Carey, entitled "*Practical English Prosody*," London ed. 1816, p. 59. See also Parker and Fox's Grammar, Part III., No. 183.

755.

*The cæsura after the 6th syllable.***Exalt thy lofty head, ⁶ || and lift thine eyes.**

756.

*The cæsura after the 3d syllable.***Exploring, ³ || till they find their native deep.**

757.

*The cæsura after the 7th syllable.***Within that mystic circle ⁷ || safety seek.**

758.

*The cæsura after the 2d syllable.***Happy, ² || without the privilege of will.**

759.

*The cæsura after the 8th syllable.***In different individuals ⁸ || we find.**

In some lines, besides the cæsura, there is also what is called the *demi-cæsura*, or half cæsura, at which the pause is very slight, as in the following lines, in which the *demi-cæsura* is marked with a single accent, and the cæsura with a double accent.

760.

Warms' in the sun, " refreshes' in the breeze,
 Glows' in the stars, " and blossoms' in the trees;
 Lives' through all life " ; extends' through all extent,
 Spreads' undivided, " operates' unspent.

The pupil will recollect that no pause must be made, and especially that the falling inflection of the voice must not be used at the end of the line, unless the sense requires it. In the following extract, the pause, with the falling inflection, occurs in that part of the line indicated by the grave accent. The extract is from the description of the deluge in Paradise Lost.

761.

Meanwhile the south wind rôse, and with black wings,
 Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove

From under heavèn : the hills, to their supply,
 Vapor and exhalation dusk and moist
 Sent up amàin : and now the thickened sky
 Like a dark ceiling stood ; down rushed the rain
 Impetuous, and continued, till the earth
 No more was sèen ; the floating vessel swam
 Uplifted, and secure with beaked * prow
 Rode tilting o'er the waves.

A SIMILE, † or COMPARISON, in poetry, should be slurred ; ‡ that is, it should be read in a lower tone of voice, with less force, and more rapidly.

In the following lines the simile is contained in Italic letters.

762.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
 He, *like the world*, his ready visits pays
 Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes ;
 Swift on his downy pinions, flies from grief,
 And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

763.

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms ;
 And dear that hill which lifts him from the storms ;
 And, *as a child, whom scaring sounds molest,*
Cling close and closer to his mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

764.

The skies, *like a banner in sunset unrolled,*
 O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold ;
 But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased
 Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.

Like a spirit, it came in the van of a storm !
 And the eye, and the heart, hailed its beautiful form,
 For it looked not severe, *like an angel of wrath,*
 But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.

* This word, by poetic license, must be pronounced as a dissyllable, *beak-ed*. See Parker and Fox's Grammar, Part III., No. 207 and 251.

† See Parker's Exercises in English Composition, Lesson 30, p. 56, for an explanation of Simile, or Comparison.

‡ See Lesson 34, p. 113, of this volume, for an explanation of the slur.

765.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To the pale realms of shade, 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.

The word *verse* properly means *a turning*, and for this reason each line in poetry is a verse. The divisions of a poem, whether they consist of four, six, or any other number of verses or lines, are called *stanzas*.* The pupil must be careful not to pause at the end of a stanza, unless the sense is completed. The following are instances in which, as the sense is not completed, the voice must not be suspended at the end of the stanza.

766.

In what rich harmony, what polished lays,
 Should man address thy throne, when Nature pays
 Her wild, her tuneful tribute to the sky!
 Yes, Lord, she sings thee, but she knows not why.
 The fountain's gush, the long-resounding shore,
 The zephyr's whisper, and the tempest's roar,
 The rustling leaf, in autumn's fading woods,
 The wintry storm, the rush of vernal floods,
 The summer bower, by cooling breezes fanned,
 The torrent's fall, by dancing rainbows spanned
 The streamlet, gurgling through its rocky glen,
 The long grass, sighing o'er the graves of men,
 The bird that crests yon dew-bespangled tree,
 Shakes his bright plumes, and trills his descant free,
 The scorching bolt, that, from thine armory hurled,
 Burns its red path, and cleaves a shrinking world;
 All these are music to Religion's ear:—
 Music, thy hand awakes, for man to hear.

767.

Oh, what is human glory, human pride?
 What are man's triumphs when they brightest seem?

* See Parker and Fox's Grammar, Part III., No. 160, and the *note*.

What art thou, mighty one! though deified?
 Methuselah's long pilgrimage, a dream;
 Our age is but a shade, our life a tale,
 A vacant fancy, or a passing gale

Or nothing! 'Tis a heavy, hollow ball,
 Suspended on a slender, subtle hair,
 And filled with storm winds, thunders, passions, all
 Struggling within in furious tumult there.
 Strange mystery! man's gentlest breath can shake it,
 And the light zephyrs are enough to break it.

768.

Beneath the aged oak he sleeps; —
 The angel of his childhood there
 No watch around his tomb-stone keeps;
 But, when the evening stars appear,

The woodman, to his cottage bound,
 Close to that grave is wont to tread:
 But his rude footsteps echoed round,
 Break not the silence of the dead.

769.

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes, —

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined; —
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind!

LESSON XXXVII.

MONOTONE.

In the previous parts of this book, the pupil has been made acquainted with those modifications of the voice called the rising inflection, the falling inflection, and the circumflex.* There is another

* See Lessons 1, 2, and 22.

modulation of the voice, which, from its intimate connexion with the reading of poetry of a solemn kind, has been reserved for explanation in this place. It is called the *MONOTONE*, and consists of a degree of *sameness of sound*, or tone, in a number of successive words or syllables.

It is very seldom the case that there is a *perfect sameness to be observed* in reading any sentence or part of a sentence. But *very little variety of tone*, or, in other words, a degree of the *MONOTONE*, is to be used in reading either prose or verse, which contains elevated descriptions, or emotions of solemnity, sublimity, or reverence. This *monotone* should generally be a low tone of the voice. Thus, in addressing the Deity, in the following lines, a degree of the monotone is to be used.

770.

O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
 Unchanged through time's all devastating flight;
 Thou only God! There is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Mighty One!
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
 Who fill'st existence with 'Thyself alone:
 Einbracing all, — supporting, — ruling o'er —
 Being whom we call God — and know no more.

The monotone is also to be used in the following extracts: —

771.

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

772.

The sky is changed! and such a change! O Night,
 And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
 Leaps the live thunder! — not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

773.

And this is in the night :— most glorious night !
 Thou wert not made for slumber ! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and fair delight, —
 A portion of the tempest and of thee !
 How the lit lake shines, — a phosphoric sea —
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
 And now, again, 'tis black — and now, the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

774.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings ! ye,
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful : the far roll
 Of your departing voices is the knoll
 Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest.
 But where, of ye, O tempests ! is the goal ?
 Are ye like those within the human breast ?
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest ?

775.

And in the bright blaze of thy festal hall,
 When vassals kneel, and kindred smile around thee,
 May ruin'd Bertram's Pledge hiss in thine ear —
 Joy to the proud dame of Saint Aldobrand,
 Whilst his corse doth bleach beneath her towers !

776.

O crested Lochiel, the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn !
 Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother's scream o'er her famishing brood.

777.

Oh, when he comes,
 Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme,
 To heaven ascending from some guilty land,
 Now ripe for vengeance ; when he comes, array'd

In all the terrors of Almighty wrath, —
 Forth from his bosom plucks his lingering arm,
 And on the miscreants pours destruction down, —
 Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
 His whole displeasure?

778.

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

The monotone may with good effect be introduced in many of the sentences contained in the previous pages of this book, especially in Numbers 614 and 615, page 101. As it is the design of the author, in these pages, to furnish *lessons*,* rather than *exercises*, in reading, the extracts already introduced will be sufficient to impress the principle contained in this lesson.

LESSON XXXVIII.

ANALYSIS.

The word ANALYSIS† means the separation of the parts of which a thing is composed.

Every sentence, whether it be a long or a short one, contains *one prominent idea*, which, by a proper management of the voice, must be brought out into clear and distinct notice. It sometimes happens, especially in very long sentences, that the prominent idea is interrupted or obscured by parentheses, descriptions, explanatory remarks, or other expressions, which render it difficult for the reader to distinguish the most important part, and give it that prominence which it deserves. Herein lies the greatest difficulty in the art of reading. No rule can be given to aid the pupil in the discovery of the prominent ideas in his reading lessons. He must here be left to study and reflection. The information, however, that there *are* such prominent ideas in complex sentences, will lead him to endeavor to discover them; and the practice which he has had in the use of emphasis, slur, expression, and other principles contained in the preceding lessons, will enable him to apply himself to the study of such sentences, with the hope of distinguishing the parts which should be brought into strong light, from those which require to be thrown into the shade. To aid him in the study, a few examples are here introduced.

779.

The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks, seems with continuous laughter to rejoice in its own being.

* See preface, p. 5. † See Parker's Exercises in English Composition, p. 23.

In this sentence, one principal idea is expressed, namely, that *the rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and seems to rejoice in its own being*. This idea must therefore be brought out prominently; while the expressions *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, and leaping down the rocks*, are merely descriptions of the appearance of the river, and need not be so emphatically marked. The same remark must be made with regard to the expression *with continuous laughter*, which is only an explanation of the manner in which it rejoices. These expressions may be slightly slurred.*

In reading the sentence, therefore, he will express it as follows, pronouncing the parts in Italic letters with less emphatic force than the prominent idea.

780

The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks*, seems *with continuous laughter* to rejoice in its own being. †

In the following sentences, all the parts, except the prominent ideas, are printed in Italic letters. The pupil will read them as directed above.

In order that the pupil may clearly distinguish the prominent parts, he may first read them with the omission of the parts in Italic letters, and afterwards read the whole of each sentence as it stands

781.

There was a delicious sensation of *mingled security and awe*, with which I looked down *from my giddy height* on the monsters of the deep *at their uncouth gambols*. Shoals of porpoises *tumbling about the bows of the ship*; the grampus *slowly heaving his huge form above the surface*; or the ravenous shark, *darting like a spectre through the blue waters*.

782.

The devout heart, *penetrated with large and affecting views of the immensity of the works of God, the harmony of his laws, and the extent of his beneficence*, bursts into loud and vocal expressions of praise and adoration; and *from a full and overflowing sensibility*, seeks to expand itself to the utmost limits of creation.

In the following sentence, the pupil may read, first, that only which is in capital letters; then all but the Italic; and, thirdly, the whole

* See Lesson 34.

† This sentence occurs on the 115th page, where it is differently marked. It is here used for illustration only. Some readers may prefer one method, and some another; for there are probably few who would read any passage in exactly the same manner.

sentence. He will thus distinguish the various parts of a complex sentence.

783.

CAN HE, who, *not satisfied with the wide range of animated existence*, calls for the sympathy of the inanimate creation, **REFUSE TO WORSHIP** with his fellow-men?

It may here be remarked, that the most prominent part sometimes consists of a single word, or perhaps of several words, which cannot be separated from the connexion in which they stand, as in the following example:—

784.

Oh, days of ancient **GRANDEUR**! are ye **GONE**? For-
ever **GONE**? Do these same scenes behold his **OFF-
SPRING** here the **HIRELING** of a **FOE**? Oh that I
KNEW my **FATE**! that I could **READ** the destiny that
Heaven has marked for me!

785.

WHENCE, and **WHAT** art thou, **EXECRABLE** shape!
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? **THROUGH THEM** I mean to **PASS**;
That be assured, without leave asked of thee:
RETIRE, or taste thy **FOLLY**; and learn by **PROOF**,
Hell-born! not to contend with spirits of **HEAVEN**!

786.

What means this **SHOUTING**? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their **KING**.
Ay, do you **FEAR** it?
Then must I think you **WOULD NOT HAVE** it so.
I would **NOT**, Cassius; yet I **LOVE** him well.

787.

And thus, in silent waiting, stood
The piles of stone, and piles of wood;
Till **DEATH**—who, in his vast affairs,
Ne'er puts things off, as men in theirs;
And thus, if I the truth must tell,
Does his work finally and well—
WINKED at our hero as he past,
“Your house is finished, sir, at last;

A narrower house — a house of clay —
Your palace for another day !”

In the analysis of a sentence, with the view to read it correctly, there are generally three things to be considered by the pupil ; namely : First, *What are the most prominent parts, or those which require emphasis*—Secondly, *What parts are merely explanatory, and consequently are to be slurred or thrown into shade*—Thirdly, *What parts, separated by explanatory, descriptive, or other circumstances, are intimately connected with each other, and must have their intimate connexion expressed by strong emphasis, or by slurring the parts which separate them.*

The pupil may analyze the following sentences ; that is to say, he may mark and read those parts or words only which are most prominent, and require strong emphasis. He may then mention what parts are merely explanatory, &c. And then he may point out those parts which, though distant from the eye, are closely connected in sense. Lastly, he may read each sentence as it stands, endeavoring to manage the emphasis, slur, and expression, in the manner in which he has heretofore been directed.*

788.

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd † and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight : the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

789.

O Winter ! ruler of the inverted year !
Thy scattered hair with sleet, like ashes, filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st, †
And dreaded as thou art.

* It is recommended that the pupil be required to *write* a few of these sentences in the manner directed above, underscoring with a single line such parts as are to be in Italic letters, with a double line such as should be in small capitals, and with three lines such as should be in large capitals. See Parker and Fox's Grammar, Part III., page 39.

† The pupil will often notice in poetry such abbreviations as these, where the apostrophe shows that some letter is left out. [See Lesson 20, page 63.]

790.

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.

791.

Trifles, light as air,
 Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ.
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
 Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste,
 But, with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.

792.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those, that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
 The subject will deserve it.

793.

Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
 As the weird women promised ; and I fear,
 Thou play'dst most foully for it : yet it was said,
 It should not stand in thy posterity ;
 But that myself should be the root and father
 Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
 (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
 Why, by the verities made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope ?

Thus *arch'd* for arched, *slipp'ry* for slippery, *seem'st* for seemest. These abbreviations are generally made for the purpose of shortening the word, and thereby preserving the measure of the verse. But they are very seldom allowed in prose. See Parker and Fox's Grammar, Part III., No. 207, &c.

794.

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day,
 For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal.
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's * dread echoes shall ring
 With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.

795.

Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
 Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:
 Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors,
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.

796.

Impose upon me whatever hardships you please; give me nothing but the bread of sorrow to eat; take from me the friends in whom I had placed my confidence; lay me in the cold hut of poverty, and on the thorny bed of disease; set death before me in all its terrors; do all this,—only let me trust in my Savior, and I will fear no evil,—I will rise superior to affliction,—I will rejoice in my tribulation.

797.

The Highlands of Scotland are a picturesque, but in general a melancholy, country. Long tracts of mountainous desert covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather; narrow valleys, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents; a soil so rugged, and a clime so dreary, as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage, nor the labors of agriculture; the mournful dashing of waves along the friths and lakes that intersect the country; the portentous noises which every change of the wind, and every increase and diminution of the waters, is apt to raise in a lonely region, full of echoes, and rocks, and caverns; the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape by the light of the moon; objects like these diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be

* Pronounced Cullod/en's.

le enough with occasional and social merriment,
but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts even of an ordinary
native in the hour of silence and solitude.

798.*

To be — or not to be — that is the question —
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against assail † of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? — To dié, — to sleèp, —
No mòre; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is hèir to, — 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.

799.

To die; — to sleep; —
To sleep! perchance to dream; — ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised ‡ love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To 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?

* In reading this extract, the pupil must recall to mind the remarks made on the 69th page, relating to accent.

† In most of the editions of Shakspeare we read, "to take arms against a sea of troubles;" but this expression is a manifest violation of all rhetorical rule. [See *Progressive Exercises in English Composition*, Lesson 25, p. 49.] The improved reading in this passage is taken from Steele's "*Prosodia Rationalis*," a work already referred to in a preceding note.

‡ See note to No. 701.

800.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

LESSON XXXIX.

BLENDING OF WORDS PRODUCED BY ACCENTED FORCE.

Under the head of *accented force*, Mr. Walker, in his Rhetorical Grammar, has noticed the peculiar manner in which words, or parts of different words, are sometimes blended, so as to appear in pronunciation like a single word. Thus the sentence, "Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent," when it is read with a proper regard to the measure of speech, accent, emphasis, &c., will appear as if it were written thus:—

801.

Censure isthetax amanpays tothepublic
 forbeingeminent.

It will be needless to insert any extracts for the exercise of the pupil in this principle. The teacher will select from any part of the book such sentences for him to read as will enable him readily to perceive the difference between *accented words* and *accented syllables*.

It may here be remarked, that most kinds of reading are included in the three terms NARRATIVE, DESCRIPTIVE, and EXPRESSIVE; each of which is respectively characterized by its appropriate degree of accented force; and it is proper that the pupil, in studying a reading lesson, should endeavor to discern under which head his lesson is included, in order to adapt his style of reading to the character of the

piece. On this subject much has been said in the previous lessons of this book. It remains for the pupil, who has gone through these lessons in course, to endeavor to apply the instructions given him, in all the various kinds of reading in which he may be exercised. If he has a correct ear, he will not fail to observe that both the rising and falling inflections of the voice admit of different degrees. These are technically described in Dr. Barber's Grammar of Elocution, and more fully developed in the respective works of Dr. Rush and Mr. Steele, to which reference has already been made. The subject is also particularly noticed in Walker's Rhetorical Grammar. In these exercises, it is deemed inexpedient to present any intricate views of the subject; but, after the statement of a principle, to leave the pupil to the guidance of Nature. [See *preface and title-page.*]

LESSON XL.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE VOICE.

The voice, like all the other faculties of the body or the mind, is susceptible of great improvement; and under proper management, one that is naturally feeble may be rendered more effective than another, which is endowed with great strength. The two most important requisites in a good voice are CLEARNESS and STRENGTH. In the twenty-fifth lesson of this book, some exercises are presented with the design to accustom the pupil to distinct articulation. If he has passed over that lesson with little attention, he is advised to return to it; and, by persevering practice, acquire a facility in the pronunciation of those sounds which are represented by the combination of the consonants alone. In connexion with this exercise, he is advised to practise the vowel sounds, in the manner which shall presently be pointed out.

The Sounds of the Vowels are as follows :—

a	as heard in the word	fate		o	as heard in the word	move
a	" " " " "	far		o	" " " " "	nor
a	" " " " "	fall		o	" " " " "	not
a	" " " " "	fat		u	" " " " "	tube
e	" " " " "	me		u	" " " " "	tub
e	" " " " "	met		u	" " " " "	bull
i	" " " " "	pine		oi	" " " " "	voice
i	" " " " "	pin		ou	" " " " "	sound
o	" " " " "	no				

The Sounds of the Consonants are as follows :—

b	as in	bible	rob	t	as in	tool	not
d	“ “	dare	bed	v	“ “	vine	have
f	“ “	fate	brief	w	“ “	wine	
g	“ “	gone	brag	x	“ “	example	
h	“ “	hand		y	“ “	yes	
j	“ “	jade		z	“ “	zone	adze
k	“ “	kind	sick	ch	“ “	chair	church
l	“ “	land	ball	ng	“ “	long	
m	“ “	mine	him	sh	“ “	shine	hush
n	“ “	now	pin	th	“ “	thou	
p	“ “	put	lip	th	<i>aspirate</i>	thin	
q	“ “	quince		wh	“ “	when	
r	“ “	ring	bar	zh	“ “	azure	
s	“ “	since	kiss				

These sounds of the vowels and consonants should be uttered in various ways.

1st. Let the pupil practise what is called exploding* them; that is, let him pronounce each of them in a quick, sudden manner, like the report of a pistol.

2d. Let him prolong the same sounds, with care, to preserve their purity.

3d. Let him practise both the abrupt and the prolonged sounds of each, in conjunction with the consonants, and the combination of the consonants presented in Lesson 25.

4th. Let him practise all the above-mentioned sounds, in each of the

* “This practice,” says Dr. Barber, “will be found a more effectual method than any other of obtaining a strong and powerful voice — of strengthening such voices as are feeble, and of giving fulness and strength of tone to all in proportion to their natural capacities.” He adds, immediately after, “The student has not obtained that use of his voice which it is the object of this table to teach him, until every sound it contains can be uttered with the suddenness of the report of fire-arms, without any apparent effort preceding the explosion, with a very high degree of percussive force, and with strength and fulness of tone.” Again, he says in another place, “We know that persons with feeble voices have been rendered capable of speaking forcibly and impressively in public, by a perseverance in the practice here recommended.” — *Gram. of Elocution*, p. 30. — Dr. Barber’s work cannot be too highly recommended to all who would pursue this subject scientifically. In this lesson the author has departed in some respects from the arrangement of the vowel sounds, as presented in the tables of Dr. Barber, and adopted that which is contained in the spelling books commonly used. These lessons are designed principally as an introduction to the subject, and not as a full treatise. They who have leisure for a more extended view, are referred to Dr. Barber’s Grammar, and to the very able, scientific, and more voluminous work to which reference has been already made — Dr. Rush on “The Philosophy of the Human Voice.” Mr. Steele’s work, entitled “Prosodia Rationalis,” is likewise well worthy the attention of those who would acquire a thorough knowledge of the powers and peculiarities of the human voice.

different pitches or keys of the voice, mentioned in Lesson 27, p. 95 ; and likewise in a whisper.*

Among the consonants there are two which require particular attention, namely, *l* and *r* ; and if there are any letters, the correct and distinct articulation of which distinguish a good from a bad pronunciation, they are these two.

It is recommended that the pupil be thoroughly exercised in the pronunciation of words which contain these letters, especially the *r*. This letter has two sounds, called the *smooth* and the *vibrant*. The vibrant *r* is pronounced by what is frequently called *rolling the tongue*. This sound, when properly made, is one which is highly pleasing to the ear ; but when too much prolonged, it becomes harsh and offensive, and is suited only for a rough or energetic utterance. Dr. Rush says that it " will be agreeable when it consists of one, or at most two or three strokes and rebounds of the tongue."

The smooth *r* is that sound which is heard in the words *bard*, *card*, *hard*. In such words it savors of affectation or provincialism to substitute the vibrant *r*

EXERCISE ON THE SOUNDS OF L AND R.

802.

The lordly lion leaves his lonely lair.

803.

He was long, lean, and lank, and laughed loudly.

804.

How sweetly slow the liquid lay
In holy hallelujahs rose!

805.

Let lords and ladies laugh and sing
As loudly and as light ;
We beggars, too, can dance, and fling
Dull care a distant flight.

806.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king.

* The importance of clear and distinct utterance will be seen by the following sentences, in which the meaning depends upon it :

That lasts till night.

That last still night.

Who ever imagined such a notion to exist ?

Who ever imagined such an ocean to exist ?

807.

Around the hearth the crackling fagots blaze.

808.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, the Hyrcan tiger.

809.

The master current of her mind
Ran permanent and free.

Round rugged rocks, rude ragged rascals ran.

Lean liquid lays like lightly lulling lakes.

After the pupil has sufficiently practised the utterance of the various sounds of vowels and consonants, both separately and in combination, it is recommended that he *daily* exercise himself in reading or speaking with all his powers of loudness and force. This habit will contribute much to the acquisition of strength of voice. But above all, let him remember that *distinctness of articulation* is of the utmost importance in utterance; and that a weak voice *with* this quality can be heard and understood at a much greater distance than a strong one without it.

Again; the pupil will find much benefit in the practice of swelling and diminishing the power of his voice. For this purpose, let him begin a long sentence softly, slowly, and in a low tone, and gradually swell his voice in pitch, power, and rapidity, till he has attained the utmost extent of those qualities of which it is susceptible; and then let it descend and fade away by degrees, till it becomes almost imperceptible.

And, lastly, reading with rapidity (*simply as an exercise of the voice*) will contribute much to the ease and power of utterance. But the pupil must never allow his words to pass from his mouth indistinctly. How rapidly soever he may read, as an exercise, he must be careful to give each syllable and each letter its distinct appropriate sound.

To these directions for the improvement of the voice may be added the caution to open the mouth, when speaking, in such a manner as to afford an easy passage for the sound. Many persons have contracted a habit of reading and speaking with the lips compressed in such a manner as entirely to alter the tone of the voice and destroy its distinctness of utterance. This caution must be particularly regarded by all who aim at excellence in the ART OF READING.

Dr. Rush has described four different kinds of voice; namely, the NATURAL, the FALSETTE, the WHISPERING, and the OROTUND, which he thus describes:

The NATURAL VOICE is that which we employ in ordinary speaking.

The FALSETTE is that peculiar voice in which the higher degrees of pitch are made, after the natural voice breaks, or outruns its power. The cry, scream, yell, and all shrillness, are various modes of the falsette.

The WHISPERING voice needs no description; but it may be observed that some persons are endowed with such clearness and distinctness in this kind of voice, that they can make themselves heard at a great distance when speaking in this way.

By the OROFUND voice is meant that natural or improved manner of uttering the elements, which exhibits them with a fulness, clearness, strength, smoothness, and a ringing or musical quality, rarely heard in ordinary speech; but *which is never found in its highest excellence, except through long and careful cultivation.*

In conclusion, it may be stated, that all who aim at excellence as Readers and Speakers, should endeavor to attain this last-described quality of voice.* For their encouragement it may be added, that it has frequently been acquired by those whose voices were naturally weak and ineffective, and that no one, therefore, should despair of the attainment, — for WHAT MAN HAS DONE, MAN CAN DO.

* Among the refinements in pronunciation, at which the careful student of the art of rhetorical reading should aim, may be particularly mentioned the legitimate sounds of *e* and *i*, in such words as *earth, mercy, mirth, birth, &c.*, which are too commonly pronounced as if they were spelt *urth, murcy, murth, burth*. In the word *merit*, the *e* always receives its proper sound. The same syllable *mer*, common both to the words *merit* and *mercy*, should have the same pronunciation in both words; and the reader, by carefully noticing this fact, will find little difficulty in attaining the correct pronunciation of the *e*, in the words to which reference has been made. The proper sound of the *i*, likewise, in the words above mentioned, approaches nearer to the sound of short *e* than to that of *u*.

EXERCISES IN RHETORICAL READING.

EXERCISE I.

The Structure of Animals.

- THOSE who were skilful in anatomy among the ancients concluded, from the outward and inward make of a human body, that it was the work of a being transcendently wise and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their discoveries gave them fresh opportunities of admiring the conduct of Providence in the formation of a human body. Galen was converted by his dissections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a survey of his handiwork.
- 10 There were, indeed, many parts of which the old anatomists did not know the certain use ; but as they saw that most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable art to their several functions, they did not question that those whose uses they could not determine were
- 15 contrived with the same wisdom for respective ends and purposes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great discoveries have been made by our modern anatomists, we see new wonders in the human frame, and discern several important uses for
- 20 those parts, which uses the ancients knew nothing of.
- In short, the body of man is such a subject as stands the utmost test of examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest wisdom upon the most superficial survey of it, it still mends upon the search, and produces our surprise and amazement in proportion as we pry into it.
- 25 What I have here said of a human body may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the subject of anatomical observations.
- The body of an animal is an object adequate to our
- 30 senses. It is a particular system of Providence, that lies in a narrow compass. The eye is able to command it, and by successive inquiries can search into all its parts.

Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well contrived a frame as that of a human body. We should see the same concatenation and subser-
 5 viency, the same necessity and usefulness, the same beauty and harmony in all and every of its parts, as what we
 10 discover in the body of every single animal.

The more extended our reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense objects, the greater still are those discoveries which it makes of wisdom and providence in the works of the creation. A Sir Isaac Newton, who
 15 stands up as a miracle of the present age, can look through a whole planetary system ; consider it in its weight, number and measure ; and draw from it as many demonstra-
 20 tions of infinite power and wisdom as a more confined understanding is able to deduce from the system of a human body.

But to return to our speculative anatomy. I shall here consider the fabric and texture of the body of animals in one particular view, which, in my opinion, shows the hand
 25 of a thinking and all-wise Being in their formation, with the evidence of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontestable principle, that chance never
 30 acts in a perpetual uniformity and consistence with itself. If one should always fling the same number with ten thousand dice, or see every throw just five times less, or
 five times more in number than the throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there was some
 invisible power which directed the cast ?

This is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diversified by differ-
 35 ent magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different species. Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will observe how many of the works of nature are pub-
 40 lished, if I may use the expression, in a variety of editions. If we look into the reptile world, or into those different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet
 with the same repetitions among several species, that differ very little from one another but in size and bulk. You find the same creature that is drawn at large copied
 out in several proportions, and ending in miniature.

It would be tedious to produce instances of this regular conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony of the universe is such that we may
5 observe innumerable divisions running upon the same ground. I might also extend this speculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter disposed into many similar systems, as well in our survey of stars and planets, as of stones, vegetables, and other sublunary
10 parts of the creation.

In a word, Providence has shown the richness of its goodness and wisdom, not only in the production of many original species, but in the multiplicity of descants which it has made on every original species in particular.
15 But to pursue this thought still further. Every living creature, considered in itself, has many very complicated parts, that are exact copies of some other parts which it possesses, which are complicated in the same manner.

One eye would have been sufficient for the subsistence
20 and preservation of an animal; but in order to better his condition, we see another placed with a mathematical exactness in the same most advantageous situation, and in every particular of the same size and texture. Is it possible for chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations?
25 Should a million of dice turn up twice together the same number, the wonder would be nothing in comparison with this.

But when we see this similitude and resemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we see one half of the
30 body entirely correspond with the other in all those minute strokes, without which a man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single part repeated a hundred times in the same body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless fibres,
35 and these parts differing still in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular situation requires; sure a man must have a strange cast of understanding who does not discover the finger of God in so wonderful a work.

These duplicates in those parts of the body, without
40 which a man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain demonstration of an all-wise Contriver; as those more numerous copyings, which are found among the vessels of the same body, are evident demonstrations that they could not be the work of chance.

- This argument receives additional strength, if we apply it to every animal and insect within our knowledge, as well as to those numberless living creatures that are objects too minute for a human eye; and if we consider
- 5 how the several species in this whole world of life resemble one another, in very many particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective states of existence, it is much more probable that a hundred million of dice should be
- 10 casually thrown a hundred million of times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous concourse of matter. And that the like chance should arise in innumerable instances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense.—*Spectator*.

EXERCISE II.

Philosophy.

- 15 WITH thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Tutored by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages, and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment and thought,
- 20 Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
Their highest honor, and their truest joy!
Without thee what were unenlightened man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with the unfashioned fur
- 25 Rough clad; devoid of every finer art
And elegance of life.
- Nor happiness
Domestic, mixed of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
- 30 Nor guardian law were his,—nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
- 35 The burning line, or dares the wintry pole,
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence and guile,
And woes on woes, a still revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life

Than non-existence worse ; but, taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
 Embellish life.

5 While thus laborious crowds
 Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
 The ruling helm ; or like the liberal breath
 Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.

10 Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confined, the radiant tracks on high
 Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
 Creation through ; and, from that full complex
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
 15 Of the **SOLE BEING** right, who spoke the word
 And Nature moved complete.

 With inward view,
 Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
 20 The obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train ;
 To reason, then, deducing truth from truth,
 25 And notion quite abstract ; where first begins
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Unfettered and unmixed.

 But here the cloud
 (So wills eternal Providence) sits deep ;
 30 Enough for us to know that this dark state,
 In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
 This infancy of being, cannot prove
 The final issue of the works of God,
 By boundless love and perfect wisdom formed,
 35 And ever rising with the rising mind. *Thomson.*

EXERCISE III.

Scale of Beings.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, — by which I mean that system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the

mass of dead matter, with the several relations that those bodies bear to one another, — there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising, in contemplations on the world of life; by which I understand, all those
5 animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe; the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our
10 observations and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which they are stocked. Every part of matter is peopled; every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarcely a single humor in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our
15 glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures.

We find even in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities, which are crowded with imperceptible inhabitants, too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more
20 bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and rivers, teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures. We find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts; and every part of matter affording proper necessaries and conveniences
25 for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of "The Plurality of Worlds" draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the peopling of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter,
30 with which we are acquainted, lies waste and useless, those greater bodies, which are at such a distance from us, are not desert and unpeopled; but, rather, that they are furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

Existence is a blessing to those beings only which are
35 endowed with perception; and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any further than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our
40 observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and that there is no more of the one than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

Infinite Goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in conferring existence upon every de-

gree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation, which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge further upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

- 5 There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish which is formed in the fashion of a cone, that grows to the surface of several rocks, and immediately dies on being severed from the place where it grew.
- 10 There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense than that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell; and others of sight.

- It is wonderful to observe by what a gradual progress
- 15 the world of life advances, through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these, there is such a different degree of perfection, in the sense which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the
- 20 sense in different animals is distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature.

- If, after this, we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct,
- 25 we find them rising, after the same manner, imperceptibly one above another; and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near
- 30 to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

- The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, in his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowl-
- 35 edge, that does not swarm with life. Nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he made but one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence; he has, therefore, *specified*, in his creation,
- 40 every degree of life, every capacity of being.

The whole chasm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with divers kinds of creatures, rising one after another, by an ascent so gentle and easy that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are

almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarcely a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness or the wisdom of the

5 Divine Being more manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises by so regular a progress so high as man, we may, by parity

10 of reason, suppose, that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection, between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect.

15 In this great system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as man; who fills up the middle space between the animal and the intellectual nature, the visible and the invisible world; and who is that link in

20 the chain of being which forms the connexion between both. So that he, who, in one respect, is associated with angels and archangels, and may look upon a being of infinite perfection as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may, in another respect, say to

25 "corruption, thou art my father," and to the worm, "thou art my mother and my sister." — *Addison.*

EXERCISE IV.

The Teachings of Nature.

THE seasons came and went, and went and came,
 To teach men gratitude; and, as they passed,
 Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else

30 Had stolen unheeded by: the gentle flowers
 Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,
 Talked of humility, and peace, and love.
 The dews came down unseen at evening tide,
 And silently their bounties shed, to teach

35 Mankind unostentatious charity.

With arm in arm the forest rose on high,
 And lesson gave of brotherly regard.
 And on the rugged mountain brow exposed,

- Bearing the blast alone — the ancient oak
 Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still
 To courage in distress exhorted loud.
 The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the breeze,
 5 Attuned the heart to melody and love.
 Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
 Essential love; and, from her glorious bow,
 Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,
 With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God
 10 Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,
 She whispered to Revenge: — Forgive, forgive!
 The Sun, rejoicing round the earth, announced
 Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
 The Moon awoke, and from her maiden face
 15 Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,
 And with her virgin stars walked in the heavens,
 Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked
 Of purity, and holiness, and God.
 In dreams and visions sleep instructed much.
 20 Day uttered speech to day, and night to night
 Taught knowledge: silence had a tongue: the grave,
 The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each
 A tongue, that ever said — Man! think of God!
 Think of thyself! think of eternity!
 25 Fear God, the thunders said; fear God, the waves;
 Fear God, the lightning of the storm replied;
 Fear God, deep loudly answered back to deep.
 And, in the temples of the Holy One —
 Messiah's messengers, the faithful few —
 30 Faithful 'mong many false — the Bible opened,
 And cried: Repent! repent, ye Sons of Men!
 Believe, be saved. *Pollock's Course of Time.*

EXERCISE V.

English Politeness described by a Native of China.

- THE English, in general, seem fonder of gaining the esteem than the love of those with whom they converse.
 35 This gives a formality to their amusements; their gayest conversations have something too wise for innocent relaxation; though in company you are seldom disgusted with the absurdity of a fool, you are seldom lifted into rapture

by those strokes of vivacity which give instant though not permanent pleasure.

What they want, however, in gayety they make up in politeness. You smile at hearing me praise the English for their politeness; you, who have heard very different accounts from the missionaries at Pekin, who have seen such a different behavior in their merchants and seamen at home. But I must still repeat it, the English seem more polite than any of their neighbors; their great art in this respect lies in endeavoring, while they oblige, to lessen the force of the favor. Other countries are fond of obliging a stranger, but seem desirous that he should be sensible of the obligation. The English confer their kindness with an appearance of indifference, and give away benefits with an air as if they despised them.

Walking, a few days ago, between an Englishman and a Frenchman, into the suburbs of the city, we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. I was unprepared, but they had each large coats, which defended them from what seemed to me a perfect inundation. The Englishman, seeing me shrink from the weather, accosted me thus: "Psha, man, what dost shrink at? Here, take this coat; I don't want it; I find it no way useful to me; I had as lief be without it."

The Frenchman began to show his politeness in turn. "My dear friend," cries he, "why won't you oblige me by making use of my coat? you see how well it defends me from the rain. I should not choose to part with it to others, but to such a friend as you I could even part with my skin to do him service."

From such minute instances as these, most reverend Fum Hoam, I am sensible your sagacity will collect instruction. The volume of nature is the book of knowledge; and he becomes most wise who makes the most judicious selection. — *Goldsmith*.

EXERCISE VI.

Pleasures of Melancholy.

LET others love soft summer's evening smiles,
As, listening to the distant waterfall,
They mark the blushes of the streaky west;
I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.

- Then, when the sullen shades of evening close,
 Where through the room the blindly-glimmering gleam
 The dying embers scatter, far remote
 From Mirth's mad shouts, that through the illumined roof
 5 Resound with festive echo, let me sit,
 Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge,
 Then let my thought contemplative explore
 This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
 The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,
 10 As through the wilderness of life we rove.
 This sober hour of silence will unmask
 False Folly's smiles, that, like the dazzling spells
 Of wily Comus, cheat the unweeeting eye
 With blear illusion, and persuade to drink
 15 That charmed cup, which Reason's mintage fair
 Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man.
 Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
 Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath.
 Few know that elegance of soul refined
 20 Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
 From Melancholy's scenes than the dull pride
 Of tasteless splendor and magnificence
 Can e'er afford.

- Thus Eloise, whose mind
 25 Had languished to the pangs of melting love,
 More genuine transport found, as on some tomb
 Reclined she watched the tapers of the dead;
 Or through the pillared isles, amid pale shrines
 Of imaged saints and intermingled graves,
 30 Mused a veiled votaress; than Flavia feels,
 As through the mazes of the festive ball,
 Proud of her conquering charms and beauty's blaze,
 She floats amid the silken sons of dress,
 And shines the fairest of the assembled fair.

T. Warton.

EXERCISE VII.

The Amiable Character of the Patriarch Joseph.

- 35 No human character exhibited in the records of Scripture is more remarkable and instructive than that of the patriarch Joseph. He is one whom we behold tried in all the vicissitudes of fortune; from the condition of a slave,

rising to be ruler of the land of Egypt; and in every station acquiring, by his virtue and wisdom, favor with God and man. When overseer of Potiphar's house, his fidelity was proved by strong temptations, which he honorably
5 resisted.

When thrown into prison by the artifices of a false woman, his integrity and prudence soon rendered him conspicuous, even in that dark mansion. When called into the presence of Pharaoh, the wise and extensive plan
10 which he formed for saving the kingdom from the miseries of impending famine, justly raised him to a high station, wherein his abilities were eminently displayed in the public service.

But in his whole history there is no circumstance so
15 striking and interesting as his behavior to his brethren who had sold him into slavery. The moment in which he made himself known to them was the most critical one of his life, and the most decisive of his character. It is such as rarely occurs in the course of human events,
20 and is calculated to draw the highest attention of all who are endowed with any degree of sensibility of heart.

From the whole tenor of the narration, it appears, that though Joseph, upon the arrival of his brethren in Egypt, made himself strange to them, yet, from the beginning, he
25 intended to discover himself; and studied so to conduct the discovery as might render the surprise of joy complete. For this end, by affected severity, he took measures for bringing down into Egypt all his father's children.

They were now arrived there; and Benjamin among
30 the rest, who was his younger brother by the same mother, and was particularly beloved by Joseph. Him he threatened to detain; and seemed willing to allow the rest to depart. This incident renewed their distress. They all knew their father's extreme anxiety about the safety of
35 Benjamin, and with what difficulty he had yielded to his undertaking this journey.

Should he be prevented from returning, they dreaded that grief would overpower the old man's spirits, and prove fatal to his life. Judah, therefore, who had particularly
40 urged the necessity of Benjamin's accompanying his brothers, and had solemnly pledged himself to their father for his safe return, craved, upon this occasion, an audience of the governor, and gave him a full account of the circumstances of Jacob's family.

Nothing can be more interesting and pathetic than this discourse of Judah. Little knowing to whom he spoke, he paints, in all the colors of simple and natural eloquence, the distressed situation of the aged patriarch, hastening to
5 the close of life; long afflicted for the loss of a favorite son, whom he supposed to have been torn in pieces by a beast of prey; laboring now under anxious concern about his youngest son, the child of his old age, who alone was left alive of his mother, and whom nothing but the calam-
10 ities of severe famine could have moved a tender father to send from home, and expose to the dangers of a foreign land.

“If we bring him not back with us, we shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant, our father, with sorrow to
15 the grave. I pray thee therefore let thy servant abide, instead of the young man, a bondman to our lord. For how shall I go up to my father, and Benjamin not with me? lest I see the evil that shall come on my father.”

Upon this relation, Joseph could no longer restrain him-
20 self. The tender ideas of his father, and his father's house, of his ancient home, his country, and his kindred, of the distress of his family, and his own exaltation, all rushed too strongly upon his mind to bear any further concealment. “He cried, Cause every man to go out from
25 me; and he wept aloud.”

The tears which he shed were not the tears of grief. They were the burst of affection. They were the effusions of a heart overflowing with all the tender sensibilities of nature. Formerly he had been moved in the same
30 manner when he first saw his brethren before him. “His bowels yearned upon them; he sought for a place where to weep. He went into his chamber; and then washed his face and returned to them.”

At that period, his generous plans were not completed.
35 But now, when there was no further occasion for constraining himself, he gave free vent to the strong emotions of his heart. The first minister to the king of Egypt was not ashamed to show that he felt as a man and a brother. “He wept aloud; and the Egyptians and the house of
40 Pharaoh heard him.”

The first words which his swelling heart allowed him to pronounce are the most suitable to such an affecting situation that were ever uttered: — “I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?” What could he, what ought he, in

that impassioned moment, to have said more? This is the voice of nature herself, speaking her own language; and it penetrates the heart: no pomp of expression; no parade of kindness; but strong affection hastening to utter what it strongly felt. "His brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence." Their silence is as expressive of those emotions of repentance and shame, which on this amazing discovery filled their breasts and stopped their utterance, as the few words which Joseph speaks are expressive of the generous agitations which struggled for vent within him.

No painter could seize a more striking moment for displaying the characteristic features of the human heart than what is here presented. Never was there a situation of more tender and virtuous joy, on the one hand, nor, on the other, of more overwhelming confusion and conscious guilt. In the simple narration of the sacred historian, it is set before us with greater energy and higher effect than if it had been wrought up with all the coloring of the most admired modern eloquence. — *Blair*.

EXERCISE VIII.

The Rainbow.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees
 Played in sunshine, the rain-drops, the birds, and the breeze;
 The landscape, outstretching, in loveliness lay
 On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

25 For the bright queen of spring, as she passed down the
 vale,
 Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
 And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
 And fresh in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

30 The skies, like a banner in sunset unrolled,
 O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold;
 But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased,
 'Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.

We gazed on these scenes, while around us they glowed,
 35 When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud;
 'T was not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,
 Nor the moon, that rolls lightly through starlight and blue.

- Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm,
 And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form ;
 For it looked not severe, like an angel of wrath,
 But its garments of brightness illumed its dark path.
- 5 In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
 O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood ;
 And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,
 As conscious they felt and afforded delight.
- 'T was the bow of Omnipotence, bent in his hand
- 10 Whose grasp at creation the universe spanned ;
 'T was the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,
 His vow from the flood to the exit of time ;
 Not dreadful as when in a whirlwind he pleads,
 When storms are his chariot, and lightning his steeds ;
- 15 The black cloud of vengeance his banner unfurled,
 And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world ;
 In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
 And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
 And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the
- 20 plain,
 And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.
 Not such was that rainbow, that beautiful one !
 Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone — the sun ;
 A pavilion it seemed, with a deity graced,
- 25 And justice and mercy met there and embraced.
 A while, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
 Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb ;
 Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
 As love had just vanished, or hope had expired.
- 3 I gazed not alone on that source of my song,
 To all who beheld it these verses belong ;
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord !
 Each full heart expanded, grew warm and adored.
- Like a visit, the converse of friends, or a day,
- 5 That bow from my sight passed forever away ;
 Like that visit, that converse, that day, to my heart,
 That bow from remembrance can never depart.
- 'T is a picture in memory, distinctly defined,
 With the strong and imperishing colors of mind :
- 40 A part of my being beyond my control,
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

Campbell.

EXERCISE IX.

On the Immortality of the Soul.

I WAS yesterday walking alone, in one of my friends' woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over, in my mind, the several arguments that establish this great point, — which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys, that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature? I considered those several proofs drawn,

First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, from its passions and sentiments; as, particularly, from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality; with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among these, and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it.

How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present.

Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, — were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further enlargements, — I could imagine she might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from

perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of her Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries ?

5 Man, considered only in his present state, seems sent into the world merely to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him. He does not seem born to enjoy

10 life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and which can finish their business in a short life.

The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man cannot take in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose ? Can he delight in the production of

15 such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings ? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted ? capacities that are never to be gratified ?

How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on

25 this world as only a nursery for the next ; and without believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly

30 climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity ?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To

35 look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength ; to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity ; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge ; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it

40 must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation forever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration of the progress of a

finite spirit to perfection will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherub, which now appears as a god to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in
 5 eternity when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is; nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it.

It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale
 10 of being; yet he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will, at length, mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look
 15 into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be; nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him.

20 The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity, without a possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him who is the
 25 standard not only of perfection, but of happiness!

Addison.

EXERCISE X.

Winter.

'T is done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
 30 His desolate domain.

Behold, fond man!
 See here thy pictured life; pass some few years, —
 Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober autumn fading into age, —
 35 And pale concluding winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene.

Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes

- Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy, bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights! those veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
 5 All are now vanished! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'T is come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth! awakening nature hears
 10 The new-creating word, and starts to life,
 In every heightened form, from pain and death
 Forever free.

- The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 15 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To Reason's eye refined clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
 And Wisdom oft arraigned: see now the cause
 20 Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
 And died neglected: why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
 In starving solitude; while Luxury,
 25 In palaces, lay straining her low thought
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge: why licensed pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe,
 30 Embittered all our bliss. Ye good distressed!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deemed evil, is no more:
 35 The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded spring encircle all. *Thomson.*

EXERCISE XI.

Sabbath Exercises.

MANY Christians who feel deeply the importance of spending the Sabbath in a proper manner, find, notwith-

standing all their endeavors, that the sacred hours do at times pass heavily along. Now the Sabbath should be not only the Christian's most profitable, but most happy day. I once knew a young Christian who resolved that

5 he would pass the whole day in prayer; but very soon he became exhausted and weary. He, however, persevered through the whole day, with the exception of a few necessary interruptions; and when night came, he felt a deadness and exhaustion of feeling which he unhappily mis-

10 took for spiritual desertion. No human mind can, in ordinary cases, sustain such long and intense application to one subject; there must be variety, to give cheerfulness and to invigorate. Often a conscientious young Christian takes his Bible, resolving to spend the Sabbath in reading

15 the Bible and in prayer. He perhaps passes an hour or two in this way very pleasantly, and then he feels tired; he tries to rouse his feelings, and bitterly condemns himself for unavoidable languor. I have known persons to be greatly disquieted and distrustful of their Christian character, because they could not pass the whole of the Sab-

20 bath pleasantly in uninterrupted reading of the Bible or in continual prayer.

There is a wide difference between spiritual desertion and mental exhaustion. To avoid this mental exhaustion,

25 and to keep the spirits animated and cheerful, much variety of pursuit is necessary. Who would be willing to go to church, and have the whole time occupied with a sermon, or a prayer, or a hymn? How few are there who can, with pleasure and profit, listen to a sermon of one

30 hour's length! There must be a diversity of exercises to make public worship agreeable, and there must be diversity to give pleasure to private devotion.

Let the sacred hours of the Sabbath, then, be appropriated to a variety of religious employments. Suppose the

35 case of a young married man. He wishes to pass the Sabbath in a way acceptable to God, and to enjoy his religious duties. He rises in good season in the morning, and commences the day with a short but fervent prayer for the divine blessing; he then passes the time till break-

40 fast in reading the Bible. Perhaps, for the sake of variety, he spends a part of the time in reading the devotional portions, and a part in perusing its interesting history. At the breakfast-table, with cheerful countenance and heart, he leads the conversation to religious subjects; after break-

fast he passes an hour in reading some valuable religious book. Books are so numerous now, that the best practical works upon Christianity are easily obtained by all. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Baxter's Saint's Rest, Law's Serious Call, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Imitation of Christ, &c., are works of standard merit, and works with which all Christians may and should be acquainted. It is very desirable that the Christian should have on hand some such book, which he will read in course, taking a moderate portion every day, until he has finished it.

At length the time arrives for the assembling of his family for morning prayers. He carries his principle, for securing an interesting variety, here. Sometimes he will read religious intelligence from a periodical; sometimes he reads an interesting narrative from a tract; always taking care to select something which will excite attention. After finishing this, he opens the Bible and selects some appropriate passage and reads it, with occasional remarks, intended to deepen the impression upon his own mind, and upon the minds of those in the circle around him. He then reads a hymn, and after singing a few verses, if the family are able to sing, bows at the family altar in prayer. The variety which he has thus introduced into the exercise has continued to interest the feelings, and no occasion has been offered for lassitude or tedium.

He now walks the room for exercise, and reviews the past week; he thinks of the opportunities to do good which he has neglected, examines his feelings and his conduct, and in ejaculatory prayer seeks forgiveness. When he enters the place of public worship, his mind is ready for active service there — he unites with his pastor in prayer. When a hymn is read, he attends to the sentiment, and makes melody in heart to God when singing his praises. He listens attentively to the sermon, feeling that the responsibility of being interested in it comes upon him, and he prays that God will bless it to his own soul, and to the conversion of others.

Perhaps, in the interval between forenoon and afternoon service, he has a class in the Sabbath-school, or is himself a member of the Bible class: these duties he performs with a sincere desire to do good. After the close of the afternoon services, he retires for secret prayer. He appropriates a proper period to this duty, and presents his own private and personal wants, and the spiritual interests

- of others, in minute detail, to God; — he looks forward, too, to the duties of the week; he brings before his mind the temptations to which he will be exposed, the opportunities for exerting a Christian influence which he possesses, and
- 5 forms his plans of Christian usefulness for the week; he thinks of some good object which he will try to advance, of some individual whom he will try to lead to the Saviour. He forms his resolutions, and perhaps writes them down, that he may refer to them again the next Sabbath, in the
- 10 review of the week. At the appointed hour he assembles his family for evening prayers. A brief reference to the religious exercises of the day, or some interesting narrative, followed by the Bible, singing and prayer, again give variety and animation to the exercise; and when all the
- 15 duties of the day are over, as he is retiring to rest, he passes the few moments which remain before slumber has wrapt his senses in forgetfulness in reviewing the duties of the day. The Sabbath has been profitably and happily spent. It has been to him a rich season of improvement
- 20 and of enjoyment. He has made a Sabbath day's journey toward heaven; he has obtained strength to meet the allurements and temptations of life. During the week he looks back upon the Sabbath with pleasure, and when the light of another holy morning dawns upon him, he can
- 25 sincerely say,

“ Welcome, delightful morn,
 Thou day of sacred rest;
 I hail thy kind return —
 Lord, make these moments blest.”

Abbott's Young Christian.

EXERCISE XII.

The Deserted Village.

- 30 SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
 Dear, lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
- 35 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
 How often have I paused on every charm, —
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,

The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!

- 5 How often have I blessed the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its aid to play,
 And all the village train, from labor free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
- 10 The young contending as the old surveyed;
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.

And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:

- 15 The dancing pair, that simply sought renown
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
- 20 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

- 25 Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green;
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
- 30 And half a tillage tints thy smiling plain.

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;

- 35 Amid thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
- 40 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
 Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

- A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;
5 For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more ;
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

- But times are altered ; trade's unfeeling train
10 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
15 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green, —
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
20 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

- Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amid thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
25 And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

- In all my wanderings round this world of care,
30 In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose ;
35 I still had hopes, — for pride attends us still, —
Amid the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw ;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
40 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

Oh blessed retirement ! friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine,

- How blessed is he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labor with an age of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly !
- 5 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
 Nor surly porter stands, in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
- 10 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way ;
 And all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.
- 15 Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
- 20 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young ;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school ;
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
- 25 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
- 30 But all the blooming flush of life is fled :
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring :
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
- 35 To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn :
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.
 Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
- 40 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year :

- Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place :
 Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
 5 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

- His house was known to all the vagrant train :
 He hid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 10 Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast ;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed.

- The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
 15 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 20 His pity gave ere charity began.

- Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
 25 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

- Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 30 And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

- At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 35 His looks adorned the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 40 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Even children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed :

- To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 5 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
- Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
 10 The village master taught his little school:
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 15 Full well they laughed and counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
- Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 20 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declared how much he knew —
 'T was certain he could write, and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
- 25 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 30 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
- Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 35 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
 Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
- Imagination fondly stops to trace
 40 The parlor splendors of that festive place;
 The whitewashed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,*
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;

* A most beautiful instance of *onomatopæia*, or sound adapted to the sense.

- The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
- 5 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;
 While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
 Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
- 10 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
- 15 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad, shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and learn to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
- 20 Careful to see the mantling glass go round;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
 Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;
- 25 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm than all the gloss of art;
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
- 30 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
- 35 And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.
 Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'T is yours to judge how wide the limits stand
- 40 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.

Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.

- Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
5 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth ;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
10 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.
- 15 As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
But when those charms are past — for charms are frail —
20 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress ; —
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed,
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed ;
25 But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
30 The country blooms — a garden and a grave.
Where, then, ah ! where shall Poverty reside,
To escape the pressure of contiguous Pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
35 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped — what waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
40 To pamper luxury and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of Pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.

Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;

- Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way ;
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train ;
 5 Tumultuous pleasure crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !
 Are these thy serious thoughts ? — Ah ! turn thine eyes
 10 Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies ;
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
 Has wept at tales of innocence depressed ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
 15 Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
 With heavy heart deploras that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 20 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
 Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
 E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !
 25 Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charmed before,
 30 The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
 35 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around :
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 40 And savage men, more murderous still than they ;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,

The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;

- 5 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
10 Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.

The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.

- 15 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

- With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
20 And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.

- 25 Oh, Luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill-exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown,

- 30 Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

- 35 E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.

- Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
40 That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;

- And Piety, with wishes placed above,
 And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry! thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!
- 5 Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest Fame:
 Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
- 10 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.
 Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,
- 15 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
 And slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain,
- 20 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
 Teach him that states, of native strength possessed,
 Though very poor, may still be very blessed;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
- 25 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky. *Goldsmith.*

EXERCISE XIII.

The Journey of a Day; a Picture of Human Life.

- OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest;
- 30 he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.
- As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by
- 35 the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew from groves of spices. He sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose,

eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on, till the sun approached his meridian, and the increased heat preyed upon his strength; he then
5 looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant.

He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling,
10 but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road; and was pleased, that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues.

He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without
15 the least remission of his ardor, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks
20 on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches.

At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here
25 Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the
30 varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on
35 every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo; he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect; he turned aside to every cascade; and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees
40 and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions.

In these amusements the hours passed away unaccounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive

and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds; the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

5 He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove. 10 and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what yet remained in his power — to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to 15 find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and recommended his life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with resolution.

The beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every 20 hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration. All the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the 25 wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety, or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labor, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to 30 his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper.

He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, 35 on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither? I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in 40 which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape, of this day, sink deep into thy heart.

Remember, my son, that human^o life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gayety and with diligence, and travel on a while in
5 the direct road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time, we remit our fervor, and endeavor to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end.

“We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be
10 terrified with crimes at a distance; but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether
15 another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure.

“We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling; and always hope
20 to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which, for a while, we keep in our sight, and to which we purpose to return.

“But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compli-
ance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happi-
ness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual
25 gratifications. By degrees, we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy; till the darkness of old age
30 begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way.

“We then look back upon our lives with horror, with
sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly
wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy
35 are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair; but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted; that the wanderer may
40 at length return after all his errors, and that he who implores strength and courage from above shall find danger and difficulty give way before him.

“Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the
care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again
45 to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.”—*Dr. Johnson.*

EXERCISE XIV

A Summer Morning.

- FROM** brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
 Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth;
 He comes attended by the sultry Hours,
 5 And ever-fanning breezes on his way;
 While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
 Averts her blushful face; and earth and skies,
 All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
 * * * * *
- 10 With what an awful, world-revolving power
 Were first the unwieldy planets launched along
 The illimitable void! thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years,
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men
 And all their labored monuments away,
 15 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
 To the kind-tempered change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever stealing round,
 Minutely faithful; such the All-perfect Hand,
 That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole!
 20 When now no more the alternate Twins are fired,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,
 25 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
 And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With quickened step,
 Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,
 30 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 35 Limp, awkward; while along the forest glade
 The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes
 The native voice of undissembled joy,
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 40 Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves

- His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells ;
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
 Falsely luxurious ! will not Man awake,
5 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song ?
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
10 The fleeting moments of too short a life ;
 Total extinction of the enlightened soul !
 Or else, to feverish vanity alive,
 Wildered, and tossing through distempered dreams ?
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain
15 Longer than Nature craves, when every Muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious morning walk ?
 But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
20 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad.
- Lo ! now, apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright earth and colored air,
25 He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
 High gleaming from afar.
- Prime cheerer, Light !
30 Of all material beings first and best !
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapped
 In unessential gloom ! and thou, O Sun !
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom, best seen,
35 Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?
 'T is by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy system rolls entire : from the far bourn
 Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
40 Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
 Informer of the planetary train !
 Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs

- Were brute, unlovely mass, inert and dead,
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
 How many forms of being wait on thee!
 Inhaling spirit; from the unfettered mind,
- 5 By thee sublined, down to the daily race,
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.
 The vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of seasons! who the pomp precede
 That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
- 10 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
 Meantime the expecting nations, circled gay
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
- 15 A common hymn; while, round thy beaming car,
 High seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
 Harmonious knit, — the rosy-fingered Hours, —
 The Zephyrs floating loose, — the timely Rains,
 Of bloom ethereal, — the light-footed Dews, —
- 20 And softened into joy the surly Storms.
 These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
 Herbs, flowers and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flushed the vernal year.*

Thomson.

EXERCISE XV.

The Parable of the Ewe Lamb.

From the Second Book of Samuel, Chapter xii.

- 25 **AND** the Lord sent Nathan unto David. And he came
 unto him, and said unto him, There were two men in one
 city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had
 exceeding many flocks and herds: but the poor man had
 nothing save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought
- 30 and nourished up: and it grew up together with him, and
 with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank
 of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him
 as a daughter.

* The student who is in search of poetical beauties will probably look in vain, among ancient or modern authors, for a more remarkable instance of the union of beauty and sublimity in imagery, than is presented in the concluding portion of this extract.

And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him; but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man
5 that was come to him.

And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die. And he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and
10 because he had no pity.

And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man. Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I anointed thee king over Israel, and I delivered thee out of the hand of Saul. And I gave thee thy master's house, and thy master's wives
15 into thy bosom, and gave thee the house of Israel and of Judah; and if that had been too little, I would moreover have given unto thee such and such things.

Wherefore hast thou despised the commandment of the Lord, to do evil in his sight? thou hast killed Uriah the
20 Hittite with the sword, and hast taken his wife to be thy wife, and hast slain him with the sword of the children of Ammon. Now therefore the sword shall never depart from thine house; because thou hast despised me, and hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite to be thy wife. Thus saith
25 the Lord, Behold, I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house, and I will take thy wives before thine eyes, and give them unto thy neighbor.

* * * * *

And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord. And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath
30 put away thy sin; thou shalt not die. Howbeit, because by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, the child also that is born unto thee shall surely die.

And Nathan departed unto his house.

EXERCISE XVI.

Meditation.

35 THESE are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath,
Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retired,

- Conversed with angels and immortal forms,
 On gracious errands bent : to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 5 To hint pure thought, and warn the favored soul
 For future trials fated to prepare ;
 To prompt the poet, who, devoted, gives
 His muse to better themes ; to soothe the pangs
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
 10 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 And foremost when engaged) to turn the death ;
 And numberless such offices of love,
 Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.
 Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 15 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dust,
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep roused, I feel
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,
 Creep through my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,
 A voice, than human more, the abstracted ear
 20 Of fancy strikes : — " Be not of us afraid,
 Poor kindred man ! thy fellow-creatures, we
 From the same parent power our beings drew,
 The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life
 25 Toiled, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
 Where purity and peace imingle charms.
 Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,
 Amid these dim recesses, undisturbed
 30 By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
 Here frequent, at the visionary hour
 When musing midnight reigns, or silent noon,
 Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 35 And voices chanting from the wood-crowned hill,
 The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade ;
 A privilege bestowed by us, alone,
 On Contemplation, or the hallowed ear
 Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain. *Thomson.*

EXERCISE XVII.

The Planetary and Terrestrial Worlds comparatively considered.

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can anywhere behold : it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations ; whereas,
 5 to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears a uniform aspect ; looks all luminous ; and no larger than a spot.

To beings who dwell at still greater distances it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning
 10 and the evening star (as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn) is a planetary world. This planet, and the four others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine
 15 only by reflection ; have fields and seas and skies of their own ; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life ; all which, together with our earthly habitations, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munifi-
 20 cence, the sun ; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun, which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is in this respect fixed and immovable ; it is the
 25 great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll.
 30 A line extending from side to side, through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles ; a girdle formed to go round its circumference would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm
 35 our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy ?

Are we ready to cry out, in a transport of surprise,
 40 " How mighty is the Being who kindled so prodigious a fire, and keeps alive, from age to age, so enormous a mass

of flame?" Let us attend our philosophical guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe; every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of day. So that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in unmeasurable wilds of ether.

That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarcely distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball shot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel, at this impetuous rate, almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While, beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishing grand furniture of the skies? what, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe?

It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, are so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would scarcely leave a blank in the immensity of God's works.

If, then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom, or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so much admired patri-monies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions: but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size, how contemptible their figure! They shrink into pompous nothings. — *Addison*.

EXERCISE XVIII.

Quarrel between Roderick Dhu and Fitz-James.

- THE shades of eve come slowly down,
 The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
 The owl awakens from her dell,
 The fox is heard upon the fell ;
- 5 Enough remains of glimmering light
 To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
 Yet not enough from far to show
 His figure to the watchful foe.
- 10 With cautious step, and ear awake,
 He climbs the crag and threads the brake ;
 And not the summer solstice there
 Tempered the midnight mountain air,
 But every breeze that swept the wold
 Benumbed his drench'd limbs with cold.
- 15 In dread, in danger, and alone,
 Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
 Tangled and steep, he* journeyed on ;
 Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
 A watch-fire close before him burned.
- 20 Beside its embers red and clear,
 Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer ;
 And up he sprung, with sword in hand, —
 "Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!" —
 "A stranger." — "What dost thou require?" —
- 25 "Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
 My life's beset, my path is lost,
 The gale has chilled my limbs with frost." —
 "Art thou a friend to Roderick?" — "No." —
 "Thou darest not call thyself a foe?" —
- 30 "I dare! to him and all the band
 He brings to aid his murderous hand." —
 "Bold words! — but though the beast of game
 The privilege of chase may claim,
 Though space and law the stag we lend,
- 35 Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
 Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
 The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
 Thus treacherous scouts, — yet sure they lie,
 Who say thou can'st a secret spy!" —

* Fitz-James.

- " They do, by heaven! — Come Roderick Dhu,
 And of his clan the boldest two,
 And let me but till morning rest,
 I write the falsehood on their crest." —
- 5 " If by the blaze I mark aright,
 Thou bear'st the belt and spur of knight." —
 " Then by these tokens may'st thou know
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe." —
- 10 " Enough, enough; sit down and share
 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."
 He gave him of his highland cheer,
 The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
 Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
 And bade the Saxon share his plaid;
- 15 He tended him like welcome guest,
 Then thus his further speech addressed :
 " Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
 A clansman born, a kinsman true ;
 Each word against his honor spoke
 20 Demands of me avenging stroke ;
 Yet more, — upon thy fate, 't is said,
 A mighty augury is laid.
 It rests with me to wind my horn, —
 Thou art with numbers overborne ;
- 25 It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
 Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand ;
 But, nor for clan nor kindred's cause,
 Will I depart from honor's laws :
 To assail a wearied man were shame,
 30 And stranger is a holy name ;
 Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
 In vain he never must require.
 Then rest thee here till dawn of day,
 Myself will guide thee on the way,
- 35 O'er stock and stone, through waich and ward,
 Till past Clan-Alpin's outmost guard,
 As far as Coilantogle's ford ;
 From thence thy warrant is thy sword." —
 " I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
 40 As freely as 't is nobly given!" —
 " Well, rest thee ; for the bittern's cry
 Sings us the lake's wild lullaby." ·
 With that he shook the gathered heath,
 And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;

And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

* * * * *

5 That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
10 Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.

That o'er, the Gæel* around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
15 And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path! — they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,

20 Commanding the rich scenes beneath, —
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Thence, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.

25 'T was oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain:
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew, —
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

30 At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep;

* * * * *

So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
35 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds; traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu?

40 " Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;

* The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael*, or *Gaul*, and terms the Lowlander, *Sassenach*, or *Saxon*.

- Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
 "I dreamed not now to claim its aid;
 When here, but three days' since, I came,
 Bewildered in pursuit of game,
 5 All seemed as peaceful, and as still,
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
 Thy dangerous chief was then afar,
 Nor soon expected back from war;
 Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
 10 Though deep, perchance, the villain lied." —
 " Yet why a second venture try ?" —
 " A warrior thou, and ask me why ! —
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause
 As gives the poor mechanic laws ?
 15 Enough I sought to drive away
 The lazy hours of peaceful day ;
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide
 A knight's free footsteps far and wide ;
 A falcon flown, a grayhound strayed,
 20 The merry glance of mountain maid :
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,
 The danger's self is lure alone." —
 " Thy secret keep ; I urge thee not ;
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
 25 Say, heard ye nought of lowland war,
 Against Clan-Alpin raised by Mar ?" —
 " No, by my word ; — of bands prepared
 To guard King James's sports I heard ;
 Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear
 30 This muster of the mountaineer,
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,
 Which else in Doune had peaceful hung." —
 " Free be they flung ! — for we were loth
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.
 35 Free be they flung ! — as free shall wave
 Clan-Alpin's pine in banner brave.
 But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
 Bewildered in the mountain game,
 Whence the bold boast by which you show
 40 Vich-Alpin's vowed and mortal foe ?" —
 " Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
 Nought of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Save as an exiled, desperate man,
 The chief of a rebellious clan,

Who, in the regent's court and sight,
 With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight.
 Yet this alone might from his part
 Sever each true and loyal heart."

- 5 Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
 Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl :
 A space he paused, then sternly said, —
 " And heardst thou why he drew his blade ?
 Heardst thou that shameful word and blow
 10 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe ?
 What recked the chieftain, if he stood
 On highland heath, or Holy-Rood ?
 He writes such wrong where it is given,
 If it were in the court of heaven !"—
- 15 " Still was it outrage ; — yet, 't is true,
 Not then claimed sovereignty his due ;
 While Albany, with feeble hand,
 Held borrowed truncheon of command,
 20 The young king, mewed in Stirling tower,
 Was stranger to respect and power.
 But then thy chieftain's robber life —
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
 Wrenching from ruined lowland swain
 His herds and harvest reared in vain —
 25 Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
 The spoils from such foul foray borne !"
- The Gael beheld him grim the while,
 And answered with disdainful smile, —
 30 " Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
 I marked thee send delighted eye
 Far to the south and east, where lay,
 Extended in succession gay,
 Deep waving fields and pastures green,
 With gentle slopes and groves between.
- 35 These fertile plains, that softened vale,
 Were once the birthright of the Gael ;
 The stranger came with iron hand,
 And from our fathers reft the land.
 Where dwell we now ? See rudely swell
 40 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
 Ask we this savage hill we tread
 For fattened steer or household bread ;
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
 And well the mountain might reply, —

To you, as to your sires of yore,
 Belong the target and claymore !
 I give you shelter in my breast,
 Your own good blades must win the rest.'

5 Pent in this fortress of the North,
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,
 And from the robber rend the prey ?
 10 Ay, by my soul ! — While on you plain
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain ;
 While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
 But one along yon river's maze, —
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,
 Shall with strong hand redeem his share.

15 Where live the mountain chiefs who hold
 That plundering lowland field and fold
 Is aught but retribution due ?
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

20 Answered Fitz-James, — " And, if I sought,
 Think'st thou no other could be brought ?

What deem ye of my path waylaid,
 My life given o'er to ambuscade ? " —

" As of a meed to rashness due :

25 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, —
 I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
 I seek, good faith, a highland maid, —
 Free hadst thou been to come and go ;
 But secret path marks secret foe.

30 Nor yet for this, e'en as a spy,
 Hadst thou unheard been doomed to die,
 Save to fulfil an augury." —

" Well, let it pass ; nor will I now

Fresh cause of enmity avow,
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.

35 Enough, I am by promise tied

To match me with this man of pride :

Twice have I sought Clan-Alpin's glen

In peace ; but, when I come again,

I come with banner, brand, and bow,

40 As leader seeks his mortal foe ;

For lovelorn swain, in lady's bower,

Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,

As I, until before me stand

This rebel chieftain and his band."

"Have then thy wish!" He whistled shrill,
 And he was answered from the hill;
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,
 From crag to crag the signal flew;
 5 Instant, through copse and heath, arose
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
 10 From shingles gray their lances start,
 The bracken-bush sends forth the dart,
 The rushes and the willow-wand
 Are bristling into axe and brand,
 And every tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior armed for strife.
 15 That whistle garrisoned the glen
 At once with full five hundred men,
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean host had given;
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 20 All silent there they stood, and still.
 Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 25 With step and weapon forward flung,
 Upon the mountain side they hung.
 The mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow
 30 Full on Fitz-James, — "How say'st thou now?
 These are Clan-Alpin's warriors true:
 And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!"
 Fitz-James was brave: — though to his heart
 The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
 35 He manned himself with dauntless air,
 Returned the chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before:
 "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
 40 From its firm base as soon as I."
 Sir Roderick marked — and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foemen worthy of their steel.

Short space he stood — then waved his hand ;
Down sunk the disappearing band ;

5 Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow
In osiers pale and copses low ;
It seemed as if their mother earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.

10 The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair, —
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide ;
The sun's last glance was glinted back
From lance and glaive, from targe and jack, —
15 The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James looked round — yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received ;
Such apparition well might seem
20 Delusion of a dreadful dream.

Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the chief replied,
“ Fear nought — nay, that I need not say —
But — doubt not aught from mine array.
25 Thou art my guest ; I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford :
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
30 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.

So move we on ; I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”
35 They moved — I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glaive ;
Yet dare not say that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick's strides, he drew
40 That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that to take his life
Waited but signal from a guide
So late dishonored and defied.

Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
 The vanished guardians of the ground,
 And still from copse and heather deep
 Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
 5 And in the plover's shrilly strain
 The signal whistle heard again.

Nor breathed he free till far behind
 The pass was left ; for then they wind
 Along a wide and level green,
 10 Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
 Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
 To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The chief in silence strode before,
 And reached the torrent's sounding shore.

15 * * * * *

And here his course the chieftain staid,
 Threw down his target and his plaid,
 And to the lowland warrior said : —
 "Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
 20 Vich-Alpin has discharged his trust ;
 This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan,
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpin's outmost guard.

25 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See, here all vantageless I stand,
 Armed, like thyself, with single brand ;
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 30 And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused : — "I ne'er delayed,
 When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
 Nay more, brave chief, I vowed thy death :
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
 35 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved :

Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
 Are there no means ?" — "No, stranger, none !
 And here, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
 40 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
 For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
 Between the living and the dead :
 'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
 His party conquers in the strife.' " —

- "Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
 "The riddle is already read ;
 See yonder brake beneath the cliff, —
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
 5 Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me ;
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,
 When, if thou wilt, be still his foe ;
 Or, if the king shall not agree
 10 To grant thee grace and favor free,
 I plight mine honor, oath and word,
 That, to thy native strength restored,
 With each advantage shalt thou stand
 That aids thee now to guard thy land."
 15 Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye —
 "Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
 20 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate. —
 My clansman's blood demands revenge ! —
 Not yet prepared ? — By heaven, I change
 My thought, and hold thy valor light,
 As that of some vain carpet knight,
 25 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair !" —
 "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word !
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;
 30 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell ! and ruth, begone ! —
 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud chief ! can courtesy be shown.
 35 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast ;
 But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt,
 40 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
 Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
 Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
 As what they ne'er might see again ;

Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

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

10 He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon sword drank blood;
15 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.

Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
20 Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
25 And, backwards borne upon the lee,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

"Now yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dies my blade!" —
30 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung,
35 Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round. —

Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
40 Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain; — down, down they go
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.

The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast;

His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!

- 5 But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game;
 For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
 10 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye;
 Down came the blow! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting chief's relaxing grasp;
 15 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.
 He faltered thanks to Heaven for life
 Redeemed, unhopèd, from desperate strife;
 Next on his foe his look he cast,
 20 Whose every gasp appeared his last;
 In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid.—
 "Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid;
 Yet with thy foe must die or live
 The praise that Faith and Valor give." *W. Scott.*

EXERCISE XIX.

Schemes of Life often Illusory.

- 25 OMAR, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years
 in honor and prosperity. The favor of three successive
 califs had filled his house with gold and silver; and when-
 ever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed
 his passage.
- 30 Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The
 brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant
 flower is passing away in its own odors. The vigor of
 Omar began to fail; the curls of beauty fell from his
 head; strength departed from his hands, and agility from
 35 his feet. He gave back to the calif the keys of trust, and
 the seals of secrecy; and sought no other pleasure for the
 remains of life than the converse of the wise and the
 gratitude of the good.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent: Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility.

5 "Tell me," said Caled, "thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble Omar the prudent. 10 The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it are to thee no longer necessary or useful; impart to me the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy fortune."

"Young man," said Omar, "it is of little use to form 15 plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar, which spread its branches over my head: 'Seventy years are allowed to man: I 20 have yet fifty remaining.

"'Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries; I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honored; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my 25 friendship. Twenty years thus passed will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy, through the rest of my life, in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall never 30 more be weary of myself.

"'I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life; but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide; with her I will live twenty years 35 within the suburbs of Bagdat, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent.

"'I will then retire to a rural dwelling; pass my days in obscurity and contemplation; and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled 40 resolution, that I will never depend upon the smile of princes; that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honors. nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state.' Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

“The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowl-
5 edge as the highest honor, and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them.

“I now postponed my purpose of travelling; for why
10 should I go abroad, while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges: I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions, and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the
15 calif. I was heard with attention; I was consulted with confidence, and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

“I still wished to see distant countries; listened with rapture to the relations of travellers, and resolved some time to ask my dismissal, that I might feast my soul with
20 novelty; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude; but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

25 “In my fiftieth year I began to suspect that the time of travelling was past; and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestic pleasures. But at fifty no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement; and for retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from public employment.

35 “Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die with-
40 in the walls of Bagdat.” — *Dr. Johnson.*

EXERCISE XX.

A Dream.

I HAD a dream — a strange, wild dream —
Said a dear voice at early light ;
And even yet its shadows seem
To linger in my waking sight.

5 Earth, green with spring, and fresh with dew,
And bright with morn, before me stood ;
And airs, just wakened, softly blew
On the young blossoms of the wood.

Birds sang within the sprouting shade,
10 Bees hummed amid the whispering grass,
And children prattled as they played
Beside the rivulet's dimpling glass.

Fast climbed the sun : the flowers were frown,
There played no children in the glen ;
15 For some were gone, and some were grown
To blooming dames and bearded men.

'T was noon, 't was summer : I beheld
Woods darkening in the flush of day,
And that bright rivulet spread and swelled,
20 A mighty stream, with creek and bay.

And here was love, and there was strife,
And mirthful shouts, and wrathful cries,
And strong men, struggling as for life,
With knotted limbs and angry eyes.

25 Now stooped the sun — the shades grew thin ;
The rustling paths were piled with leaves ;
And sun-burnt groups were gathering in,
From the shorn field, its fruits and sheaves.

The river heaved with sullen sounds ;
30 The chilly winds were sad with moans ;
Black hearses passed, and burial-grounds
Grew thick with monumental stones.

Still waned the day ; the wind that chased
The jagged clouds blew chillier yet ;
35 The woods were stripped, the fields were waste,
The wintry sun was near its set.

And of the young, and strong, and fair,
A lonely remnant, gray and weak,
Lingered and shivered to the air
40 Of that bleak shore and water bleak.

- Ah! age is drear, and death is cold!
 I turned to thee, for thou wert near,
 And saw thee withered, bowed and old,
 And woke all faint with sudden fear.
- 5 'T was thus I heard the dreamer say,
 And bade her clear her clouded brow :
 " For thou and I, since childhood's day,
 Have walked in such a dream till now.
- 10 " Watch we in calmness, as they rise,
 The changes of that rapid dream,
 And note its lessons, till our eyes
 Shall open in the morning beam." *Bryant.*

EXERCISE XXI.

Ortogrul ; or, the Vanity of Riches.

- As Ortogrul, of Basra, was one day wandering along
 the streets of Bagdat, musing on the varieties of merchan-
 15 dise which the shops opened to his view, and observing
 the different occupations which busied the multitude on
 every side, he was awakened from the tranquillity of med-
 itation by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised
 his eyes, and saw the chief vizier, who, having returned
 20 from the divan, was entering his palace.

- Ortogrul mingled with the attendants ; and being sup-
 posed to have some petition for the vizier, was permitted
 to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartments,
 admired the walls hung with golden tapestry, and the
 25 floors covered with silken carpets ; and despised the simple
 neatness of his own little habitation.

- " Surely," said he to himself, " this palace is the seat
 of happiness ; where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and
 discontent and sorrow can have no admission. Whatever
 30 nature has provided for the delight of sense is here spread
 forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine
 which the master of this palace has not obtained ?

- " The dishes of luxury cover his table ; the voice of har-
 mony lulls him in his bowers ; he breathes the fragrance
 35 of the groves of Java, and sleeps upon the down of the
 cygnets of Ganges. He speaks, and his mandate is
 obeyed ; he wishes, and his wish is gratified ; all whom
 he sees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him.

“How different, oh Ortogrul! is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire; and who hast no amusement in thy power that can withhold thee from thy own reflections! They tell thee that
5 thou art wise; but what does wisdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor; and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves.

“That man is surely the most wretched of the sons of wretchedness who lives with his own faults and follies
10 always before him, and who has none to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content, and have not found it; I will from this moment endeavor to be rich.”

Full of this new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich.
15 He sometimes purposed to offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings in India, and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda.

One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation
20 of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair. He dreamed that he was ranging a desert country, in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of a hill, shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden
25 standing before him.

“Ortogrul,” said the old man, “I know thy perplexity; listen to thy father. Turn thine eye on the opposite mountain.” Ortogrul looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down
30 the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. “Now,” said his father, “behold the valley that lies between the hills.” Ortogrul looked, and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. “Tell me, now,” said his father, “dost thou wish
35 for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent; or for a slow and gradual increase, resembling the rill gliding from the well?”

“Let me be quickly rich,” said Ortogrul; “let the golden stream be quick and violent.” “Look around thee,”
40 said his father, “once again.” Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He awoke, and determined to grow rich by silent profit, and persevering industry.

Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandise ; and in twenty years purchased lands, on which he raised a house equal in sumptuousness to that of the vizier ; to this mansion he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal ; he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him hopes of being rewarded. Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted.

Ortogrul heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them. His own heart told him its frailties ; his own understanding reproached him with his faults. "How long," said he, with a deep sigh, "have I been laboring in vain to amass wealth, which at last is useless ! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wise to be flattered." — *Dr. Johnson.*

EXERCISE XXII.

Summer Heat.

- 20 ALL-CONQUERING Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath !
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Beam not so fierce ! incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Poured on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
 25 And restless turn, and look around for night ;
 Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.
 Thrice happy he, who, on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crowned,
 Beneath the whole-collected shade reclines ;
 30 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedewed with ever-spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
 35 Who keeps his tempered mind serene and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmonized,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.
 Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !

- Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
 5 Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbage'd brink.
 Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides,
 The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
 And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
 10 And life shoots swift through all the lightened limbs.
Thomson.

EXERCISE XXIII.

*Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity, the Source of
 Consolation to Good Men.*

- I WAS yesterday, about sunset, walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colors which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared, one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow.

- The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose, at length, in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of; and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to me.

- As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought arose in me, which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself, fell into it in that reflection: "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou regardest him!"

In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which

were then shining upon me ; with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns ; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds, rising still above this
 5 which I discovered ; and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to me : in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not
 15 be missed, more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceeding little in comparison of the whole, it would scarcely make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass
 20 from one end of the creation to the other ; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves.

By the help of glasses, we see many stars which we do
 25 not discover with our naked eyes ; and the finer our telescopes are, the greater still are our discoveries.

Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars, whose light has not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There
 30 is no question that the universe has certain bounds set to it ; but when we consider that it is the work of Infinite Power, prompted by Infinite Goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it ?

To return, therefore, to my first thought—I could not
 35 but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature,
 40 and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which, in all probability, swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought,
 45 I considered that it took its rise from those narrow con-

ceptions which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves is an imperfection that cleaves, in some degree, to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures; that is, beings of finite and limited natures.

The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space; and, consequently, his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference.

When, therefore, we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear, in some measure, ascribing it to Him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason, indeed, assures us that his attributes are infinite; but the pooriness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to everything it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succor, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker, in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports, the whole frame of nature. His creation, in every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, which is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, that he does not essentially reside in it. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself.

It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another; or to withdraw himself from anything he has created, or from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old phi-

losophers, he is a Being whose centre is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be
5 conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united.

10 Were the soul separated from the body, and should it with one glance of thought start beyond the bounds of the creation,—should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space, with the same activity,—it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator,
15 and encompassed by the immensity of the Godhead.

In this consideration of the Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard everything that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by
20 him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy those who endeavor to recommend themselves to his notice, and, in an unfeigned humility of heart, think themselves unworthy that he should
25 be mindful of them. — *Addison.*

EXERCISE XXIV.

Summer Bathing.

CHEERED by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
30 A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands
Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
35 Instant emerge; and, through the obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repelled,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humor leads, an easy-winding path;

While, from his polished sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleased spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats ;
5 Nor when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserved,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift elapse
Of accident disastrous.

10 Hence the limbs
Knit into force ; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquered earth,
First learned, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even from the body's purity the mind
15 Receives a secret, sympathetic aid. *Thomson.*

EXERCISE XXV.

Scene after a Thunder Shower.

As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
Sublimar swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through the lightened air
20 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields ; and nature smiles revived.
25 'T is beauty all, and grateful song around,
Joined to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clovered vale.
And shall the hymn be marred by thankless Man,
Most favored ! who with voice articulate
30 Should lead the chorus of this lower world ;
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand
That hushed the thunder, and serenest the sky,
Extinguished feel that spark the tempest waked,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
35 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ? *Thomson.*

EXERCISE XXVI.

Domestic Employment.

5 SINCE Industry is the aliment of contentment and happiness, the female sex are privileged in the variety of employments that solicit their attention. These are so diversified in their combinations of amusement with utility, that no room need be left for the melancholy of a vacant and listless mind.

Needle-work, in all its forms of use, elegance and ornament, has ever been the appropriate occupation of woman. From the shades of Eden, when its humble process was
10 but to unite the fig-leaf, to the days when the mother of Sisera looked from her window, in expectation of a "prey of divers colors of needle-work on both sides, meet for the necks of those that take the spoil," down to modern times, when nature's pencil is rivalled by the most exquisite tissues of embroidery, it has been both their duty and their
15 resource. While the more delicate efforts of the needle rank high among accomplishments, its necessary departments are not beneath the notice of the most refined young lady.

20 To keep her own wardrobe perfectly in order, to pay just regard to economy, and to add to the comfort of the poor, it will be necessary to obtain a knowledge of those inventions by which the various articles of apparel are repaired, modified and renovated. True satisfaction, and
25 cheerfulness of spirits, are connected with these quiet and congenial pursuits.

This has been simply and fortunately expressed by one of our sweetest poets:—

"It rains. — What lady loves a rainy day?
She loves a rainy day, who sweeps the hearth,
And threads the busy needle, or applies
The scissors to the torn or thread-bare sleeve;
Who blesses God that she has friends and home;
Who, in the pelting of the storm, will think
Of some poor neighbor that she can befriend;
Who trims the lamp at night, and reads aloud,
To a young brother, tales he loves to hear;
Such are not sad even on a rainy day."

40 The queen of Louis XI. of France was a pattern of industry to her sex. Surrounding herself with the daughters of the nobility, whom she called *her* daughters, she was both their teacher and companion, in elegant works

of embroidery and tapestry. The churches were adorned with these proofs of their diligence and ingenuity. She considered industry a remedy for a disordered imagination, and a shield against the temptations of a fashionable
5 life.

Hence prudence and modesty marked the manners of that court, where their opposites had once prevailed, and the blooming and elegant train by whom she was attended "bore in their hearts the honor and virtue which she
10 planted there."

It has been sometimes urged as an objection against the modern system of female education, that the wide range of science which it comprises turns the attention of the young from household duty, and renders them impatient
15 of its details and labors. This argument seems to address itself to mothers. It might be in their power to refute it, and to associate in the minds of their daughters, with a love of study, a knowledge of the unpretending pursuits of their own future province.

Maternal affection would naturally prompt the wish to save them from the mistakes and perplexities to which ignorance might in future expose them. Though perhaps little native affinity exists between intellectual pursuits and household cares, they may doubtless be so united as
20 to relieve each other; and she will give strong proof of the best education and the best regulated mind, who neglects the fewest duties, and despises none.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

EXERCISE XXVII.

Dialogue from the Tragedy of King John.

[King John instigates Hubert to assassinate Arthur Plantagenet, nephew of King John, and rightful heir of the crown of England, usurped by John.]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. ———

——— O, my gentle Hubert,

30 We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished. ———

35 Give me thy hand. ——— I had a thing to say —
But I will fit it with some better time. ———

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hubert. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet :

- 5 But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good. —
I had a thing to say ; — but, let it go : —
The sun is in the heaven ; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
- 10 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience : — If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on unto the drowsy race of night : —
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
- 15 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ; —
Or, if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
- 20 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment, —
(A passion hateful to my purposes,) —
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
- 25 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
Then, in despite of broad-eyed watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts : —
— But ah, I will not : — yet I love thee well ; —
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.
- 30 *Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.
- K. John.* Do not I know thou wouldst ? —
Good Hubert, — Hubert, — Hubert, — throw thine
35 eye
On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way ;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me : — Dost thou understand me ? —
- 40 Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. John. Death !
Hub. My lord ?

K. John. A grave!

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry, now: — Hubert, I love thee —

5 Well. I'll not say what I intend for thee:

Remember! —

Shakspeare.

EXERCISE XXVIII.

Scene from the Tragedy of King John.

[Interview of Hubert with Arthur, in which Hubert purposes to fulfil the murderous commission described in the preceding exercise, on which he was sent by King John.]

Hubert. 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,

15 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

Attendant. I hope your warrant will bear out the
deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

20 Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
25 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,

30 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

35 My uncle practises more harm to me:

He is afraid of me, and I of him;

Is it my fault that I were Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

40 *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 ;

5 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.*

10 Turning despiteous torture out the 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 :

15 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

20 I knit my handkerchief about your brows, [ache

(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,

25 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 ;

30 But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning : do, an if you will :

If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,

Why, then you must. — Will you put out mine eyes ?

35 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 :

40 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 eyes.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron ?

And if an angel should have come to me,

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

5 I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.

[*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! My eyes are out,

10 Even with the fierce looks of the 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 !

15 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 angerly ;

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

20 Whatever torments you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

1 *Atten.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend :

25 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 ?

30 *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 wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense !

Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,

35 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 !

40 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 :

- 5 There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven hath blown its 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,

- 10 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

- 15 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 ; †

- 20 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 ! —

- 25 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.

- 30 *Arth.* O heaven ! — I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence : no more. Go closely in with me :
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]

EXERCISE XXIX.

*Dialogue from King John, after the supposed assassination of
Prince Arthur.*

Hubert. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-
night :

- 35 Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

* Set him on.

† Owns.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously :

Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :

5 And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,

And whisper one another in the ear ;

And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

10 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,

With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;

Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste

15 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,) .

Told of many thousand warlike French,

That were embattled and ranked in Kent :

Another lean, unwashed artificer

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

20 *K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?

Thy hand hath murdered him : I had a mighty cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

25 *Hub.* Had none, my lord ! Why, did not you provoke me ?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended

By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant

To break within the bloody house of life :

30 And, on the winking of authority,

To understand a law ; to know the meaning

Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns

More upon humor than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

35 *K. John.* Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation !

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

40 Makes deeds ill done ! Hadst not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature marked,

Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind :

But, taking note of thy aghorred aspect,

- Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death :
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
- 5 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.
Hub. My lord —
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a
 When I spake darkly what I purposed ; [pause,
 Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
- 10 As bid me tell my tale in express words ;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
- 15 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
 Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is braved,
- 20 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.
- 25 *Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies ;
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
- 30 Within this bosom never entered yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
 And you have slandered nature in my form ;
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
- 35 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience !
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
- 40 Upon thy features ; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not ; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste :
- 45 I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast. *Shakspeare.*

EXERCISE XXX.

Character of Addison as a Writer.

As a describer of life and manners, Mr. Addison must be allowed to stand perhaps the first in the first rank. His humor is peculiar to himself; and is so happily diffused, as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes
5 and daily occurrences. He never oversteps the modesty of nature, nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to
10 suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax nor implacably rigid. All the enchantments of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom
20 of a vision, sometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory, sometimes attracts regard in robes of fancy, and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave
25 subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendor.

It seems to have been his principal endeavor to avoid
30 all harshness and severity of diction; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connexions, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet if his language had been less idiomatical, it might
35 have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism.

What he attempted he performed: he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though
40 not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse,

and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison. — *Dr. Johnson.*

EXERCISE XXXI.

Elegy written in a Country Church-yard.

- THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;
 5 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 10 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.
 Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.
 15 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 20 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Nor busy housewife ply her evening care ;
 25 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 30 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !
 Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.
 35 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
 Await, alike, the inevitable hour ;—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

5 Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

10 Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

15 But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

20 Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

25 The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

30 Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;—
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

35 The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame;
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

40 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray:
 Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelled by the unlettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

- 5 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned ; —
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day, —
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
- 10 Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
 Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries ;
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.
 For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
- 15 If, chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,
 Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
- 20 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
 " There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
- 25 " Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed with hopeless love.
 " One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
- 30 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he :
 " The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
- 35 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

EPITAPH.

- Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown :
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 40 And Melancholy marked him for her own.
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send : —

He gave to misery all he had, — a tear;
 He gained from Heaven — 't was all he wished — a friend.

- No further seek his merit to disclose,
 Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode, —
 5 (There they, alike, in trembling hope, repose,)
 The bosom of his father and his God. *Gray.*

EXERCISE XXXII.

Filial Reverence.

THE present state of manners, though not the best possible, has one advantage over that which preceded it: — it is more favorable to a confidential intercourse between children and parents than was the starched demeanor of our forefathers; but there might be a much greater infusion of respect, without any diminution of confidence.

10
 Filial love, indeed, can never exist in perfection, unless it be founded on a deep sentiment of reverence; and where
 15 that has not been well cultivated in childhood, it is soon frittered entirely away, by habitual indulgence in disrespect, flippancy, or rude familiarity.

The sentiment of reverence is one of the noblest attributes of the human mind: to its exercise God has affixed
 20 an exquisite sense of enjoyment; it operates, in a thousand ways, to elevate and embellish the character. Its first development is in the feelings of a child for its parents; and this is the natural preparation of the mind for its rise to a higher object, even to the Father in heaven.

25 As the understanding ripens, and this sentiment is cultivated, it embraces all that is great and good among men, all that is vast and magnificent in nature and in art; shedding over the character of its possessor an indescribable grace, softening the very tones of the voice, and rendering
 30 it impossible for the manners to be wanting in deference and courtesy towards parents, or teachers, or the aged of any description.

Where the sentiment of reverence is deficient, a foundation is wanting for many graceful superstructures; and
 35 the defect shows itself in various ways, of which the irreverent are little aware; or they would endeavor to supply the deficiency, as a mere matter of taste, if not of principle. Such persons will have unpleasant manners,

which no rules of good-breeding will correct; and as the irreverent state of feeling grows by indulgence in disrespectful demeanor, they are in danger of becoming bold, reckless, and even impious.

- 5 You whom I address are yet young; whatever may have been your education, you are yet young enough to re-educate yourselves; you have hearts capable of being touched by the beautiful, the true, the sublime. You feel reverence for God and the things that belong to religion;
- 10 but you have not, perhaps, considered how the same sentiment is connected with other relations in life.

- In all the great moral authors whom you have read, you have found filial piety, and reverence for the aged, treated as indispensable qualities in a virtuous character,
- 15 whether heathen or Christian; but you may never have reflected on the indications which you give of the want of it in your own. If, then, your conscience tells you that you are guilty of those faults of manner which I have described as but too common in our society, you may
- 20 be sure that your feelings of reverence need quickening and cultivating; and if you would escape becoming the harsh, ungraceful character, which grows out of such delinquency, you must reform your manners.

- It is to be feared that some young ladies think themselves excused from the duty of filial reverence, because
- 25 they are more highly educated than their parents; they have more knowledge, more refinement; and therefore they may dictate, contradict, and set up their judgments in opposition to their fathers' and mothers'! But this is a
- 30 great mistake: no superiority of culture can change the relation of child and parent, or annul the duties that grow out of it.

- The better your education has been, the more cause for gratitude to those who have procured for you this blessing;
- 35 the higher the culture, the more you are bound to perform well all the duties of life; the greater your refinement, the more perfect should be your manners towards your parents; the more your influence is needed in the family, the more important it is that you should not impair it, by
- 40 such faults as the uneducated can judge of, as well as the most cultivated. There is, besides, a great meanness in turning against your parents the weapons which their kindness has put into your hands.

The acquirements of their children often make parents

feel their own deficiencies very painfully; and nothing but the most respectful behavior, on the part of the offspring, can lessen the mortification, and convince them that, apart from all such adventitious circumstances, they have undeniable claims to the love and reverence of their children.

5 Nothing can justify the want of respect, in the manners of children to parents, of pupils to teachers, of the young to the aged; not even faults of character in the individuals claiming such deference and regard. It is due to yourself
10 to treat the relation with respect; and the more perfectly proper your manners are, the greater will be your influence.

There is nothing, in the whole circle of domestic relations, so lovely, so pure, so honorable to both parties, as the respectful, affectionate, and confidential intercourse of
15 some young women with their parents. — *Mrs. Farrar.*



EXERCISE XXXIII.

Autumn.

WHEN the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
20 With golden light enlivened, wide invests
The happy world. Attempered suns arise,
Sweet-beamed, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
25 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain;
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
30 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds the illumined field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gayly-checked, heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
35 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power!
Whom labor still attends, and sweat, and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,

- And all the soft civility of life ;
 Raiser of human kind ! by Nature cast,
 Naked and helpless, out amid the woods
 And wilds, to rude, inclement elements ;
- 5 With various seeds of art deep in the mind
 Implanted, and profusely poured around
 Materials infinite ; but idle all.
- Still unexerted, in the unconscious breast,
 Slept the lethargic powers ; corruption still,
- 10 Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand
 Of bounty scattered o'er the savage year :
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mixed
 With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !
- 15 Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak north,
 With Winter charged, let the mixed tempest fly,
 Hail, rain and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
 And the wild season, sordid, pined away.
- 20 For home he had not ; home is the resort
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty ; where
 Supporting and supported, polished friends
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
- But this the rugged savage never felt,
- 25 E'en desolate in crowds ; and thus his days
 Rolled heavy, dark, and unenjoyed along :
 A waste of time ! till Industry approached,
 And roused him from his miserable sloth ;
 His faculties unfolded ; pointed out
- 30 Where lavish Nature the directing hand
 Of Art demanded ; showed him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth ;
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire ;
- 35 On what the torrent, and the gathered blast ;
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finished fabric rose ;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
- 40 And wrapped them in the woolly vestment warm,
 Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn ;
 With wholesome viands filled his table ; poured
 The generous glass around, inspired to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit ;

Nor stopped at barren bare necessity ;
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace ;
 And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
 5 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the lord of all below. *Thomson.*

EXERCISE XXXIV.

The First and the Last Dinner.

TWELVE friends, much about the same age, and fixed by their pursuits, their family connexions, and other local interests, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, 10 agreed, one day, when they were drinking wine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations : That they should dine alternately at each others' houses on the first and last day of the year ; and the first bottle 15 of wine uncorked at the first dinner should be recorked and put away, to be drunk by him who should be the last of their number : that they should never admit a new member ; that, when one died, eleven should meet and when another died ten should meet, and so on ; and when only 20 one remained, he should, on these two days, dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table ; but the first time he had so dined, lest it should be the only one, he should then uncork the first bottle, and in the first glass drink to the memory of all who were gone.

25 Some thirty years had now glided away, and only ten remained ; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible characters. Raven locks had become grizzled ; two or three heads had not as many locks as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along 30 the Regent's Canal ; one was actually covered with a brown wig ; the crow's feet were visible in the corner of the eye ; good old port and warm Madeira carried it against hock, claret, red Burgundy, and champagne ; stews, hashes and ragouts, grew into favor ; crusts were rarely called 35 for to relish the cheese after dinner ; conversation was less boisterous, and it turned chiefly upon politics and the state of the funds, or the value of landed property ; apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings ;

the doors and windows were more carefully provided with list and sand-bags ; the fire is in more request ; and a quiet game of whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment.

- 5 Two rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by eleven o'clock, was the usual cry, when the fifth or sixth glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At parting, too, there was now a long ceremony in the hall — buttoning up great coats, tying on woollen comforters, fixing silk
10 handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, and grasping sturdy walking-canes to support unsteady feet.

- Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy. Four little old men, of withered appearance and decrepit walk, with cracked voices, and dim, rayless
15 eyes, sat down, by the mercy of Heaven, (as they tremulously declared,) to celebrate, for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year — to observe the frolic compact, which, half a century before, they had entered into at the Star and Garter at Richmond. Eight were in their graves !
20 The four that remained stood upon its confines.

- Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips, if more than half full ; and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their words with difficulty, and heard each other with still
25 greater difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, (if a sort of strangled wheezing might be called a laugh,) and as the wine sent their icy blood in warmer pulses through their veins, they talked of their past as if it were but a yesterday that had slipped by them ; and of
30 their future as if it were a busy century that lay before them.

- At length came the last dinner ; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head fourscore and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so
35 chanced that it was in his house, and at his table, they celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained, for more than fifty years, the bottle they had then uncorked, recorked, and which he was that day to uncork again.

- It stood beside him. With a feeble and reluctant grasp,
40 he took the “ frail memorial ” of a youthful vow, and for a moment memory was faithful to her office. She threw open the long vista of buried years ; and his heart travelled through them all. Their lusty and blithesome spring, — their bright and fervid summer, — their ripe and temperate

autumn, — their chill, but not too frozen winter. He saw, as in a mirror, one by one, the laughing companions of that merry hour at Richmond had dropped into eternity. He felt the loneliness of his condition, (for he had eschewed
 5 marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood whose source was in his own,) and as he drained the glass which he had filled, “to the memory of those who were gone,” the tears slowly trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

- 10 He had thus fulfilled one part of his vow; and he prepared himself to discharge the other, by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts; a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his
 15 bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled to himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room, alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon the carpet at the foot of the easy-chair, out of which he had slipped in an apoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not extinct till the following
 20 day. And this was the last dinner.—*Anonymous.*

EXERCISE XXXV.

Day. — A Pastoral, in three parts.

MORNING.

- In the barn the tenant cock,
 Close to Partlett perched on high,
 25 Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
 Jocund that the morn is nigh.
 Swiftly from the mountain's brow
 Shadows, nursed by night, retire;
 And the peeping sunbeam, now,
 30 Paints with gold the village spire.
 Philomel forsakes the thorn,
 Plaintive where she prates at night;
 And the lark, to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.
 35 From the low-roofed cottage ridge,
 See the chattering swallow spring;

Darting through the one arched bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

5 Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale ;
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies on the dewy dale.

10 From the balmy sweets, uncloyed,
(Restless till her task be done,)
Now the busy bee 's employed
Sipping dew before the sun.

15 Trickling through the creviced rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock,
When 't is sun-drove from the hills.

20 Colin 's for the promised corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious ; while the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

25 Sweet ! oh sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossomed spray !
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

25 Fervid on the glittering flood
Now the noontide radiance glows ;
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop 's left the rose.

30 By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Sheltered by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

35 Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where unchecked the sunbeams fall,
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivied abbey wall.

40 Echo, in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

45 Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool,
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
 Not a fluttering zephyr springs ;
 Fearful lest the noontide beam
 Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

5 Not a leaf has leave to stir,
 Nature 's lulled, serene and still ;
 Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

10 Languid is the landscape round,
 Till the fresh descending shower,
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,
 Raises every fainting flower.

15 Now the hill, the hedge, are green,
 Now the warblers' throats in tune ;
 Blithesome is the verdant scene,
 Brightened by the beams of noon !

EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
 Free (the furred task is done ;))
 Now the village windows blaze,
 Burnished by the setting sun.

20 Now he sets behind the hill,
 Sinking from a golden sky :
 Can the pencil's mimic skill
 Copy the refulgent dye ?

25 Trudging as the ploughmen go,
 (To the smoking hamlet bound,)
 Giant-like their shadows grow,
 Lengthened o'er the level ground.

30 Where the rising forest spreads
 Shelter for the lordly dome,
 To their high-built airy beds,
 See the rooks returning home !

35 As the lark, with varied tune,
 Carols to the evening loud,
 Mark the mild resplendent moon,
 Breaking through a parted cloud !

40 Now the hermit owlet peeps
 From the barn or twisted brake,
 And the blue mist slowly creeps,
 Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout, in speckled pride,
 Playful from its bosom springs,

- To the banks a ruffled tide
 Verges in successive rings.
 Tripping through the silken grass,
 O'er the path-divided dale,
 5 Mark the rose-complexioned lass
 With her well-poised milking-pail!
 Linnets with unnumbered notes,
 And the cuckoo bird with two,
 Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
 10 Bid the setting sun adieu.— *Cunningham.*

EXERCISE XXXVI.

Little Paul Dombey's Introduction into a Select Fashionable School.

- DOCTOR BLIMBER'S establishment was a great hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. No matter what a young gentleman was intended to bear, Doctor Blimber
- 15 made him bear to pattern, somehow or other. This was all very pleasant and ingenious, but the system of forcing was attended with its usual disadvantages. There was not the right taste about the premature productions, and they did n't keep well.
- 20 The Doctor was a portly gentleman in a suit of black, with strings at his knees, and stockings below them. He had a bald head, highly polished; a deep voice; and a chin so very double, that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases. He had likewise a
- 25 pair of little eyes that were always half shut up, and a mouth that was always half expanded into a grin, as if he had, that moment, posed a boy, and were waiting to convict him from his own lips.
- The Doctor's was a mighty fine house, fronting the sea.
- 30 Not a joyful style of house within, but quite the contrary. Sad-colored curtains, whose proportions were spare and lean, hid themselves despondently behind the windows. The tables and chairs were put away in rows, like figures in a sum; fires were so rarely lighted in the rooms of
- 35 ceremony, that they felt like wells, and a visitor represented the bucket; the dining-room seemed the last place in the world where any eating or drinking was likely to occur;

there was no sound through all the house but the ticking of a great clock in the hall, which made itself audible in the very garrets; and sometimes a dull crying of young gentlemen at their lessons, like the murmurings of an assemblage of melancholy pigeons.

5

Miss Blimber, too, although a slim and graceful maid, did no soft violence to the gravity of the house. There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. She kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead — stone dead, — and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a Ghoul.

10

Mrs. Blimber, her mamma, was not learned herself, but she pretended to be, and that did quite as well. She said at evening parties, that if she could have known Cicero, she thought she could have died contented. It was the steady joy of her life to see the Doctor's young gentlemen go out walking, unlike all other young gentlemen, in the largest possible shirt collars, and the stiffest possible cravats. It was so classical, she said.

20

As to Mr. Feeder, B.A., Doctor Blimber's assistant, he was a kind of human barrel-organ, with a little list of tunes at which he was continually working, over and over again, without any variation. He might have been fitted up with a change of barrels, perhaps, in early life, if his destiny had been favorable; but it had not been; and he had only one, with which, in a monotonous round, it was his occupation to bewilder the young ideas of Doctor Blimber's young gentlemen.

30

The young gentlemen were prematurely full of carking anxieties. They knew no rest from the pursuit of stony-hearted verbs, savage noun-substantives, inflexible syntactic passages, and ghosts of exercises that appeared to them in their dreams.

35

Under the forcing system, a young gentleman usually took leave of his spirits in three weeks. He had all the cares of the world on his head in three months. He conceived bitter sentiments against his parents or guardians, in four; he was an old misanthrope, in five; envied Quintus Curtius that blessed refuge in the earth, in six; and at the end of the first twelvemonth had arrived at the conclusion, from which he never afterwards departed, that all the fancies of the poets, and lessons of the sages, were a

40

mere collection of words and grammar, and had no other meaning in the world. But he went on, blow, blow, blowing, in the Doctor's hot-house, all the time; and the Doctor's glory and reputation were great, when he took his wintry
5 growth home to his relations and friends.

Upon the Doctor's door-steps, one day, Paul Dombey stood with a fluttering heart, and with his small right hand in his father's. "Now, Paul," said Mr. Dombey, exultingly. "This is the way indeed to be Dombey and Son, and have
10 money. You are almost a man already." — "Almost," returned the child. Even his childish agitation could not master the sly and quaint yet touching look, with which he accompanied the reply. It brought a vague expression of dissatisfaction into Mr. Dombey's face; but the door
15 being opened, it was quickly gone.

"Doctor Blimber is at home, I believe?" said Mr. Dombey. The man said yes; and as they passed in, looked at Paul as if he were a little mouse, and the house were a trap.

20 The Doctor was sitting in his portentous study, with a globe at each knee, books all round him, Homer over the door, and Minerva on the mantel-shelf. "And how do you do, sir," he said to Mr. Dombey, "and how is my little friend?" Grave as an organ was the Doctor's speech;
25 and when he ceased, the great clock in the hall seemed (to Paul at least) to take him up, and to go on saying, "how, is, my, lit, tle, friend, how, is, my, lit, tle, friend," over and over and over again.

The little friend being something too small to be seen at
30 all from where the Doctor sat, over the books on his table, the Doctor made several futile attempts to get a view of him round the legs; which Mr. Dombey perceiving, relieved the Doctor from his embarrassment by taking Paul up in his arms, and sitting him on another little table over
35 against the Doctor, in the middle of the room.

"Ha!" said the Doctor, leaning back in his chair, with his hand in his breast. "Now I see my little friend. How do you do, my little friend?" The clock in the hall would n't subscribe to this alteration in the form of words,
40 but continued to repeat, "how, is, my, lit, tle, friend, how, is, my, lit, tle, friend!" "Very well, I thank you, sir," returned Paul, answering the clock quite as much as the Doctor.

"Ha!" said Dr. Blimber. "Shall we make a man of

him?" — "Do you hear, Paul," added Mr. Dombey; Paul being silent. — "Shall we make a man of him?" repeated the Doctor. — "I had rather be a child," replied Paul. — "Indeed!" said the Doctor. "Why?"

5 The child sat on the table looking at him, with a curious expression of suppressed emotion in his face, and beating one hand proudly on his knee, as if he had the rising tears beneath it, and crushed them. But his other hand strayed a little way the while, a little further — further from him
10 yet — until it lighted on the neck of Florence. "This is why," it seemed to say, and then the steady look was broken up and gone; the working lip was loosened; and the tears came streaming forth. "Never mind," said the Doctor, blandly nodding his head. "Ne-ver mind; we
15 shall substitute new cares and new impressions, Mr. Dombey, very shortly. You would still wish my little friend to acquire —" — "Everything, if you please, Doctor," returned Mr. Dombey, firmly.

"Yes," said the Doctor, who, with his half-shut eyes,
20 and his usual smile, seemed to survey Paul with the sort of interest that might attach to some choice little animal he was going to stuff. "Yes, exactly. Ha! We shall impart a great variety of information to our little friend, and bring him quickly forward, I dare say. I dare say.
25 Quite a virgin soil, I believe you said, Mr. Dombey?"

"Except some ordinary preparation at home, and from this lady," replied Mr. Dombey, introducing Mrs. Pipchin, who instantly communicated a rigidity to her whole muscular system, and snorted defiance beforehand, in case the
30 Doctor should disparage her; "except so far, Paul has, as yet, applied himself to no studies at all."

Dr. Blimber inclined his head, in gentle tolerance of such insignificant poaching as Mrs. Pipchin's, and said he was glad to hear it. It was much more satisfactory, he observed,
35 rubbing his hands, to begin at the foundation. And again he leered at Paul, as if he would have liked to tackle him with the Greek alphabet on the spot.

"That circumstance, indeed, Doctor Blimber," pursued Mr. Dombey, glancing at his little son, "and the interview
40 I have already had the pleasure of holding with you, renders any further explanation, and consequently any further intrusion on your valuable time, so unnecessary, that —" "Permit me," said the Doctor, "one moment. Allow me to present Mrs. Blimber and my daughter, who will be

associated with the domestic life of our young pilgrim to Parnassus."

- "Mrs. Blimber," for the lady, who had perhaps been in waiting, opportunely entered, followed by her daughter, 5 that fair Sexton in spectacles, "Mr. Dombey. My daughter Cornelia, Mr. Dombey. Mr. Dombey, my love," pursued the Doctor, turning to his wife, "is so confiding as to—do you see our little friend?" Mrs. Blimber, in an excess of politeness, of which Mr. Dombey was the object, 10 apparently did not, for she was backing against the little friend, and very much endangering his position on the table. But, on this hint, she turned to admire his classical and intellectual lineaments, and turning again to Mr. Dombey, said, with a sigh, that she envied his dear son.
- 15 "Like a bee, sir," said Mrs. Blimber, with uplifted eyes, "about to plunge into a garden of the choicest flowers, and sip the sweets for the first time. Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Terence, Plautus, Cicero. What a world of honey have we here! It may appear remarkable, Mr. Dombey, in one 20 who is a wife—the wife of such a husband—"—"Hush, hush!" said Doctor Blimber. "Fie, for shame!"—"Mr. Dombey will forgive the partiality of a wife," said Mrs. Blimber, with an engaging smile. Mr. Dombey answered "Not at all:" applying those words, it is to be presumed, 25 to the partiality, and not to the forgiveness.

"And it may seem remarkable in one who is a mother, also," resumed Mrs. Blimber.—"And such a mother," observed Mr. Dombey, bowing, with some confused idea of being complimentary to Cornelia.—"But really," pursued 30 Mrs. Blimber, "I think if I could have known Cicero, and been his friend, and talked with him in his retirement at Tusculum, (beau-ti-ful Tusculum!) I could have died contented."

A learned enthusiasm is so very contagious, that Mr. 35 Dombey half believed that this was exactly his case; and even Mrs. Pipchin, who was not, as we have seen, of an accommodating disposition generally, gave utterance to a little sound between a groan and a sigh, as if she would have said that nobody but Cicero could have proved a last- 40 ing consolation under that failure of the Peruvian mines, but that he indeed would have been a very Davy-lamp of refuge.

Cornelia looked at Mr. Dombey through her spectacles, as if she would have liked to crack a few quotations with

him from the authority in question. But this design, if she entertained it, was frustrated by a knock at the room-door. "Who is that?" said the Doctor. "Oh! come in, Toots; come in. Mr. Dombey, sir." Toots bowed.

5 "Quite a coincidence!" said Doctor Blimber. "Here we have the beginning and the end. Alpha and Omega. Our head boy, Mr. Dombey."

The Doctor might have called him their head and shoulders boy, for he was at least that much taller than
10 any of the rest. He blushed very much at finding himself among strangers, and chuckled aloud. "An addition to our little Portico, Toots," said the Doctor; "Mr. Dombey's son." Young Toots blushed again; and finding, from a solemn silence which prevailed, that he was expected to
15 say something, said to Paul, "How are you?" in a voice so deep, and a manner so sheepish, that if a lamb had roared it could n't have been more surprising.

"Ask Mr. Feeder, if you please, Toots," said the Doctor, "to prepare a few introductory volumes for Mr. Dombey's
20 son, and to allot him a convenient seat for study. My dear, I believe Mr. Dombey has not seen the dormitories."—"If Mr. Dombey will walk up stairs," said Mrs. Blimber, "I shall be more than proud to show him the dominions of the drowsy god." With that, Mrs. Blimber, who was a
25 lady of great suavity, and a wiry figure, and who wore a cap composed of sky-blue materials, proceeded up stairs with Mr. Dombey and Cornelia.

While they were gone, Paul sat upon the table, holding Florence by the hand, and glancing timidly from the Doc-
30 tor round and round the room, while the Doctor, leaning back in his chair, with his hand in his breast as usual, held a book from him at arm's length, and read. There was something very awful in this manner of reading. It was such a determined, unimpassioned, inflexible, cold-blooded
35 way of going to work. It left the Doctor's countenance exposed to view; and when the Doctor smiled auspiciously at his author, or knit his brows, or shook his head and made wry faces at him, as much as to say, "Don't tell me, sir! I know better," it was terrific.

40 Toots, too, had no business to be outside the door, ostentatiously examining the wheels in his watch, and counting his half-crowns. But that did n't last long; for Dr. Blimber happening to change the position of his tight plump legs, as if he were going to get up, Toots swiftly vanished,

- and appeared no more. Mr. Dombey and his conductress were soon heard coming down stairs again, talking all the way; and presently they reëntered the Doctor's study. "I hope, Mr. Dombey," said the Doctor, laying down
- 5 his book, "that the arrangements meet your approval." — "They are excellent, sir," said Mr. Dombey. "I think I have now given all the trouble I need, and may take my leave. Paul, my child," — he went close to him as he sat upon the table. "Good-bye." — "Good-bye, papa."
- 10 "I shall see you soon, Paul. You are free on Saturdays and Sundays, you know." — "Yes, papa," returned Paul, looking at his sister. "On Saturdays and Sundays." — "And you'll try and learn a great deal here, and be a clever man," said Mr. Dombey; "won't you?" — "I'll
- 15 try," returned the child, wearily. — "And you'll soon be grown up, now!" said Mr. Dombey. — "Oh! very soon!" replied the child.

After patting him on the head, and pressing his small hand again, Mr. Dombey took leave of Dr. Blimber, Mrs.

20 Blimber, and Miss Blimber, with his usual polite frigidity, and walked out of the study.

Despite his entreaty that they would not think of stirring, Doctor Blimber, Mrs. Blimber, and Miss Blimber all pressed forward to attend him to the hall; and thus Mrs.

25 Pipchin got into a state of entanglement with Miss Blimber and the Doctor, and was crowded out of the study before she could clutch Florence. To which happy accident Paul stood afterwards indebted for the dear remembrance, that Florence ran back to throw her arms round

30 his neck, and that hers was the last face in the doorway: turned towards him with a smile of encouragement the brighter for the tears through which it beamed.

It made his childish bosom heave and swell when it was gone, and sent the globes, the books, blind Homer, and

35 Minerva, swimming round the room. But they stopped, all of a sudden; and then he heard the loud clock in the hall still gravely inquiring, "how, is, my, lit, tle, friend, how, is, my, lit, tle, friend," as it had done before. He sat, with folded hands, upon his pedestal, silently listening.

40 But he might have answered, "weary, weary! very lonely, very sad." And there, with an aching void in his young heart, and all outside so cold, and bare, and strange, Paul sat as if he had taken life unfurnished, and the upholsterer were never coming.

EXERCISE XXXVII.

Same Subject, continued. — The Dinner Hour.

DOCTOR BLIMBER was already in his place in the dining-room, at the top of the table, with Miss Blimber and Mrs. Blimber on either side of him. Mr. Feeder, in a black coat, was at the bottom. Paul's chair was next to Miss
5 Blimber; but it being found, when he sat in it, that his eyebrows were not much above the level of the table-cloth, some books were brought in from the Doctor's study, on which he was elevated, and on which he always sat from that time — carrying them in and out himself on after
10 occasions, like a little elephant and castle.

Grace having been said by the Doctor, dinner began. There was some nice soup; also roast meat, boiled meat, vegetables, pie, and cheese. Every young gentleman had a massive silver fork, and a napkin; and all the arrange-
15 ments were stately and handsome. In particular, there was a butler in a blue coat and bright buttons, who gave quite a winy flavor to the table beer; he poured it out so superbly.

Nobody spoke, unless spoken to, except Dr. Blimber,
20 Mrs. Blimber, and Miss Blimber, who conversed occasionally. Whenever a young gentleman was not actually engaged with his knife and fork or spoon, his eye, with an irresistible attraction, sought the eye of Dr. Blimber, Mrs. Blimber, or Miss Blimber, and modestly rested there.
25 Toots appeared to be the only exception to this rule. He sat next Mr. Feeder on Paul's side of the table, and frequently looked behind and before the intervening boys to catch a glimpse of Paul.

Only once during dinner was there any conversation
30 that included the young gentlemen. It happened at the epoch of the cheese, when the Doctor, having taken a glass of port wine, and hemmed twice or thrice, said:

"It is remarkable, Mr. Feeder, that the Romans —"
At the mention of this terrible people, their implacable
35 enemies, every young gentleman fastened his gaze upon the Doctor, with an assumption of the deepest interest. One of the number, who happened to be drinking, and who caught the Doctor's eye glaring at him through the side of his tumbler, left off so hastily that he was convulsed
40 for some moments, and in the sequel ruined Dr. Blimber's point.

- "It is remarkable, Mr. Feeder," said the Doctor, beginning again slowly, "that the Romans, in those gorgeous and profuse entertainments of which we read in the days of the emperors, when luxury had attained a height unknown before or since, and when whole provinces were ravaged to supply the splendid means of one imperial banquet—" Here the offender, who had been swelling and straining, and waiting in vain for a full stop, broke out violently.
- 10 "Johnson," said Mr. Feeder, in a low, reproachful voice, "take some water." The Doctor, looking very stern, made a pause until the water was brought, and then resumed:—"And when, Mr. Feeder—" But Mr. Feeder, who saw that Johnson must break out again, and who
- 15 knew that the Doctor would never come to a period before the young gentlemen until he had finished all he meant to say, could n't keep his eyes off Johnson; and thus was caught in the fact of not looking at the Doctor, who consequently stopped.
- 20 "I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Feeder, reddening. "I beg your pardon, Doctor Blimber."—"And when," said the Doctor, raising his voice, "when, sir, as we read, and have no reason to doubt—incredible as it may appear to the vulgar of our time—the brother of Vitellius
- 25 prepared for him a feast, in which were served, of fish, two thousand dishes—"—"Take some water, Johnson—dishes, sir," said Mr. Feeder.—"Of various sorts of fowl, five thousand dishes,"—"Or try a crust of bread," said Mr. Feeder.—
- 30 "And one dish," pursued Doctor Blimber, raising his voice still higher, as he looked all round the table, "called, from its enormous dimensions, the Shield of Minerva, and made, among other costly ingredients, of the brains of pheasants—"—"Ow, ow, ow!" (from Johnson.)—
- 35 "Woodcocks,"—"Ow, ow, ow!"—"The sounds of the fish called scari,"—"You'll burst some vessel in your head," said Mr. Feeder. "You had better let it come."—"And the spawn of the lamprey, brought from the Carpathian Sea," pursued the Doctor, in his severest voice;
- 40 "when we read of costly entertainments such as these, and still remember that we have a Titus,"—"What would be your mother's feelings if you died of apoplexy?" said Mr. Feeder.—"A Domitian,"—"And you're blue, you know," said Mr. Feeder.—"A Nero, a Tiberius, a Cali-

gula, a Heliogabalus, and many more," pursued the Doctor; "it is, Mr. Feeder — if you are doing me the honor to attend — remarkable; very remarkable, sir —"

But Johnson, unable to suppress it any longer, burst
5 at that moment into such an overwhelming fit of coughing, that, although both his immediate neighbors thumped him on the back, and Mr. Feeder himself held a glass of water to his lips, and the butler walked him up and down several times between his own chair and the sideboard,
10 like a sentry, it was full five minutes before he was moderately composed. Then there was a profound silence.

"Gentlemen" said Doctor Blimber, "rise for grace! Cornelia, lift Dombey down," — nothing of whom but his scalp was accordingly seen above the table-cloth. "Johnson will repeat to me to-morrow morning, before breakfast,
15 without book, and from the Greek Testament, the first epistle of Saint Paul to the Ephesians. We will resume our studies, Mr. Feeder, in half an hour."

The young gentlemen bowed and withdrew. Mr. Feeder did likewise. During the half hour, the young gentlemen, broken into pairs, loitered arm-in-arm up and down a small piece of ground behind the house, or endeavored to kindle a spark of animation in the breast of Briggs. But nothing happened so vulgar as play. Punctually at
20 the appointed time, the gong was sounded, and the studies, under the joint auspices of Doctor Blimber and Mr. Feeder, were resumed.

As the Olympic game of lounging up and down had been cut shorter than usual that day, on Johnson's account, they all went out for a walk before tea. Even Briggs (though he had n't begun yet) partook of this dissipation; in the enjoyment of which he looked over the cliff two or three times darkly. Doctor Blimber accompanied them; and Paul had the honor of being taken in
35 tow by the Doctor himself; a distinguished state of things, in which he looked very little and feeble.

Tea was served in a style no less polite than the dinner; and after tea, the young gentlemen, rising and bowing as before, withdrew to fetch up the unfinished tasks of that day,
40 or to get up the already looming tasks of to-morrow. In the mean time Mr. Feeder withdrew to his own room; and Paul sat in a corner, wondering whether Florence was thinking of him, and what they were all about at Mrs. Pipchin's.

At eight o'clock or so, the gong sounded again for

prayers in the dining-room, where the butler afterwards presided over a side table, on which bread and cheese and beer were spread for such young gentlemen as desired to partake of those refreshments. The ceremonies concluded
 5 by the Doctor's saying, "Gentlemen, we will resume our studies at seven to-morrow;" and then, for the first time, Paul saw Cornelia Blimber's eye, and saw that it was upon him. When the Doctor had said these words, "Gentlemen, we will resume our studies at seven to-morrow," the
 10 pupils bowed again and went to bed. — *Dickens.*

EXERCISE XXXVIII.

Orator Puff.

MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in his voice,
 The one squeaking thus, and the other down so;
 In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,
 For one half was B alt. and the rest G below.

15 Oh! oh! orator Puff,

One voice for one orator's surely enough.

But he still talked away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
 So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
 That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,

20 "My voice is for war," asked him, which of them, pray?

Oh! oh! &c.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top heavy with gin,
 And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
 He tripped near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,

25 "Sinking fund," the last words as his noddle came down.

Oh! oh! &c.

"Ah! me," he exclaimed, in his he and she tones,

"Help me out — help me out — I have broken my bones!"

"Help you out!" said a Paddy who passed, "what a bother!"

30 Why, there's *two* of you there; can't you help one another?"

Oh! oh! &c.

T. Moore.

EXERCISE XXXIX.

Soliloquy of Dick the Apprentice.

Thus far we run before the wind. — An apothecary! —
 Make an apothecary of me! — What! cramp my genius

- over a pestle and mortar! or mew me up in a shop, with an alligator stuffed, and a beggarly account of empty boxes! To be culling simples, and constantly adding to the bills of mortality!—No! no! It will be much better
- 5 to be pasted up in capitals, “The part of Romeo by a young gentleman, who never appeared on any stage before!” My ambition fires at the thought.—But hold; may n’t I run some chance of failing in my attempt? Hissed—pelted—laughed at—not admitted into the
- 10 green room;—that will never do—down, busy devil, down, down! Try it again—loved by the women—envied by the men—applauded by the pit, clapped by the gallery, admired by the boxes. “Dear colonel, is n’t he a charming creature?—My Lord, don’t you like him of all
- 15 things?—Makes love like an angel!—What an eye he has!—Fine legs!—I shall certainly go to his benefit.”—Celestial sounds!—And then I’ll get in with all the painters, and have myself put up in every print shop—in the character of Macbeth! “This is a sorry sight.”
- 20 (*Stands an attitude.*) In the character of Richard, “Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!” This will do rarely.—And then I have a chance of getting well married.—Oh glorious thought! I will enjoy it, though but in fancy. But what’s o’clock? It must be almost nine.
- 25 I’ll away at once; this is club night—the spouters are all met—little think they I’m in town—they’ll be surprised to see me—off I go; and then for my assignation with my master Gargle’s daughter.

Limbs, do your office, and support me well;
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can.

EXERCISE XL.

Facetious History of John Gilpin.

- JOHN GILPIN was a citizen of credit and renown; A train-band captain eke was he, of famous London town. [been
John Gilpin’s spouse said to her dear,—“Though wedded we have
These twice ten tedious years, yet we no holiday have seen.
- 35 “To-morrow is our wedding-day, and we shall then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton, all in a chaise and pair.
My sister and my sister’s child, myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride on horseback after we.”
- He soon replied,—“I do admire of woman-kind but one;
40 And you are she, my dearest dear, therefore it shall be done.
I am a linen draper bold, as all the world doth know;
And my good friend, Tom Calender, will lend his horse to go.”

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, — "That's well said, and, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own, which is so bright and clear.
John Gilpin kissed his loving wife; o'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent, she had a frugal mind.

5 The morning came, the chaise was brought, but yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all should say that she was proud.
So three doors off the chaise was staid, where they did all get in —
Six precious souls; and all agog to dash through thick and thin.

10 Smack went the whip, round went the wheels, were never folks so
glad;

The stones did rattle underneath, as if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side, seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride, but soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he, his journey to begin,

15 When, turning round his face, he saw three customers come in.
So down he came; for loss of time, although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, would grieve him still much
more.

'T was long before the customers were suited to their mind,

20 When Betty screamed into his ears — "The wine is left behind!"
"Good lack!" quoth he; "yet bring it me; my leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword when I do exercise."

Now Mrs. Gilpin — careful soul — had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor which she loved, and keep it safe and sound.

25 Each bottle had two curling ears, through which the belt he drew;
He hung one bottle on each side, to make his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat, he manfully did throw.

30 Now see him mounted once again upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones, with caution and good heed.

But, finding soon a smoother road beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot, which galled him in his seat.

So "fair and softly," John did cry, but John he cried in vain;
The trot became a gallop soon, in spite of curb or rein.

35 So stooping down, as he needs must who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands, and eke with all his might.
Away went Gilpin, neck or nought, away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out, of running such a rig.

The horse, who never had before been handled in this kind,

40 Affrighted fled: and, as he flew, left all the world behind.
The wind did blow, the cloak did fly, like streamers long and gay;
Till loop and button failing both, at last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern the bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side, as has been said or sung.

45 The dogs did bark, the children screamed, up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!" as loud as they could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he? his fame soon spread around —
"He carries weight! — he rides a race! — 't is for a thousand pound."

50 And still as fast as he drew near, 't was wonderful to view,
How, in a trice, the turnpike men their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down his reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back, were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road, most piteous to be seen,
And made his horse's flanks to smoke, as he had basted been.

- But still he seemed to carry weight, with leathern girdle braced;
 For still the bottle necks were left, both dangling at his waist.
 Thus all through merry Islington those gambols he did play,
 And till he came unto the wash of Edmonton so gay.
- 5 And there he threw the wash about on both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop, or a wild goose at play.
 At Edmonton, his loving wife, from the balcony, spied
 Her tender husband, wondering much to see how he did ride.
- 10 "Stop, stop, John Gilpin, here 's the house!" they all at once did cry;
 "The dinner waits, and we are tired!" Said Gilpin, — "So am I!"
 But ah, his horse was not a whit inclined to tarry there:
 For why? — his owner had a house full ten miles off, at Ware.
 So like an arrow swift he flew, shot by an archer strong;
 So he did fly — which brings me to the middle of my song.
- 15 Away went Gilpin out of breath, and sore against his will,
 Till at his friend's, Tom Calender's, his horse at last stood still.
 Tom Calender, surprised to see his friend in such a trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate, and thus accosted him:
 "What news, what news? — the tidings tell; make haste and tell
 20 me all!
 Say, why bare-headed are you come, or why you come at all?"
 Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit, and loved a timely joke;
 And thus unto Tom Calender in merry strains he spoke: —
 "I come because your horse would come; and if I well forbode,
 25 My hat and wig will soon be here, they are upon the road."
 Tom Calender, right glad to find his friend in merry pin,
 Returned him not a single word, but to the house went in. [hind,
 Whence straight he came with hat and wig, — a wig that drooped be-
 A hat not much the worse for wear; each comely in its kind.
- 30 He held them up, and, in his turn, thus showed his ready wit: —
 "My head is twice as big as yours, they therefore needs must fit.
 But let me scrape the dirt away that hangs about your face;
 And stop and eat — for well you may be in a hungry case!"
 Said John — "It is my wedding-day; and folks would gape and
 35 stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton, and I should dine at Ware."
 Then speaking to his horse, he said, "I am in haste to dine;
 'T was for your pleasure you came here, you shall go back for mine."
 Ah! luckless word, and bootless boast, for which he paid full dear;
 40 For, while he spoke, a braying ass did sing most loud and clear:
 Whereat his horse did snort, as if he heard a lion roar;
 And galloped off with all his might, as he had done before.
 Away went Gilpin — and away went Gilpin's hat and wig;
 He lost them sooner than at first: for why? — they were too big.
- 45 Now Gilpin's wife, when she had seen her husband posting down
 Into the country far away, she pulled out half a crown;
 And thus unto the youth she said that drove them to the Bell,
 "This shall be yours, when you back bring my husband safe and well."
 The youth did ride, and soon they met; he tried to stop John's horse,
 50 By seizing fast the flowing rein; but only made things worse:
 For, not performing what he meant, and gladly would have done;
 He thereby frightened Gilpin's horse, and made him faster run.
 Away went Gilpin — and away went post-boy at his heels;
 The post-boy's horse right glad to miss the lumber of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road, thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With post-boy scampering in the rear, they raised the hue-and-cry.
 "Stop thief! — stop thief! — a highwayman!" not one of them was
 mute,

5 So they, and all that passed that way, soon joined in the pursuit.

But all the turnpike gates again flew open in short space;
 The men still thinking, as before, that Gilpin rode a race:
 And so he did, and won it, too; for he got first to town;
 Nor stopped till where he first got up he did again get down.

10 Now let us sing — "Long live the king, and Gilpin, long live he!"
 And when he next does ride abroad, may I be there to see!

Cowper.

EXERCISE XLI.

The Departure of the Gypsies from Ellangowan.

It was in a hollow way, near the top of a steep ascent
 upon the verge of the Ellangowan estate, that Mr. Bertram
 met the gypsy procession. Four or five men formed
 15 the advanced guard, wrapped in long, loose great coats,
 that hid their tall, slender figures, as the large slouched
 hats, drawn over their brows, concealed their wild features,
 dark eyes, and swarthy faces. Two of them carried long
 fowling-pieces, one wore a broad-sword without a sheath,
 20 and all had the Highland dirk, though they did not wear
 that weapon openly or ostentatiously.

Behind them followed the train of laden asses, and small
 carts, or tumblers, as they were called in that country, on
 which were laid the decrepid and the helpless, the aged
 25 and infant part of the exiled community. The women in
 their red cloaks and straw hats, the elder children with
 bare heads and bare feet, and almost naked bodies, had the
 immediate care of the little caravan. The road was nar-
 row, running between two broken banks of sand, and Mr.
 30 Bertram's servant rode forward, smacking his whip with an
 air of authority, and motioning to their drivers to allow
 free passage to their betters.

His signal was unattended to. He then called to the
 men who lounged idly on before, "Stand to your beasts'
 35 heads, and make room for the laird to pass." — "He shall
 have his share of the road," answered a male gypsy from
 under his slouched and large-brimmed hat, and without
 raising his face, "and he shall have no more; the high-
 way is as free to our cuddies as to his geldings."

40 The tone of the man being sulky, and even menacing,

Mr. Bertram thought it best to put his dignity into his pocket, and pass by the procession quietly, upon such space as they chose to leave for his accommodation, which was narrow enough. To cover with an appearance of indifference his feeling of the want of respect with which he was treated, he addressed one of the men, as he passed him, without any show of greeting, salute, or recognition, — “Giles Baillie,” he said, “have you heard that your son Gabriel is well?” (the question respecting the young man who had been pressed.)

“If I had heard otherwise,” said the old man, looking up with a stern and menacing countenance, “you should have heard it too.” And he plodded his way, tarrying no further question. When the laird had pressed onward with difficulty among a crowd of familiar faces, — in which he now only read hatred and contempt, but which had on all former occasions marked his approach with the reverence due to that of a superior being, — and had got clear of the throng, he could not help turning his horse and looking back to mark the progress of the march. The group would have been an excellent subject for the pencil of Colotte. The van had already reached a small and stunted thicket, which was at the bottom of the hill, and which gradually hid the line of march until the last stragglers disappeared.

His sensations were bitter enough. The race, it is true, which he had thus summarily dismissed from their ancient place of refuge, was idle and vicious; but had he endeavored to render them otherwise? They were not more irregular characters now than they had been while they were admitted to consider themselves as a sort of subordinate dependants of his family; and ought the circumstance of his becoming a magistrate to have made at once such a change in his conduct towards them? Some means of reformation ought at least to have been tried, before sending seven families at once upon the wide world, and depriving them of a degree of countenance which withheld them at least from atrocious guilt.

There was also a natural yearning of heart upon parting with so many known and familiar faces; and to this feeling Godfrey Bertram was peculiarly accessible, from the limited qualities of his mind, which sought its principal amusements among the petty objects around him.

As he was about to turn his horse's head to pursue his

journey, Meg Merrilies, who had lagged behind the troops, unexpectedly presented herself. She was standing upon one of those high banks, which, as we before noticed, overhung the road; so that she was placed considerably higher than

5 Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural height. We have noticed that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of

10 adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, artfully adopted, perhaps, for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion, she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which

15 her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre.

Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf locks from the folds of this singular head gear. Her attitude was that of a sybil in frenzy, as she stretched out, in her right hand, a sapling bough which seemed just pulled. "I'll be sworn,"

20 said the groom, "she has been cutting the young ashes in the Dukit Park." The laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

"Ride your ways," said the gypsy, "ride your ways,

25 Laird of Ellangowan — ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram! This day have ye quenched seven smoaking hearths; — see if the fire in your ain parlor burn the blyther for that! Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses; — look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster! Ye may stable your

30 stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh; — see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstane at Ellangowan! Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram! — what do ye glowr after our folk for? There's thirty hearts there, that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their

35 life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger, — yes, there's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye hae turned out o' their bits o' bields, to sleep with the toad and the black-cock in the muirs! Ride your ways, Ellangowan! Our

40 bairns are hinging at our weary backs; — look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up! — Not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born — God forbid, and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father! — And now, ride e'en your

ways, for these are the last words ye 'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I 'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan."

So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, 5 and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged malediction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find half a crown ; 10 the gypsy waited neither for his reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.

Ellangowan rode pensively home ; and it was remarkable that he did not mention this interview to any of his family. The groom was not so reserved : he told the story 15 at great length to a full audience in the kitchen, and concluded by swearing, that "if ever the devil spoke by the mouth of a woman, he had spoken by that of Meg Merrilies that blessed day." — *Sir Walter Scott.*

EXERCISE XLII.

Spring.

20 COME, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
25 With innocence and meditation joined
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints ; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And see where surly Winter passes off,
30 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale ;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
35 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleet

- Deform the day delightless : so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulfed,
 To shake the sounding marsh ; or from the shore
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
 5 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.
 At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
 And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
 The expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold ;
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 10 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
 Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.
 Forth fly the tepid airs : and unconfined,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives
 15 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
 Drives from their stalls to where the well-used plough
 Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
 There unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil
 20 Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark.
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
 The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
 While through the neighboring fields the sower stalks,
 25 With measured step ; and liberal throws the grain
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground :
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
 Be gracious, Heaven ! for now laborious man
 Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow !
 30 Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend !
 And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
 Into the perfect year ! Nor ye who live
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear :
 35 Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
 To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
 Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.
 In ancient times, the sacred plough employed
 The kings and awful fathers of mankind :
 40 And some, with whom compared your insect tribes
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,
 Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
 Of mighty war ; then, with unwearied hand,
 Disdaining little delicacies, seized
 45 The plough, and greatly independent lived. *Thomson.*

EXERCISE XLIII.

Address of the Massachusetts Legislature, Feb. 1797, to George Washington, President of the United States, on his retiring from office.

SIR, — As you have announced to the people of the United States your intention to retire from the cares and decline the honors of public life, the Legislature of Massachusetts deem it a becoming duty, to express their sentiments, and those of their constituents, on this interesting event.

It is not an opinion that our public testimony of your merits can be necessary to the lustre of your reputation, or the serenity of your repose, which prompts us to join the general voice of America in applauding your great and glorious services; but we are excited to this measure by a wish to exhibit a powerful inducement to the love of our country, and to transmit to future times a record of the gratitude of our republic.

As the able and heroic general, who led our armies to victory and our country to independence, or as an enlightened and patriotic magistrate, under whose administration the United States have enjoyed peace and prosperity, your conduct has furnished a great and brilliant example of integrity, fortitude, and wisdom.

We trust that the pacific system which you have pursued with regard to the foreign relations of the country will be as completely justified by its eventual success, as it is by the maxims of equity and prudence; and we indulge the hope, that this system will not be discontinued, and that its beneficial effects will not be confined to America, but will tend to discredit, among the nations of the world, that false and barbarous policy which sacrifices the public good at the shrine of resentment and ambition.

When this effect shall take place, the cause of humanity will have derived a precious advantage from the example you have given, that moderation is the basis of true dignity, and that those laurels which are reared in sunshine and peace are beyond comparison fairer than those which are fertilized by the tears and blood of a people.

We receive your address to your fellow-citizens, upon the occasion of your intended retirement from your civil situation, with the same sentiments of respect and emotions of gratitude which were inspired by that which

terminated your military career; sensible that it discloses an intelligent view of their political interests, and discovers that affectionate zeal for their future welfare which marks the character of their common friend.

- 5 Whilst, in behalf of our country, we lament the necessity which deprives her of your services in public life, we cannot deny that so many years of anxious toil for her interests give you the best title to that repose which you have long so ardently wished to enjoy.
- 10 You will retire, covered with glory and followed with the blessings of your fellow-citizens; — whose honor and happiness it will be, that whilst you have deserved well of your country, that country has never ceased to cherish a grateful and admiring sense of your worth.
- 15 Our fervent prayers for your health and enjoyment will go with you into the retreats of private life; may you live to be full of years, and satisfied with beholding the prosperity of your country; and when you shall be called from the present scene, may that beneficent Being, who has
- 20 made you the happy instrument of so much good to mankind, admit you to those rewards, in a future state, which this world cannot bestow.

Boston Centinel, March 8th, 1797.

EXERCISE XLIII. — CONTINUED.

President Washington's Reply to the Senators representing the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in the Congress of the United States.

- GENTLEMEN, — The sentiments expressed in the address you have delivered to me, from the Senate and House of
- 25 Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, — sentiments as honorable to them as to me, — have excited the most grateful emotions. Whatever services I have rendered to my country, in its general approbation I have received an ample reward. Having nothing in view but
- 30 to vindicate its rights, secure its liberty, and promote its happiness, I might expect the most efficient aid and support in the exertions of able and upright men, and in the general spirit of my fellow-citizens. All this I have experienced, and our united efforts have resulted in our
- 35 independence, peace and prosperity. And I entertain the

- pleasing hope, that the intelligence and superior information of my fellow-citizens, enabling them to discern their true interests, will lead them to the successive choice of wise and virtuous men to watch over, protect and promote
- 5 them, who, while they pursue those maxims of moderation, equity and prudence, which will entitle our country to perpetual peace, will cultivate that fortitude and dignity of sentiment which are essential to the maintenance of our liberty and independence.
- 10 Should it please God, according to the prayers of your constituents, to grant me health and long life, my greatest enjoyment will be to behold the prosperity of my country; and the affection and attachment of my fellow-citizens, through the whole period of my public employments, will
- 15 be the subject of my most agreeable recollections: — while a belief, which the affecting sentiments of the people of Massachusetts, expressed by their Senate and House of Representatives, with those of my fellow-citizens in general, have inspired, that I have been the happy instrument
- 20 of much good to my country and to mankind, will be a source of unceasing gratitude to Heaven.
- Feb. 24, 1797.* G. WASHINGTON.

EXERCISE XLIV.

Trout Fishing.

- Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swelled with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
- 25 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctured stream
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
- 30 Snatched from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender watery stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortured worm
Convulsive twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,
- 35 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.
When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,

- Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair ;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
 5 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks ;
 The next, pursue their rocky-channeled maze
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave
 Their little naiads love to sport at large.
- Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 10 Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,
 There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly ;
 And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
 15 With eye attentive mark the springing game.
 Straight as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or, urged by hunger, leap,
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook ;
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
 20 And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,
 With various hand proportioned to their force.
- If yet too young, and easily deceived,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
 Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
 25 He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream
 The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
 Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
 30 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly ;
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
- At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 35 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
 With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
 Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthened line :
 Then seeks the furthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
 The caverned bank, his old secure abode ;
 40 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
 Indignant of the guile.

With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now

Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage :
 Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
 And to his fate abandoned, to the shore
 You gayly drag your unresisting prize. *Thomson.*

EXERCISE XLV.

On Contentment.

5 **C**ONTENTMENT produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's
 10 mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has, indeed, a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related.

It extinguishes all murmur, repining and ingratitude, towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act
 15 in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of
 20 for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, a man should always consider how much
 25 he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled with him upon the loss of a farm: "Why," said he, "I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for
 30 me." On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater difficulties.

35 All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humor of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honor. For this

reason, as none can be properly called rich who have not more than they want, there are few rich men, in any of the politer nations, but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have
5 more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty; and are perpetually wanting, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavor to outvie one another in shadows and appearances.

10 Men of sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this silly game that is playing over their heads; and, by contracting their desires, they enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chase after imaginary
15 pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it may, he is a poor man if he does not live within it; and naturally sets himself to sale to any one who can give him his price.

20 When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the King of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth,
25 and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, "Content is natural wealth," says Socrates; to which I shall add, Luxury is artificial poverty.

I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming at superfluous and imagin-
30 ary enjoyments, and who will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher, namely, "That no man has so much care as he who endeavors after the most happiness."

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how
35 much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great alleviation from such a
40 comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others: or between the misfortune which he suffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon

breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers by it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having
5 invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by a person that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them: "Every one," says he, "has his calamity; and he is a happy man that has no greater than this."

10 We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of Doctor Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had
15 not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing, that there never was any system, besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been hitherto speaking of.

20 In order to make us contented with our condition, many of the present philosophers tell us that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which superior
25 beings themselves are subject; while others very gravely tell the man who is miserable that it is necessary he should be so, to keep up the harmony of the universe; and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise.

30 These, and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may show him that his discontent is unreasonable, but they are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as
35 Augustus did to his friend who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again: "It is for that very reason," said the emperor, "that I grieve."

40 On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shows him that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the removal of them. It makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter. — *Addison*.

EXERCISE XLVI.

Farewell.

FAREWELL — farewell to thee, Araby's daughter !

(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea ;)

No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water

More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

5 Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hushed all its music and withered its frame !

10 But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her who lies sleeping among the pearl islands,
With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

15 And still, when the merry date season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate, till, neglecting her tresses,
20 She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero ! forget thee, —
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero she 'll set thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.

25 Farewell — be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep ;
Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the billow,
Shall sweeten thy bed, and illumine thy sleep.

30 Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber
We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

35 We 'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head ;
Will seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew o'er thy bed.

Farewell — farewell — until pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They 'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain,
40 They 'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.

T. Moore.

EXERCISE XLVII.

The Hill of Science.

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

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in
15 the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forward with the liveliest expression of ardor in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and
20 difficult.

I observed that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view; and the summit of the highest they could before
25 discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds.

As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, a friendly instructor suddenly appeared: "The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top
30 is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive."

After I had noticed a variety of objects, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep
35 ascent; and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration; but his progress was
40 unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices.

When Pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her

train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths, and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him.

5 I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face.

While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting
10 pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress.

Indeed, there were few who ascended the hill with equal
15 and uninterrupted steadiness; for, besides the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside, by a numerous crowd of appetites, passions and pleasures, whose importunity, when once complied with, they became
20 less and less able to resist: and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt; the hill appeared more steep and rugged; the fruits, which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill-tasted; their sight grew dim, and their feet tript at every little obstruction.

25 I saw with some surprise that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions. They accompanied them, however,
30 a little way; and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery.

35 Amongst the innumerable seducers who were endeavoring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the
40 numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence, (for so she was called,) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon,
45 she persuaded them to delay.

Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom before they suspected they had changed their place.

The placid serenity which at first appeared in their countenance changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom as they glided down the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlightened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulf of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion would often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted, till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of Science seemed to shed a glory round her votaries.

Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain! But while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardor, I saw, standing beside me, a form of diviner features, and a more benign radiance. "Happier," said she, "are they whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content!"

"What!" said I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?" "I am found," said she, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence, and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise thee to eminence; but I alone can guide thee to felicity!"

While Virtue was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her, with a vehemence which broke my slumber. The chill dews were falling around me, and the

shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation. — *Aikin*.

EXERCISE XLVIII.

The Passions. — An Ode.

- 5 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.
- 10 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
- 15 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.
- 20 First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewildered laid;
 And back recoiled, he knew not why,
 Even at the sound himself had made.
- 25 Next Anger rushed: his eyes on fire.
 In lightnings owned his secret stings:
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.
- 30 With woful 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.
- 35 But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scene 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 her song:

- And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close :
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung — but, with a frown,
5 Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down ;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
10 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 dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
15 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 ;
20 Sad proofs of thy distressful state.
Of different 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 ;
25 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 ;
30 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,
(Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,)
In hollow murmurs died away.
35 But, O, how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder slung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung.
40 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 ;
45 And Sport leapt up and seized his beechen spear.

- 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,
 5 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
 They would have thought who heard the strain
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amid the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
 10 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,
 15 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

Collins.

EXERCISE XLIX.

Adaptation of Christianity to the Intellectual Wants of Man.

- CHRISTIANITY is adapted to the intellect, because it puts
 it in possession of a higher kind of knowledge than nature
 can give. It solves questions of a different order, and
 those, too, which man, as an intellectual being, most needs
 20 to have solved.

- There are plainly two classes of questions which we
 may ask concerning the works of God ; and concerning
 one of these philosophy is profoundly silent. One class
 respects the relation of the different parts of a constituted
 25 whole to each other and to that whole. The other respects
 the ultimate design of the whole itself.

- In the present state of science, questions of the first class
 can generally be answered with a good degree of satisfac-
 tion. Man existing, the philosopher can tell the number
 30 of bones, and muscles, and blood-vessels, and nerves, in
 his body, and the uses of all these. He may, perhaps, tell
 how the stomach digests, and the heart beats, and the
 glands secrete ; but of the great purpose for which man
 himself was made he can know nothing.

- 35 But this knowledge Christianity gives. It attributes to
 God a purpose worthy of him ; one that satisfies the
 intellect and the heart ; and the knowledge of this must
 modify our views of all history, and of the whole drama

of human life. It gives us a new stand-point, from which we see everything in different relations and proportions. We had seen the river before on which we were sailing; now we see the ocean.

- 5 Entirely different must be the relation of man to God, both as an intellectual and a practical being, when he knows his plans and can intelligently coöperate with him. He now comes, in the language of our Saviour, into the relation of a friend. Surely no one can think lightly of
10 the influence of this on the intellect.

From the arguments now stated we infer that Christianity is adapted to the intellect; and these arguments are confirmed by fact. No book, not nature itself, has ever waked up intellectual activity like the Bible. On the battle-field of truth, it has ever been around this that the conflict has raged. What book besides ever caused the writing of so many other books? Take from the libraries of Christendom all those which have sprung, I will not say indirectly, but directly, from it, — those written to oppose, or
20 defend, or elucidate it, — and how would they be diminished!

The very multitude of infidel books is a witness to the power with which the Bible stimulates the intellect. Why do we not see the same amount of active intellect coming up
25 and dashing and roaring around the Koran? And the result of this activity is such as we might anticipate. The general intellectual, as well as moral, superiority of Christian nations, and that, too, in proportion as they have had a pure Christianity, stands out in too broad a sunlight to be
30 questioned or obscured.

Wherever the word of God has really entered, it has given light — light to individuals, light to communities. It has favored literature; and by means of it alone has society been brought up to that point at which it has been
35 able to construct the apparatus of physical science, and to carry its investigations to the point which they have now reached.

The instruments of a well-furnished astronomical observatory presuppose accumulations of wealth, and the existence of a class of arts, and of men, that could be the product only of Christian civilization. Accordingly, we find, whatever may be said of literature, that physical science, except in Christian countries, has after a time either become stationary, or begun to recede; and there is no rea-

son for supposing that the path of indefinite progress which now lies before it could have been opened except in connection with Christianity.

5 Individual men, who reject Christianity, and yet live within the general sphere of its influence, may distinguish themselves in science; they have done so; but it has been on grounds and conditions furnished by that very religion which they have rejected.

10 Christianity furnishes no new faculties, no direct power to the intellect, but a general condition of society favorable to its cultivation; and it is not to be wondered at, if, in such a state of things, men who seek intellectual distinction solely, rejecting the moral restraints of Christianity, should distinguish themselves by intellectual effort.

15 But if there is this adaptation of Christianity to the intellect, ought not they who are truly Christians to distinguish themselves above others in literature and science? This does not follow. Up to a certain point, Christianity in the heart will certainly give clearness and strength to
20 the intellect; and cases are not wanting in which the intellectual powers have been surprisingly roused through the action of the moral nature, and of the affections, awakened by the religion of Christ.

But when we consider that the change produced by
25 Christianity is a moral change; that the objects it presents are moral objects; that it presents this world as needing not so much to be enlightened in the more abstract sciences, or to be delighted with the refinements of literature, as to be rescued from moral pollution, and to be won back
30 to God; — perhaps we ought not to be surprised if it has caused many to be absorbed in labors of an entirely different kind, who would otherwise have trodden the highest walks of science. — *President Hopkins.*



EXERCISE L.

Hymn on the Seasons.

35 THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness, and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;

Echo the mountains round : the forest smiles ;
And every sense and every heart is joy.

Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
5 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
10 And spreads a common feast for all that live.

In Winter awful Thou, with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled.
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
15 And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.
Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
20 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.

But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
25 That, ever busy, wheels the silent sphere ;
Works in the secret deep : shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
30 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
35 One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes :
O. talk of Him in solitary glooms !
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.

40 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.

- Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself, —
- 5 Sound His stupendous praise : whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
- 10 Ye forests, bend ; ye harvests, wave to Him ;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
- 15 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day ! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
- 20 On Nature write with every beam His praise.
 The thunder rolls : be hushed the prostrate world,
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive lowe,
- 25 Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
 Bursts from the groves ! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
- 30 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn ; in swarming cities vast,
- 35 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.
- 40 Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove,
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.

- For me, when I forget the darling theme, —
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east, —
- 5 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
 Should fate command me to the furthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
- 10 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles; 't is nought to me;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full:
 And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
- 15 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
- 20 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
 From seeming Evil still educing Good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
- 25 Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

Thomson.

EXERCISE LI.

The Blind Man restored to Sight.

[From the Gospel of St. John, Chap. 9.]

- AND as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?
- 30 Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of
- 35 the world.

When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the

blind man with the clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam, (which is, by interpretation, Sent.) He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing.

The neighbors, therefore, and they which before had
5 seen him that he was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged? Some said, This is he: others said, He is like him: but he said, I am he.

Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened? He answered and said, A man that is called
10 Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash: and I went and washed, and I received sight. Then said they unto him, Where is he? He said, I know not.

They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was
15 blind. And it was the Sabbath-day when Jesus made the clay, and opened his eyes. Then again the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, He put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed, and do see. Therefore said some of the Pharisees, This
20 man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath-day. Others said, How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles?

And there was a division among them. They say unto the blind man again, What sayest thou of him, that he
25 hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet.

But the Jews did not believe concerning him, that he had been blind, and received his sight; until they called the parents of him that had received his sight. And they asked them, saying, Is this your son, whom ye say was
30 born blind? How then doth he now see? His parents answered them and said, We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind: but by what means he now seeth, we know not; or who hath opened his eyes, we know not: he is of age, ask him: he shall speak for
35 himself.

These words spake his parents, because they feared the Jews: for the Jews had agreed already, that if any man did confess that he was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue. Therefore said his parents, He is of age;
40 ask him.

Then again called they the man that was blind, and said unto him, Give God the praise; we know that this man is a sinner. He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, where-
45 as I was blind, now I see.

Then said they to him again, What did he to thee? How opened he thine eyes? He answered them, I have told you already, and ye did not hear: wherefore would ye hear it again? will ye also be his disciples? Then

5 they reviled him, and said, Thou art his disciple; but we are Moses' disciples. We know that God spake unto Moses; as for this fellow, we know not from whence he is.

The man answered and said unto them, Why, herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes. Now we know that

10 God heareth not sinners: but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth. Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this man were not

15 of God, he could do nothing.

They answered and said unto him, Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us? And they cast him out. Jesus heard that they had cast him out: and when he had found him, he said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, Who

20 is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee. And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped him.

And Jesus said, For judgment I am come into this world; that they which see not might see, and that they which see might be made blind. And some of the Pharisees which were with him heard these words, and said unto him, Are we blind also? Jesus said unto them, If

30 ye were blind, ye should have no sin: but now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth.

EXERCISE LII.

Picture of a Distinguished Poet.

ADMIRE the goodness of Almighty God!
 He riches gave, He intellectual strength
 To few, and therefore none commands to be

35 Or rich, or learned; nor promises reward
 Of peace to these. On all He moral worth
 Bestowed; and moral tribute asked from all.

And who that could not pay? who born so poor,

- Of intellect so mean, as not to know
 What seemed the best ; and, knowing, might not do ?
 As not to know what God and conscience bade,
 And what they bade not able to obey ?
- 5 And he who acted thus fulfilled the law
 Eternal, and its promise reaped of peace ;
 Found peace this way alone : who sought it else,
 Sought mellow grapes beneath the icy pole ;
 Sought blooming roses on the cheek of death ;
- 10 Sought substance in a world of fleeting shades.
 Take one example ; to our purpose quite.
 A man of rank, and of capacious soul ;
 Who riches had, and fame beyond desire ;
 An heir of flattery, to titles born,
- 15 And reputation, and luxurious life.
 Yet, not content with ancestral name,
 Or to be known because his fathers were,
 He on this height hereditary stood,
 And gazing higher, purposed in his heart
- 20 To take another step.
- Above him seemed
 Alone the mount of song — the lofty seat
 Of canonized bards ; and thitherward,
 By nature taught, and inward melody,
- 25 In prime of youth he bent his eagle eye.
 No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read ;
 What sage to hear, he heard ; what scenes to see,
 He saw. And first, in rambling school-boy days,
 Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,
- 30 And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks ;
 And maids, as dew-drops pure and fair, his soul
 With grandeur filled, and melody and love.
- Then travel came, and took him where he wished ;
 He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp ;
- 35 And mused alone on ancient mountain brows ;
 And mused on battle-fields, where valor fought
 In other days ; and mused on ruins gray
 With years ; and drank from old and fabulous wells,
 And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked,
- 40 And mused on famous tombs ; and on the wave
 Of ocean mused ; and on the desert waste.
 The heavens and earth of every country saw :
 Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,
 Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
- 45 Thither he went, and meditated there.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
 As some vast river of unfailing source,
 Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
 And oped new fountains in the human heart.

- 5 Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
 In other men, his fresh as morning rose,
 And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
 Where angels bashful looked.

Others, though great,

- 10 Beneath their argument seemed struggling; whiles
 He, from above descending, stooped to touch
 The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as though
 It scarce deserved his verse.

With Nature's self

- 15 He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
 At will with all her glorious majesty.
 He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"*
 And played familiar with his hoary locks.
 Stood on the Alps, stood on the Appenines,
 20 And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
 And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
 In sportive twist — the lightning's fiery wing,
 Which as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
 Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed —
 25 Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
 His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.

Suns, moons and stars, and clouds, his sisters were;
 Rocks, mountains; meteors, seas, and winds and storms,
 His brothers — younger brothers, whom he scarce

- 30 As equals deemed.

All passions of all men —

The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
 All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
 All creeds; all seasons, Time, Eternity;

- 35 All that was hated, and all that was dear;
 All that was hoped, all that was feared by man, —
 He tossed about, as tempest-withered leaves,
 Then smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.

With terror now he froze the covering blood;

- 40 And now dissolved the heart in tenderness:
 Yet would not tremble, would not weep, himself;

* This allusion to a line of Lord Byron's *Apostrophe to the Ocean* plainly indicates that the poet had *him* clearly in view, in this description. The subsequent lines also allude to passages in "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*."

- But back into his soul retired, alone,
 Dark, sullen, proud : gazing contemptuously
 On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
 So Ocean from the plains, his waves had late
 5 To desolation swept, retired in pride,
 Exulting in the glory of his might,
 And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.
 As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
 To which the stars did reverence as it passed,
 10 So he through learning, and through fancy, took
 His flight sublime ; and on the loftiest top
 Of Fame's dread mountain sat : not soiled and worn,
 As if he from the earth had labored up—
 But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair
 15 He looked, which down from higher regions came,
 And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.
 The nations gazed, and wondered much, and praised.
 Critics before him fell in humble plight ;
 Confounded fell, and made debasing signs
 20 To catch his eye ; and stretched and swelled themselves
 To bursting nigh, to utter bulky words
 Of admiration vast : and many too,
 Many that aimed to imitate his flight,
 With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,
 25 And gave abundant sport to after days.
 Great man ! the nations gazed, and wondered much
 And praised : and many called his evil good.
 Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness ;
 And kings to do him honor took delight.
 *30 Thus, full of titles, flattery, honor, fame, —
 Beyond desire, beyond ambition, full, —
 He died — he died of what ? Of wretchedness !
 Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
 Of fame ; drank early, deeply drank ; drank draughts
 35 That common millions might have quenched — then died
 Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
 His goddess, Nature — wooed, embraced, enjoyed —
 Fell from his arms abhorred ; his passions died ;
 Died all but dreary, solitary pride :
 40 And all his sympathies in being died.
 As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,
 Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,
 And then, retiring, left it there to rot
 And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven :

- So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
 And cast ashore from Pleasure's boisterous surge —
 A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing;
 Scorched and desolate, and blasted soul;
 5 A gloomy wilderness of dying thought —
 Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth.
 His groanings filled the land his numbers filled:
 And yet he seemed ashamed to groan. *Poor man!*
 Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.
- 10 Proof this, beyond all lingering of doubt,
 That not with natural or mental wealth
 Was God delighted, or his peace secured:
 That not in natural or mental wealth
 Was human happiness or grandeur found.
- 15 Attempt how monstrous! and how surely vain!
 With things of earthly sort, with aught but God,
 With aught but moral excellence, truth and love,
 To satisfy and fill the immortal soul!
 Attempt, vain inconceivably! attempt
- 20 To satisfy the ocean with a drop;
 To marry Immortality to Death;
 And with the unsubstantial shade of Time
 To fill the embrace of all Eternity!

Pollock's Course of Time.

EXERCISE LIII.

The Grotto of Antiparos.

- OF all the subterraneous caverns now known, the grotto
 25 of Antiparos is the most remarkable, as well for its extent
 as for the beauty of its sparry incrustations. This cele-
 brated cavern was first explored by one Magni, an Italian
 traveller, about one hundred years ago, at Antiparos, an
 inconsiderable island of the Archipelago.
- 30 "Having been informed," says he, "by the natives of
 Paros, that, in the little island of Antiparos, which lies
 about two miles from the former, a gigantic statue was to
 be seen at the mouth of a cavern in that place, it was re-
 solved that we (the French consul and himself) should
- 35 pay it a visit.
 "In pursuance of this resolution, after we had landed

on the island, and walked about four miles through the midst of beautiful plains, and sloping woodlands, we at length came to a little hill, on the side of which yawned a most horrid cavern, which, by its gloom, at first struck us
5 with terror, and almost repressed curiosity. Recovering the first surprise, however, we entered boldly, and had not proceeded above twenty paces, when the supposed statue of the giant presented itself to our view.

“ We quickly perceived that what the ignorant natives
10 had been terrified at as a giant was nothing more than a sparry concretion, formed by the water dropping from the roof of the cave, and by degrees hardening into a figure, which their fears had formed into a monster. Incited by this extraordinary appearance, we were induced to proceed
15 still further, in quest of new adventures, in this subterranean abode.

“ As we proceeded, new wonders offered themselves ; the spars, formed into trees and shrubs, presented a kind of petrified grove ; some white, some green ; and all receding
20 in due perspective. They struck us with the more amazement, as we knew them to be mere productions of nature, who, hitherto in solitude, had, in her playful moments, dressed the scene as if for her own amusement.

“ We had as yet seen but a few of the wonders of the
25 place ; and we were introduced only into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of this half-illuminated recess, there appeared an opening of about three feet wide, which seemed to lead to a place totally dark, and which one of the natives assured us contained nothing
30 more than a reservoir of water.

“ Upon this information, we made an experiment, by throwing down some stones, which rumbling along the sides of the descent for some time, the sound seemed at last quashed in a bed of water. In order, however, to be
35 more certain, we sent in a Levantine mariner, who, by the promise of a good reward, ventured, with a flambeau in his hand, into this narrow aperture.

“ After continuing within it for about a quarter of an hour, he returned, bearing in his hand some beautiful pieces
40 of white spar, which art could neither equal nor imitate. Upon being informed by him that the place was full of these beautiful incrustations, I ventured in with him, about fifty paces, anxiously and cautiously descending, by a steep and dangerous way.

“Finding, however, that we came to a precipice which led into a spacious amphitheatre, (if I may so call it,) still deeper than any other part, we returned, and being provided with a ladder, flambeau, and other things to expedite
5 our descent, our whole company, man by man, ventured into the same opening; and, descending one after another, we at last saw ourselves all together in the most magnificent part of the cavern.

“Our candles being now all lighted up, and the whole
10 place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more glittering or a more magnificent scene. The whole roof hung with solid icicles, transparent as glass, yet solid as marble.

“The eye could scarcely reach the lofty and noble ceiling; the sides were regularly formed with spars; and the whole presented the idea of a magnificent theatre, illuminated with an immense profusion of lights. The floor consisted of solid marble; and, in several places, magnificent columns, thrones, altars, and other objects, appeared,
15 as if nature had designed to mock the curiosities of art.

“Our voices, upon speaking or singing, were redoubled to an astonishing loudness; and upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverberations were almost deafening. In the midst of this grand amphitheatre rose a concretion of
25 about fifteen feet high, that, in some measure, resembled an altar; from which, taking the hint, we caused mass to be celebrated there. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar appeared like candlesticks; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments
30 of this rite.

“Below even this spacious grotto, there seemed another cavern; down which I ventured, with my former mariner, and descended about fifty paces, by means of a rope. I at last arrived at a small spot of level ground, where the bottom appeared different from that of the amphitheatre, being composed of soft clay, yielding to the pressure, and in which I thrust a stick to the depth of six feet.

“In this, however, as above, numbers of the most beautiful crystals were formed; one of which, particularly,
40 resembled a table. Upon our egress from this amazing cavern, we perceived a Greek inscription upon a rock at the mouth, but so obliterated by time that we could not read it distinctly. It seemed to import that one Antipater, in the time of Alexander, had come hither; but whether

he penetrated into the depths of the cavern, he does not think fit to inform us." This account of so beautiful and striking a scene may serve to give us some idea of the subterraneous wonders of nature. — *Goldsmith.*

EXERCISE LIV.

The Past.

- 5 **THOU** unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.
 Far in thy realm withdrawn,
- 10 Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.
 Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, manhood, age, that draws us to the ground
- 15 And last, man's life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.
 Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends — the good, the kind.
Yielded to thee with tears —
- 20 The venerable form, the exalted mind.
 My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back — yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.
- 25 In vain; — thy gates deny
All passage, save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back — nor to the broken heart.
 In thy abysses hide
- 30 Beauty and excellence unknown — to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea;
 Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith, —
- 35 Love, that 'midst grief began,
And grew with years and faltered not in death.
 Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;

- With thee are silent fame,
 Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.
 Thine for a space are they —
 Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
 5 Thy gates shall yet give way,
 Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!
 All that of good and fair
 Has gone into thy womb from earliest time
 Shall then come forth to wear
 10 The glory and the beauty of its prime.
 They have not perished — no!
 Kind words, remembered voices, once so sweet,
 Smiles, radiant long ago,
 And features, the great soul's apparent seat.
 15 All shall come back; each tie
 Of pure affection shall be knit again;
 Alone shall Evil die,
 And Sorrow dwell a prisoner, in thy reign.
 And then shall I behold
 20 Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
 And her, who, still and cold,
 Fills the next grave — the beautiful and young.
Bryant.

◆

LESSON LV.

Extract from an Oration pronounced by the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, July 4th, 1848, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the National Monument to the memory of Washington.

- FELLOW-CITIZENS: — While we thus commend the character and example of Washington to others, let us not
 25 forget to imitate it ourselves. I have spoken of the precise period which we have reached in our own history, as well as in that of the world at large, as giving something of peculiar interest to the proceedings in which we are engaged.
- 30 I may not, I will not, disturb the harmony of the scene before me by the slightest allusion of a party character. The circumstances of the occasion forbid it; the associations of the day forbid it; the character of him in whose honor we are assembled forbids it; my own feelings revolt
 35 from it. But I may say, I must say, and every one within

the sound of my voice will sustain me in saying, that there has been no moment since Washington himself was among us, when it was more important than at this moment, that the two great leading principles of his policy
5 should be remembered and cherished.

Those principles were, first, the most complete, cordial, and indissoluble union of the states; and, second, the most entire separation and disentanglement of our own country from all other countries. Perfect union among ourselves,
10 perfect neutrality towards others, and peace, peace, domestic peace and foreign peace, as the result; this was the chosen and consummate policy of the father of his country.

But above all, and before all, in the heart of Washington, was the union of the states; and no opportunity
15 was ever omitted by him to impress upon his fellow-citizens the profound sense which he entertained of its vital importance at once to their prosperity and their liberty.

In that incomparable address in which he bade farewell
20 to his countrymen at the close of his presidential service, he touched upon many other topics with the earnestness of a sincere conviction. He called upon them, in solemn terms, to "cherish public credit;" to "observe good faith and justice towards all nations," avoiding both "inveterate
25 antipathies and passionate attachments" towards any; to mitigate and assuage the unquenchable fire of party spirit, "lest, instead of warming, it should consume;" to abstain from "characterizing parties by geographical distinctions;" "to promote institutions for the general diffusion
30 of knowledge;" to respect and uphold "religion and morality; those great pillars of human happiness, those firmest props of the duties of men and of citizens."

But what can exceed, what can equal, the accumulated intensity of thought and of expression with which he calls
35 upon them to cling to the union of the states. "It is of infinite moment," says he, in language which we ought never to be weary of hearing or of repeating, "that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and individual happiness;
40 that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a

suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together
5 the various parts."

The Union, the Union in any event, was thus the sentiment of Washington. The Union, the Union in any event, — let it be our sentiment this day!

Yes, to-day, fellow-citizens, at the very moment when
10 the extension of our boundaries and the multiplication of our territories are producing, directly and indirectly, among the different members of our political system, so many marked and mourned centrifugal tendencies, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of alle-
15 giance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognize in our common title to the name and the 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
20 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 riveted, in a spirit
25 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 daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the
30 republic!

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled! Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious father of his
35 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
40 the rules and principles of ancient and of 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 Washing-

ton can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. *Similitudine decoremus*. He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians. This 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 after 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 shall prolong the fame, of George Washington!

Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

EXERCISE LVI.

Winter Scenes:

- 25 SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train —
Vapors, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing.
- 30 Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nursed by careless Solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
- 35 Pleased have I wandered through your rough domain;
Trode the pure virgin snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;

Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brewed,
In the grim evening sky.

Thus passed the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
5 Looked out the joyous spring, — looked out, and smiled.

* * * * *

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains the inverted year;
Hung o'er the furthest verge of heaven, the sun
10 Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as, clothed in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
15 And, soon descending, to the long, dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.

Nor is the night unwished; while vital heat,
Light, life and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
20 Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapory turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things.

Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
25 Through Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.

The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land,
30 Fresh from the plough, the dun-discolored flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm:
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
35 And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave presageful send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapped in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
40 Drive through the mingling skies with vapor foul,
Dash on the mountain's brow and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below.

The unsightly plain

Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up

5 The day's fair face.

The wanderers of heaven

Each to his home retire; save those that love
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.

10 The cattle from the untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
 Or ruminatè in the contiguous shade.

Thither the household feathery people crowd, —
 The crested cock, with all his female train,

15 Pensive and dripping; while the cottage hind
 Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there
 Recounts his simple frolic; much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

20 Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swelled,
 And the mixed ruin of its banks o'erspread,
 At last the roused-up river pours along:
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,

25 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrained
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;

30 There, gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
 Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!

35 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul,
 That sees astonished, and astonished sings!

Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say

40 Where your aërial magazines reserved,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
 In what far distant region of the sky,
 Hushed in deep silence, sleep ye when 't is calm?
 When from the pallid sky the sun descends,

With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stained; red fiery streaks
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 5 Which master to obey: while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colored east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.

Seen through the turbid, fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shivered ray;
 10 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatched in short eddies, plays the withered leaf;
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.

With broadened nostrils to the sky upturned,
 15 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 E'en as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labor draws the flaxen thread,
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretell the blast.

But chief the plumy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They picked their scanty fare, a blackening train
 Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
 25 And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song.

The cormorant on high
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
 30 Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal pressed, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
 35 And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
 That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.

Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated air
 Down in a torrent. On the passive main
 40 Descends the ethereal force, and with strong gust
 Turns from its bottom the discolored deep.
 Through the black night that sits immense around,
 Lashed into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn.

- Meantime, the mountain billows, to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swelled, surge above surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchored navies from their station drive,
 5 Wild as the winds, across the howling waste
 Of mighty waters: now the inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
 10 Emerging thence again, before the breath
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
 15 Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns.
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark, wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
 20 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
 Low waves the rooted forest, vexed, and sheds
 What of its tarnished honors yet remain;
 Dashed down, and scattered, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 25 Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
 And on the cottage thatched, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking dome,
 30 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
 * * * * *
 Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds, commixed
 With stars swift gliding, sweep along the sky.
 All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
 35 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
 Then, straight, air, sea and earth, are hushed at once.
 As yet 't is midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 40 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious Night,
 And Contemplation, her sedate compeer;

Let me shake off the intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

- Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
- 5 Where are you now? and what is your amount?—
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse:
Sad, sickening thought! and yet, deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises, still resolved,
- 10 With new-flushed hopes, to run the giddy round
Father of light and life! Thou Good Supreme!
O, teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
- 15 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss! *Thomson.*

EXERCISE LVII.

The Punishment of a Liar.

From the 2nd Book of Kings, Chapter V.

- Now Naaman, captain of the host of the King of Syria,
was a great man with his master, and honorable, because
by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he
20 was also a mighty man in valor, but he was a leper.

- And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had
brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little
maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said
unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the
25 prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of
his leprosy. And one went in, and told his lord, saying,
Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel.

- And the King of Syria said, Go to, go, and I will send
a letter unto the King of Israel. And he departed, and
30 took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces
of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the
letter to the King of Israel, saying, Now when this letter
is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman
my servant to thee, that thou mayst recover him of his
35 leprosy.

And it came to pass, when the King of Israel had read

the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.

5 And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the King of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.

10 So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.

15 But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash and be clean. Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

30 And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came and stood before him: and he said, Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel: now therefore, I pray thee take a blessing of thy servant. But he said, As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none. And he urged him to take it; but he refused.

And Naaman said, Shall there not then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth? for thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt-offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord. In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the

Lord pardon thy servant in this thing. And he said unto him, Go in peace. So he departed from him a little way.

But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the man of God, said, Behold, my master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in
5 not receiving at his hands that which he brought: but as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him. So Gehazi followed after Naaman.

And when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, Is all
10 well? And he said, All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, Behold, even now there be come to me from Mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments.

And Naaman said, Be content, take two talents. And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before him. And when
15 he came to the tower, he took them from their hand and bestowed them in the house: and he let the men go, and they departed. But he went in, and stood before his master.

And Elisha said unto him, Whence comest thou, Gehazi? And he said, Thy servant went no whither. And
25 he said unto him, Went not my heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive-yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and menservants, and maid-servants? The leprosy, therefore, of
30 Naaman shall cleave unto thee and unto thy seed forever. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.

EXERCISE LVIII.

Reflections occasioned by a Man's perishing in a Snow-storm.

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air;
35 In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid

Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
 5 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
 In many a vain attempt.

How sinks his soul !

What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feigned
 10 His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blessed abode of man !
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 15 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then thron'g the busy shapes into his mind
 Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost !
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
 20 Smoothed up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown ;
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.

These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
 25 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mixed with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,—
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.

30 In vain for him the officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
 35 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home.

On every nerve

The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 40 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
 Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
 They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,

- And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
 Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain !
- 5 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame ! How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man !
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
- 10 Of their own limbs ! How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery ! Sore pierced by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty ! How many shake
- 15 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse !
 E'en in the vale where Wisdom loves to dwell,
- 20 With friendship, peace, and contemplation joined,
 How many, racked with honest passions, droop
 In deep retired distress ! How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish !
- 25 Thought fond Man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life, —
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate, —
 Vice in his high career would stand appalled,
- 30 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh :
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
- 35 Refining still, the social passions work. *Thomson.*

EXERCISE LIX.

Callisthenes' Reproof of Cleon's Flattery to Alexander.

IF the king were present, Cleon, there would be no need of my answering to what you have just proposed. He would himself reprove you for endeavoring to draw him

into an imitation of foreign absurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by such unmanly flattery.

As he is absent, I take upon me to tell you, in his name, that no praise is lasting, but what is rational; and that
 5 you do what you can to lessen his glory, instead of adding to it. Heroes have never among us been deified, till after their death; and whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wish the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honor.

10 You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propose, Hercules and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? and are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our sovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his subjects?

15 First try your power, whether you can make a king. It is surely easier to make a king than a god; to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wish that the gods may have heard without offence the arrogant proposal you have made of adding one to their number; and that they may still be so propitious to us as to
 20 grant the continuance of that success to our affairs with which they have hitherto favored us.

For my part, I am not ashamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or
 25 learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws or rules of conduct from them, what is it but to confess ourselves inferior to them?

EXERCISE LX.

Rural Felicity.

O, KNEW he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he, who, far from public rage,
 30 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.

What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused?
 35 Vile intercourse! what though the glittering robe
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?

- What though, from utmost land and sea purveyed,
 For him each rarer tributary life
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury and death? What though his bowl
 5 Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
 What though he knows not those fantastic joys
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive
 10 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 15 In herbs and fruits.

- Whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 20 Concealed, and fattens with the richest sap:
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 25 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
 Here too dwells simple Truth; plain Innocence;
 30 Unsullied Beauty; sound unbroken Youth,
 Patient of labor, with a little pleased;
 Health ever blooming; unambitious Toil,
 Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.

- Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 35 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
 Unpierced, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 40 Let some, far distant from their native soil
 Urged or by want or hardened avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.

Let this through cities work his eager way,
 By legal outrage and established guile,

- The social sense extinct; and that ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
 5 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race! and those of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp and dark cabals, delight;
 Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 10 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapped close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 15 The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the man who, from the world escaped,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month
 And day to day, through the revolving year:
 20 Admiring, sees her in her every shape:
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.

Thomson.

EXERCISE LXI.

Rolla's Address to the Peruvians.

- My brave associates! partners of my toils, my feelings
 and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtu-
 25 ous 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 ye. Your gener-
 ous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which
 in a war like this can animate their minds and ours.
 30 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 country which we love, a God whom we adore.
 35 Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their
 progress; where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns
 their friendship. They boast they come but to improve
 our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke

of error. Yes, — they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice and pride!

They offer us their protection; — yes, such protection
5 as vultures give to lambs, — covering and devouring them!
They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.

Be our plain answer this: The throne we honor is the
10 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
15 change as they would bring us! — *Sheridan.*

EXERCISE LXII.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

OFT in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
20 The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus in the stilly night, &c.
25 When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in winter weather,
I feel like one, who treads alone
30 Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

Thus in the stilly night, &c. *T. Moore.*

EXERCISE LXIII.

Extract from a Speech of Lord Mansfield, in the British Parliament, in the year 1770.

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.

- 5 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 that is raised with-
 10 out 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, where the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations.

- I thank God I have a more permanent and steady rule
 15 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 a mob for the trumpet of
 20 fame. Experience might inform them, that many who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day have received their execrations the next; and many, who, by the popularity of their times, have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the
 25 historian's page, when truth has triumphed over delusion, the assassins of liberty.

Why, then, the noble lord can think I am ambitious of present popularity, that echo of folly and shadow of renown, I am at a loss to determine.

- 30 Besides, I do not know that the bill now before your lordships will be popular: it depends much upon the caprice of the day. It may not be popular to compel people to pay their debts; and in that case, the present must be a very unpopular bill. It may not be popular neither
 35 to take away any of the privileges of Parliament; for I very well remember, and many of your lordships may remember, that not long ago the popular cry was for the extension of privilege; and so far did they carry it at that time, that it was said that the privilege protected

members even in criminal actions; nay, such was the power of popular prejudices over weak minds, that the very decisions of some of the courts were tinged with that doctrine.

- 5 It was undoubtedly an abominable doctrine; I thought so then, and think so still: but, nevertheless, it was a popular doctrine, and came immediately from those who are called the friends of liberty; how deservedly, time will show. True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when
10 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
15 of this country allow of no place, nor any 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.

- I have now only to beg pardon for having employed so
20 much of your lordships' time; and I am sorry a bill, fraught with so many good consequences, has not met with an abler advocate; but I doubt not your lordships' determination will convince the world, that a bill, calculated to contribute so much to the equal distribution of justice as the present, requires with your lordships but very
25 little support.

EXERCISE LXIV.

An Address to the Deity.

- O THOU! whose balance does the mountains weigh;
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey;
Whose breath can turn those watery worlds to flame,
30 That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the bounty of thy goodness calls.
O! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep!
35 Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to thee!
Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know!

- If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
 And sin the graceful indignation raise.
 My love be warm to succor the distressed,
 And lift the burden from the soul oppressed.
- 5 O, may my understanding ever read
 This glorious volume which thy wisdom made!
 May sea and land, and earth and heaven, be joined,
 To bring the eternal Author to my mind!
 When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
10. May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul!
 When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
 Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine!
 Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
 Open with prayer the consecrated day;
- 15 Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
 And with the mounting sun ascend the skies;
 As that advances, let my zeal improve,
 And glow with ardor of consummate love;
 Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
- 20 My endless worship shall be still begun!
 And oh! permit the gloom of solemn night
 To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
 When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
 Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies!
- 25 Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
 And show all nature in a milder light:
 How every boisterous thought in calm subsides;
 How the smoothed spirit into goodness glides!
 Oh how divine! to tread the milky way,
- 30 To the bright palace of the Lord of Day;
 His court admire, or for his favor sue,
 Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
 Pleased to look down and see the world asleep,
 While I long vigils to its Founder keep!
- 35 Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh control,
 Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul;
 Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
 Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
 Teach me with equal firmness to sustain
- 40 Alluring pleasure and assaulting pain.
 O may I pant for thee in each desire!
 And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
 Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize
 Which in eternity's deep bosom lies!

At the great day of recompense, behold,
 Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold !
 Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
 From age to age my grateful song repeat ;
 5 My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour see,
 And rival angels in the praise of thee ! *Young.*

EXERCISE LXV.

Cause of Differences in Opinion.

It is characteristic of the human mind not to be willing to wait long in suspense on any question presented to it for decision. When any new question or new subject
 10 comes before us, we grasp hastily at the little information in regard to it within our immediate reach, and then hurry to a decision. We are not often willing to wait to consider whether the subject is fairly within the grasp of our powers, and whether all the facts which are important to
 15 a proper consideration of it are before us. We decide at once. It is not pleasant to be in suspense. Suspense implies ignorance, and to admit ignorance is humiliating.

Hence most persons have a settled belief upon almost every question which has been brought before them. In
 20 expressing their opinions they mention things which they believe, and things which they do not believe ; but very few people have a third class of questions, which they acknowledge to be beyond their grasp, so that in regard to them they can neither believe nor disbelieve, but must
 25 remain in suspense.

Now this is the secret of nine tenths of the difference of opinion, and of the sharp disputes by which this world is made so noisy a scene. Men jump at conclusions before they distinctly understand the premises ; and as each
 30 one sees only a part of what he ought to see before forming his opinion, it is not surprising that each should see a different part, and should consequently be led to different results. They then fall into a dispute, each presenting his own partial view, and shutting his eyes to that exhibited
 35 by his opponent.

Some of the mistakes which men thus fall into are melancholy ; others only ludicrous. Some European traveller showed a map of the world to a Chinese philosopher. The

philosopher looked at it a few moments, and then turned, with proud and haughty look, and said to the bystanders, "This map is entirely wrong; the English know nothing of geography. They have got China out upon one side
5 of the world, whereas it is, in fact, exactly in the middle."

Multitudes of amusing stories are related by travellers of the mistakes and misconceptions and false reasonings of semi-barbarous people, about the subjects of European science and philosophy. They go to reasoning at once,
10 and fall into the grossest errors; but still they have much more confidence in their silly speculations than in any evidence which their minds are capable of receiving.

Abbott.

EXERCISE LXVI.

The Last Rose of Summer.

'T is the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
15 All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud, is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
20 Or give sigh for sigh!
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
25 Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er thy bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.
So soon may I follow;
30 When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
35 Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone? *T. Moore.*

EXERCISE LXVII.

On the Importance of Order in the Distribution of Time.

TIME we ought to consider as a sacred trust, committed to us by God; of which we are now the depositories, and are to render an account at the last. That portion of it which he has allotted to us is intended partly for the concerns of this world, partly for those of the next. Let each of these occupy, in the distribution of our time, that space which properly belongs to it.

Let not the hours of hospitality and pleasure interfere with the discharge of our necessary affairs; and let not what we call necessary affairs encroach upon the time which is due to devotion. To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven. If we delay till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burden which belongs not to it. We load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us along smoothly.

He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light, which darts itself through all his affairs. But where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits neither of distribution nor review.

The first requisite for introducing order into the management of time is to be impressed with a just sense of its value. Let us consider well how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconsistent than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it as the measure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out.

But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconsiderate profusion. While they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other possession, of time only they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it.

Among those who are so careless of time, it is not to be expected that order should be observed in its distribution. But, by this fatal neglect, how many materials of severe and lasting regret are they laying up in store for themselves! The time which they suffer to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance seeks afterwards in vain to recall. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, arises to be the torment of some future season.

Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labors under a burden not its own. At the close of life, the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, through not attending to its value. Everything in the life of such persons is misplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due season.

But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. He is justly said to redeem the time. By proper management he prolongs it. He lives much in little space; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and at the same time, attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future.

He catches and arrests the hours as they fly. They are marked down for useful purposes, and their memory remains. Whereas those hours fleet by the man of confusion like a shadow. His days and years are either blanks, of which he has no remembrance, or they are filled up with so confused and irregular a succession of unfinished transactions, that though he remembers he has been busy, yet he can give no account of the business which has employed him. — *Blair*.

EXERCISE LXVIII.

The Katydid.

35 I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!

- Thou 'mindest me of gentlefolks, —
Old gentlefolks are they, —
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.
- 5 Thou art a female, Katydid!
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill.
- 10 I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree, —
A knot of spinster Katydids, —
Do Katydids drink tea?
- 15 Oh, tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
- 20 Than many a Kate has done.
Dear me! I'll tell you all about
My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
So often down the lane,
- 25 And all that tore their locks of black,
Or wet their eyes of blue, —
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
What did poor Katy do?
- 30 Ah no! the living oak shall crash,
That stood for ages still,
The rock shall rend its mossy base,
And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
Shall add one word, to tell
- 35 The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.
Peace to the ever-murmuring race!
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings,
Beneath the autumn sun,
- 40 Then shall she raise her fainting voice,
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall learn what Katy did. *O. W. Holmes.*

EXERCISE LXIX.

Conclusion of an Address to President Washington, in allusion to his retiring from office.

SIR, while we entertain a grateful conviction that your wise, firm, and patriotic administration has been signally conducive to the success of the present form of government, we cannot forbear to express the deep sensations of regret
5 with which we contemplate your intended retirement from office.

As no other suitable occasion may occur, we cannot suffer the present to pass without attempting to disclose some of the emotions which it cannot fail to awaken.

10 The gratitude and admiration of your countrymen are still drawn to the recollection of those resplendent virtues and talents which were so eminently instrumental to the achievement of the Revolution, and of which that glorious event will ever be the memorial. Your obedience to the
15 voice of duty and your country, when you quitted reluctantly, a second time, the retreat you had chosen, and first accepted the presidency, afforded a new proof of the devotedness of your zeal in its service, and an earnest of the patriotism and success which has characterized your admin-
20 istration. As the grateful confidence of the citizens in the virtues of their chief magistrate has essentially contributed to that success, we persuade ourselves that the millions whom we represent participate with us in the anxious solicitude of the present occasion.

25 Yet we cannot be unmindful that your moderation and magnanimity, twice displayed by retiring from your exalted stations, afford examples no less rare and instructive to mankind than valuable to a republic.

Although we are sensible that this event, of itself,
30 completes the lustre of a character already conspicuously unrivalled by the coincidence of virtue, talents, success, and public estimation, yet we conceive we owe it to you, sir, and still more emphatically to ourselves, and to our nation, (of the language of whose hearts we presume to think
35 ourselves at this moment the faithful interpreters,) to express the sentiments with which it is contemplated.

The spectacle of a free and enlightened nation offering by its representatives the tribute of unfeigned approbation to its first citizen, however novel and interesting it may be,
40 derives all its lustre (a lustre which accident or enthusiasm

could not bestow, and which adulation would tarnish,) from the transcendent merit of which it is the voluntary testimony.

- 5 May you long enjoy that liberty which is so dear to you, and to which your name will ever be so dear. May your own virtues and a nation's prayers obtain the happiest sunshine for the decline of your days, and the choicest of future blessings. For our country's sake, for the sake of republican liberty, it is our earnest wish that your example
- 10 may be the guide of your successors, and thus, after being the ornament and safeguard of the present age, become the patrimony of our descendants. — *Fisher Ames.*

EXERCISE LXX.

The Frost.

- THE Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
15 So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train —
The wind, and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
20 But I'll be as busy as they."
Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
25 A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.
He went to the windows of those who slept,
30 And over each pane like a fairy he crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees;
35 There were cities, with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen.
But he did one thing that was hardly fair, —
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

“ Now just to set them thinking,
 I'll bite this basket of fruit,” said he ;
 “ This costly pitcher I'll burst in three ;
 And the glass of water they've left for me
 5 Shall 'tchick,' to tell them I'm drinking.”

H. F. Gould.

EXERCISE LXXI.

Character of Lord 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 politics, 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 Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the incon-

sistency 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.

5 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.

10 Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty 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,

15 were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and 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. — *Grattan.*

EXERCISE LXXII.

Cardinal Wolsey and Cromwell.

Wolsey. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

25 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

30 His greatness is a ripening, nips his shoot —
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

35 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 the world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new opened. Oh how wretched

- Is that poor man who hangs on princes' favors!
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet regard of princes, and his ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have;
- 5 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again. (*Enter Cromwell.*)
 Why, how now, Cromwell?
Cromwell. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What! amazed
- 10 At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
 I'm fallen indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
- 15 Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now, and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities;
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has eased me.
 I humbly thank his grace: and, from these shoulders,
 20 These ruined pillars, out of pity taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honor.
 Oh, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!
Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.
- 25 *Wol.* I hope I have. I'm able now, methinks,
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad?
- 30 *Crom.* The heaviest and the worst
 Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is that Sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord Chancellor in your place.
- 35 *Wol.* That's somewhat sudden —
 But he's a learned man. May he continue
 Long in his highness' favor, and do justice,
 For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 40 May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept over him!
 What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome;
 Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news, indeed!

- Crom.* Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
5 Only about her coronation.
- Wol.* There was the weight that pulled me down, O
Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever.
- 10 No sun shall ever usher forth my honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell!
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master; seek the king —
- 15 (That sun I pray may never set!) — I've told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
- 20 Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
- Crom.* O my lord!
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
- 25 Bear witness all ye that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord!
The king shall have my service; but my prayers,
Forever and forever, shall be yours.
- Wol.* Cromwell — I did not think to shed a tear
- 30 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
- 35 Of me must more be heard — say then, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
- 40 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,
(Though the image of his Maker,) hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that wait thee:
- 45 Corruption wins not more than honesty.

- Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 5 Thou fall'st 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
 10 I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies !
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
 15 *Wol.* So I have. Farewell
 The hopes of court! — My hopes in heaven do dwell.
Shakspeare.

EXERCISE LXXIII.

Resurrection.

From 1 Corinthians, Chapter XV.

- MOREOVER**, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which
 I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and
 wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep
 20 in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have
 believed in vain.
 For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also
 received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the
 scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again
 25 the third day, according to the scriptures; and that he was
 seen of Cephas, then of the twelve. After that he was
 seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the
 greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen
 asleep.
 30 After that he was seen of James; then of all the apos-
 tles; and last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born
 out of due time. For I am the least of the apostles, that
 I am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted
 the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what
 35 I am; and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not
 in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all: yet
 not I, but the grace of God which was with me. There-

fore, whether it were I or they, so we preach, and so ye believed.

Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of
 5 the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised
 10 not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all
 15 men most miserable.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made
 20 alive.

But every man in his own order: Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put
 25 down all rule, and all authority, and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet.

But when he saith, all things are put under him, it is
 30 manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.

Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead,
 35 if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead? and why stand we in jeopardy every hour? I protest by your rejoicing, which I have, in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily. If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts, at Ephesus, what advantageth it me
 40 if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die.

Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God. I speak this to your shame.

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up ? and with what body do they come ? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall
 5 be, but bare grain ; it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain : but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.

All flesh is not the same flesh : but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and
 10 another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial : but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars : for one star differeth
 15 from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead : it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption : it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory : it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power : it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.

20 There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural ; and afterward that which is spiritual.

25 The first man is of the earth, earthy ; the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy ; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

30 Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God ; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery : We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump ; for the trumpet
 35 shall sound ; and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall
 40 be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

EXERCISE LXXIV.

Selfishness Reproved.

- HAS God, thou fool! worked solely for thy good,
 5 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food? -
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spreads the flowery lawn.
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 10 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
 Loves of his own, and raptures, swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
 15 The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
 The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labors of this lord of all.
 20 Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
 The fur that warms a monarch warmed a bear.
 While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
 "See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose.
 And just as short of reason he must fall
 25 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
 Grant that the powerful still the weak control;
 Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
 Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
 And helps another creature's wants and woes.
 30 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
 Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
 35 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
 For some his interest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasures, yet for more his pride.
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 The extensive blessing of his luxury.

- That very life his learned hunger craves
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast ;
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest :
- 5 Which sees no more the stroke, nor feels the pain,
 Than favored man by touch ethereal slain.
 The creature had his feast of life before ;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er! *Pope.*

EXERCISE LXXV.

Extract from an Address delivered before the New England Society in the City of New York, Dec. 23, 1839.

- LET me not be thought, in this allusion and others like
 10 it in which I have already indulged, to slight the claims
 of the Virginia colony, or to do designed injustice to its
 original settlers. There are laurels enough growing wild
 upon the graves of Plymouth, without tearing a leaf
 from those of Jamestown. New England does not require
 15 to have other parts of the country cast into shade, in order
 that the brightness of her own early days may be seen and
 admired. Least of all, would any son of New England be
 found uttering a word in wanton disparagement of "our
 noble, patriotic, sister colony, Virginia," as she was once
 20 justly termed by the patriots of Faneuil Hall.

- There are circumstances of peculiar and beautiful cor-
 respondence in the careers of Virginia and New England,
 which must ever constitute a bond of sympathy, affection
 and pride, between their children. Not only did they form
 25 respectively the great northern and southern rallying-points
 of civilization on this continent—not only was the most
 friendly competition, or the most cordial coöperation, as
 circumstances allowed, kept up between them during their
 early colonial existence—but who forgets the generous
 30 emulation, the noble rivalry, with which they continually
 challenged and seconded each other in resisting the first
 beginnings of British aggression, in the persons of their
 James Otises and Patrick Henrys ?

- Who forgets, that, while that resistance was first brought
 35 to a practical test in New England at Lexington and Con-
 cord and Bunker Hill, fortune, as if resolved to restore the
 balance of renown between the two, reserved for the York-

town of Virginia the last crowning victory of independence? Who forgets that, while the hand by which the original declaration of that independence was drafted was furnished by Virginia, the tongue by which the adoption of that instrument was defended and secured was supplied
5 by New England — a bond of common glory, upon which not death alone seemed to set his seal, but Deity, I had almost said, to affix an immortal sanction, when the spirits by which that hand and tongue were moved were caught
10 up together to the clouds on the same great day of the nation's jubilee.

Nor let me omit to allude to a peculiar distinction which belongs to Virginia alone. It is her preëminent honor and pride, that the name which the whole country
15 acknowledges as that of a Father she can claim as that of a son — a name at which comparison ceases — to which there is nothing similar, nothing second — a name combining in its associations all that was most pure and godly in the nature of the pilgrims, with all that was most brave
20 and manly in the character of the patriots — a name above every name in the annals of human liberty!

But I cannot refrain from adding, that not more does the fame of Washington surpass that of every other public character which America or the world at large has yet
25 produced, than the New England colony, in its origin and its influences, its objects and its results, excels that from which Washington was destined to proceed.

In one point, indeed, and that, it is true, a point of no inconsiderable moment, the colonies of Jamestown and
30 Plymouth were alike. Both were colonies of Englishmen; — and in running down the history of our country from its first colonization to the present hour, I need hardly say that no single circumstance can be found which has exercised a more propitious and elevating influence upon
35 its fortunes than the English origin of its settlers.

Not to take up time in discussing either the abstract adaptation of the Anglo-Saxon character to the circumstances of a new country, or its relative capacity for the establishment and enjoyment of free institutions, — the
40 most cursory glance at the comparative condition, past or present, of those portions of the new world which were planted by other nations is amply sufficient to illustrate this idea. Indeed, our own continent affords an illustration of it impressed upon us anew by recent events in the

Canadian colonies, which renders any reference to the other entirely superfluous. The contrast between the social, moral and intellectual state of the two parts of North America which were peopled respectively by Englishmen and Frenchmen has been often alluded to. But a comparison of their political conditions exhibits differences still more striking.

Go back to the period immediately preceding the stamp act, and survey the circumstances of the two portions of country, as they then existed. Both are in a state of colonial dependence on Great Britain. But the one has just been reduced to that state by force of arms.

Its fields and villages have just been the scenes of the pillage and plunder which always march in the train of conquest; the allegiance of their owners has been violently transferred to new masters as the penalty of defeat; and, to keep alive the more certainly the vindictive feelings which belong to the bosoms of a vanquished people, and to frustrate the more entirely the natural influences of time and custom in healing up the wounds which such a subjugation has inflicted, the laws of their conquerors are enacted and administered in a strange tongue, and one which continually reminds them that the yoke under which they have passed is that of a nation towards which they have an hereditary hatred.

The people of the other portion, on the contrary, owe their relation to the common sovereign of them both, to nothing but their own natural and voluntary choice — feel towards the nation over which he presides nothing but the attachment and veneration of children towards the parent of their pride, and are bound to it by the powerful ties of a common history, a common language, and a common blood. Tell me, now, which of the two will soonest grow impatient of its colonial restraint, soonest throw off its foreign subordination, and soonest assert itself free and independent?

And what other solution can any one suggest to the problem presented by the fact as it exists — the very reverse of that which would thus have been predicted — what other clue can any one offer to the mystery, that the French colonies should have remained, not entirely quietly, indeed, but with only occasional returns of ineffectual throes and spasms, up to this very hour, in a political condition which everything would seem to have conspired to render loathsome and abhorrent — while the

English colonies, snapping alike every link either of love or of power, breaking every bond both of affection and authority, resolved themselves into an independent nation half a century ago, — what other explanation, I repeat, can
5 any one give to this paradox fulfilled, than that which springs from a consideration of the comparative capacities for self-improvement and self-government of the races by which they were planted?

A common history, a common language, a common
10 blood, were, indeed, links of no ordinary strength, between the Atlantic colonies and the mother country. But that language was the language in which Milton had sung, Pym pleaded, and Locke reasoned; that blood was the blood which Hampden had poured out on the plain of
15 Chalgrove, and in which Sidney and Russell had weltered on the block of martyrdom; and that history had been the history of toiling, struggling, but still-advancing liberty, for a thousand years.

Such links could only unite the free. They lost their
20 tenacity in a moment when attempted to be recast on the forge of despotism and employed in the service of oppression; nay, the brittle fragments into which they were broken in such a process were soon moulded and tempered and sharpened into the very blades of a triumphant resist-
25 ance.

What more effective instruments, what more powerful incitements, did our fathers enjoy, in their revolutionary struggle, than the lessons afforded them in the language, the examples held up to them in the history, the principles,
30 opinions and sensibilities, flowing from the hearts and vibrating through the veins, which they inherited from the very nation against which they were contending!

Yes, let us not omit, even on this day, when we commemorate the foundation of a colony which dates back its
35 origin to British bigotry and British persecution — even in this connection, too, when we are speaking of that contest for liberty which owed its commencement to British oppression and British despotism — to express our gratitude to God, that old England was, still, our mother country,
40 and to acknowledge our obligations to our British ancestors for the glorious capabilities which they bequeathed us.

But with the single exception that both emigrated from England, the colonies of Jamestown and Plymouth had

nothing in common, and to all outward appearances the former enjoyed every advantage. The two companies, as it happened, though so long an interval elapsed between their reaching America, left their native land within about
5 a year of each other; but under what widely different circumstances did they embark!

The former set sail from the port of the metropolis, in a squadron of three vessels, under an experienced commander, under the patronage of a wealthy and powerful
10 corporation, and with an ample patent from the crown.

The latter betook themselves to their solitary bark, by stealth, under cover of the night, and from a bleak and desert heath in Lincolnshire, while a band of armed horse-
15 men, rushing down upon them before the embarkation was completed, made prisoners of all who were not already on board, and condemned husbands and wives, and parents and children, to a cruel and almost hopeless separation.

Nor did their respective arrivals on the American shores, though divided by a period of thirteen years, present a less
20 signal contrast. The Virginia colony entered the harbor of Jamestown about the middle of May, and never could that lovely Queen of Spring have seemed lovelier than when she put on her flowery kirtle and her wreath of clusters, to welcome those admiring strangers to the enjoy-
25 ment of her luxuriant vegetation.

There were no Mayflowers for the Pilgrims, save the name, written, as in mockery, on the stern of their treacherous ship. They entered the harbor of Plymouth on the
30 shortest day in the year, in this last quarter of December, — and when could the rigid Winter-King have looked more repulsive, than when, shrouded with snow and crowned with ice, he admitted those shivering wanderers within the realms of his dreary domination?

But mark the sequel. From a soil teeming with every
35 variety of production for food, for fragrance, for beauty, for profit, the Jamestown colonists reaped only disappointment, discord, wretchedness. Having failed in the great object of their adventure — the discovery of gold — they soon grew weary of their condition, and within three years after their
40 arrival are found on the point of abandoning the country.

Indeed, they are actually embarked, one and all, with this intent, and are already at the mouth of the river, when, falling in with new hands and fresh supplies which
45 have been sent to their relief, they are induced to return once more to their deserted village.

But even up to the very year in which the pilgrims landed, ten years after this renewal of their designs, they "had hardly become settled in their minds," had hardly abandoned the purpose of ultimately returning to Eng-
5 land; and their condition may be illustrated by the fact, that in 1619, and again in 1621, cargoes of young women, (a commodity of which there was scarcely a sample in the whole plantation — and would to God that all the traffic
10 in human flesh on the Virginian coast, even at this early period, had been as innocent in itself and as beneficial in its results! —) were sent out by the corporation in London and sold to the planters for wives, at from one hundred and
20 twenty to one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco apiece!

Nor was the political condition of the Jamestown colony
15 much in advance of its social state. The charter under which they came out contained not a single element of popular liberty, and secured not a single right or franchise to those who lived under it.

And, though a gleam of freedom seemed to dawn upon
20 them in 1619, when they instituted a Colonial Assembly and introduced the representative system for the first time into the new world, the precarious character of their popular institutions, and the slender foundation of their
25 popular liberties, at a much later period, even as far down as 1671, may be understood from that extraordinary declaration of Sir William Berkeley, then Governor of Virginia, to the Lords Commissioners: — "I thank God, there are
30 no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and
35 printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both."

But how was it with the pilgrims? From a soil of comparative barrenness, they gathered a rich harvest of
40 contentment, harmony and happiness. Coming to it for no purpose of commerce or adventure, they found all they sought — religious freedom — and that made the wilderness to them like Eden, and the desert as the garden of the
45 Lord.

Of quitting it, from the very hour of their arrival, they seem never once to have entertained, or even conceived, a thought. The first foot that leaped gently but fearlessly on Plymouth rock was a pledge that there would
50 be no retreating — tradition tells us that it was the foot

of Mary Chilton. They have brought their wives and their little ones with them ; and what other assurance could they give that they have come to their home ?

And accordingly they proceed at once to invest it with
 5 all the attributes of home, and to make it a free and a happy home. . The compact, of their own adoption, under which they landed, remained the sole guide of their government for nine years ; and though it was then superseded by a charter from the corporation within whose limits they
 10 had fallen, it was a charter of a liberal and comprehensive character, and under its provisions they continued to lay broad and deep the foundations of civil freedom.

The trial by jury was established by the pilgrims within three years after their arrival, and constitutes the appropriate opening to the first chapter of their legislation. The
 15 education of their children, as we have seen, was one of their main motives for leaving Holland, and there is abundant evidence that it was among the earliest subjects of their attention ; while the planters of Massachusetts, who
 20 need not be distinguished from the planters of Plymouth for any purposes of this comparison, founded the college at Cambridge in 1636 — set up a printing press at the same place in 1639, which “divulged,” in its first workings, at least, nothing more libellous or heretical than a psalm-book
 25 and an almanac — and as early as 1647 had instituted, by an ever memorable statute, that noble system of New England free schools, which constitutes at this moment the best security of liberty wherever liberty exists, and its best hope wherever it is still to be established.

It would carry me far beyond the allowable limits of this
 30 address, if, indeed, I have not already exceeded them, to contrast in detail the respective influences upon our country, and, through it, upon the world, of these two original colonies. The elements for such a contrast I have already
 35 suggested, and I shall content myself with only adding further upon this point the recent and very remarkable testimony of two most intelligent French travellers, whose writings upon the United States have justly received such distinguished notice on both sides the Atlantic.

40 “I have already observed,” says De Tocqueville, that “the origin of the American settlements may be looked upon as the first and most efficacious cause to which the present prosperity of the United States may be attributed.
 * * * When I reflect upon the consequences of this pri-

mary circumstance, methinks I see the destiny of America embodied in the first Puritan who landed on these shores, just as the human race was represented by the first man."

5 "If we wished," says Chevalier, "to form a single type, representing the American character of the present moment as a single whole, it would be necessary to take at least three-fourths of the Yankee race and to mix it with hardly one-fourth of the Virginian."

10 But the Virginia type was not complete when it first appeared on the coast of Jamestown, and I must not omit, before bringing these remarks to a conclusion, to allude to one other element of any just comparison between the two colonies.

15 The year 1620 was unquestionably the great epoch of American destinies. Within its latter half were included the two events which have exercised incomparably the most controlling influence on the character and fortunes of our country. At the very time the *Mayflower*, with its precious burden, was engaged in its perilous voyage to
20 *Plymouth*, another ship, far otherwise laden, was approaching the harbor of Virginia.

It was a Dutch man-of-war, and its cargo consisted in part of twenty slaves, which were subjected to sale on their arrival, and with which the foundations of domestic slavery
25 in North America were laid.

I see those two fate-freighted vessels, laboring under the divided destinies of the same nation, and striving against the billows of the same sea, like the principles of good and evil advancing side by side on the same great ocean of
30 human life.

I hear from the one the sighs of wretchedness, the groans of despair, the curses and clankings of struggling captivity, sounding and swelling on the same gale which bears only from the other the pleasant voices of prayer and
35 praise, the cheerful melody of contentment and happiness, the glad, the glorious "anthem of the free."

Oh, could some angel arm, like that which seems to guide and guard the pilgrim bark, be now interposed to arrest, avert, dash down and overwhelm, its accursed com-
40 peer! But it may not be. They have both reached in safety the place of their destination. Freedom and Slavery, in one and the same year, have landed on these American shores. And American liberty, like the victor of ancient Rome, is doomed — let us hope not forever — to endure

the presence of a fettered captive as a companion in her car of triumph!

* * * * *

It has been suggested, gentlemen, by one of the French travellers whose opinions I have just cited, that though the
 5 Yankee has set his mark on the United States during the last half century, and though "he still rules the nation," that yet the physical labor of civilization is now nearly brought to an end, the physical basis of society entirely laid, and that other influences are soon about to predomi-
 10 nate in rearing up the social superstructure of our nation.

I hail the existence of this association, and of others like it in all parts of the Union, bound together by the noble cords of "friendship, charity, and mutual assistance," as a
 15 pledge that New England principles, whether in ascendancy or under depression in the nation at large, will never stand in need of warm hearts and bold tongues to cherish and vindicate them.

But, at any rate, let us rejoice that they have so long pervaded the country and prevailed in her institutions.
 20 Let us rejoice that the basis of her society has been laid by Yankee arms. Let us rejoice that the corner-stone of our republican edifice was hewn out from the old, original, primitive, Plymouth quarry.

In what remains to be done, either in finishing or in
 25 ornamenting that edifice, softer and more pliable materials may, perhaps, be preferred; the New England granite may be thought too rough and unwieldy; the architects may condemn it, the builders may reject it; but still, still, it will remain the deep and enduring foundation, not
 30 to be removed without undermining the whole fabric.

And should that fabric be destined to stand, even when bad government shall descend upon it like the rains, and corruption come round about it like the floods, and faction, discord, disunion and anarchy, blow and beat upon it like
 35 the winds, — as God grant it may stand forever! — it will still owe its stability to no more effective earthly influence than that it was founded on Pilgrim Rock.

Hon. R. C. Winthrop.



EXERCISE LXXVI.

Description of Mab, Queen of the Fairies.

- SHE is the fancy's midwife: and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies,
- 5 Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep;
 Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
 The collar's of the moonshine's watery beams;
- 10 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
 Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat;
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers.
- 15 And in this state she shallops, night by night,
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream:
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
- 20 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep:
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck;
 And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades;
- 25 Of healths five fathoms deep: and then, anon,
 Drums in his ears; at which he starts and wakes;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two—
 And sleeps again. *Shakspeare.*

EXERCISE LXXVII.

Progress of Freedom.

- VARIOUS have been the efforts in the old world at popular forms of government, but, from some cause or other,
- 30 they have failed; and however time, a wider intercourse, a greater familiarity with the practical duties of representation, and, not least of all, our own auspicious example, may prepare the European mind for the possession of republican freedom, it is very certain that, at the present
- 35 moment, Europe is not the place for republics.

The true soil for these is our own continent, the new world, the last of the three great geographical divisions of which we have spoken. This is the spot on which the beautiful theories of the European philosopher—who had risen to the full freedom of speculation, while action was controlled—have been reduced to practice. The atmosphere here seems as fatal to the arbitrary institutions of the old world as that has been to the democratic forms of our own. It seems scarcely possible that any other organization than these latter should exist here.

In three centuries from the discovery of the country, the various races by which it is tenanted—some of them from the least liberal of the European monarchies—have, with few exceptions, come into the adoption of institutions of a republican character. Toleration, civil and religious, has been proclaimed, and enjoyed to an extent unknown since the world began, throughout the wide borders of this vast continent. Alas for those portions which have assumed the exercise of these rights without fully comprehending their import! who have been intoxicated with the fumes of freedom, instead of drawing nourishment from its living principle!

It was fortunate, or, to speak more properly, a providential thing, that the discovery of the new world was postponed to the precise period when it occurred. Had it taken place at an earlier time—during the flourishing period of the feudal ages, for example—the old institutions of Europe, with their hallowed abuses, might have been ingrafted on this new stock, and, instead of the fruit of the tree of life, we should have furnished only varieties of a kind already far exhausted and hastening to decay.

But, happily, some important discoveries in science, and, above all, the glorious Reformation, gave an electric shock to the intellect, long benumbed under the influence of a tyrannical priesthood. It taught men to distrust authority, to trace effects back to their causes, to search for themselves, and to take no guide but the reason which God had given them. It taught them to claim the right of free inquiry as their inalienable birthright, and, with free inquiry, freedom of action. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the period of the mighty struggle between the conflicting elements of religion, as the eighteenth and nineteenth have been that of the great contest for civil liberty.

It was in the midst of this universal ferment, and in consequence of it, that these shores were first peopled by our Puritan ancestors. Here they found a world where they might verify the value of those theories which had
5 been derided as visionary, or denounced as dangerous, in their own land. All around was free—free as nature herself: the mighty streams rolling on in their majesty, as they had continued to roll from the creation; the forests, which no hand had violated, flourishing in primeval
10 grandeur and beauty—their only tenants the wild animals, or the Indians, nearly as wild, scarcely held together by any tie of social polity.

Nowhere was the trace of civilized man or of his curious contrivances. Here was no Star Chamber nor Court
15 of High Commission; no racks, nor jails, nor gibbets; no feudal tyrant, to grind the poor man to the dust on which he toiled; no Inquisition, to pierce into the thought, and to make thought a crime. The only eye that was upon them was the eye of Heaven.

20 True, indeed, in the first heats of suffering enthusiasm, they did not extend that charity to others which they claimed for themselves. It was a blot on their characters, but one which they share in common with most reformers. The zeal requisite for great revolutions, whether in church
25 or state, is rarely attended by charity for difference of opinion. Those who are willing to do and to suffer bravely for their own doctrines attach a value to them which makes them impatient of opposition from others.

The martyr for conscience' sake cannot comprehend the
30 necessity of leniency to those who denounce those truths for which he is prepared to lay down his own life. If he set so little value on his own life, is it natural he should set more on that of others? The Dominican, who dragged his victims to the fires of the Inquisition in Spain, freely
35 gave up his ease and his life to the duties of a missionary among the heathen. The Jesuits, who suffered martyrdom among the American savages in the propagation of their faith, stimulated those very savages to their horrid massacres of the Protestant settlements of New England. God
40 has not often combined charity with enthusiasm. When he has done so, he has produced his noblest work—a More, or a Fenelon.

But if the first settlers were intolerant in practice, they brought with them the living principle of freedom, which

- would survive when their generation had passed away. They could not avoid it; for their coming here was in itself an assertion of that principle. They came for conscience' sake — to worship God in their own way. Freedom of political institutions they at once avowed. Every citizen took his part in the political scheme, and enjoyed all the consideration of an equal participation in civil privileges: and liberty in political matters gradually brought with it a corresponding liberty in religious concerns.
- 10 In their subsequent contest with the mother country they learned a reason for their faith, and the best manner of defending it. Their liberties struck a deep root in the soil, amid storms which shook but could not prostrate them. It is this struggle with the mother country, this constant assertion of the right of self-government, this tendency — feeble in its beginning, increasing with increasing age — towards republican institutions, which connects the colonial history with that of the Union, and forms the true point of view from which it is to be regarded.

W. H. Prescott.

EXERCISE LXXVIII.

The Meeting of the Waters.

- 20 THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
- 25 Her purest of crystal, the brightest of green;
'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no — it was something more exquisite still.
'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear,
- 30 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.
Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should
- 35 cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

T. Moore.

EXERCISE LXXIX.

Extracts from the Inaugural Address of the Mayor of Boston.

OUR municipal charter requires that the mayor shall communicate to the two branches of the City Council such information, and recommend such measures, as may promote the improvement and substantial interests of
5 Boston. It is not becoming that I should enter even upon this minor and incipient duty without tendering, as I now do, through you, to my fellow-citizens, my grateful acknowledgments for the confidence with which they have seen fit to honor me.

10 At present, all that I can offer in exchange for an unsought and unexpected demonstration of popular favor, is the solemn promise that I will faithfully devote whatever energies I possess to the promotion of the public welfare, unswayed by any other considerations or influence than
15 my deliberate convictions of right.

I am fully aware that in the discharge of my official duties I must come in collision with the interests, the prejudices, the passions, of a greater or less number of my constituents, and am perfectly content to abide the re-
20 sult. Such has been the fortune of all my predecessors, and I cannot expect to fare better than they.

Much as I value the good will and love of the people among whom I have dwelt these thirty winters, yet, if it happen that, in consequence of pursuing the course which
25 my judgment and conscience may approve, my administration should fail to be acceptable to the popular majority, I shall retire to private life with far more pleasure than I experience in assuming the responsibilities of office.

Boston and its environs, within a radius of five miles,
30 contains at least two hundred and ten thousand inhabitants. The city proper has about one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, with an assessed valuation of one hundred and sixty-seven millions of dollars. So large an accumulation of people and wealth on a single spot, within
35 a region of our country so little favored by nature, could hardly have been anticipated.

The sterile soil, the rugged surface, the stern climate, and the want of navigable streams, in New England, would seem to have rendered it improbable that it would ever be
40 considerably peopled, or that any great commercial mart

should arise within its borders. It would seem that such would exist only within the more central or southerly portions of the Union, under more genial skies, and in the vicinity of the great natural routes of intercommunication.

But the resolution and intelligent industry of our fathers surmounted every obstacle. The region, sneeringly stigmatized as having no natural productions for export but "granite and ice," now teems with three millions of the children of freedom, abounding in the comforts of civilized life — and its metropolis ranks with the great cities of the globe.

It is to be borne in mind also, that that metropolis became an important city long before science and art had cut in sunder the hills, elevated the vales, and spanned the running waters, to unite her commerce in easy and rapid communication with more favored climes. If our people could achieve a position so prominent while destitute of any of the facilities of intercourse with the interior with which the cities of the sunny South are so abundantly blessed, what may we not expect of the future destiny of Boston, now that her iron highways, extending in all directions, bring her into convenient proximity with every section of the land?

They who could effect so much under the most repelling circumstances may be depended upon to avail themselves to the full of their new and ample advantages. The long winter of New England isolation is broken, — she warms and flourishes in friendly and thrifty intercourse with the luxuriant West; and it is not too much to anticipate that the day will come, when there will be no greater or more prosperous city upon the American continent than the City of the Pilgrims.

This view of the prospects of Boston leads me to speak of our schools, — education being the true basis of our institutions, and the real secret of New England progress and power. Our schools are believed never to have been more deserving of confidence and support than at the present time.

There are now in the city, sustained at the public charge, one hundred and eighty-eight schools, with nineteen thousand and sixty-four pupils in attendance. There has been expended from the treasury for these schools, within the past year, three hundred and forty-six thou-

sand five hundred and seventy-two dollars, including the amount paid on account of new edifices. There is no expense which the people of Boston more willingly incur than that which is necessary for the support of the public schools; but it cannot be their intention to authorize unnecessary outlays for this, or any other object whatever.

With this conviction, I cannot but regret what appears to me to have been the extraordinary cost of erecting some of the newer school-houses. The splendor of the edifice is no guarantee for the education of the pupil; who is as efficiently fitted for the great duties of life in the older and less pretending seminaries of the city as in the magnificent structures of the present period.

15 * * * * *

The erring and abandoned should be treated as children of our common Father; but society should not be expected to furnish costly accommodations for those who set its authority at naught. A prison should never be built with reference to show. It were better that it should be screened from observation, rather than elicit encomiums upon its architecture. In appearance, it can never be other than a melancholy monument of the infirmities of our race; and it is not wise to whiten or garnish the sepulchre of shame.

* * * * *

During the year whose advent we gratefully salute this morning, we are charged with duties of no ordinary responsibility. The action neither of the state nor national governments bears with such immediate and sensible effects upon the happiness of the great family whom we represent as the conduct of their civic fathers. For our stewardship, brief though it be, we shall surely be held to account here and hereafter. Let us seek light and wisdom from on high. Let our supplication be, like that inscribed upon the escutcheon of Boston, in the classic characters of a distant age,—As God was to our fathers, so may he be unto us.—*Hon. John P. Bigelow.*

29*

EXERCISE LXXX.

Adam's Description of his First State of Consciousness.

- As new waked from soundest sleep,
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
 In balmy sweat; which with his beams the sun
 Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
- 5 Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turned,
 And gazed a while the ample sky; till, raised
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavoring, and upright
 Stood on my feet.
- 10 About me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
 Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew;
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled
- 15 With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflowed.
 Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
 Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigor led:
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
- 20 Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
 My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw.
- “Thou sun,” said I, “fair light!
 And thou enlightened earth, so fresh and gay!
- 25 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here!” *Milton.*

EXERCISE LXXXI.

Halifax.

- Among the statesmen of the age of Charles II., Halifax
 was, in genius, the first. His intellect was fertile, subtle,
 30 and capacious. His polished, luminous, and animated
 eloquence, set off by the silver tones of his voice, was the
 delight of the House of Lords.
- His conversation overflowed with thought, fancy, and
 wit. His political tracts well deserve to be studied for
 35 their literary merit, and fully entitle him to a place among

English classics. To the weight derived from talents so great and various, he united all the influence which belongs to rank and ample possessions.

Yet he was less successful in politics than many who
 5 enjoyed smaller advantages. Indeed, those intellectual peculiarities which make his writings valuable frequently impeded him in the contests of active life. For he always saw passing events, not in the point of view in which they commonly appear to one who bears a part in them, but in
 10 the point of view in which, after the lapse of many years, they appear to the philosophic historian.

With such a turn of mind, he could not long continue to act cordially with any body of men. All the prejudices, all the exaggerations, of both the great parties in the state,
 15 moved his scorn. He despised the mean arts and unreasonable clamors of demagogues. He despised still more the Tory doctrines of divine right and passive obedience. He sneered impartially at the bigotry of the Churchman and the bigotry of the Puritan. He was equally unable to
 20 comprehend how any man should object to saints' days and surplices, and how any man should persecute any other man for objecting to them.

In temper he was what, in our time, is called a conservative. In theory he was a republican. Even when his
 25 dread of anarchy and his disdain for vulgar delusions led him to side for a time with the defenders of arbitrary power, his intellect was always with Locke and Milton. Indeed, his jests upon hereditary monarchy were sometimes such as would have better become a member of the Calf's
 30 Head Club than a privy councillor of the Stuarts.

In religion he was so far from being a zealot, that he was called by the uncharitable an atheist: but this imputation he vehemently repelled; and in truth, though he sometimes gave scandal by the way in which he exerted his
 35 rare powers both of argumentation and of ridicule on serious subjects, he seems to have been by no means unsusceptible of religious impressions.

He was the chief of those politicians whom the two great parties contemptuously called Trimmers. Instead
 40 of quarrelling with this nickname, he assumed it as a title of honor, and vindicated, with great vivacity, the dignity of the appellation.

Everything good, he said, trims between extremes. The temperate zone trims between the climate in which men

are roasted and the climate in which they are frozen. The English Church trims between the Anabaptist madness and the Papist lethargy. The English constitution trims between Turkish despotism and Polish anarchy. Virtue is nothing but a just temper between propensities, any one of which, if indulged to excess, becomes vice. Nay, the perfection of the Supreme Being himself consists in the exact equilibrium of attributes, none of which could preponderate without disturbing the whole moral and physical order of the world.

Thus Halifax was a trimmer on principle. He was also a trimmer by the constitution both of his head and of his heart. His understanding was keen, sceptical, inexhaustibly fertile in distinctions and objections; his taste refined; his sense of the ludicrous exquisite; his temper placid and forgiving, but fastidious, and by no means prone either to malevolence or to enthusiastic admiration.

Such a man could not long be constant to any band of political allies. He must not, however, be confounded with the vulgar crowd of renegades. For though, like them, he passed from side to side, his transition was always in the direction opposite to theirs. He had nothing in common with those who fly from extreme to extreme, and who regard the party which they have deserted with an animosity far exceeding that of consistent enemies.

His place was between the hostile divisions of the community, and he never wandered far beyond the frontier of either. The party to which he at any moment belonged was the party which, at that moment, he liked least, because it was the party of which, at that moment, he had the nearest view. He was therefore always severe upon his violent associates, and was always in friendly relations with his moderate opponents.

Every faction, in the day of its insolent and vindictive triumph, incurred his censure, and every faction, when vanquished and persecuted, found in him a protector. To his lasting honor it must be mentioned, that he attempted to save those victims whose fate has left the deepest stain both on the Whig and on the Tory name.

He had greatly distinguished himself in opposition, and had thus drawn on himself the royal displeasure, which was indeed so strong that he was not admitted into the council of thirty without much difficulty and long altercation. As soon, however, as he had obtained a footing at

court, the charms of his manner and of his conversation made him a favorite.

He was seriously alarmed by the violence of the public discontent. He thought that liberty was for the present
 5 safe, and that order and legitimate authority were in danger. He therefore, as was his fashion, joined himself to the weaker side. Perhaps his conversion was not wholly disinterested. For study and reflection, though they had emancipated him from many vulgar prejudices, had left
 10 him a slave to vulgar desires.

Money he did not want; and there is no evidence that he ever obtained it by any means which, in that age, even severe censors considered as dishonorable; but rank and power had strong attractions for him. He pretended, in-
 15 deed, that he considered titles and great offices as baits which could allure none but fools, that he hated business, pomp and pageantry, and that his dearest wish was to escape from the bustle and glitter of Whitehall to the quiet woods which surrounded his ancient hall at Rufford;
 20 but his conduct was not a little at variance with his professions. In truth, he wished to command the respect at once of courtiers and of philosophers; to be admired for attaining high dignities, and to be at the same time admired for despising them. — *Macaulay.*

EXERCISE LXXXII.

Description of Eve's first finding herself on Earth.

25 THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed,
 Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 30 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
 Pure as the expanse of heaven; I thither went
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 35 Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
 Bending to look on me: I started back,

- It started back : but pleased I soon returned,
 Pleased it returned as soon, with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love : there I had fixed
 Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
- 5 Had not a voice thus warned me : —
What thou seest,
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself ;
 With thee it came and goes ; but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
- 10 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
 Whose image thou art ; him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
 Mother of human race.
- 15 What could I do,
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed, and tall,
 Under a plantain, yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
- 20 Than that smooth, watery image : back I turned ;
 Thou following, criedst aloud, Return, fair Eve ;
 Whom fliest thou ? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
- 25 Substantial life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear ;
 Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim,
 My other half. With that thy gentle hand
 Seized mine : I yielded : and from that time see
- 30 How beauty is excelled by manly grace,
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair. *Milton.*

EXERCISE LXXXIII.

The Cant of Criticism.

- AND how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night ?
 O, against all rule, my lord ; most ungrammatically !
 Betwixt the substantive and adjective (which should agree
 35 together, in number, case, and gender) he made a breach
 thus — stopping as if the point wanted settling. And after
 the nominative case (which your lordship knows should
 govern the verb) he suspended his voice in the epilogue, a

dozen times, three seconds and three-fifths, by a stop-watch, my lord, each time —

Admirable grammarian! — But, in suspending his voice was the sense suspended likewise? Did no expression of
5 attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?

I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord.

Excellent observer! And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about?

10 Oh! 't is out of all plumb, my lord, — quite an irregular thing! not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle. I had my rule and compasses, my lord, in my pocket.

Excellent critic!

15 And, for the epic poem your lordship bid me look at, — upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's — 't is out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions.

Admirable connoisseur! And did you step in to take a
20 look at the grand picture in your way back?

'T is a melancholy daub, my lord; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group! — And what a price! — for there is nothing of the coloring of Titian — the expression of Rubens — the grace of Raphael — the purity
25 of Dominichino — the corregiescity of Correggio — the learning of Poussin — the airs of Guido — the taste of the Carrichis — or the grand contour of Angelo!

Grant me patience! — Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world — though the cant of hypocrisy may
30 be the worst — the cant of criticism is the most tormenting! — I would go fifty miles on foot, to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands — be pleased, he knows not why and cares not wherefore.

EXERCISE LXXXIV.

Hotspur's Account of the Fop.

35 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 perfuméd like a milliner ;
 5 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which, ever and anon,
 He gave his nose —
 And still he smiled and talked :
 And, as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
 10 He called them “untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome coarse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.”
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He questioned me ; amongst the rest, demanded
 15 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, being galled
 To be so pestered with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answered neglectingly — I know not what —
 20 He should or 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, (heaven save the mark !)
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 25 Was parmacity for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity (so it was)
 This villanous saltpetre should be digged
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
 30 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 his report
 35 Come current for an accusation
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty. *Shakspeare.*

LESSON LXXXV.

Extract from an Address delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, Oct., 1845.

COMMERCE has, in all ages, been the most formidable antagonist of war. That great struggle for the mastery,

which has been going on, almost from the earliest syllable of recorded time, upon the theatre of human life, and which has been variously described and denominated, according to the aspect in which it has been regarded, or

5 the object with which it was discussed — now as a struggle between aristocracy and democracy, and now as between the few and the many — has been little more than a struggle between the mercantile and the martial spirit.

For centuries, and cycles of centuries, the martial spirit

10 has prevailed. The written history of the world is one long bloody record of its triumph. And it cannot have escaped any one, how, during the periods of its sternest struggles, it has singled out the commercial spirit as its most formidable foe.

15 Look at ancient Sparta, for example; the state which, more than any other, was organized upon a purely war principle; though, to the credit of its founder be it spoken, with the view of defending its own territories, and not of encroaching upon the dominions of others. What was the

20 first great stroke of policy adopted by the Lacedæmonian lawgiver to secure the supremacy of the martial spirit? What did he primarily aim to accomplish by his extraordinary enactments in relation to food, currency, education, honesty and labor, of all sorts?

25 A Lacedæmonian, happening to be at Athens when the court was sitting, was informed of a man who had just been fined for idleness. "Let me see the person," exclaimed he, "who has been condemned for keeping up his dignity!" What was the philosophy of the black broth, the

30 iron money, the consummate virtue of successful theft, the sublime dignity of idleness? It was the war system, intrenching itself, where alone it could be safe, on the ruins of commerce! The annihilation of trade, and all its inducements, and all its incidents — the extermination

35 of the mercantile spirit, root and branch — this was the only mode which the sagacious Lycurgus could devise for maintaining the martial character of Sparta.

Plato, who knew something of the practical value of commerce, if it be true that it was by selling oil in Egypt

40 that he was enabled to defray the expenses of those travels and studies by which he prepared himself to be one of the great lights of the world, bore witness to the wise adaptation of this policy to the end to be accomplished, when he declared that in a well regulated commonwealth the

citizens should not engage in commerce, because they would be accustomed to find pretexts for justifying conduct so inconsistent with what was manly and becoming, as would relax the strictness of the military spirit; adding,
 5 that it had been better for the Athenians to have continued to send annually the sons of seven of their principal citizens to be devoured by the Minotaur, than to have changed their ancient manners, and become a maritime power.

- 10 It is this irreconcilable hostility between the mercantile and the martial spirit which has led heroes, in all ages, to despise and deride the pursuits of trade — from the heroes of the Homeric age of ancient Greece, with whom a pirate is said to have been a more respected character than a
 15 merchant, to him of modern France, who could find no severer sarcasm for his most hated foes than to call them “a nation of shopkeepers.”

- The madman of Macedonia, as he is sometimes called, but to whom, by one having occasion for military talents,
 20 might well have been applied the remark of George the Second, in reference to General Wolfe, that he wished, if Wolfe were mad, he could have bitten some of the rest of his generals — after he had overrun almost the whole habitable earth, did, indeed, in despair of finding any more
 25 dominions on the land to conquer, turn to the sea, to obtain fresh opportunity for gratifying his insatiate ambition.

- He projected a voyage for his fleet, from the Indus to the mouth of the Euphrates. Commercial views are sometimes regarded as having mingled with the ambition
 30 which prompted this undertaking. It has been called the first event of general importance to mankind in the history of commerce and navigation, and has been thought worthy of being commemorated, on the page of its learned historian, by a medallion, on which the head of its heroic
 35 projector is illuminated by the proud inscription, “*aperiam terras gentibus.*”

- Let us transport ourselves, gentlemen, for an instant, to a region recently rendered familiar by the events of Afghanistan and Scinde; and, turning back the page of
 40 history for a little more than two thousand years; catch a glimpse of the character and circumstances of this memorable voyage.

Alexander, it seems, is at first sorely puzzled to find any one willing to assume the hazardous dignity of leading

such an expedition. At length, Nearchus, a Cretan, is pressed into the service, and is duly installed as admiral of the fleet. Two thousand transports and eighty galleys, of thirty oars each, are laboriously fitted out, and the hero
5 accompanies them in person, in a perilous passage, down the Indus to the ocean.

He approaches the mighty element, not in that mood of antic and insolent presumption which other madmen before and since have displayed on similar occasions. He
10 throws no chains upon it, as Xerxes is narrated to have done, a century and a half earlier. He orders no host of spearmen to charge upon it, as Caligula did, three or four centuries afterwards.

He does not even venture to try the effect of his imperial voice, in hushing its stormy billows, and bidding its
15 proud waves to stay themselves at his feet, as Canute did, still a thousand years later. On the contrary, he humbles himself before its sublime presence—he offers splendid sacrifices, and pours out rich libations to its divinities,
20 and puts up fervent prayers for the success and safety of his fleet.

Nearchus is then directed to wait two months for a favorable monsoon. But a revolt of certain savage tribes in the neighborhood compels him to anticipate its arrival,
25 and he embarks and enters upon his voyage. At the end of six days,—two of which, however, were passed at anchor,—the fleet had advanced rather more than nine miles! After digging away a bar at the mouth of the Indus, a
30 little more progress is made, and a sandy island reached, on which all hands are indulged with a day's rest.

Again the anchors are weighed, but soon again the violence of the winds suspends all operations; the whole
host are a second time landed, and remain upon shore for four-and-twenty days. Once more the voyage is renewed;
35 but once more the winds rage furiously; two of the galleys and a transport are sunk in a gale, and their crews are seen swimming for their lives.

A third time all hands disembark and fortify a camp. The long-expected monsoon at length sets in, and they
40 start afresh, and with such accelerated speed as to accomplish thirty-one miles in the first twenty-four hours. But then, a four days' battle with the natives far more than counterbalances this unlooked-for speed. Soon after, however, a pilot is fallen in with, who engages to conduct
45 them to the Persian Gulf.

Under his auspices, they venture for the first time to sail by night, when they can have the benefit of the land breeze, and when the rowers, relieved from the heat of the sun, can exert themselves to better advantage. And now 5 they are making almost twice as many miles in the twenty-four hours as before, when lo! a new trouble arrests their course. Huge columns of water are seen thrown up into the air before them. The explanation of the pilot, that they are but the sportful spoutings of a huge fish, only adds 10 to their alarm. If such be his sport, what must his wrath be? All hands drop their oars in a panic!

The admiral, however, exhorts them to dismiss their fears, and directs them, when a whale advances towards them, to bear down upon it bravely, and scare it from their 15 path with shouts, and dashing of oars, and sounding of trumpets! The entrance of the Persian Gulf, a distance of about six hundred miles, is at length reached; the first and most difficult stage of the enterprise is accomplished; and the admiral, having hauled all his vessels ashore, and 20 fortified them by a double intrenchment, proceeds to give the joyful tidings to his imperial master, who has kept along at no great distance from him on the coast, and they unite in offering the sacrifices of thanksgiving to Jupiter, Apollo, Hercules, Neptune, and I know not how many other 25 deities of land, air, and ocean!

Such is a summary sketch of this first event of general importance to mankind in the history of navigation; an event which, though its details may excite the laughter of a Nantucket or New Bedford whaleman, or even of a 30 Marblehead or a Barnstable sailor boy, was counted among the gravest and grandest exploits of that unrivalled hero of antiquity, who took Achilles for his model, and could not sleep without Aristotle's copy of the Iliad under his pillow.

35 If any commercial views are justly ascribed to the projector of such an expedition, it furnishes an early and striking illustration of the idea, which the general current of history has since confirmed, that the mercantile and martial spirits were never to be the subjects of reconcilia- 40 tion and compromise, nor commerce destined to be seen yoked to the car, and decorating the triumph, of military ambition.

At all events, it supplies an amusing picture of the navigation of those early days, and shows how poorly provided

and appointed was the mercantile spirit of antiquity for its great mission of civilization and peace. Transports and triaconters, skimming along the coast without a compass, and propelled by oarsmen who were panic-stricken at the
5 spouting of a whale, were not the enginery by which commerce was to achieve its world-wide triumphs.

And it was another admiral than Nearchus, not yielding himself reluctantly to the call of an imperious sovereign, but prompted by the heroic impulses of his own breast,
10 and offering up his prayers and oblations at another shrine than that of Jupiter or Neptune, who, in a still far distant age, was to open the world to the nations, give the commercial spirit sea-room, and lend the original impulse to those great movements of navigation and trade by which
15 the whole face of society has been transformed.

Well might the mail-clad monarchs of the earth refuse their countenance to Columbus, and reward his matchless exploit with beggary and chains. He projected, he accomplished that, which, in its ultimate and inevitable consequences, was to wrest from their hands the implements of
20 their ferocious sport—to break their bow and snap their spear in sunder, and all but to extinguish the source of their proudest and most absolute prerogative.

25 “No kingly conqueror, since time began
The long career of ages, hath to man
A scope so ample given for Trade’s bold range,
Or caused on earth’s wide stage such rapid, mighty change.”

From the discovery of the new world, the mercantile spirit has been rapidly gaining upon its old antagonist;
30 and the establishment upon these shores of our own republic—whose Union was the immediate result of commercial necessities, whose independence found its original impulse in commercial oppressions, and of whose constitution the regulation of commerce was the first leading idea—may
35 be regarded as the epoch at which the martial spirit finally lost a supremacy which, it is believed and trusted, it can never re-acquire.

Yes, it is commerce which is fast exorcising the fell spirit of war from nations which it has so long been tearing
40 and rending. The merchant may, indeed, almost be seen at this moment summoning the rulers of the earth to his counting-desk, and putting them under bonds to keep the peace.

Upon what do we ourselves rely, to counteract the influence of the close approximation of yonder flaming planet to our sphere? Let me rather say, (for it is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are to look for the causes
5 which have brought the apprehensions of war once more home to our hearts,) upon what do we rely, to save us from the bloody arbitrament of questions of mere territory and boundary, into which our own arbitrary and ambitious views would plunge us?

- 10 To what do we look to prevent a protracted strife with Mexico, if not to arrest even the outbreak of hostilities — but to the unwillingness of the great commercial powers that the trade of the West Indies and of the Gulf should be interrupted? Why is it so confidently pronounced that
15 Great Britain will never go to war with the United States for Oregon? Why, but that trade has created such a Siamese ligament between the two countries that every blow upon us would be but as a blow of the right arm upon the left? Why, but that in the smoke-pipe of every steamer
20 which brings her merchandise to our ports, we see a calumet of peace, which her war-chiefs dare not extinguish?

Commerce has, indeed, almost realized ideas which the poet, in his wildest fancies, assumed as the very standard of impossibility. We may not “charm ache with air, or
25 agony with words;” but may we not “fetter strong madness with a cotton thread?” Yes, that little fibre, which was not known as a product of the North American soil when our old colonial union with Great Britain was dissolved, has already been spun, by the ocean-moved power-
30 loom of international commerce, into a thread which may fetter forever the strong madness of war!

Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

EXERCISE LXXXVI.

Soliloquy of Claudius (Hamlet's Uncle) on the Murder of his Brother.

- OH! my offence is rank; it smells to heaven!
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't! —
A brother's murder! — Pray I cannot,
35 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 cursed hand
- 5 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 two-fold force ; —
- 10 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down ? — Then I'll look up.
My fault is past. But, oh ! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder ?
That cannot be, since I am still possessed
- 15 Of those effects for which I did the murder—
My crown, my 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 ;
- 20 And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the laws. But 't is not so above.
There is no shuffling : there the action lies
In its true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
- 25 To give in evidence.

- What then ? what rests ?—
- Try what repentance can — what can it not ?—
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?—
Oh wretched state ! Oh bosom black as death !—
- 30 Oh liméd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged !— Help, angels !— Make assay !
Bow, stubborn knees ! and heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of a new-born babe !
All may be well.

Shakspeare.

EXERCISE LXXXVII.

Charity.

[13th Chapter of 1st Corinthians.]

- 35 **THOUGH** I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a
tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy,

and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body
5 to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but
10 rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.
15 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man,
20 I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

EXERCISE LXXXVIII.

Farewell.

25 FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the hour,
Which awakens the night song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.

His griefs may return; not a hope may remain,
30 Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantments around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
35 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!—

Too blest, if it tells me, that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

- Let fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
5 And which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
To bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled! —
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled —
You may break, you may ruin, the vase if you will,
10 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

T. Moore.

EXERCISE LXXXIX.

English Travellers.

- In the present age of high literary activity, travellers make not the least important demands on public attention, and their lucubrations, under whatever name — Rambles, Notices, Incidents, Pencilings — are nearly as important
15 a staple for the "trade" as novels and romances. A book of travels, formerly, was a very serious affair. The traveller set out on his distant journey with many a solemn preparation, made his will, and bade adieu to his friends like one who might not again return. If he did return,
20 the results were imbodyed in a respectable folio, or at least quarto, well garnished with cuts, and done up in a solid form, which argued that it was no fugitive publication, but destined for posterity.

- All this is changed. The voyager nowadays leaves
25 home with as little ceremony and leave-taking as if it were for a morning's drive. He steps into the bark that is to carry him across thousands of miles of ocean, with the moral certainty of returning in a fixed week, almost at a particular day. Parties of gentlemen and ladies go
30 whizzing along in their steamships over the track which cost so many weary days to the Argonauts of old, and run over the choicest scenes of classic antiquity, scattered through Europe, Asia, and Africa, in less time than it formerly took to go from one end of the British isles to
35 the other.

The Cape of Good Hope, so long the great stumbling-block to the navigators of Europe, is doubled, or the Red Sea coasted, in the same way, by the fashionable tourist,

— who glides along the shores of Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, Bombay, and Hindostan, further than the furthest limits of Alexander's conquests — before the last leaves of the last new novel which he has taken by the way are
 5 fairly cut. The facilities of communication have, in fact, so abridged distances, that geography, as we have hitherto studied it, may be said to be entirely reformed. Instead of leagues, we now compute by hours, and we find ourselves next-door neighbors to those whom we had looked
 10 upon as at the antipodes.

The consequence of these improvements in the means of intercourse is, that all the world goes abroad, or, at least, one half is turned upon the other. Nations are so
 15 mixed up by this process that they are in some danger of losing their idiosyncrasy; and the Egyptian and the Turk, though they still cling to their religion, are becoming European in their notions and habits more and more every day.

The taste for pilgrimage, however, it must be owned,
 20 does not stop with the countries where it can be carried on with such increased facility. It has begotten a nobler spirit of adventure, something akin to what existed in the fifteenth century, when the world was new, or newly discovering, and a navigator who did not take in sail, like
 25 the cautious seamen of Knickerbocker, might run down some strange continent in the dark; for in these times of dandy tourists and travel-mongers, the boldest achievements, that have hitherto defied the most adventurous spirits, have been performed: the Himmaleh Mountains
 30 have been scaled, the Niger ascended, the burning heart of Africa penetrated, the icy Arctic and Antarctic explored, and the mysterious monuments of the semi-civilized races of Central America have been thrown open to the public gaze. It is certain that this is a high-pressure age, and
 35 every department of science and letters, physical and mental, feels its stimulating influence.

No nation, on the whole, has contributed so largely to these itinerant exhibitions as the English. Uneasy, it would seem, at being cooped up in their little isle, they
 40 sally forth in all directions, swarming over the cultivated and luxurious countries of the neighboring continent, or sending out stragglers on other more distant and formidable missions. Whether it be that their soaring spirits are impatient of the narrow quarters which nature has as-

signed them, or that there exists a supernumerary class of idlers, who, wearied with the monotony of home, and the same dull round of dissipation, seek excitement in strange scenes and adventures; or whether they go abroad for the
5 sunshine, of which they have heard so much but seen so little — whatever be the cause, they furnish a far greater number of tourists than all the world besides. We Americans, indeed, may compete with them in mere locomotion, for our familiarity with magnificent distances at home
10 makes us still more indifferent to them abroad; but this locomotion is generally in the way of business, and the result is rarely shown in a book, unless, indeed, it be the ledger.

Yet John Bull is, on many accounts, less fitted than
15 most of his neighbors for the duties of a traveller. However warm and hospitable in his own home, he has a cold reserve in his exterior, a certain chilling atmosphere, which he carries along with him, that freezes up the sympathies of strangers, and which is only to be completely thawed
20 by long and intimate acquaintance. But the traveller has no time for intimate acquaintances. He must go forward, and trust to his first impressions, for they will also be his last.

Unluckily, it rarely falls out that the first impressions
25 of honest John are very favorable. There is too much pride, not to say hauteur, in his composition, which, with the best intentions in the world, will show itself in a way not particularly flattering to those who come in contact with him. He goes through a strange nation, treading on
30 all their little irritable prejudices, shocking their self-love and harmless vanities — in short, going against the grain, and roughing up everything by taking it the wrong way. Thus he draws out the bad humors of the people among whom he moves, sees them in their most unamiable and
35 by no means natural aspect — in short, looks on the wrong side of the tapestry. What wonder if his notions are somewhat awry as to what he sees! There are, it is true, distinguished exceptions to all this: English travellers, who cover the warm heart — as warm as it is generally
40 true and manly — under a kind and sometimes cordial manner; but they are the exceptions. The Englishman undoubtedly appears best on his own soil, where his national predilections and prejudices, or, at least, the intimation of them, are somewhat mitigated in deference to his
45 guest.

Another source of the disqualification of John Bull as a calm and philosophic traveller is the manner in which he has been educated at home; the soft luxuries by which he has been surrounded from his cradle have made luxuries necessities, and, accustomed to perceive all the machinery of life glide along as noiselessly and as swiftly as the foot of Time itself, he becomes morbidly sensitive to every temporary jar or derangement in the working of it.

In no country, since the world was made, have all the appliances for mere physical, and, we may add, intellectual indulgence, been carried to such perfection as in this little island nucleus of civilization. Nowhere can a man get such returns for his outlay. The whole organization of society is arranged so as to minister to the comforts of the wealthy; and an Englishman, with the golden talisman in his pocket, can bring about him genii to do his bidding, and transport himself over distances with a thought, almost as easy as if he were the possessor of Aladdin's magic lamp, and the fairy carpet of the Arabian Tales.

When he journeys over his little island, his comforts and luxuries cling as close to him as round his own fire-side. He rolls over roads as smooth and well-beaten as those in his own park; is swept onward by sleek and well-groomed horses, in a carriage as soft and elastic, and quite as showy, as his own equipage; puts up at inns that may vie with his own castle in their comforts and accommodations, and is received by crowds of obsequious servants, more solicitous, probably, even than his own, to win his golden smiles. In short, wherever he goes, he may be said to carry with him his castle, park, equipage, establishment. The whole are in movement together. He changes place, indeed, but changes nothing else. For travelling, as it occurs in other lands — hard roads, harder beds, and hardest fare — he knows no more of it than if he had been passing from one wing of his castle to the other.

All this, it must be admitted, is rather an indifferent preparation for a tour on the continent. Of what avail is it that Paris is the most elegant capital, France the most enlightened country, on the European *terra firma*, if one cannot walk in the streets without the risk of being run over for want of a *trottoir*, nor move on the roads without being half smothered in a lumbering vehicle,

dragged by ropes, at the rate of five miles an hour? Of what account are the fine music and paintings, the architecture and art, of Italy, when one must shiver by day for want of carpets and sea-coal fires, and be thrown into a
5 fever at night by the active vexations of a still more tormenting kind? The galled equestrian might as well be expected to feel nothing but raptures and ravishment at the fine scenery through which he is riding. It is probable he will think much more of his own petty hurts than
10 of the beauties of nature. A travelling John Bull, if his skin is not off, is at least so thin-skinned that it is next door to being so.

If the European neighborhood affords so many means of annoyance to the British traveller, they are incalculably
15 multiplied on this side of the water, and that, too, under circumstances which dispose him still less to charity in his criticisms and constructions. On the continent he feels he is among strange races, born and bred under different religious and political institutions, and, above all, speaking
20 different languages. He does not necessarily, therefore, measure them by his peculiar standard, but allows them one of their own. The dissimilarity is so great in all the main features of national polity and society, that it is hard to institute a comparison.

Whatever be his contempt for the want of progress and perfection in the science of living, he comes to regard them as a distinct race, amenable to different laws, and therefore licensed to indulge in different usages, to a certain extent, from his own. If a man travels in China, he
30 makes up his mind to chop-sticks. If he should go to the moon, he would not be scandalized by seeing people walk with their heads under their arms. He has embarked on a different planet. It is only in things which run parallel to those in his own country that a comparison can be instituted, and charity too often fails where criticism begins.
35

Unhappily, in America, the Englishman finds these points of comparison forced on him at every step. He lands among a people speaking the same language, professing the same religion, drinking at the same fountains
40 of literature, trained in the same occupations of active life. The towns are built on much the same model with those in his own land. The brick houses, the streets, the "side-walks," the in-door arrangements, all, in short, are near enough on the same pattern to provoke a comparison. Alas

departure, sometimes, even from what, in the old country, is considered as the decorum, and, it may be, decencies of life. But not so; his heart turns back to his own land, and closes against the rude scenes around him; for he
 5 finds here none of the soft graces of cultivation, or the hal-
 lowed memorials of an early civilization; no gray, weather-
 beaten cathedrals, telling of the Normans; no Gothic
 churches in their groves of venerable oaks; no moss-cov-
 ered cemeteries, in which the dust of his fathers has been
 10 gathered since the time of the Plantagenets; no rural
 cottages, half smothered with roses and honeysuckles, inti-
 mating that even in the most humble abodes the taste for
 the beautiful has found its way; no trim gardens, and
 fields blossoming with hawthorn hedges and miniature
 15 culture; no ring fences, enclosing well-shaven lawns,
 woods so disposed as to form a picture of themselves,
 bright threads of silvery water, and sparkling fountains.

All these are wanting, and his eyes turn with disgust from the wild and rugged features of nature, and all her
 20 rough accompaniments — from man almost as wild; and
 his heart sickens as he thinks of his own land, and all its
 scenes of beauty. He thinks not of the poor, who leave
 that land for want of bread, and find in this a kindly
 welcome, and the means of independence and advancement
 25 which their own denies them.

He goes on, if he be a splenetic Sinbad, discharging his sour bile on everybody that he comes in contact with, thus producing an amiable ripple in the current as he proceeds, that adds marvellously, no doubt, to his own quiet and
 30 personal comfort. If he have a true merry vein and
 hearty good nature, he gets on, laughing sometimes in his
 sleeve at others, and cracking his jokes on the unlucky
 pate of Brother Jonathan, who, if he is not very silly —
 which he very often is — laughs too, and joins in the jest,
 35 though it may be somewhat at his own expense.

It matters little whether the tourist be Whig or Tory in his own land; if the latter, he returns, probably, ten times the conservative that he was when he left it. If Whig, or even Radical, it matters not; his loyalty waxes warmer
 40 and warmer with every step of his progress among the
 republicans; and he finds that practical democracy, shoul-
 dering and elbowing its neighbors as it "goes ahead,"
 is no more like the democracy which he has been accus-
 tomed to admire in theory, than the real machinery, with
 45 its smell, smoke, and clatter, under full operation, is like

the pretty toy which he sees as a model in the Patent Office at Washington. — *W. H. Prescott.*

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J EXERCISE XC.

Speak Gently.

- SPEAK gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
5 Speak gently! let not 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,
10 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.
15 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 to the young, for they
20 Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'T is full of anxious care.
Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tones be heard;
25 They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.
Speak gently to the erring; know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so, —
30 Oh! win them back again; —
Speak gently! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife
Said to them, "Peace, be still!"
35 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.

EXERCISE XCI.

Extract of a Speech in the Senate of the United States, disavowing a National Hostility to Great Britain.

MR. PRESIDENT, we must distinguish a little. That there exists in this country an intense sentiment of nationality; a cherished energetic feeling and consciousness of our independent and separate national existence; a feeling
5 that we have a transcendent destiny to fulfil, which we mean to fulfil; a great work to do, which we know how to do, and are able to do; a career to run, up which we hope to ascend, till we stand on the steadfast and glittering summits of the world; a feeling, that we are surrounded
10 and attended by a noble historical group of competitors and rivals, the other nations of the earth, all of whom we hope to overtake, and even to distance;— such a sentiment as this exists, perhaps, in the character of this people.

15 And this I do not discourage; I do not condemn. It is easy to ridicule it. But, “grand, swelling sentiments” of patriotism, no wise man will despise. They have their uses. They help to give a great heart to a nation; to animate it for the various conflicts of its lot; to assist it
20 to work out for itself a more exceeding weight, and to fill a larger measure of glory. But, sir, that among these useful and beautiful sentiments, predominant among them, there exists a temper of hostility towards this one particular nation, to such a degree as to amount to a habit, a
25 trait, a national passion— to amount to a state of feeling which “is to be regretted,” and which really threatens another war— this I earnestly and confidently deny. I would not hear your enemy say this.

Sir, the indulgence of such a sentiment by the people
30 supposes them to have forgotten one of the counsels of Washington. Call to mind the ever seasonable wisdom of the Farewell Address: “The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is, in some degree, a slave. It is a slave to its ani-
35 mosity, or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest.”

No, sir! no, sir! We are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half naked, half civilized, half blinded by the peat-smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy
40 and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and

precious hatred, set on fire of hell, alive if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by Heaven knows what symbols of alligators, and rattle-snakes, and war-clubs, smeared with vermilion, and entwined with scarlet; let such a country as Poland, — cloven to the earth, the armed heel on the radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable to die, — let her remember the “wrongs of days long past;” let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs — the manliness and the sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them; — but shall America, young, free, prosperous, just setting out on the highway of heaven, “decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy,” shall she be supposed to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart, by moping over old stories of stamp act, and tea tax, and the firing of the Leopard upon the Chesapeake in a time of peace?

No, sir! no, sir! a thousand times no! Why, I protest I thought all that had been settled. I thought two wars had settled it all. What else was so much good blood shed for, on so many more than classical fields of revolutionary glory? For what was so much good blood more lately shed, at Lundy’s Lane, at Fort Erie, before and behind the lines at New Orleans, on the deck of the Constitution, on the deck of the Java, on the lakes, on the sea, but to settle exactly these “wrongs of past days?”

And have we come back sulky and sullen from the very field of honor? For my country, I deny it. The senator* says that our people still remember these “former scenes of wrong, with, perhaps, too deep” a sensibility; and that, as I interpret him, they nourish a “too extensive” national enmity. How so? If the feeling he attributes to them is moral, manly, creditable, how comes it to be too deep? and if it is immoral, unmanly, and unworthy, why is it charged on them at all?

Is there a member of this body, who would stand up in any educated, in any intelligent and right-minded circle which he respected, and avow that, for his part, he must acknowledge, that, looking back through the glories and the atonement of two wars, his views were full of ill blood to England; that in peace he could not help being her

* Mr. Buchanan, of Pennsylvania.

enemy; that he could not pluck out the deep-wrought convictions and "the immortal hate" of the old times? Certainly, not one. And then, sir, that which we feel would do no honor for ourselves shall we confess for our country?

Mr. President, let me say, that in my judgment this notion of a national enmity of feeling towards Great Britain, belongs to a past age of our history. My younger countrymen are unconscious of it. They disavow it. That generation, in whose opinions and feelings the actions and the destiny of the next are unfolded, as the tree in the germ, do not at all comprehend your meaning, nor your fears, nor your regrets.

We are born to happier feelings. We look to England as we look to France. We look to them, from our new world, — not unrenowned, yet a new world still, — and the blood mounts to our cheeks; our eyes swim; our voices are stifled with emulousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep: but there is no hatred at all; no hatred — no barbarian memory of wrongs, for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave.

Hon. Rufus Choate.

EXERCISE XCII.

The Bird let loose in Eastern Skies.

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,*
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 25 Where idle warblers roam.
 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.
 30 So grant me, God, from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to thee!
 No sin to cloud — no lure to stay
 35 My soul, as home she springs: —
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom in her wings! *T. Moore.*

* The carrier pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

EXERCISE XCIII.

The Prodigal Son.

From The Gospel According to St. Luke, Chapter XV.

THEN drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.

- 5 And he spake this parable unto them, saying, What man of you having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which he has lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders,
10 rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

- I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine
15 just persons which need no repentance.

- Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors
20 together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost. Likewise, I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

- And he said, A certain man had two sons: and the
25 younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.
30 And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

- And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks
35 that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

- And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned
40 against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy

to be called thy son : make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. **5** And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best **10** robe, and put it on him ; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet : and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it ; and let us eat, and be merry : for this my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

15 Now his elder son was in the field : and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come ; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. **20**

And he was angry, and would not go in ; therefore came his father out, and entreated him. And he answering, said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment ; and **25** yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends : but as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me ; and **30** all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad : for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again ; and was lost, and is found.

EXERCISE XCIV.

Go where Glory waits Thee.

35 Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh, still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh, then remember me.

Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee, —
 All the joys that bless thee
 Sweeter far may be ;
 5 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh, then remember me.
 When at eve thou rovest,
 By the star thou lovest,
 10 Oh, then remember me.
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we 've seen it burning ;
 Oh, thus remember me.
 Oft as summer closes,
 15 When thine eye reposes
 On its lingering roses,
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them ;
 20 Oh, then remember me.
 When around thee, dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh, then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing
 25 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh, still remember me.
 Then, should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 30 Draw one tear from thee ;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee ; —
 Oh, then remember me. *T. Moore.*

EXERCISE XCV.

Hamlet's Advice to the Players.

35 **SPEAK** the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you ;
 trippingly, on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many
 of the players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke
 my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your
 hand ; 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. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robusteous, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. 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 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 of, though it makes the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, pagan nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journey-men had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably. — *Shakspeare.*

EXERCISE XCVI.

Milton's Lamentation for the Loss of his Sight.

- HAIL, holy light! offspring of heaven first-born!
 Or, of the eternal, coëternal beam!
 May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,
 And never but in unapproached light
 30 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or, hear'st thou, rather, pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell?
 Before the sun,
 35 Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
5 With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare.

10 Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
15 Or dim suffusion veiled.

Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt,
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
20 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two, equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown!
25 Blind Thamaris, and blind Mæonides;
And Tyresias, and Phyneus, prophets old: —
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
30 Tunes her nocturnal note.

Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
35 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine:
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark,
Surrounds me: from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal blank
40 Of nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom, at one entrance, quite shut out.
So much the rather, thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence

Purge and disperse ; that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight. *Milton.*

EXERCISE XCVII.

Intellectual Improvement.

THE great mass of mankind consider the intellectual powers as susceptible of a certain degree of development 5 in childhood, to prepare the individual for the active duties of life. This degree of progress they suppose to be made before the age of twenty is attained, and hence they talk of an education being finished!

Now, if a parent wishes to convey the idea that his 10 daughter has closed her studies at school, or that his son has finished his preparatory professional course, and is ready to commence practice, there is perhaps no strong objection to his using of the common phrase, that the education is finished; but in any general or proper use of 15 language, there is no such thing as a finished education. The most successful student that ever left a school, or took his degree at college, never arrived at a good place to stop; in his intellectual course.

In fact, the further he goes the more desirous will he feel 20 to go on; and if you wish to find an instance of the greatest eagerness and interest with which the pursuit of knowledge is prosecuted, you will find it undoubtedly in the case of the most accomplished and thorough scholar that the country can furnish, one who has spent a long life in study, 25 and who finds that the further he goes the more and more widely does the boundless field of intelligence open before him.

Give up, then, at once, all idea of finishing your education. The sole object of the course of discipline at any 30 literary institution, in our land, is not to finish, but just to show you how to begin; to give you an impulse and a direction upon that course which you ought to pursue with unabated and uninterrupted ardor as long as you have being.

35 It is unquestionably true, that every person, whatever are his circumstances or condition in life, ought at all times to be making some steady efforts to enlarge his stock of knowledge, to increase his mental powers, and thus to ex-

paid the field of his intellectual vision. I suppose most of my readers are convinced of this, and are desirous, if the way can only be distinctly pointed out, of making such efforts.

5 In fact, no inquiry is more frequently made by intelligent young persons than this: — “What course of reading shall I pursue? What books shall I select, and what plan in reading them shall I adopt?” These inquiries I now propose to answer. The objects of study are of several kinds;
10 some of the most important I shall enumerate.

To increase our intellectual powers. — Every one knows that there is a difference of ability in different minds, but it is not so distinctly understood that every one’s abilities may be increased or strengthened by a kind of culture
15 adapted expressly to this purpose; — I mean a culture which is intended not to add to the stock of knowledge, but only to increase intellectual power.

Suppose, for example, that when Robinson Crusoe on his desolate island had first found Friday the savage, he
20 had said to himself as follows: — “This man looks wild and barbarous enough; he is to stay with me and help me in my various plans; but he could help me much more effectually if he were more of an intellectual being and less of a mere animal. Now I can increase his intellectual
25 power by culture, and I will. But what shall I teach him?”

On reflecting a little further upon the subject, he would say to himself as follows: — “I must not always teach him things necessary for him to know in order to assist me in my work, but I must try to teach him to think for himself.
30 Then he will be far more valuable as a servant than if he has to depend upon me for everything he does.”

Accordingly, some evening when the two, master and man, have finished the labors of the day, Robinson is walking upon the sandy beach, with the wild savage by
35 his side, and he concludes to give him his first lesson in mathematics. He picks up a slender and pointed shell, and with it draws carefully a circle upon the sand. “What is that?” says Friday. “It is what we call a circle,” says Robinson. “I want you now to come and stand
40 here, and attentively consider what I am going to tell you about it.”

Now Friday has, we will suppose, never given his serious attention to anything, or rather he has never made a serious mental effort upon any subject for five minutes at

a time in his life. The simplest mathematical principle is a complete labyrinth of perplexity to him. He comes up and looks at the smooth and beautiful curve which his master has drawn in the sand with a gaze of stupid amazement.

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“Now listen carefully to what I say,” says Robinson, “and see if you can understand it. Do you see this little point I make in the middle of the circle?” Friday says he does, and wonders what is to come from the magic character which he sees before him. “This,” continues Robinson, “is a circle, and that point is the centre. Now, if I draw lines from the centre in any direction to the outside, these lines will all be equal.”

So saying, he draws several lines. He sets Friday to measuring them. Friday sees that they are equal, and is pleased from two distinct causes; one, that he has successfully exercised his thinking powers, and the other, that he has learned something which he never knew before.

I wish now that the reader would understand that Robinson does not take this course with Friday because he wishes him to understand the nature of the circle. Suppose we were to say to him, “Why did you choose such a lesson as that for your savage? You can teach him much more useful things than the properties of the circle. What good will it do him to know how to make circles? Do you expect him to draw geometrical diagrams for you, or to calculate and project eclipses?”

“No,” Robinson would reply; “I do not care to make Friday understand the properties of the circle. But I would have him to be a thinking being; and if I can induce him to think half an hour steadily and carefully, it is of no consequence upon what subject his thoughts are employed. I chose the circle because that seemed easy and distinct — suitable for the first lesson. I do not know that he will ever have occasion to make use of the fact, that the radii of a circle are equal, as long as he shall live — but he will have occasion for the power of patient attention and thought, which he acquired while attempting to understand that subject.”

This would unquestionably be sound philosophy, and a savage who should study such a lesson on the beach of his own wild island would forever after be less of a savage than before. The effect upon his mental powers of one single effort like that would last; and a series of such

efforts would transform him from a fierce and ungovernable, but stupid animal, to a cultivated and intellectual man.

Thus it is with all education. One great object is to increase the powers, and this is entirely distinct from the acquisition of knowledge. Scholars very often ask, when pursuing some difficult study, "What good will it do me to know this?" But that is not the question. They ought to ask, "What good will it do me to learn it? What effect upon my habits of thinking, and upon my intellectual powers, will be produced by the efforts to examine and to conquer these difficulties?"

A very fine example of this is the study of conic sections, a difficult branch of the course of mathematics pursued in college; a study which, from its difficulty and its apparent uselessness, is often very unpopular in the class pursuing it. The question is very often asked, "What good will it ever do us in after-life to understand all these mysteries of the parabola, and the hyperbola, and the ordinates, and abscissas, and asymptotes?"

The answer is, that the knowledge of the facts which you acquire will probably do you no good whatever. That is not the object, and every college officer knows full well that the mathematical principles which this science demonstrates are not brought into use in after-life by one scholar in ten. But every college officer, and every intelligent student who will watch the operations of his own mind and the influences which such exercises exert upon it, knows equally well that the study of the higher mathematics produces an effect in enlarging and disciplining the intellectual powers, which the whole of life will not obliterate.

Do not shrink, then, from difficult work in your efforts at intellectual improvement. You ought, if you wish to secure the greatest advantage, to have some difficult work, that you may acquire habits of patient research, and increase and strengthen your intellectual powers.—*J. Abbott.*

EXERCISE XCVIII.

The World compared to a Stage.

ALL the world's a stage;
And all the men and women merely players.

They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man, in his time, plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages.

At first, the infant ;

- 5 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining school-boy ; with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
 Unwillingly, to school. And then, the lover ;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 10 Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier ;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard ;
 Jealous in honor ; sudden and quick in quarrel ;
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth.

And then, the justice ;

- 15 With fair round belly, with good capon lined ;
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut ;
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part.

The sixth age shifts

- 20 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 25 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound.

Last scene of all,

- That ends this strange, eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion ;
 30 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Shakspeare.

EXERCISE XCIX.

Woman.

- THE first and necessary relation of woman is that of
 daughter. From this relation numerous duties arise, for
 the performance of which every woman should be edu-
 cated. A daughter is the natural companion, friend and
 35 stay, of her parents. A man leaves his father and mother,
 and marries into the family of his wife. But in our own
 and other free countries, a woman, whether single or mar-
 ried, more frequently remains with her earliest affections,
 in or near the mansion of her parents.

It is to her that they naturally look for the tender affections which will soothe them in their declining years. It is for her to temper the rough winds of adversity, and render brighter the sunshine of prosperity. She is their com-
5 forter, physician, and nurse. When their voice has become tremulous, and their eye dim with age, and the stores of memory have been closed, it is for her to bring forth the pleasures of consolation, to make the sound of gladness still be heard in their dwelling, and to fill it with a cheer-
10 ful, and—if she have been rightly educated—a holy light.

I need not speak particularly of the relation of the sister : not that I undervalue the importance of her duties ; but because I believe that the woman who is well educated for
15 the more important ones of daughter and wife cannot fail to be a faithful sister and friend. We have merely time to glance at the numerous duties of the mistress of a family.

Enter the humblest dwelling under the prudent management of a discreet and well-educated female, and observe
20 the simplicity and good taste which pervade it. The wise mistress has nothing gaudy in her dress or furniture ; for she is above the silly ambition of surpassing her neighbors in show. Her own best ornaments are cheerfulness and contentment ; and those of her house are neatness, good
25 order and cleanliness, which make a plain house and modest apartments seem better than they are.

She has not the selfish vanity which would make her strive to appear above her circumstances. She knows what are, and what ought to be, the expenses of her fam-
30 ily ; and she is not ashamed of her economy. It gives her the means of being liberal in her charity ; and hers is a charity which reaches round the earth, and embraces the poor and unfortunate everywhere.

Her domestics, if she have any, look to her for advice
35 in doubt, and counsel in difficulties ; they respect her judgment, for she has shown herself wise and disinterested ; they see that she cares for them, and they have felt her sympathy in their sorrows : in return, they make her interest their own, anticipate her wishes, and show the willing-
40 ness of their service by their cheerful alacrity.

She knows the virtue of pure air, and the excellence of scrupulous cleanliness ; she can judge of the qualities of wholesome food, and knows how easily it may be poisoned by careless or unskilful cooking. Her knowledge and care

shine in the happy and healthful faces of her children. No harsh sounds are heard in her dwelling ; for her gentleness communicates itself to all around her.

- Her husband hastens home ; and whatever may have
 5 been his fortune abroad, enters his house with a cheerful step. He has experienced the pleasure of seeing kind faces brightening at his approach ; and, contented with what he finds at home, has no inducement to seek for happiness abroad. Nor is she satisfied with consulting
 10 the present gratification of those around her. By her example and gentle influence, she leads them onward to what is better and more enduring hereafter. Few know the noiseless and real happiness which such a woman sheds around her, as if she were the sun of a little world.

George B. Emerson.

EXERCISE C.

"Passing Away."

- 15 WAS it the chime of a tiny bell,
 That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—
 Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
 That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,
 When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
 20 And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
 She dispensing her silvery light,
 And he, his notes as silvery quite,
 While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
 To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
 25 Hark! the notes on my ear that play
 Are set to words ; — as they float they say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"
 But no! it was not a fairy's shell
 Blown on the beach so merry and clear ;
 30 Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
 Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
 As I lay in my dream ; yet was it a chime
 That told of the flow of the stream of time.
 For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
 35 And a plump little girl for a pendulum swung ;
 (As you 've sometimes seen, in a little ring
 That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird swing ;)

And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
 And as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

O, how bright were the wheels, that told
 5 Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow!
 And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
 Seemed to point to the girl below.

And lo! she had changed; — in a few short hours
 Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
 10 That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
 This way and that, as she dancing swung
 In the fulness and grace of womanly pride,
 That told me she soon was to be a bride: —
 Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,

15 In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
 Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
 Like that by a cloud in a summer day made,
 20 Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
 The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
 Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
 And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
 That marched so calmly round above her,
 25 Was a little dimmed, — as when evening steals
 Upon noon's hot face: — yet one could n't but love her,
 For she looked like a mother, whose first babe lay,
 Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day; —
 And she seemed, in the same silver tone, to say,

30 "Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!
 Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan:
 Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
 Yet just as busily swung she on;
 35 The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
 The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
 The hands, that over the dial swept,
 Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept,
 And still there came that silver tone

40 From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone, —
 (Let me never forget till my dying day
 The tone or the burden of her lay!)
 "Passing away! passing away!"

Pierpont.

EXERCISE CL.

Association of Ideas.

It is the law or usage of the human mind long to retain any connexion, even of the most accidental kind, which has once been formed between two or more thoughts or states of feeling. If one of these linked or associated
5 ideas is brought back to the mind, the other, most often, returns with it. No one can need instances of this sort to be mentioned, for every moment presents them to every mind.

It is, however, important to distinguish what may be
10 called the natural or spontaneous association of ideas, from that which is the consequence of certain habits of the mind. The law of spontaneous association shows itself most completely in dreaming, when ideas of all kinds follow one the other, in a disorderly and fantastic
15 manner; and yet so that we can (when dreams are recollected with sufficient distinctness) often perceive the link or tie which made one image succeed to another.

In musing or reverie the same law of accidental connexion makes itself apparent in the succession of ideas and
20 emotions. The prattle of children, and the idle chat of uncultivated or frivolous persons, very commonly present the same sort of fortuitous succession of ideas, connected only by incidental and unimportant circumstances of similarity or of juxtaposition, in time or place. The strength
25 and culture of the mind may be fairly estimated by the degree in which it ordinarily yields itself to this current of spontaneous or accidental associations.

When certain habits of mind have been formed and settled by exercise and application, they displace and
30 supersede, to a great extent, the law of accidental association. A mind naturally vigorous, and which has acquired much control over its movements, and has addicted itself to particular employments, no longer follows the fortuitous course of ideas; but pursues, in some chosen path, the
35 real or rational connexion of ideas one with another. That is to say, the idea which follows the one last present to the mind will be that which, in fact and nature, is the most nearly related to its predecessor.

Thus, if the whole series of ideas were expressed or
40 uttered, those who listened to it would not have to search

for the link which connected one thought with another, but would perceive it in the very nature of the subject.

The mathematician, the mechanician, the statesman, the poet, the artist, the man of business, each acquires his proper habit of association, and each is prompt and successful in his line just in proportion to the rationality and the closeness of the connexions that have been formed in his mind. This principle of the association of ideas is sometimes, or by some writers, called the law of suggestion. The meaning of the two phrases is much the same.

ATTENTION.

Not even the most frivolous, childish, or feeble mind, is always or entirely governed by the fortuitous association of ideas (spoken of in the preceding article.) Nor how strong soever may be any particular habit of thinking, is any mind absolutely incapable of breaking off its customary meditations, and of fixing itself upon another set of ideas. Every one is conscious of possessing a power (more or less perfect) of detaining some one thought or class of thoughts in the mind, and of considering or viewing a particular subject successively, in all its parts and relations. This power is called attention.

It is the proper and distinguishing excellence of the human mind; and, in connexion with the faculty of abstraction, forms the essential difference between man and the brute, as well intellectually as morally. The degree in which it is possessed distinguishes also one human mind from another.

The exertion of this power of attention supposes some motive or desire to be present, or some inducement to be within view, which attracts the mind in one direction rather than another. It is a great excellence in the mental conformation, when a tranquil motive will insure a high degree of attention; and moreover, when attention can be readily and fully transferred from one object to another; and it is a still higher excellence when attention can be given, in an efficient degree, to several objects at the same time.

A sluggish mind is one which can be roused to attention only by the most urgent or stimulating motives. A weak mind is one that may be quickly roused to attention, but which as quickly spends itself by the effort. An acute mind is one that is capable of a very vigorous, momentary

effort. A profound mind is one capable of long-continued attention upon the same subject, and which can sustain its attention by motives of the most tranquil sort.

5 A comprehensive and efficient mind is capable both of long-continued efforts of attention, and of what may be called multifarious attention; that is to say, it does not lose itself in its regard to a single class of ideas, but sees all objects in their various connexions and dependencies.

10 Yet whatever may be the natural power of the mind in these respects, it is susceptible of vast increase and improvement, by a well-conducted education. Indeed the difference between an educated and uneducated person (supposing their natural faculties to have been equal) is manifested in nothing so conspicuously as in the greater
15 command over its powers of attention which the former has acquired.

ABSTRACTION.

[From *Abstraho*, to draw off, or to draw apart, or to separate and take away one thing from among a number.]

Things that differ very greatly one from another are often found to be alike in some single quality; and when this one quality is distinctly taken notice of, we readily
20 learn to think of it apart from the other qualities with which it may have been joined, and thus the mind acquires the habit of drawing off certain properties of things, and of giving names to them; this habit is called abstraction, and the words employed on such occasions are called abstract terms.
25

There are, for instance, placed before us, a cricket-ball, a marble, a glass bubble, an apple, and an orange; and we are asked if these things are alike. We answer, No: for the first is brown, and may be indented; the second is
30 heavy and impenetrable; the third is transparent and fragile, and light; the fourth is green and pulpy; the fifth is yellow and fragrant.

But is there, then, no respect wherein they are alike? Yes; they are alike in shape, or form — they are round.
35 Roundness, then, is the quality or circumstance in which these five objects agree, and which may be thought of, and spoken of, apart from the weight, hardness, color or smell, of these five things. Thus we have obtained two abstract ideas — namely, that of form or figure, and that of round-
40 ness; roundness being a particular sort of form.

Examples of this kind are easily multiplied; we will

take another. Water, and glass, and spirits, and diamonds, admit the rays of light to pass through them; so that objects may be discerned almost as clearly when they intervene as when they are removed. Some other bodies
 5 possess the same quality in a less degree; such as amber, and the amethyst, and the ruby, &c. We want a name for this property, belonging as it does to things so different as water, glass, and stones; and we call it transparency.

Each of the five senses has its class of abstractions:
 10 that is to say, each sense separates single qualities from other qualities, discerned by itself, or by other senses. The eye separates redness from yellowness, or whiteness, &c., and brightness from dulness; — and again, separates color from figure; and it separates color and figure from
 15 the notions obtained by the other senses, such as hardness, or weight, or fragrantcy, or fluidity. The sense of taste not only distinguishes sour from sweet and bitter, but separates them from the qualities that are made known to the mind by the sense of touch, as heat and cold, asperity and
 20 softness, &c.

Thus it is that likeness, or sameness of quality, in things otherwise unlike, leads the mind to form abstract notions, and to use abstract words. But having acquired this habit, it employs the power of separation in many other instances
 25 than those that belong to the five senses. For example: — If a man restores freely the property of another, which he could not have been compelled to relinquish; or if he speaks the exact truth when it might have been advantageous to him to utter a falsehood; or if in any way he
 30 regards the welfare of other men, when he is tempted to secure his own benefit, — we form a notion which we separate from the particular circumstances that may have belonged to the man's conduct: we feel that there is a peculiar quality that belongs to his conduct on all these
 35 several occasions, and we call it integrity; and the so acting is justice.

Justice is not the name of one action, or of one kind of an action; but of the abstract notion which belongs to any
 40 action wherein a man pays strict regard to the rights and property of others. Or if, in his actions, he goes beyond what might have been demanded of him; if he prefers the welfare of his neighbor to his own; then we form the notion of another sort of quality, and call it generosity or kindness. And in any new instance, even if all the cir-

cumstances are different, yet if a friend or stranger confers upon us a benefit which he might properly have withheld, we are reminded of the notion we had before formed, and call the action or the person generous.

- 5 Some abstract notions are simple; that is to say, they cannot be described or made known otherwise than by single words, or by pointing to the objects in which they are to be seen or felt. Such are redness, whiteness, heat, cold, sweetness, pleasure, pain, and many others. If the
- 10 person to whom we would convey our meaning has never himself perceived the quality we are speaking of, we cannot impart to him our idea by words; or, if he does not understand the word we first use, we must find some other of the same meaning — if he does not know what the
- 15 word pain means, we must try the word dolor, or some other; but if he have never felt pain, the most ingenious description of it would be utterly useless.

But there are abstract notions that are complex, or made up of two or more ideas, and may therefore be described

20 by mentioning those constituent ideas. Thus, in the instances already mentioned, justice may be described as the paying a strict regard to the rights and interests of others; or, the not preferring our own welfare to that of others.

Generosity is the conferring of benefits upon others be-

25 yond what they would claim. Form or figure is the relation to each other of the several surfaces of a solid body. Distance is extension between two points, divided into parts, and numbered. Place is the relation between one point and some other points on a surface. Perfection is

30 the existence, together, of all the parts or properties that are assigned to some complex body or being.

Design is the relation of all the parts of a complex body to the last effect which it is intended to produce. Truth is the relation of sameness between things and our notions

35 of them; or between our notions or thoughts and our affirmations. Liberty is the absence of restraint upon choice or action. Necessity is the certain connexion between cause and effect. In all such instances there is a notion conveyed by the word we employ which admits of

40 being resolved into two or more ideas.

Now it is peculiarly important to understand the difference between simple and complex abstract notions; because, on the one hand, much time is often wasted in the vain attempt to describe or analyze what is simple; and, on the

other hand, much confusion often arises from neglecting to analyze notions that are complex: hence it is that so many words are used in argument to which the disputants attach different ideas, and therefore are never able to come to an
5 agrément, even when they are really of the same opinion. It is a good exercise to define or analyze complex abstract notions.

The faculty of abstraction, conjoined with the use of language, is that chiefly which distinguishes human nature,
10 and raises man far above all other animals.

After having thought of certain qualities apart from the things in which they are found, the human mind takes another step, and proceeds to bring together such qualities and compose them in new forms:—this is invention.

15 The same faculty enables man to think of the quality, or goodness or badness of actions, and is therefore essential to accountableness, and forms the basis of our moral nature.

Those differences of intellectual character and taste
20 which distinguish mankind individually depend very much upon the faculty of abstraction. One man possesses eminently the power of separating color from form; and he becomes a painter: another, in connection with sensibility and delicacy of taste, readily separates or draws off
25 those qualities of things which excite the imagination; and he becomes a poet: another discerns and separates the mechanical properties of matter; and he is an inventor of machines: another discriminates mathematical properties; and he addicts himself to abstract science.

30 Each department of science, and each walk of active life, has its peculiar kind of abstraction; nor can a man be very successful in any line, if nature has denied him the special faculty which is demanded in that line.

What is called a natural taste for particular pursuits is
35 most commonly a peculiar power of considering some one class of qualities apart from all other qualities or circumstances. It is well when the choice of a profession is made in conformity with the original conformation of the mind.—*Taylor's Elements of Thought.*

EXERCISE CII.

The Light-House.

- THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye
 Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
 The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
 Looked pure as the Spirit that made it;
- 5 The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
 In the shadowy waves' playful motion,
 From the dim distant hill, 'till the light-house fire blazed
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.
- No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
 10 Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;
 The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
 The fisherman sunk to his slumbers:
 One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
 All hushed was the billows' commotion,
- 15 And thought that the light-house looked lovely as hope,
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.
- The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
 Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
- 20 That blazed on the breast of the billow:
 In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
 And death stills the heart's last emotion;
 O! then may the seraph of mercy arise,
 Like a star on eternity's ocean.

T. Moore.



EXERCISE CIII.

Aqueous Agencies.

- 25 AQUEOUS agents, or those arising from the power and
 force of water, are perhaps not so universal nor so complex
 in their operations as atmospheric; but they are more
 powerful, and consequently exert a more obvious influence
 in modifying the crust of the globe. Their mode of action
- 30 is either mechanical or chemical;—mechanical, as when a
 river wears away its banks, and carries the material to
 the sea; and chemical, when from gaseous admixture,
 water is enabled to dissolve certain rocks and metals.
- The action of water is sometimes slow and gradual, as
- 35 in the wearing down of rocks by rain; or rapid and violent,

as in the case of river-floods and sea-storms. The effects of rain upon a cliff may not amount to one inch in a hundred years, while hundreds of acres of alluvial land may be swept to the ocean by one river-flood.

- 5 Water operates variously : — sometimes by itself, as in rivers ; sometimes in union with the atmosphere, as during land and sea storms. Its power as a geological agent is most obvious in the case of rains, springs, rivers, lakes, waves, currents and tides ; and the results of these agents are distinguished as meteoric, fluviate, lacustrine, or oceanic.

- 10 Rain, hail, snow, and all atmospheric vapors, exercise a degrading influence on the earth's surface. By entering the pores and fissures of rocks, they soften and gradually dissolve their surface, and thus materially assist the operations of frosts, winds, &c. Rain, accompanied by high winds, acts with greater force ; snow, from accumulating during frost, and suddenly dissolving during fresh weather, sometimes occasions violent floods and inundations. Floods arising from the melting of snow are generally very destructive, for, during the season when they occur, the surface is soft and loose, and much more liable to be carried away.

- 15 Rain and other vapors are indispensable to the growth of vegetables, and, when accompanied with sufficient warmth, a luxuriant and gigantic vegetation, like that of the tropics, is the result. The amount of rain which falls on the earth's surface is exceedingly varied, ranging from twenty or thirty inches to several feet per annum. In tropical regions, rains are periodical ; that is, fall for weeks together at certain seasons. This gives rise to inundations ; hence the peculiar phenomena attending the floodings of such rivers as the Nile, Ganges, &c.

- 20 Of the quantity of rain which fell during past periods of the world we have no positive knowledge ; but if we are able to discover evidence of a higher temperature, we are warranted in concluding that the quantity of rain was much greater.

- 25 A greater fall of rain would produce larger rivers, and larger rivers would carry down a greater quantity of silt and debris ; this would form more extensive plains and deltas ; and these, again, would sustain a more gigantic race of plants and animals. From this example, the student will readily perceive the connexion and influence of these allied causes. Rain-water generally contains car-

bonic acid, ammonia, and other substances; and consequently acts chemically as well as mechanically.

5 Springs are discharges of water from the crust of the earth, either by rents, fissures, or other openings in the surface. The water which falls in rain, snow, &c., partly runs off, and partly sinks into the crust, where it collects in vast quantities, and ultimately finds its way again to the surface by springs.

10 Springs issuing from strata at great depths are said to be deep-seated; those from clay or gravel are shallow. Some only flow during, or shortly after, rains, and are said to be temporary; some flow always, and are perennial; while others flow and ebb, and are said to be intermittent.

15 The characters in which geologists have principally to consider springs are cold, thermal, and mineral. Cold springs have a mechanical action when they cut out channels for themselves; and they act chemically when, for example, they contain carbonic acid, and dissolve portions
20 of the rocks through which they pass.

All petrifying springs — that is, such as convert wood and bones into stony matter — act chemically. Thermal or hot springs occur in numerous parts of the world, (England, Iceland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Hindostan,
25 &c.,) and also act mechanically and chemically, but with much greater chemical force than cold springs. Mineral springs may be either cold or hot, and take their name from the circumstance of their waters holding some mineral or earthy substance in solution.

30 Mineral springs, geologically speaking, are by far the most important, as, from their composition, they indicate the kind of rocks through which they pass, while they more or less influence all deposits or waters into which they flow. Thus, some contain iron, and are said to be
35 ferruginous, or chalybeate; some copper, (cupriferous,) some lime, (calcareous,) some salt, (saline,) while others give off sulphureous vapors; and so on with almost every known mineral.

40 Those issuing from strata containing iron or lime are more or less impregnated with these substances; and when they arrive at the surface of the earth, and their waters become exposed to the air, the ferruginous or limy matter is deposited along their courses, or is carried down to the nearest river or lake.

If layers of mud, sand or gravel, be forming in such a lake, these layers will be impregnated with the matter of the springs; hence geologists speak of ferruginous, calcareous, or saliferous strata. Mineral springs may therefore
5 be said to exert a two-fold influence:—first, by dissolving and carrying away matter from the strata beneath; and, second, by adding that matter to the strata which are now being formed on the surface.

The student will thus perceive the manner in which
10 springs act in modifying the crust of the earth; and in proportion to their size, the softness of the strata through which they passed, and the degree of heat they had acquired, so must the extent of their influence have been at any former period.

15 Rivers are the most important aqueous agents employed in modifying the surface of the globe. Springs, as they issue into open day, naturally seek a lower level; and numbers of them, meeting in one channel, form streams, which again join in some still lower valley, where their
20 union produces rivers of various sizes. Rivers may be said to be a species of natural drainings, by which the superabundant moisture which falls on the land is again returned to the sea. They are of all dimensions:—in breadth from a few feet to several miles; so shallow that a
25 boy might wade them, or so deep as to float the largest ships; and ranging in length of course from fifty or sixty miles to as many hundreds.

The geological action of rivers is two-fold:—first, by wearing down the land through which they pass, and then
30 by carrying down the material to lakes and seas. Both their degrading and transporting force depends upon their velocity. For example, it has been calculated that a force of three inches per second will tear up fine clay, six inches will lift fine sand, eight inches sand as coarse as linseed, and
35 twelve fine gravel; while it requires a velocity of twenty-four inches per second to roll along rounded pebbles an inch in diameter, and thirty-six inches per second to sweep angular stones of the size of a hen's egg.

Rivers, during floods, often acquire a much greater
40 velocity than this, and stones of considerable weight are borne down by their currents. The degrading power of running water depends also upon the kind of material through which it flows; loose soil, clay, and sandstone being easily worn down, while granite or basalt will suffer
45 little loss for centuries.

The mere flowing of pure water would exert little influence on hard rocks; but all rivers carry down sand and gravel; and these, by rubbing and striking against the sides and bottoms of the channel, assist in scooping out those channels which everywhere present themselves. The Nerbuddah, a river of India, has scooped out a channel in basaltic rock one hundred feet deep.

Messrs. Sedgwick and Murchison give an account of gorges scooped out in beds of the rock called conglomerate, in the valleys of the Eastern Alps, six or seven hundred feet deep. A stream of lava, which was vomited from *Ætna* in 1603, happened to flow across the channel of the river *Simeto*. Since that time the stream has cut a passage through the compact rock to the depth of between forty and fifty feet, and to the breadth of between fifty and several hundred feet.

The cataract of *Niagara*, in North America, has receded nearly fifty yards during the last forty years. Below the falls, the river flows in a channel upwards of one hundred and fifty feet deep and one hundred and sixty yards wide, for a distance of seven miles; and this channel has evidently been produced by the action of the river. Such effects as the above are produced by the general or ordinary action of water; but when rivers are swollen by heavy rains, by the sudden melting of snow, and the like, then they act with extraordinary violence.

In these cases they overflow their banks, rush with a velocity of twenty or thirty feet per second, tear up the soil, and sweep before them trees, animals, houses, and bridges. The water of all rivers which exert a degrading influence is more or less turbid, and an idea of their power may be formed by observing this fact.

The matter which rivers carry down is either deposited along their banks, in lakes, or in the ocean. If they flow sluggishly along a flat valley, the mud and sand which their waters contain gradually falls to the bottom, and there rest as sediment. This sedimentary matter forms what is called alluvial land, and most of the flat and fertile valleys in the world have been so produced.

Again, when a lake occurs in the course of rivers, the sediment is there collected, and the water issues from the lake as if it had been filtered. In progress of time, lakes are filled or sifted up with this sediment, and their basins appear first as marshes, and latterly as alluvial land.

But whatever quantity of matter may be deposited in valleys or lakes, the greatest amount will always be carried down to the ocean, and deposited at the mouth of the river, or along the shores. The heaviest material, such as
5 gravel, will fall down first, then the lighter sand, and ultimately the finest mud. The mud of the Ganges discolors the Bay of Bengal to a distance of sixty miles from its mouth; and, according to Captain Sabine, the muddy waters of the Amazon may be distinguished three hundred
10 miles from the shore.

The consequence of this continual seaward carriage of sedimentary matter is, that at the mouths of most rivers there are alluvial formations known by the name of deltas; such as those of the Nile, the Ganges, the Niger, &c.
15 They take their name from their resemblance in shape to the Greek letter Δ (delta;) and frequently extend over vast surfaces — that of the Ganges being about two hundred miles in one direction, by two hundred and twenty
• in another. They consist of alternate layers of sand,
20 gravel, or mud, according to the kind of material the river carries down.

The geological results effected by the agency of running water are ceaseless and universal. Rivers are gradually wearing down the hills and higher lands, and as gradually
25 silting up lakes and low tracks of valley land. They lay down beds of gravel, sand, or mud; and these beds, again, enclose trees, plants, and the bones and shells of animals, in greater or less abundance.

As rivers now act, so must they have always acted, and
30 to this kind of agency must we ascribe the formation of many of the rocks (with their fossils) which now form the crust of the earth, both at great depths and at distances now far removed from the sea. We have no actual knowledge of the rivers of the ancient world; but judging
35 from the extent of sedimentary rocks, they must have been much more gigantic than most of those now existing.

Waves, currents, and tides are also powerful geological agents. Waves are continually in action; and according to their violence, and the materials composing the sea-coast,
40 so is the amount of change produced. Cliffs of sandstone, chalk, clay, or other soft rock, are, year after year, undermined by their force; masses fall down, are soon ground to pieces, and swept off by every tide; new underminings take place; new masses fall down, and thus thousands of
45 acres of land have been reduced to a level with the sea.

What the waves batter down, the tides and currents transport to sheltered bays and creeks along the shore ; so that, while in one quarter the sea is making encroachments on the land, in another it is accumulating sand and gravel
5 to form new land.

The power of waves and currents is much increased by the fact that rocks are more easily moved in water, and thus gravel beaches are piled up or swept away with apparent facility. The ordinary action is small, however, compared with what is sometimes accomplished during storms
10 and high inundations ; and those who have witnessed the effects of a few successive tides at such periods will readily form an estimate of what may be accomplished during the lapse of ages.

The action of waves, currents and tides, is varied and complicated ; but it may be stated generally, that waves batter down the sea-cliffs, or raise up loose matter from the bottom ; that tidal currents convey the disintegrated matter to more sheltered bays and creeks ; and that oceanic cur-
20 rents convey floating material, such as drift-wood, plants, and dead animals, from one part of the ocean to another. Tides rise and ebb from four to forty feet ; they enter into certain rivers for many miles, and thus a mingling of fresh water and marine deposits takes place. As at present, so
25 in ages past ; and by diligently studying the effects produced by waves and tides, the student will be enabled to account for many appearances which the sedimentary rocks present. — *David Page.*

EXERCISE CIV.

Soliloquy of Hamlet on Death.

- To be, or not to be ; — that is the question.
- 30 Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or, to take arms against a sea of trouble,
And, by opposing, end them.
- To die — to sleep —
- 35 No more ? — and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, 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,
 5 Must give us pause. — There 's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life.
 For, who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 10 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
 15 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death
 (That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 20 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all :
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 25 With this regard, their currents turn away,
 And lose the name of action. *Shakspeare.*

EXERCISE CV.

Hotspur's Soliloquy on the Contents of a Letter.

- “ BUT, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.” — He could be contented to be there ! Why is
 30 he not, then ? — In respect of the love he bears our house !
 He shows in this he loves his own barn better than he
 loves our house. Let me see some more.
 “ The purpose you undertake is dangerous.” — Why,
 that 's certain ; — 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep,
 35 to drink : but I tell you, my Lord Fool, out of this nettle
 danger we pluck this flower safety. “ The purpose you
 undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named, un-
 certain ; the time itself, unsorted ; and your whole plot too

light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition." — Say you so? — say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie!

What a lackbrain is this! Our plot is a good plot as
 5 ever was laid; our friends true and constant; — a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; — an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now
 10 by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglasses? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next
 15 month? and are there not some of them set forward already?

What a pagan rascal is this! — an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. Oh! I
 20 could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honorable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared. I will set forward to-night. — *Shakspeare.*

EXERCISE CVI.

The Cataract of Lodore.

[This piece should be read with tones in which "the sound is an echo of the sense."]

25 "How does the water come down at Lodore?"
 "Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling;
 Here smoking and frothing,
 Its tumult and wrath in,
 30 It hastens along, conflicting and strong, —
 Now striking and raging,
 As if a war waging,
 Its caverns and rocks among.
 "Rising and leaping,
 35 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and flinging,
 Showering and springing,
 Eddying and whisking,

Spouting and frisking,
 Turning and twisting
 Around and around ;
 Collecting, dissecting,
 5 With endless rebound :
 Smiting and fighting, —
 A sight to delight in, —
 Confounding, astounding,
 10 Dinming and deafening the ear with its sound.
 “ Receding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading,
 15 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,
 And whitening and brightening,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And hitting and splitting,
 And shining and twining,
 20 And rattling and rattling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 25 And flowing and glowing,
 And running and stunning,
 And hurrying and skurrying,
 And glittering and frittering,
 And gathering and feathering,
 30 And dinning and spinning,
 And foaming and roaming,
 And dropping and hopping,
 And working and jerking,
 And guggling and struggling,
 35 And heaving and cleaving,
 And thundering and floundering,
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
 40 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 And clattering and battering and shattering,

- And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
 Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
 5 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
 And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;
 10 And so never ending but always descending,
 Sounds and motion forever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar ; —
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

Southey.

EXERCISE CVII.

On the Power of Custom, and the Uses to which it may be applied.

- T**HERE is not a common saying which has a better turn
 15 of sense in it than what we often hear in the mouths of
 the vulgar, that "Custom is a second nature." It is, in-
 deed, able to form the man anew, and give him inclinations
 and capacities altogether different from those he was born
 with.
- 20 A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he
 took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so
 strong an inclination towards it, and gives himself up so
 entirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being.
 The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a man
 25 insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till
 he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has
 been for some time disused.
- Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he
 is unable to pass away his time without it, not to mention
 30 how our delight in any particular study, art, or science,
 rises and improves in proportion to the application which
 we bestow upon it. Thus, what was at first an exercise
 becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments
 are changed into diversions. The mind grows fond of
 35 those actions it is accustomed to; and is drawn with re-
 luctancy from those paths in which it has been used to
 walk.

If we attentively consider this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life, or series of action, in which the choice of
5 others, or his own necessities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him, at first; but use and application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place, I would recommend to every one
10 the admirable precept which Pythagoras is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon: "Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful."

15 Men whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination; since, by the rule
20 above mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man to overlook those hardships
25 and difficulties which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. "The gods," said Hesiod, "have placed labor before virtue; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the further we advance in it." The man who proceeds
30 in it with steadiness and resolution will, in a little time, find that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace."

To enforce this consideration, we may further observe, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with
35 that pleasure which naturally accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary joys of heart that rise from the consciousness of such a pleasure; from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason, and from the prospect of a happy immortality.
40

In the fourth place, we may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man to take particular care, when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in even the

most innocent diversions and entertainments; since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by degrees exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty for delights of a
 5 much inferior and an unprofitable nature.

The last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those actions to which it is accustomed, is, to show how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this
 10 life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call heaven will not be capable of affecting those minds which are not thus qualified for it; we must, in this world, gain a relish for truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection
 15 which are to make us happy in the next.

The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity must be planted in it during this its present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the re-
 20 ward, but as the natural effect, of a religious life.

Addison.

EXERCISE CVIII.

The Contrast.

As rueful stood his other half, as wan
 Of cheek: small her ambition was — but strange.
 The distaff, needle, all domestic cares,
 Religion, children, husband, home, were things
 25 She could not bear the thought of; bitter drugs
 That sickened her soul. The house of wanton mirth
 And revelry, the mask, the dance, she loved,
 And in their service soul and body spent
 Most cheerfully; a little admiration,
 30 Or true, or false, no matter which, pleased her,
 And o'er the wreck of fortune lost, and health,
 And peace, and an eternity of bliss
 Lost, made her sweetly smile. She was convinced
 That God had made her greatly out of taste,
 35 And took much pains to make herself anew.
 Bedaubed with paint, and hung with ornaments
 Of curious selection — gaudy toy!
 A show unpaid for, paying to be seen!

As beggar by the way, most humbly asking
 The alms of public gaze, she went abroad :
 Folly admired, and indication gave
 Of envy ; cold civility made bows,
 5 And smoothly flattered ; wisdom shook his head ;
 And laughter shaped his lip into a smile ;
 Sobriety did stare ; forethought grew pale ;
 And modesty hung down the head and blushed ;
 And pity wept, as, on the frothy surge
 10 Of fashion tossed, she passed them by, like sail
 Before some devilish blast, and got no time
 To think, and never thought, till on the rock
 She dashed of ruin, anguish, and despair.
 O how unlike this giddy thing in time,
 15 And at the day of judgment how unlike,
 The modest, meek, retiring dame ! Her house
 Was ordered well ; her children taught the way
 Of life — who, rising up in honor, called
 Her blest. Best pleased to be admired at home,
 20 And hear reflected from her husband's praise
 Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign eye.
 His praise alone, and faithful love and trust
 Reposed, was happiness enough for her.
 Yet who that saw her pass, and heard the poor
 25 With earnest benedictions on her steps
 Attend, could from obeisance keep his eye,
 Or tongue from due applause. In virtue fair,
 Adorned with modesty, and matron grace
 Unspeakable, and love — her face was like
 30 The light, most welcome to the eye of man ;
 Refreshing most, most honored, most desired,
 Of all he saw in the dim world below.
 As morning when she shed her golden locks,
 And on the dewy top of Hermon walked,
 35 Or Zion hill — so glorious was her path :
 Old men beheld and did her reverence,
 And bade their daughters look, and take from her
 Example of their future life : the young
 Admired, and new resolve of virtue made.
 40 And none who was her husband asked : his air
 Serene, and countenance of joy, the sign
 Of inward satisfaction, as he passed
 The crowd, or sat among the elders, told.
 In holiness complete, and in the robes

Of saving righteousness, arrayed for heaven,
 How fair, that day, among the fair, she stood!
 How lovely on the eternal hills her steps!

- Restored to reason, on that morn appeared
- 5 The lunatic — who raved in chains, and asked
 No mercy, when he died. Of lunacy
 Innumerable were the causes: humbled pride,
 Ambition disappointed, riches lost,
 And bodily disease, and sorrow, oft
- 10 By man inflicted on his brother man;
 Sorrow, that made the reason drunk, and yet
 Left much untasted — so the cup was filled:
 Sorrow, that like an ocean, dark, deep, rough,
 And shoreless, rolled its billows o'er the soul
- 15 Perpetually, and without hope of end.
 Take one example, one of female woe.
 Loved by a father and a mother's love,
 In rural peace she lived, so fair, so light
 Of heart, so good, and young, that reason scarce
- 20 The eye could credit, but would doubt, as she
 Did stoop to pull the lily or the rose
 From morning's dew, if it reality
 Of flesh and blood, or holy vision, saw,
 In imagery of perfect womanhood.
- 25 But short her bloom — her happiness was short.
 One saw her loveliness, and with desire
 Unhallowed burning, to her ear addressed
 Dishonest words: "Her favor was his life,
 His heaven; her frown his woe, his night, his death."
- 30 With turgid phrase thus wove in flattery's loom,
 He on her womanish nature won, and age
 Suspicionless, and ruined, and forsook:
 For he a chosen villain was at heart,
 And capable of deeds that durst not seek
- 35 Repentance. Soon her father saw her shame;
 His heart grew stone; he drove her forth to want
 And wintry winds, and with a horrid curse
 Pursued her ear, forbidding all return.
 Upon a hoary cliff that watched the sea
- 40 Her babe was found — dead: on its little cheek,
 The tear, that nature bade it weep, had turned
 An ice-drop, sparkling in the morning beam;
 And to the turf its helpless hands were frozen;
 For she, the woful mother, had gone mad,

- And laid it down, regardless of its fate
 And of her own. Yet had she many days
 Of sorrow in the world, but never wept.
 She lived on alms; and carried in her hand
- 5 Some withered stalks she gathered in the spring:
 When any asked the cause, she smiled, and said
 They were her sisters, and would come and watch
 Her grave when she was dead. She never spoke
 Of her deceiver, father, mother, home,
- 10 Or child, or heaven, or hell, or God; but still
 In lonely places walked, and ever gazed
 Upon the withered stalks, and talked to them;
 Till wasted to the shadow of her youth,
 With woe too wide to see beyond — she died:
- 15 Not unatoned for by imputed blood,
 Nor by the Spirit that mysterious works
 Unsanctified. Aloud her father cursed
 That day his guilty pride, which would not own
 A daughter whom the God of heaven and earth
- 20 Was not ashamed to call his own; and he
 Who ruined her read from her holy look,
 That pierced him with perdition manifold,
 His sentence, burning with vindictive fire.
- Pollock's Course of Time.*



EXERCISE CIX.

How to Remember what we Read.

- Most readers, I presume, will open this chapter with no
- 25 little curiosity, and a feeling which would be expressed by
 these words: "My memory is bad enough — would it
 were as good as that of such a one of my friends! Let me
 see if there be any rules to suit so bad a case as mine."
- Now, before you decide that you have a worse memory
- 30 than your friend, let me ask, — is there no one subject on
 which you can equal him? You have no doubt observed
 that a large class of men who are devoted exclusively and
 literally to animal pursuits — sportsmen, to wit — have the
 greatest difficulty in remembering matters of history or
- 35 general literature, but yet are so ready with the names of
 all the winners of the Derby, Oaks, or St. Leger, and the
 progeny and pedigree of each, that a scholar would be as

much surprised at their memory of horses and mares, as they could be at the scholar's memory of kings and queens.

- Probably you will now say, "All this we grant; it is true we have memory for some things but not for literature." Your meaning is, that you have memory where you have attention. The sportsman cannot attend to books, nor the scholar to horses. The art of memory is the art of attention. A memory for literature will increase with that interest in literature by which attention is increased.
- 10 The sportsman could remember pages of history relating to forest laws, or encouragement of the breed of horses, but not the adjoining pages on the law of succession; and only because he felt an interest, and consequently paid attention, in reading the one, but not the other.
- 15 Again, memory depends on association, or the tendency of some things to suggest or make us think of others. The geologist remembers fossils, but not flowers; and the botanist flowers, but not fossils. Each has in his mind a "cell" for the one specimen, but not for the other; and the observations which fall in with the ideas of the geologist, and link to many a subtle chain of thought, remain alone and unassociated in the mind of the botanist. Association certainly is, in some respects, an aid to attention; they are usually considered as distinct, and the basis of memory; therefore every rule I can give for promoting either attention or association will be virtually rules for memory.

- Memory is assisted by whatever tends to a full view and clear apprehension of a subject. Therefore, in reading history, occasionally lay the book aside and try if you can give a connected narrative of events. "What thou dost not know, thou canst not tell," but clear ideas never want plain words. Do not be satisfied with feeling that the subject is too familiar for repetition to be necessary. The better a story is known, the less time it will take to repeat.

- Put your "thoughts in express words."—This is an invaluable exercise; for, first of all, you will greatly improve your power of expression, and gain that command of language on which one of my friends heard Fox compliment Pitt, as having not only a word, but the word, the very word, to express his meaning.

Secondly, the practice of putting your thoughts into words will improve your power of conception. When you see a speaker, in a long argument, contract and fix his eye

as if on some aerial form, he is trying to body forth his ideas and hold them up as a picture, from which he may select, read off, and lay before his hearers, such portions as he thinks will convey the desired impression.

- 5 Conception is the quality for which we call a man "clear-headed;" for this enables him to grasp at one view the beginning, middle, and end of what he means to say, and have the order of his ideas at the direction of a cool judgment, instead of depending upon chance. To repeat a
 10 narrative to another is better still than repeating it to yourself; you are more excited to accuracy, and your memory is assisted by the degree of attention and association which casual remarks and questions may promote.

* * * * *

- 15 With a view to distinct conception, writing is usually recommended to aid memory. As to mere transcribing, though much has been advanced in its favor, I believe it is by no means to be adopted. Much experience has shown me that it not only wastes time, but deceives us as to the extent of our knowledge. We are flattered at the sight
 20 of the paper we fill, while in reality we are exercising not our wits but our fingers.

- Every university student knows how common it is to find men of misguided industry, with desks full and heads empty. Writing never aids memory but when it tends
 25 to clear conception. Most persons find it more pleasant to draw a sketch of a subject on a sheet of paper than on the tablets of the mind, but let them not suppose it is more improving.

- When you want relief or variety, you may try to write,
 30 instead of repeating, the subject of your morning's reading; but you will soon admit that the *vivâ voce* exercise is the better of the two. In speaking of conception, Abercrombie relates the case of a distinguished actor, who created great surprise by learning a long part with very short notice.
 35 "When questioned respecting the mental process which he employed, he said that he lost sight entirely of the audience, and seemed to have nothing before him but the pages of the book from which he had learned; and that if anything had occurred to interrupt that illusion, he should have
 40 stopped instantly."

Secondly. Memory is assisted by whatever adds to our interest or entertainment. — Therefore, all the remarks I have made relative to being guided by curiosity and incli-

nation are hints for memory. A man rarely forgets a fact which he hears in answer to a question he has himself originated ; and the art of reading is to gain facts in such order that each shall be a nucleus or basis, as Abercrombie
5 says, of more ; in other words, that every fact may be an answer to some question already in our minds, and suggest in its turn a new question in an endless series.

Thirdly. Memory depends much on a thorough determination to remember. — Most persons have memory
10 enough for the purposes of their own business. Ask the guard of the mail how he remembers the places at which he has to drop his many parcels, and he will tell you, “because he must.” And if you put the same question to any number of different persons whose fortune depends on
15 the constant exercise of memory, you will invariably receive similar answers, which is a proof from experience that our memory depends very much on our own will and determination. If, by the force of resolution, a person can wake at any hour in the morning, it is easy to believe that, by the
20 same means, he may also have a powerful command over his memory.

While at the university, I had a very remarkable proof of this. I was assisting in his studies, previous to examination, a friend, who assured me he could not remember
25 what he read ; that such had been the case during fourteen university terms. But I said, — “ Now you must remember, — I know you can, — and I will have no more to do with you if you do not answer me correctly to-morrow on what we read to-day.” Having rallied him in this way, I
30 heard no more of the complaint. After his examination, he assured me that he was perfectly surprised at the extent to which his memory had served him, and fairly acknowledged that for years he had given way to a state of mental inactivity, never stopping to try his memory, but thinking
35 of the Castalian stream rather after the manner of Baron Munchausen’s horse when he had lost his hinder quarters with the portcullis.

A man can remember, to a great extent, just as Johnson said a man might at any time compose, mastering his humor, if he will only set to work with a dogged determination. “ That they can conquer who believe they can,”
40 is very generally true where the mind is concerned. A very common reason that men do not remember is, that they do not try ; a hearty and ever-present desire to prevail is the chief element of all success.

Nothing but the fairy's wand can realize the capricious desire of the moment; but as to the objects of laudable wishes, deeply breathed, and for many a night and day ever present to the mind, — these are placed by Providence
5 more within our reach than is commonly believed. When a person says, "If I could only have my wish, I would excel in such an art or science," we may generally answer, "The truth is, you have no such wish; all you covet is the empty applause, not the substantial accomplishment,"
10 The fault is "in ourselves, and not our stars," if we are slaves, and blindly yield to the pretensions of the many whose tongues would exhaust wiser heads than their own in half an hour.

Before we complain of want of power and mental
15 weapons, let us be sure that we make full use of what we have. When we see one man write without hands, and another qualify himself (as in an instance within my own remembrance) for high university honors without eyes, a complaint of our memory, or other faculties, justifies the
20 same conclusion as when workmen complain of their tools.

These, or at least other instances equally surprising, are founded on good authority. Still, Abercrombie justly says, that though the power of remembering unconnected facts and lists of words makes a great show, and is the kind of
25 memory most generally admired, still it is often combined with very little judgment, and is not so important a feature in a cultivated mind as that memory founded on the relations, analogies, and natural connections of different subjects, which is more in our power.

30 Indeed, mere parrot memory is of less use than is generally supposed. It is true, it enables a superficial person to pass off the opinions of others as his own; but educated men can generally remember enough for their own purposes, and can command data sufficient for the operations of their
35 judgment. What we most want ready and available is the power and the science, not the tools. A mathematician is such still, without his formulæ and diagrams. The oldest judge remembers the rules of law, though he forgets the case in point, and the ablest counsel are allowed refreshers.
40 Surely it is enough that our minds, like our guns, carry true to the mark, without being always loaded.

Fourthly. Memory is assisted by whatever tends to connexion or association of ideas.—When I asked the friend above mentioned the particular means he took to remember his lectures previous to examination, he said,

- that besides looking everything "more fully in the face" than he had ever done before, he tried "to match, sort, and put along-side of something similar," each event in its
- 5 turn, and also to say to himself, — "Here are four or five causes, circumstances, or characters, relating to the same thing; by such a peculiarity in the first I shall remember the second, while something else in the second will remind me of the third and fourth."
- 10 During this process, he said he became so familiar with many facts, that he could remember without any association at all. Again; in all the works and phenomena of nature, moral or physical, men of comprehensive minds discern a marked family likeness; certain facts indicate the
- 15 existence of others; so that memory is assisted by a certain key which classification suggests; and thus one effort of memory serves for all. — *Pycroft's Course of Reading.*

EXERCISE CX.

Happiness equally distributed.

- As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
- 20 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
- 25 To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish amid the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blessed.
- 30 But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
- 35 And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam ;
His first, best country, ever is at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,

- 5 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
As different good, by art or nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,

- 10 Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call ;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.

* * * * *

- 15 Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And even those hills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
20 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Goldsmith.

LESSON CXI.

Francisco Pizarro.

- 25 FRANCISCO PIZARRO was tall in stature, well proportioned, and with a countenance not unpleasing. Bred in camps, with nothing of the polish of a court, he had a soldier-like bearing, and the air of one accustomed to command.
- 30 But though not polished, there was no embarrassment or rusticity in his address, which, where it served his purpose, could be plausible, and even insinuating. The proof of it is the favorable impression made by him, on presenting himself, after his second expedition — stranger as he
- 35 was to all its forms and usages — at the punctilious court of Castile.

Unlike many of his countrymen, he had no passion for

ostentatious dress, which he regarded as an encumbrance. The costume which he most affected on public occasions was a black cloak, with a white hat, and shoes of the same color; the last, it is said, being in imitation of the

5 Great Captain, whose character he had early learned to admire in Italy, but to which his own, certainly, bore very faint resemblance.

He was temperate in eating, drank sparingly, and usually rose an hour before dawn. He was punctual in

10 attendance to business, and shrunk from no toil. He had, indeed, great powers of patient endurance. Like most of his nation, he was fond of play, and cared little for the quality of those with whom he played; though, when his antagonist could not afford to lose, he would allow him-

15 self, it is said, to be the loser; a mode of conferring an obligation much commended by a Castilian writer, for its delicacy.

Though avaricious, it was in order to spend, and not to hoard. His ample treasures, more ample than those, prob-

20 ably, that ever before fell to the lot of an adventurer, were mostly dissipated in his enterprises, his architectural works, and schemes of public improvement, which, in a country where gold and silver might be said to have lost their value from their abundance, absorbed an incredible amount

25 of money.

While he regarded the whole country, in a manner, as his own, and distributed it freely among his captains, it is certain that the princely grant of a territory with twenty thousand vassals, made to him by the crown, was never

30 carried into effect; nor did his heirs ever reap the benefit of it.

To a man possessed of the active energies of Pizarro, sloth was the greatest evil. The excitement of play was in a manner necessary to a spirit accustomed to the

35 habitual stimulants of war and adventure. His uneducated mind had no relish for more refined, intellectual recreation. The deserted foundling had neither been taught to read nor write. This has been disputed by some, but it is so attested by unexceptionable authorities.

40 Montesinos says, indeed, that Pizarro, on his first voyage, tried to learn to read; but the impatience of his temper prevented it, and he contented himself with learning to sign his name. But Montesinos was not a contemporary historian. Pedro Pizarro, his companion in arms,

expressly tells us he could neither read nor write; and Zarate, another contemporary, well acquainted with the conqueror, confirms this statement; and adds, that Pizarro could not so much as sign his name. This was done by
5 his secretary—Picado in his latter years—while the governor merely made the customary *rúbrica*, or flourish at the sides of his name.

This is the case with the instruments I have examined, in which his signature, written probably by his secretary,
10 or his title of Marques, in later life substituted for his name, is garnished with a flourish at the ends, executed in as bungling a manner as if done by the hand of a ploughman. Yet we must not estimate this deficiency as we should in this period of general illumination,—gen-
15 eral, at least, in our own fortunate country.

Reading and writing, so universal now, in the beginning of the sixteenth century might be regarded in the light of accomplishments; and all who have occasion to consult the autograph memorials of that time will find the execution
20 of them, even by persons of the highest rank, too often such as would do little credit to a school-boy of the present day.

Though bold in action, and not easily turned from his purpose, Pizarro was slow in arriving at a decision. This gave him an appearance of irresolution foreign to his
25 character. Perhaps the consciousness of this led him to adopt the custom of saying "No," at first, to applicants for favor; and afterwards, at leisure, to revise his judgment, and grant what seemed to him expedient.

He took the opposite course from his comrade, Almagro,
30 who, it was observed, generally said "Yes," but too often failed to keep his promise. This was characteristic of the careless and easy nature of the latter, governed by impulse rather than principle.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the courage of a man
35 pledged to such a career as that of Pizarro. Courage, indeed, was a cheap quality among the Spanish adventurers, for danger was their element. But he possessed something higher than mere animal courage, in that constancy of purpose which was rooted too deeply in his na-
40 ture to be shaken by the wildest storms of fortune.

It was this inflexible constancy which formed the key to his character, and constituted the secret of his success. A remarkable evidence of it was given in his first expedition, among the mangroves and dreary marshes of Choco.

He saw his followers pining around him under the blighting malaria, wasting before an invisible enemy, and unable to strike a stroke in their own defence. Yet his spirit did not yield, nor did he falter in his enterprise.

- 5 There is something oppressive to the imagination in this war against nature. In the struggle of man against man, the spirits are raised by a contest conducted on equal terms; but in a war with the elements, we feel that, however bravely we may contend, we can have no power to
10 control. Nor are we cheered on by the prospect of glory in such a contest; for, in the capricious estimate of human glory, the silent endurance of privations, however painful, is little, in comparison with the ostentatious trophies of victory. The laurel of the hero — alas for humanity that
15 it should be so! — grows best on the battle-field.

- This inflexible spirit of Pizarro was shown still more strongly, when, in the little island of Gallo, he drew the line on the sand which was to separate him and his handful of followers from their country and from civilized man. He trusted that his own constancy would
20 give strength to the feeble, and rally brave hearts around him for the prosecution of his enterprise. He looked with confidence to the future, and he did not miscalculate. This was heroic, and wanted only a nobler motive for its
25 object to constitute the true moral sublime.

- Yet the same feature in his character was displayed in a manner scarcely less remarkable, when, landing on the coast and ascertaining the real strength and civilization of the Incas, he persisted in marching into the interior at the
30 head of a force of less than two hundred men. In this he undoubtedly proposed to himself the example of Cortez, so contagious to the adventurous spirits of that day, and especially to Pizarro, engaged, as he was, in a similar enterprise.

- 35 Yet, the hazard assumed by Pizarro was far greater than that of the conqueror of Mexico, whose force was nearly three times as large, while the terrors of the Inca name — however justified by the result — were as widely spread as those of the Aztecs.

- 40 It was doubtless in imitation of the same captivating model that Pizarro planned the seizure of Atahualpa. But the situations of the two Spanish captains were as dissimilar as the manner in which their acts of violence were conducted. The wanton massacre of the Peruvians

resembled that perpetrated by Alvarado in Mexico, and might have been attended with consequences as disastrous, if the Peruvian character had been as fierce as that of the Aztecs. But the blow which roused the latter to madness
5 broke the tamer spirits of the Peruvians. It was a bold stroke, which left so much to chance that it scarcely merits the name of policy.

When Pizarro landed in the country he found it distracted by a contest for the crown. It would seem to have
10 been for his interest to play off one party against the other, throwing his own weight into the scale that suited him. Instead of this, he resorted to an act of audacious violence which crushed them both at a blow.

His subsequent career afforded no scope for the profound
15 policy displayed by Cortez, when he gathered conflicting nations under his banner, and directed them against a common foe. Still less did he have the opportunity of displaying the tactics and admirable strategy of his rival. Cortez conducted his military operations on the scientific
20 principles of a great captain at the head of a powerful host. Pizarro appears only as an adventurer,—a fortunate knight-errant.

By one bold stroke he broke the spell which had so long held the land under the dominion of the Incas. The spell
25 was broken, and the airy fabric of their empire, built on the superstition of ages, vanished at a touch. This was good fortune, rather than the result of policy.

Pizarro was eminently perfidious. Yet nothing is more opposed to sound policy. One act of perfidy, fully estab-
30 lished, becomes the ruin of its author. The man who relinquishes confidence in his good faith gives up the best basis for future operations. Who will knowingly build on a quicksand? By his perfidious treatment of Almagro, Pizarro alienated the minds of the Spaniards. By his
35 perfidious treatment of Atahualpa, and subsequently of the Inca Manco, he disgusted the Peruvians.

The name of Pizarro became a by-word for perfidy. Almagro took his revenge in a civil war; Manco, in an in-
40 surrection which nearly cost Pizarro his dominion. The civil war terminated in a conspiracy which cost him his life. Such were the fruits of his policy. Pizarro may be regarded as a cunning man; but not, as he has been often eulogized by his countrymen, as a politic one.

When Pizarro obtained possession of Cuzco, he found a

country well advanced in the arts of civilization; institutions under which the people lived in tranquillity and personal safety; the mountains and the uplands whitened with flocks; the valleys teeming with the fruits of a scientific husbandry; the granaries and warehouses filled with overflowing; the whole land rejoicing in its abundance; and the character of the nation, softened under the influence of the mildest and most innocent form of superstition, well prepared for the reception of a higher and a Christian civilization.

But far from introducing this, Pizarro delivered up the conquered races to his brutal soldiery; the sacred cloisters were abandoned to their lust; the towns and villages were given up to pillage; the wretched natives were parcelled out like slaves, to toil for their conquerors in the mines; the flocks were scattered, and wantonly destroyed; the granaries were dissipated; the beautiful contrivances for the more perfect culture of the soil were suffered to fall into decay; the paradise was converted into a desert.

Instead of profiting by the ancient forms of civilization, Pizarro preferred to efface every vestige of them from the land, and on their ruin to erect the institutions of his own country. Yet these institutions did little for the poor Indian, held in iron bondage. It was little to him that the shores of the Pacific were studded with rising communities and cities, the marts of a flourishing commerce. He had no share in the goodly heritage. He was an alien in the land of his fathers.

The religion of the Peruvian, which directed him to the worship of that glorious luminary which is the best representative of the might and beneficence of the Creator, is perhaps the purest form of superstition that has existed among men. Yet it was much, that, under the new order of things, and through the benevolent zeal of the missionaries, some glimmerings of a nobler faith were permitted to dawn on his darkened soul.

Pizarro himself cannot be charged with manifesting any overweening solicitude for the propagation of the Faith. He was no bigot, like Cortez. Bigotry is the perversion of the religious principle; but the principle itself was wanting in Pizarro. The conversion of the heathen was a predominant motive with Cortez in his expedition. It was not a vain boast. He would have sacrificed his life for it at any time; and more than once, by his indiscreet zeal,

he actually did place his life and the success of his enterprise in jeopardy.

5 It was his great purpose to purify the land from the brutish abominations of the Aztecs, by substituting the religion of Jesus. This gave to his expedition the character of a crusade. It furnished the best apology for the conquest, and does more than all other considerations towards enlisting our sympathies on the side of the conquerors.

10 But Pizarro's ruling motives, so far as they can be scanned by human judgment, were avarice and ambition. The good missionaries, indeed, followed in his train to scatter the seeds of spiritual truth, and the Spanish government, as usual, directed its beneficent legislation to the conversion of their natives.

15 But the moving power with Pizarro and his followers was the lust of gold. This was the real stimulus to their toil, — the price of perfidy, — the true guerdon of their victories. This gave a base and mercenary character to their enterprise; and when we contrast the ferocious
20 cupidity of the conquerors with the mild and inoffensive manners of the conquered, our sympathies, the sympathies even of the Spaniard, are necessarily thrown into the scale of the Indian.

25 But as no picture is without its lights, we must not, in justice to Pizarro, dwell exclusively on the darker features of his portrait. There was no one of her sons to whom Spain was under larger obligations for extent of empire; for his hand won for her the richest of the Indian jewels that once sparkled in her imperial diadem.

30 When we contemplate the perils he braved, the sufferings he patiently endured, the incredible obstacles he overcame, the magnificent results he effected with his single arm, as it were, unaided by the government, — though neither a good nor a great man, in the highest sense of
35 the term, — it is impossible not to regard him as a very extraordinary one.

Nor can we fairly omit to notice, in extenuation of his errors, the circumstances of his early life; for, like Almagro, he was the son of sin and sorrow, early cast upon the
40 world to seek his fortunes as he might. In his young and tender age he was to take the impression of those into whose society he was thrown. And when was it the lot of the needy outcast to fall into that of the wise and the virtuous? His lot was cast among the licentious inmates

of a camp, the school of rapine, whose only law was the sword, and who looked on the wretched Indian and his heritage as their rightful spoil.

5 Who does not shudder at the thought of what his own fate might have been, trained in such a school? The amount of crime does not necessarily show the criminality of the agent. History, indeed, is concerned with the former, that it may be recorded as a warning to mankind; but it is He alone who knoweth the heart, the
10 strength of the temptation, and the means of resisting it, that can determine the measure of the guilt.

W. H. Prescott.

EXERCISE CXII.

Virtuous Love.

But happy they — the happiest of their kind —
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend!
'T is not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well merited, consume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possessed
Of a mere lifeless, violated form;
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear.

What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,

Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish?
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind or mind-illumined face;

5 Truth, goodness, honor, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows; and every day,
 10 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 15 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast!

O, speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
 20 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart:
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 25 Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!

These are the matchless joys of virtuous love,
 And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 30 Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamored more, as more remembrance swells
 35 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink in social sleep,
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

Thomson.

EXERCISE CXIII.

Extract from the Preface of a Work entitled "The Wisdom and Genius of Shakspeare."

THE lucid pages of Shakspeare have been justly characterized "the richest, the purest, the fairest, which genius uninspired ever laid open." His morals are numerous and of an exalted character; and more moral knowledge is
 5 contained in a few lines, or a sentence of our author, than is to be found in a whole chapter of those works which treat expressly of moral science. There is one thing worthy of special observation in his morals, which presents his character in a very interesting light; I refer to the
 10 strong tincture which they have of divine truth, affording evidence of his mind having been deeply imbued with the pure morality of the Gospel.

This highly interesting feature of his morals I have pointed out in many instances, by references to particular
 15 passages of scripture. Although the first part of the work is designated Moral Philosophy, the reader must not infer from thence that there are no morals in the other sections: the truth is, morals pervade the whole work, but many of them are so interwoven with the characters, nature,
 20 and the passions, &c., as not to admit of being separated.

Our author's paintings of the passions are not less deserving of our admiration than his moral wisdom and delineations of character. He is the great master of the human heart, and depicts in an inimitable manner all the
 25 feelings of humanity, from the almost imperceptible emotions to the most tempestuous passions that agitate the breast of man. As Schlegel justly observes, "he lays open to us in a single word a whole series of preceding conditions."

In that part of the work which respects Nature, I have exhibited to the reader those exquisitely beautiful natural images which abound throughout our author's writings, and which claim the admiration of every cultivated mind. This excellence has been often alluded to, and is thus
 35 beautifully expressed by one who was capable of appreciating it—

"He was familiar with all beautiful forms and images, with all that is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature, — of that indestructible love of flowers and odors,
 40 and dews and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and

bright skies and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry, — and with that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion which is its essence and vivifying soul, and which,
5 in the midst of his most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins, contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements.”

Take also the sentiments of the following writers who
10 speak in accordance with this work: — “To instruct by delighting is a power seldom enjoyed by man, and still seldomer exercised. It is in this respect that Homer may be called the second of men, and Shakspeare the first. The wisdom of the Greek was not so universal as that of
15 the Briton, nor his genius so omnipotent in setting it forth attractively. From the several works of the latter, a single work might be compiled little less worthy of divine sanction than any other extant, and by the beauty of its nature far more secure of human attention.

20 “But Shakspeare has done so much in this way — so nearly all that is sufficient, — he has made the laws of the decalogue, and all their corollaries, so familiar, — he has exhibited the passions and propensities, the feelings and emotions, incident to humanity, so freely, and, as we might
25 say, graphically, that another such artist would be superfluous. Nature might create a second Shakspeare, but it would be bad economy. What the first has left undone, may be completed by a much less expense of Promethean fire than would go to the creation of a second.

30 “We are therefore not to look for a similar being, at least until we acquire new attributes, or are under a new moral dispensation. Spirits of an inferior order, — a Milton, a Pope, or a Cowper, — are potent enough to disseminate the remaining or minor truths of natural morality amongst
35 the people; or rather, to repeat, illustrate, and impress them on our hearts and memories.

“Writers of this class, whom we may call the lay-ministers of the deity, to teach from the press instead of the pulpit, in the closet instead of the church, we may
40 expect; and with them should be satisfied. Though we cannot reasonably hope for another high prophet of profane inspiration to recommunicate to us the lessons of divine wisdom which are already to be found in Shakspeare, it is no presumption to hope that the spirit of illumination will

descend upon humbler poets, and make them our secular guides in morality."

The same sentiments, with respect to Shakspeare's writings, are thus expressed by another author: — "It is quite
 5 impossible to estimate the benefit which this country has received from the eternal productions of Shakspeare. Their influence has been gradual, but prodigious, — operating at first on the loftier intellects, but becoming in time
 10 diffused over all, spreading wisdom and charity amongst us. There is, perhaps, no one person of any considerable rate of mind who does not owe something to this matchless poet.

"He is the teacher of all good, — pity, generosity, true courage, love. His works alone (leaving mere science out
 15 of the question) contain, probably, more actual wisdom than the whole body of English learning. He is the text for the moralist and the philosopher. His bright wit is cut out 'into little stars;' his solid masses of knowledge are meted out in morsels and proverbs; and thus distributed,
 20 there is scarcely a corner which he does not illuminate, or a cottage which he does not enrich. His bounty is like the sea, which, though often unacknowledged, is everywhere felt — on mountains and plains, and distant places, carrying its cloudy freshness through the air, making glorious
 25 the heavens, and spreading verdure on the earth beneath."

It is with infinite satisfaction that I am borne out in my opinion of the nature of this work by a similar remark of Coleridge. "I greatly dislike beauties and selections in
 30 general; but as proof positive of his unrivalled excellence, I should like to try Shakspeare by this criterion. Make out your amplest catalogue of all the human faculties, as reason, or the moral law, the will, the feeling of the coincidence of the two called the conscience, the understanding, or prudence, wit, fancy, imagination, judgment,
 35 — and then of the objects on which these are to be employed, as the beauties, the terrors, and the seeming caprices, of nature, the realities and the capabilities — that is, the actual and the ideal — of the human mind, conceived as an individual or as a social being, as in innocence or in
 40 guilt, in a play-paradise or in a war-field of temptation, — and then compare with Shakspeare, under each of these heads, all or any of the writers in prose and verse that have ever lived. Who that is competent to judge doubts the result?" — *Rev. Thomas Price.*

EXERCISE CXIV.

The Chameleon.

- OFT** has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times perter than before :
 5 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop —
 “ Sir, if my judgment you ’ll allow —
 I ’ve seen — and sure I ought to know.” —
 So begs you ’d pay a due submission,
 10 And acquiesce in his decision.
 Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o’er Arabia’s wilds they passed,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that,
 15 Discoursed a while, ’mongst other matter,
 Of the chameleon’s form and nature.
 “ A stranger animal,” cries one,
 “ Sure never lived beneath the sun :
 A lizard’s body, lean and long,
 20 A fish’s head, a serpent’s tongue,
 Its tooth with triple claw disjoined ;
 And what a length of tail behind !
 How slow its pace ! and then its hue —
 Who ever saw so fine a blue ! ”
 25 “ Hold, there ! ” the other quick replies ;
 “ ’T is green ; I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the sunny ray ;
 Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
 30 And saw it eat the air for food.”
 “ I ’ve seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue.
 At leisure I the beast surveyed,
 Extended in the cooling shade.”
 35 “ ’T is green, ’t is green, sir, I assure ye.” —
 “ Green ? ” cries the other, in a fury ;
 “ Why, sir, d’ ye think I ’ve lost my eyes ? ” —
 “ ’Twere no great loss,” the friend replies ;
 “ For if they always use you thus,
 40 You ’ll find them but of little use.”

- So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows :
 When luckily came by a third :
 To him the question they referred ;
 5 And begged he 'd tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.
- "Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother,
 The creature's neither one nor t' other.
 I caught the animal last night,
 10 And viewed it o'er by candle-light :
 I marked it well — 't was black as jet —
 You stare — but, sirs, I've got it yet,
 And can produce it." — "Pray, sir, do ;
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue." —
- 15 "And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green." —
 "Well then, at once to end the doubt,"
 Replies the man, "I'll turn him out ;
 And when before your eyes I've set him,
 20 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him,"
 He said : then full before their sight
 Produced the beast ; and lo ! 't was white.
- Both stared ; the man looked wondrous wise.
 "My children," the chameleon cries,
 25 (Then first the creature found a tongue,)
 "You all are right, and all are wrong.
 When next you talk of what you view,
 Think others see as well as you,
 Nor wonder if you find that none
 30 Prefers your eyesight to his own." *Merrick.*

EXERCISE CXV.

Dominie Sampson's Encounter with Meg Merrilies.

- UPON the next day at breakfast, however, the Dominie did not make his appearance. He had walked out, a servant said, early in the morning. It was so common for him to forget his meals that his absence never deranged
 35 the family. The housekeeper, a decent old-fashioned Presbyterian matron, having, as such, the highest respect for Sampson's theological acquisitions, had it in charge upon these occasions to take care that he was no sufferer by his

absence of mind, and therefore usually waylaid him upon his return, to remind him of his sublunary wants, and to minister for their relief. It seldom, however, happened that he was absent from two meals together, as was the case in the present instance. We must explain the cause of this unusual occurrence.

The conversation which Mr. Pleydell had held with Mannering upon the subject of the loss of Harry Bertram had awakened all the painful sensations which that event had inflicted upon Sampson. The affectionate heart of the poor dominie had always reproached him, that his negligence in leaving the child in the care of Frank Kennedy had been the proximate cause of the murder of the one, the loss of the other, the death of Mrs. Bertram, and the ruin of the family of his patron. It was a subject which he never spoke upon, if indeed his mode of conversation could be called speaking at any time ; but which was often present to his imagination.

The sort of hope so strongly affirmed and asserted in Mrs. Bertram's last settlement had excited a corresponding feeling in the dominie's bosom, which was exasperated into a sort of sickening anxiety by the discredit with which Pleydell had treated it. "Assuredly," thought Sampson to himself, "he is a man of erudition, and well skilled in the weighty matters of the law ; but he is also a man of humorous levity and inconstancy of speech ; and wherefore should he pronounce *ex cathedra*, as it were, on the hope expressed by worthy Madam Margaret Bertram of Single-side ?"

All this, I say, the dominie thought to himself ; for had he uttered half the sentence his jaws would have ached for a month under the unusual fatigue of such a continued exertion. The result of these cogitations was a resolution to go and visit the scene of the tragedy at Warroch Point, where he had not been for many years — not, indeed, since the fatal accident had happened. The walk was a long one, for the Point of Warroch lay on the further side of the Ellangowan property, which was interposed between it and Woodbourne. Besides, the dominie went astray more than once, and met with brooks swollen into torrents by the melting of the snow, where he, honest man, had only the summer recollection of little trickling rills.

At length, however, he reached the woods which he had made the object of his walk, and traversed them with care,

muddling his disturbed brains with vague efforts to recall every circumstance of the catastrophe. It will readily be supposed that the influence of local situation and association was inadequate to produce conclusions different from
 5 those which he had formed under the immediate pressure of the occurrences themselves. With "many a weary sigh, therefore, and many a groan," the poor dominie returned from his hopeless pilgrimage, and wearily plodded his way towards Woodbourne, debating at times in his
 10 altered mind a question which was forced upon him by the cravings of an appetite rather of the keenest, namely, whether he had breakfasted that morning or no.

It was in this twilight humor, — now thinking of the loss of the child, then involuntarily compelled to meditate
 15 upon the somewhat incongruous subject of hung-beef, rolls and butter, — that his route, which was different from that which he had taken in the morning, conducted him past the small ruined tower, or rather vestige of a tower, called by the country people the Kaim of Derncleugh.

20 The reader may recollect the description of this ruin as the vault in which young Bertram, under the auspices of Meg Merrilies, witnessed the death of Hatteraick's lieutenant. The tradition of the country added ghostly terrors to the natural awe inspired by the situation of this
 25 place, which terrors the gypsies who so long inhabited the vicinity had probably invented, or at least propagated, for their own advantage.

* * * * *

The lights, often seen around the tower when used as
 the rendezvous of the lawless characters by whom it was
 30 occasionally frequented, were accounted for, under authority of these tales of witchery, in a manner at once convenient for the private parties concerned, and satisfactory to the public.

Now it must be confessed that our friend Sampson,
 35 although a profound scholar and mathematician, had not travelled so far in philosophy as to doubt the reality of witchcraft or apparitions. Born indeed at a time when a doubt in the existence of witches was interpreted to be a justification of their infernal practices, a belief of such
 40 legends had been impressed upon him as an article indivisible from his religious faith, and perhaps it would have been equally difficult to have induced him to doubt the one as the other. With these feelings, and in a thick

misty day, which was already drawing to its close, Dominie Sampson did not pass the Kaim of Derncleugh without some feelings of tacit horror.

5 What, then, was his astonishment when, on passing the door — that door which was supposed to have been placed there by one of the latter lairds of Ellangowan to prevent presumptuous strangers from incurring the dangers of the haunted vault — that very door supposed to be always locked, and the key of which was popularly said to be
10 deposited with the presbytery — that very door opened suddenly, and the figure of Meg Merrilies, well known, though not seen for many a revolving year, was placed at once before the eyes of the startled dominie.

15 She stood immediately before him in the foot-path, confronting him so absolutely that he could not avoid her except by fairly turning back, which his manhood prevented him from thinking of. “I kenned ye wad be here,” she said, with her harsh and hollow voice, “I ken wha ye seek ; but ye maun do my bidding.”

20 “Get thee behind me!” said the alarmed dominie — “Avoid ye! — *Conjuro te, scelestissima — nequissima — spurcissima — iniquissima — atque miserrima — conjuro te!!!* ——” Meg stood her ground against this tremendous volley of superlatives, which Sampson hawked up
25 from the pit of his stomach, and hurled at her in thunder. “Is the carl daft,” she said, “wi’ his glamor?”

“*Conjuro,*” continued the dominie, “*adjuro, contestor, atque viriliter impero tibi!* ——” “What, in the name
30 of Sathan, are ye feared for, wi’ your French gibberish, that would make a dog sick? Listen, ye stickit stibler, to what I tell ye, or ye sall rue it whiles there ’s a limb o’ ye hings to anither! Tell Colonel Mannering that I ken he’s seeking me. He kens, and I ken, that the blood will be wiped out, and the lost will be found,

35 And Bertram’s right and Bertram’s might
 Shall meet on Ellangowan height.

Hae, there’s a letter to him; I was gaun to send it in another way. I canna write mysell; but I hae them that will baith write and read, and ride and rin for me. Tell
40 him the time’s coming now, and the weird’s dree’d and the wheel’s turning. Bid him look at the stars as he has looked at them before; will ye mind a’ this?”

“Assuredly,” said the dominie, “I am dubious — for,

woman, I am perturbed at thy words, and my flesh quakes to hear thee." — "They'll do you nae ill, though, and maybe muckle gude." — "Avoid ye! I desire nae good that comes by unlawfu' means."

- 5 "Fule-body that thou art!" said Meg, stepping up to him with a frown of indignation that made her dark eyes flash like lamps from under her bent brows — "Fule-body! if I meant ye wrang, could na I clod ye ower that craig, and wad man ken how ye cam by your end mair than
- 10 Frank Kennedy? Hear ye that, ye worricow?"

"In the name of all that is good," said the dominie, recoiling and pointing his long pewter-headed walking-cane like a javelin at the supposed sorceress, "in the name of all that is good, bide off hands! I will not be handled —

15 woman, stand off upon thine own proper peril! — desist, I say — I am strong — lo, I will resist!" Here his speech was cut short, for Meg, armed with supernatural strength, (as the dominie asserted,) broke in upon his guard, put by a thrust which he made at her with his cane, and lifted

20 him into the vault, "as easily," said he, "as I could sway a Kitchen's atlas."

"Sit down there," she said, pushing the half-throttled preacher with some violence against a broken chair, "sit down there, and gather your wind and your senses, ye

25 black barrow-tram o' the kirk that ye are — are ye fou or fasting?"

"Fasting from all but sin," answered the dominie, who, recovering his voice, and finding his exorcisms only served to exasperate the intractable sorceress, thought it best to

30 affect complaisance and submission, inwardly conning over, however, the wholesome conjurations which he durst no longer utter aloud. But as the dominie's brain was by no means equal to carry on two trains of ideas at the same time, a word or two of his mental exercise sometimes es-

35 caped, and mingled with his uttered speech in a manner ludicrous enough, especially as the poor man shrunk himself together after every escape of the kind, from terror of the effect it might produce upon the irritable feelings of the witch.

40 Meg, in the mean while, went to a great black cauldron that was boiling on a fire on the floor, and lifting the lid, an odor was diffused through the vault, which, if the vapors of a witch's cauldron could in aught be trusted, promised better things than the hell-broth which such vessels are

usually supposed to contain. It was in fact the savor of a goodly stew, composed of fowls, hares, partridges, and moor-game, boiled in a large mess with potatoes, onions and leeks, and, from the size of the cauldron, appeared to
 5 be prepared for half a dozen of people at least. "So ye hae eat naething a' day?" said Meg, heaving a large portion of this mess into a brown dish, and strewing it savorily with salt and pepper.

"Naething," answered the dominie, — "*scelestissima!* — that is, gudewife." — "Hae, then," said she, placing the dish before him; "there's what will warm your heart." — "I do not hunger — *malefica* — that is to say, Mrs. Merrilies;" for he said unto himself, "the savor is sweet, but it hath been cooked by a Canidia or an Erichthoe."

15 "If ye dinna eat instantly, and put some saul in ye, by the bread and the salt, I'll put it doun your throat wi' the cutty spoon, scauding as it is, and whether ye will or no. Gape, sinner, and swallow!" Sampson, afraid of eye of newt, and toe of frog, tiger's chaudrons, and so forth, had determined not to venture; but the smell of the stew was fast
 20 melting his obstinacy, which flowed from his chops as it were in streams of water, and the witch's threats decided him to feed. Hunger and fear are excellent casuists.

"Saul," said Hunger, "feasted with the witch of Endor."
 25 "And," quoth Fear, "the salt which she sprinkled upon the food showeth plainly it is not a necromantic banquet, in which that seasoning never occurs." — "And besides," says Hunger, after the first spoonful, "it is savory and refreshing viands."

30 "So ye like the meat?" said the hostess. — "Yea," answered the dominie, "and I give thee thanks — *sceleratissima!* — which means Mrs. Margaret." — "Aweel, eat your fill; but an ye kenn'd how it was gotten, ye maybe wadna like it sae weel." — Sampson's spoon dropped, in the
 35 act of conveying its load to his mouth. — "There 'e been mony a moonlight watch to bring a' that trade thegither; the folk that are to eat that dinner thought little o' your game-laws."

"Is that all?" thought Sampson, resuming his spoon,
 40 and shovelling away manfully; "I will not lack my food upon that argument." — "Now ye maun tak a dram." "I will," quoth Sampson — "*conjuro te* — that is, I thank you heartily;" for, he thought to himself, in for a penny in for a pound, and he fairly drank the witch's health in a

cupful of brandy. When he had put this cope-stone upon Meg's good cheer, he felt, as he said, "mightily elevated, and afraid of no evil which could befall unto him."

- "Will ye remember my errand now?" said Meg Merri-
 5 lies; "I ken by the cast o' your e'e that ye 're anither man than when you cam in." — "I will, Mrs. Margaret," repeated Sampson, stoutly; "I will deliver unto him the sealed yepistle, and will add what you please to send by word of mouth."
 10 "Then I'll make it short," says Meg. "Tell him to look at the stars without fail this night, and to do what I desire him in that letter, as he would wish

That Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Should meet on Ellangowan height.

- 15 I have seen him twice when he saw na me; I ken when he was in this country first, and I ken what's brought him back again. Up, and to the gate! ye 're ower lang here; follow me."

- Sampson followed the sybil accordingly, who guided him
 20 about a quarter of a mile through the woods, by a shorter cut than he could have found for himself; they then entered upon the common, Meg still marching before him at a great pace, until she gained the top of a small hillock which overhung the road.

- 25 "Here," she said, "stand still here. Look how the setting sun breaks through yon cloud that's been darkening the lift a' day. See where the first stream o' light fa's; it's upon Donagild's round tower — the auldest tower in the castle of Ellangowan, — that's no for naething. See
 30 as it's glooming to seaward abune yon sloop in the bay, — that's no for naething neither.

- "Here I stood, on this very spot," said she, drawing herself up so as not to lose one hair-breadth of her uncommon height, and stretching out her long sinewy arm and
 35 clenched hand — "here I stood, when I tauld the last Laird of Ellangowan what was coming on his house; and did that fa' to the ground? — na! it hit even ower sair! And here, where I brake the wand of peace ower him — here I stand again, to bid God bless and prosper the just heir of
 40 Ellangowan, that will sune be brought to his ain; and the best laird he shall be that Ellangowan has seen for three hundred years. I'll no live to see it, maybe; but there will be mony a blithe e'e see it, though mine be closed.

And now, Abel Sampson, as ever ye lo'ed the house of Ellangowan, away wi' my message to the English colonel, as if life and death were upon your haste!"

5 So saying, she turned suddenly from the amazed domi-
nie, and regained with swift and long strides the shelter
of the wood from which she had issued at the point where
it most encroached upon the common. Sampson gazed
after her for a moment in utter astonishment, and then
obeyed her directions, hurrying to Woodbourne at a pace
10 very unusual for him, exclaiming three times, "Prodigious!
prodigious! pro-di-gi-ous!"

As Mr. Sampson crossed the hall with a bewildered
look, the good housekeeper, who was on the watch for his
return, sallied forth upon him:—"What's this o't now,
15 Mr. Sampson?—this is waur than ever; ye'll really do
yoursell some injury wi' these lang fasts,—naething sae
hurtful to the stomach, Mr. Sampson. If you would but
put some peppermint draps in your pocket, or let Barnes cut
you a sandwich."

20 "Avoid thee!" quoth the dominie, his mind running
still upon his interview with Meg Merrilies, and making
for the dining-parlor.—"Na, ye need na gang in there;
the cloth's been removed an hour ago, and the colonel's at
his wine; but just step into my room; I have a nice steak
25 that the cook will do in a moment."—"Exorciso te!" said
Sampson,— "that is, I have dined."

"Dined! it's impossible! Wha can ye hae dined wi',
you that gangs out nae gate?"—"With Beelzebub, I be-
lieve," said the minister.—"Na, then he's bewitched for
30 certain," said the housekeeper, letting go her hold; "he's
bewitched or he's daft, and ony way the colonel maun
just guide him his ain gate. Waes me! Hech, sirs! It's
a sair thing to see learning bring folk to this!" and with
this compassionate ejaculation, she retreated into her own
35 premises.

The object of her commiseration had by this time en-
tered the dining-parlor, where his appearance gave great
surprise. He was mud up to the shoulders, and the natural
paleness of his hue was twice as cadaverous as usual,
40 through terror, fatigue, and perturbation of mind. "What
on earth is the meaning of this, Mr. Sampson?" said
Mannerling, who observed Miss Bertram looked much
alarmed for her simple but attached friend.

"Exorciso—" said the dominie.—"How, sir?"—"I

crave pardon, honorable sir! but my wits ——” — “Are gone a wool-gathering, I think. Pray, Mr. Sampson, collect yourself, and let me know the meaning of all this.”

Sampson was about to reply; but finding his Latin
5 formula of exorcism still came most readily to his tongue, he prudently desisted from the attempt, and put the scrap of paper which he had received from the gypsy into Man-
nering's hand, who broke the seal and read it with surprise. “This seems to be some jest,” he said, “and a very dull
10 one.”

“It came from no jesting person,” said Mr. Sampson. — “From whom, then, did it come?” — The dominie, who often displayed some delicacy of recollection in cases where
15 Miss Bertram had an interest, recollected the painful circumstances connected with Meg Merrilies, looked at the young ladies, and remained silent. “We will join you at the tea-table in an instant, Julia; I see that Mr. Sampson wishes to speak to me alone. — And now they are gone, what, in Heaven's name, is the meaning of this?”

20 “It may be a message from heaven,” said the dominie, “but it came by Beelzebub's postmistress. It was that witch, Meg Merrilies, who should have been burned with a tar-barrel twenty years since, for a harlot, thief, witch, and gypsy.” — “Are you sure it was she?” said the colonel,
25 with great interest. — “Sure, honored sir? the like o' Meg Merrilies is not to be seen in any land.”

The colonel paced the room rapidly, cogitating with himself. “To send out to apprehend her — but it is too
30 distant to send to MacMorlan, and Sir Robert Hazlewood is a pompous coxcomb; besides, the chance of not finding her upon the spot, and the humor of silence that seized her before may again return; — no, I will not, to save being thought a fool, neglect the course she points out.

“Many of her class set out by being impostors, and
35 end by being enthusiasts, or hold a kind of darkling conduct between both lines, unconscious almost when they are cheating themselves or when imposing on others. — Well, my course is a plain one, at any rate; and if my efforts are fruitless, it shall not be owing to over-jealousy of my own
40 character for wisdom.” With this he rung the bell, and ordering Barnes into his private sitting-room, gave him some orders, with the result of which the reader may be made hereafter acquainted. — *Sir Walter Scott.*

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