

601. THE EFFECTS OF GENTLENESS. Gentleness—is the great avenue to mutual enjoyment. Amidst the strife of interfering interests, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony. It softens animosities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of man, a refreshment to man. Banish gentleness from the earth; suppose the world to be filled, with none but harsh and contentious spirits, and what sort of society would remain! the solitude of the desert were preferable to it. The conflict of jarring elements in chaos, the cave where subterraneous winds contend and roar, the den where serpents hiss and beasts of the forest howl, would be the only proper representation of such assemblies of men. Strange! that, where men have all one common interest, they should so often concur in defeating it. Has not nature already provided a sufficient quantity of evils for the state of man! As if we did not suffer enough from the storm which beats upon us without, must we conspire also, in those societies where we assemble, in order to find a retreat from that storm, to harass one another!

A NIGHT SCENE IN TURKEY.

'Twas midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold round moon—shone brightly down;
Blue rolled the ocean, blue the sky
Spread, like an ocean, hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them, shining,
And turned to earth, without repining,
Nor wished for wings to fly away,
And mix—with their eternal ray?
The waves, on either shore, lay there,
Calm, clear, and azure as the air,
And scarce their foam—the pebbles shook,
But murmured meekly, as the brook.
The winds—were pillowed on the waves,
The banners drooped—along their staves,
And as they fell around them, furling,
Above them—shone the erecent curling;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save when the watch—his signal spoke,
Save when the steed—neighed oft and shrill,
And echo answered—from the hill,
And the wide hum—of that wild host
Rustled, like leaves, from coast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air,
In midnight call—to wonted prayer.
It rose, that chaunted, mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's—o'er the plain;
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as, when winds, and harp-strings meet;
And take a long, unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy, unknown:
It seemed to those, within the wall,
A cry—prophetic of their fall;
It struck—even the besieger's ear,
With something ominous, and drear,—
An undefined, and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart—a moment still;
Then beat, with quicker pulse, ashamed
Of that strange sense—its silence framed;
Such as a sudden passing bell
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

Know thyself.

602. PRESS ON. This is a speech, brief, but full of inspiration, and opening the way to all victory. The mystery of Napoleon's career was this,—under all difficulties and discouragements, "PRESS ON!" It solves the problem of all heroes; it is the rule, by which to weigh rightly, all wonderful successes, and triumphal marches—to fortune and genius. It should be the motto of all, old—and young, high—and low, fortunate—and unfortunate, so called.

"PRESS ON!" Never despair; never be discouraged, however stormy the heavens, however dark the way; however great the difficulties, and repeated the failures,—*"PRESS ON!"* If fortune—has played false with thee to-day, do thou play true for thyself to-morrow. If thy riches have taken wings, and left thee, do not weep thy life away; but be up and doing, and retrieve the loss, by new energies and action. If an unfortunate bargain—has deranged thy business, do not fold thy arms, and give up all as lost; but stir thyself, and work the more vigorously.

If those whom thou hast trusted, have betrayed thee, do not be discouraged, do not idly weep, but *"PRESS ON!"* find others; or, what is better, learn to live within thyself. Let the foolishness of yesterday—make thee wise to-day. If thy affections—have been poured out like water in the desert, do not sit down and perish of thirst,—but press on; a beautiful oasis is before thee, and thou mayst reach it, if thou wilt. If another—has been false to thee, do not thou increase the evil—by being false to thyself. Do not say—the world hath lost its poetry and beauty; 'tis not so; and even if it be so, make thine own poetry and beauty, by a brave, a true, and, above all, a religious life.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher, will we climb,
Up—the mount of glory,
That our names—may live through time,
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He, who conquers,—he, who falls.
Deeper, deeper—let us toil,
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth—and Learning's spoil.
Win from school—and college;
Delve we there—for richer gems,
Than the stars of diadems.
Onward, onward—may we pass,
Through the path of duty;
Virtue—is true happiness,
Excellence, true beauty;
Minds—are of celestial birth:
Make we, then, a heaven of earth.
Closer, closer—let us knit
Hearts, and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather;
O, they wander wide, who roam
For the joys of life, from home.
Nearer, dearer bands of love,
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion:
Thither—ev'ry hope ascend,
There—may all our labors end.

603 HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS. ON what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry, a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those, who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.

First, they demand me—that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you, who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death—by the extremest tortures. Proud, and cruel nation! every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us, with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you—you are not to observe the limits, which yourselves have fixed.

Pass not the Iberus! What next! Touch not the Saguntines; is Saguntum upon the Iberus! move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia! you would have Spain, too! Well, we shall yield Spain; and then—you will pass into Africa! Will pass, did I say! this very year, they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain.

No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then—be men. The Romans—may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them; have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death, and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I say, you are conquerors.—*Livy.*

604. VULTURE AND CAPTIVE INFANT.

I've been among the mighty Alps, and wandered thro' their eales,
And heard the honest mountaineers—relate their dismal tales,
As round the cotten' blazing hearth, when their daily work was o'er,
They spake of those, who disappeared, and ne'er were heard of more.

And there, I, from a shepherd, heard a narrative of fear,
A tale—to rend a mortal heart, which mothers—might not hear;
The tears—were standing in his eyes, his voice—was tremulous;
But, wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus:

"It is among these barren cliffs—the ravenous vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey, which from afar he smells;
But, patient, watching hour on hour, upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.

One cloudless Sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising high,
When, from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,
As if some awful deed were done, a shriek of grief, and pain,
A cry, I humbly trust in God, I ne'er may hear again.

I hurried out to learn the cause; but, overwhelmed with fright,
The children never ceased to shriek; and, from my frenzied sight,
I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care;
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing thro' the air.

Oh! what an awful spectacle—to meet a father's eye,—
His infant—made a vulture's prey, with terror to descry;
And know, with agonizing heart, and with a maniac rave,
That earthly power—could not avail—that innocent to save!

My infant—stretched his little hands—implo'ingly to me,
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly to get free:
At intervals, I heard his cries, as loud he shrieked, and screamed!
Until, upon the azure sky, a lessening spot he seemed.

The vulture—flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily he flew;
A mate, upon the son's broad face, he seemed unto my view;
But once, I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would alight,—
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite.

All search was vain, and years had passed; that child was ne'er
When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spot, [forgot,
From thence, upon a rugged crag—the chamois never bleached,
He saw—an infant's fleshless bones—the elements had bleached!

I clambered up that rugged cliff,—I could not stay away,—
I knew they were my infant's bones—thus hastening to decay:
A tattered garment—yet remained, though torn to many a shred:
The crimson cap—he wore that morn—was still upon his head.
That dreary spot—is pointed out to travelers, passing by,
Who often stand, and musing, gaze, nor go without a sigh;
And as I journeyed, the next morn, along my sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.—*Anon.*

605. THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought, but the torrent, is heard on the hill,
And nought, but the nightingale's song, in the grove.
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;
No more with himself, or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and wo;
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom intrude.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when, majestic on high,
She shone, and the planets were lost, in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and, with gladness, pursue
The path, that conducts thee to splendor again:
But man's faded glory, what change shall renew!
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O, when shall day dawn, on the night of the grave!

"'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from abode onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind,
O pity, great Father of light, then I cried,
Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee!
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt, and from darkness thou only, canst free.

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away:
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:
So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,
The bright, and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles, and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.—*Beattie.*

O what a vision—were the stars,
When first I saw them burn on high,
Rolling along, like living cars
Of light,—for gods to journey by.

The world—is full of poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit; the waves—
Dance—to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle—in its brightness.

In struggling with misfortunes,
Lies the true proof—of virtue.

606. THE CHARACTER OF WOMAN. The influence of the *female* character—is now felt, and acknowledged, in all the relations of life. I speak not now, of those distinguished women, who instruct their age through the public press. Nor of those, whose devout strains we take upon our lips, when we worship. But of a much *larger* class; of those, whose influence is felt in the relations of neighbor, friend, daughter, wife, mother.

Who waits at the couch of the sick, to administer tender charities, while life lingers, or to perform the last acts of kindness, when death comes? Where shall we look for those examples of friendship, that most adorn our nature; those abiding friendships, which trust, even when betrayed, and survive all changes of fortune? Where shall we find the brightest illustration of filial piety? Have you ever seen a daughter, herself, perhaps, timid and helpless, watching the decline of an aged parent, and holding out, with heroic fortitude, to anticipate his wishes, to administer to his wants, and to sustain his tottering steps to the very borders of the grave?

But in *no* relation—does woman exercise so *deep* an influence, both immediately, and prospectively, as in that of *mother*. To her is committed the immortal treasure of the infant mind. Upon her—devolves the care of the first stages—of that course of discipline, which is to form a being, perhaps the most frail and helpless in the world, the fearless ruler of animated creation, and the devout adoror of his great Creator.

Her smiles call into exercise the first affections, that spring up in our hearts. She cherishes, and expands—the earliest germs of our intellects. She breathes over us her deepest devotions. She lifts our little hands, and teaches our little tongues to lisp in prayer. She watches over us, like a guardian angel, and protects us through all our helpless years, when we know not of her cares, and her anxieties, on *our* account. She follows us into the world of men, and lives in us, and blesses us, when she lives not otherwise upon the earth.

What constitutes the centre of every home? Whither do our thoughts turn, when our feet are weary with wandering, and our hearts sick with disappointments? Where shall the truant and forgetful husband go—for sympathy, unalloyed, and without design, but to the bosom of *her* who is ever ready, and waiting to share in his adversity, or prosperity? And if there *be* a tribunal, where the sins and the follies of a froward child—may hope for pardon and forgiveness, this side *heaven*, that tribunal—is the heart of a fond, and devoted mother.

Finally, her influence is felt, deeply, in religion. "If christianity, should be compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throng of busy men, we should find her *last*, and *purest* retreat—with *woman* at the fireside; her *last* altar—would be the female heart; her last audience—would be the children gathered round the knees of the mother; her last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God."

How *empty*, *learning*, and how *vain* is art; Save where it guides the *life*, and mends the *heart*.
Fancy and *pride* reach things at vast *expense*.

INDIAN NAMES.

"How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes, and rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving?"

Ye say—they all have pass'd away,
That noble race—and brave;
That their light canoes—have vanish'd,
From off the crested wave;
That, 'mid the forests—where they roam'd,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name—is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow—
Like ocean's surge—is curl'd;
Where strong Niagara's thunders—wake
The echo—of the world;
Where red Missouri—bringeth
Rich tribute—from the west;
And Rappahannock—sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say—their conelike cabins,
That cluster'd o'er the vale,
Have disappear'd, as wither'd leaves—
Before the autumn's gale;
But their memory—liveth on your hills,
Their baptism—on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers—speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts—wears it—
Within her lordly crown;
And broad Ohio—bears it—
Amid his young renown:
Connecticut—hath wreath'd it—
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky—breathes it hoarse—
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett—hides its lingering voice—
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany—graves its tone—
Throughout his lofty chart.
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
Doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains—build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

IMPROVEMENT OF MIND WITHOUT DISPLAY. Well-informed persons will easily be discovered, to have read the best books, tho' they are not always detailing lists of authors: for a muster-roll of names—may be learned from the catalogue, as well as from the library. The honey—owes its exquisite taste—to the fragrance of the sweetest flowers; yet the skill of the little artificer, appears in this, that the delicious stores are so admirably worked up, and there is such a due proportion observed in mixing them, that the perfection of the whole—consists in its not tasting, individually, of the rose, the jessamine, the carnation, or any of those sweets, of the very essence of all which it is compounded. But true judgment will discover the infusion, which true modesty will not display; and even common subjects, passing through a cultivated understanding, borrow a flavor of its richness.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untaint'd?
Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just;
And he, but naked, tho' locked in steel,
Whose conscience, with injustice is corrupted.

607. ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet, in early Greece, she sung,
The Passions' oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd—around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard *apart*,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for *Madness* ruled the hour—
Would prove his *own* expressive power.

First, *Fear*, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords, bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, *Anger* rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings, own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woful measures, wan *Despair*—
Low, sullen sounds! his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O *Hope*; with eyes so fair,
What was *thy* delighted measure!
Still it whisper'd—promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at *distance* hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still, through all her song.
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close;
And *Hope*, enchanted, smiled and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge—impatient rose, [down;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat. [tween,
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause be-
Dejected *Pity*, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still, he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
from his head.

Thy numbers, *Jealousy*, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd:
And, now, it courted *Love*; now, raving, call'd
on *Hate*.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspired,
Pale *Melancholy* sat, retir'd;
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes, by *distance*, made more sweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound. [stole;
Thro' glades and glooms, the mingled measure
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,
Round—a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing—
In hollow murmurs—died away.

But, oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When *Cheerfulness*, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulders flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew, [rung;
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!

The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste eyed
Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen, [queen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown *Exercise* rejoiced to hear;
And *Sport* leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last, came *Joy's* ecstatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But soon, he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet, entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love, fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors—from his dewy wings.

608. THE CHESTNUT HORSE.

An Eaton stripling, training for the law,
A dunce at syntax, but a dab at taw,
One happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf
His cap and gown, and stores of learned pelf,
With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
Return'd, and past the usual how-d'ye-does,
Inquiries of old friends, and college news:
"Well, Tom, the road; what saw you worth discerning?
How 's all at college, Tom?—what is 't you're learning?"
"Learning—O, logic, logic!—not the shallow rules
Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools!
But wit's and wranglers' logic; for d'ye see,
I'll prove as clear,—as clear as A. B. C.,
That an *eel* pie's a *pigeon*; to deny it,
Is to say black's not black."

"Come, let's try it!"
"Well, sir; an eel pie is a pie of fish." "Agreed."
"Fish pie may be a jack pie."—"Well, well, proceed."
"A jack pie is a John pie—and, 'tis done!
For every John pie must be a pie-John."—(pigeon.)
"Bravo! bravo!" Sir Peter cries; "logic forever!
That beats my grandmother, and she was clever;
But now I think on 't, 't would be mighty hard
If merit such as thine met no reward;
To show how much I logic love in course,
I'll make thee master of a chestnut horse."
"A horse!" quoth Tom, "blood, pedigree, and paces!
O, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!"

Tom dreamt all night of boots and leather breeches,
Of hunting-caps, and leaping rails and ditches;
Rose the next morn an hour before the lark,
And dragg'd his uncle, fasting, to the park;
Bridle in hand, each vale he scours of course,
To find out something like a chestnut horse;
But no such animal the meadows crop,
Till under a large tree Sir Peter stop,
Caught at a branch, and shook it, when down fell
A fine horse chestnut, in its prickly shell.

"There, Tom, take that."—"Well, sir, and what beaude?"
"Why, since you're boot'd, saddle it and ride."
"Ride! what, a chestnut, sir?"—"Of course,
For I can prove that chestnut is a horse;
Not from the doubtful, fusty, musty rules
Of Locke and Bacon, antiquated fools,
Nor old Malebranch, blind pilot into knowledge,
But by the laws of wit and Eton college;
As you have prov'd, and which I don't deny,
That a *pie* John's the same as a *John* pie,
The matter follows, as a thing of course,
That a *horse*-chestnut is a chestnut horse."

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The *fur*, that warms a *monarch*, warm'd a *bear*.
While *man* exclaims, "See all things for *my* use!"
"See *man* for *mine*!" replies the pumper'd *goose*;
And just as short of reason—he must fall,
Who thinks *all* made for *one*, not *one*—for *all*.

609. NATIONAL UNION. Do not, gentlemen, suffer the rage of passion to drive reason from her seat. If this law be indeed bad, let us join to remedy its defects. Has it been passed in a manner which wounded your pride, or roused your resentment? Have, I conjure you, the magnanimity to pardon that offence. I entreat, I implore you, to sacrifice those angry passions to the interests of our country. Pour out this pride of opinion on the altar of patriotism. Let it be an expiatory libation for the weal of America. Do not suffer that pride to plunge us all into the abyss of ruin. Indeed, indeed, it will be but of little, very little avail, whether one opinion or the other be right or wrong; it will heal no wounds, it will pay no debts, it will rebuild no ravaged towns. Do not rely on that popular will, which has brought us frail beings into political existence. That opinion is but a changeable thing. It will soon change. This very measure will change it. You will be deceived. Do not, I beseech you, in reliance on a foundation so frail, commit the dignity, the harmony, the existence of our nation to the wild wind. Trust not your treasure to the waves. Throw not your compass and your charts into the ocean. Do not believe that its billows will wait you into port. Indeed, indeed, you will be deceived. Cast not away this only anchor of our safety. I have seen its progress. I know the difficulties through which it was obtained. I stand in the presence of Almighty God and of the world. I declare to you, that if you lose this charter, never, no never, will you get another. We are now perhaps arrived at the parting point. Here, even here, we stand on the brink of fate. Pause, then—pause. For *Heaven's* sake, pause.—*Morris.*

ATHEIST AND ACORN.

"Methinks the world—seems oddly made,
And every thing—amiss;"
A dull, complaining atheist said,
As stretched he lay—beneath the shade,
And instanced it—in this:
"Behold," quoth he, "that mighty thing,
A pumpkin, large, and round,
Is held—but by a little string,
Which upwards cannot make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground.
While on this oak—an acorn small,
So disproportioned grows,
That whosoe'er surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.
My better judgment—would have hung
The pumpkin—on the tree,
And left the acorn—slightly strung,
'Mongst things—that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be."
No more—the cavalier could say,
No further faults descry;
For, upwards gazing, as he lay,
An acorn, loosened from its spray,
Fell down upon his eye.
The wounded part—with tears ran o'er,
As punished for that sin;
Fool! had that bough—a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimsies—would have worked no more,
Nor skull—have kept them in.

MY COUNTRY.

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright, and gushing rills,
Her sunshine, and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks, that rear
Their hoary heads, high in the air
In wild fantastic forms.
I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams, that seaward glide,
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flow'ry dales,
The haunts of peaceful rest.
I love her forests, dark and lone,
For there—the wild birds' merry tone,
I heard from morn—till night;
And there—are lovelier flowers I ween,
Than e'er in eastern lands were seen,
In varied colors bright.
Her forests—and her valleys fair,
Her flowers, that scent the morning air,
Have all their charms for me;
But more—I love my country's name,
Those words, that echo deathless fame,
"The land of LIBERTY."—*Anon.*

610. SUBLIMITY OF MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

Of all the sights, that nature offers to the eye, and mind of man, mountains—have always stirred my strongest feelings. I have seen the ocean, when it was turned up from the bottom by tempest, and noon—was like night, with the conflict of the billows, and the storm, that tore, and scattered them, in mist and foam, across the sky. I have seen the desert rise around me, and calmly, in the midst of thousands, uttering cries of horror, and paralysed by fear, have contemplated the sandy pillars, coming like the advance of some gigantic city of conflagration—flying across the wilderness, every column glowing with intense fire, and every blast—death; the sky—vaulted with gloom, the earth—a furnace. But with me, the mountain, in tempest, or in calm, the throne of the thunder, or with the evening sun, painting its dells and declivities in colors dipped in heaven—has been the source of the most absorbing sensations. There stands magnitude, giving the instant impression of a power above man—grandeur, that defies decay—antiquity, that tells of ages unnumbered—beauty, that the touch of time makes only more beautiful—use, exhaustless for the service of man—strength imperishable as the globe; the monument of eternity,—the truest earthly emblem of that ever-living, unchangeable, irresistible Majesty, by whom and for whom, all things were made!—*Croly.*

The time shall come, the fated hour is nigh,
When guiltless blood—shall penetrate the sky.
Amid these horrors, and involving night,
Prophetic visions flash before my sight;
Eternal justice wakes, and, in their turn,
The vanquished—triumph, and the victors mourn!
A hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man.
False pleasure—from abroad her joys imparts.

611. THE MURDERER: KNAPP'S TRIAL. Though I could well have wished to shun this occasion, I have not felt at liberty, to withhold my professional assistance, when it is supposed, that I might be, in some degree, useful—in investigating, and discovering the truth, respecting this most extraordinary murder. It has seemed to be a duty, incumbent on me, as on every other citizen, to do my best, and my utmost, to bring to light the perpetrators of this crime.

Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery, and the punishment, of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those, who feel, and manifest, an anxious concern, that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime, at the bar of public justice.

Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation, springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it, before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled, and deadly hate.

It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of *money* against *life*: the counting out of so many pieces of silver, against so many ounces of blood. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets.

Whosoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of Murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in one example, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give the grim visage of Moloch, the brow, knitted by revenge, the face, black with settled hate, and the blood-shot eye, emitting livid fires of malice.

Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in *repose*, rather than in *action*; not so much an example of human nature, in its depravity, and in its paroxysms of *crime*, as an infernal nature, a fiend, in the ordinary display, and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof,—a healthful old man to whom sleep was sweet;—the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace.

The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on

its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him.

The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle, or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the blade. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poidard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done! He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it, as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder,—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe!

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

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

Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man.

A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no assistance, or sympathy, either from heaven, or earth. The secret, which the murderer possesses, soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits, of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole *world* sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master.

It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicious from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles, with still greater violence, to burst forth. It must be confessed, it *will* be confessed, there is no refuge from confession, but suicide, and suicide is confession.

612. ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CESAR.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen! Lend me your
I come to bury Cesar, not to praise him. [ears,
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good—is oft interred with their bones:
So, let it be with Cesar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously—hath Cesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus—is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men)
Come I to speak—in Cesar's funeral—
He was my friend, faithful, and just to me:
But Brutus says—he was ambitious;
And Brutus—is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms—did the general coffers fill:
Did this, in Cesar, seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cesar hath wept;
Ambition, should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says—he was ambitious;
And Brutus—is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him—a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice—refuse; Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove—what Brutus spoke,
But here I am, to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause witholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there—with Cesar;
And I must pause, till it come back to me.
But yesterday, the word of Cesar—might
Have stood against the world! now, lies he there,
And none so poor—to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds—to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong—I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cesar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons—hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go, and kiss dead Cesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins—in his sacred blood—
Yea, beg a hair of him, for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills;
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day—he overcome the Nervii—
Look! in this place—ran Cassius' dagger through,
See, what a rent—the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed,
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cesar followed it!
This, was the most unkindest cut of all!

For when the noble Cesar—saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then, burst—his mighty
And, in his mantle, muffling up his face, [heart;
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
(Which all the while ran blood) great Cesar—fell.
O what fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us—fell down,
Whilst bloody treason—flourished over us.
O, now you weep: and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cesar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here—is himself,—marred, as you see, by traitors.
Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise, and honest—
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you. [ble,
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain—blunt man,
That love my friend—and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave, to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
To stir men's blood—I only speak right on:
I tell you that—which you yourselves do know—
Show you sweet Cesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
And bid them speak for me. [mouths,
But were I—Brutus,
And Brutus—Antony, there were an Antony—
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cesar, that should move
The stones of Rome—to rise and mutiny.

613. THE INVALID ABROAD. It is a sad
thing, to feel that we must die, away from our
own home. Tell not the invalid, who is yearn-
ing after his distant country, that the atmos-
phere around him is soft, that the gales are fil-
led with balm, and that the flowers are spring-
ing from the green earth; he knows, that the
softest air to his heart, would be the air, which
hangs over his native land; that, more grate-
fully than all the gales of the south, would
breathe low whispers of anxious affection;
that the very icicles, clinging to his own eaves,
and snow, beating against his own windows,
would be far more pleasant to his eyes, than
the bloom and verdure, which only more for-
cibly remind him, how far he is from that one
spot, which is dearer to him, than all the
world beside. He may, indeed, find estimable
friends, who will do all in their power to pro-
mote his comfort, and assuage his pains; but
they cannot supply the place of the long
known and long loved; they cannot read, as
in a book, the mute language of his face; they
have not learned to wait upon his habits, and
anticipate his wants, and he has not learned
to communicate, without hesitation, all his
wishes, impressions, and thoughts to them.
He feels that he is a stranger; and a more
desolate feeling than that, could not visit his
soul. How much is expressed, by that form
of oriental benediction, "May you die among
your kindred."—Greenwood.

All, who joy would win,
Must share it,—happiness—was born a twin.
He is unhappy, who is never satisfied.

614. THE LIFE OF A DRUNKARD. If you
would mark the misery, which drunkenness
infuses into the cup of domestic happiness,
go with me to one of those nurseries of crime,
a common tippling shop, and there behold,
collected till midnight, the fathers, the hus-
bands, the sons, and the brothers of a neigh-
borhood. Bear witness to the stench, and the
filthiness around them. Hearken to the oaths,
the obscenity, and the ferocity of their conver-
sation. Observe their idiot laugh; record the
vulgar jest, with which they are delighted,
and tell me, what potent sorcery has so trans-
formed these men, that, for this loathsome
den, they should forego all the delights of an
innocent, and lovely fireside.
But let us follow some of them home, from
the scene of their debauch. There is a young
man, whose accent, and gait, and dress, be-
speak the communion, which he once has
held, with something better than all this. He
is an only son. On him, the hopes of parents,
and of sisters have centred. Every nerve of
that family has been strained, to give to that
intellect, of which they all were proud, every
means of choicest cultivation. They have
denied themselves, that nothing should be
wanting, to enable him to enter his profession,
under every advantage. They gloried in his
talents, they exulted in the first buddings of
his youthful promise, and they were looking
forward to the time when every labor should
be repaid, and every self-denial rewarded, by
the joys of that hour, when he should stand
forth in all the blaze of well-earned, and in-
disputable professional pre-eminence. Alas,
these visions are less bright than once they
were!

Enter that family circle. Behold those aged
parents, surrounded by children, lovely and
beloved. Within that circle reign peace, vir-
tue, intelligence, and refinement. The even-
ing has been spent, in animated discussion,
in innocent pleasantries, in the sweet inter-
change of affectionate endearment. There is
one, who used to share all this, who was the
centre of this circle. Why is he not here? Do
professional engagements, of late, so estrange
him from home? The hour of devotion has
arrived. They kneel before their Father and
their God. A voice, that used to mingle in
their praises, is absent. An hour rolls away.
Where now has all that cheerfulness fled?
Why does every effort to rally, sink them
deeper in despondency? Why do those pa-
rents look so wistfully around, and why do
they start at the sound of every footstep?
Another hour has gone. That lengthened
peal is too much for a mother's endurance.
She can conceal the well known cause no
longer. The unanswered question is wrung
from her lips. Where, oh where, is my son?
The step of that son and brother is heard.
The door is opened. He staggers in before
them, and is stretched out at their feet, in all
the loathsomeness of beastly intoxication.

615. SERPENT OF THE STILL.

They tell me—of the Egyptian asp,
The bite of which—is death;
The victim, yielding with a gasp,
His hot, and hurried breath.
The Egyptian queen, says history,
The reptile vile applied;
And in the arms of agony,
Victoriously died.

They tell me, that, in Italy,
There is a reptile dread,
The sting of which—is agony,
And dooms the victim dead.
But, it is said, that music's sound,
May soothe the poisoned part,
Yea, heal the galling, ghastly wound,
And save the sinking heart.
They tell me, too, of serpents vast,
That crawl on Afric's shore,
And swallow men—historians past
Tell us of one of yore:—
But there is yet, one, of a kind,
More fatal—than the whole,
That stings the body, and the mind;
Yea, it devours the soul.
'Tis found almost o'er all the earth,
Save Turkey's wide domains;
And there, if e'er it had a birth,
'Tis kept in mercy's chains.
'Tis found in our own gardens gay,
In our own flowery fields;
Devouring, every passing day,
Its thousands—at its meals.
The poisonous venom withers youth,
Blasts character, and health;
All sink before it—hope, and truth,
And comfort, joy, and wealth.
It is the author, too, of shame;
And never fails to kill.
Reader, dost thou desire the name?
The SERPENT OF THE STILL.

THE WORLD AT A DISTANCE.

'Tis pleasant—through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends, through all her gates,
At a safe distance, where the dying sound,
Falls a soft murmur—on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying, thus at ease,
The globe, and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure, and more than mortal height,
That liberates, and exempts me, from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war—
Has lost its terrors, ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And avarice, that make man—a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo—of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble, at the sound.
He travels, and expatiates; as the bee,
From flower to flower, so he—from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy of all,
Pay contribution—to the store he gleanes;
He sucks intelligence—in every clime,
And spreads the honey—of his deep research,
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
Red battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

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

What, sir, was the conduct of the south during the revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But, great as is the praise, which belongs to her, I think at least, equal honor is due to the south. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships, nor seamen, to create commercial rivalry, they might have found, in their situation, a guarantee, that their trade would be forever fostered, and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations, either of interest, or safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, perilled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

Never—were there exhibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during the revolution. The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry—perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. "The plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens! Black, and smoking ruins—marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes, into the gloomy, and almost impenetrable swamps, even there—the spirit of liberty survived; and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters, and Marions, proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.—Hayne.

617. EULOGIUM ON THE NORTH. The eulogium pronounced on the character of the state of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary, and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge, that the honorable member is before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor: I partake in

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

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

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

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain, forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie—forever.

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

The sweetest cordial—we receive at last,
Is conscience—of our virtuous actions past.

Inform yourself, and instruct others.

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

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

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

619. MOONLIGHT, AND A BATTLE-FIELD.

How beautiful this night! the balmy sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe, in Evening's ear,
Were discord, to the speaking quietude,
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Thro' which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,

Seems like a canopy, which Love hath spread,
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon cast'd steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower,
So idly, that rapt fancy, deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene,
Where musing Solitude might love to lift
Her soul, above this sphere of earthliness!
Where Silence, undisturbed, might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still!

The orb of day,
In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field,
Sinks, sweetly smiling; not the faintest breath
Steals o'er the unruffled deep; the clouds of eve
Reflect, unmoved, the lingering beam of day;
And Vesper's image, on the western main,
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,
Roll o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinions, o'er the gloom,
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend,
With all his winds, and lightnings, tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven? that dark red smoke,
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure spangling snow
Gleams, faintly, thro' the gloom, that gathers round!
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals,
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale Midnight, on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,
Frequent, and frightful, of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage!—loud and more loud,
The discord grows; till pale Death shuts the scene,
And, o'er the conqueror, and the conquered, draws
His cold, and bloody shroud. Of all the men,
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud, and vigorous health—of all the hearts,
That beat with anxious life, at sunset there—
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm,
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes, shuddering, on the blast, or the faint moan,
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapped round its struggling powers.

The gray morn [smoke,
Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous
Before the icy wind, slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There, tracks of blood,
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful
Of the out-sallying victors: far behind, [path
Black ashes note, where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest, is a gloomy glen—
Each tree, which guards its darkness from the day,
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.—Shelley.

620. GOODNESS OF GOD. The light of nature, the works of creation, the general consent of nations, in harmony with divine revelation, attest the being, the perfections, and the providence of God. Whatever cause we have, to lament the frequent inconsistency of human conduct, with this belief, yet an avowed atheist is a monster, that rarely makes his appearance. God's government of the affairs of the universe, an acknowledgment of his active, superintending providence, over that portion of it, which constitutes the globe we inhabit, is rejected, at least theoretically, by very few.

That a superior, invisible power, is continually employed in managing and controlling by secret, imperceptible, irresistible means, all the transactions of the world, is so often manifested in the disappointment, as well as in the success of our plans, that blind and depraved must our minds be, to deny, what every day's transactions so fully prove. The excellence of the divine character, especially in the exercise of that goodness towards his creatures, which is seen in the dispensation of their daily benefits, and in overruling occurring events, to the increase of their happiness, is equally obvious.

Do we desire evidence of these things? Who is without them, in the experience of his own life? Who has not reason, to thank God for the success, which has attended his exertions in the world? Who has not reason to thank him, for defeating plans, the accomplishment of which, it has been afterwards seen, would have resulted in injury, or ruin? Who has not cause, to present him the unaffected homage of a grateful heart, for the consequences of events, apparently the most unpropitious, and for his unquestionable kindness, in the daily supply of needful mercies!

PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

Why muse
Upon the past, with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone, to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne along,
Upon its heaving breast, a thousand wrecks
Of glory, and of beauty,—yet why mourn,
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeedeth to the past,—in their bright round,
The seasons come, and go,—the same blue arch,
That hath hung o'er us, will hang o'er us yet,—
The same pure stars, that we have loved to watch,
Will blossom still, at twilight's gentle hour,
Like lilies, on the tomb of Day,—and still,
Man will remain, to dream, as he hath dreamed,
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
From the tomb of old Affections,—Hope,
And Joy, and great Ambition—will rise up,
As they have risen,—and their deeds will be
Brighter, than those engraven on the scroll—
Of parted centuries. Even now, the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves,
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths,
And struggling to be free.

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast, the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine—settles on its head.

What is fame? A fancy'd life in others' breath.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart—are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection—presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-sunged wild-wood,
And every loved spot, which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock, where the cataraet fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house—nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket, which hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.
That moss-covered vessel—I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it—the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest, and sweetest, that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick—to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket—arose from the well.
How sweet—from the green—mossy brim—to receive it,
As poised on the curb—it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet—could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar, that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed—from the lov'd situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy—reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket, which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

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

It is the ancient and undoubted prerogative of this people—to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a "home bred right," a fireside privilege. It hath ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin, in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted, as the right of breathing the air, or walking on the earth. Belonging to private life, as a right, it belongs to public life, as a duty; and it is the last duty which those, whose representative I am, shall find me to abandon. Aiming, at all times, to be courteous, and temperate in its use, except, when the right itself shall be questioned, I shall then carry it to its extent. I shall place myself on the extreme boundary of my right, and bid defiance to any arm, that would move me from my ground.

This high, constitutional privilege, I shall defend, and exercise, within this house, and without this house, and in all places; in time of peace, and in all times. Living, I shall assert it; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God, I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defence of them.

Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence;
Happier, as kindlier, in what'er degree,
A height of bliss—is height of charity.

622. PEACE AND WAR CONTRASTED. The morality of peaceful times—is directly opposite to the maxims of war. The fundamental rule of the first is—to do good; of the latter, to inflict injuries. The former—commands us to succor the oppressed; the latter to overwhelm the defenceless. The former teaches men to love their enemies; the latter, to make themselves terrible to strangers.

The rules of morality—will not suffer us to promote the dearest interest, by falsehood; the maxims of war applaud it, when employed in the destruction of others. That a familiarity with such maxims, must tend to harden the heart, as well as to pervert the moral sentiments, is too obvious to need illustration.

The natural consequence of their prevalence is—an unfeeling, and unprincipled ambition, with an idolatry of talents, and a contempt of virtue; whence the esteem of mankind is turned from the humble, the beneficent, and the good, to men who are qualified, by a genius, fertile in expedients, a courage, that is never appalled, and a heart, that never pities, to become the destroyers of the earth.

While the philanthropist is devising means to mitigate the evils, and augment the happiness of the world, a fellow-worker together with God, in exploring, and giving effect to the benevolent tendencies of nature; the warrior—is revolving, in the gloomy recesses of his capacious mind, plans of future devastation and ruin.

Prisons, crowded with captives; cities, emptied of their inhabitants; fields, desolate and waste, are among his proudest trophies. The fabric of his fame is cemented with tears and blood; and if his name is wafted to the ends of the earth, it is in the shrill cry of suffering humanity; in the curses and imprecations of those whom his sword has reduced to despair.

623. IMMORTAL MIND.

When coldness—wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither—strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace,
By steps, each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill, at once, the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall;
Each fainter trace, that memory holds,
So darkly—of departed years,
In one broad glance—the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll—through chaos back;
And where the farthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars, or makes,
Its glance, dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched, or system breaks;
Fixed—in its own eternity.

Above all love, hope, hate, or fear,
It lives all passionless, and pure;
An age shall fleet, like earthly year;
Its years, as moments, shall endure.

Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly;
A nameless, and eternal thing,
Forgetting—what it was to die.—Byron.

GENUINE TASTE. To the eye of taste, each season of the year has its peculiar beauties; nor does the venerable oak, when fringed with the hoary ornaments of winter, afford a prospect, less various, or delightful, than when decked in the most luxuriant foliage. Is, then, the winter of life—connected with no associations, but those of horror! This can never be the case, until ideas of contempt—are associated with ideas of wisdom, and experience; associations, which the cultivation of true taste—would effectually prevent. Suppose the person, who wishes to improve on nature's plan, should apply to the artificial florist to deck the bare boughs of his spreading oak with ever-blooming roses; would it not be soon discovered, that, in deserting nature, he had deserted taste? It should be remembered, that the coloring of nature, whether in the animate, or inanimate creation, never fails to harmonize with the object; that her most beautiful hues are often transient, and excite a more lively emotion from that very circumstance.

624. GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light! No fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering, she watches, by the cradle side,
For him, who pledged her love—last year a bride!
"Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No!—'Tis past!—'Tis gone!"
Tick!—Tick!—How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind!
And I believed 't would last!—How mad!—How blind!
"Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!"
Sleep!—For there is no food!—The fust is dry!
Famine, and cold their wearying work have done.
My heart must break! And thou!" The clock strikes one.
"Hush! 'Tis the dice-box! Yes! he's there! he's there!
For this!—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!
"Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'Tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him, but for you,
My child!—his child! Oh, fiend!" The clock strikes two.
"Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by.
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!"
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!
"Can he desert us thus! He knows I stay,
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!
"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we will not part!
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
Oh, God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.
They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!—
The wife, and child, are number'd with the dead.
On the cold earth, outstretch'd in solemn rest,
The babe lay, frozen on its mother's breast:
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dread silence reign'd around!—the clock struck four!—Coates
Goodness—is only greatness in itself,
It rests not on externals, nor its worth
Derives—from gorgeous pomp, or glittering pelf
Or chance of arms, or accident of birth;
It lays its foundations in the soul,
And piles a tower of virtue to the skies,
Around whose pinnacle—majestic—roll
The clouds of glory, starr'd with angel eyes

625. DARKNESS.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander, darkling, in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind, and blackening, in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went—and came, and bro't no
And men forgot their passions, in the dread [day];
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled—into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things, which dwell,—
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men w're gather'd round their blazing homes,
To look once more into each other's face:
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain torch.

A fearful hope—was all—the world contained:
Forests were set on fire; but, hour by hour,
They fell, and faded, and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash, and all was black.
The brows of men, by the despairing light,
Wore an unearthly aspect, as, by fits,
The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smil'd;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up,
With mad disquietude, on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again,
With curses, cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth, and howled. The wild
birds shrieked,

And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings: the wildest brutes
Came tame, and tremulous; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.

And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was
Immediate and inglorious; and men [death,
Died, and their bones mere as tombless as their
The meagre by the meagre were devoured; [flesh:
Even dogs assailed their masters—all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men, at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself, sought out no
But, with a piteous, and perpetual moan, [food,
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.

The crowd was famished by degress; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers—of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things,
For an unholy usage; they raked up, [hands,
And, shivering, scraped, with their cold, skeleton
he feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
lew for a little life, and made a flame,
Which was a mockery; then they lifted
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects; saw, and shriek'd, and died,

Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was, upon whose brow—
Famine had written *fend*. The world was void;
The populous, and the powerful was a lump—
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless;
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred, within their silent depths;
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea, [dropped,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they
They slept, on the abyss, without a surge:
The waves were dead; the tides were in their
grave;

The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them; she—was the *universe*.—By'n.

626. TRUE PLEASURE DEFINED. We
are affected with delightful sensations, when
we see the inanimate parts of the creation,
the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flourish-
ing state. There must be some rooted
melancholy at the heart, when all nature ap-
pears smiling about us, to hinder us from
corresponding with the rest of the creation,
and joining in the universal chorus of joy.
But if meadows and trees, in their cheerful
verdure, if flowers, in their bloom, and all the
vegetable parts of the creation, in their most
advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into
the heart, and drive away all sadness but de-
spair; to see the rational creation happy, and
flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as
much superior, as the latter is to the former,
in the scale of being. But the pleasure is
still heightened, if we ourselves have been in-
strumental, in contributing to the happiness
of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to
raise a heart, drooping beneath the weight of
grief, and revived that barren and dry land,
where no water was, with refreshing showers
of love and kindness.

THE WILDERNESS OF MIND.

There is a wilderness, more dark
Than groves of fir—on Huron's shore;
And in that cheerless region, hark!
How serpents hiss! how monsters roar!
'Tis not among the untrodden isles,
Of vast Superior's stormy lake,
Where social comfort never smiles,
Nor sunbeams—pierce the tangled brake:
Nor, is it in the deepest shade,
Of India's tiger-haunted wood;
Nor western forests, unsurvey'd,
Where crouching panthers—lurk for blood;
'Tis in the dark, uncultur'd soul,
By EDUCATION unrefin'd—
Where hissing Malice, Vices foul,
And all the hateful Passions prow!—
The frightful WILDERNESS OF MIND.

Were man

But constant, he were perfect; that one error—
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all
sins;

Inconstancy—falls off—ere it begins.

Vice is a monster of such hateful mien,
That, to be hated—needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft—familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

627. GENIUS. The favorite idea of a ge-
nius among us, is of one, who never studies,
or who studies nobody can tell when; at mid-
night, or at odd times, and intervals, and now
and then strikes out, "at a heat," as the phrase
is, some wonderful production. This is a
character that has figured largely in the his-
tory of our literature, in the person of our
Fieldings, our Savages, and our Steeles;
"loose fellows about town, or loungers in the
country," who slept in ale-houses, and wrote
in bar-rooms; who took up the pen as a ma-
gician's wand, to supply their wants, and,
when the pressure of necessity was relieved,
resorted again to their carousals. Your real
genius is an idle, irregular, vagabond sort of
personage; who muses in the fields, or dreams
by the fireside; whose strong impulses—that
is the cant of it—must needs hurry him into
wild irregularities, or foolish eccentricity;
who abhors order, and can bear no restraint,
and eschews all labor; such a one as Newton
or Milton! What! they must have been ir-
regular, else they were no geniuses. "The
young man," it is often said, "has genius
enough, if he would only study." Now, the
truth is, as I shall take the liberty to state it,
that the genius *will* study; it is that in the
mind which does study: that is the very na-
ture of it. I care not to say, that it will al-
ways use books. All study is not reading,
any more than all reading is study.

Attention it is, though other qualities belong
to this transcendent power,—attention it is,
that is the very soul of genius; not the fixed
eye, not the poring over a book, but the fixed
thought. It is, in fact, an action of the mind,
which is steadily concentrated upon one idea,
or one series of ideas, which collects, in one
point, the rays of the soul, till they search,
penetrate, and fire the whole train of its
thoughts. And while the fire burns within,
the outside may be indeed cold, indifferent,
negligent, absent in appearance; he may be
an idler, or a wanderer, apparently without
aim, or intent; but still the fire burns within.
And what though "it bursts forth," at length,
as has been said, "like volcanic fires, with
spontaneous, original, native force?" It only
shows the intense action of the elements be-
neath. What though it breaks forth—like
lightning from the cloud? The electric fire
had been collecting in the firmament, through
many a silent, clear, and calm day. What
though the might of genius appears in one
decisive blow, struck in some moment of high
debate, or at the crisis of a nation's peril!
That mighty energy, though it may have
heaved in the breast of Demosthenes, was
once a feeble infant thought. A mother's eye
watched over its dawns. A father's care
guarded its early youth. It soon trod, with
youthful steps, the halls of learning, and
found other fathers to wake, and to watch for
it, even as it finds them here. It went on;
but silence was upon its path, and the deep
strugglings of the inward soul silently minis-
tered to it. The elements around breathed
upon it, and "touched it to finer issues."
The golden ray of heaven fell upon it, and
ripened its expanding faculties. The slow
revolutions of years slowly added to its col-
lected energies and treasures; till, in its hour
of glory, it stood forth imbodied in the form
of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence.
The world wonders at the manifestation, and
says, "Strange, strange, that it should come

thus unsought, unpremeditated, unprepar'd!"
But the truth is, there is no more a miracle in
it, than there is in the towering of the pre-
eminent forest-tree, or in the flowing of the
mighty, and irresistible river, or in the wealth,
and waving of the boundless harvest.—Dewey.

628. THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen—meeting in the Strand,
One, took the other, briskly by the hand;
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this,
About the crows!"—"I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend.—"No! I'm surprised at that;
Where I come from it is the common chat:
But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed!
And that it happened, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows."
"Impossible!"—"Nay, but its really true,
I had it from good hands, and so may you."
"From whose, I pray?" So, having named the man,
Straight to inquire—his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell?"—relating the affair—
"Yes, sir, I did; and if its worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me;

But, by the by, 'twas two black crows, not three."
Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip to the third, the virtuoso went. [fact,
"Sir,"—and so forth—"Why, yes; the thing's a
Though, in regard to number, not exact;
It was not two black crows, 'twas only one;
The truth of that, you may depend upon,
The gentleman himself told me the case. [place."
"Where may I find him?" "Why,—in such a
Away he goes, and, having found him out,—
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then, to his last informant, he referred,
And begged to know if true, what he had heard.
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?" "Not I!"
"Bless me! how people propagate a lie! [one,
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and
And here I find, at last, all comes to none!
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"
"Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over." "And pray, sir, what was 't?"
"Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

THE HIGHEST OCCUPATION OF GENIUS. To
diffuse useful information, to farther intellec-
tual refinement, sure forerunners of moral im-
provement, to hasten the coming of that bright
day, when the dawn of general knowledge
shall chase away the lazy, lingering mists,
even from the base of the great social pyramid;
this, indeed, is a high calling, in which the most
splendid talents and consummate virtue may
well press onward, eager to bear a part.

How soon—time—flies away! yet, as I watch it,
Methinks, by the slow progress of this hand,
I should have liv'd an age—since yesterday,
And have an age to live. Still, on it creeps,
Each little moment at another's heels,
Of such small parts as these, and men look back,
Worn and bewild'rd, wondering—how it is,
Thou travel'st—like a ship, in the wide ocean,
Which hath no bounding shore to mark its progress.
O TIME! ere long, I shall have done with thee.

629. PERRY'S VICTORY. Were anything wanting, to perpetuate the fame of this victory, it would be sufficiently memorable, from the scene where it was fought. This war has been distinguished, by new and peculiar characteristics. Naval warfare has been carried into the exterior of a continent, and navies, as if by magic, launched from among the depths of the forest! The bosom of peaceful lakes, which, but a short time since, were scarcely navigated by man, except to be skimmed by the light canoe of the savage, have all at once been ploughed by hostile ships. The vast silence, that had reigned, for ages, on these mighty waters, was broken by the thunder of artillery, and the affrighted savage—stared, with amazement, from his covert, at the sudden apparition of a sea-fight, amid the solitudes of the wilderness.

The peal of war has once sounded on that lake, but probably, will never sound again. The last roar of cannon, that died along her shores, was the expiring note of British domination. Those vast, eternal seas will, perhaps, never again be the separating space, between contending nations; but will be embosomed—within a mighty empire; and this victory, which decided their fate, will stand unrivalled, and alone, deriving lustre, and perpetuity, from its singleness.

In future times, when the shores of Erie shall hum with a busy population; when towns, and cities, shall brighten, where now, extend the dark tangled forest; when ports shall spread their arms, and lofty barks shall ride, where now the canoe is fastened to the stake; when the present age shall have grown into venerable antiquity, and the mists of fable begin to gather round its history, then, will the inhabitants of Canada look back to this battle we record, as one of the romantic achievements of the days of yore. It will stand first on the page of their local legends, and in the marvellous tales of the borders. The fisherman, as he loiters along the beach, will point to some half-buried cannon, corroded with the rust of time, and will speak of ocean warriors, that came from the shores of the Atlantic; while the boatman, as he trims his sail to the breeze, will chant, in rude ditties, the name of Perry, the early hero of Lake Erie.—*Irving.*

THE SLANDERER.

'Twas Slander, filled her mouth, with lying words,
Slander, the foulest whelp of Sin. The man,
In whom this spirit entered, was undone.
His tongue—was set on fire of hell, his heart—
Was black as death, his legs were faint with haste
To propagate the lie, his soul had framed.
His pillow—was the peace of families
Destroyed, the sigh of innocence reproached,
Broken friendships, and the strife of brotherhoods;
Yet did he spare his sleep, and hear the clock
Devising mischief more; and early rose,
And made most hellish meals of good men's names.
From door to door, you might have seen him speed,
Or, placed amidst a group of gaping fools,
And whispering in their ears, with his foul lips;
Peace fled the neighborhood, in which he made
His haunts; and, like a moral pestilence,
Before his breath—the healthy shoots and blooms
Of social joy and happiness, decayed.
Fools only, in his company were seen,

And those, forsaken of God, and to themselves given,
The prudent shunned him, and his house, [en up.
As one, who had a deadly moral plague;
And fain all would have shunned him, at the day
Of judgment; but in vain. All, who gave ear,
With greediness, or, wittingly, their tongues
Made herald to his lies, around him wailed;
While on his face, thrown back by injured men,
In characters of ever-blushing shame,
Appeared ten thousand slanders, all his own.

630. TRUE FRIENDSHIP. Damon and Pythias, of the Pythagorean sect in philosophy, lived in the time of Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual friendship was so strong, that they were ready to die for one another. One of the two, (for it is not known which,) being condemned to death, by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to settle his affairs, on condition, that the other should consent to be imprisoned in his stead, and put to death for him, if he did not return, before the day of execution. The attention of every one, and especially of the tyrant himself, was excited to the highest pitch, as every body was curious, to see what would be the event of so strange an affair. When the time was almost elapsed, and he who was gone did not appear; the rashness of the other, whose sanguine friendship had put him upon running so seemingly desperate a hazard, was universally blamed. But he still declared, that he had not the least shadow of doubt in his mind, of his friend's fidelity. The event showed how well he knew him. He came in due time, and surrendered himself to that fate, which he had no reason to think he should escape; and which he did not desire to escape, by leaving his friend to suffer in his place. Such fidelity softened, even the savage heart of Dionysius himself. He pardoned the condemned; he gave the two friends to one another, and begged that they would take himself in for a third.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep—in the wave, is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower—spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet, with fallen dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green, and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their bows, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and the waves are absent there,
And the sands—are bright as the stars, that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the pulse is seen
To blush, like a banner, bathed in slaughter:
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean,
Are bending like corn, on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful Spirit of storms,
Has made the top of the waves his own.

Pride goeth before destruction.

631. BRUTUS' HARANGUE ON CESAR'S DEATH. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me—for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me—for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any, in this assembly, any dear friend of Cesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cesar—was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand, why Brutus—rose against Cesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cesar—less, but, that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cesar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cesar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy—for his fortune, honor—for his valor, and death—for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? if any, speak; for him—have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak! for him—have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak; for him—have I offended.—I pause for a reply.

None! then none—have I offended. I have done no more to Cesar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death—is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

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

632. ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY.

She shone, at every concert; where are bought
Tickets, by all who wish them, for a dollar;
She patronised the theatre, and thought,
That Wallack looked extremely well in Rolla;
She fell in love, as all the ladies do,
With Mr. Simpson—talked as loudly, too,

As any beauty of the highest grade,
To the gay circle in the box beside her;
And when the pit—half vexed, and half afraid,
With looks of smothered indignation eyed her;
She calmly met their gaze, and stood before 'em,
Smiling at vulgar taste, and mock decorum.

And though by no means a "Bas bleu," she had
For literature, a most becoming passion;
Had skimmed the latest novels, good, and bad,
And read the Croakers, when they were in
fashion;

And Dr. Chalmers' sermons, of a Sunday; [gundi.
And Woodworth's Cabinet, and the new Salma-
She was among the first, and warmest patrons
Of *****'s conversaciones, where, [matrons,
In rainbow groups, our bright eyed maids, and
On science bent, assemble; to prepare
Themselves for acting well, in life, their part,
As wives and mothers. There she learn'd by heart

Words, to the witches in Macbeth unknown,
Hydraulics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics,

Dioptrics, optics, katoptrics, carbon,
Chlorine, and iodine, and aerostatics;
Also,—why frogs, for want of air, expire;
And how to set the Tappan sea on fire!

In all the modern languages, she was
Exceedingly well versed; and had devoted,
To their attainment, far more time than has,
By the best teachers lately, been allotted;
For she had taken lessons, twice a week,
For a full month in each; and she could speak

French and Italian, equally as well
As Chinese, Portuguese, or German; and
What is still more surprising, she could spell
Most of our longest English words, off hand;
Was quite familiar in Low Dutch and Spanish,
And tho't of studying modern Greek and Danish.

She sang divinely: and in "Love's young dream,"
And "Fanny dearest," and "The soldier's bride;"
And every song whose dear delightful theme,
Is "Love, still love," had oft till midnight tried
Her finest, loftiest pigeon-wings of sound,
Waking the very watchmen far around.—*Halleck.*

633. CHARITY. Though I speak—with
the tongues of men, and of angels, and have
not charity, I am become as sounding brass,
or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the
gift of prophecy, and understand all myster-
ies, and all knowledge; and though I have
all faith, so that I could remove mountains,
and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed
the poor, and though I give my body to be
burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me
nothing. Charity—suffereth long, and is kind;
charity—envieth not; charity—vaunteth not
itself; it is not puffed up; doth not behave it-
self unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not
easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth
not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;
beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth
all things, endureth all things.

Charity—never faileth: but whether there
be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there
be tongues, they shall cease; whether there
be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we
know, in part, and we prophecy, in part. But,
when that which is perfect, is come, then that
which is in part, shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I
understood as a child, I thought as a child;
but when I became a man, I put away child-
ish things. For now, we see through a glass,
darkly; but then, face to face: now, I know
in part; but then, shall I know, even as also
I am known. And now abideth faith, hope,
charity, these three; but the greatest of these
is charity.—*St. Paul.*

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

When first thy eyes unvail, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies—but foreverun
The spirit's duty; true hearts—spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do—to the sun;
Give him thy first tho'ts then, so—shalt thou keep
Him company—all day, and in him—sleep.
Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer—should
Dawn with the day; there are set—awful hours—
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna—was not good
After sun rising; for day—sullies flowers:
Rise—to prevent the sun; sleep—doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens, when the world's is shut.
Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd.