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ARSING BOOK,

CONTAINING

RULES OF SYNTAX AND MODELS

FOR

ANALYZING AND TRANSPOSING,

TOGETHER WITH

SELECTIONS OF PROSE AND POETRY,

FROM WRITERS OF STANDARD AUTHORITY.

BY ALLEN H. WELD, A. M.
AUTHOR OF AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR, LATIN LESSONS, READER, ETC.

SEVENTH EDITION.

PORTLAND:
SANBORN & CARTER.
1848.
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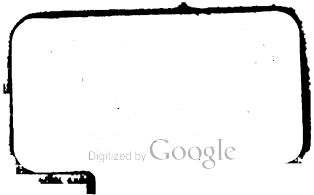
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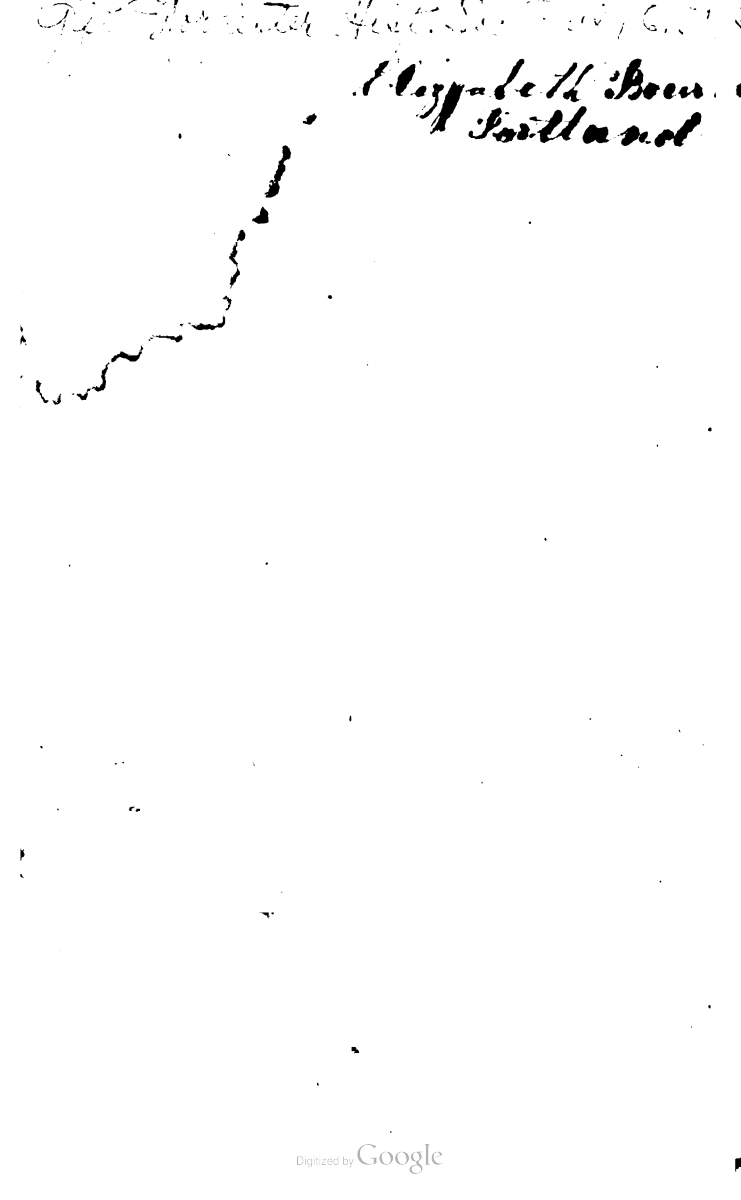

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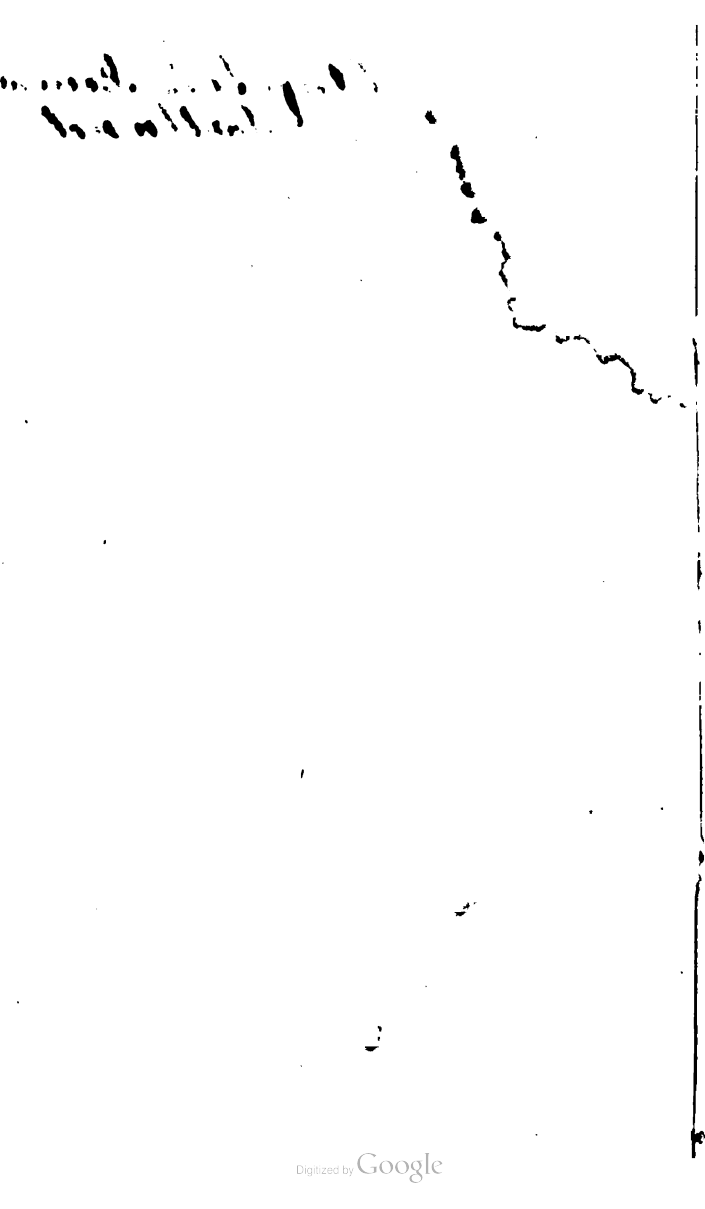
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PARSING BOOK,

CONTAINING

RULES OF SYNTAX AND MODELS

FOR

ANALYZING AND TRANSPOSING;

TOGETHER WITH

SELECTIONS OF PROSE AND POETRY

FROM WRITERS OF STANDARD AUTHORITY.

BY ALLEN H. WELD, A. M.
AUTHOR OF LATIN LESSONS AND READER, AND AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

FIFTEENTH EDITION.

PORTLAND:
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SYNOPSIS OF GRAMMATICAL RELATIONS.

See Gram. §§ 35, 36, 37, 28, 34, or Parsing Book, pages 5, 6.

SUBJECT.	MODIFIERS OF THE SUBJECT.	PREDICATE.	MODIFIERS OF THE PREDICATE.
The SUBJECT of a sentence may be a noun or pronoun; a verb in the infinitive; a clause; or any word or letter of which something can be affirmed.	The MODIFIERS of the subject may be a noun in apposition; an adjective; a preposition with its object (adjunct); a participle; a verb in the infinitive; a relative clause; and rarely an adverb.	The PREDICATE of a sentence may be a verb; or the verb *be* with any word or expression connected with it, to complete an assertion.	The MODIFIERS of the predicate may be a noun in the objective case, (if the verb is transitive;) a verb in the infinitive; an adverb; a preposition with its object (adjunct); a clause; and rarely an adjective.
The Subject, whose meaning is modified by one or more words, is called the MODIFIED (or logical) SUBJECT.		The Predicate, whose meaning is modified by one or more words, is called the MODIFIED (or logical) PREDICATE.	

SIMPLE SENTENCES.

MODIFIED SUBJECTS.

SUBJECT.	MODIFIERS OF THE SUBJECT.
Ferdinand,	the *king*,
He,	the *marquis* of Cadiz,
To die	*in peace*,
That you have wronged me	*by* your *denial*,
Evergreens	*only*, *among the trees*,
An,	called an article,
The rose,	so *fair* and *beautiful* to-day,
Those,	who are obliging,

MODIFIED PREDICATES.

PREDICATE.	MODIFIERS OF THE PRED.
held	a *council at Cordova*.
beheld	*from a distance*, *the peril* of the king.
is the privilege	*of the good*.
is evident	*from* your own *admission*.
look	*verdant*, *in the winter*.
is derived	*from* a Saxon *word*.
may wither and fade	to-morrow.
may expect	to be accommodated.

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MODIFICATION OF WORDS.

NOUN OR PRONOUN.

A noun or pronoun may be modified

1. By a noun in apposition; as, George, the *king*.
2. By an adjective; as, A *tall* mast.
3. By a preposition with its object (adjunct); as, A life *of toil*.
4. By a participle; as, The sun *rising*.
5. By a verb in the infinitive; as, A time *to die*.
6. By a relative clause; as, I, *who speak with you*.
7. Rarely by an adverb; as, Not my feet *only*.

VERB OR PARTICIPLE.

A verb or participle may be modified

1. By a noun in the objective case, if the verb is transitive; as, The sun gives *light*.
2. By a verb in the infinitive; as, He hopes *to return*.
3. By a preposition with its object; as, I walk *in the grove*.
4. By a clause; as, I hope *that you are well*.
5. By an adjective; as, The wind blows *fresh*.

ADJECTIVE.

An adjective may be modified

1. By an adverb; as, *Very* rich.
2. By a verb in the infinitive; as, Pleasant *to behold*.
3. By a preposition with its object; as, True *to nature*.
4. By another adjective; as, *Deep* blue; *Liverpool deep blue* earthen pitchers.

ADVERB.

An adverb may be modified

1. By another adverb; as, *Most* assuredly.
2. By a preposition with its object (adjunct); as, Agreeably *to nature*, most *of all*.

PREPOSITION.

A preposition may be modified

1. By an adverb; as, *Far* beyond.
2. By a noun in the objective case; as, Over *the hills*.

COMPOUND SENTENCES.

A Compound Sentence is made up of two or more simple sentences joined by connectives. Connectives are, 1. *Conjunctions*; 2. *Conjunctive Adverbs*; 3. *Relative words*. See Gram. § 112, or Parsing Book, pages 6. 7.

NOUNS INDEPENDENT.

Nouns which have no grammatical connection with the subject or predicate of a sentence, are said to be *independent*; as, O *virtue!*

ANALYSIS OF SENTENCES.

A Sentence may be analyzed by dividing it into the parts of which it is composed, and explaining their relations.

1. Divide the sentence into its two general parts, viz: the Subject or Modified Subject, the Predicate or Modified Predicate.

2. Explain the mutual relations, and point out the office of every word which has any modifying influence.

CLASSIFICATION OF SENTENCES.

1. *Declarative*; as, I write.
2. *Interrogative*; as, Do you write?
3. *Imperative*; as, Buy the truth.
4. *Subjunctive*; as, If it rains.
5. *Exclamatory*; as, How much he resembles his father!

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PREFACE.

THE selections which compose the body of the following work are so arranged as to constitute a gradual course of Exercises in *Analyzing* and *Parsing*.

The Rules of Syntax are taken from WELD'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR by permission of the Publishers, and to these *rules*, and also to the Grammar from which they are taken, references are occasionally made, to assist the learner in explaining idiomatic or difficult passages.

As the extracts are from some of the most accomplished and approved writers, the Ornaments of style, Figures of Rhetoric and Scanning, may be profitably attended to by advanced classes.

The book may be used by learners in almost any stage of attainment after the elementary principles of Grammar are understood. The work is designed to take the place of Pope's Essay, Thomson's Seasons, Young's Night Thoughts, and other entire poems, which are used as *parsing books* in Schools. A variety in the selections, it is believed, will be more profitable and interesting to the learner, than any single work can be, which exhibits no gradation in style, and the peculiarities of one writer only.

A. H. W.

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RULES OF SYNTAX.

1. Syntax treats of sentences, and teaches the proper construction of words in forming them.

CLASSIFICATION OF SENTENCES.

Sentences are of four kinds, *declaratory, imperative, interrogative and conditional.*

A declaratory sentence is one in which any thing is simply affirmed or denied of a subject; as, Time flies; he will not understand.

An imperative sentence is one in which a command is expressed; as, Buy the truth, and sell it not.

An interrogative sentence is one in which a question is asked; as, Who hath believed our report?

A conditional sentence is one in which something contingent or *hypothetical* is expressed; as, If it rains; though he slay me.

Sentences are either *simple* or *compound. A simple sentence* consists of but one proposition; *a compound sentence* consists of two or more simple sentences.

The simple propositions which make up a compound sentence, are called *clauses* or *members.*

The *leading clause* is one on which the other members depend.

A dependent clause is one which makes complete sense only in connection with another clause.

SIMPLE SENTENCES.

A simple sentence contains only one subject or nominative, and one predicate.

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The parts of a simple sentence are termed *subject* and *predicate.*

The subject of a sentence denotes that of which something is asserted.

The predicate expresses that which is asserted of the subject.

The subject restricted or qualified by other words is termed the *modified subject.*

The predicate limited or modified by other words is termed the *modified predicate.*

EXAMPLES.

The south wind blows softly, is a simple sentence.

WIND is the subject, modified by "the" and "south."

The south WIND is the modified subject.

BLOWS is the predicate modified by "softly."

BLOWS *softly* is the modified predicate.

A gentle breeze blows from the south.

A gentle breeze is the modified subject.

Blows from the south is the modified predicate.

From the south is an adjunct of the predicate "blows."

NOTE.—An adjunct is two or more words joined to some other word to modify its meaning. It is generally a preposition with the word following it.

COMPOUND SENTENCES.

1. A compound sentence consists of two or more simple sentences.

2. The simple sentences which compose a compound sentence are called *clauses.*

EXAMPLES.

The wind subsides and the clouds disperse.

The wind subsides, is a simple sentence, or *clause.*

The clouds disperse, is another simple sentence, or *clause.* The conjunction *and* connects them.

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Together they make a *compound* sentence.

Metellus conquered Jugurtha and took his elephants.

What kind of a sentence is this? Why? Point out the simple sentences or clauses which compose it. Which is the connecting word?

CONNECTIVES.*

The clauses of a compound sentence are connected by *Conjunctions*, *Adverbs* and *Relatives*.

I. BY CONJUNCTIONS.

EXAMPLES.

Point out the conjunctions in the following examples, and show what they connect.

True valor protects the feeble, and humbles the oppressor.

Is this sentence simple or compound? Of how many clauses is it composed? What word connects these clauses?

High seasoned food vitiates the palate, *and* occasions a disrelish for plain fare.

The desert shall rejoice, *and* the wilderness shall blossom.

Disappointment sinks the heart; *but* the renewal of hope gives consolation.

His vices have weakened his mind, *and* broken his health.

I know not *whether* Charles was the author, *but* I understood it to be him.

In the last sentence, there are three clauses or simple sentences. 1. *I know not.* 2. *Charles was the author.* 3. *I understood it to be him.*

The first two are connected by *whether*. The 2d and 3d by *but*.

If you would please to employ your thoughts on that

*Particular attention should be given to the subject of connectives; a neglect of which makes parsing a mere mechanical exercise.

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subject, you would easily conceive our miserable condition.

This compound sentence consists of two clauses or simple sentences. 1. From *if* to *subjects*. 2. From *you* to *condition*. The conjunction *if* connects them.

If he approve my endeavors, it will be an ample reward.

If I had known the distress of my friend, it would have been my duty to relieve him.

I thought *that* Titus was your friend.

That is the conjunction, and connects the two clauses.

I see *that* you are sad.

I respect him *because* he is sincere.

II. BY ADVERBS.

NOTE.—Adverbs which connect clauses are called *conjunctive adverbs*.

When he is in town, he lives in Soho square.

This sentence consists of two clauses. 1. *He is in town.* 2. *He lives in Soho square.* They are connected by the conjunctive adverb *when*.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation, the whole scene vanished.

Whilst connects the two clauses.

The rest will I set in order *when* I come.

III. BY RELATIVES.

He came to the Alps, *which* separate Italy from Gaul.

This compound sentence is composed of two clauses.

1. *He came to the Alps.* 2. *Separate Italy from Gaul.*

The relative *which* connects them, and stands in the place of Alps, to which it refers as its antecedent.

I read the letter *which* he received.

It is God *whom* we worship.

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I am Miltiades *who* conquered the Persians.
The city *which* Romulus built is called Rome.

REMARK.

Combinations of words frequently connect sentences such as, *in as much as, as well as, in order that, with the intent that,* &c., or any expression which seems merely to show the relation between the parts of the sentence.

RULES OF SYNTAX.

THE NOUN AND PRONOUN.

NOTE.—It may be understood that the word *noun* will be used as including both the noun and the pronoun.

RULE I.

A noun joined to another noun, and denoting the same person or thing, is put in the same case; as, Cicero, *the orator.*

NOTE.—This construction is called *apposition.*

REMARKS.

1. A noun is sometimes in apposition with a *clause;* as, The eldest son was always brought up to that employment, *a custom* which he and my father followed.

2. A clause, or a verb in the Infinitive mode is sometimes in apposition with a noun preceding it; as, I would only mention at present one article, *that of maintenance of the clergy.*

3. A noun in apposition is frequently connected to the one which is explained, by the conjunction *as;* as, My father intended to devote me *as the tythe* of his sons.

NOTE.—The word *as,* appears to be used frequently in the sense of the Latin preposition pro, *instead of, in place of, for, in the capacity of.*

4. Names or titles employed to distinguish individuals of a family or class, are by some parsed as nouns in apposition; as, *George* Washington, *Mr.* Thompson, *Dr.* West, *Col.* Hardy; by some they are called adjectives; by others the general name, with the specific appellation or titles, is called a *complex noun.*

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EXAMPLES.*

Benjamin Franklin. Franklin is the *general name;* Benjamin is the *specific*; together they constitute a *complex noun.*

Mr. William Barcklay,—a complex noun.

General Z. Taylor,—a complex noun.

Mrs. E. Thornton,—a complex noun.

Let other examples of complex nouns be mentioned.

5. A noun in apposition with two or more nouns, is put in the plural.

RULE II.

Some passive and intransitive verbs have the same case *after* as before them when both words refer to the same person or thing; as, *it* is *he*. *His name* is called *John.*

NOTE.—1. This rule is chiefly applicable to the verbs *to be, to become,* and some other intransitive verbs, and also to some transitive in the passive form; such as denote *to name, to render, to make,* and the like.

2. Adjectives and participles are often joined with such verbs to form the predicate; as, The apple is *ripe*; the day is *dawning.*

3. A few transitive verbs in the active form, are followed by nouns in the *objective* case of the same signification as the nominative; as, *It* means *nothing*; *verb* signifies *a word.*

REMARKS.

1. The *nominative* or *objective* case is used after Infinitives or participles, according as either case is used before the Infinitive or participle.

NOTE.—To determine what case the noun following the Infinitive or participle is in, inquire what other word in the sentence means the same person or thing.

I am tired of being *an idler.* In what case is *idler*? Why?

I cannot bear the thought of being *an exile* from my country. *Exile* is the nominative after being, in the same case with *I.*

---

* Several proper nouns which distinguish an individual are always put in apposition; as, *William Pitt.—G. Brown.*

Nouns common or proper of dissimilar import may be parsed as adjectives when they become qualifying or distinguishing words; as, *President* Madison, *Lake* Erie, &c.—*Sanborn.*

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2. Both words sometimes stand before, and sometimes after the verb; as, Art *thou he?* Am *I* a *traitor?* *Monster* as *thou* art, I will yet obey thee.

NOTE.—Transposition for the sake of emphasis, and in questions is not unfrequent.

3. A *verb* in the Infinitive mode, a phrase, or a sentence, is some times used as the nominative after a verb; as, It is *not to be ascribed* to the mellowing effects of time.

RULE III.

The nominative case is the subject of the verb.

RULE IV.

A verb must agree with its nominative case in number and person.

NOTE.—The verbs *need* and *dare*, when intransitive, are sometimes used in the plural form with a singular nominative.

REMARKS.

1. A verb in the Infinitive mode, a participle, a clause or part of a sentence, may be the nominative to or after a verb.

2. *Methinks* (imperfect *methought*,) is called an impersonal verb, compounded of the pronoun *me* in the objective case, and the verb *think*, which follows the analogy of some Latin and Greek verbs, and by custom, is used with the *objective* instead of the *nominative* case, and in the *third* person instead of the first.

3. *As regards, as concerns, as respects, as appears.* These are phrases without a nominative case expressed.

The pronoun *it* is often used before these verbs, and *in parsing*, should be supplied when wanting.

4. As *follows.* The nominative can be supplied before this verb, as the connection requires; he addressed the assembly *as follows.* This can be analyzed thus; he addressed the assembly in a manner *as this which follows.*

By several authors, *as* is considered a relative pronoun when used before the verb follows; as, the circumstances were *as* follow, [those *which* follow.]

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5. A verb in the imperative mode, and the transitive verbs *need*, *want*, and *require*, sometimes appear to be used indefinitely, without a nominative; as, *Let* there be light; There *required* haste in the business; There *needs* no argument for proving, &c. There *wanted* not men who would, &c. The last expressions have an active form with a passive sense, and should perhaps rather be considered elliptical than wanting a nominative; as, *haste is required*; *no argument is needed*, &c.

6. The verb which agrees with the nominative case is sometimes omitted; as, to whom the *monarch*; *replied* is omitted. What a bloom in that person! The verb *is* is omitted.

RULE V.

Two or more nouns connected by *and*, expressed or understood, generally require a plural verb; as, Charles, Thomas, and George *are* brothers.

RULE VI.

Two or more nominatives singular, connected by *or* or *nor*, require a singular verb; as, Ambition or pride controls him.

NOTE 1.—If one of the nouns is plural, the verb must be in the plural number.

NOTE 2.—If the nominatives are of different persons, the verb must agree with the nearest.

RULE VII.

The nominative of a collective noun requires a verb in the *singular* or *plural*, according as the noun denotes unity or plurality; as, the *class was large*; my *people do* not consider.

NOTE 1.—The *plural* form of the verb is more commonly used.

NOTE 2.—When the definitive *this*, or *that*, precedes the noun, the verb must be singular.

RULE VIII.

A noun or pronoun in the possessive case is governed

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by the noun which denotes the thing owned or possessed; as, *Virtue's* reward.

REMARKS.

1. The noun denoting the thing *owned* or *possessed* is often omitted, when it can be easily supplied; as, We dined at Peter *Garrick's*; *house* is omitted; Vital air was a discovery of Priestley's; that is, of Priestley's *discoveries*; the same as to say, vital air was one of Priestley's discoveries.

2. The possessive is often governed by a participial clause; as, Much will depend on the *pupil's* composing frequently. *Pupil's* is governed by the clause, "*composing frequently.*"

RULE IX.

The objective case is governed by transitive verbs and prepositions; as, The sun imparts *warmth* to the *ground.*

NOTE.—Participles of transitive verbs likewise govern the objective case.

REMARK.

Some intransitive verbs are followed by an objective of kindred signification to their own; as, He dreamed *a dream*; let him die *the death*; to run *the race*; to sleep *the sleep* of *death*; to live *a life* of ease.

NOTE 1.—Some other intransitive verbs are occasionally followed by an objective; as, "The brook ran *nectar*;" "to grate harsh *thunder*;" he went his *way*; he repented *his folly.*

NOTE 2.—Some transitive verbs in the *passive form* are often followed by an objective case; as, "The bishops *were allowed* their *seats*;" "I *was shown* a new *potato*;" "he *was forbid* the emperor's *presence.*

RULE X.

Nouns which denote *time, quantity, measure, distance, value,* or *direction,* are often put in the objective case without a preposition; as, He is ten *years* old; the rule is a *foot* in length.

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NOTE.—In analyzing, such nouns with the adjectives joined to them are to be treated as adjuncts, modifying or limiting some other words in the sentence.

REMARK.

1. The word HOME after the verbs *come, go*, and the like, is generally in the objective case without a preposition; as, My intention is to come *home*, unless I receive a commission to St. James.

NOTE.—When an adjective or an article is joined to the words *home, north*, &c., the preposition is used; as, He has gone to his home.

REMARK 2.—The words *worth, like, near* and *high*, are followed by the objective case, without a preposition; as, He is like his *father*. He is worth a *million*. He lives *near* the *river*.

NOTE.—The preposition is sometimes used after *near, nigh* and the like.

RULE XI.

TWO OBJECTIVES.

Verbs signifying *to ask, to teach, to call, to choose, to make, to render, to constitute*, and some others, are often followed by two objectives; as, He asked *me* a *question*; "and God called the *firmament Heaven*;" "God seems to have made *him what* he was." They chose or elected *him clerk*. *Simon* he surnamed *Peter*.

NOTE 1.—The verb *cost* is sometimes followed by two objectives; as, It cost *me* much *labor*.

NOTE 2.—In many cases when the verb is followed by two objectives, the preposition *to*, is easily supplied; as, Give *me* some *drink*; that is, give *to* me; he offered *me* a *seat*; that is, *to* me.

REMARK 1.*—Verbs signifying *to ask, to teach, offer, promise, pay, allow*, which in the active form have two objectives, retain one objective in the passive form; as, I was asked *a question*; he was taught *grammar*; great indulgence was offered *me*; I was allowed *great liberty*; A shop was promised *me*.

*See *Dr. Crombie*, R. XIII, S. N. 1.

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REMARK 2.—The preposition is often omitted before the objective case; as, Wo is *me*, that is *to* me.

SPECIAL REMARK.

Any word, phrase, or sentence, can be used as a noun in the nominative or objective case; as, Examine the *why* and the *how*. There is an *if* in the way. *And* is a conjunction.

RULE XII.

A noun joined with a participle, standing unconnected with the subject or predicate of the sentence, is in the case independent; as, The *oration having been spoken*, the assembly was dismissed.

NOTE 1.—The noun independent may have adjectives and modifying adjuncts.

NOTE 2.—In *analyzing*, the case independent or absolute, with the participle and other modifying words, may be called an abridged expression, which may be formed into a complete sentence by changing the participle into a verb, and supplying other necessary words; as, Tarquinius reigning, Pythagoras came into Italy. Tarquinius *reigning*, is an abridged expression and is equivalent to *while Tarquinius was reigning*.

RULE XIII.

Nouns and pronouns denoting persons or things *addressed*, and nouns in *abrupt* and *exclamatory* clauses, are in the case independent.

REMARK.

Names, *titles*, *captions*, and *signatures*, standing unconnected, are sometimes parsed as the case independent; they may however be considered as abridged expressions, to which in analyzing and parsing, such words can be added as are necessary to complete a sentence.

EXAMPLES.

The *Spectator*; that is, this book is entitled the *Spectator*.

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Rule V; Chapter IV; that is, this is *Rule V*, &c.

Henry Martyn; that is, the memoir of *Henry Martyn.*

Spectator, Rule V, Chapter IV, are strictly parts of sentences, and can be parsed as nouns in the nominative after the verbs.

RULE XIV.

Pronouns agree with the nouns, or words for which they stand, in *gender, number* and *person;* as, *Thou, who* speakest; *they* went *their* way.

REMARKS.

1. Pronouns which refer to *two or more nouns* connected by *and,* must be in the plural number; as, George and Thomas excel in *their* studies.

NOTE.—When the nouns refer to the *same person or thing,* or belong to different propositions, the pronoun agrees according to Rule XIV.

2. Pronouns which refer to two or more *singular* nouns connected by *or* or *nor* must be in the singular number.

NOTE.—When the nouns connected are of different persons, the *first person* is preferred to the *second,* and *the second* to the third.

3. The pronoun *it* refers to nouns without regard to *number, gender,* or *person;* to Infinitives, to clauses, and even to whole paragraphs.

4. The pronoun *whatever* or *whatsoever* is sometimes used for the sake of emphasis; as, No ground *whatever;* when used in this manner it may be treated as an adjective belonging to a noun understood; as, No prudence whatever, i. e., no prudence, *whatever* prudence may exist, can deviate from this scheme.

NOTE.—*It* is frequently redundant, or is used indefinitely; and when so used, may be parsed in apposition with the Infinitive or clause following; as, "*It* is the mark of a generous spirit to forgive injuries;" the proper subject of the verb is, *to forgive injuries,* and *it* is redundant, or unnecessary to the sense; but such a usage is authorized by the best writers.

5. The pronouns *himself, itself, themselves,* &c., are used in the

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nominative or objective case, and are frequently a mere repetition for the sake of emphasis, and in many cases are to be parsed in apposition with some noun or pronoun expressed or understood; as, He *himself* said it.

6. *What* is also sometimes used adverbially in the sense of *partly*; as, *What* with the war, *what* with the sweat, &c.

RULE XV.

Adjectives belong to nouns which they qualify or define; as, A *tall* tree; a *high* mountain.

NOTE.—Adjectives which denote but *one*, must be joined to a *singular* noun; those which denote more than one must be joined to a plural noun; as *This* man, *these* men, *two* birds, *one bird*.

NOTE.—A plural adjective is sometimes found with a singular noun; as, "A fleet of *twenty* sail;" "forty head of cattle."

EXAMPLES.

1. Adjectives are frequently separated from the nouns to which they belong; as, The day is *pleasant*. *Great* is the Lord. A river twenty rods *wide*.

2. Adjectives are used to modify Infinitives, parts of clauses, and whole propositions; as, To see the sun is *pleasant*; to advance was *difficult*; to retreat *hazardous*.

3. Adjectives are used to modify both the *action of the verb*, and its *subject*; as, The wind was blowing *fresh*; he grew *old* in the service of his country.*

4. Adjectives are sometimes used to modify other adjectives; as, *Deep* blue, a *witch* hazle mineral rod, *pale* red.

NOTE.—Several adjectives are sometimes joined to a single noun; as, *Liverpool deep blue earthen* pitchers.

5. The adjective is often used alone, the noun with which it agrees being understood; as, *The brave; the righteous.*

NOTE.—The adjective is sometimes used indefinitely, without direct reference to any noun; as, To be *wise* and *good*, is to be *great* and *noble*. A noun, however, can generally be supplied in such instances; as, For one to be wise, is for one to be *great*, &c.

*Adjectives *of* this kind are treated by some grammarians as adverbs, or as adjectives qualifying the *noun only*, but either way is not according to the sense, for they show both manner and quality, and therefore refer to the subject and predicate of the sentence

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RULE XVI.

Pronominal adjectives limit the nouns to which they belong, or are used alone as pronouns; as, *This* day, *few* men, *both men*, *many* people, the *latter* day, *some* think, *few* come, &c.

REMARK.

Each other. One another.

These elliptical expressions may be explained as follows:

Righteousness and peace have kissed *each other*; that is, *each* has kissed the *other*.

We ought also to love *one another*; that is, *one* ought to love, &c

"When ye come together to eat, tarry *one* for *another*;" it might be, for one another.

"Exhort one another daily; let *each* exhort the *other*, &c."

RULE XVII.

Articles define or limit the signification of the nouns to which they belong; as, *A* man, *an* hour, *the* horse.

NOTE 1.—*A* or *an* is joined to nouns in the singular number only, except when the noun is preceded by the adjective *few* or *many*; as, A *few* men; *a great* many men; or by some collective word, as, *A hundred* men, &c. *The* is joined to nouns singular or plural.

NOTE 2.—When an article and a descriptive adjective belong to the same noun, the article stands first; as, *A* good man, *the* wise man.

EXCEPTION.—*A* sometimes stands *after* the adjective *many*; as, Full *many* a gem; many *a* flower.

NOTE 3.—The article *the* is frequently joined to adverbs in the comparative or superlative degree, and to adjectives used as nouns; as, The *more* I examine it, *the* better I like it; *the* least of the apostles; *a* few, *the* many, *the* good. I was astonished not *a little*.

NOTE 4.—When two or more adjectives or nouns refer to the same individual, the article generally stands before the first only; as, A great and good man; but it is sometimes repeated for the sake of emphasis; as, *The* wise, *the* virtuous, *the* patriotic Franklin.

RULE XVIII.

The Infinitive mode follows a *verb*, *noun* or *adjective*

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REMARKS.

A verb in the Infinitive may follow:

1. *Verbs* or *participles*; as, I *hope* to *succeed*, *wishing* *to go*.

2. *Nouns* or *pronouns*, as, A *time* to die; a *desire* to improve; how is it possible for *him to succeed*? there is a message for *you* to convey.

3. *Adjectives*; as, He is *anxious to hear*.

4. *As*, *than*; as, He is so conceited *as* to *disdain* to have anything to do with books; he desired nothing more *than* *to know* his imperfections.

5. *Adverbs*; as, The rope is strong *enough to suspend* a ton. I know not *how to address* you.

6. *Prepositions*; as, What went ye out *for to see*?*—my friend is *about* to take his departure.

7. The *Infinitive* is often used independently; as, *To say the least* he has erred in judgment; "but *to proceed* with our argument."

8. The Infinitive mode is often used in the office of a *verbal noun*, as *the nominative case* to the verb, and as the *objective case* after verbs and prepositions.

9. When the Infinitive denotes *purpose* or *design*, it is frequently preceded by the phrase *in order*, but this phrase is often omitted.

SPECIAL RULE.

The Infinitive mode has an objective case before it when *that* is omitted; as, I believe *the sun* to be in the centre of the solar system; I know *him* to be a man of veracity.†

RULE XIX.

The verbs which follow *bid*, *dare*, *durst*, *hear*, *feel*, *let*, *make*, *need*, *see*, and their participles, are used in the Infinitive without the sign *to*; ‡ as, He bid him go.

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*This form of expression is now obsolete; it occurs in the scriptures and in ancient writings.

†This construction is far less common, and less elegant, in the English than the Latin language; still it frequently occurs.

‡The sign *to* is retained after these verbs when used in the passive form. The sign is also sometimes retained after *make* and *dare*.

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NOTE.—The verbs *watch, behold, know, observe, have, command, find*, and some others are occasionally followed by the Infinitive without the sign *to*.

RULE XX.

1. Participles belong to nouns or pronouns, which they limit or explain.

2. Present and compound participles govern the same case as the verbs from which they are derived.

3. Participles are often governed by prepositions; as, I am weary *with hearing him.*

REMARKS.

1. Participles preceded by an article are called *participial nouns*; as, By the *preaching of repentance.*

2. Participles preceded by the article should always be followed by the preposition *of*; by the *preaching repentance* is incorrect; it should be *of repentance.*

3. Participles not preceded by the article should not be followed by *of*; *preaching of repentance* it should be *preaching repentance.*

4. Participles are sometimes used indefinitely, or without reference to any noun or pronoun expressed; as, Generally *speaking*, his conduct was very honorable.

5. Participles like the verbs from which they are derived, have the *same case* after as before them; as, I was not conscious of my brother's being a drunkard; *drunkard* is in the *possessive case* without the sign, after being, or as some prefer, in apposition with brother.

6. The participle without the article is sometimes used as a noun in the nominative or objective case, and still retains its power of government; as, Not *attending* to this rule is the cause of a very common error.

7. Adjectives derived from verbs, and having the form of participles, are called *verbal* or *participial* adjectives.

8. The participle in *ing* is sometimes used passively; as, Forty and six years was this temple in *building*; not in *being built.*

EXAMPLES.

It is equally so as if one should pretend to feel as much pain while a friend's leg *is cutting off.*—*Johnson.*

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The edition of the English poets now *printing* will do honor to the English poets.—*Life of Johnson.*

The nation had cried out loudly against the crime while it *was committing.*—*Bolingbroke.*

NOTE.—The form of expression, *is being built, is being committed,* &c., is almost universally condemned by grammarians; but it is *sometimes* met with in respectable writers. It occurs most frequently in newspaper paragraphs and in hasty compositions. See on the subject, *Worcester's Universal and Critical Dictionary.*

RULE XXI.

Adverbs modify *verbs, adjectives* and *other adverbs.*

REMARKS.

1. Adverbs are generally placed near the words which they modify; as, He conducts *foolishly*; *very* sick; *right* onward.

2. Adverbs are sometimes used for adjectives; as, The *then* ministry; the *above* discourse;* *to-morrow* morning; the men *only.*

NOTE.—When *only* refers to a noun, it should be placed near it to avoid ambiguity.

3. Adverbs are sometimes used as nouns; as, Until *now*; yet a *little while.*

4. *From* is sometimes *unnecessarily* used before *whence, thence, hence*; as, *From* whence art thou, for *whence,* &c.

5. The adverb *there* often stands at the beginning of a sentence, without particular reference to any other word; as, *There* are many who believe, &c.

6. The word modified by the adverb is sometimes omitted; as, I'll *hence* to London.

7. Two negatives in the same clause are equivalent to an affirmative; as, *Nor* did they *not* perceive, i. e. *they did perceive.*

8. An adverb sometimes modifies the word *a,* used in the sense of *one*; as, Almost *a* year; not *a* dollar.

9. The word *but* used in the sense of *only* may be treated as an adverb; as, All are *but* parts of one stupendous whole; I have *but* one request to make.

*Such expressions, though not destitute of authority, are exceedingly inelegant and irreconcilable with authority.—*Crombie.*

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10. *As* in the sense of *so*, is an adverb; as, *As* well; *as* much.

11. The adverb *now* frequently stands at the beginning of paragraphs in argumentative and familiar discourse as a *general connective*, without modifying any particular word; as, *Now*, it is evident, &c.

12. A preposition with its object is sometimes equivalent to an adverb; as, *In truth*, for truly, &c.

13. Adverbs are not unfrequently absolute; that is, they qualify no particular word, but usually refer to the whole preceding sentence; as, *Yes, no, therefore, then, however*, &c., and not unfrequently they are expletives, that is, qualify nothing; as, *Why, well, there*, &c.—*Nutting*.

14. Adverbs sometimes modify *prepositions, adjuncts, phrases*, and *entire clauses*; as, *Just* below the surface; *nearly* round the world; I hear *almost* in vain; *independently* of these considerations.

RULE XXII.

Prepositions govern the objective case.

REMARKS.

1. *But* in the sense of except, appears sometimes to be used as a preposition; as, All but *one*.

NOTE.—*Than* is sometimes followed by the objectives *whom* and *which*; as Alfred, *than whom*, &c. Beelzebub, *than whom*, &c.

2. The article *a* is in a few instances employed in the sense of a preposition; as, Simon Peter said I go *a* [to] fishing.

3. Two or more words combined are sometimes treated as a compound preposition; as, *according to, in respect to, in regard to, from above, from below, as to, as for, over against, instead of, out of*, &c

4. The words *allowing, considering, concerning, during, respecting, supposing, notwithstanding, excepting, past*, are sometimes termed *verbal prepositions*;* and also, *save* and *except*.

5. Some of the prepositions are occasionally used as adverbs; the noun however, may generally be supplied.

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*Some grammarians prefer to treat this class of words as participles, under all circumstances, agreeing with the whole sentence, or some word understood; and *save* and *except* as verbs in the imperative mode.

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6. Prepositions sometimes govern a participial clause, or a simple sentence.

7. Prepositions are sometimes followed by an adverb; as, From *afar*; to *where*.

RULE XXIII.

Conjunctions connect single words or sentences; as, He reads *and* writes. I sought the Lord *and* he heard me.

REMARKS.

1. The conjunctions *if, though, except, unless* and *lest*, are signs of the *subjunctive mode*.

NOTE.—*If* is often omitted before the subjunctive; as, "*Had* I the wings of a dove," for, *if* I had; "*could* I but stand," for, *if* I could, &c.; *were* there no difference, for if *there were*.

2. The following are corresponding conjunctions.

Though—yet.	As—as.	Whether—or.	So—as.
Either—or.	As—so.	Neither—nor.	Both—and.

3. *As* is sometimes used in the sense of a relative pronoun; as, Such a scheme *as* I have seen;—*as* may be parsed in the *objective* after *seen*. The ellipsis of *that which, those which*, &c., may however be supplied; then *as* will be treated as a conjunction.

4. The phrases *as if, as though, what though*, are elliptical. An intervening clause may be supplied.

5. There are some abridged expressions, which it is convenient to call *compound connectives*; such as, *As well as, inasmuch as, in order that, but that*, &c; these, however, can generally be analyzed intelligibly, and each word may be parsed separately, by supplying such words as the sense will allow.

6. The word *both*,* is used as a *conjunction, adjective* and *pronoun*.

7. *That* is used as a *conjunction*, an *adjective* and a *relative* pronoun.

SENTENCES TO BE ANALYZED AND PARSED.

We see all this is done, *and* all this expenditure is incurred.

*By a careful analysis it may be found that *both* is in all cases an adjective, and *that* an adjective or relative, but in most grammars there are other offices assigned them.

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(This is a compound sentence, consisting of two simple sentences; *and* connects them.)

In order to produce it now, we diminish the productiveness of all other labor. *And* the only effect is to postpone it to a still more distant period.

Two distinct sentences, the general train of thought is connected by *and* standing at the beginning of the *second*, after the period.

A great public *as well as* private advantage arises from every one's devoting himself to that occupation which he prefers, and for which he is specially fitted.—*Wayland.*

As well as, is a compound connective, and joins *public* and *private.*

It is also evident *that*, by each nation's devoting itself to that branch of production for which it has the greatest facilities, either original or acquired, its own happiness will be better promoted, and a greater amount of production created, *than* in any other manner.—*Id*

This compound sentence consists of four members or clauses. *That* connects the clause, *it is also evident*, &c., with the clause, *its own happiness will be promoted*; of which the phrase, *by each*, &c., *is an adjunct*; *and* connects the clause following it with the one before; *than* connects *will be created*, and *will be promoted* understood, to the same words expressed; *for which*, &c., is a *relative* clause, and refers to production. *Either—or* are corresponding conjunctions and connect *original* and *acquired.*

RULE XXIV.

Interjections have no governing power, and have no dependence on other words in construction.

REMARKS.

Interjections often stand before nouns independent, and before whole clauses; as, O virtue! O for a lodge in some vast wilderness! Some words must be supplied before such clauses to complete the sentence; as, O how I long for a lodge, &c.

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ANALYZING AND PARSING.

MODEL.

Sentence.—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.

ANALYZED.

This is a compound sentence, made up of as many simple sentences or clauses as there are verbs in it which are not in the infinitive mode, viz: three simple clauses.

No. 1.—*Those among the ancients concluded,* &c., is the leading clause.

No. 2.—*Who were skilful in anatomy,* is a relative clause, connected with No. 1, by *who* referring to *those.*

No. 3.—*That it was the work of,* &c., is a dependent clause, connected with No. 1, by the conjunction "that."

The subject of No. 1, is *those,* modified 1st, by the adjunct "among the ancients," 2d, by the relative clause, "who were," &c.

Concluded is the predicate of No. 1, modified 1st, by the adjunct "from the outward" &c., 2d, by the whole clause "that it was" &c.

The *subject* of No. 2, is the relative *who.*

The *predicate* of No. 2, is "were skilful;"—*skilful* is modified by the adjunct "in anatomy," showing in what respect they were skilful.

The *subject* of No. 3, is *it.*

The *predicate* of No. 3, is "was the work."

Of a Being is the adjunct of work, and is equivalent to a noun in the possessive case.

Transcendently modifies "wise" and "powerful;"—*wise* and *powerful* modify Being.

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PARSED.

Those is a pronominal adjective, and belongs to the noun *persons* understood, or is used without a noun, in the nominative case, plural, the subject of concluded.

Among is a preposition, and connects *ancients* with those.

The is an article and limits ancients.

Ancients is a common noun, plural, third person,—in the objective case after the preposition *among*.

Who is a relative pronoun, referring to *those* for its antecedent, nominative case and the subject of were.

Were is an irregular intransitive verb, third person, plural, and agrees with "who."

Skilful is a descriptive adjective, united with "were" to form a predicate, and describes or qualifies "who."

Concluded is a regular intransitive verb, indicative mode, imperfect tense, third person, plural, and agrees with its subject, "those."

From is a preposition connecting *make* with "concluded," because the adjunct "*from* the outward and inward make," expresses the reason why "those concluded;"—*from* with its object, is therefore an adjunct of the predicate.

Outward and inward are adjectives connected by *and*; they describe or qualify the noun "make."

Of is a preposition connecting "body" with "make."

Of a human body is the adjunct of make, i. e. it limits the meaning of the word make;—the make of what? Ans. "the make *of a human body*."

That is a conjunction connecting the clause following with the predicate "concluded."

NOTE.—The other words can be parsed and explained in a similar manner.

The learner is referred to "Weld's English Grammar;" Part I, § 35, for other models in analyzing, and to Part II, § 53, § 54, § 56, &c., for models of "analyzing and parsing."

NOTE.—It will impart great interest to the exercise of parsing, if the learner is required to analyze the sentence, and to show what effect or relation each word has in the sentence, before he applies the grammatical terms, or gives its class or variations.

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SELECTIONS.

SUGGESTION.

It is the principal object of *analyzing* and *parsing* to examine the grammatical structure of sentences, and the relations, changes, and modifications of words; but in connection with this, it would render the exercise more interesting, less mechanical, and highly useful in mental training, to consider the import and propriety of every word, and to inquire whether it is used in a literal or figurative sense, and to substitute one word or expression for another of similar meaning.

CHAPTER I.

[FROM THE SPECTATOR.]

Each sentence to be analyzed before the words are parsed.

1. Nature does nothing in vain.

2. The Creator has appointed every thing to a certain purpose.

3. Music, among those who are styled the chosen people, was a religious art.

4. All men through different paths, make at the same common thing, money.

5. There is something sacred in misery to great and good minds.

6. Hypocrisy cannot indeed be too much detested, but at the same time it is to be preferred to open impiety.

7. The love of praise is a passion deeply fixed in the mind of every extraordinary person.

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[FROM IRVING.]

8. In the midst of my triumph, I observed a little knot gathering in the upper part of the room.

9. On a stormy night, in the tempestuous times of the revolution, a young German was retiring to his lodgings, at a late hour, across the old part of Paris.

10. The lightning gleamed, and the loud claps of thunder rattled through the lofty narrow streets.

11. It is said that many an unlucky urchin is induced to run away from his family, and betake himself to a seafaring life, from reading the history of Robinson Crusoe.

12. Great nations resemble great men in this particular, that their greatness is seldom known until they get in trouble.

THE LOST CHILD.—[ABBOTT.]

13. Some centuries[1] ago, a large, a very large company were travelling northwardly in early summer, through a lovely country, whose[2] hills and valleys were clothed with the fig-tree, olive, and the vine.

14. They journeyed slowly and with no anxiety or care, for their route lay through a quiet land, the abode of peace and plenty. Friends and acquaintances were mingled together in groups, as accident or inclination might dictate, until the sun went down, and the approach of evening warned them to make preparations for rest.

15. While the various families were drawing off together for this purpose, the attention and the sympathy of the multitude were excited by the anxious looks and eager inquiries of a female, who was passing from group to group,

[1] Rule X. [2] Rule VIII.

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with sorrow and agitation painted on her countenance.

16. It was a mother, who could not find her son. It was her only son, and one to whom, from particular circumstances, she was very strongly attached. He had never disobeyed her; he had never given her unnecessary trouble, and the uncommon maturity of his mental and moral powers had probably led her to trust him much more to himself than in any other case would be justifiable.

17. He was twelve years[1] old, and she supposed that he had been safe in the company, but now night had come, and she could not find him. She went anxiously and sorrowfully from family to family, and from friend to friend, inquiring with deep solicitude, "Have you seen my son?"

18. He was not to be found. No one had seen him, and the anxious parents left their company, and inquiring carefully by the way, went slowly back to the city whence they had come.

19. With what anxious and fruitless search they spent the evening and the following morning, we do not know. They at last[2] however ascended to the temple itself. They passed from court to court, now going up the broad flight of steps which led from one to the other, now walking under a lofty colonnade, and now traversing a paved and ornamented area.

20. At last,[2] in a public part of this edifice, they found a group collected around a boy, and apparently listening to what he was saying: the feeling must have been mingled with interest, curiosity and surprise. It was their son. His uncommon mental and moral maturity had by some means shown itself to those around him; and they were deeply interested in his questions and replies.

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[1] Rule X. [2] Rule XXI. 12.

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TRANSPOSITION.

Before analyzing and parsing *poetry* it is well to arrange the words as they would stand in prose. This is called *transposing*.

MODELS FOR TRANSPOSING.

I.

Health below these open hills I seek,
By these delicious springs in vain.

TRANSPOSED.

I seek health in vain below these open hills [and] by these delicious springs.

II.

Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full exerted Heaven they wing their course.

TRANSPOSED.

They emerging thence again wing their course before the breath of full exerted Heaven.

Let the following lines be transposed.

1. The sun in morning freshness shines.

2. Lonely and thoughtful o'er deserted plains,
I pass with melancholy steps and slow.

3. Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.

4. And now, at length to Edwin's ardent gaze,
The Muse of history unrolls her page.

5. For them is sorrow's purest sigh
O'er ocean's heaving bosom sent:
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument.

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CHAPTER II.

THE SABBATH.—[WILLIS.]

It was a pleasant morning, in the time
When the leaves fall—and the bright sun shone out
As when the morning stars first sang together—
So quietly and calmly fell his light
Upon a world at rest. There was no leaf
In motion, and the loud winds slept, and all
Was still. The la'bring herd was grazing
Upon the hill-side quietly—uncalled
By the harsh voice of man; and distant sound,
Save from the murmuring waterfall, came not
As usual on the ear. One hour stole on,
And then another of the morning, calm
And still as Eden ere the birth of man.
And then broke in the Sabbath chime of bells—
And the old man and his descendants went
Together to the house of God. I joined
The well-apparelled crowd. The holy man
Rose solemnly, and breathed the prayer of faith—
And the gray saint, just[1] on the wing for heaven;
And the fair maid—and the bright haired young man;
And the child of curling locks, just taught to close
The lash of its blue eye the while;[2]—all knelt
In attitude of prayer—and then the hymn,
Sincere in its low melody, went up
To worship God.

THE TABLES TURNED.—[WORDSWORTH.]

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

[1] Rule XXI., Rem. 14. [2] Rules X and XXI., Rem. 8.

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The sun above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books![1] 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland Linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the Throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless;
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the love which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:
—We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

[1] Rule XIII.

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THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.—[CAMPBELL.]

Alone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube,
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:—
"Oh whither," she cried, "hast thou wander'd, my lover?
Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?

"What voice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd!"
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar!
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war!

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
"Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar?"

"Thou shalt live," she replied, "Heaven's mercy relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn."
"Ah, no![1] the last pang of my bosom is heaving!
No light of the morn shall to Henry return!

"Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar!"
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sank in her arms—the poor wounded Hussar![2]

SOLITUDE.—[H. K. WHITE.]

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids the silent tear to flow;

[1] Rule XXI., Rem. 13. [2] Rule I.

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It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home,
Or by the woodland's pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too;
I start and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

CHAPTER III.

SURRENDER OF GRENADA.—[IRVING.]

1. The sun had scarcely begun to shed his beams upon the summits of the snowy mountains which rise above Grenada, when the Christian camp was in motion.

2. A detachment of horse and foot led by distinguished

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cavaliers, and accompanied by Hernando de Talavera, bishop of Avila, proceeded to take possession of the Alhambra and the towers.

3. It had been stipulated in the capitulation, that the detachment sent for the purpose should not enter by the streets of the city. A road had, therefore, been opened outside of the walls, leading by the Puerta de los Molinos (or the Gate of the Mills) to the summit of the Hill of Martyrs, and across the hill to the postern-gate of the Alhambra.

4. When the detachment arrived at the summit of the hill, the Moorish king came forth from the gate, attended by a handful of cavaliers, leaving his vizier to deliver up the place.

5. "Go, senior," said he, to the commander of the detachment; "go and take possession of those fortresses which Allah has bestowed upon your powerful lord, in punishment of the sins of the Moors!"

6. He said no more, but passed mournfully on, along by the same road by which the Spanish cavaliers had come, descending to the vega, to meet the catholic sovereigns.

7. The troops entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were wide open, and all its splendid courts and halls silent and deserted. In the meantime the christian court and army poured out of the city of Santa Fe, and advanced across the vega.

8. The king and queen, with the prince and princesses, and the dignitaries and ladies of the court, took the lead; accompanied by the different orders of monks and friars, and surrounded by the royal guards, splendidly arrayed.

9. The procession moved slowly forward, and paused at the village of Armilla, at the distance of half a league from the city.

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10. The sovereigns waited here with impatience, their eyes[1] fixed on the lofty tower of the Alhambra, watching for the appointed signal of possession.

11. The time that had elapsed since the departure of the detachment, seemed to them more than necessary for the purpose; and the anxious mind of Ferdinand began to entertain doubts of some commotion in the city.

12. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, or great watch-tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams. This was done by Hernando de Talavera, bishop of Avila.

13. Beside it was planted the penon of the glorious apostle St. James; and a great shout of "Santiago! Santiago!" rose throughout the army. Lastly was reared the royal standard, by the king of arms; with the shout of "Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!"

14. The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations that resounded across the vega.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TALE OF AN INDIAN MAID.—[BRYANT.]

There was a maid,
The fairest of the Indian maids, bright eyed,
With wealth of raven tresses, a light form,
And a gay heart. About her cabin door
The wide old woods resounded with her song
And fairy laughter all the summer day.[2]
She loved her cousin; such a love was deemed,
By the morality of those stern tribes,

[1] Rule XII. [2] Rule X.

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Incestuous, and she struggled hard and long
Against her love, and reasoned with her heart,
As simple Indian maiden might. In vain.
She went
To weep where no eye saw, and was not found
When all the merry girls were met to dance,
And all the hunters of the tribe were out.
The keen eyed Indian dames
Would whisper to each other, as they saw
Her wasting form, and say, *the girl will die.*
One day[1] into the bosom of a friend,
A playmate of her young and innocent years,
She poured her griefs. Thou knowest, and thou alone
She said, for I have told thee, all my love,
And guilt and sorrow. I am sick of life.
All night[1] I weep in darkness, and the morn
Glares on me as upon a thing accursed,
That has no business on the earth. I hate
The pastimes and the pleasant toils that once
I loved; the cheerful voices of my friends
Have an unnatural horror in mine ear.
In dreams my mother from the land of souls,
Calls me and chides me. All that look on me
Do seem to know my shame; I cannot bear
Their eyes; I cannot from my heart root out
The love that wrings it so, and I must die.
It was a summer morning, and they went
To this old precipice. About the cliffs
Lay garlands, ears of maize, and shaggy skins
Of wolf and bear, the offerings[2] of the tribe
Here made to the Great Spirit, for they deemed,
Like worshippers of the elder time, that God

[1] Rule X. [2] Rule I., Rem. 5.

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Doth walk on the high places and affect
The earth-o'erlooking mountains. She had on[1]
The ornaments with which her father loved
To deck the beauty of his bright eyed girl,
And bade her wear[2] when stranger warriors came
To be his guests.
Beautiful lay the region of her tribe
Below her — waters resting in the embrace
Of the wide forest, and maize-planted glades
Opening amid the leafy wilderness.
She gazed upon it long, and at sight
Of her own village, peeping through the trees,
And her own dwelling, and the cabin roof
Of him she loved with an unlawful love,
And came to die for, a warm gush of tears
Run from her eyes. But when the sun grew low
And the hill shadows long, she threw herself
From the steep rock and perished.

WHAT IS GLORY? WHAT IS FAME?—[MOTHERWELL.]

What is Glory? What is Fame?
The echo of a long lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an arrant nought;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;[3]
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow;—
The last drop of a bootless shower,
Shed on a sere and leafless bower;
A rose stuck in a dead man's breast;—
This is the World's fame at the best.

[1] Rule XXII., Rem. 5. [2] Rule XIX. [3] Rule X.

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What is Fame? and what is Glory?
A dream,[1]—a jester's lying story,
To tickle fools withal, or be
A theme for second infancy;
A joke scrawled on an epitaph;
A grin at Death's own ghastly laugh;
A visioning that tempts the eye,
But mocks the touch—nonentity;
A rainbow, substanceless as bright,
Flitting forever
O'er hill-top to more distant height,
Nearing us never;
A bubble blown by fond conceit,
In very sooth itself to cheat;
The witch-fire of a frenzied brain;
A fortune that to lose were gain;
A word of praise perchance of blame;
The wreck of a time bandied name;—
Ay,[2] This is Glory! This is Fame!

CHAPTER V.

MONTEZUMA.—[PRESCOTT.]

1. Montezuma displayed all the energy and enterprise in the commencement of his reign, which had been anticipated from him.

2. His first expedition against a rebel province in the neighborhood was crowned with success, and he led back in triumph a throng of captives for the bloody sacrifice that was to grace his coronation. This was celebrated with uncommon pomp.

[1] Rule II. [2] Rule XXI., Rem. 13.

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3. Games and religious ceremonies continued for several days, and among the spectators who flocked from distant quarters, were some noble Tlascalans, the hereditary enemies of Mexico. They were in disguise, hoping thus to elude detection.

4. They were recognized, however, and reported to the monarch. But he only availed himself of the information to provide them with honorable entertainment, and a good place for witnessing the games. This was a magnanimous act, considering the long cherished hostility between the nations.

5. In his first years, Montezuma was constantly engaged in war, and frequently led his armies in person. The Aztec banners were seen in the furthest provinces on the Gulf of Mexico, and the distant regions of Nicaragua and Honduras. The expeditions were generally successful; and the limits of the empire were more widely extended than at any preceding period.

6. Meanwhile the monarch was not inattentive to the interior concerns of the kingdom. He made some important changes in the courts of justice; and carefully watched over the execution of the laws, which he enforced with stern severity.

7. He was in the habit of patrolling the streets of his capitol in disguise, to make[1] himself personally acquainted with the abuses in it.

8. And with more questionable policy, it is said, he would sometimes try the integrity of his judges by tempting them with large bribes to swerve from their duty, and then call the delinquent to strict account for yielding to the temptation.

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[1] Rule XVIII., Rem. 9.

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9. He liberally recompensed all who served him. He showed a similar munificent spirit in his public works, constructing and embellishing the temples, bringing water into the capitol by a new channel, and establishing a hospital, or retreat for invalid soldiers, in the city of Colhuacan.

CHAPTER VI.

LAND DISCOVERED.—[ROGERS.]

From the voyage of Columbus.

Twice in the zenith blazed the orb of light;
No shade, all sun, insufferably bright!
Then the long line found rest — in coral groves
Silent and dark, where the sea-lion roves: —
And all on deck, kindling to life again,
Sent forth their anxious spirits o'er the main.
"O whence, as wafted from Elysium, whence
These perfumes, strangers to the raptured sense?
These boughs of gold, and fruits of heavenly hue,
Tinging with vermeil light the billows blue?
And (thrice, thrice blessed is the eye that spied,
The hand that snatch'd it sparkling in the tide)
Whose cunning carved this vegetable bowl,
Symbol of social rites, and intercourse of soul?"
Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs,
Who course the ostrich, as away she wings;
Sons of the desert! who delight to dwell
'Mid kneeling camels round the sacred well:
Who, ere the terrors of his pomp be past,
Fall to the demon in the red'ning blast.
The sails were furl'd: with many a melting close,
Solemn and slow the evening anthem rose,

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Rose to the Virgin. 'Twas the hour of day,
When setting suns o'er summer seas display
A path of glory, opening in the west,
To golden climes, and islands of the blest;
And human voices, on the silent air,
Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there!

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.—[HEMANS.]

Hush! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,
With all their clustering locks, untouched by care,
And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night—in prayer.

Gaze on,—'tis lovely!—childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought—
Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
—Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity!

Oh! joyous creatures, that will sink to rest
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppressed;
'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun—
Lift up your hearts!—though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes;

Though fresh within your breasts th' untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'ere ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe!

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Her lot is on you — silent tears to weep,[1]
And patient smiles to wear[1] through suffering's hour,
And sunless riches, from Affection's deep,
To pour[1] on broken reeds — a wasted shower!
And to make[1] idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail[1] that worship — therefore pray!

Her lot is on you — to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain.
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And oh! to love through all things — therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight.
Earth will forsake — oh! happy to have given
Th' unbroken hearts first fragrance unto Heaven!

HOPE.—[CAMPBELL.]

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour;
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! immortal Power!
What[2] though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day;—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!
Oh! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,

[1] Rule I, Rem. 2 [2] Rule XXIII Rem. 4.

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Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every **trust,**
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world[1] sufficient bliss?[1]—
There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance created form,
As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink forevermore!—
Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few and far between,
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please!
Yes, let each rapture, dear to nature, flee:[2]
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy!—
But why so short is Love's delighted hour?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower?

[1] Rule XI. [2] Rule XIX.

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Why can no hymned charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel?
Can fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate?
Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade,—
When all the sister planets have decay'd:
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

CHAPTER VII.

COLLOQUIAL POWERS OF DR. FRANKLIN.—[WIRT.]

1. Never have I known such a fire-side companion as Dr. Franklin. Great as[1] he was, both[2] as a[3] statesman and a philosopher, he never shone in a light more winning than when he was seen in a domestic circle.

2. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him, at the house of a private gentleman, in the back part of Pennsylvania; and we were confined to the house, during the whole of that time, by the unintermitting constancy and depth of the snows.

3. But confinement could never be felt where Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring. When I speak, however, of his colloquial powers, I do not mean to awaken any notion analagous to that which Boswell has given us, when he so frequently mentions the colloquial powers of Dr. Johnson.

[1] R XXI, Rem. 10. [2] R XXIII, Rem. 6. [3] R. I, Rem. 3. NOTE.

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4. The conversation of the latter reminds one of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." It was, indeed,[1] a perpetual contest for victory, or an arbitrary and despotic exaction of homage to his superior talents.

5. It was strong, acute, prompt, splendid and vociferous; as loud, stormy and sublime as those winds which he represents as shaking the Hebrides, and rocking the old castle that frowned upon the dark rolling sea beneath.

6. But one gets tired of storms, however sublime they may be, and longs for the more orderly current of nature. Of Franklin no one ever became tired. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine, in any thing which came from him. There was nothing which made any demand either upon your allegiance or your admiration.

7. His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plainness and simplicity put you at once at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties.

8. His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid. They required only a medium of vision, like his pure and simple style, to exhibit to the highest advantage, their native radiance and beauty. His cheerfulness was unintermitting.

9. It seemed to be as much the effect of the systematic and salutary exercise of the mind as of its superior organization.

His wit was of the first order; it did not show itself merely in occasional coruscations; but, without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourses.

[1] Rule XXI, Rem. 13

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10. Whether in company of the common people or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius forever clear and unclouded. And then the stores of his mind were inexhaustible.

11. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant, that nothing had escaped his observation; and a judgment so solid, that every incident was turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance.

12. He had been, all his life,[1] a close and deep reader, as well as[2] thinker; and, by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials, which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he had added a hundred fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

CHAPTER VIII.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.—[MITFORD.]

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave, not such * as[3], swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base ignoble slaves*—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots! lords*
Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great*

[1] Rule X. [2] Rule XXIII Rem. 5. [3] Rule XXIII, Rem. 3.

* What words are to be supplied to complete the sentence?

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In that strange spell — a name.
I that speak to ye,*
I had a brother once — a gracious boy,
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; "there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother,[1] at once, and son! "He left my side,
A summer bloom[2] on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips." In one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse! and then I cried
For vengeance.
Rouse, ye Romans![3] Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call[4] for justice,
Be answered by the lash. Yet this is Rome,
That sat on seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why,[5] in that elder day, to be[6] a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again,—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! — once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free, her sons
Shall walk with princes.

[1] Rule I. [2] Rule XII. supply the participle being. [3] Rule XIII.
[4] Rule XIX. [5] Rule XXI, Rem. 13. [6] Rule IV. Rem. I.
* Ye is rarely used in the objective case.

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THE MINSTREL.—[BEATTIE.]

I.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime,
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

II.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all:
Him, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who deaf to mad Ambition's call
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blessed, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had *he*, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

III.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe in learned lay,
How forth the minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary gray:
While, from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung;
And ever, as he went, some merry lay he sung.

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IV.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide:
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms:
They hate the sensual,[1] and scorn the vain;[1]
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—[MACAULAY.]

It should be constantly borne in mind, that one great object in analyzing and parsing, is to learn how good writers employ language.

1. That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor Johnson,[2] all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favor of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

2. That work, he said, was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories.

3. In the wildest part of Scotland the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than "Jack the Giant Killer." Every reader knows the straight and narrow path, as well

[1] Rule XV, Rem. 5. [2] Rule I, Rem. 4.

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as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times.[1]

4. This is the highest miracle of genius; that[2] things which are not should be as though they were, that[2] the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another.

5. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turnstile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction; the long line of road, as straight as rule can make it; the Interpreter's house, and all its fair shows; the prisoner in the iron cage; the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold; the cross and the sepulchre; the steep hill and the pleasant arbor; the stately front of the House Beautiful by the way side; the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all[3] are as well known to us as the sights of our own street.

6. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right[4] across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker.

7. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome

[1] Rule X. [2] Rule I, Rem. 2. [3] Rule XVI. [4] Rule XXI, Rem. 14.

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smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer.

8. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley, he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones and ashes of those whom they had slain.

9. Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length[1] the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows. There are Italian Row,[2] and French Row,[2] and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

10. Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit trees. On the left side, branches off the path leading to that horrible castle, the court-yard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheep-folds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

11. From the Delectable Mountains the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbor. And beyond, is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

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[1] Rule XXI., Rem. 12. [2] Rule V.

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12. All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims — giants, and hobgoblins, ill-favored ones and shining ones, the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble,[1] with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with her money; the black man in the bright vesture; Mr. Worldly Wiseman,[1] and my Lord Hategood;[1] Mr. Talkative,[1] and Mrs. Timorous[1] — are all actually existing beings to us.

13. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London.

14. Bunyan is almost the only writer that ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not an Othello, but jealousy; not an Iago, but perfidy, not a Brutus, but patriotism.

CHAPTER X.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.—[COWPER]

"Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
That feels not at the sight, and feels at none.
The wall[2] on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still;
The bench[2] on which we sat while deep employed,
Tho' mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed;
The little ones,[2] unbuttoned, glowing hot,

[1] Rule I, Rem. 4. [2] These sentences may be completed by supplying "*here is*," or some similar expression.

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Playing our games, and on the very spot,
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw,
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That, viewing it, we seem almost t'obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.

GOD EVERYWHERE.—[COWPER.]

Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the sacred fire
By which the mighty process is maintained;
Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight
Slow circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labor; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
And whose beneficence no change exhausts.
Him blind antiquity profaned, not served,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male, Pompona, Pales, Pan
And Flora and Vertumnus; peopling earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods,
That were not; and commending as they would
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under one. One spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,—

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Rules universal nature. Not[1] a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom* what[2] he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak,
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer. As with him no scene
Is dreary, so with him all seasons please.—.

AVARICE AND RICHES.—[POPE.]

At length corruption, like a general flood
So long by watchful ministers withstood,
Shall deluge all; and avarice, creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;
Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box,
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
See Britain sunk in lucre's solid charms,
And France revenged of Anne's and Edward's arms!
'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener! fired thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain.

[1] Rule XXI, Rem. 8. [2] See Weld's Gram. § 102-2.
* Of what verb is *whom* the object?

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No, 'twas thy righteous end,* ashamed to see
Senates degenerate,[1] patriots disagree,[1]
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.
'All this is madness,' cries a sober sage;
But who my friend has reason in his rage?
The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than even that passion, if it has no aim;
For though such motives[2] folly[2] you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: 'Tis Heaven each passion sends,
And different men directs to different ends.
Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use.
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That power who bids the ocean ebb and flow;
Bids seed time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconciled extremes of drought and rain;
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives the eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like insects, when concealed they lie,
Wait but[3] for wings, and in their season fly:
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir[4] to keep and spare,
The next a fountain,[4] spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

[1] Rule XIX. [2] Rule XI. [3] Rule XXI, Rem. 9. [4] Rule I.

* Mention all the subjects of the verb *fired* in the three lines above. How many simple sentences can be formed in those three lines? To what word do ashamed and wishing belong?

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CHAPTER XI.

THE PURITANS.—[MACAULAY.]

1. The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know[1] him, to serve[1] him, to enjoy him,[1] was with them the great end of existence.

2. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions.

3. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world.

4. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied

[1] Rule IV Rem. I.

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by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them.

5. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves[1] rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles[1] by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.

6. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged — on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest — who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

7. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe.

8. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God. * * * *

9. The Puritans brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment, and an immutability of purpose,

[1] Rule XI.

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which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were, in fact, the necessary effects of it.

10. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms.

11. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence or danger of corruption.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FUGITIVES.—[COLLINS.]

In fair Circassia, where to love inclined
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And past in radiance through the cloudless sky;
Sad, o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led.
Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravaged plains, and valleys stole away:
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

Secander.

Oh stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.

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Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey!
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way[1]
And first review that long extended plain,
And yon wide groves already past with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried!
And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

Agib.

Weak as thou art, yet, hapless, must thou know
The toils of flight or some severer wo!
Still,* as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Droops its fair honors to the conquering flame.
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian hands their fleecy care.

Secander.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
In vain,[1] unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resigned,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind:
'Midst fair sultanas lost in idly joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

Agib.

Yet those green hills in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.

[1] Rule XXI, Rem. 12. * What sentences does *still* connect?

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Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain;
At once by maids and shepherds loved in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' bank, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountains catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair scene![1] but, ah! no more with peace possest,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest!
No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crowned!
But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

Secander.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
Forever famed for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes blue languish, and their golden hair!
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

Agib.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin and the waste of war:
Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare
To shield your harvest and defend your fair.
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fixed to destroy and steadfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villian Arab, as he prowls for prey,

[1] Rule XIII.

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Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way.
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inured, and nursed in scenes of wo.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek; and nearer fires appeared;
The affrighted shepherds, through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moonlight hills renewed their flight.

CHAPTER XIII

RELICS.—[IRVING.]

1. My first visit was to the house where Shakspeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners.

2. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple, but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.

3. The house is shown by a garrulous old lady, in a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold,[1] blue,[1] anxious[1] eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds.

4. There was the shattered stock of the very match-

[1] Rule XV Rem. 4. NOTE.

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lock with which Shakspeare shot the deer in his pouching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco box; which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh; the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb!

5. There was an ample supply also of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, which seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the true cross; of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

6. The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakspeare's chair. It stands in the chimney-nook of a small gloomy chamber, just[1] behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin; or of an evening,[2] listening to the cronies and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth church-yard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England.

7. In this chair, it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit: whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard I am at a loss to say — I merely mention the fact; and mine hostess privately assured me, that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new-bottomed at least once in three years.

8. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for though sold some

[1] Rule XXI, Rem. 14. [2] *Of an evening* is an adjunct of *sat*.— He may have *sat*, i. e., in or during an evening.

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few years since to a northern princess, yet strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner.

HOW PAIN CAN BE A CAUSE OF DELIGHT.—[BURKE.]

1. Providence has so ordered it, that a state of rest and inaction, however it may flatter our indolence, should be productive of many inconveniences; that it should generate such disorders, as may force us to have recourse to some labor, as a thing absolutely requisite to make us pass our lives with tolerable satisfaction; for the nature of rest is to suffer all the parts of our bodies to fall into a relaxation, that not only disables the members from performing their functions, but takes away the vigorous tone of fibre which is requisite for carrying on the natural and necessary secretions.*

2. At the same time, that,† in this languid inactive state, the nerves are more liable to the most horrid convulsions, than when they are sufficiently braced and strengthened. Melancholy, dejection, and despair, and often self-murder, is the consequence of the gloomy view we take of things in this relaxed state of the body.

3. The best remedy for all these evils is exercise or labor; and labor is a surmounting[1] of difficulties, an exertion of the contracting power of the muscles; and as such, resembles pain, which consists in tension or contraction, in every thing but degree.

4. Labor is not only requisite to preserve the coarser organs in a state fit for their functions; but it is equally

* How many simple sentences in this paragraph? How are they connected?

† Supply before *that*, "providence has so ordered it."

[1] Rule XX, Rem. 1.

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necessary to these finer and more delicate organs, on which, and by which, the imagination and perhaps the other mental powers act.

5. Now,[1] as a due exercise is essential to the coarse muscular parts of the constitution, and that without this rousing they would become languid and diseased, the very same rule holds with regard to those finer parts we have mentioned; to have them in proper order, they must be shaken and worked to a proper degree.

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

Language, especially in poetry, is often employed *figuratively*. See Gram. under Figures of Syntax.

The figures most frequently occurring are

1. The METAPHOR—a comparison involved in a single word; as

"The lively diamond *drinks* thy purest rays."

In this line the word *drinks* is used under the figure of a metaphor; there is a comparison implied associating the diamond, in the thoughts of the reader, with some animated being, and imparting to the whole line, interest and beauty. This figure occurs very frequently in both prose and poetry.

2. A SIMILE—an express and formal comparison; as

Like *leaning masts* of stranded ships, appear
The *pines* that near the coast their summits rear

The pines are compared to leaning masts.

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[1] Rule XXI, Rem. 11.

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3. PERSONIFICATION—or the figure by which *life* and *action* are attributed to inanimate things; as,

Come gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! come,
And from the bosom of your dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

Life and action are attributed to Spring in these lines.

REMARKS.

1. Poetry owes much of its effect and beauty to the figurative language with which it abounds. The imagination of the poet invests inanimate objects with life and intelligence, and represents them under all the varied aspects, changes and passions, which distinguish the higher order of beings.

2. In the pages which follow, the attention of the learner may be directed with great interest and profit to the Metaphors, Similes, Personifications and other figures which may occur,— an explanation of which he will find in Grammars and Rhetorics.

3. It will be a useful exercise to translate figurative expressions into common or literal style.

CHAPTER XIV.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON.—[BURNS.]

Substitute words in their literal sense, for such as are used figuratively.

While* virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood
Or tunes Eolian strains between;

* What sentences does the connective adverb *while* connect?

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While summer with her matron grace
Retreats to Dayburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade;

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed;

While maniac winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows;

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won,
While Scotia with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

DESCRIPTION OF A STORM.—[THOMSON.]

Point out the words in the following extract which are used in a figurative sense, and substitute for them words in their literal sense.

Behold, slow settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods, and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharged
With wrathful vapor, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various tinctured trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal roused,

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The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, the ærial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all.
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south,[1] eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast
The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn, o'er the verge of Heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,

[1] Rule X.

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Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Rugged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shattered trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half raised. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.

HYMN.—[THOMSON.]

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
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,
And spreads a common feast for all that live.

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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,
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;
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,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
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;
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
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.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th'astonished world, lift high to heaven
Th'impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;

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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,
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.
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,
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,
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 low
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,

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At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn: in swarming cities vast,
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.
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;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis 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.
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,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming Evil still educing Good,

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And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.—[YOUNG.]

TIRED Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: how happy they,[1] who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm[2] of reason lost.
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain:
(A bitter change!) severer for severe;
The day too short for my distress; and night,
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence[3] how dead! and darkness[3] how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds:
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

[1] Rule IV, Rem 6. [2] Rule XII. [3] Rule XIII.

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And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man,)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom. There this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine,
But what are ye.———
THOU, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O THOU, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun: strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. Oh lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe,)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death.
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song:
Teach my best reason,[1] reason;[1] my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve,
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give[2] it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,

[1] Rule XI. [2] Rule IV. Rem. 3.

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I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down,— on what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder HE, who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb'd!
Though sullied, and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own: how reason reels!
Oh what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

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'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof.
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What* though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantle pool;
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, towering, unconfined,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Even silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, Heaven husbands all events:
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, raked up in dust, etherial fire?
They live! they greatly live a life[1] on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is shadow; all beyond

* *What if*, and *what though* are elliptical phrases. Some word or words can be supplied to complete the sentence; as *what* [signifies the fact?]

[1] Rule IX, Rem.

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Is substance; the reverse is Folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule:
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone, can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us, embryos of existence, free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, oh transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes: wing'd by Heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast[1] by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In HIS full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death, expire!
As is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push[2] eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,

[1] Rule XXI Rem 11. [2] Rule 1 Rem 2

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Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself
How was my heart incrusted by the world!
Oh how self-fetter'd was my groveling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,
Till darken'd Reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!
Night visions may befriend (as sung above:)
Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impossible! (Could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where's now my frenzy's pompous furniture?
The cobweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.
O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss, is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end;
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,

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And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodged above these rolling spheres;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better: or the best[1]
More mortal than the common births of fate.
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root: each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.
Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of Heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air:
Oh had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace.
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars:
The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me?
Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain,
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbor? grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?

[1] Supply "revolutions."

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How wanes my borrow'd bliss! From fortune's smile,
Precarious courtesy!* not virtue's sure,
Self-given, solar ray of sound delight.
In every varied posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Through the dark postern of time long elapsed,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing past,
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys, a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate:
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament:
I tremble at the blessings once so dear:
And every pleasure pains me to the heart.
Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man? Are angels all beside![1]
I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot:
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs, of pain.
War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image, disinherited of day,
Here, plunged in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,

* *Courtesy* in this place appears to mean "tenure" by favor of fortune; i. e. tenure of bliss which fortune *lends*, [not gives] contrasted with the enduring happiness which virtue confers.

[1] Are all angels beside me?

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Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour saved,
If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable disease, (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock[1] us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure! since it pains
You rue more modish visits, visit here,
And breathe from your debauch: give, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you. But so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.
Happy, did sorrow seize on such alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save:
Disease invades the chastest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,
Through thickest shades, pursues the fond[2] of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his guard[3] falling, crushes him to death.
Not Happiness itself makes good her name:
Our very wishes give us[4] not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we dote on most
From that for which we dote, felicity!
The smoothest course of nature has its pains;

[1] Rule XVIII, Rem. 9. [2] Rule XV, Rem. 5. [3] Rule XII.
[4] Rule XI, Note 2.

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And truest friends, through error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities.
And what hostilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.
A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands;
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far
More sad! this earth is a true map of man.
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toss,
Loud sorrows howl, envenomed passions bite,
Ravenous calamities our vitals seize,
And threatening fate wide opens to devour.
What then am I, who sorrow for myself?
In age, in infancy, from other's aid
Is all our hope; to teach[1] us to be kind,
That nature's first, last lesson to mankind.
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels:
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
Swoln thought a second channel: who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O World! thy much indebted tear:
How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour!
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults!
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?

[1] Rule XVIII, Rem. 9.

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I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend.
Thou happy wretch! by blindness thou art blest;
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleased,
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.
Lorenzo, Fortune makes her court to thee:
Thy fond heart dances, while the Syren sings.
Dear is thy welfare: think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to secure,[1] thy joys.
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm:
Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.
Is Heaven tremendous in its frowns? Most sure;
And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes.
Awake us to their cause, and consequence;
O'er our scann'd conduct give a jealous eye,
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys.
Lest while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worse than simple misery their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness: beware

[1] Rule XVIII, Rem. 5. *But* is used in the sense of *only*.

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All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.
  Mine died with thee, Philander! thy last sigh
Dissolved the charm: the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of out-cast earth in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! Thy darling hope so near,
(Long-labour'd prize!) oh how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praise. Death's subtle seed within
(Sly, treacherous miner!) working in the dark,
Smiled at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!
  Man's foresight is conditionally wise:
Lorenzo! wisdom into folly turns
Oft, the first instant its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The present moment terminates our sight;
Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the next.
We penetrate, we prophesy, in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence,[1] "where eternity begins."
  By nature's law, what may be, may be now:
There's no prerogative in human hours.

[1] Rule IX, Rem. Note 2; or some word can be supplied to govern silence.

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In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.
Not even Philander had bespoke his shroud,
Nor had he cause; a warning was denied:
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
As sudden, though for years admonish'd home
Of human ills the last extreme beware:
Beware, Lorenzo! a slow sudden death,
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "that all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel; and their pride,
On this reversion, takes up ready praise;

Rule X, Rem. 1.

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At least, their own; their future selves applauds.
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone:
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where pass'd the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
Even with the tender tear which Nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? That were strange!
O my full heart——! But should I give it vent,
The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
And the lark listen to my midnight song.

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The sprightly lark's shrill matin wakes the morn;
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel! like thee,
And call the stars to listen: every star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are who thine excel,
And charm through distant ages: wrapt in shade,
Prisoner of darkness! to the silent hours
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe:
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides!
Or, Milton! thee; ah! could I reach your strain!
Or his, who made Mæonides our own.
Man too he sung: immortal man I sing;
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
What now, but immortality, can please?
Oh had he press'd his theme, pursued the track
Which opens out of darkness into day!
Oh had he, mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd where I sink, and sung immortal man!
How had it bless'd mankind, and rescued me!

CHAPTER XV.

THE DEFEAT AND OVERTHROW OF THE APOSTATE ANGELS.—[MILTON.]

NOTE.—It is earnestly enjoined upon the learner to study this extract from Milton, not only in reference to grammatical construction, and the striking figurative expressions with which it abounds.

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but also in reference to the unsurpassed grandeur and sublimity of the style and thoughts.

"Now when fair morn orient in heaven appear'd,
Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-arm'd scour
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried:

"'Arm warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution and secure; let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbed shield,
Borne even or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.'

"So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward move embattled: when behold
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching, gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginery, impal'd

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On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:

"'Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:
But that I doubt; however, witness heaven,
Heaven witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part, ye who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.'

"So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended, when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd;
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd;
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all heaven appear'd,

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From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor host
Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd;
The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have easily as spirits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd:

"'O friends! why come not on these victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming; and when we
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,

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If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.

"To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood:
'Leader! the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have beside,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.'

"So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
Awhile in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit t' oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heaven
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew:
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro
They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw

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The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd,
Till on those cursed engines triple-row
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Come shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armor help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruis'd
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore:
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar: horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose. And now all heaven
Had gone to wreck, with ruin overspread,
Had not th' almighty Father, where he sits
Shrin'd in his sanctuary of heaven secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, forseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd;
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honor his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd; whence to his Son
Th' assessor of his throne, he thus began:

"'Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd;

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Son, in whose face invisible is beheld,
Visibly, what by deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do!
Second Omnipotence; two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of heaven,
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
These disobedient; sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what sin hath impair'd which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found.
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in heaven, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore pass'd; the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In heaven and hell thy power above compare;
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir, and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserv'd right.
Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake heaven's basis, bring forth all my war
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms

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Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
From all heaven's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God, and Messiah his anointed King.'

"He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full express'd
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;
And thus the filial Godhead answ'ring spake:

"'O Father, O supreme of heav'nly thrones,
First, highest, holiest, best! thou always seek's
To glorify thy Son, I always Thee,
As is most just; this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me, well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hatest I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid heaven of these rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
Unfeigned hallelujahs to thee sing,

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Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.'

"So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through heaven: forth rush'd with whirlwind round
The chariot of paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit, but convey'd
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament
Whereon a sapphire throne inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the showery arch.
He in celestial panoply all arm'd
Of raidiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd,
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke and bickering flames and sparkles dire:
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints
He onward came, far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:
He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd,
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen; them unexpected joy surpris'd
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd

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Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heaven;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head embodied all in one.
Before him power divine his way prepar'd:
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice and went
Obsequious; heaven his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell,
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move, th' obdurate to relent?
They, harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy; and, aspiring to his height,
Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake:

"'Stand still in bright array, ye saints! here stand,
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs;

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Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; stand only, and behold
God's indignation on these godless pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom in heaven supreme
Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves; they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.'

"So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance, too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues; they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropp'd.

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O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the four-fold-visag'd Four
Distinct with eyes; and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley: for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven:
The overthrown he rais'd, and, as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursu'd
With terrors, and with furies, to the bounds
And crystal wall of heaven, which, opening wide
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous sight
Struck them with orror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of heaven; eternal wrath
Burn'd after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard the unsufferable noise, hell saw
Heaven ruining from heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,

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And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Encumber'd him with ruin: hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd:
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd heaven rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.

"Sole victor, from th' expulsion of his foes,
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and, as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord! to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign: he, celebrated, rode
Triumphant through mid heaven, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

CHAPTER XVI.

SELECTIONS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

[From Henry VIII.]

Wolsey.—So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man:—To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

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And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a[1] ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched,
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—
Why, how now, Cromwell?

Cromwell.—I have no power to speak, sir.

Wolsey.— What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom.—How does your grace?

Wol.— Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,

[1] Rule XXII, Rem. 2.

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A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom.—I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol.—I hope I have: I am 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?

Crom.— The heaviest and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol.— God bless him!

Crom.—The next is, that Sir Thomas Moore is chosen Lord Chancellor in your place.

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
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom.—That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury,

Wol.—That's news indeed.

Crom.— Last that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,

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This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel, and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. — There was the weight that pull'd me down.
Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine 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;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have 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,
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?
Bear witness, all 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
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd 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

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Of me more must be heard of, — say, I taught thee.
Say Wolsey, — that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king:
And, — pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. — Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.*

Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, committed suicide by means of an

* This extract is introduced as an exercise on elliptical sentences. In analyzing, the learner should supply words necessary to complete the sentences.

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asp which she procured in a basket of figs.

Cleopatra addresses her attendants, *Charmian* and *Iras*.

Cleo.— Give me my robe; put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.
Yare,[1] yare, good Iras, quick — Methinks I hear
Anthony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband,† I come.
Now to that name my courage proves my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. — So,— have you done?
Come then and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian:— Iras, long farewell.

[Cleopatra kisses her attendants; Iras dies.]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Charmian. Dissolve thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have.

[1] *Yare*, nimbly.
† Antony was the husband of Cleopatra. He was already dead.

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[She applies the asp, and says to it]

Come, mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life, at once, untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and despatch.

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep? [Referring to the asp which lies upon her breast.

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay I will take thee too, [She applies another asp.]
What should I stay— [She falls and dies.]

Char. In this wild world? So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

1st Guard. Where is the queen?

Char Speak softly, wake her not.
[The Guard rushes in.]

1st Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger. [Applies the Asp.
O, come: apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1st Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.

2d Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.

1st Guard. What work is here? Charmian, is this well done?

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Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [To the Dolabella.]

Dolabella. How goes it here?

2d Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see performed the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

[*Within.*] A way there, way for Cæsar! [Enter Cæsar and attendants.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed?

Dol. Who was last with them?

1st Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs.
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poisoned then.

1st Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropped.

Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallowed poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep;
As she would catch another Antony

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In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood and something blown;
The like is on her arm.

1st *Guard.* This is an aspic's trail; and these fig leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISCELLANEOUS PASSAGES.

Each of the following sentences contains one word or more having a grammatical relation or position of less frequent occurrence than the ordinary construction. Most of these relations are explained in the Rules and Remarks in the first part of the book. For other examples of a similar kind, see Weld's English Grammar, under *General Exercises* in *Syntax*.

Princes, *potentates*,
Warriors, the flower of Heaven! once yours, now lost.
[*Milton.*

2. *What* if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into seven fold rage. *Id.*

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3. O fair foundation laid whereon *to build*
Their ruin.

4. The wall tottered, and had well nigh fallen *right* on their heads.—*Coleridge.*

5 *What!* canst thou not bear with me half an hour?

6. Be not so greedy of popular applause, *as to forget* that the same breath which blows up a fire, may blow it out again.

7. I understand him better *than to suppose* he will relinquish his design.

8. He delivered his brother into their hands, *to be recognized* as the lawful heir of the crown.

9. *We being exceedingly tossed*, they lightened the ship.

10. 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,
Than that smooth watery image.—*Milton.*

11. Ah, gentle *pair!* ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver *ye* to wo,
More wo, *the more* your taste is now for joy
Happy, *but for* so happy ill secured
Long to continue.—*Id.*

12. Account *me man;* I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom.—*Id.*

13. The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warned
Their sinful *state.*—*Id.*

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14. He ceased, for both seemed highly pleased, and Death—
Grinned horribly a ghastly *smile*, to hear
His famine should be filled.—*Milton.*

15. From them I *go*
This uncouth *errand* sole, and one for all
Myself expose.—*Id.*

16. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges *grate*
Harsh *thunder.*—*Id.*

17. *This said*, he sat; and expectation held
His look *suspense.*—*Id.*

18. *Whatever* doing, what can we suffer more?
What can we suffer worse?—*Id.*

19. Which when Beelzebub perceived, than *whom*
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he arose.—*Id.*

20. Deliver us from the nauseous repetition of *as* and *so*, which some *so so* writers, I may call them *so*, are continually sounding in our ears.—*Felton.*

21. All the conspirators *save* only *he*
Did what they did in envy of great Cæsar.—*Shakspeare.*

22. Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All *save* the mournful Philomel and *I.*—*Young.*

23. The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all *but him* had fled.—*Hemans.*

24. The bells sounded *soft* and *pensive.*—*Chandler.*

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25. You have not thought it *worth* your *labor* to enter a professed dissent against philosophy.

26. *Whatsoever* is worthy of their love is *worth* their *anger.*

27. It is *worth while* to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration.—*Addison.*

28. *To bring* action to extremity, and then recover all, will *cost* him many a *pang.*—*Dryden.*

29. While yet we live, scarce one short *hour* perhaps,
Between us two, let there be peace both joining.—*Milton.*

30. *Me* miserable! which *way* shall I *fly*
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?—*Id.*

31. Ay *me!* they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain.—*Id.*

32. Well, sir, said I, how did you like little Miss? I hope she was fine enough.—*Bos. Life of Johnson.*

33. Can I this world esteem?
How soon its honors vanish!
Its riches—they are dust!
Its joys—a lying name!—*Pfefferkorn.*

34. The landlord says it is Luther himself.—"*Perhaps,*" returned his companion, "he said Hutten?"—"*Probably* so," said Kessler; "I may have mistaken the one name for the other, for they resemble *each other* in sound.—*D'Aubigne.*

35. Thou sittest, no longer, a *queen* in thy bower,
But a widow; of sons and of daughters bereft

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Yet despair not, thou desolate *one!* for thy dower
Lovely Scio, thy *lands* and thy *beauty* is left.—*Pierpont.*

36. *Hark!* the notes, on my ear that play,
Are set to words:—as they float they say,
"*Passing* away! *passing* away!"—*Id.*

37. Alas! *madam*, said he, one *day*, how few books are *there*, of which one ever can possibly arrive at the last page.—*Johnson.*

38. Pausing *a while*, thus to herself she mused.—*Milton.*

39. The monument is more than a hundred *cubits high*.

40. They are so happy that they do not know *what** to do with themselves.—*Paley.*

41. I have more by half, than I know *what* to do with.

42. *They* to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk; all *but* the wakeful nightingale.
She all *night* long her am'rous descant sung.—*Milton.*

43. Homeward *bound!* with deep emotion,
We remember, Lord, that life
Is a voyage upon an ocean,
Heaved by many a tempest's strife.

Be thy *statutes* so *engraven*
On our hearts and minds, that we
Anchoring in Death's quiet haven,
All may make our home with thee.—*Pierpont.*

---

* The word *what* appears to be used here adverbially in the sense of *how*. The expression "know not what to do," "what to do with," &c., are explained by some as elliptical; as follows: They are so happy that they do not know that which [they are able] to do, &c.

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AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR,

Illustrated by Exercises in Composition, Analyzing, and Parsing, by Allen H. Weld, A. M.

From the numerous recommendations of this work, we select the following

From the Boston Journal.

WELD'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR, 2d edition. As a friend of education, and without any interest in the sale of the work, I wish simply to invite attention to the treatise. Whoever examines it, will detect in it marks of an original thinker and of a skilful teacher. The method is strictly inductive; and as a model of teaching, is one of the best specimens in our language. It is calculated to do in Grammar, what Colburn's works have done in Arithmetic. The author is himself preeminently distinguished as a *classical* teacher, and has adopted in this English Grammar, substantially the plan of his "*Latin Lessons and Reader*," a work which has been very extensively adopted as a text book in classical schools.

From Rev. S. H. Stapley, Principal of North Yarmouth Classical Academy.

Messrs. SANBORN & CARTER,—Gentlemen:—Weld's English Grammar, which you have just published, (2d edition) more than meets my previous anticipations. The book bears the distinct impress of its studious author's method of teaching. Commencing with simple elements, it guides the interested learner by synthetical and analytical processes into a thorough knowledge of the science. Many original and philosophical teachers have pursued similar methods of instruction in *practice*. In this Book, the author is performing for schools at large, especially for common schools, what an inventive teacher would perform for a single class. Should teachers generally become possessed of the method here unfolded, I am free to say that in my judgment, the study of English Grammar would become far less tedious than it has too often been.

From Henry [illegible], A. M., Principal of Waterville Liberal Institute, and Chairman of the School Committee.

Messrs. Sanborn & Carter:—In my opinion, it is superior, in [illegible] and matter, to any other grammar now [illegible] the public. The numerous exercises in analyzing, parsing and composition, constitute a feature in the work with which I am particularly well pleased; these cannot fail to render the study of the principles of our language, which have generally been regarded as dry and repulsive, attractive, easy, and practical. I shall take particular pains to call the attention of my Teachers' class to the intrinsic value of this text book, and shall use my influence to secure its introduction into all our schools.

From the Superintending School Committee of North Yarmouth.

The superintending School Committee of the town of North Yarmouth say, that having individually examined an English Grammar by [illegible] Weld, and some of them having witnessed the influence of its introduction into the public schools of this town, do accordingly to declare their conviction that the book is destined to effect an important revolution in the mode of studying the English Language; and that beyond any other book of the kind with which we are acquainted, it is suited to secure the ends of such study. Besides all that is desirable in Grammars now in use, it contains much not found in them; while at the same time, unnecessary perplexity is often occasioned by a substitution of new terms where the old are as good as those for which they might be changed.

We think the aim of this Grammar, the teacher must be inexcusable, who does not [illegible] to pupils more than a mechanical knowledge of the elementary principles of [illegible] mother tongue.

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