

**560. POLYGLOTT OF BODY AND MIND.** Thus, we see that the *body*, in connection with the *mind*, speaks many languages; and he is a learned *elocutionist*, who understands and can speak them. In view of which, well might Hamlet exclaim, "WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS MAN!" Observe well this strange being, as embodied in the works of the *painter*, and *statuary*: in what *kingly* wondrous manner, appear his force of *attitude* and *looks*! Who, but would *covet* the glorious art of making the flat *canvas* and rocky *marble*, utter every passion of the human mind, and touch the soul of the *spectator*, as if the picture, or statue, spoke the pathetic language of a Shakspeare! Is it any wonder that masterly *action*, joined with powerful *elocution*, should be *irresistible*? If *poetry*, *music*, and *statuary*, is good, is not *ORATORY* more excellent? for in *that* we have them all.

Woe for those, who trample o'er a *mind*!  
A deathless thing. They *know* not what they do,  
Or what they deal with! Man, perchance, may  
The *flow'r* his *stephath* bruise'd; or light anew  
The *torch* he quenches; or to *music*—wind  
Again the *lyre*-string from his *touch* that flew;  
But, for the *soul*!—oh! *tremble*, and *beware*.—  
To lay rude *hands*—upon *God's* mysteries there!

**561. THE WRITTEN PAGE** can but ill express the nicer shades of sentiment, passion, and emotion which the *poet* has painted. There are depths of *thought*, which the *eye* cannot penetrate—and sublimities of *flight*, which it cannot reach. The *loveliest* and *sublimest* of written poetry—even that contained in sacred *scripture*—cannot speak to the *eye* with that vivid *power* and intensity of *expression*, drawn from it by the human voice, when trained to the *capacity* given to it, by the Creator. Hence, the ordained efficiency of *preaching*; hence, the trembling of *Felix*, as the great *Apostle* reasoned—"of *righteousness*, *temperance*, and *judgment* to come." So, with the production of the most *consummate* human genius:

For ill—can *poetry* express,  
Full many a tone—of thought sublime;  
And *sculpture*, mute and motionless,  
Steals but one glance from time:  
But, by the mighty *actor's* power,  
Their *wedded* triumphs come:  
*Verses*—ceases—to be airy *thought*,  
And *sculpture*—to be dumb.

**562.** The following—is an example of the *sublime*, falling far short of a *hyperbole*; for, as St. John observes, "even the *WORLD ITSELF*—could not contain the *books*, that should be written" on the subject of *INFINITE LOVE* and *INFINITE WISDOM*—displayed in man's *REDEMPTION* and *SALVATION*.

Could we, with *ink*, the *OCEAN* fill,  
Were the whole *earth*—a *PARCHMENT*—made,  
Were every single *stick*—a *QUILL*,  
And every *man*—a *SCRIBE* by *trade*;  
To write the *LOVE* of *GOD*—to *man*,  
Would drain the *OCEAN* dry;  
Nor would the *scroll*—contain the *plan*,  
Tho' *stretch'd*—from *SKY* to *SKY*.

The *mind*—*thought*,  
Is a dark *waste*, where *fiends* and *tempests* howl;  
As *Phabus*—to the *world*, is *science*—to the *soul*.

sun

light

**Anecdote.** No hero was more distinguished in ancient times, than Alexander the Great, king of Macedonia. His courage was undaunted, his ambition boundless, his friendship ardent, his taste refined; and what was very extraordinary, he seems to have conversed with the same fire and spirit, with which he fought. Philip, his father, knowing him to be very swift, wished him to run for the prize, at the Olympic games. "I would comply with your request," said Alexander, "if *KINGS* were to be my competitors."

The ocean—when it rolls aloud—  
The tempest—bursting from her cloud,  
In one uninterrupted peal!  
When darkness sits amid the sky;  
And shadowy forms go trooping by;  
And everlasting mountains reel—  
All—all of this is Freedom's song—  
'Tis pealed—'tis pealed eternally!  
And all, that winds and waves prolong,  
Are anthems rolled to Liberty!

**Varieties.** 1. Although the *truth* can never come to *condemn*, but to *save*, the world has ever pronounced its *condemnation*. 2. Garbled *extracts* from any work, are no more a correct *representation* of the work, than *stone*, *mortar*, *boards*, *glass*, and *nails*, are a fair specimen of a splendid *palace*. 3. Never let private *interest*, *poverty*, *disgrace*, *danger*, or *death*, deter you—from asserting the *liberty* of your *country*, or from transmitting to *posterity*, the sacred *rights* to which you were *born*. 4. What are the pleasures of the *bodily* senses, without the pleasures of the *soul*? 5. *Themistocles*, when asked to play the *lute*, replied, I cannot play the *fiddle*, but I can make a little *village* a great *city*. 6. The *skin*—co-operates with the *lungs* in purifying the *blood*. 7. How shall we know that the *American* government, is founded on the true principles of human *nature*? By learning what the true principles of human nature are and an extensive induction of *facts*, derived from the study of *history*, and our own *observation*.

Yet, though my *dust*—in *earth* be laid,  
My *life*—on *earth*—withdrawn;  
'Twill be—but as a fleeting shade  
Of *night*—before the *dawn*!  
For I shall spring—beyond the *tomb*,  
To *new*—immortal *prime*,  
Where all is *light*, and *life*, and *bloom*;  
And no more *winter*-time.

I had a friend, that lov'd me:  
I was his *soul*: he lov'd not, but in me:  
We were so close within each other's breast,  
The *rivets* were not found, that join'd us first,  
That does not reach us yet: we were so mix'd,  
As meeting *streams*; both to ourselves were lost,  
We were one *mass*; we could not give, or take,  
But from the same: for he was I; I, he:  
Return, my better half, and give me all myself,  
For thou art all!  
If I have any joy when thou art absent,  
I grudge it to myself: methinks I rob  
Thee—of thy part.

Stillest streams  
Oft water fairest meadows; and the bird,  
That flutters least, is longest on the wing.

**563. GESTURE**, or a just and elegant adaptation of every part of the *body* to the *subject*, is an essential part of *oratory*; and its *power* is much greater than that of *words*: for it is the language of *nature*, and makes its way to the *heart*, without the utterance of a single *word*: it affects the *eye*, (which is the quickest of all our senses,) and of course, conveys impressions more speedily to the *mind*, than that of the *voice*, which affects the *ear* only. *Nature*, having given to every *sensibility* and *feeling* its proper *outward* expression, what we often *mean*, does not depend so much on our *words*, as on our *manner* of *speaking* them. *Art*—only adds *ease* and *gracefulness*, to what *nature* and *reason* dictate. Study the *Gesture Engravings* thoroughly.

All natural objects have  
An echo in the heart. This flesh doth thrill,  
And has connection, by some unseen chain,  
With its original source and kindred substance:  
The mighty forest, the proud tides of ocean,  
Sky-cleaving hills, and in the vast air,  
The starry constellations; and the sun,  
Parent of life exhaustless—these maintain  
With the mysterious mind and breathing mould,  
A coexistence and community.



MADNESS AND TERROR.

**Stretch of Thought.** A fellow-student, in consequence of too close application to study, and neglect of proper *diet* and *exercise*, became partially *deranged*; but being very *harmless*, it was thought best that he should go and come when, and where he pleased; in hope of facilitating his restoration. One Saturday afternoon, he went out through the *gardens* and *fields*, and gathered every variety of flowers, from the modest *violet* to the gaudy *sunflower*,—with which he adorned himself from head to foot, in the most fantastical manner; in which condition he was displaying his imaginary *kingly* power, on a hillock in the college green, just as the president and one of the professors were going up to attend chapel prayers; when the former observed to the latter—what a great pity that such a noble mind should be thus in ruins! the maniac hearing what he said, rose majestically upon his throne, and with a most piercing look and voice, exclaimed; "What is that you say, old president! you presume to talk *thus* about me? *Solomon*, in all his *glory*, was not arrayed as I am. You old *sinner*, come *here*; and I will tear you *limb* from *limb*,—and scatter you through infinite *space*; where *Omniscience* cannot find you, nor *Omnipotence* put you together again.

**A Great Mistake.** The sons of the rich so often die *poor*—and the sons of the *poor* so often die *rich*, that it has grown into a *proverb*; and yet, how many parents are laboring and toiling to accumulate *wealth* for their children, and, at the same time, raising them up in habits of *indolence* and *extravagance*. Their sons will scatter their property much sooner than they can gather it together. Let them have their *heads* well stored with useful *knowledge*, and their *hearts* with sound and virtuous *principles*; and they will ordinarily take care of themselves. However *affluent* may be his circumstances, yet every parent inflicts upon his son a lasting *injury*, who does not train him up to habits of *virtue*, *industry* and *economy*.

**Anecdote.** Francis I., king of France, (opponent and rival of Charles V., of Germany,) consulting with his generals, how to lead his army over the *Alps* into *Italy*, his *fool*, Amarel, sprung from a *corner*, and advised him to consult how to bring them *back* again.

A *child* is born. Now take the germ, and make it  
A bud of moral *beauty*. Let the dews  
Of *knowledge*, and the light of *virtue*, wake it  
In richest *fragrance*, and in purest *hues*;  
When *passion's* gust, and *sorrow's* tempest shake it,  
The shelter of *affection*—ne'er refuse,  
For soon, the gathering hand of *death* will break it  
From its weak stem of *life*,—and it shall lose  
All power to *charm*; but, if that lonely flower  
Hath swell'd one *pleasure*, or subdued one *pain*,  
O, who shall say, that it has lived in *vain*,  
However fugitive—its *breathing* hour?

For *virtue*—leaves its sweets wherever tasted,  
And scatter'd truth is never, never wasted.

**Varieties.** 1. All those, who have presented themselves at the *door* of the *world*, with a great *truth*, have been received with *stones*, or *hisses*. 2. Who has not observed the *changed*, and *changing* condition of the human race! 3. We are indebted to the *monastic* institutions for the preservation of ancient *libraries*. 4. No good can bring *pleasure*, unless it be *that*, for the *loss* of which we are *prepared*. 5. They, who sacrifice at the altar of *Apollo*, are like those, who drink of the waters of *Claros*; they receive the gift of *divination*, they imbibe the seeds of *death*. 6. The same misconduct which we pardon in *ourselves*, we condemn in *others*; because we associate a *palliation* with the *one*, which we cannot perceive in the *other*. 7. What constitutes true *marriage*?

Sheba—was never  
More cautious of *wisdom*, and fair *virtue*,  
Than this pure *soul* shall be;  
Truth—shall muse her,  
Holy and heavenly thoughts—still counsel her.  
Can you raise the *dead*?  
Pursue, and overtake—the waves of *time*?  
Bring back again—the *hours*, the *days*,  
The *months*, the *years*, that made me *happy*?  
The *heart* has tendrils—like the *vine*,  
Which round another's bosom twine,  
Outspringing from the living *tree*—  
Of deeply-planted *sympathy*;  
Where *flowers*—are *hope*, its *fruits*—are *bliss*,  
Benevolence—its harvest is.



**564. VEHEMENCE OF ACTION.** Cicero—very judiciously observes, that a speaker must *remit*, occasionally, the vehemence of his *actions*, and not utter every passage with all the force, of which he is *capable*; so as to set off, more strongly, the *emphatical* parts; as *painters* make their figures stand out *bold-cr*, by means of *light* and *shades*: there are always *strong points*, as they may be called, in every well written piece, which must always be attended to,—thus *hill* and *dale*, *mountain* and *precipice*, *cataract* and *gulph*: always keep some *resources*, and never utter the *weaker* with all your energy; for if you do, there will be a falling in the *strong points*—the most *pathetic* parts.

In *peace*, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
As modest stillness, and *humility*:  
But, when the blast of *war* blows in our ears,  
Then, imitate the action of the *tiger*;  
Stiffen the *sines*, summon up the *blood*,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd *rage*;  
Then lend the eye a terrible *aspect*;  
Let it pry through the portage of the *head*,  
Like the *brass cannon*; let the *brow* o'erwhelm it,  
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful *ocean*.  
Now set the *teeth*, and stretch the *nostril* wide;  
Hold hard the *breath* and bend up every spirit  
To his full *height*!—On, on! you noblest English.

**465. THE FOREHEAD.** To what specter can the *forehead* appear uninteresting? Here, appear *light* and *gloom*; *joy* and *anxiety*, *stupidity*, *ignorance*, and *vice*. On this brazen tablet are engraved many combinations of *sense* and of *soul*. Here, all the *graces* revel, and all the *Cyclops* thunder. Nature has left it *bare*, that by it, the countenance may be *enlightened* and *darkened*. At its *lowest* extremities, *thoughts*—appear changed into *acts*; the mind here collects the powers of *resistance*; and here *headlong obstinacy*, or *wise perseverance* take up their fixed abode.

That *brow*, which was, to me,  
A blooming *heaven* (it was a *heaven*, for there  
Shone forth *twain* stars of *excellence*, so brightly,  
As though the winds of *paradise* had fann'd  
Their orb'd lustre, till they beam'd with *love*;) )  
That *brow*—was as the sleep-imprison'd *lake*,  
Treasuring the *beauty*—of the deep blue *skies*,  
Whose charm'd *slumber*, one small *breath* will ruffle.

**Anecdote.** A *commonwealth's* man, in *England*, on his way to the *scaffold*, for *truth's* sake, saw his *wife*, looking at him from the *tower* window, and standing up in the *cart* he waved his *hat*, and cried, "To *HEAVEN*, my love, to *HEAVEN*, and I leave you in the *storm* awhile."

Well might Lord Herbert write his love—  
Were not our souls—*immortal* made,  
Our *equal* love—would make them such.

'Tis sweet to know,—there is an eye—will mark,  
Our coming, and look *brighter*,—when we come.

O, colder—than the *wind*, that freezes  
*Founts*, that but now—in *sunshine* played,  
Is that congealing *pang*, which seizes  
The bursting *bosom*, when betrayed.

### Three Modes of Forming Theories.

*One*—to imagine them, and then search for facts to *sustain*, *prove* and *confirm* them; *one*—to collect *facts*, which are only *effects*, and out of them to form theories; and *one*—to observe all these *facts*, and look through them to their *causes*; which *causes* constitute the only true *theories*: then, all *known* or *probable* effects, will not only *confirm* such theories, but they can be *explained* by these theories. Hence, the *true* theories of all things, will *explain* and *demonstrate* all things, so far as they can be *seen* and *understood*; i. e. *rationally* perceived, according to the *state* and *capacity* of the human mind. That which enables one to *explain* a thing, analytically and synthetically, is the *true cause* or *theory* of that thing; thus, *true* theories are the *causes* of things, and *facts* are the legitimate *effects* of those things. **THE ENDS OF THINGS.** There is one step *higher*, which must be taken, and then we shall have all, that the human mind can *conceive* of, or *think* about; which is the *end* of things: thus we have *ends*, *causes*, and *effects*; *beyond* which sphere, man cannot go; for every thing, *object* or *subject*, concerning which we can *feel*, *think* or *act*, is either an *end*, a *cause*, or an *effect*; the *latter* only, are accessible to our *senses*: the *other* must be seen *intellectually*: i. e. in a region of mind *above* our senses.

**Varieties.** 1. Can what is *incomprehensible*, be an object of *thought*? 2. *Humanity*, *justice*, and *patriotism*—are qualities—of universal *benefit* to mankind. 3. The *only* way to expel what is *false* from the mind, is to receive the opposite *truth*. 4. *Faith*—is *saving*, when we learn truths from the *Bible*, and live according to them. 5. A man is said to be *square*, when he does not, from *injustice*, incline to *this* or *that* party. 6. The power of the muscles, is derived through the nerves, as the power of *good* is from *truth*. 7. Nothing *remains* with us, that is not received in *freedom*.

Look *nature* through; 'tis *revolution* all: [night  
All change; no death. Day—follows *night*, and  
The dying *day*; stars rise, and set, and rise;  
Earth—takes the *example*. See, the *Summer*, gay  
With her green *chaplet*—and ambrosial *flowers*,  
Droops into pallid *Autumn*: *Winter*, gray,  
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,  
Blows *Autumn*, and his golden *fruits*, away;—  
Then, melts into the *Spring*. Soft *Spring*, with  
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south, [breath  
Recalls the *first*. All, to re-flourish, fades;  
As in a *wheel*, all sinks to re-ascend—  
Emblems of *man*, who passes, not expires.  
Say, dear, will you not have me?  
Then take the *kiss*—you gave me;  
You elsewhere would, perhaps, bestow it,  
And I would be as loath—to owe it;  
Or, if you will not take the thing—once given,  
Let me—kiss you, and then, we shall be even.

And then, alone, would Ila mourn;  
And count the hours, till his return,  
For when—did woman's love expire,  
If fondly fann'd—the holy fire?  
He, that doth public good—for multitudes,  
Finds few—are truly grateful.

**566. DEMOSTHENESE**, the most eminent of *Grecian* orators, was born 385 years before the *christian era*, and died by *poison*, self-administered, to escape the vengeance of *Antipater*, 322 B.C. He was celebrated on account of the *fire*, *strength*, and *vehemence* of his *eloquence*, which was excited in rousing the *Athenians* to

war with the *Macedonians*, and in defeating his *rivals*, who were bribed by the latter. The characteristics of his oratory were, *strength*, *sublimity*, *piercing energy* and *force*, aided by an *emphatic*, and *vehement* *eloquence*; he sometimes, however, degenerated into *severity*. In reading his orations, we do not meet with any sentiments that are very exalted; they are generally bounded by *self-love* and a love of the *world*. His father died when he was seven years old; and his *guardians* having wasted his property, at the age of seventeen, he appeared against them at the *court*, and plead his own cause *successfully*; which encouraged him to speak before the assembly of the *people*; but he made a perfect failure: after which, he retired, studied and practiced in *secret*, until he was twenty-five, when he came forward again, and commenced his brilliant career.

An honest statesman—to a prince—is like  
A cedar, planted by a spring, which bathes its  
Roots: the grateful tree—rewards it—with the shadow.

By tedious toil,—no passion is expressed:  
His hand, who feels the strongest, paints the best.

**567. MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO**, the most distinguished of the *Roman* orators, was born 106 years before the birth of *Christ*; and died at the age of 63. He made the *Greeks* his model; and, as an orator, he possessed the *strength* of *Demosthenes*, the *copiousness* of *Plato*, and the *suavity* of *Isocrates*. His first teacher was the poet *Archias*; and in *eloquence* he was taught by *Apollo-nius Molo* of *Rhodes*; after which he visited *Athens*, and on his return was made *quaestor*, and then *consul*; when he rendered the greatest service to the state, by the suppression of the *conspiracy* of *Catiline*: he was afterwards banished, and voluntarily retired to *Greece*, but was soon honorably recalled; after which, he undertook the *praetorship* of *Cilicia*. In the civil wars of *Cesar* and *Pompey*, he adhered to the party of the latter; and after the battle of *Pharsalia*, was reconciled to *Cesar*, but was soon slain by *Pompeius*, at the instigation of *Marc Antony*.



**568. EYE.** Are not good sense, and good humor of more advantage than *beauty*? When *Adam* is introduced by *Milton*, describing *Eve*, in *paradise*, and relating to the *angel*, the impressions he felt on seeing her, at her first creation, he does not represent her—like a *Grecian Venus*, by her shape, or features, but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them; and gave them their power of *charming*:

Grace—was in all her steps, heaven—in her eye,  
In every gesture—dignity, and love.

**Anecdote.** A *Humane Driver* Rewarded. A *Macedonian* soldier, was one day leading before *Alexander* a mule laden with gold for the king's use; and the beast being so tired, that he could not go, or sustain the load, his driver took it off, and with great difficulty, carried it himself a considerable way. Alexander, seeing him just sinking under the burden, and about to throw it on the ground, cried out, "Do not be weary yet; try and carry it through to the tent, for it is all thy own."

Faint not, heart of man! though years wane slow!  
There have been those, that, from the deepest angst,  
And cells of night, and fastnesses, below  
The stormy dashing of the ocean-waves,—  
Down, farther down—than gold lies hid, have nurs'd  
A queenless hope, and watch'd their time, and burst  
On the bright day, like weakners from the graves!

**Varieties.** 1. When we go out, let us consider what we have to do; and when we return, what we have done. 2. There are many subjects, that are not easily understood; but it is easy to misrepresent them; and when arguments cannot be controverted, it is not difficult for the uncharitable—to calumniate motives. 3. A man's true character is a greater secret to himself, than to others; if he judge himself, he is apt to be partial; if he asks the opinions of others, he is liable to be deceived. 4. Really learned persons never think of having finished their education, for they are students during life. 5. The insults of others can never make us wretched, or resentful, if our hearts are right; the viper, that stings us, is within. 6. Beware of drawing too broad and strong conclusions—from feeble and ill-defined premises. 7. When human policy wraps one end of the chain round the ankle of a man, divine justice rivets the other end round the neck of the tyrant. 8. All who have been great, without religion, would undoubtedly have been much greater, and better—with it.

QUALITIES—SURPASSING LOVELINESS.

She had read  
Her father's well-filled library—with profit,—  
And could talk charmingly. Then she would sing,  
And play, too, passably,—and dance with spirit;  
She sketch'd from nature well, and studied flowers,  
Which was enough, alone, to love her for;  
Yet she was knowing—in all needle-work,—  
And shone—in dairy,—and in kitchen, too,—  
As in the PARLOR.

The wise man, said the Bible, walks with God,  
Surveys far on—the endless line of life;  
Values his soul; thinks of eternity;  
Both worlds considers, and provides for both;  
With reason's eye—his passions guards; abstains  
From evil; lives on hope—on hope, the fruit  
Of faith; looks upward; purifies his soul;  
Expands his wings, and mounts into the sky;  
Passes the sun, and gains his Father's house;  
And drinks—with angels—from the fount of bliss.



**569. RHETORICAL ACTION**—respects the attitude, gesture, and expression of the countenance. Words cannot represent certain peculiarities; they depend on the actor. Simplicity, or a strict adherence to the modesty of nature—correctness—or adaption to the word—and beauty, as opposed to awkwardness—are the principal marks of good action. Beauty belongs to objects of sight. Action should be easy, natural, varied, and directed by passion. Avoid affectation and display; for they disgust. The best artists are famous for simplicity, which has an enchanting effect. Profuse decorations indicate a wish to supply the want of genius by multiplying inferior beauties. There is in every one an indistinguishable something, which we call nature, that perceives and recognizes the inspirations of nature; therefore, after bringing your voice under your control, if you enter fully into the spirit of the composition, and let your feelings prompt and govern your action, you cannot greatly err. The victory is half won when you fully feel and realize what you read or speak. Resolve to acquire the power, the witchery, the soul of elocution—that lightning of ancient times which poured a blaze of light on the darkest understanding, and that thunder which awakens the dead.

*They never fail—who die*

In a great cause: the block—may soak their gore: Their heads—may sodden in the sun; their limbs Be strung to city gates—and castle walls— But still—their spirit walks abroad. Tho' years Elapse, and others—share as dark a doom, They but augment the deep and swelling thoughts Which overpower all others, and conduct The world, at last, to FREEDOM.

**570.** This system teaches you to harmonize matter and manner, to imbibe the author's feelings, to bring before you all the circumstances, and plunge amid the living scenes, and feel that what you describe is present, and actually passing before you. Speak of truths as truths, not as fictions. Give the strongest, freest, truest expression of the natural blendings of thought and emotion; break thro' all arbitrary restraint, and submit, after proper trainings, to the suggestions of reason and nature. Let your manner be earnest, collected, vigorous, self-balanced. In the introduction, be respectful, modest, conciliatory, winning, rather mild and slow; in the discussion, clear, energetic; in the application, animated, pathetic, persuasive.

*All—some force obey!*

Gold—will dissolve, and diamonds—melt away; Marble—obeys the chisel, and the saw; And solar-beams—a rock of ice will thaw; The flaming forge o'ercomes well-temper'd steel; And flinty glass—is fashioned at the wheel: But man's rebellious heart—no power can bend, No flames can soften, no concussion—rend; Till the pure spirit soften, pierce and melt, And the warm blood—is in the conscience felt.

**571.** Look your hearers in the face—give yourself, body and soul, to the subject—let not the attention be divided between the manner and matter. Practice in private to establish correct habits of voice and gesture, and become so familiar with all rules as not to think of them when exercising. The head, face, eyes, hands, and upper part of the body are principally employed in oratorical action. The soul speaks most intelligibly in the muscles of the face, and through the eye, which is the chief seat of expression; let the internal man, and the external

correspond. An erect attitude, and a firmness of position, denote majesty, activity, strength; the leaning—affectation, respect, earnestness of entreaty, dignity of composure, indifference, disease. The air of a person expresses a language easily understood. The husbandman, dandy, gentleman and military chief bespeak the habits and qualities of each. The head gently reclined, denotes grief, shame; erect—courage, firmness; thrown back or shaken—dissent; forward—assent. The hand raised and inverted—repels, more elevated and extended—surprise, astonishment; placed on the mouth—silence; on the head, pain; on the breast—affection, or appeal to conscience; elevated—defiance; both raised and palms united—supplication; gently clasped—thankfulness; wrung—agony.

**Anecdote.** *Tyrolese Songs.* In the mountains of Tyrol, hundreds of women and children—come out, at bed-time, and sing their national songs, until they hear their husbands, fathers, and brothers, answer them from the hills on their return home. Upon the shore of the Adriatic, the wives of the fishermen come down, about sunset, and sing one of their melodies. They sing the first verse, and then listen—for sometime: then they sing a second; and so on, till they hear the answer from the fishermen, who are thus guided to their homes.

Hail memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine, From age—to age, unnumbered treasures shine! Thought, and her shadowy brood, thy call obey, And place, and time, are subject to thy sway! Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone, The only pleasures we can call our own. Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions fly, If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky; If but a beam of sober Reason melt, Lo! Fancy's fairy frost—welts away: But, can the wiles of art, the grasp of power, Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour? These, when the trembling spirit takes her flight, Pour round her path a stream of living light, And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest, Where VIRTUE—triumphs, and her sons are blest.

**Varieties.** 1. *Costume*, when once regulated by true science, and art, remains in unchangeable good taste; comfortable, convenient, as well as picturesque and becoming. 2. In 1756, a white headed old woman—died in London, whose hair sold for 244 dollars to a ladies' perwig maker. 3. In some countries, intellect has sway; in some—wealth; and in others—beauty and rank; but the most powerful influence in the best societies, is goodness combined with truth in practice. 4. *Merit*—in the inheritor, alone makes valid an inheritance of glory in ancestry. 5. Why does new sweet milk become sour—during a thunder storm? 6. Why can no other nation make a Chinese gong? 7. Is not the American government founded upon the true principles of human nature? 8. How prone many are, to worship the creature more than the Creator! 9. When apparent truths are taken, and confirmed for real ones, they become fallacies. 10. *Actions*—show best the nature of the law of life; and deeds—show the man.

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow, Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow; [Thee, Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about That there's no living with thee, or without thee.

**572.** The emphatic strokes of the hand accompany emphasis; its elevated termination suits high passion; horizontal—decision; downward movement—disapprobation. Avoid excess, violence and constancy of action; gentleness, tranquillity and dignity prevail more. What is the appropriate gesture in this? "Light are the outward signs of evil thought; within, within—'twas there the spirit wrought." Middle finger of the right hand points to the body—its fore-finger gently laid in the palm of the left, in deliberation, proof, or argumentation—sometimes it is pressed hard on the palm. The left hand often acts with great significance with the right; rarely used alone in the principal gestures, except when something on the left hand is spoken of, as contradistinguished from something on the right, and when two things are contrasted. Motion of the hands should correspond with those of the eyes. Rules say, "Do not raise the hands above the head;" but if natural passion prompts them—it will be well done; for passion knows more than art.

Our thoughts are boundless, tho' our frames are frail, Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay: Though darken'd—in this poor life, by a veil Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play In Truth's eternal sunbeams; on the way To Heaven's high capitol—our car shall roll; The temple—of the power, whom all obey; That is the mark—we tend to, for the soul Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

**573.** Keep the hands out of your pockets—don't finger your watch-key or chain—let your business influence you. Feel your subject thoroughly and speak without fear: have a style and manner of your own, for an index to yourself. Expression is the looking out of the soul, through the eyes, which are its windows, into the natural world. The body should generally be erect: not constantly changing, nor always motionless—declining in humiliation—rising in praise and thanksgiving; should accompany motion of the hands, head, and eyes; never turn your back on the audience. Do not appear haughty, nor the reverse; nor recline the head to one shoulder—nor stand like a post; avoid tossings of the body from side to side, rising on tip-toe, writhing of the shoulders. Study well the engravings; their position, gracefulness and awkwardness: some are designated for both—discriminate, which to imitate, which to avoid—refer within, to your own nature, for dictation—and never adopt any gesture that you do not make your own by appropriation. All gestures must originate within. Let everything you do and say correspond.

The Muse of inspiration—plays O'er every scene; she walks the forest-maze, And climbs the mountain; every blooming spot Burns with her step, yet man—regards it not! She whispers round; her words are in the air, But lost, unheard, they linger—freezing there, Without one breath of soul, divinely strong, One ray of heart—to thaw them into song.

**574.** Some of the sources of faults in action, are unmanly diffidence, which makes one appalled at his audience, or makes him fear to stir, lest he make a mistake; and servile imitation—whence is a want of action, excess or awkwardness, or undue regard to improper models. Do not become an artificial, made-up character, a compound of affectation and imitation, a poor creature of borrowed shreds and patches: preserve your own identity.

Of those few fools who with ill stars are curst, Sure scribbling fools, call'd poets, fare the worst: For they're a set of fools which Fortune makes, And after she has made them fools, forsakes.

In man or woman, but far most in man, And most of all—in man that ministers And serves the altar, in my soul—I loathe All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn; Object—of my implacable disgust. What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge A silly—fond conceit—of his fair form And just proportion, fashionable mien, And pretty face, in presence of his God? Or, will he seek to dazzle me with tropes, As with the diamond on his lily hand, And play his brilliant parts before my eyes When I am hungry for the BREAD OF LIFE? He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames His noble office, and, instead of truth, Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock. Therefore, avaunt all attitude and stare, And start theatric, practis'd at the glass! I seek divine simplicity—in him, Who handles things divine; and all—besides, Tho' learn'd with labor, and tho' much admir'd By curious eyes, and judgments ill-inform'd, To me is odious—as the nasal tuang Heard at conventicle, where worthy men, Misled by custom, strain celestial themes Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-bestrid.

**Anecdote.** *Indian Virtue.* A married woman, of the Shawnee Indians, made this beautiful reply—to a man whom she met in the woods, and who implored her to love and look on him. "Oulman, my husband," said she, "who is forever before my eyes, hinders me from seeing you, or any other person."

So dear to Heaven—is saintly chastity, That when a soul—is found sincerely so, A thousand liveried angels—lackey her, Driving far off—each thing of sin, and guilt; And, in clear dream, and solemn vision, Tell her of things, that no gross ear can hear, Till oft converse—with heavenly habitants Begins to cast a beam—on the outward shape, The unpolluted temple of the mind, And turns it, by degrees, to the soul's essence, Till all—be made immortal!

**Varieties.** 1. Children learn but little from what they read, while the attention is divided between the sense and making out the words. 2. Few parents and teachers are aware of the pre-eminent importance of oral over book instruction. 3. Truths, inculcated without any sense of delight, are like seeds, whose living germ has been destroyed; and which, therefore, when sown, can never come to anything. 4. The idea of the Lord, coming into the world, to instruct us, and make us good, is an idea particularly delightful to young children, as well as to those of riper years. 5. We were not created—to live on the earth, one moment in vain; every moment has a commission, connected with eternity; and each minute, improved, gives power to the next minute, to proceed with an accelerated ratio and impulse.

Let talkers talk; stick thou to what is best, To think of pleasing all, is all a jest.

Let conquerors—boast Their fields of fame: he, who in virtue, arms A young, warm spirit—against beauty's charms, Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall, Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.



**575.** Stability of position, facility of change, and general grace of action, depend on the right use of the feet; [see the engravings of them.] The motions of children are graceful, because prompted by nature: see how the different passions affect their countenances; what a pity they are not kept on in this way, without being led by their teachers into captivity to bad habits. Keep your mind collected and composed; guard against bashfulness, which will wear off by opposition. One generally has confidence in doing anything with whose manner he is familiar. Assurance is attained by—1, entirely mastering your subject, and a consciousness that what you have to deliver is worth hearing—2, by wholly engaging in it, mind intent on it, and heart warmed with it: never be influenced by approbation or disapprobation; master yourself; but how can you unless you know yourself?

Think'st thou—there are no serpents in the world,  
But those, which slide along the grassy sod,  
And sting the luckless foot, that presses them?  
There are, who, in the path of social life,  
Do bask their spotted skins—in Fortune's sun,  
And sting the soul—ay, till its healthful frame  
Is chang'd to secret, festering, sore disease—  
So deadly—is the wound.

**576.** Look at the limbs of a willow tree, gently and variously waving before the breeze, cutting curved lines, which are lines of beauty; and cultivate a graceful, easy, flowing and forcible gesticulation. Adapt your action, as well as vocal powers, to the occasion and circumstances—the action to the word, and the word to the action. A young speaker may be more various than an old one. Do not act words instead of ideas; i. e. not make gestures to correspond, when you speak of anything small, low, up, large, &c. Let the voice, countenance, mien, and gesture, conspire to drive home to the judgment and heart, your impassioned appeals, cogent arguments, strong conclusions, and deep convictions. Let Nature, guided by science, be your oracle, and the voice of unphilosophical feeling your monitor. Fill your soul with the mighty purpose of becoming an orator, and turn aside from no labor, shrink from no effort, that are essential to the enterprise. Self-made men are the glory of the world.

*Man*—is a harp, whose chords *elude* the sight;  
Each yielding harmony, disposed aright:  
The screws reversed,  
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,—  
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.  
I have read the instructed volume,  
Of human nature; there, long since, have learned,  
The way—to conquer men—is by their passions:  
Catch—but the ruling foible of their hearts,  
And all their boasted virtues—shrink—before you.

**577.** EDUCATION—is a companion, which no misfortune can suppress, no clime destroy—no enemy alienate—no despotism enslave. At home—a friend, abroad—an introduction; in solitude a solace, in society, an ornament. It lessens vice, it guards virtue; it gives, at once, a grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? a splendid slave! a reasoning savage! vacillating, between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of brutal passion.

It is a note  
Of upstart greatness—to observe and watch  
For those poor trifles, which the noble mind—  
Neglects, and scorns.

**Anecdote.** Somewhere. One gentleman riding in a stage-coach, with another, observed to him,—“Sir, I think, I have seen you somewhere.” “I presume you have, Sir,” replied the other; “for I have been there very often.”

Brute force—may crush the heart, but cannot kill;  
The mind, that thinks, no terrors can compel;  
But it will speak at length, and boldly tell

The world its weakness, and its rights; the night  
Our race so long has grop'd through, since man fell  
From his imagin'd Eden of delight,  
Must, will, ere long, retire from Truth's fast dawning light.

**Varieties.** 1. *Mind* may act on mind, though bodies be far divided. 2. A bold man, or a fool must be he, who would change his lot with another. 3. A wise man,—scorneth nothing, be it ever so small or homely. 4. *Mind*—is a perpetual motion; for it is a running stream, from an unfathomable source, the depth of the DIVINE INTELLIGENCE. 5. *Nature*—is the chart of God, mapping out all his attributes; *Art*—the shadow of his wisdom, and copieth his resources. 6. In a dream, thou mayest live a lifetime, and all be forgotten in the morning. 7. A letter timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection. 8. As frost to the bud, and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship. 9. Confidence—cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate. 10. Those hours are not lost, that are spent in cementing affection. 11. Character—is mainly modeled, by the cast of the minds that surround it. 12. The company a man chooseth, is a visible index of his heart.

A drainless shower  
Of light—is poetry; 'tis the supreme of power;  
'Tis might—slumbering on its own right arm.

A generous mind, though sway'd awhile by passion,  
Is like the steely vigor of the bow.  
Still holds its native rectitude, and bends  
But to recoil more forceful.

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing  
Though th' ungrateful subjects of their favors good  
Are barren in return.

Cowards—are scard'd with threatenings; boys are  
Into confessions; but a steady mind  
Acts of itself,—ne'er asks the body counsel.

The mind—is full  
Of curious changes, that perplex itself,  
Just like the visible world; and the heart—ebbs  
Like the great sea; first flows, and then retires,  
And on the passions doth the spirit ride,  
Through sunshine—and in rain, from good—to ill,  
Then to deep vice, and so on—back to virtue;  
Till, in the grave, that universal calm,  
We sleep—the sleep of death.

Virtue, while 't is free from blame,  
Is modest, lowly, meek, and unassuming;  
Not apt, like fearful vice, to shield its weakness  
Beneath the studied pomp of boastful phrase,  
Which swells, to hide the poverty it shelters;  
But, when this virtue—feels itself suspected,  
Insulted, set at nought, its whiteness stain'd,  
It then grows proud, forgets its humble worth,  
And rates itself—above its real value.

A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead.

**578. SUGGESTIONS.** The author is aware, from experience, that there are many things tending to discourage a new beginner in declamation; one is, a consciousness of his own awkwardness; which teaches us the importance of knowing how to do a thing, before attempting it in the presence of others. Let him select a short, and ordinary piece, first, and commit it perfectly to memory, and be sure that he understands every word of the author. Never appear in an improper dress; let your clothing be clean and neat, and properly adjusted to the body; neither too loose, nor too tight. Never be influenced, one way or another, by what your companions may say, or do; be your own master, and feel determined to succeed; at the same time, you may be as modest and unassuming as you please, the more so the better: let your subject and object be to you ALL IN ALL.

Applause—  
Waits on success: the fickle multitude,  
Like the light straw, that floats along the stream,  
Glide with the current still, and follow fortune.  
Men judge actions—always by events:  
But, when we manage, by a just foresight,  
Success—is prudence, and possession—right.

**579. OUR BOOK.** In this abridged outline of the Principles of Elocution, the author has endeavored to appreciate the age and state of those, who will be likely to read, or study the work; for it is designed for both purposes; and if the reader, or student, shall experience a fithe of the pleasure in rightly using it, as the author has in writing it, his aspirations will be fully realized. The more these subjects are examined, and their principles applied to practice, the more will it be seen and felt, that no one can become a GOOD ELOCUTIONIST, unless he studies BODY and MIND, MATTER and SPIRIT; and makes the results his own, by actual appropriation; science and art, theory and practice, must go hand in hand, to develop and perfect us for EARTH or HEAVEN.

If you did know—to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know—for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly—I left the ring,  
When nought would be accepted—but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.  
As travelers—oft look back, at eve,  
When eastward—darkly going,  
To gaze—upon that light—they leave,  
Still faint behind them—glowing,—  
So, when the close of pleasure's day—  
To gloom hath near consign'd us,  
We turn—to catch one fading ray  
Of joy, that's left behind us.

**Miscellaneous.** 1. A wise man—is willing to profit by the errors of others; because he does not, under the impulse of pride, condemn and despise them; but, while his judgment—disapproves, his heart—pities them. 2. It is the constant tendency of man, when in a perverted state of the will, and according to the state of such perversion, to make the reason, or understanding, everything, and to pay little or no attention to the state of the affections; and also to regulate his actions more by external, than internal considerations; this state and tendency is the cause

of the prevalence of the pride of science in the literary world. 3. The true christian has no confidence in mere feelings, or in that sort of good, which, being without truth, its appointed guide and protector, is transient and inoperative.

**Anecdote.** A Wise Decision. Eliza Ambert, a young Parisian lady, resolutely discarded a gentleman, to whom she was to have been married, because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a gentle reproof, he replied, “that a man of the world could not be so old-fashioned, as to regard God and religion.” Eliza started; but, on recovering herself, said, “From this moment, sir, when I discover that you do not regard religion, I cease to be yours. He, who does not love and honor God, can never love his wife, constantly and sincerely.”

Yes, love indeed is light from Heaven;  
A spark of that immortal fire  
With angels shared, by Alla given,  
To lift from earth our low desire  
Devotion waits the mind above,  
But Heaven itself descends in love;  
A feeling from the Godhead caught,  
To wean from self each sordid thought;  
A ray of him who form'd the whole;  
A glory circling round the soul!

**Varieties.** 1. Neglect not time present; despair not of time past; never despair. 2. Infamy—is where it is received. If thou art a mud wall, it will stick,—if marble, it will rebound. If thou storm at it, it is thine; if thou contemn it,—it is gone. 3. Ridicule seems to dishonor, worse than dishonor itself. 4. It is heaven, on earth, to have the mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn on the truth. 5. A long life may be passed without finding a friend, in whose understanding and virtue, we can equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for its justice and sincerity. 6. A weak man, however honest, is not qualified to judge. 7. A man of the world, however penetrating, is not fit to counsel. 8. What is the great, essential evil of intemperance? The voluntary extinction of reason. 9. What breaks the heart of the drunkard's wife? It is not, that he is poor; but, that he is a drunkard. 10. How shall we arrest, how suppress this great evil? To rescue men, we must act on them inwardly, and outwardly; by giving strength within, to withstand the temptation, and remove the temptation without.

Thou sun, (said I,) fair light!  
And thou enlightened earth, so fresh, and gay;  
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains,  
And ye, that live and move, fair creatures, tell,  
Tell—if you know, how came I thus; how here?  
Flowers—are the alphabet of angels, whereby  
They write on hills, and fields, mysterious truths.  
Riches, like insects, when concealed, they lie,  
Wait but for their wings, and in their season, fly.

N. B. The latter part of the work is much abridged, and portions of the original matter omitted, to make more room for the Readings and Recitations, and still keep the book, within what are deemed proper limits: this will rationally account for its incoherency, as well as brevity.—One more last word to the pupil. FEEL RIGHT—THINK RIGHT, AND ACT RIGHT, AND YOU SHALL BECOME ALL THAT YOU ARE CAPABLE OF, AND ALL THAT YOU CAN DESIRE.



**Notes.** In these exercises, there is a continual recurrence of the preceding principles, and all designed for *thinkers* and *workers*. As there are no such things as *TIME* and *SPACE* belonging to the mind, the nearer we approach to their annihilation, the more readily can we memorize: for which reason small type are used; and also variety, for the purpose of assisting in the preservation of the sight, and maintaining our independence of spectacles: in consideration of which, it should be observed, that books must be read, by varying their distances from the eyes; sometimes quite near, at others farther off: also practice the sight in looking at surrounding objects, in their proper positions from nearest to farthest.

**580. IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.** Among various excellent arguments—for the immortality of the soul, there is *one* drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it.

How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing, almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years, he has all the endowments he is capable of; and, were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present.

*Man* does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in *animals*, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs, and dies. But a *man*—can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage.

Would an infinitely wise Being—make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents, that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified?

How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on *this* world as only a nursery for the *next*, and believing, that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear, in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence *here*, and afterwards, to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread, and flourish—to all eternity!—*Addison*.

VIRTUOUS FRIENDSHIP.

Is aught so fair,  
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,  
In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn;  
In nature's fairest forms,—is aught so fair  
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush  
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?  
The graceful tear, that streams for others' woes?  
Or the mild majesty of private life,  
Where peace, with ever-blooming olive, crowns  
The gate? where honor's liberal hands effuse  
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings  
Of innocence and love, protect the scene?

That—I spent,—that—I had;  
That—I gave,—that—I have;  
That—I left,—that—I lost.

**581. FANCIED INFALLIBILITY.** When man has looked about him, as far as he can, he concludes there is no more to be seen; when he is at the end of his line, he is at the bottom of the ocean; when he has shot his best, he is sure none ever did, nor ever can shoot better, or beyond it; his own reason is the certain measure of truth; his own knowledge, of what is possible in nature; though his mind and his thoughts, change every seven years, as well as his strength and his features: nay, though his opinions change every week or every day, yet he is sure, or at least confident, that his present thoughts and conclusions are just and true, and cannot be deceived.

OUR TOILS AND THEIR REWARD.

He, who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find  
The loftiest peaks, most wrapt in clouds, and  
He, who surpasses, or subdues mankind, [snow;  
Must look down on the hate, of those below.  
Though high above, the sun of glory glow,  
And far beneath, the earth and ocean spread;  
Round him, are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
Contending tempests, on his naked head, [led.  
And thus, reward the toils, which to those summits

**582. PARTS OF THE WHOLE.** This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe; every star, though no bigger in appearance than the diamond, that glitters on a lady's ring, is really, a vast globe, like the sun in size, and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day: so that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence,—all which are lost to our sight, in unmeasurable wilds of ether.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes, and starry skies;  
And all that's best, of dark and bright,  
Meet in her aspect, and her eyes:  
Thus mellowed to that tender light,  
Which heaven, to gaudy day denies.  
One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace,  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts, serenely sweet, express  
How pure, how dear, their dwelling place.  
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days, in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace, with all below,  
A heart, whose love, is innocent!

Men—are made to bend

Before the *mighty*, and to follow on  
Submissive, where the *great* may lead—the *great*,  
Whose might—is not in *crowns* and *palaces*,  
In *parchment-rolls*, or *blazon'd heraldry*,  
But in the power of *thought*, the energy  
Of unsupported *mind*, whose steady will  
No force can daunt, no tangled path divert  
From its right onward purpose.

Will he be idle, who has much to enjoy?

**583. CHANGING AND UNCHANGING.** When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they; when we have looked on every object to which we could turn our anxious eyes, and they have all told us that they could give us no hope nor support, because they were so feeble themselves; we can look to the throne of God: change and decay have never reached that; the revolution of ages has never moved it; the waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken; the waves of another eternity are rushing toward it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

INFANT SLEEPING IN A GARDEN.

Sleep on, sweet babe! the flowers, that wake  
Around thee, are not half so fair;  
Thy dimpling smiles, unconscious break,  
Like sunlight, on the vernal air.  
Sleep on! no dreams of care are thine,  
No anxious thoughts, that may not rest;  
For angel arms around thee twine,  
To make thy infant slumbers bless'd.  
Perchance her spirit hovers near,  
Whose name, thy infant beauty bears,  
To guard thine eyelids, from the tear  
That every child of sorrow shares.  
Oh! may thy life, like hers endure,  
Unsullied to its spotless close;  
And bend to earth, as calm and pure  
As ever bowed the summer rose.—*Daves*.

**584.** The estimate and valor of a man, consist in the heart, and in the will; there, his true honor lives; valor is stability, not of legs and arms, but of courage, and the soul; it does not lie in the valor of our horse, nor of our arms, but in ourselves. He, that falls obstinate in his courage, *Si succiderit de genu pugnans*; if his legs fail him, fights upon his knees.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Hast thou sounded the *depths*—of yonder sea,  
And counted the *sands*, that under it be?  
Hast thou measured the *height*—of heaven above?  
*Then*—mayest thou mete out—the *mother's* love.  
Hast thou talked with the *blessed*, of leading on,  
To the *throne of God*—some wandering son?  
Hast thou witnessed the *angels'* bright employ?  
*Then*—mayest thou speak of a *mother's* joy.  
*Evening and morn*—hast thou watched the *bee*  
Go forth, on her errands of *industry*?  
The *bee*, for *herself*, hath gather'd and toil'd,  
But the *mother's* cares—are all for her *child*.  
Hast thou gone with the *traveler*, *Thought*, afar,  
From *pole to pole*, and from *star to star*?  
Thou hast—but on *ocean*, *earth*, or *sea*,  
The *heart of a mother*—has gone with thee.  
There is not a grand, inspiring *thought*,  
There is not a *truth*—by *wisdom* taught,  
There is not a *feeling*, pure and high,  
That may not be read—in a *mother's* eye.  
There are teachings on *earth*, and *sky*, and *air*,  
The *heavens*—the glory of *God* declare;  
But *louder*—than voice *beneath*, above,  
He is heard to speak—through a *mother's* love.

**585. BALANCE OF HAPPINESS EQUAL.** An extensive contemplation of human affairs, will lead us to the conclusion,—that among the different conditions, and ranks of men, the balance of happiness—is preserved, in a great measure, equal; and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other, than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations, both of pleasure, and of pain, universally take place. Providence never intended, that any state here, should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous, and more lively, in the higher departments of life, such, also, are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor—are confined to a more narrow circle, yet, within that circle, lie most of those natural satisfactions, which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true. In a state, therefore, where there is neither so much to be coveted, on the one hand, nor to be dreaded, on the other, as at first appears, how submissive ought we to be—to the disposal of Providence! how temperate—in our desires, and pursuits! how much more attentive—to preserve our virtue, and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful, and equivocal advantages of worldly prosperity.—*Blair*.

A RAINY DAY.

It rains. What lady—loves a rainy day?  
Not she, who puis prunello on her foot,  
Zephyrs around her neck, and silken socks  
Upon a graceful ankle,—nor yet she,  
Who sports her tasseled parasol along  
The walks, beau-crowded, on some sunny noon,  
Or trips in muslin, in a winter's night,  
On a cold sleigh-ride—to a distant ball.  
She loves a rainy day, who sweeps the hearth,  
And threads the busy needle, or applies  
The scissors to the torn, or thread-bare sleeve;  
Who blesses God, that she has friends at home;  
Who, in the pelting of the storm, will think  
Of some poor neighbor, that she can befriend;  
Who trims the lamp at night, and reads aloud,  
To a young brother, tales he loves to hear;  
Or ventures cheerfully abroad, to watch  
The bedside of some sick, and suffering friend,  
Administering that best of medicines,  
Kindness, and tender care, and cheering hope;  
Such—are not sad, e'en on a rainy day.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;  
The priest hunts a living—the lawyer a fee,  
The doctor a patient—the courtier a place,  
Though often, like us, he's flung out in the chace.  
The cit hunts a plum—while the soldier hunts  
The poet a dinner—the patriot a name; [fame,  
And the practis'd coquette, tho' she seems to re-  
In spite of her airs, still her lover pursues. [fuse,  
He's on his guard, who knows his enemy;  
And innocence—may safely trust her shield  
Against an open foe; but who's so mailed,  
That slander shall not reach him? Coward  
Stabs in the dark. [calumny

Heaven's great view is one, and that—the whole.



**587. OUR COUNTRY.** And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us, who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace, and the works of peace; let us develop the resources of our land; call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-six states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.—*Webster.*

## DISAPPOINTED AMBITION.

In full-blown dignity—see Wolsey stand,  
Law—in his voice, and fortune—in his hand; [sign;  
To him, the church, the realm, their powers con-  
Through him, the rays of regal bounty shine;  
Turn'd by his nod, the stream of honor flows;  
His smile alone, security bestows.  
Still, to new heights, his restless wishes tower;  
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;  
Till conquest, unresisted, ceased to please,  
And rights submitted—left him none to seize.  
At length, his sovereign frowns; the train of state  
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.  
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye;  
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly.  
How drops, at once, the pride of awful state,  
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,  
The regal palace, the luxurious board,  
The liveried army, and the menial lord!  
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,  
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.  
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,  
And his last sighs—reproach the faith of kings.

**Expectation.** It is proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raise *expectation*, which it is not in their power to *satisfy*, and that it is more pleasing to see *smoke* brightening into *flame*, than *flame*—sinking into *smoke*.

*Frailly*—thy name is Man; the earth—waits her king.  
*Frailly*—thy name is Woman; the earth—waits her queen.

**588. MORAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.** The sufferings of animal nature, occasioned by intemperance, are not to be compared with the moral agonies, which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being, who sins, and suffers; and, as his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment-seat, in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and, in anguish of spirit, clanks his chain, and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and, as the gulph opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and "seeks it yet again;" again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and "seeks it yet again!" Wretched man! he has placed himself in the hands of a giant, who never pities, and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle, but he is in chains. He may cry for release, but it comes not; and lost! lost! may be inscribed on the door-posts of his dwelling. In the meantime, these paroxysms of his dying nature decline, and a fearful apathy, the harbinger of spiritual death, comes on. His resolution fails, and his mental energy, and his vigorous enterprise; and nervous irritation and depression ensue. The social affections lose their fullness and tenderness, and conscience loses its power, and the heart its sensibility, until all that was once lovely, and of good report, retires and leaves the wretch, abandoned to the appetites of a ruined animal. In this deplorable condition, reputation expires, business falters, and becomes perplexed, and temptations to drink multiply, as inclination to do so increases, and the power of resistance declines. And now the vortex roars, and the struggling victim buffets the fiery wave, with feebler stroke, and warning supplication, until despair flashes upon his soul, and, with an outcry, that pierces the heavens, he ceases to strive, and disappears.—*Beecher.*

## THE DESTRUCTION OF SENACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down, like a wolf—on the fold,  
And his cohorts—were gleaming—in purple, and gold;  
And the sheen of his spears—was like stars—in the sea,  
When the blue wave—rolls nightly, on deep Galilee.  
Like the leaves of the forest—when summer is green,  
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen:  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host, on the morrow lay withered and strown.  
For the angel of death—spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe, as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers—waxed deadly, and chill,  
And their hearts, but once heaved, and forever, were still!  
And there—lay the steel, with his nostrils all wide,  
But through them—there rolled not the breath of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping—lay white on the turf,  
And cold—as the spray of the rock—beating surf.  
And there—lay the rider, distorted, and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances—unlifted, the trumpets—unblown.  
And the widows of Ashur—were loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke—in the temple of Babel;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted, like snow, in the glance of the Lord!—*Byron.*

**Justice**—is as strictly due between neighbor nations, as between neighbor citizens. A *highwayman* is as much a *robber*, when he plunders in a *gang*, as when *single*, and a *nation*, that makes an *unjust* war, is only a *great gang*.

True happiness—is to no place confined:  
But still is found—in a contented mind.

## 597. NATIONAL GLORY.

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

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

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

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

## 598. THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I saw him—on the battle-eve,  
When, like a king, he bore him—  
Proud hosts, in glittering helm, and greave,  
And prouder chiefs—before him:  
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds—

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The morrow, and the morrow's meeds,—  
No daunting thoughts—came o'er him;  
He looked around him, and his eye—  
Defiance flashed—to earth, and sky.

He looked on ocean,—its broad breast  
Was covered—with his fleet;  
On earth: and saw, from east—to west,  
His bannered millions meet:  
While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,  
Shook—with the war-cry of that host,  
The thunder—of their feet!

He heard—the imperial echoes ring,—  
He heard,—and felt himself—a king.

I saw him, next, alone: nor camp,  
Nor chief, his steps attended;  
Nor banner blazed, nor courier's tramp,  
With war-cries, proudly blended,  
He, stood alone, whom fortune high,  
So lately, seemed to deify;

He, who with heaven contended,  
Fled, like a fugitive, and slave!  
*Behind*—the foe; *before*—the wave.

He stood; fleet, army, treasure,—gone,—  
Alone, and in despair!

But wave, and wind—swept ruthless on,  
For they were monarchs there;  
And Xerxes, in a single bark,  
Where late—his thousand ships were dark,  
Must all their fury dare:

What a revenge—a trophy, this—  
For thee, immortal Salamis!—*Jewsbury.*

## 599. OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

Daughter of heaven, fair art thou! the silence of thy face is pleasant! Thou comest forth in loveliness. The stars attend thy blue course in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O moon. They brighten their dark-brown sides. Who is like thee, in heaven, light of the silent night! The stars, in thy presence, turn away their sparkling eyes.

Whither dost thou retire from thy course, when the darkness of thy countenance grows! Hast thou thy hall, like Ossian! Dwellst thou in the shadow of grief! Have thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they, who rejoice with thee at night, no more! Yes! they have fallen, fair light! and thou dost often retire to mourn. But thou thyself shalt fail, one night, and leave thy blue path in heaven.

The stars will then lift up their heads, and rejoice. Thou art now clothed with thy brightness. Look from thy gates in the sky. Burst the cloud, O wind, that the daughter of night may look forth: that the shaggy mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its white waves in light.

## SHIP.

Her sails were set, but the dying wind  
Scarce wooed them, as they trembled on the yard  
With an uncertain motion. She arose,  
As a swan rises on her gilded wings,  
When on a lake, at sunset, she uprears  
Her form from out the waveless stream, and steers  
Into the far blue ether—so, that ship  
Seem'd lifted from the waters, and suspended,  
Wing'd with her bright sails, in the silent air.

For age, and want, serve—while you may;  
No morning sun—lasts a whole day.



**592. A BATTLE-FIELD.** We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger, or an enemy, without being sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion, to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment—vanishes in a moment; every other emotion—gives way to pity and terror. In these last extremities, we remember nothing, but the respect and tenderness, due to our common nature. What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left, without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while their blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amid the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe! Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near, to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death. Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave, unnoticed, and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust!

**593. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.**

Not a drum | was heard | nor a funeral | note,  
As his corse | to the ramparts | we hurried,  
Not a soldier | discharged | his farewell shot,  
O'er the grave | where our hero | we buried.  
We buried him | darkly | at dead of night,  
The turf | with our bay'nets | turning.  
By the struggling moonbeam's | misty light,  
And our lanterns | dimly burning.  
Few and short | were the prayers | we said,  
And we spoke | not a word | of sorrow, [dead,  
But we steadfastly gazed | on the face | of the  
And we bitterly thought | on the morrow.  
No useless coffin | confined his breast,  
Nor in sheet | nor in shroud | we bound him,  
But he lay | like a warrior | taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak | around him.  
We thought | as we heaped | the narrow bed,  
And smoothed down | his lonely pillow,  
That the foe | and the stranger | would tread o'er  
And we | far away | on the billow. [his head,  
Lightly they'll talk | of the spirit | that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes | upbraid him,  
But nothing he'll reck | if they let him sleep on,  
In the grave | where a Briton has laid him.  
But half | our heavy task | was done,  
When the clock | told the hour for retiring,  
And we heard the distant | and random gun,  
That the foe | was sullenly firing.  
Slowly | and sadly | we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame, fresh, and gory,  
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
But we left him | alone in his glory.

**594. CASSIUS AGAINST CÆSAR.**

Honor—is the subject of my story;—  
I cannot tell what you, and other men—  
Think of this life; but for my single self,  
I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe—of such a thing—as myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you;  
We have both fed as well; and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.  
For, once upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber, chafing with its shores,

Cæsar says to me,—“Darest thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me, into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?”—Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.  
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it;  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,  
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy.  
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
Cæsar cried,—“Help me, Cassius, or I sink.”  
I, as *Aeneas*, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder  
The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of  
Did I—the tired *Cæsar*; and this man— [Tiber,  
Is now—become a god; and *Cassius*—is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
If Cæsar—carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;  
His coward lips did from their color fly;  
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the  
Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan, [world,  
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
“Alas!” it cried—“Give me some drink, Titinius.”  
As a sick girl.

Ye gods! it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper—should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.  
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,  
Like a Colossus, and we, petty men,  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,  
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.  
Men, at some time, are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings. [Cæsar?  
*Brutus*—and *Cæsar*! What should he in that  
Why should that name be sounded more than  
yours?

Write them together: yours is as fair a name;  
Sound them: it doth become the mouth as well;  
Weigh them: it is as heavy; conjure with 'em:  
*Brutus*—will start a spirit, as soon as *Cæsar*.

Now, in the name of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meats—doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he hath grown so great? Age, thou art  
ashamed;

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was famed with more than with one man?  
When could they say, till now, that talked of  
Rome,

That her wide walls encompassed but one man?  
Oh! you, and I—have heard our fathers say,  
There was a *Brutus* once, th't would have brooked  
The infernal devil, to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king.

A warm heart—in this cold world—is like  
A beacon-light—wasting feeble flame  
Upon the wintry deep, that feels it not,  
And, trembling with each pitiless gust th't blows,  
Till its faint fire—is spent.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires,  
By just degrees, to reach perfection's height.

**604. AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR.**

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune, and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous, and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery—cannot save us, in this rugged, and awful crisis. It is now necessary, to instruct the throne, in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion, and darkness, which envelop it; and display, in its full danger, and genuine colors, the ruin, which is brought to our doors. Can ministers, still presume to expect support, in their infatuation! Can parliament, be so dead to its dignity, and duty, as to give their support to measures, thus obtruded, and forced upon them? *Measures*, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire—to scorn, and contempt! “But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world; now, none so poor, as to do her reverence.” The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose, with dignity, or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad, is in part known. No man more highly esteems, and honors the British troops, than I do; I know their virtues, and their valor; I know they can achieve anything, but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know, that in three campaigns, we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be forever vain, and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid, on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine, and plunder, devoting them, and their possessions, to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms; No—Never, never, never.—*Chatham*.

**605. THE WHISKERS.**

The kings, who rule mankind with haughty sway,  
The prouder pope, whom even kings obey— [fall,  
Love, at whose shrine both popes, and monarchs  
And e'en self-interest, that controls them all—  
Possess a petty power, when all combined.  
Compared with fashion's influence on mankind;  
For love itself will oft to fashion bow;  
The following story will convince you how:

A petit maitre wooed a fair,  
Of virtue, wealth, and graces rare;  
But vainly had preferred his claim,  
The maiden own'd no answering flame;  
At length, by doubt and anguish torn,  
Suspense, too painful to be borne,  
Low at her feet he humbly kneel'd,  
And thus his ardent flame reveal'd:

“Pity my grief, angelic fair,  
Behold my anguish, and despair;  
For you, this heart must ever burn—  
O bless me, with a kind return;  
My love, no language can express,  
Reward it then, with happiness;

Nothing on earth, but you I prize,  
All else is trifling in my eyes;  
And cheerfully, would I resign  
The wealth of worlds, to call you mine.  
But, if another gain your hand,  
Far distant from my native land,  
Far hence, from you, and hope, I'll fly,  
And in some foreign region die.”

The virgin heard, and thus replied:  
“If my consent to be your bride,  
Will make you happy, then be blest;  
But grant me, first, one small request;  
A sacrifice I must demand,  
And, in return, will give my hand.”

“A sacrifice! O speak its name,  
For you I'd forfeit wealth, and fame;  
Take my whole fortune—every cent—”

“'Twas something more than wealth I meant.”

“Must I the realms of Neptune trace?  
O speak the word—where'er the place,  
For you, the idol of my soul,  
I'd e'en explore the frozen pole;  
Arabia's sandy desert tread,  
Or trace the Tigris to its head.”

“O no, dear sir, I do not ask,  
So long a voyage, so hard a task;  
You must—but ah! the boon I want,  
I have no hope that you will grant.”

“Shall I, like Bonaparte, aspire  
To be the world's imperial sire?  
Express the wish, and here I vow,  
To place a crown upon your brow.”

“Sir, these are trifles”—she replied—  
“But, if you wish me for your bride,  
You must—but still I fear to speak—  
You'll never grant the boon I seek.”

“O say!” he cried—“dear angel say—  
What must I do, and I obey;  
No longer rack me with suspense,  
Speak your commands, and send me hence.”

“Well, then, dear generous youth!” she cries,  
“If thus my heart you really prize,  
And wish to link your fate with mine,  
On one condition I am thine;  
'Twill then become my pleasing duty,  
To contemplate a husband's beauty;  
And, gazing on his manly face,  
His feelings, and his wishes trace;  
To banish thence each mark of care,  
And light a smile of pleasure there.  
O let me then, 'tis all I ask,  
Commence at once the pleasing task;  
O let me, as becomes my place,  
Cut those huge whiskers from your face.”

She said—but O, what strange surprise—  
Was pictured in her lover's eyes!  
Like lightning, from the ground he sprung,  
While wild amazement tied his tongue;  
A statue, motionless, he gazed,  
Astonish'd, horror-struck, amazed  
So, look'd the gallant Perseus, when  
Medusa's visage met his ken;  
So, look'd Macbeth, whose guilty eye  
Discern'd an “air-drawn dagger” nigh;  
And so, the prince of Denmark stared,  
When first his father's ghost appeared.

At length, our hero, silence broke,  
And thus, in wildest accents spoke:  
“Cut off my whiskers! O ye gods!  
I'd sooner lose my ears, by odds;  
Madam, I'd not be so disgraced,  
So lost to fashion, and to taste,  
To win an empress to my arms;  
Though blest with more than mortal charms.  
My whiskers! Zounds!” He said no more,  
But quick retreated through the door,  
And sought a less obdurate fair,  
To take the beast, with all his hair.—*Woodworth*.

This path, you say, is hid in endless night;  
'Tis self conceit, alone, obstructs your right.



597. OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN. O thou, that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars—hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou, thyself, movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course! The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years: the ocean shrinks, and grows again; the moon, herself, is lost in the heavens; but thou—art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll, and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian—thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair—flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season: thy years will have an end. Thou wilt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning.

## 598. DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain, Whose constant cares, were to increase his store, And keep his only son, myself, at home. For I had heard of battles, and I longed To follow to the field—some warlike lord; And Heaven soon granted—what my sire denied. This moon which rose last night, round as my shield, Had not yet filled her horn, when, by her light, A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills, Rushed like a torrent—down upon the vale, Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled For safety, and for succor. I, alone, With-bended bow, and quiver full of arrows, Hovered about the enemy, and marked The road he took; then hasted to my friends, Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men, I met advancing. The pursuit I led, Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe, [drawn, We fought, and conquered. Ere a sword was An arrow from my bow—had pierced their chief, Who wore, that day, the arms which now I wear. Returning home in triumph, I disdained The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard That our good king—had summoned his bold peers To lead their warriors to the Carron side, I left my father's house, and took with me A chosen servant to conduct my steps,— Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master. Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers, And, heaven-directed, came this day to do The happy deed, that gilds my humble name.

## MORAL TRUTH INTELLIGIBLE TO ALL.

The shepherd lad, who, in the sunshine, carves On the green turf a dial, to divide The silent hours; and who, to that report, Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt His round of pastoral duties, is not left With less intelligence, for moral things, Of gravest import. Early, he perceives, Within himself, a measure, and a rule, Which, to the sun of truth, he can apply, That shines for him, and shines for all mankind.

599. OF ELOCUTION. Elocution—is the art, or the act, of so delivering our *own* thoughts and feelings, or the thoughts and feelings of *others*, as not only to convey to those around us, with precision, force, and harmony, the full purport, and meaning of the words and sentences, in which these thoughts are clothed; but also, to excite and to impress upon their minds the feelings, imaginations, and passions, by which those thoughts are dictated, or by which they should naturally be accompanied. Elocution, therefore, in its more ample and liberal signification, is not confined to the mere exercise of the organs of speech. It embraces the whole theory and practice of the exterior demonstration of the inward workings of the mind. To concentrate what has been said by an allegorical recapitulation: *Eloquence*—may be considered as the soul, or animated principle of discourse; and is dependent on intellectual energy and intellectual attainments. *Elocution*—is the embodying form, or representative power; dependent on exterior accomplishments, and on the cultivation of the organs. *Oratory*—is the complicated and vital existence, resulting from the perfect harmony and combination of eloquence and elocution. The vital existence, however, in its full perfection, is one of the choicest rarities of nature. The high and splendid accomplishments of oratory, even in the most favored age and the most favored countries, have been attained by few; and many are the ages, and many are the countries, in which these accomplishments have never once appeared. Generations have succeeded to generations, and centuries have rolled after centuries, during which, the intellectual desert has not exhibited even one solitary specimen of the stately growth and flourishing expansion of oratorical genius. The rarity of this occurrence is, undoubtedly, in part, to be accounted for, from the difficulty of the attainment. The palm of oratorical perfection is only to be *grasped*—it is, in reality, only to be *desired*, by aspiring souls, and intellects of unusual energy. It requires a persevering toil which few would be contented to encounter; a decisive intrepidity of character, and an untamableness of mental ambition, which very, very few can be expected to possess. It requires, also, conspicuous opportunities for cultivation and display, to which few can have the fortune to be born, and which fewer still will have the hardihood to endeavor to create.

## VIRTUE THE GUARDIAN OF YOUTH.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts, Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky, Hope swells his sails, and Passion steers his course. So glides his little bark along the shore, Where virtue takes her stand: but if too far He launches forth beyond discretion's mark, Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar, Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep. "—My boy, the unwelcome hour is come, When thou, transplanted from thy genial home, Must find a colder soil, and bleaker air, And trust for safety—to a stranger's care."

*Deceit*—is the false road to happiness; And all the joys we travel to, through vice, Like fairy banquets, vanish when we touch them.

See all, but man, with unearn'd pleasure gay.

## 600. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS ON ADOPTING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity, which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for *our* good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak, as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country, and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor?

Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague near you; are you not both, already, the proscribed, and predestined objects of punishment, and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation, ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes, and our lives?

I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith to fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate, or waver in the support I give him.

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

Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things, which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a *civil* to a *national* war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in

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a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us.—But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know, that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker-Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see clearly, through this day's business. *You* and *I*, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time, when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. *Be it so.* If it be the pleasure of Heaven, that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I *am*, all that I *have*, and all that I *hope* for, in this life, I am now ready here to *stake* upon it: and I leave off, as I began; sink or swim; live or die; *survive*, or *perish*, I am for the declaration: it is my *living* sentiment; and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my *dying* sentiment—Independence now! and independence—FOREVER!—Webster.

Be not dismayed—fear—nurses up a danger; And resolution—kills it,—in the birth.