

702. THE RESURRECTION OF THE LORD. *Twice*—had the sun—gone down upon the earth, and all as yet, was silent—at the sepulchre. Death—held his sceptre—over the Son of God. Still—and silent—the hours passed on; the guards—stood at their post; the rays of the midnight moon—gleamed on their helmets, and on their spears. The enemies of Christ—exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends—were sunk in despondency; the spirits of glory—waited, in anxious suspense—to behold the event, and wondered—at the depth—of the ways of God. At length, the morning star, arising in the east, announced the approach of light. The third day—began to dawn upon the world; when, on a sudden, the earth—trembled—to its centre; and the powers of heaven were shaken; an angel of God—descended; the guards—sprung back—from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate—on the ground. "His countenance—was like lightning, and his raiment—white as snow." He rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is this, that cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed garments—from the bed of death? He, that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness—of his strength? It is thy prince, O Zion! Christian, it is your Lord! He hath trodden the wine-press alone; he hath stained his raiment with blood; but now, as the first born—from the womb of nature, he meets—the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror—from the grave; he returns with blessings—from the world of spirits; he brings salvation—to the sons of men. Never—did the returning sun—usher in a day so glorious. It was the jubilee—of the universe. The morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud—for joy. The Father of mercies—looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he beheld his world—restored; he saw his work, that it was good. Then, did the desert rejoice, the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended, as the dew of heaven, for the refreshing of the nations.

703. SLANDER.

What is slander?

'Tis an assassin—at the midnight hour
Urged on by Envy, that, with footstep soft,
Steals on the slumber—of sweet innocence,
And with the dark drawn dagger of the mind,
Drinks deep—the crimson current of the heart.
It is a worm, that crawls on beauty's cheek,
Like the vile viper—in a vale of flowers,
And riots in ambrosial blossoms there.
It is a coward—in a coat of mail,
That wages war—against the brave, and wise,
And, like the long lean lizard, that will mar
The lion's sleep, it wounds the noblest breast.
Oft have I seen—this demon of the soul,
This murderer of sleep, with visage smooth,
And countenance—serene as heaven's own sky;
But storms—were raving—in the world of thought:
Oft, have I seen a smile—upon its brow;
But, like the lightning—from a stormy cloud,
It shocked the soul—and disappeared in darkness.
Oft, have I seen it weep—at tales of woe, [anguish;
And sigh—as 'twere the heart—would break with
But, like the drop, that drips from Java's tree,

And the fell blast, that sweeps Arabian sands,
It withered—every floweret of the vale.

I saw it tread upon a lily fair,

A maid—of whom the world—could say no harm;
And, when she sunk—beneath the mortal wound,
It broke—into the sacred sepulchre,
And dragged its victim—from the hallowed grave,
For public eyes to gaze on. It hath wept,
That from the earth—its victim passed away,
Ere it had taken vengeance—on his virtues.
Yea, I have seen this cursed child of Envy,
Breathe mildew—on the sacred fame—of him,
Who once had been his country's benefactor;
And, on the sepulchre—of his repose,
Bedewed with many a tributary tear,
Dance, in the moonlight of a summer's sky,
With savage satisfaction.—*Milford Bard.*

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshaled—on the nightly plain,
The glittering host—bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God—the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Savior speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.
Once, on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blow'd
The wind, that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror, then, my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly, a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.
It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me—to the port of peace.
Now, safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forever more,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.—*White!*

EVE'S LOVE FOR ADAM.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
"My author and disposer, what thou bid'st
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these gems of heaven, her stary train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

704. THE FEMALE CHARACTER. If we glance at those domestic relations, which woman sustains, she appears in an attitude highly interesting. Is she a daughter? She has a strong hold on the parental bosom. By her kind, discreet, obedient, dutiful conduct, she contributes greatly to the happiness of those, who tenderly love her, and who are her natural guardians, and guides. Or, by the opposite conduct, she disappoints their hopes, and pierces their hearts with sorrow. Just in proportion to the superior strength, and tenderness of parental affection, is the happiness or misery resulting from the kind, or unkind department of a daughter.

Is she a sister? If intelligent and virtuous, she sheds the most kindly influence on the little circle of kindred spirits in which she daily moves. Is she a wife? The relation is most endearing, and its duties most important. Taken, originally, from man's heart, she is ever to be his most kind, affectionate and faithful partner. To contribute to his happiness, is always to be her first earthly care. It is hers, not merely to amuse his leisure hours, but to be his intelligent companion, friend, and counsellor; his second self; his constant and substantial helper, both as to the concerns of this life, and as to his eternal interests. She is to do him good, all the days of her life. And by so doing, to dwell in his heart. Is she a mother? It is hers, in no small degree, to form the character of the next generation. Constantly with her children, having the chief care of them in their infancy, and early childhood,—the most susceptible, the forming period of life,—to her, in an important sense, are committed the character, and the destiny—of individuals, and nations. Many of the most distinguished, and of the most excellent men, this, or any country has produced, were indebted, under God, chiefly to the exertions of their mothers, during their early childhood.

Thus viewed in her domestic relations, woman appears in a highly interesting light. So she does, when seen in other stations. See her taking an active part in various benevolent associations. There, she exerts an influence in the cause of humanity, and of religion, the most powerful, and beneficial. Like an angel of mercy on the wing, she performs her part with promptitude and compassion.

705. THE CONSTANCY OF WOMAN.

Woman! Blest partner of our joys and woes!
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnished yet, thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill!
Bright o'er the wasted scene thou hoverest
Angel of comfort to the falling soul;
Undaunted by the tempest, wild and chill,
That pours its restless and disastrous roll,
O'er all that blooms below, with sad and hollow
When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow,
To soothe the soul, to cool the burning brain,
O! who so welcome and so prompt as thou!
The battle's hurried scene, and angry glow,—
The death-encircled pillow of distress,—
The lonely moments of secluded woe—
Alike thy care and constancy confess, [bless,
Alike thy pitying hand and fearless friendship

706. ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I am monarch—of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre—all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh solitude! where are the charms,
That sages—have seen in thy face?
Better dwell—in the midst of alarms,
Than reign—in this horrible place.
I am out—of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey—alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start—at the sound of my own.
The beasts, that roam over the plain,
My form, with indifference see:
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness—is shocking to me.
Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows—I then might assuage,
In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd—by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold,
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious—than silver or gold,
Or all, that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell,
These valleys, and rocks, never heard;
Ne'er sigh'd—at the sound of a knell,
Or sm'd, when a sabbath appear'd.
Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore,
Some cordial, endearing report,
Of a land, I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send,
A wish, or a thought after me?
O tell me, I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.
How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wing'd arrows of light;
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment, I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand,
Soon hurries me back to despair.
But the sea-fowl—is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here—is a season of rest,
And I—to my cabin repair.
There's mercy—in every place;
And mercy—encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.—*Cowper.*

BATTLE.

Now shield—with shield, with helmet,—helmet
To armor—armor, lance to lance oppos'd; [clos'd,
Host—against host, the shadowy squadrons drew;
The sounding darts—in iron tempest flew.
Victors, and vanquish'd, join promiscuous cries,
And thrilling shouts—and dying groans arise:
With streaming blood, the slippery fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes, swell the dreadful tide.

707. THE STREAM OF LIFE. Life—bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers, on the brink, seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly, at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth, and manhood, is along a wider, and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking, and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment, and industry, which passes before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed, and made miserable, by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy, and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys, and our griefs, are alike, left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel; and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth, and of its inhabitants; and of our further voyage, there is no witness, but the Infinite and the Eternal.

And do we still take so much anxious thought for future days, when the days which have gone by, have so strangely, and uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience, the Creator only is permanent? Or, shall we not rather lay aside every weight, and every sin which doth most easily beset us, and think of ourselves, henceforth, as wayfaring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance, but in the hope of a better world, and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest we have obtained in his mercies.

708. THE OLD HAT.

I had a hat—it was not all a hat—
Part of the brim was gone,—yet still, I wore
It on, and people wondered, as I passed.
Some, turned to gaze—others, just cast an eye,
And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt.
But still, my hat, although so fashionless,
In complement extern, had that within,
Surpassing show—my head continued warm;
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all
The want (as has been said,) of brim.

A change came o'er the color of my hat.
That, which was black, grew brown, and then
men stared

With both their eyes (they stared with one before);
The wonder now, was twofold—and it seemed
Strange, that things so torn, and old, should still
Be worn, by one who might—but let that pass!
I had my reasons, which might be revealed,
But, for some counter reasons far more strong,
Which tied my tongue to silence. Time passed on.
Green spring, and flowery summer—autumn
brown,

And frosty winter came,—and went, and came—
And still, through all the seasons of two years,

In park, in city, yea, in routs and balls, [wild
The hat was worn, and borne. Then folks grew
With curiosity,—and whispers rose,
And questions passed about—how one so trim
In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trousers, could
His caput—in a covering so vile. [ensconce
A change came o'er the nature of my hat—
Grease-spots appeared—but still in silence, on
I wore it—and then family, and friends
Glared madly at each other. There was one,
Who said—but hold—no matter what was said,
A time may come, when I—away—away—
Not till the season's ripe, can I reveal
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds,
Till then, the world shall not pluck out the heart
Of this, my mystery. When I will—I will!—
The hat was now—greasy, and old, and torn—
But torn—old—greasy—still I wore it on.

A change came o'er the business of this hat.
Women, and men, and children, scowled on me;
My company was shunned—I was alone!
None would associate with such a hat—
Friendship itself proved faithless, for a hat.
She, that I loved, within whose gentle breast
I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death—
Love's fires went out—extinguished—by a hat.
Of those, that knew me best, some turned aside,
And scudded down dark lanes—one man did place
His finger on his nose's side, and jeered—
Others, in horrid mockery, laughed outright;
Yea, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,
Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,
Mistook me for a beggar—and they barked.

Thus, women, men, friends, strangers, lover,
One thought pervaded all—it was my hat. [dogs,
A change—it was the last—came o'er this hat.
For lo! at length, the circling months went round,
The period was accomplished—and one day
This tattered, brown, old, greasy coverture,
(Time had endeared its vileness,) was transferr'd
To the possession of a wandering son—
Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more
Greeted my digits, with the wonted squeeze:
Once more I went my way—along—along—
And plucked no wondering gaze—the hand of
With its annoying finger—men, and dogs, [scorn
Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless,
growlless:

And last, not least of rescued blessings, love—
Love smiled on me again, when I assumed
A bran new beaver of the Andre mould;
And then the laugh was mine, for then came out
The secret of this strangeness,—'twas a BET.

What are riches, empire, pow'r,
But larger means to gratify the will?
The steps on which we tread, to rise and reach
Our wish; and that obtain'd, down with the scaf-
folding [served their end,
Of sceptres, crowns, and thrones; they have
And are, like lumber, to be left and scorn'd.
Honor and virtue—are the boons we claim;
Nought gives a zest to life, when they are fled;
Nought else, can fan aright the holy flame:
And, should they perish, every hope is dead.

The man, who builds, and lacks wherewith to pay,
Provides a house—from which to run away.

708. CHARACTER OF PITT. The secretary—stood alone; modern degeneracy—had not reached him. Original, and unaccommodating, the features of his character—had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty—so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sank him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object—was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous.

France—sank beneath him. With one hand, he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded, with the other, the democracy of England. The sight of his mind—was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, and the present age only, but Europe, and posterity. Wonderful were the means, by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding, animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings, which render life amiable, and indolent, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulty, no domestic weakness reached him; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came, occasionally, into our system, to counsel, and to decide. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, and so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age; and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, thro' all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman; and talked much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities—his only talents: his eloquence—was an era—in the senate; peculiar, and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments, and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not, like Murray, conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation, nor was he, like Townshend, forever on the rack of exertion; but, rather, lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was something in this man, that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority—something that could establish, or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world, which should resound throughout the universe.—*Grafton.*

Reward him for the noble deed, just Heaven!
For this one action, guard him, and distinguish him,
With signal mercies and with great deliverances;
Save him from wrong, adversity and shame:
Let never-fading honor flourish round him,
And consecrate his name ev'n to time's end:
Let him know nothing but good on earth,
And everlasting blessedness hereafter.

709. LOCHINVAR.

O young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Thro' all the wide border, his steed was the best—
And save his good broadsword, he weapon had
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone. [none,
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight, like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river, where ford there was
But ere he alighted, at Netherby gate, [none,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late.
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen, of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall, [all,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
"O come ye in peace, here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"
"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar;
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom—stood dangling his bonnet
and plume, [ter by far,
And the bride maidens whispered, "T were bet-
To have match'd our fair cousin, with young
Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger
stood near,

So light to the croupe, the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle, before her he sprung,
"She's won, we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scour, [young Lochinvar.
They'll have swift steeds that follow," quoth

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Nether-
by clan, [they ran,
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
There was racing, and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so gallant in war, [invar?
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Loch-

The good merchant wrongs not the buyer
in number, weight, or measure. These are
the landmarks of all trading, which must not
be removed: for such cosenage were worse
than open felony. First, because they rob a
man of his purse, and never bid him stand.
Secondly, because highway thieves defy, but
these pretend, justice. Thirdly, as much as
lies in their power, they endeavor to make
God accessory to their cosenage, deceiving,
by pretending his weights.

710. EULOGIUM ON KOSCIUSKO.

Speech of Gen. W. H. Harrison, the ninth President, in the Congress of the United States, in the year 1818, on a motion to adopt some public testimony of respect for the memory of General Thaddeus Kosciusko.

The public papers—have announced an event, which is well calculated—to excite the sympathy—of every American bosom. Kosciusko, the martyr of Liberty, is no more! We are informed, that he died at Soleure, in France, some time in October last.

In tracing the events—of this great man's life, we find in him, that consistency of conduct, which is the *more* to be admired, as it is so rarely to be met with. He was not, at one time, the *friend* of mankind, and at another, the instrument of their oppression; but he preserved, throughout his whole career, those noble principles, which distinguished him in its commencement; which influenced him, at an early period of his life, to leave his country—and his friends, and, in another hemisphere, to fight—for the rights—of humanity.

Kosciusko was born, and educated, in Poland; (of a noble, and distinguished family,) a country, where the distinctions in society are, perhaps, carried to greater lengths, than in any other. His Creator had, however, endowed him with a soul capable of rising *above* the narrow prejudices of a caste, and breaking the shackles, which a vicious education had imposed on his mind. When he was very young, he was informed, by the voice of Fame, that the standard of liberty had been erected in America—that an insulted and oppressed people—had determined to be *free*, or perish—in the attempt. His ardent and generous mind—caught, with enthusiasm, the holy flame, and from that moment he became the devoted soldier of liberty. His rank in the American army—afforded him no opportunity—greatly to distinguish himself. But he was remarkable—through his service, for all the qualities which adorn the human character. His heroic valor in the field, could only be equaled—by his moderation and affability, in the walks of private life. He was idolized by the soldiers—for his bravery, and beloved and respected by the officers, for the goodness of his heart, and the great qualities of his mind.

Contributing greatly, by his exertions, to the establishment of the independence of America, he might have remained, and shared the blessings it dispensed, under the protection of a chief, who loved and honored him, and in the bosom of a grateful and affectionate people. Kosciusko had, however, other views. It is not known, that until the period I am speaking of, he had formed any distinct idea—of what *could*, or indeed what *ought* to be done—for his own country. But in the Revolutionary war, he drank, deeply, of the principles, which produced it. In his conversations with the intelligent men of our country, he acquired new views of the science of government, and of the rights of man. He had seen, too, that, to be *free*, it was only necessary that a nation should *will* it; and to be *happy*, it was only necessary that a nation should be free. And was it not possible—to procure these blessings for Poland! for Poland, the country of his birth, which had a claim to *all* his efforts, to *all* his services?

That unhappy nation—groaned under a complication of evils, which has scarcely a parallel in history. The *mass* of people—were the abject slaves of the nobles; the nobles, torn into factions, were alternately the instruments, and the victims, of their powerful and ambitious neighbors. By intrigue, corruption, and force, some of its fairest provinces had been separated from the republic, and the people, like beasts, transferred to foreign despots, who were again watching for a favorable moment—for a *second* dismemberment. To regenerate a people—thus debased, to obtain for a country—thus circumstanced, the blessings of lib-

erty, and independence, was a work of as much difficulty, as danger. But, to a mind like Kosciusko's, the difficulty, and danger of an enterprise—served as stimulants to the undertaking.

The annals of those times—give us no detailed account of the progress of Kosciusko, in accomplishing his great work, from the period of his return to America, to the adoption of the new constitution of Poland, in 1791. This interval, however, of apparent inaction, was most usefully employed to illumine the mental darkness, which enveloped his countrymen. To stimulate the ignorant and bigotted peasantry with the hope of future emancipation—to teach a proud, but gallant nobility, that *true* glory is only to be found, in the paths and duties of patriotism;—interests the most opposed, prejudices—the most stubborn, and habits—the most inveterate, were reconciled, dissipated, and broken, by the ascendancy of his virtues and example. The storm, which he had foreseen, and for which he had been preparing, at length burst upon Poland. A feeble and unpopular government—bent before its fury, and submitted itself to the Russian yoke of the invader. But the nation disdained to follow its example; in their extremity, every eye was turned on the hero, who had already fought their battles, the sage, who had enlightened them, and the patriot, who had set the example of personal sacrifices—to accomplish the emancipation of the people.

Kosciusko—was unanimously appointed generalissimo of Poland, with unlimited powers, until the enemy should be driven from the country. On his virtue, the nation reposed with the utmost confidence; and it is some consolation to reflect, amidst the general depravity of mankind, that two instances, in the same age, have occurred, where powers of this kind were employed—solely for the purposes for which they were given. It is not my intention, sir, to follow the Polish chief—throughout the career of victory, which, for a considerable time, crowned his efforts. Guided by his talents, and led by his valor, his undisciplined, ill-armed militia—charged, with effect, the veteran Russian and Prussian; the mailed cuirassiers of the great Frederic, for the first time, broke—and fled, before the lighter, and more appropriate cavalry of Poland. Hope filled the breasts of the patriots. After a long night, the dawn of an apparently glorious day—broke upon Poland. But to the discerning eye of Kosciusko, the light which it shed—was of that sickly, and portentous appearance, indicating a storm more dreadful than that, which he had resisted.

He prepared to meet it with firmness, but with means entirely inadequate. To the advantages of numbers, of tactics, of discipline, and inexhaustible resources, the combined despots had secured a faction—in the heart of Poland. And, if that country—can boast of having produced its *Washington*, it is disgraced also, by giving birth—to a second *Arnold*. The day at length came which was to decide the fate of a nation and a hero. Heaven, for wise purposes, permitted that it should be the last—of Polish liberty. It was decided, indeed, before the battle commenced. The traitor, Poniski, who covered, with a detachment, the advance of the Polish army, abandoned his position to the enemy, and retreated.

Kosciusko—was *astonished*, but not *dismayed*. The disposition of his army would have done honor to Hannibal. The succeeding conflict was terrible. When the talents of the general—could no longer direct the mingled mass of combatants, the arm of the warrior was brought to the aid of his soldiers. He performed prodigies of valor. The fabled prowess of Ajax, in defending the Grecian ships—was realized by the Polish hero. Nor was he badly seconded by his troops. As long as his voice could guide, or his example fire their valor, they were irresistible. In this unequal contest—Kosciusko—was long seen, and finally—lost—to their view.

"Hope—for a season, bade the world—farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell."

He fell, covered with wounds, but still survived. A Cossack would have pierced his breast, when an officer interposed. "Suffer him to execute his purpose," said the bleeding hero; "I am the devoted soldier of my country, and will not survive its liberties." The name of Kosciusko—struck to the heart of the Tartar, like that of Marius—upon the Cimbrian warrior. The uplifted weapon—dropped—from his hand.

Kosciusko—was conveyed to the dungeons of Petersburg; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Empress Catharine, she made him the object of her *vengeance*, when he could no longer be the object of her *fears*. Her more generous son—restored him to liberty. The remainder of his life—has been spent in virtuous retirement. Whilst in this situation, in France, an *anecdote* is related of him, which strongly illustrates the command, which his virtues and his services had obtained—over the minds of his countrymen.

In the late invasion of France, some Polish regiments, in the service of Russia, passed through the village in which he lived. Some pillaging of the inhabitants brought Kosciusko from his cottage. "When I was a Polish soldier," said he, addressing the plunderers, "the property of the peaceful citizen was respected." "And who art thou?" said an officer, "who addressest us with this tone of authority?" "I am *Kosciusko*." There was a magic in the word. It ran from corps to corps, from heart to heart. The march was suspended. They gathered round him, and gazed—with astonishment, and awe—upon the mighty ruin—he presented. "Could it, indeed, be their hero," whose fame was identified with that of their country? A *thousand* interesting reflections burst upon their minds; they remembered his patriotism, his devotion to liberty, his triumphs, and his glorious fall. Their iron hearts were softened, and the tear of sensibility trickled down their weather-beaten faces.

We can easily conceive, sir, what would be the feeling of the hero himself in such a scene. His great heart must have heaved with emotion to find himself once more surrounded by the companions of his glory; and that he would have been upon the point of saying to them,

"Behold your general, come once more
To lead you on to laurel'd victory,
To fame, to freedom."

The delusion could have lasted but for a moment. He was himself, alas! a miserable cripple; and, for them! they were no longer the soldiers of liberty, but the instruments of ambition and tyranny. Overwhelmed with grief at the reflection, he would retire to his cottage, to mourn afresh over the miseries of his country.

Such—was the man, sir, for whose memory I ask from an American congress, a slight tribute of respect. Not, sir, to perpetuate *his* fame, but our gratitude. His fame—will last as long as liberty—remains upon the earth; as long as a votary—offers incense upon her altar, the name of Kosciusko—will be invoked. And if, by the common consent of the world, a temple shall be erected to those, who have rendered *most* service to mankind—if the statue of our great countryman, *Washington*—shall occupy the place of the "*Most Worthy*," that of Kosciusko will be found by his side, and the wreath of laurel—will be entwined with the palm of *virtue*—to adorn his brow.

Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart—lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd—to live, or feared—to die;
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day—its master—chord was broken.

713. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sneaky hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms,
Are strong, as iron bands.
His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face—is like the tan;
His brow—is wet with honest sweat;
He earns—whate'er he can,
And looks the whole *world* in the face,
For he owes not *any* man.
Week out, week in, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton, ringing the old kirk chimes,
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see a flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks, that fly
Like chaff—from a threshing-floor
He goes, on Sunday, to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson—pry and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing—in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him, like her *mother's* voice,
Singing—in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard—rough hand he wipes
A tear from out his eyes.
Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward—through life he goes:
Each morning—sees some task begin,
Each evening—sees it close;
Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, *thanks* to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus—at the flaming forge of *Life*,
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus, on its sounding anvil shaped,
Each burning deed, and thought.

There's a tear that falls when we part
From a friend whose loss we shall mourn;
There's a tear that flows from the half-brok'n heart,
When we think he may never return—oh, never.
'Tis hard to be parted from those
With whom we forever could dwell,
But bitter, indeed, is the sorrow that flows [ever.
When, perhaps, we are saying farewell—for
There's a tear that brightens the eye
Of the friend, when absence is o'er!
There's a tear that flows not for sorrow, but joy,
When we meet to be parted no more—oh, never!
Then all that in absence we dream
Is past, and forgotten our pain;
For sweet is the tear we at such moments shed,
When we behold the lov'd object again—forever.

713. LAY OF THE MADMAN.

"This is the foul fiend! He begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth. Beware of the foul fiend!"—*Shakespeare.*

Many a year—hath passed away,
Many a dark, and dismal year,
Since last I roam'd—in the light of day,
Or mingled my own—with another's tear;
Wo to the daughters—and sons of men—
Wo to them all, when I roam again!

Here have I watch'd, in this dungeon cell,
Longer than Memory's tongue can tell;
Here have I shriek'd, in my wild despair.
When the damned fiends, from their prison came,
Sported and gambol'd, and mock'd me here,
With their eyes of fire, and their tongues of flame;
Shouting forever, and aye—my name!
And I strove in vain—to burst my chain,
And longed to be free, as the winds, again,
That I might spring—in the wizard ring,
And scatter them back—to their hellish den!
Wo to the daughters—and sons of men—
Wo to them all, when I roam again!

How long—I have been in this dungeon here,
Little I know, and, nothing I care;
What to me—is the day, or night,
Summer's heat, or autumn sere,
Spring-tide flowers, or winter's blight,
Pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear?
Time! what care I for thy flight,
Joy! I spurn thee—with disdain;
Nothing love I—but this clanking chain;
Once—I broke from its iron hold,
Nothing I said, but silent, and bold,
Like the shepherd, that watches his gentle fold,
Like the tiger, that crouches in mountain lair,
Hours upon hours, so watch'd I here;
Till one of the fiends, that had come to bring
Herbs from the valley—and drink from the spring,
Stalk'd through my dungeon entrance in!
Ha! how he shriek'd—to see me free—
Ho! how he trembled, and knelt to me,
He, who had mock'd me, many a day,
And barred me out—from its cheerful ray,
Gods! how I shouted to see him pray!
I wreath'd my hand—in the demon's hair,
And chok'd his breath—in its mutter'd prayer,
And danc'd I then, in wild delight,
To see the trembling wretch's—fright.

Gods! how I crush'd—his hated bones!
'Gainst the jagged wall, and the dungeon-stones;
And plung'd my arm—adown his throat,
And dragg'd to life—his beating heart,
And held it up, that I might gloat.
To see its quivering fibres start!
Ho! how I drank—of the purple flood,
Quaff'd—and quaff'd again, of blood,
Till my brain grew dark, and I knew no more,
Till I found myself—on this dungeon floor,
Fetter'd, and held, by this iron chain;
Ho! when I break its links again,
Ha! when I break its links again,
Wo to the daughters and sons of men!

My frame is shrunk, and my soul is sad,
And devils mock, and call me mad;
Many a dark—and fearful sight
Haunts me here, in the gloom of night;
Mortal smile, or human tear
Never cheers, or soothes me here;
The spider shrinks from my grasp away,
Though he's known my form—for many a day;
The slimy toad, with his diamond eye,
Watches afar, but comes not nigh;
The craven rat, with her filthy brood,
Pilfers and gnaws—my scanty food:
But when I strive to make her play,
Snaps at my hands, and flees away;
Light of day—or ray of sun,
Friend, or hope, I've none—I've none!

Yet 'tis not always thus; sweet slumber steals
Across my haggard mind, my weary sight;
No more my brain—the iron pressure feels,
Nor damned devils—howl the live-long night;
Visions of hope, and beauty—seem
To mingle—with my darker dream;
They bear me back—to a long-lost day,
To the hours and joys of my boyhood's play,
To the merry green, and the sportive scene,
And the valley, the verdant hills between;
And a lovely form, with a bright blue eye,
Flutters—my dazzled vision by;
A tear starts up to my wither'd eye,
Gods! how I love to feel that tear—
Trickle my haggard visage o'er!
The fountain of hope—is not yet dry!
I feel, as I felt in days of yore,
When I roam'd at large, in my native glen,
Honor'd and lov'd—by the sons of men,
Till, madden'd to find my home defil'd,
I grasp'd the knife, in my frenzy wild,
And plunged the blade—in my sleeping child!

They called me mad—they left me here,
To my burning thoughts, and the fiend's despair,
Never, ah! never to see again
Earth, or sky, or sea, or plain;
Never—to hear soft Pity's sigh—
Never to gaze—on mortal eye;
Doom'd—through life, if life it be,
To helpless, hopeless misery;
Oh, if a single ray of light
Had pierc'd the gloom of this endless night;
If the cheerful tones of a single voice
Had made the depths of my heart rejoice;
If a single thing had loved me here,
I ne'er had crouch'd to these fiends' despair!

They come again! They tear my brain!
They tumble, and dart through my every vein!
Ho! could I burst this clanking chain,
Then might I spring—in the hellish ring,
And scatter them back to their den again!

They seize my heart!—they choke my breath!
Death!—death! ah, welcome death!—*R. M. C.*

It is a very poor, though common, pretence to merit, to make it appear by the faults of other men: a mean wit, or beauty, may pass in a room, where the rest of the company are allowed to have none: it is something to sparkle among diamonds; but to shine among pebbles, is neither credit nor value worth the pretending.

BEST CURE FOR TROUBLE.

Ben Brisk—a philosopher was,
In the genuine sense of the word;
And he held, that repining, whatever the cause,
Was unmanly, and weak, and absurd.

When Mat Mope—was assaulted by Trouble,
Though in morals—as pure as a vestal,
He sigh'd, and exclaimed, "Life's a Bubble,"
Then blew it away—with a pistol!

Tom Tiddle, when trouble intruded,
And his fortune, and credit were sunk,
By a too common error deluded,
Drown'd Trouble, and made himself drunk.

But Ben—had a way of his own,
When grievances—made him uneasy;
He bade the blue devils begone,
Braved Trouble, and made himself busy.

When sorrow embitters our days,
And poisons each source of enjoyment;
The surest specific, he says,
For Trouble, and Grief is—*Employment.*

714. THE FREEMAN.

He is the freeman, whom the *truth* makes free,
And all are slaves, besides. There's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can *wind* around him, but he casts it off,
With as much ease, as Samson, his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor, perhaps, compared
With those, whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.

His—are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy,
With a propriety, that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"
Are they not his, by a peculiar right,
And, by an emphasis of interest, his,
Whose eye—they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart, with praise, and whose exalted mind,
With worthy thoughts—of that unwearied love,
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds, a world,
So clothed in beauty—for rebellious man?

Yes: ye may fill your garner's—ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good,
In senseless riot; but ye will not find,
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeded
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature, as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.

He is, indeed, a freeman. Free, by birth,
Of no mean city; plann'd, or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea,
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom—is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:

For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow, but he spreads them there,
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that, to bind him, is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day man's dress'd in gold and silver bright,
Wrapt in a shroud before to-morrow-night:
To-day he's feeding on delicious food,
To-morrow dead, unable to do good!
To-day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
To-morrow he's himself a dish for worms;
To-day he's honor'd, and in vast esteem,
To-morrow not a beggar values him;
To-day his house, tho' large, he thinks but small,
To-morrow no command, no house at all;
To-day has forty servants at his gate,
To-morrow scorn'd, not one of them will wait!
To-day perfum'd, as sweet as any rose,
To-morrow stinks in everybody's nose;
To-day he's grand, majestic, all delight,
Ghastful and pale before to-morrow night;
True, as the Scripture says, "man's life's a span;"
The present moment is the life of man.

713. INDUSTRY AND ELOQUENCE. In the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, oratory—was a necessary branch of a finished education. A much smaller proportion of the citizens were educated, than among us; but of these—a much larger number became orators. No man—could hope for distinction, or influence, and yet slight this art. The commanders of their armies—were orators, as well as soldiers, and ruled—as well by their rhetorical, as by their military skill. There was no trusting with *them*—as with us, to a natural facility, or the acquisition of an accidental fluency—by actual practice.

But they served an *apprenticeship* to the art. They passed through a regular course of instruction in schools. They submitted to long, and laborious discipline. They exercised themselves frequently, both before equals, and in the presence of teachers, who criticised, reproved, rebuked, excited emulation, and left nothing undone, which art, and perseverance could accomplish. The greatest orators of antiquity, so far from being favored by natural tendencies, except indeed, in their high intellectual endowments, had to struggle against natural obstacles; and, instead of growing up, spontaneously, to their unrivalled eminence, they forced themselves forward by the most discouraging, artificial process.

Demosthenes—combated an impediment in speech, an ungainliness of gesture, which at first—drove him from the forum in disgrace. Cicero—failed, at first, through weakness of lungs, and an excessive vehemence of manner, which wearied the hearers, and defeated his own purpose. These defects were conquered by study, and discipline. He exiled himself from home; and during his absence, in various lands, passed not a day without a rhetorical exercise, seeking the masters who were most severe in criticism, as the surest means of leading him to the perfection, at which he aimed.

Such, too, was the education of their *other* great men. They were all, according to their ability and station, orators; orators, not by nature or accident, but by education, formed in a strict process of rhetorical training; admired and followed—even while Demosthenes and Cicero were living, and unknown now, only because it is not possible that any, but the first, should survive the ordeal of ages.

The inference—to be drawn from these observations is, that if so many of those, who received an accomplished education, became accomplished orators, because, to become so was one purpose of their study; then, it is in the power of a much *larger* proportion among us, to form themselves into creditable and accurate speakers. The inference should not be denied, until proved false by experiment.

Let this art be made an object of attention, and young men train themselves to it, faithfully, and long; and if any of competent talents and tolerable science be found, at last, incapable of expressing themselves in continued, and connected discourse, so as to answer the ends of public speaking, then, and not *till* then, let it be said, that a peculiar talent, or natural aptitude—is requisite, the want of which—must render effort vain; then, and not *till* then, let us acquiesce in this indolent, and timorous notion, which contradicts the whole testimony of antiquity, and all the experience of the world.—*Wirt.*

715. CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

He is fallen! We may now pause—before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us, like some ancient ruin, whose frown—terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptred hermit, wrapt—in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates—an energy, that distanced expedition, and a conscience—pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character,—the *most* extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution, that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend, but his sword, and no fortune, but his talents, he rushed in the list—where rank, and wealth, and genius—had arrayed themselves, and competition—fled from him, as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive, but interest—he acknowledged no criterion, but success—he worshipped no God, but ambition, and, with an eastern devotion, he knelt—at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed, that he did not profess, there was no opinion, that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic: and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins—both of the throne, and tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped, without remorse, and wore, without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars! Through this pantomime of policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat—assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself—only elevated him to empire. But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision—flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide—and to perform. To inferior intellects—his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands simplicity—marked their development, and success—vindicated their adoption. His person—partook of the character of his mind; if the one—never yielded in the cabinet, the other—never bent in the field. Nature—had no obstacle, that he did not surmount, space—no opposition, that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent—trembled—at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism—bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance—assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful—for expectation, when the world—saw a subaltern of Corsica—waving his imperial flag—over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity—became commonplaces in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were titular dignitaries of the chess-board! Amid all these changes, he stood—juncture—adamant.

It mattered little, whether in the field, or in the drawing-room—with the mob, or the levee—wearing the jacobin bonnet, or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg—

dictating peace on a raft to the czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat—at the gallows of Leipsig—he was still the same military despot!

In this wonderful combination, his affections of literature must not be omitted. The jailer—of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning! the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Sael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist—a republican, and an emperor—a Mohammedan—a catholic and a patron of the synagogue—a subaltern and a sovereign—a traitor and a tyrant—a christian and an infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man—without a model, and without a shadow.—*Phillips*.

716. THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE. *Pause*, for a while, ye travelers on the earth, to contemplate the universe, in which you dwell, and the glory of him, who created it. What a scene of wonders—is here presented to your view! If beheld with a religious eye, what a temple—for the worship of the Almighty! The earth is spread out before you, reposing amidst the desolation of winter, or clad in the verdure of spring—smiling in the beauty of summer, or loaded with autumnal fruit;—opening to an endless variety of beings—the treasures of their Maker's goodness, and ministering subsistence, and comfort to every creature that lives. The heavens, also, declare the glory of the Lord. The sun cometh forth from his chambers—to scatter the shades of night—inviting you to the renewal of your labors—adorning the face of nature—and, as he advances to his meridian brightness, cherishing every herb, and every flower, that springeth from the bosom of the earth. Nor, when he retires again from your view, doth he leave the Creator without a witness. He only hides his own splendor, for a while, to disclose to you a more glorious scene—to show you the immensity of space, filled with worlds unnumbered, that your imaginations may wander, without a limit, in the vast creation of God.

What a field is here opened, for the exercise of every pious emotion! and how irresistibly do such contemplations as these, awaken the sensibility of the soul! Here, is infinite power—to impress you with awe—here is infinite wisdom—to fill you with admiration—here is infinite goodness—to call forth your gratitude, and love. The correspondence between these great objects, and the affections of the human heart, is established by nature itself; and they need only to be placed before us, that every religious feeling may be excited.—*Moodie*.

There is so great a fever in goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accursed; much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news.—*Shakspeare*.

718. THUNDER STORM ON THE ALPS.

It is the hush of night; and all between [clear, Thy margin, and the mountains, dusk, yet Mellow'd, and mingling, yet distinctly seen, Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear Precipitously steep; and drawing near, [pear There breathes—a living fragrance from the shore, [ear, Of flowers—yet fresh with childhood; on the Drops the light drip of the suspended oar, [more, Or chirps the grasshopper—one good-night carol

He is an evening reveller, who makes His life—an infancy, and sings his fill! At intervals, some bird—from out the brakes—Starts into voice, a moment, then, is still. There seems a floating whisper, on the hill, But that is fancy, for the starlight dews All silently, their tears of love instill, Weeping themselves away, till they infuse, Deep into Nature's breast, the spirit of her hues.

The sky is changed! and such a change! O night, [strong! And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light Of a dark eye in woman! Far along, From peak to peak, the rattling crags among, Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud: But every mountain—now hath found a tongue, And Jura answers through her misty shroud, Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: Most glorious night! Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be A sharer in thy fierce, and far delight, A portion of the tempest, and of thee! How the lit lake shines! a phosphoric sea! And the big rain comes dancing to the earth! And now again—'tis black, and now, the glee Of the loud hills—shakes with its mountain-mirth, [birth.

As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's Now, where the swift Rhone—cleaves his way between [parted Heights, which appear as lovers, who have In hate, whose mining depths—so intervene, That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted! [thwarted, Though in their souls, which thus each other Love was the very root—of the fond rage, Which blighted their life's bloom, and then, departed!

Itself expired, but leaving them an age [wage! Of years, all winters! war—within themselves to Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way, [stand: The mightiest of the storms hath taken his For here, not one, but many, make their play, And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand, Flashing and cast around! of all the band, The brightest through these parted hills hath His lightnings, as if he did understand, [forked That in such gaps as desolation worked, There the hot shaft should blast whatever there-in lurked.—*Byron*.

Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest, And Heaven—beholds its image—in his breast.

719. MATERNAL AFFECTION. Woman's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose, just bursting into beauty, has an irresistible bewitchingness; the blooming bride, led triumphantly to the hymeneal altar, awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight;—but the charm of maternity, is more sublime than all these.

Heaven has imprinted, in the mother's face, something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies,—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking, watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

These are objects, which neither the pencil nor the chisel, can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue, in vain, would eulogize, and on which all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies this lovely picture; it lives in his sympathies; it reigns in his affections; his eye looks around in vain for such another object on earth.

Maternity, extatic sound! so twined round our hearts, that they must cease to throb, ere we forget it! 'tis our first love; 'tis part of our religion. Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes, and arms, are first uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood; we almost worship it in old age. He, who can enter an apartment, and behold the tender babe, feeding on its mother's beauty—nourished by the tide of life, which flows through the generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster.

720. TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'n'ing ray, That lov'st to greet the early morn, Again, thou usher'st in the day, My Mary, from my soul was torn. O, Mary! dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest? Seest thou thy lover, lowly laid? Hear'st thou the groans, that rend his breast? That sacred hour—can I forget, Can I forget the hallow'd grove, Where, by the winding Ayr we met, To live one day of parting love! Eternity—will not efface

Those records dear, of transports past; Thy image, at our last embrace! Ah! little thought we, 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore, O'erhung with wild woods' thick'n'ing green; The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar, Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang—wanton to be prest, The birds sang love—on every spray, Till too, too soon, the glowing west Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, And fondly broods, with miser care! Time, but the impression deeper makes, As streams—their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear departed shade! Where is thy place of blissful rest? Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast? Ill-doers—are ill-thinkers.

721. RICHARD.

Now—is the winter—of our discontent—
Made glorious summer—by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom—of the ocean—buried:
Now, are our brows—bound with victorious
wreaths;
Our bruised arms—hung up for monuments:
Our stern alarms—chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches—to delightful measures:
Grim-visag'd war—hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front;
And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls—of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly—in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.—
But I—that am not shap'd—for sportive tricks,
Nor made, to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's ma-
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph; [jesty,
I, that am curtail'd—of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature—by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent, before my time,
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that—so lamely, and unfashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;
Why I, in this weak—piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow—in the sun,
And descant—on mine own deformity;
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair—well spoken days,
I am determined to prove—a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate—the one, against the other:
And if king Edward—be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day—should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which says that G [George]
Of Edward's heir—the murderer shall be. [comes.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul; here Clarence

722. THE REJECTED.

Not have me! Not love me! Oh, what have I
Sure, never was lover so strangely misted. [said?
Rejected! and just when I hoped to be blessed!
You can't be in earnest! It must be a jest.
Remember—remember how often I've knelt,
Explicitly telling you all that I felt,
And talked about poison, in accents so wild,
So very like torture, you started—and smiled.
Not have me! Not love me! Oh, what have I
All natural nourishment did I not shun? [done?
My figure is wasted; my spirits are lost; [ghost.
And my eyes are deep sunk, like the eyes of a
Remember, remember—ay, madam, you must—
I once was exceedingly stout, and robust;
I rode by your palfrey, I came at your call,
And nightly, went with you, to banquet and ball.
Not have me! Not love me! Rejected! Refused!
Sure, never was lover so strangely ill-used!
Consider my presents—I don't mean to boast—
But, madam, consider the money they cost!

Remember you've worn them; and just can it be
To take all my trinkets, and not to take me?
Nay, don't throw them at me!—You'll break—
do not start— [heart!
I don't mean my gifts—but you will break my
Not have me! Not love me! Not go to the church!
Sure, never was lover so left in the lurch!
My brain is distracted, my feelings are hurt;
Oh, madam, don't tempt me to call you—a flirt.
Remember my letters; my passion they told;
Yes, all sorts of letters, save letters of gold;
The amount of my notes, too—the notes that I
penned,—
Not bank notes—no, truly, I had none to send!
Not have me! Not love me! And is it, then
That opulent Age is the lover for you? [true
'Gainst rivalry's bloom I would strive—'tis too
To yield to the terrors of rivalry's crutch. [much
Remember—remember I might call him out;
But, madam, you are not worth fighting about;
My sword shall be stainless, in blade, and in hilt;
I thought you a jewel—I find you—a jilt.

723. DESERTED WIFE.

He comes not—I have watched the moon go down,
But yet, he comes not—Once, it was not so.
He thinks not, how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and hide, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep, [cheers
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd, and deep.
I had a husband once, who loved me;—now,
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion—on a wanton's lip,
As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip;
But yet, I cannot hate—O! there were hours,
When I could hang, forever, on his eye,
And time, who stole, with silent swiftness by,
Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then—he loved me too. My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile;
The memory of our loves—will ne'er depart;
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venom'd, and barb'd, and waste upon the vile
Caresses, which his babe and mine should share;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness,—and should sickness come, and
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then, [lay
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep, and say,
How injured, and how faithful I had been!

DISCOVERIES. From time to time, a
chosen hand, sometimes directed by chance,
but more commonly guided by reflection, ex-
periment and research, touches a spring, till
then unperceived; and through what seemed
a blank and impenetrable wall,—the barrier
to all further progress,—a door is thrown
open into some before unexplored hall in the
sacred temple of truth. The multitude rush-
es in, and wonders that the portals could
have remained concealed so long. When a
brilliant discovery or invention is proclaimed,
men are astonished to think how long they
had lived on its confines, without penetrating
its nature.

722. NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.
The education, moral, and intellectual, of
every individual, must be, chiefly, his own
work. Rely upon it, that the ancients were
right—*Quisque sua fortuna faber*—both in
morals, and intellect, we give their final shape
to our own characters, and thus become, em-
phatically, the architects of our own fortunes.
How else could it happen, that young men,
who have had precisely the same opportuni-
ties, should be continually presenting us,
with such different results, and rushing to
such opposite destinies! Difference of talent
will not solve it, because that difference very
often is in favor of the disappointed candidate.
You shall see, issuing from the walls of the
same college—nay, sometimes from the bosom
of the same family—two young men, of whom
the one—shall be admitted to be a genius of
high order, the other, scarcely above the point
of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius
sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity,
and wretchedness: while, on the other hand,
you shall observe the mediocre, plodding his
slow, but sure way—up the hill of life, gain-
ing steadfast footing at every step, and mount-
ing, at length, to eminence and distinction,
an ornament to his family, a blessing to his
country. Now, whose work is this? Mani-
festly their own. They are the architects of
their respective fortunes. The best seminary
of learning, that can open its portals to you,
can do no more than to afford you the oppor-
tunity of instruction: but it must depend, at
last, on yourselves, whether you will be in-
structed or not, or to what point you will
push your instruction. And of this be as-
sured—I speak, from observation, a certain
truth: there is no excellence without great
labor. It is the fiat of fate, from which no
power of genius can absolve you. Genius,
unexercised, is like the poor moth that flutters
around a candle, till it scorches itself to death.
If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that
great and magnanimous kind, which, like the
condor of South America, pitches from the
summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds,
and sustains itself, at pleasure, in that em-
pyreal region, with an energy—rather invig-
orated, than weakened, by the effort. It is
this capacity for high and long-continued
exertion—this vigorous power of profound
and searching investigation—this careering
and wide-spreading comprehension of mind,
and those long reaches of thought, that

“—Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks—”

This is the prowess, and these the hardy
achievements, which are to enroll your names
among the great men of the earth.—*Wirt.*

723. LIFE IS REAL.

Tell me not—in mournful numbers,
Life—is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead—that slumbers,
And things are not—what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave—is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not written—of the soul.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end, and way,

But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther—than to-day.
Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches—to the grave.
In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero—in the strife!
Trust not future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past—bury its dead!
Act!—act in the living present!
Heart—within, and God—o'er head.
Lives of great men—all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps—on the sands of time;
Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to wait.—*Longfellow.*

724. DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.
In forming our notions of human nature, we are
very apt to make a comparison betwixt *men*,
and *animals*, which are the only creatures,
endowed with thought, that fall under our
senses. Certainly, this comparison is very
favorable to mankind! On the *one* hand, we
see a creature, whose thoughts—are not lim-
ited, by the narrow bounds, either of place,
or time, who carries his researches—into the
most distant regions of this globe, and *beyond*
this globe, to the planets, and heavenly bod-
ies; looks backward—to consider the first
origin of the human race; casts his eyes for-
ward—to see the influence of his actions up-
on posterity, and the judgments which will
be formed of his character—a thousand years
hence: a creature, who traces causes and ef-
fects—to great lengths and intricacy; extracts
general principles from particular appear-
ances; improves upon his discoveries, cor-
rects his mistakes, and makes his very errors
profitable. On the *other* hand, we are pre-
sented with a creature—the very reverse of
this; limited in its observations and reason-
ings—to a few sensible objects which sur-
round it; without curiosity, without foresight,
blindly conducted by instinct, and arriving,
in a very short time, at its utmost perfection,
beyond which—it is never able to advance a
single step. What a difference is there bet-
wixt these creatures! and how exalted a
notion must we entertain of the former in
comparison of the latter.—*Hume.*

SURE REWARDS FOR VIRTUE.

There is a morning to the tomb's long night,
A dawn of glory, a reward in heaven,
He shall not gain, who never merited.
If thou didst know the worth of one good deed
In life's last hour, thou wouldst not bid me lose
The power to benefit. If I but save
A drowning fly, I shall not live in vain.
I had rather see some women praised extraordi-
narily, than to see any of them suffer by detraction.

725. EMMET'S VINDICATION—IN FULL.

My Lords—What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say, that can alter your pre-determination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence, which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say, which interests me more than life, and which you have labored, (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country,) to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued—from the load of false accusation and calumny, which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity, as to receive the least impression—from what I am going to utter—I have no hopes, that I can anchor my character—in the breast of a court, constituted and trammelled as this is—I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships—may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor—to shelter it from the storm, by which it is at present buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal—I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me, without a murmur—but the sentence of the law, which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy—for there must be guilt somewhere; whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man, in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds, which it has corrupted, or subjugated, but, the difficulties of established prejudice.—The man dies, but his memory lives: that mine may not perish, that it may live, in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity—to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes, who have shed their blood on the scaffold, and in the field, in defence of their country, and of virtue, this is my hope; I wish that my memory and name—may animate those, who survive me, while I look down, with complacency, on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes, or doubts, a little more, or a little less, than the government standard—a government, which is steeped to barbarity by the cries of the orphans, and the tears of the widows which it has made.

[Here, Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying, that the mean and wicked enthusiasts who fill as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.]

I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots, who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only, by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view, than that of their cure, and the emancipation of my country—from the superhuman oppression, under which she has so long, and too patiently travelled; and that I confidently and assuredly hope, that wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Of this, I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lord, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man, who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity, by asserting a falsehood on a subject, so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written, until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy; nor a pretence to impeach the probity, which he means to preserve, even in the grave—to which tyranny consigns him.

[Here, he was again interrupted, by the court.]

Again, I say, that what I have spoken, was not intended for your lordship, whose situation I consider—rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen; if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction—

[Here, he was again interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.]

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law;

I have, also, understood that judges, sometimes, think it their duty to hear, with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, his opinions of the motives, by which he was actuated in the crime, of which he had been adjudged guilty; that a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt—but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions, where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice? if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not pure justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives, sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles, by which he was actuated.

My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice, to bow a man's mind by humiliation—to the supposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the supposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations—as have been laid against me in this court: you, my lord, are a judge, I am the supposed culprit; I am a man, you are a man, also; by a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters; if I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a fate is your justice? If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you censure it? Does the sentence of death, which your unallowable policy inflicts upon my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence, but while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character, and motives—from your aspersions; and, as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life, in doing justice to that reputation, which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lord, we must appear on the great day, at one common tribunal, and it will then remain—for the searcher of all hearts—to show a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives—my country's oppressors or—

[Here, he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.]

My lord, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, of an undesired reproach, thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your lordship insult me? or rather why insult justice, in demanding of me, why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes a right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with—and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was pronounced at the castle, before your jury was empanelled; your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit; but I insist on the whole of the forms.

[Here the court desired him to proceed.]

I am charged with being an emissary of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition! And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am no emissary; and my ambition was—to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement! Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it for a change of masters? No! But for ambition! O, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me! Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it, I now offer up my life. O God! No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country—from the yoke of a foreign, and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator, in the partition, for the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor, and of conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country, from this doubly riveted despotism.

I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt you to that proud station in the world. Connection with France was indeed intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction, or require. Were they to assume any authority, inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction; we sought aid, and we sought it

as we had assurances we should obtain it; as auxiliaries, in war—and allies, in peace.

Were the French to come as invaders, or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand, and a torch in the other; I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war; and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable, when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not as an enemy—that the succors of France were to land: I looked indeed for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France, and to the world, that Irishmen—deserve to be assisted! That they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country.

I wished to procure for my country the guarantee, which Washington procured for America. To procure an aid, which, by its example, would be as important as its valor; disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; who would perceive the good, and polish the rough points of our character; they would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils, and elevating our destiny. These were my objects, not to receive new task-masters, but to expel old tyrants; these were my views, and these only became Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

[Here he was interrupted by the court.]

I have been charged—with that importance in the efforts—to emancipate my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of conspiracy." You do me honor over-much: You have given to the subaltern—all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord; men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues, I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called—your friend—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand—

[Here he was interrupted.]

What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder,—that I am accountable for all the blood that has, and will be shed, in this struggle of the oppressed—against the oppressor?—shall you tell me this—and must I be so very a slave—as not to repel it?

I do not fear to approach the omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? by you too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unallowable ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

[Here the judge interfered.]

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor! let no man attain my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or, that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression, or the miseries, of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it, to countenance barbarity, or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad; I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter—only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, and am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it—No, God forbid!

If the spirits—of the illustrious dead—participate in the concerns, and cares of those, who are dear to them—in this transitory life—O ever dear—and venerated shade—of my departed father, look down with scrutiny, upon the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I

have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism, which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind; and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood, which you seek, is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruined, through the channels, which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous, that they cry to heaven.—Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say.—I am going to my cold—and silent grave: my lamp of life—is nearly extinguished; my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence!—Let no man write my epitaph: for, as no man, who knows my motives, dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them, and me, repose in obscurity, and peace, and my tomb remain unscrubbed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character: when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then—and not till then—let my epitaph be written.—I have done.

726. LUCY.

Three years she grew, in sun, and shower,
Then, Nature said, "a lovelier flower,
On earth, was never sown;
This child I, to myself, will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make—
A lady of my own.

Myself will, to my darling, be
Both law, and impulse: and with me,
The girl, on rock and plain,
In earth, and heaven, in glade, and bow,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindly, and restrain.

She shall be sportive, as the fawn,
That, wild with glee, across the lawn,
Or up the mountain, springs;
And hers, shall be the breathing balm,
And hers, the silence, and the calm—
Of mute, insensate things.

The floating clouds—their state shall lend
To her; for her—the willow bend;
Nor, shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace, that shall mould the maiden's form,
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight—shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear,
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round;
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight—
Shall rear her form—to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts, to Lucy, I will give,
While she, and I, together live,
Here, in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake.—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died,—and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory—of what has been,
And never more—will be.—Wordsworth.

When thou doest good, do it because it is good; not because men esteem it so. When thou avoidest evil, flee from it because it is evil; not because men speak against it. Be honest for the love of honesty, and thou shalt be uniformly so. He that doeth it without principle—is wavering.

727. CICERO'S ORATION AGAINST VERRES. I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that anything false, that even anything aggravated—is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privileges of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient reason—for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment, then, ought to be inflicted on a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country, against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison, at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain, that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The bloodthirsty prætor, deaf to all that he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled, with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence, and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution,—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound, once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once—sacred, now—trampled upon! But what then! is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence, expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty and sets mankind at defiance!

VANITY.

—O, vanity,
How are thy painted beauties doted on,
By light and empty idiots! how pursued
With open and extended appetite!
How they do sweat and run themselves from breath,
Raised on their toes, to catch thy airy forms,
Still turning giddy, till they reel like drunkards,
That buy the merry madness of one hour
With the long irksomeness of following time.
Time flies, and never dies.

728. MOLOCH'S ORATION FOR WAR.

My sentence—is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not; them, let those
Contrive, who need; or, when they need; not now;
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions, that stand in arms, and longing, wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here,
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place,
Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny, who reigns
By our delay! No,—let us rather choose,
Armed with hell-flames, and fury, all at once,
O'er heaven's high towers, to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures, into horrid arms—
Against the torturer; when, to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror-shot, with equal rage,
Among his angels: and his throne, itself,
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments.—But, perhaps,
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale,
With upright wing, against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench,
Of that forgetful lake—benumb not still,
That in our proper motion, we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent, and fall,
To us—is adverse. Who, but felt of late,
When the fierce foe—hung on our broken rear,
Insulting, and pursued us, through the deep,
With what compulsion, and laborious fight,
We sunk thus low!—The ascent is easy then:
The event is feared—should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find,
To our destruction; if there be, in hell,
Fear to be worse destroyed.—What can be worse,
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep—to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us, without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Call us to penance?—More destroyed than thus,
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then?—What doubt we to incense
His utmost ire! which, to his height, enraged,
Will either quite consume us, or reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being;
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are, at worst,
On this side nothing; and, by proof, we feel
Our power sufficient,—to disturb his heaven,
And, with perpetual inroad, to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.—Milton.

THIS WORLD.

"Tis a sad world," said one, "a world of woe,
Where sorrow—reigns supreme." Yet from my
The all-sustaining hope did not depart; I heard
But, to its impulse true, I answered—"No!
The world hath much of good—nor seldom, joy
'Over our spirits—broods with radiant wing;
Gladness from grief, and life from death may
Treasures are ours the grave cannot destroy; spring;
Then chide not harshly—our instructress stern,
Whose solemn lessons—wisdom bids us learn"

729. INFLUENCE OF THE WISE AND GOOD.

The relations between man, and man, cease not with life. They leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us. Their names, and characters dwell in our thoughts, and hearts—we live, and commune with them, in their writings. We enjoy the benefit of their labors—our institutions have been founded by them—we are surrounded by the works of the dead. Our knowledge, and our arts are the fruit of their toil—our minds have been formed by their instructions—we are most intimately connected with them, by a thousand dependencies.

Those, whom we have loved in life, are still objects of our deepest, and holiest affections. Their power over us remains. They are with us in our solitary walks; and their voices speak to our hearts in the silence of midnight. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections, and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part of our treasure laid up in heaven. For, above all, we are separated from them, but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those we have loved, we, too, shall soon join the innumerable company of "the spirits of just men made perfect." Our affections, and our hopes, are not buried in the dust, to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance, and their love for us in heaven; and we will cherish our remembrance, and our love for them, while on earth.

Creatures of imitation, and sympathy as we are, we look around us for support, and countenance, even in our virtues. We recur for them, most securely, to the examples of the dead. There is a degree of insecurity, and uncertainty about living worth. The stamp has not yet been put upon it, which precludes all change, and seals it up as a just object of admiration for future times. There is no greater service, which a man of commanding intellect can render his fellow creatures, than that of leaving behind him an unspotted example.

If he do not confer upon them this benefit; if he leave a character, dark with vices in the sight of God, but dazzling qualities in the view of men; it may be that all his other services had better have been forborne, and he had passed inactive, and unnoticed through life. It is a dictate of wisdom, therefore, as well as feeling, when a man, eminent for his virtues and talents, has been taken away, to collect the riches of his goodness, and add them to the treasury of human improvement. The true christian—liveth not for himself; and it is thus, in one respect, that he dieth not for himself.—Norton.

730. HUMAN LIFE.

I walk'd the fields—at morning's prime,
The grass—was ripe for mowing:
The sky-lark—sung his matin chime,
And all—was brightly glowing.

"And thus," I cried, the "ardent boy,
His pulse, with rapture beating,
Deems life's inheritance—his joy—
The future—proudly greeting."

I wandered forth at noon:—alas!
On earth's maternal bosom

The scythe—had left the withering grass,
And stretch'd the fading blossom.

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes—we fondly cherish,
Like flowers, which blossom, but to die,
Seem only born—to perish.

Once more, at eve, abroad I stray'd,
Through lonely hay-fields musing;
While every breeze, that round me play'd,
Rich fragrance—was diffusing.

The perfumed air, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appearing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,
Scatter'd the balm of healing.

For thus "the actions of the just,"

When Memory hath enshrined them,
E'en from the dark and silent dust

Their odor leaves behind them.—Barton.

731. PUBLIC FAITH. To expatiate on the value of public faith—may pass—with some men, for declamation—to such men, I have nothing to say. To others, I will urge—can any circumstance mark upon a people, more turpitude and debasement? Can anything tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade, to a lower point, their estimation of virtue, and their standard of action? It would not merely demoralize mankind, it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire, in its stead, a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot, where a man was born? Are the very clods, where we tread, entitled to this ardent preference, because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart.

It is thus—we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it, not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious, that he gains protection while he gives it. For, what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles, that constitute their security?

Or, if this life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country, odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look—with affection and veneration, to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one—would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man—in his native land.—Fisher Ames.

If thou well observe

The rule of not too much, by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So mayst thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, to be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, in death mature.