

## 634. SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight, the sailor boy lay;  
His hammock swung loose, at the sport of the wind;  
But watch-worn, and weary, his cares flew away,  
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.  
He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,  
And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn;  
While memory—stood sideways, half covered with flowers,  
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.  
Then fancy, her magical pinions spread wide,  
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise—  
Now far, far behind him, the green waters glide,  
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.  
The jessamine clammers in flower o'er the thatch,  
And the swallow sings sweet, from her nest in the wall;  
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,  
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.  
A father bends o'er him, with looks of delight,  
His cheek is imperaled, with a mother's warm tear,  
And the lips of the boy, in a love-kiss unite,  
With the lips of the maid, whom his bosom holds dear.  
The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,  
Joy quickens his pulse—all his hardships seem o'er,  
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—  
"O God, thou hast blessed me—I ask for no more."  
Ah, what is that flame which now bursts on his eye!  
Ah, what is that sound, which now laments his ear!  
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!  
'Tis the crash of the thunder, the groan of the sphere!  
He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck,  
Amazement confronts him with images dire—  
Wild winds, and waves drive the vessel a wreck—  
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!  
Like mountains, the billows tremendously swell—  
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mary to save;  
Unseen hands of spirits are wringing his knell,  
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave!  
Oh! sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight!  
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss—  
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,  
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss!  
Oh! sailor boy! sailor boy! never again  
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;  
Unblessed, and unhonored, down deep in the main,  
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.  
No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,  
Or redeem form, or frame, from the merciless surge;  
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,  
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge.  
On beds of green sea-dawer, thy limbs shall be laid;  
Around thy white bones, the red coral shall grow;  
Of thy fair yellow locks, threads of amber be made,  
And every part suit to thy mansion below.  
Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,  
And the vast waters over thy body shall roll—  
Earth loses thy pattern forever, and aye—  
Oh! sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul.—*Diamond.*

TIME AND ITS CHANGES. Reformation is a work of time. A national taste, however wrong it may be, cannot be totally changed at once; we must yield a little to the prepossession, which has taken hold on the mind, and we may then bring people to adopt what would offend them, if endeavored to be introduced by violence.

What's fame? a fancied life in other's breath,  
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.  
All fame is foreign, but of true desert,  
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart;  
One self-approving hour, whole years outweighs  
Of stupid starers, and of loud hussars:  
And more true joy, Marcellus—exil'd, feels,  
Than Cesar, with a senate at his heels.

Mind, not money—makes the man,

## 635. CHILD HAROLD.—CANTO IV.

Oh! that the desert—were my dwelling place,  
With one fair spirit—for my minister,  
That I might all forget the human race,  
And hating no one, love but only her!  
Ye elements!—in whose ennobling stir,  
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not  
Accord me such a being? Do I err  
In deeming such—inhabit many a spot!  
Though with them to converse, can rarely be our lot.  
There is a pleasure—in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture—in the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:  
I love not man the less, but nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle—with the *Unicorne*, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.  
Roll on, thou deep, and dark blue ocean—roll!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's savage, save his own;  
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown.  
The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble, in their capitals,  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator, the vain title take—  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war!  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike, the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.  
Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
Thy waters wasted them, while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts—not so thou—  
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play—  
*Tyne* writes no wrinkle on *thine* azure brow—  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.  
Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
(Calm, or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,  
Dark-heaving,)—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
The image of Eternity—the throne  
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made! each zone  
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.  
And I have loved thee, Ocean I and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne like the bubbles, onward; from a boy,  
I wanted with thy breakers—they to me  
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,  
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

In the dreams of delight, which with ardor we  
Oft the phantom of sorrow appears; [seek,  
And the roses of pleasure, which bloom on your  
Must be steeped in the dew of your tears. [check,  
The aged man, that coffers up his gold, [fits,  
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gout, and painful  
And scarce hath eyes, his treasure to behold,  
But still, like pining Tantalus, he sits,  
And useless bans the harvest of his wits,  
Having no other pleasure of his gain,  
But torment, that it cannot cure his pain.

To err—is human; to forgive—divine.

636. PATRIOTIC TRIUMPH. The citizens of America—celebrate that day, which gave birth to their liberties. The recollection of this event, replete with consequences so beneficial to mankind, swells every heart with joy, and fills every tongue with praise. We celebrate, not the sanguinary exploits of a tyrant, to subjugate, and enslave—millions of his fellow-creatures; we celebrate, neither the birth, nor the coronation, of that phantom, styled a king; but, the resurrection of liberty, the emancipation of mankind, the regeneration of the world. These are the sources of our joy, these the causes of our triumph. We pay no homage at the tomb of kings, to sublime our feelings—we trace no line of illustrious ancestors, to support our dignity—we recur to no usages sanctioned by the authority of the great, to protect our rejoicing; no, we love liberty, we glory in the rights of men, we glory in independence. On whatever part of God's creation a human form pines under chains, there, Americans drop their tears.

A dark cloud once shaded this beautiful quarter of the globe. Consternation, for awhile, agitated the hearts of the inhabitants. War desolated our fields, and buried our vales in blood. But the dayspring from on high soon opened upon us its glittering portals. The angel of liberty descending, dropped on Washington's brow, the wreath of victory, and stamped on American freedom, the seal of omnipotence. The darkness is past, and the true light now shines—to enliven, and rejoice mankind. We tread a new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness; and view a new heaven, flaming with inextinguishable stars. Our feet will no more descend into the vale of oppressions; our shoulders will no more bend—under the weight of a foreign domination, as cruel, as it was unjust. Well may we rejoice—at the return of this glorious anniversary; a day dear to every American; a day—to be had in everlasting remembrance; a day, whose light circulates joy—through the hearts of all republicans, and terror through the hearts of all tyrants.—*Mazy.*

## 637. TIT FOR TAT: COQUETRY PUNISHED.

Ellen was fair, and knew it too,  
As other village beauties do,  
Whose mirrors—never lie;  
Secure of any swain she chose,  
She smiled on half a dozen beaux,  
And, reckless of a lover's woes,  
She cheated these, and taunted those;  
"For how could any one suppose  
A clown could take her eye?"

But whispers through the village ran,  
That Edgar was the happy man,  
The maid design'd to bless;  
For, wheresoever moved the fair,  
The youth was, like her shadow, there,  
And rumor—boldly match'd the pair,  
For village folks will guess.

Edgar *did* love, but still delay'd  
To make confession to the maid,  
So bashful was the youth;  
But let the flame in secret burn,  
Certain of meeting a return,  
When, from his lips, the fair should learn,  
Officially, the truth.

At length, one morn, to taste the air,  
The youth and maid, in one horse chair,  
A long excursion took.

Edgar had nerved his bashful heart,  
The sweet confession to impart.  
For ah! suspense had caused a smart,  
He could no longer brook.

He drove, nor slackened once his reins,  
Till Hempstead's wide extended plains  
Seem'd join'd to skies above:  
Nor house, nor tree, nor shrub was near,  
The rude and dreary scene to cheer,  
Nor soul within ten miles to hear—  
And still, poor Edgar's silly fear,  
Forbade to speak of love.

At last, one desperate effort broke  
The bashful spell, and Edgar spoke,  
With most persuasive tone;  
Recounted past attendance o'er,  
And then, by all that's lovely, swore,  
That he would love, for evermore,  
If she'd become his own.

The maid, in silence, heard his prayer,  
Then, with a most provoking air,  
She, tittered in his face;  
And said, "Tis time for you to know,  
A lively girl must have a beau,  
Just like a reticule—for show;  
And at her nod to come, and go—  
But he should know his place.  
Your penetration must be dull,  
To let a hope within your skull  
Of matrimony spring.

Your wife! ha, ha! upon my word,  
The thought is laughably absurd,  
As anything I ever heard—  
I never dream'd of such a thing."

The lover sudden dropp'd his rein,  
Now on the centre of the plain—  
"The lynch-pin's out!" he cried;  
Be pleased, one moment, to alight,  
Till I can set the matter right,  
That we may safely ride."

He said, and handed out the fair—  
Then laughing, crack'd his whip in air,  
And wheeling round his horse and chair,  
Exclaim'd, "Adieu, I leave you there  
In solitude to roam."  
"What mean you, sir!" the maiden cried,  
"Did you invite me out to ride,  
To leave me here, without a guide?  
Nay, stop, and take me home."

"What! take you home!" exclaim'd the beau,  
"Indeed, my dear, I'd like to know  
How such a hopeless wish could grow,  
Or in your bosom spring. [word,  
What! take Ellen home? ha! ha! upon my  
The thought is laughably absurd,  
As anything I ever heard;  
I never dream'd of such a thing!"

Man, always prosperous, would be giddy  
and insolent; always afflicted—would be sul-  
len, or despondent. Hopes and fears, joy and  
sorrow, are, therefore, so blended in his life, as  
both to give room for worldly pursuits, and to  
recall the admonitions of conscience.

**638. RECITATIONS INSTEAD OF THEATRES.** In its present state, the theatre—deserves no encouragement. It has nourished intemperance, and all vice. In saying this, I do not say that the amusement is radically, essentially evil. I can conceive of a theatre, which would be the noblest of all amusements, and would take a high rank, among the means of refining the taste, and elevating the character of a people. The deep woes, the mighty, and terrible passions, and the sublime emotions—of genuine tragedy, are fitted to thrill us with human sympathies, with profound interest in our nature, with a consciousness of what man can do, and dare, and suffer, with an awed feeling of the fearful mysteries of life. The soul of the spectator is stirred from its depths; and the lethargy, in which so many live, is roused, at least for a time, to some intenseness of thought, and sensibility. The drama answers a high purpose, when it places us in the presence of the most solemn, and striking event of human history, and lays bare to us the human heart, in its most powerful, appalling, glorious workings. But how little does the theatre accomplish its end! How often is it disgraced, by monstrous distortions of human nature, and still more disgraced by profaneness, coarseness, indelicacy, low wit, such as no woman, worthy of the name, can bear without a blush, and no man can take pleasure in—without *self-degradation*. Is it possible, that a christian, and a refined people, can resort to theatres, where exhibitions of dancing are given, fit only for brothels, and where the most licentious class in the community throng, unconcealed, to tempt, and destroy! That the theatre should be suffered to exist, in its present degradation, is a reproach to the community. Were it to fall, a better drama might spring up in its place. In the meantime, is there not an amusement, having an affinity with the drama, which might be usefully introduced among us? I mean, *Recitations*. A work of genius, recited by a man of fine taste, enthusiasm, and powers of elocution, is a very pure, and high gratification. Were this art cultivated, and encouraged, great numbers, now insensible to the most beautiful compositions, might be waked up to their excellence, and power. It is not easy to conceive of a more effectual way, of spreading a refined taste through a community. The drama, undoubtedly, appeals more strongly to the passions than recitation; but the latter brings out the meaning of the author more. Shakspeare, worthily recited, would be better understood than on the stage. Then, in recitation, we escape the weariness of listening to poor performers; who, after all, fill up most of the time at the theatre. Recitations, sufficiently varied, so as to include pieces of chaste wit, as well of pathos, beauty and sublimity, is *adapted* to our present intellectual progress, as much as the drama falls *below* it. Should this exhibition be introduced among us successfully, the result would be, that the power of recitation would be extensively called forth, and this would be added to our social, and domestic pleasures.

Thou knowest but little,  
If thou dost think true virtue—is confined  
To climes, or systems; no, it flows spontaneous,  
Like life's warm stream, throughout the whole cre-  
And beats the pulse of every healthful heart. [ation,

**639. WATERLOO; THE BELL AND BATTLE.**

There was a sound of revelry—by night,  
And Belgium's capital—had gathered then  
Her beauty, and her chivalry; and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women, and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love, to eyes, which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell; [knell!  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising  
Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car, rattling o'er the stony street:  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,  
To chase the glowing hours, with flying feet—  
But hark! That heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds—its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! [roar!  
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening  
Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed—at the praise of their own loveliness:  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,  
Which ne'er might be repeated; for who could  
If ever more should meet, those mutual eyes, [guess,  
Since upon night, so sweet, such awful morn  
could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum,  
Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star;  
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,  
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they  
come! they come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
Ere evening, to be trodden like the grass,  
Which now *beneath* them, but *above* shall grow,  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe, [and low.  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold,  
Last noon—beheld them, full of lusty life,  
Last eve—in beauty's circle, proudly gay,  
The midnight—brought the signal-sound of strife,  
The morn—the marshaling in arms,—the day,  
Battle's magnificently-stern array! [rent,  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when,  
The earth is covered thick with *other* clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped, and pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial  
blent!

—What's in the air?

Some subtle spirit—runs through all my veins;  
Hope—seems to ride, this morning, on the wind,  
And outshines the sun. —

When things go wrong, each fool presumes t' ad-  
And if more happy, thinks himself more wise: [vice,  
All wretchedly deplore the present state;  
And that advice seems best, which comes too late.

**640. FEVER DREAM.**

A fever—scorched my body, fired my brain!  
Like lava, in Vesuvius, boiled my blood,  
Within the glowing caverns of my heart.  
I raged with thirst, and begged a cold, clear draught  
Of fountain water.—'Twas with tears, denied.  
I drank a nauseous febrifuge, and slept;  
But rested not—harassed with horrid dreams,  
Of burning deserts, and of dusty plains,  
Mountains, disgorging flames—forests on fire,  
Steam, sunshine, smoke, and boiling lakes—  
Hills of hot sand, and glowing stones, that seemed  
Embers, and ashes, of a burnt up world!  
Thirst raged within me.—I sought the deepest vale,  
And called on all the rocks, and caves for water;—  
I climbed a mountain, and from cliff to cliff,  
Pursued a flying cloud, howling for water:—  
I crushed the withered herbs, and gnawed dry roots,  
Still crying, Water! water!—While the cliffs and caves,  
In horrid mockery, re-echoed: "Water!"  
Below the mountain, gleamed a city, red  
With solar flame, upon the sandy bank  
Of a broad river.—"Soon, oh soon!" I cried,  
"I'll cool my burning body in that flood,  
And quaff my fill."—I ran—I reached the shore.—  
The river was dried up. Its oozy bed  
Was dust; and on its arid rocks, I saw  
The scaly myriads—fry beneath the sun!  
Where sunk the channel deepest, I beheld  
A stirring multitude of human forms,  
And heard a faint, wild, lamentable wail.  
Thither I sped, and joined the general cry  
Of—"water!" They had delved a spacious pit,  
In search of hidden fountains—sad, sad sight!  
I saw them read the rocks up in their rage  
With mad impatience, calling on the earth  
To open, and yield up her cooling fountains.  
Meanwhile the skies, on which they dared not gaze,  
Stood o'er them like a canopy of brass—  
Undimmed by moisture. The red dog-star raged,  
And Phobus, from the house of Virgo, shot  
His scorching shafts. The thirsty multitude  
Grew still more frantic. Those, who dug the earth,  
Fell lifeless on the rocks, they strained to upheave,  
And filled again, with their own carcasses,  
The pits they made—undoing their own work!  
Despair, at length, drove out the laborers,  
At sight of whom, a general groan—announced  
The death of hope. Ah! now, no more was heard  
The cry of "water!" To the city next,  
Howling, we ran—all hurrying without aim:—  
Thence to the woods. The baked plain gaped for moisture,  
And from its arid breast heaved smoke, that seemed  
The breath of furnace—fierce, volcanic fire,  
Or hot monsoon, that raises Syrian sands  
To clouds. Amid the forests, we espied  
A faint, and bleating herd. Sudden, a shrill,  
And horrid shout arose of—"Blood! blood! blood!"  
We fell upon them with the tiger's thirst,  
And drank up all the blood, that was not human!  
We were dyed in blood! Despair returned;  
The cry of blood was hushed, and dumb confusion reigned.  
Even then, when hope was dead!—past hope—  
I heard a laugh! and saw a wretched man  
Rip his own veins, and, bleeding, drink  
With eager joy. The example seized on all:—  
Each fell upon himself, tearing his veins,  
Fiercely, in search of blood! And some there were,  
Who, having emptied their own veins, did seize  
Upon their neighbor's arms, and slew them for their blood—  
Oh! happy then, were mothers, who gave suck.  
They dashed their little infants from their breasts,  
And their shrunk bosoms tortured, to extract  
The balmy juice, oh! exquisitely sweet  
To their parched tongues! 'Tis done!—now all is gone!  
Blood, water, and the bosom's nectar,—all!  
"Read, oh! ye lightnings! the sealed firmament,  
And flood a burning world.—Rain! rain! pour! pour!  
Open—ye windows of high heaven! and pour  
The mighty deluge! Let us drown, and drink

Luxurious death! Ye earthquakes, split the globe,  
The solid, rock-ribbed globe!—and lay all bare  
Its subterranean rivers, and fresh seas!"  
Thus raged the multitude. And many fell  
In fierce convulsions;—many slew themselves.  
And now, I saw the city all in flames—  
The forest burning—and the very earth on fire!  
I saw the mountains open with a roar,  
Loud as the seven apocalyptic thunders,  
And seas of lava rolling headlong down,  
Through crackling forests fierce, and hot as hell,  
Down to the plain—I turned to fly,—and waked!—Harney.

**641. NOSE AND THE MAN.**

Kind friends, at your call, I'm come here to sing;  
Or rather to talk of my woes;  
Though small 's the delight to you I can bring,  
The subject's concerning my nose.  
Some noses are large, and others are small,  
For nature's vagaries are such,  
To some folks, I'm told, she gives no nose at all,  
But to me she has given *too much*.

Oh, dear! lauks-a-daisy me!  
My cause of complaint, and the worst of my woes,  
Is, because I have got such a shocking *long nose*.  
Some insult or other, each day I do meet,  
And by joking, my friends are all foes;  
And the boys every day, as I go thro' the street,  
All bellow out—"There goes a nose!"  
A woman, with matches one day, I came near,  
Who, just as I tried to get by her,  
Shoved me rudely aside, and ask'd, with a leer,  
If I wanted to set her *o'fire*?

Oh, dear! lauks-a-daisy me!  
Each rascal, each day, some inuendo throws,  
As, my nose is *n't mine*, I belongs to my nose.  
I once went a courting a wealthy old maid,  
To be married we were, the next day;  
But an accident happened, the marriage delay'd,  
My nose got too much *in the way*.  
For the night before marriage, entranc'd with my  
In love, e'er some torment occurs— [bliss,  
I screw'd up my lips, just to give her a kiss,  
My nose slipp'd, and rubb'd *against her's*!

Oh, dear! lauks-a-daisy me!  
The ring that I gave, at my head soon she throws,  
And another tipp'd me, 'twas a *w-ring* on the nose.  
Like a porter all day, with fatigue fit to crack,  
I'm seeking for rest, at each place,  
Or, like pilgrim of old, with his load at his back,  
Only *my* load I bear on my *face*.  
I can't get a wife, though each hour hard I try,  
The girls they all blush, like a rose;  
"I'm afraid to *have* you!" when I ask 'em for why?  
Because, you have got *such a nose*.

Oh, dear! lauks-a-daisy me!  
Their cause of refusal I cannot suppose,  
They all like the *man*, but they say—*blow his nose*!  
Like a large joint of meat, before a small fire,  
They say that my proboscis hangs—  
Or, to a brass knocker, nought there can be nigher,  
And in length, it a pump-handle bangs.  
A wag, you must know, just by way of a wiper,  
Said, with a grin on his face, 't'other night,  
As he, from his pocket, was pulling a pipe,  
"At your nose will you give me a *light*?"  
Oh, dear! lauks-a-daisy me!  
If I ask any one my way to disclose,  
If I lose it—they answer, why, *follow your nose*.

**643. NOBILITY OF LABOR.** Why, in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself, might have been a mighty machinery, for producing all that man wants. Houses might have risen like an exhalation,

"With the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet,  
Built like a temple."

Gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread, by hands unseen; and man, clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, rather than with imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in those Elysian palaces.

"Fair scene!" I imagine you are saying; "fortunate for us had it been the scene ordained for human life!" But where, then, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism? Cut off labor with one blow, from the world, and mankind had sunk to a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries.

No—it had not been fortunate! Better, that the earth be given to man as a dark mass, whereupon to labor. Better, that rude, and unsightly materials be provided in the ore-bed, and in the forest, for him to fashion in splendor and beauty. Better I say, not because of that splendor, and beauty, but, because the act of creating them, is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor, than the idler.

I call upon those whom I address, to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not the great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it then be built again; here, if any where, on the shores of a new world—of a new civilization.

But how, it may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do indeed toil, but they too generally do, because they must. Many submit to it, as in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth, as an escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should hasten, as a chosen, coveted field of improvement.

But so he is not compelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in idleness. This way of thinking, is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away.

Ashamed to toil? Ashamed of thy dingy work-shop, and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother nature has embroidered mist, sun and rain, fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of those tokens, and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness, and vanity? It is treason to nature, it is impiety to heaven; it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat—toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood,—the only true nobility!—*Dewey.*

**643. DAVID'S LAMENT OVER ABSALOM.**

The king—stood still,

Till the last echo—died: then, throwing off  
The sack-cloth—from his brow, and laying back  
The pall—from the still features of his child,  
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth  
In the resistless eloquence of woe:—

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!  
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!  
That death—should settle—in thy glorious eye,  
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!  
How could he mark thee—for the silent tomb,  
My proud boy, Absalom!

Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,  
As to my bosom—I have tried to press thee.  
How was I wont—to feel my pulses thrill,  
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,  
And hear thy sweet—"my father," from these  
And cold lips, Absalom! [dumb,

The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush  
Of music, and the voices of the young;  
And life will pass me—in the mantling blush,  
And the dark tresses—to the soft winds flung;  
But thou—no more, with thy sweet voice, shall  
To meet me, Absalom! [come

But, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,  
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,  
How will its love for thee, as I depart, [token!  
Yearn for thine ear—to drink its last—deep  
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,  
So see thee, Absalom!

And now—farewell! 'Tis hard—to give thee up,  
With death—so like a gentle slumber on thee:  
And thy dark sin!—oh! I could drink the cup,  
If, from this wo, its bitterness had won thee.  
May God have called thee, like a wanderer,  
My erring Absalom?" [home,

He covered up his face, and bowed himself,  
A moment, on his child; then, giving him  
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped  
His hands, convulsively, as if in prayer;  
And, as a strength were given him of God,  
He rose up, calmly, and composed the pall,  
Firmly, and decently, and left him there,—  
As if his rest—had been a breathing sleep. *Willis.*

The theatre was from the very first,  
The favorite haunt of sin; though honest men,  
Some very honest, wise and worthy men,  
Maintained it might be turned to good account:  
And so perhaps it might, but never was.  
From first—to last—it was an evil place:  
And now—such things were acted there, as made  
The devils blush: and, from the neighborhood,  
Angels, and holy men, trembling, retired:  
And what with dreadful aggravation—crowned  
This dreary time, was—sin against the light.  
All men knew God, and, knowing, disobeyed;  
And gloried to insult him—to his face.

Look round—the habitable world, how few—  
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!  
'Tis all men's office—to speak patience—  
To those that toil—under a load of sorrow.  
'Tis the first sanction—nature—gave to man,  
Each other to assist, in what they can.

**644. MARCO BOZZARRIS.**

He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—"To die for liberty, is a pleasure, and not a pain."

At midnight,—in his guarded tent,  
The Turk—was dreaming of the hour,  
When Greece,—her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble—at his power.  
In dreams, through camp—and court, he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror;  
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;  
Then, wore his monarch's signet ring:  
Then, pressed that monarch's throne,—a king;  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight,—in the forest shades,  
Bozzarris—ranged his Suliote band,  
True—as the steel—of their tried blades,  
Heroes—in heart—and hand.  
There, had the Persian's thousands stood,  
There, had the glad earth—drunk their blood,  
On old Plataea's day;  
And now, there breathed that haunted air,  
The sons—of sires, who conquered there,  
With arm—to strike, and soul—to dare,  
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk—awoke—  
That bright dream—was his last;  
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,  
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"  
He woke—to die, 'midst flame, and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,  
And death—shots—falling thick and fast  
As lightnings, from the mountain cloud;  
And heard, with voice, as trumpet loud,  
Bozzarris—cheer his band:  
"Strike! till the last armed foe expires;  
Strike! for your altars, and your fires;  
Strike! for the green graves of your sires;  
God—and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;  
They piled that ground—with Moslem slain;  
They conquered—but, Bozzarris fell,  
Bleeding—at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile, when rang the proud—hurrah!  
And the red field was won;  
Then saw, in death, his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers—at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber,—Death!  
Come to the mother—when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath;  
Come—when the blessed seals,  
That close the pestilence, are broke,  
And crowded cities—wait its stroke;  
Come—in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;  
Come, when the heart beats high, and warm,  
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine—  
And thou art terrible! the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know,—or dream, or fear,  
Of agony,—are thine.

But, to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice—sounds like a prophet's word,  
And, in its hollow tones, are heard—  
The thanks of millions—yet to be.  
Bozzarris! with the storied brave,  
Greece nurtured, in her glory's time,  
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.  
We tell thy doom—without a sigh;  
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—  
One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born—to die.—*Halleck.*

**645. MAID OF MALAHIDE.**

In the church of Malahide, in Ireland, are the tomb and effigy of the Lady Maid Plunkett, sister of the first Lord Dunsany, of whom it is recorded that "she was maid, wife, and widow in one day." Her first husband, Hussy, Baron of Galtrim, was called from the altar to head "a hosting of the English against the Irish," and was brought back to the bridal banquet a corpse, upon the shields of his followers.

The dark-eyed Maid—of Malahide,  
Her silken bodice laced,  
And on her brow,—with virgin pride,  
The bridal chaplet—placed.  
Her heart—is beating high, her cheek  
Is flushed—with rosy shame,  
As laughing bridesmaids—silly speak,  
The gallant bridegroom's name.  
The dark-eyed Maid—of Malahide—  
Before the altar—stands,  
And Galtrim—claims his blushing bride,  
From pure—and holy hands:—  
But hark! what fearful sounds are those?  
"To arms! to arms!" they cry:—  
The bride's sweet cheek—no longer glows,  
Fear—sits in that young eye.

The gallants—all are mustering now—  
The bridegroom's helm—is on:  
One look,—upon that wretched brow:  
One kiss,—and he is gone:—  
The feast is spread,—but many a knight,  
Who should have graced that hall—  
Will sleep—anon, in cold moonlight,  
Beneath—a gory pall.

The garlands—bright with rainbow dyes,  
In gay festoons—are hung;  
The starry lamps—out-shine the skies,  
The golden harps are strung:  
But she—the moving spring of all,  
Hath sympathy—with none  
That meet in that old festive hall:—  
And now—the feast's begun.

Hark! to the clang of arms! is 't he,  
The bridegroom chief,—returned,—  
Crowned—with the wreath of victory  
By his good weapon—earned?  
Victorious bands—indeed—return,—  
But, on their shields—they bear—  
The laurelled chief,—and melt—those stern—  
At that young bride's despair.

"Take—take—the roses from my brow,  
The jewels—from my waist;  
I have no need—of such things now."  
And then—her cheek—she placed—  
Close—to his dead—cold cheek, and wept,—  
As one may wildly weep,  
When the last hope,—the heart had kept,  
Lies buried—in the deep.

Long years have passed,—since that young  
Bewailed—her widowed doom: [bride  
The holy walls—of Malahide—  
Still—shrine her marble tomb:—  
And sculpture there—has sought to prove,  
With rude essay—of art,  
That form—she wore in life,—whose love—  
Did grace—her woman's heart.—*Cravenford.*  
The influence of example—is a terrible  
responsibility—on the shoulders of every in-  
dividual.

**646. AARON BURR AND BLENNERHASSETT.** Who, then, is Aaron Burr, and what the part which he has borne in this transaction? He is its author; its projector; its active executor. Bold, ardent, restless, and aspiring, his brain conceived it; his hand brought it into action. Beginning his operations in New York, he associates with him, men, whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the mainspring, his personal labor contrives all the machinery. Pervading the continent from New-York to New-Orleans, he draws into his plan, by every allurements which he can contrive, men of all ranks, and all descriptions. To youthful ardor he presents danger and glory; to ambition, rank, and titles, and honors; to avarice, the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses, he presents the object adapted to his taste: his recruiting officers are appointed; men are engaged throughout the continent: civil life is indeed quiet upon the surface; but in its bosom this man has contrived to deposit the materials, which, with the slightest touch of his match, produces an explosion to shake the continent. All this his restless ambition has contrived; and, in the autumn of 1806, he goes forth, for the last time, to apply this match. On this excursion he meets with Blennerhassett.

Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shews, that war is not the natural element of his mind; if it had been, he would never have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society, natural and proper to Mr. Blennerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America, he retired, even from the population of the Atlantic states, and sought quiet, and solitude, in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste, and science, and wealth; and "lo, the desert smiled." Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him; music that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his: an extensive library spreads its treasures before him; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets, and mysteries of nature; peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him; and, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment, that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children. The evidence would convince you, that this is but a faint picture of the real life.

In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart—the destroyer comes—he comes—to turn this *paradise*—into a hell—yet the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering, through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor, warns him of the ruin, that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities, by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity, and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation,

and the seductive, and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not a difficult one. Innocence is ever simple, and credulous; conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others; it wears no guards before its breast: every door, and portal, and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all, who choose it, enter. Such, was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty, in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees, he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition; he breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor, panting for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat, and insipid to his taste; his books are abandoned; his retort, and crucible, are thrown aside; his shrubbery in vain blooms, and breathes its fragrance upon the air—he likes it not; his ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's roar; even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unfelt and unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul—his imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility: he has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Cromwell, Cesar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a desert; and, in a few months, we find the tender, and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering, at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents, that froze as they fell. Yet, this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest, and his happiness—thus seduced from the paths of innocence, and peace—thus confounded in the toils, which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit, and genius of another—this man, thus ruined, and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason—this man is to be called the *principal* offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged, and steeped in misery, is comparatively innocent—a mere accessory. Sir, neither the human heart, nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous, and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason. O! no sir. There is no man who knows anything of this affair, who does not know that to every body concerned in it, Aaron Burr was as the sun to the planets, which surround him; he bound them in their respective orbits, and gave them their light, their heat, and their motion. Let him not then shrink—from the high destination, which he has courted; and having already ruined Blennerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness, forever, attempt to finish the tragedy, by thrusting that ill-fated man between *himself* and *punishment*.

The royal bee, queen—of the rosy bower,  
Collects her precious sweets—from every flower.

**647. TALENTS ALWAYS ASCENDANT.** Talents, whenever they have had a suitable theatre, have never failed to emerge from obscurity, and assume their proper rank in the estimation of the world. The jealous pride of power may attempt to repress, and crush them; the base, and malignant rancor of impotent spleen, and envy—may strive to embarrass and retard their flight: but these efforts, so far from achieving their ignoble purpose, so far from producing a discernible obliquity, in the ascent of genuine, and vigorous talents, will serve only to increase their momentum, and mark their transit, with an additional stream of glory.

When the great earl of Chatham—first made his appearance in the house of commons, and began to astonish, and transport the British parliament, and the British nation, by the boldness, the force, and range of his thoughts, and the celestial fire, and pathos of his eloquence, it is well known, that the minister, Walpole, and his brother Horace, from motives very easily understood, exerted all their wit, all their oratory, all their acquirements of every description, sustained and enforced by the unfeeling "insolence of office," to heave a mountain on his gigantic genius, and hide it from the world. Poor and powerless attempt! The tables were turned. He rose upon them, in the might, and irresistible energy of his genius, and, in spite of all their convulsions, frantic agonies, and spasms, he strangled them, and their whole faction, with as much ease as Hercules did the serpent Python.

Who can turn over the debates of the day, and read the account of this conflict between youthful ardor, and hoary-headed cunning, and power, without kindling in the cause of the tyro, and shouting at his victory? That they should have attempted to pass off the grand, yet solid and judicious operations of a mind like his, as being mere theatrical start and emotion; the giddy, hair-brained eccentricities of a romantic boy! That they should have had the presumption to suppose themselves capable of chaining down, to the floor of the parliament, a genius so ethereal, towering and sublime, seems unaccountable! Why did they not, in the next breath, by way of crowning the climax of vanity, bid the magnificent fire-ball to descend from its exalted, and appropriate region, and perform its splendid tour along the surface of the earth?

Talents, which are before the public, have nothing to dread, either from the jealous pride of power, or from the transient misrepresentations of party, spleen, or envy. In spite of opposition from any cause, their buoyant spirit will lift them to their proper grade. The man who comes fairly before the world, and who possesses the great, and vigorous stamina, which entitle him to a niche in the temple of glory, has no reason to dread the ultimate result; however slow his progress may be, he will, in the end, most indubitably receive that distinction. While the rest, "the swallows of science," the butterflies of genius, may flutter for their spring; but they will soon pass away, and be remembered no more. No enterprising man, therefore, and least of all, the truly great man, has reason to droop, or repine, at any efforts, which he may suppose to be made, with the view to depress him. Let, then, the tempest of envy, or of malice howl around him. His genius will consecrate him; and any attempt to extinguish that, will be

as unavailing, as would a human effort "to quench the stars."—*Wirt*.

**648. RICH AND POOR MAN.**

So goes the world;—if wealthy, you may call  
This, friend, *that*, brother; friends and brothers all;  
Tho' you are worthless—witless—never mind it!  
You may have been a *stable-boy*—what then?  
'Tis *wealth*, good sir, makes *honorable* men.

You seek respect, no doubt, and you will *find* it.  
But, if you are poor, heaven help you! tho' your  
Had royal blood within him, and tho' you [sire  
Possess the intellect of angels, too,

'Tis all in vain;—the world will ne'er inquire  
On such a score:—Why should it take the pains?  
'Tis easier to weigh *purses*, sure, than *brains*.

I once saw a poor fellow, keen, and clever,  
Witty, and wise:—he paid a man a visit,  
And no one noticed him, and no one ever [is it?  
Gave him a welcome. "Strange," cried I, "whence  
He walked on this side, then on that,  
He tried to introduce a social chat;  
Now here, now there, in vain he tried;  
Some formally and freezingly replied, and some  
Said, by their silence—"Better stay at home."

A rich man burst the door,  
As Cræsus rich; I'm sure  
He could not pride himself upon his wit,  
And as for wisdom, he had none of it;  
He had what's better;—he had wealth.

What a confusion!—all stand up erect—  
These—crowd around to ask him of his health;  
These—bow in honest duty, and respect;  
And these—arrange a sofa or a chair,  
And these—conduct him there.

"Allow me, sir, the honor;"—Then a bow—  
Down to the earth—Is't possible to show  
Meet gratitude—for such kind condescension?—

The poor man—hung his head,  
And, to himself, he said,  
"This is indeed, beyond my comprehension!"  
Then looking round,  
One friendly face he found,

And said, "Pray tell me why is *wealth* preferred,  
To *wisdom*?"—"That's a silly question, friend!"  
Replied the other—"have you never heard,  
A man may lend his store  
Of gold, or silver ore;  
But wisdom—none can borrow, none can lend?"

THE ABUSE OF AUTHORITY.

O, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.  
Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet:  
For every pelting, petty officer, [thunder.  
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but  
Merciful heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,  
Split the unwedgedable and gnarled oak,  
Than the soft myrtle.—O, but man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority;  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,  
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.—*Shakespeare.*  
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**649. THE MANIAC; MAD-HOUSE.**  
 Stay, jailor, stay—and hear my woe!  
 She is not mad—who kneels to thee;  
 For what I'm now—too well I know,  
 For what I was—and what should be.  
 I'll rave no more—in proud despair;  
 My language shall be mild—though sad:  
 But yet I'll firmly—truly swear,  
 I am not mad—I am not mad.

My tyrant husband—forged the tale,  
 Which chains me—in this dismal cell;  
 My fate unknown—my friends bewail;  
 Oh! jailor, haste—that fate to tell;  
 Oh! haste—my father's heart to cheer:  
 His heart, at once—'twill grieve, and glad,  
 To know, though kept a captive here,  
 I am not mad;—I am not mad.

He smiles—in scorn, and turns—the key;  
 He quits the grate; I knelt in vain;  
 His glimmering lamp, still, still I see—  
 'Tis gone, and all is gloom again.  
 Cold—bitter cold!—No warmth! no light!  
 Life,—all thy comforts once I had;  
 Yet here I'm chained,—this freezing night,  
 Although not mad; no, no, not mad.

'Tis sure some dream,—some vision vain;  
 What! I,—the child of rank—and wealth,  
 Am I the wretch—who clanks this chain,  
 Bereft of freedom,—friends and health?  
 Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,  
 Which never more—my heart must glad,  
 How aches my heart,—how burns my head;  
 But 'tis not mad;—no, 'tis not mad.

Hast thou, my child—forgot ere this,  
 A mother's face,—a mother's tongue?  
 She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,  
 Nor round her neck—how fast you clung;  
 Nor how with me—you sued to stay;  
 Nor how that suit—your sire forbade;  
 Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away;  
 They'll make me mad; they'll make me mad.

His rosy lips,—how sweet they smiled!  
 His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!  
 None—ever bore a lovelier child:  
 And art thou now forever—gone?  
 And must I never see thee more,  
 My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?  
 I will be free! unbar the door!  
 I am not mad;—I am not mad.

Oh! hark! what mean those yells, and cries?  
 His chain—some furious madman breaks;  
 He comes,—I see his glaring eyes;  
 Now, now—my dungeon-grate he shakes.  
 Help! help!—He's gone! Oh! fearful wo,  
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see!  
 My brain, my brain,—I know, I know,  
 I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon;—for, to you!—while I speak—  
 Mark how yon Demon's eye-balls glare!  
 He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,  
 He whirrs a serpent—high in air.  
 Horror!—the reptile—strikes his tooth—  
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;  
 Ay, laugh, ye fiends; I feel the truth;  
 Your task is done!—*I'm mad! I'm mad!*

Here didst thou dwell, in the enchanted cover,  
 Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating,  
 For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover; [ing,  
 The purple moonlight veil'd that mystic meet—  
 With her most starry canopy, and, seating  
 Thyself by thine adorer, what befell? [ing  
 This cave was surely shaped out for the greet—  
 Of an enamor'd goddess, and the cell  
 Haunted by holy love—the earliest oracle!  
 Children, like tender scions, take the bow,  
 And, as they first are fashioned—always grow.

**650. THE ALPS.**

Proud monuments of God! sublime ye stand  
 Among the wonders of his mighty hand:  
 With summits soaring in the upper sky, [eye;  
 Where the broad day looks down with burning  
 Where gorgeous clouds in solemn pomp repose,  
 Flinging rich shadows on eternal snows:  
 Piles of triumphant dust, ye stand alone,  
 And hold in kingly state, a peerless throne!  
 Like olden conquerors, on high ye rear  
 The regal ensign, and the glittering spear:  
 Round icy spires, the mists, in wreaths unrolled,  
 Float ever near, in purple or in gold:  
 And voiceful torrents, sternly rolling there,  
 Fill with wild music, the unpillared air:  
 What garden, or what hall on earth beneath,  
 Thrills to such tones, as o'er the mountains  
 breathe? [shone,  
 There, through long ages past, those summits  
 Where morning radiance on their state was  
 thrown;  
 There, when the summer day's career was done,  
 Played the last glory of the sinking sun;  
 There, sprinkling lustre o'er the cataract's shade,  
 The chastened moon, her glittering rainbow  
 made;  
 And, blent with pictured stars, her lustre lay,  
 Where to still vales, the free streams leaped away.

Where are the thronging hosts of other days,  
 Whose banners floated o'er the Alpine ways;  
 Who, through their high defiles, to battle, wound,  
 While deadly ordnance stirr'd the heights around?  
 Gone; like the dream, that melts at early morn,  
 When the lark's anthem through the sky is borne:  
 Gone; like the wrecks, that sink in ocean's spray,  
 And chill oblivion murmurs; Where are they?  
 Yet, "Alps on Alps" still rise; the lofty home  
 Of storms, and eagles, where their pinions roam;  
 Still, round their peaks, the magic colors lie,  
 Of morn, and eve, imprinted on the sky;  
 And still, while kings and thrones, shall fade,  
 and fall,  
 And empty crowns lie dim upon the pall; [roar;  
 Still, shall their glaciers flash; their torrents  
 Till kingdoms fall, and nations rise no more.

**ADHERENCE TO TRUTH.** Petrarch, a celebrated Italian poet, who flourished about four hundred years ago, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candor, and strict adherence to truth. A violent quarrel occurred in the household of this nobleman; which was carried so far, that recourse was had to arms. The Cardinal wished to know the foundation of this affair; and that he might be able to decide with justice, he assembled all his people, and obliged them to bind themselves, by a most solemn oath on the gospels, to declare the whole truth. Every one, without exception, submitted to this determination; even the Bishop of Luna, brother to the Cardinal was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presenting himself to take the oath; the Cardinal closed the book, and said, "*As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient.*"  
 'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall;  
 And since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten.  
 Never purchase friendship by gifts.

**651. MODERN REPUBLICS.** Where are the republics of modern times, which cluster'd round immortal Italy? Venice, and Genoa exist, but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss, in their native fastnesses; but the guaranty of their freedom is in their weakness, and not in their strength. The mountains are not easily crossed, and the valleys are not easily retained. When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The peasantry sink before him. The country is too poor for plunder; and too rough for valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barriers, on every side, to check the wantonness of ambition; and Switzerland remains, with her simple institutions, a military road to fairer climates, scarcely worth a permanent possession.

We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it, under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked, by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices, or luxuries of the old world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government, and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us, and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary, than for the people to preserve, what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany, and the North, and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be, that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is—"They were, but they are not." Forbid it, my countrymen; forbid it, Heaven!—*Story.*

**652. RAZOR SELLER.**  
 A fellow, in a market-town,  
 Most musical, cried razors, up and down,  
 And offered twelve—for eighteen-pence;  
 Which, certainly, seem'd wondrous cheap,  
 And, for the money, quite a heap,  
 That every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard;  
 Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,  
 That seem'd a shoe-brush, stuck beneath his nose.  
 With cheerfulness, the eighteen-pence he paid,  
 And, proudly, to himself, in whispers said—  
 "This rascal stole the razors, I suppose."  
 "No matter, if the fellow be a knave,  
 Provided that the razors shave;  
 It certainly will be a monstrous prize."

So home the clown, with his good fortune went,  
 Smiling,—in heart and soul content,  
 And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.  
 Being well lathered, from a dish or tub,  
 Hodge now began, with grinning pain, to grub—  
 Just like a hedger, cutting furze:  
 'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he tried;—  
 All were impostors. "Ah!" Hodge sighed,  
 "I wish my eighteen-pence was in my purse."  
 In vain, to chase his beard, and bring the graces,  
 He cut and dug, and whined, and stamp'd, and  
 swore;  
 Bro't blood, and dane'd, blasphem'd and made wry  
 And curs'd each razor's body, o'er and o'er, [faces,  
 His muzzle, formed of opposition stuff,  
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;  
 So kept it—laughing at the steel, and suds.  
 Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,  
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,  
 On the vile cheat that sold the goods.  
 "Razors! a vile, confounded dog!—  
 Not fit to scrape a hog!"  
 Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun,  
 "Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue! to you, 'tis fun,  
 That people flay themselves out of their lives.  
 You rascal! for an hour, have I been grubbing,  
 Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,  
 With razors, just like oyster-knives,  
 Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,  
 To cry up razors that can't shave."  
 "Friend," quoth the razor man, "I'm not a knave;  
 As for the razors you have bought,—  
 Upon my soul, I never thought  
 That they would shave."  
 "Not think they'd shave?" quoth Hodge, with  
 wond'ring eyes,  
 And voice, not much unlike an Indian yell,  
 "What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries.  
 "Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile, "to sell."

**653. UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.** I speak—in the spirit—of the British law, which makes liberty—commensurate with, and inseparable from, the British soil,—which proclaims, even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads—is holy, and consecrated—by the genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language—his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion—incompatible with freedom, an Indian, or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle—his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities—he may have been devoted—upon the altar of slavery; the first moment—he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar, and the god, sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.—*Grattan.*  
 When breezes are soft, and skies are fair,  
 I steal an hour from study and care,  
 And hie me away—to the woodland scene,  
 Where wanders the stream with waters of green;  
 As if the bright fringe—of herbs on its brink  
 Had given their stain, to the wave they drink.

## 654. GINEVRA; OR LOST BRIDE.

If ever you should come to Modena,  
Stop at a palace, near the Reggio-gate,  
Dwelt in, of old, by one of the Donati.  
Its noble gardens, terrace, above terrace,  
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,  
Will long detain you—but before you go,  
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—  
And look awhile upon a picture there.  
'Tis of a lady, in her earliest youth,  
The last, of that illustrious family;  
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.  
He, who observes it—ere he passes on,  
Gazes his fill, and comes, and comes again,  
That he may call it up, when far away.  
She sits, inclining forward, as to speak,  
Her lips half open, and her finger up,  
As though she said, "Beware!" her vest of gold,  
Broidered with flowers, and clasp'd from head to  
An emerald stone, in every golden clasp; [foot,  
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,  
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowing—of an innocent heart—  
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,  
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs,  
Over a mouldering heir-loom; its companion,  
An oak chest, half-eaten by the worm,  
But richly carved, by Antony of Trent,  
With scripture-stories, from the life of Christ;  
A chest, that came from Venice, and had held  
The duca's robes—of some old ancestors—  
That, by the way—it may be true, or false—  
But don't forget the picture; and you will not,  
When you have heard the tale, they told me there.  
She was an only child—her name—Ginevra,  
The joy, the pride—of an indulgent father;  
And, in her fifteenth year, became a bride,  
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,  
Her playmate, from her birth, and her first love.  
Just as she looks there, in her bridal dress,  
She was; all gentleness, all gaiety;  
Her pranks, the favorite theme of every tongue.  
But now, the day was come, the day, the hour;  
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,  
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;  
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave  
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.  
Great was the joy; but, at the nuptial feast, [ing,  
When all sat down, the bride herself—was want-  
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,  
"Tis but to make a trial of our love!"  
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,  
And soon from guest to guest—the panic spread.  
'Twas but that instant—she had left Francesco,  
Laughing, and looking back, and flying still,  
Her ivory tooth—imprinted on his finger.  
But now, alas! she was not to be found;  
Nor, from that hour, could anything be guessed,  
But, that she was not!

Weary of his life,  
Francesco—flew to Venice, and, embarking,  
Flung it away, in battle with the Turk.  
Donati lived—and long might you have seen  
An old man, wandering—as in quest of something,

Something he could not find—he knew not what.  
When he was gone, the house remained awhile,  
Silent, and tenantless—then, went to strangers.  
Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,  
When, on an idle day, a day of search,  
Mid the old lumber, in the gallery, [said,  
That mouldering chest was noticed; and, 'twas  
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,  
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"  
'Twas done, as soon as said; but, on the way,  
It burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton!  
With here and there a pearl, and emerald-stone,  
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.  
All else—had perished—save a wedding-ring,  
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,  
Engraven with a name, the name of both—  
"Ginevra."  
There, then, had she found a grave!  
Within that chest, had she concealed herself,  
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;  
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,  
Fastened her down forever!—Rogers.

## THE NEEDLE.

The gay belles of fashion, may boast of excelling,  
In waltz, or cotillon, at whist or quadrille;  
And seek admiration, by vauntingly telling—  
Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill;  
But give me the fair one, in country or city,  
Whose home, and its duties, are dear to her heart;  
Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,  
While plying the needle, with exquisite art;  
The bright little needle, the swift flying needle,  
The needle—directed by beauty, and art.

If love has a potent, a magical token,  
A talisman, ever resistless, and true,  
A charm, that is never evaded or broken,  
A witchery, certain the heart to subdue,  
'Tis this, and his armory—never has furnished,  
So keen, and unerring, or polish'd a dart,  
(Let beauty direct it,) so pointed, and burnish'd,  
And, oh! it is certain—of touching the heart,  
The bright little needle, the swift flying needle,  
The needle—directed by beauty, and art.  
Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration,  
By dressing—for conquest, and flirting—with all;  
You never, whate'er be your fortune, or station,  
Appear half so lovely, at rout, or at ball,  
As—gaily conven'd at the work-covered table,  
Each—cheerfully active, and playing her part,  
Beguiling the task, with a song, or a fable,  
And plying the needle—with exquisite art;  
The bright little needle,—the long darning needle,  
The swift knitting needle, the needle, directed by  
BEAUTY AND ART.—Woodworth.

In parts superior, what advantage lies?  
Tell, (for you can) what is it to be wise?  
'Tis but to know how little can be known;  
To see all others' faults, and feel our own;  
Condemn'd in business, or in arts to drudge,  
Without a second, or without a judge.  
Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land;  
All fear, none aid you, and few—understand.

Even from the body's purity, the mind  
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.  
Not rural sight alone, but rural sounds,  
Exhilarate the spirits.

655. ADAMS AND JEFFERSON. They have  
gone to the companions of their cares, of their  
toils. It is well with them. The treasures of  
America are now in Heaven. How long the  
list of our good, and wise, and brave, assem-  
bled there! how few remain with us! There  
is our Washington; and those who followed  
him in their country's confidence, are now  
met together with him, and all that illustrious  
company.

The faithful marble may preserve their  
image; the engraven brass may proclaim  
their worth; but the humblest sod of inde-  
pendent America, with nothing but the dew-  
drops of the morning to gild it, is a prouder  
mausoleum than kings or conquerors can  
boast. The country is their monument. Its  
independence is their epitaph.

But not to their country is their praise lim-  
ited. The whole earth is the monument of  
illustrious men. Wherever an agonizing  
people shall perish, in a generous convul-  
sion, for want of a valiant arm and a fearless  
heart, they will cry, in the last accents of de-  
spair, Oh, for a Washington, an Adams, a  
Jefferson! Wherever a regenerated nation,  
starting up in its might, shall burst the links  
of steel that enchain it, the praise of our fa-  
thers shall be the prelude of their triumphal  
song.

The contemporary and successive genera-  
tions of men will disappear. In the long  
lapse of ages, the tribes of America, like those  
of Greece and Rome, may pass away. The  
fabric of American freedom, like all things  
human, however firm and fair, may crumble  
into dust. But the cause in which these our  
fathers shone is immortal. They did that, to  
which no age, no people of reasoning men,  
can be indifferent.

Their eulogy will be uttered in other lan-  
guages, when those we speak, like us who  
speak them, shall all be forgotten. And when  
the great account of humanity shall be closed  
at the throne of God, in the bright list of his  
children, who best adorned and served it,  
shall be found the names of our Adams and  
our Jefferson.—Everett.

## 656. EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach—a poor exile of Erin,  
The dew, on his thin robe, hung heavy and chill;  
For his country he sigh'd, when, at twilight repair-  
To wander alone, by the wind-beaten hill: [ing,  
But the day-star—attracted his eyes' sad devotion,  
For it rose—on his own native Isle of the Ocean,  
Where once, in the glow of his youthful emotion,  
He sung the bold anthem—of ERIN GO BRAGH!  
O, sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,  
The wild deer and wolf, to a covert can flee;  
But I—have no refuge—from famine, or danger,  
A home, and a country—remain not for me;  
Ah! never, again, in the green sunny bow'rs, [hours,  
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet  
Or cover my harp, with the wild woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers—of ERIN GO BRAGH!  
O, where is my cottage, that stood by the wild wood?  
Sisters and sires, did ye weep for its fall? [hood,  
O, where is the mother, that watch'd o'er my child-  
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?  
Ah! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,  
O, why did it doat—on a fast fading treasure—  
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall, without mea-  
But rapture, and beauty, they cannot recall! [sure,  
35

Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams, I revisit thy sea-beaten shore!  
But alas! in a far distant land I awaken, [more!  
And sigh for the friends, who can meet me no  
O, hard, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me,  
In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chase me?  
Ah! never, again, shall my brothers embrace me,  
They died to defend me, or live—to deplore!

But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,  
One dying wish—my lone bosom shall draw:  
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,  
Land of my forefathers, ERIN GO BRAGH!  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,  
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,  
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devo-  
O, ERIN MA VORNEEN, ERIN GO BRAGH! [tion,

## 657. THE HYPOCRITE.

He was a man,  
Who stole the livery—of the court of heaven,  
To serve the devil in; in virtue's guise,  
Devoured the widow's house, and orphan's bread;  
In holy phrase, transacted villainies,  
That common sinners—durst not meddle with.  
At sacred feast, he sat among the saints,  
And with his guilty hands—touched holiest things.  
And none of sin lamented more, or sighed  
More deeply, or with graver countenance,  
Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man,  
Whose infant children, at the moment, he  
Planned how to rob. In sermon-style he bought,  
And sold, and lied; and salutation made,  
In scripture terms. He prayed, by quantity,  
And with his repetitions, long and loud,  
All knees were weary. With one hand, he put  
A penny—in the urn of poverty,  
And with the other—took a shilling out.  
On charitable lists,—those trumps, which told  
The public ear, who had, in secret, done  
The poor a benefit, and half the alms [ing,  
They told of, took themselves to keep them sound-  
He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there,  
Than in the book of life. Seest thou the man!  
A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave, [ceiv'd.  
With flowers bestrewed! and yet, few were de-  
His virtues, being over-done, his face,  
Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities,  
Too pompously attended, and his speech,  
Larded too frequently, and out of time,  
With serious phraseology,—were rents,  
That in his garments opened, in spite of him,  
Thro' which, the well accustomed eye, could see  
The rottenness of his heart. None deeper blush'd,  
As in the all-piercing light he stood, exposed,  
No longer herding—with the holy ones.  
Yet still he tried to bring his countenance—  
To sanctimonious seeming; but, meanwhile,  
The shame within, now visible to all,  
His purpose balk'd. The righteous smil'd, and even  
Despair itself, some signs of laughter gave,  
As, ineffectually, he strove to wipe  
His brow, that inward guiltiness defiled.  
Detected wretch! of all the reprobate,  
None seem'd more mature—for the flames of hell,  
Where still his face, from ancient custom, wears  
A holy air, which says to all that pass  
Him by, "I was a hypocrite on earth."—Pollock.

## 658. PARRHASIUS AND CAPTIVE.

"Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint."—*Burton's Anat. of Med.*

There stood an unsold captive in the mart,  
A gray-haired and majestic old man,  
Chained to a pillar. It was almost night,  
And the last seller from his place had gone,  
And not a sound was heard but of a dog  
Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,  
Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,  
As the faint captive changed his weary feet.

'Twas evening, and the half-descended sun  
Tipped with a golden fire the many domes  
Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere  
Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street  
Through which the captive gazed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ay—though it bid me rifle  
My heart's lust fount for its insatiate thirst—  
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first;  
Though it should bid me stifle  
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,  
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—  
All—I would do it all—  
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot—  
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!

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

Vain—vain—give o'er! His eye

Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—  
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!  
Gods! if he do not die

But for *one* moment—one—till I eclipse  
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

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

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

NATURAL HISTORY OF LOVE,  
Addressed to Dr. Moyce by the ladies.

Dear doctor, let it not transpire,  
How much your lectures we admire;  
How, at your eloquence we wonder,  
When you explain the cause of thunder;  
Of lightning, and electricity,  
With so much plainness, and simplicity;  
The origin of rocks, and mountains,  
Of seas, and rivers, lakes, and fountains;  
Of rain, and hail, and frost, and snow,  
And all the storms, and winds that blow;  
Besides a hundred wonders more,  
Of which we never heard before.  
But now, dear doctor, not to flatter,  
There is a most important matter,  
A matter which our thoughts run much on,  
A matter, which you never touch on,  
A subject, if we right conjecture,  
That well deserves a long, long lecture,  
Which all the *ladies* would approve,—  
*The natural history of love!*  
Deny us not, dear doctor Moyce!  
Oh, list to our entreating voice!  
Tell us why our poor, tender hearts,  
So easily admit love's darts.  
Teach us the marks—of love's beginning,  
What makes us think a beau so winning;  
What makes us think a coxcomb witty,  
A black coat, wise, a red coat—pretty!  
Why we believe such horrid lies,  
That we are angels, from the skies,  
Our teeth like pearl, our cheeks like roses,  
Our eyes like stars—such *charming* noses!  
Explain our dreams, awake, and sleeping,  
Explain our blushing, laughing, weeping.  
Teach us, dear doctor, if you can,  
To humble that proud creature, man;  
To turn the wise ones into fools,  
The proud and insolent to tools;  
To make them all run, helter-skelter,  
Their necks—into the marriage-halter;  
Then leave us to ourselves with these;  
We'll turn and rule them as we please.  
Dear doctor, if you grant our wishes,  
We promise you—five-hundred kisses;  
And, rather than the affair be blundered,  
We'll give you—six-score to the hundred.

## 659. SPEECH OF BELIAL, DISSUADING WAR.

I should be much for *open* war, oh peers,  
As not behind in hate, if what were urged,  
Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
Did not *dissuade* me more, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;  
When he, who most excels in tact of arms,  
In what he counsels, and in what excels,  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,  
And utter dissolution as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge. [filled  
First, *what* revenge?—The towers of heaven are  
With armed watch, that render all access  
Impregnable: oft, on the bordering deep,  
Encamp their legions: or with obscure wing,  
Scout far and wide, into the realms of night,  
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels, all hell should rise,  
With blackest insurrection, to confound  
Heaven's purest light; yet our great enemy,  
All incorruptible, would, on his throne,  
Sit, unpolluted; and the ethereal mold,  
Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope—  
Is flat despair; we must *exasperate*  
The almighty victor—to spend all his rage,  
And that must end us; *that*—must be our cure,—  
To be no more.—*Sad* cure!—for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts, that wander through eternity,—  
To perish rather, swallowed up, and lost,  
In the wide tomb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense, and motion?—And *who* knows  
(Let this be good) whether our angry foe  
*Can* give it, or *will* ever? How he can,  
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.  
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
Belike through impotence, or unawares,  
To give his enemies their wish, and end  
*Them* in his anger, whom his anger saves  
To punish endless?—"Wherefore cease ye then?"  
Say they, who counsel war; "we are decreed,  
Reserved, and destined—to eternal wo:  
Whatever doing,—what can we suffer *more*,  
What can we suffer *worse*?" *Is this* then worst,  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck  
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The deep to shelter us? this hell, then, seemed  
A refuge—from those wounds! or, when we lay,  
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.  
What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,  
Awaked, should blow them into seven-fold rage,  
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,  
Should intermitted vengeance—arm again  
His red right hand to plague us? what if all  
Her stores were opened, and this firmament  
Of hell—should spout her cataracts of fire,  
Impending horrors, threatening hideous fall,  
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps,  
Designing, or exhorting glorious war,  
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,  
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey  
Of racking whirlwinds; or, for ever sunk  
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapped in chains;  
There to converse—with everlasting groans,

Unrespected, unpitied, unreprieved,  
Ages—of hopeless end?—this would be worse.  
War, therefore, *open* and *concealed*, alike  
*My* voice dissuades.—*Milton.*

POMPEII. How serenely slept the star-light  
On that lovely city! how breathlessly its pillared  
streets reposed in their security! how softly  
rippled the dark, green waves beyond!  
how cloudless spread aloft and blue the dream-  
ing Campanian skies! Yet this was the last  
night for the gay Pompeii! the colony of the  
hoar Chaldean! the fabled city of Hercules!  
the delight of the voluptuous Roman! Age  
after age had rolled indestructive, unheeded,  
over its head; and now the last ray quivered  
on the dial plate of its doom!

## 660. THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows | of a poor old man, [door;  
Whose trembling limbs | have borne him to your  
Whose days are dwindled | to the shortest span;  
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store.  
These tatter'd clothes | my poverty bespeak,  
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;  
And many a furrow | in my grief-worn cheek,  
Has been the channel | to a flood of tears.  
Yon house, erected | on the rising ground,  
With tempting aspect | drew me from my road;  
For plenty there | a residence has found,  
And grandeur | a magnificent abode.  
Hard is the fate | of the infirm, and poor!  
Here, as I crav'd | a morsel of their bread,  
A pamper'd menial | drove me from the door,  
To seek a shelter | in an humbler shed.  
Oh! take me | to your hospitable dome;  
Keen blows the wind, | and piercing is the cold!  
Short is my passage | to the friendly tomb;  
For I am poor, and miserably old.  
Should I reveal the sources | of my grief,  
If soft humanity | e'er touch'd your breast,  
Your hands would not | withhold the kind relief,  
And tears of pity | would not be repress.  
Heav'n sends misfortunes; why should we repine?  
'Tis Heav'n has bro't me | to the state you see;  
And *your* condition | may be soon like *mine*,  
The child of sorrow | and of misery.  
A little farm | was my paternal lot;  
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn;  
But ah! oppression | forc'd me from my cot,  
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.  
My daughter, once the comfort of my age,  
Lur'd by a villain | from her native home,  
Is cast, abandon'd, on the world's wide stage,  
And doom'd | in scanty poverty to roam.  
My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!  
Struck with sad anguish | at the stern decree,  
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair;  
And left the world | to wretchedness and me.  
Pity the sorrows | of a poor old man, [door;  
Whose trembling limbs | have borne him to your  
Whose days are dwindled | to the shortest span;  
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store.  
Canst thou administer—to a mind diseas'd?  
Pluck—from the memory—a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles—of the brain:  
And with some sweet—oblivious antidote—  
Cleanse—the stuff'd bosom—of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs—upon the heart?

## 661. CATO'S SENATE.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together, [cil. And Rome attends her fate from our resolves. How shall we treat this bold aspiring man? Success still follows him, and backs his crimes. Pharsalia—gave him Rome: Egypt—has since Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's. Why should I mention Juba's overthrow, And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands. Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree

What course to take. Our foe advances on us, And envies us, even Libya's sultry deserts. Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still To hold it out, and fight it to the last? [fixed Or, are your hearts subdued at length, and wro't, By time and ill success, to a submission? Sempronius, speak.—

Sempronius. My voice is still for war. Gods! can a Roman senate long debate, Which of the two to choose, slavery, or death? No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords, And, at the head of our remaining troops, Attack the foe, break through the thick array Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest, [him. May reach his heart, and free the world—from bondage.

Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help; Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens, Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we Sit here, deliberating in cold debates, If we should sacrifice our lives to honor, Or wear them out in servitude, and chains. Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle! Great Pompey's shade—complains that we are slow.

And Scipio's ghost—walks unrevenged, amongst Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal—Transport thee thus, beyond the bounds of reason: True fortitude is seen, in great exploits, [son: That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides: All else is towering frenzy and distraction. Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword, In Rome's defence, intrusted to our care? Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter, Might not the impartial world, with reason, say, We lavished at our deaths, the blood of thousands, To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious; Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Lucius. My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace. Already, have our quarrels filled the world— With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions— Lie half-unpeopled, by the feuds of Rome: [kind. 'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare man: It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers, The gods declare against us, and repel Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle, (Prompted by blind revenge, and wild despair,) Were to refuse the awards of Providence, And not to rest in Heaven's determination. Already have we shown our love to Rome; Now, let us show submission to the gods. We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves, But free the commonwealth; when this end fails, Arms have no further use: our country's cause, That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our And bids us not delight in Roman blood, [hands, Unprofitably shed: what men could do— Is done already: heaven and earth—will witness, If—Rome—must—fall, that we are innocent. Semp. This smooth discourse, and mild behavior— Conceals a traitor—something whispers me [for oft All is not right—Cato beware of Lucius. Cato. Let us appear—nor rash, nor diffident: Immoderate valor—swells into a fault; And fear, admitted into public councils,

Betrays—like treason. Let us shun 'em both. Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs [round us; Are grown thus desperate: we have bulwarks Within our walls, are troops—inured to toil, In Afric's heats, and seasoned to the sun; Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us, Ready to rise, at its young prince's call. While there is hope, do not distrust the gods; But wait, at least, till Cæsar's near approach Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late To sue for chains, and own a conqueror. Why should Rome fall a moment, ere her time? No, let us draw her term of freedom out, In its full length, and spin it to the last. So, shall we gain still one day's liberty; And let me perish: but, in Cato's judgment, A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty, Is worth a whole eternity—in bondage.—Addison.

662. GOD IN NATURE.—There is religion in every thing around us—a calm and holy religion, in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing in as it were, unawares upon the heart. It comes quietly, and without excitement. It has no terror, no gloom in its approaches. It does not rouse up the passions; it is untrammelled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of man. It is fresh from the hands of its author, glowing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit, which pervades and quickens it.

It is written on the arched sky. It looks out from every star. It is on the sailing cloud, and in the invisible wind. It is among the hills and valleys of the earth—where the shrubless mountain-top—pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter—or where the mighty forest fluctuates, before the strong wind, with its dark waves of green foliage. It is spread out like a legible language, upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean. It is the poetry of nature. It is this which uplifts the spirit within us, until it is strong enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation; which breaks, link after link, the chain that binds us to materiality; and which opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.

## PLAY-PLACE OF EARLY DAYS.

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise, We love the play-place of our early days; The scene is touching, and the heart is stone, That feels not at that sight, and feels at none. The wall on which we tried our graving skill, The very name we carv'd subsisting still; The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd, Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed; The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot, Playing our games, and on the very spot; As happy as we once, to kneel and draw The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw; To pitch the ball into the grounded hat, Or drive it devious with a dextrous pat; The pleasing spectacle at once excites Such recollection of our own delights, That, viewing it, we seem almost 't obtain Our innocent, sweet, simple years again. Cowper. Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace, The baiting-place of wit, the balm of wo; The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release, Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.

## 663. PATRICK HENRY'S SPEECH, 1775.

No man—thinks more highly, than I do, of the patriotism, as well as the abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen, who have just addressed the house. But, different men—often see the same subject in different lights; and therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I should speak forth my sentiments—freely, and without reserve. This, sir, is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom, or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of debate. It is only in this way we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God, and to our country. Were I to withhold my sentiments, at such a time as this, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven; whom I revere above all earthly kings. It is natural for man—to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth; and listen—to the song of that siren, till she transforms us—into beasts. Is this—the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for LIBERTY? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things, which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that—is the lamp—of EXPERIENCE. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been, in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes, with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves, and the house? Is it that insidious smile, with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare—to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves—how this gracious reception of our petition—comports with those warlike preparations, which cover our waters, and darken our land. Are fleets, and armies, necessary to a work of love, and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war, and subjugation—the last arguments—to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other, possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies, and armies? No sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over—to bind, and rivet upon us, those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty, and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm, which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition—to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry, and parliament. Our petitions—have been slighted; our remonstrances—have produced additional violence and

insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace, and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve, inviolate, those inestimable privileges, for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle, in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves, never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it!—sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us. They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope—with so formidable an adversary. But when—shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be—when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength—by irresolution, and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us—hand—and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means, which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions—of people, armed—in the holy cause of LIBERTY, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible, by any force, which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God,—who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong—alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late—to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking—may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!—I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry—PEACE—PEACE—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it, that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life—so—dear, or peace—so—sweet, as to be purchased—at the price of chains—and slavery? Forbid it,—Almighty God.—I know not—what course others may take,—but, as for me, give me LIBERTY,—or give me—DEATH!"

## 664. AMERICA.

Still one great clime, in full and free defiance, Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime, Above the fair Atlantic! she has taught Her Esau brethren that the haughty flag, The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag, [bought May strike to those whose red right hands have Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still, forever Better, though each man's life-blood were a river, That it should flow, and overflow, than creep Through thousand lazy channels in our veins, Damm'd like the dull canal, with locks and chains, And moving, as a sick man in his sleep, Three paces, and then faltering:—better be Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free, In their proud charnel of Thermopylae, Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep Fly, and one current to the ocean add, One spirit to the souls our fathers had, One freeman more, America, to thee!—Byron.

OF THE DREAD OF REFORM. The true and only reason, for not attempting a reform of the state of things is, that the interest of corruption—requires them to remain as they are.