

733. POLITICAL CORRUPTION. We are apt to treat the idea of our *own* corruptibility, as utterly visionary, and to ask, with a grave affectation of dignity—what! do you think a member of congress can be corrupted? Sir, I speak, what I have long and deliberately considered, when I say, that since man was created, there never has been a political body on the face of the earth, that would not be corrupted under the same circumstances. Corruption steals upon us, in a thousand insidious forms, when we are least aware of its approaches.

Of all the forms, in which it can present itself, the bribery of office—is the most dangerous, because it assumes the guise of patriotism—to accomplish its fatal sorcery. We are often asked, where is the evidence of corruption? Have you seen it? Sir, do you expect to see it? You might, as well, expect to see the embodied forms of pestilence, and famine—stalking before you, as to see the latent operations of this insidious power. We may walk amidst it, and breathe its contagion, without being conscious of its presence.

All experience teaches us—the irresistible power of temptation, when vice—assumes the form of virtue. The great enemy of mankind—could not have consummated his infernal scheme, for the seduction of our first parents, but for the disguise, in which he presented himself. Had he appeared as the *devil*, in his proper form: had the spear of Ithuriel—disclosed the naked deformity of the fiend of hell, the inhabitants of paradise would have shrunk with horror from his presence.

But he came—as the insinuating serpent, and presented a beautiful apple, the most delicious fruit in all the garden. He told his glowing story to the unsuspecting victim of his guile. "It can be no crime—to taste of this delightful fruit. It will disclose to you the knowledge of good, and evil. It will raise you to an equality with the angels."

Such, sir, was the process; and, in this simple, but impressive narrative, we have the most beautiful and philosophical illustration of the frailty of man, and the power of temptation, that could possibly be exhibited. Mr. Chairman, I have been forcibly struck, with the similarity, between our present situation, and that of Eve, after it was announced, that Satan was on the borders of paradise. We, too, have been warned, that the enemy is on *our* borders.

But God forbid that the similitude should be carried any farther. Eve, conscious of her innocence, sought temptation and defied it. The catastrophe is too fatally known to us all. She went, "with the blessings of heaven on her head, and its purity in her heart," guarded by the ministry of angels—she returned covered with shame, under the heavy denunciation of heaven's everlasting curse.

Sir, it is innocence—that temptation conquers. If our first parent, pure as she came from the hand of God, was overcome by the seductive power, let us not imitate her fatal rashness, seeking temptation, when it is in our power to avoid it. Let us not vainly confide in our own infallibility. We are liable to be corrupted. To an ambitious man, an honorable office will appear as beautiful and fascinating—as the apple of paradise.

I admit, sir, that ambition is a passion, at once the most powerful and the most useful.

Without it, human affairs would become a mere stagnant pool. By means of his patronage, the president addresses himself in the most irresistible manner, to this the noblest and strongest of our passions. All that the imagination can desire—honor, power, wealth, ease, are held out as the temptation. Man was not made to resist such temptation. It is impossible to conceive,—Satan himself could not devise, a system, which would more infallibly introduce corruption and death into our political Eden. Sir, the angels fell from heaven with less temptation.—*McDuffie.*

733. CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY.
It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing—after immortality?
Or, whence—this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling—into nought? Why—shrinks the soul—
Back on herself, and startles—at destruction?—
'Tis the Divinity—that stirs within us:
'Tis Heaven itself, that points out—a hereafter,
And intimates—Eternity—to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing—dreadful thought!
Through what variety—of untried being, [pass!
Through what new scenes, and changes, must we
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it—
Here—will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud—
Through all her works,) He must delight in virtue:
And that, which He delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world—was made
for Cesar?

I'm weary of conjectures—this—must end them.—
[Laying his hand on his sword.

Thus—I am doubly armed. My death—and life,
My bane—and antidote, are both before me.
This—in a moment, brings me to an end;
But this—informs me—I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles—
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point—
The stars—shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish—in immortal youth,
Unhurt—amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

IDLENESS—is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases: for the mind is naturally active; and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy.

GRAVE OF THE RENOWNED.
When, to the grave, we follow the renowned
For valor, virtue, science, all we love, [beam
And all we praise; for worth, whose noontide
Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs,
Dream we, that lustre of the moral world
Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?
Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,
And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,
The mind almighty! could it be that fate,
Just when the lineaments began to shine,
Should snatch the draught, and blot it out forever.

734. DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.
Fellow-citizens: let us not retire from this occasion, without a deep and solemn conviction of the duties, which have devolved upon us. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind—admonish us with their anxious, paternal voices; postery—calls out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes; all, all conjure us to act wisely, and faithfully, in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, *pay* the debt which is upon us; but, by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle, and every good habit, we may hope to *enjoy* the blessing, through our day, and leave it, unimpaired, to our children.

Let us feel deeply, how much of what we are, and what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and to these institutions of government. Nature has, indeed, given us a soil, which yields bounteously—to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies, over our heads, shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies—to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture; and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions, and a free government? *Fellow-citizens,* there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience, in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence, and the benefits—of this liberty, and these institutions. Let us then, acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply, and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain, and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity, let it not be blasted.

The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us,—cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals, nor nations—can perform their part well, until they understand, and feel its importance, and comprehend, and justly appreciate, all the duties belonging to it. It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance; but it is, that we may judge justly of our situation and of our duties, that I earnestly urge this consideration of our position, and our character among the nations of the earth.

It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that *with America,* and *in America,* a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unquenchable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before, altogether unknown, and unheard of. *America,* our country, fellow-citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune, and by fate, with these great interests. If *they* fall, *we* fall with them; if *they* stand, it will be because we have upheld them.

Let us contemplate, then, this connection, which binds the posterity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties it imposes. If we cherish the virtues, and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty, and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our firmament now shines brightly upon our path. *Washington* is in the clear, upper sky. Adams, Jefferson, and other stars have joined the American constellation; they circle round their center, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the course of life; and, at its close, devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the divine benignity.—*Webster.*

735. LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.
The breaking waves—dashed high
On a stern—and rock-bound coast,
And the woods—against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches—tossed;
And the heavy night—hung dark—
The hills—and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles—moored their bark
On the wild—New England shore.
Not—as the conqueror—comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll—of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet—that sings of fame.

Not—as the flying—come,
In silence,—and in fear;
They shook—the depth—of the desert's gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
Amidst the storm—they sang,
And the stars—heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles—of the dim woods rang
To the anthem—of the free.

The ocean-eagle—soared
From his nest—by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines—of the forest roared;
This—was their welcome home.
There were men—with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band,
Why had they come—to wither there,
Away—from their childhood's land?
There was woman's—fearless eye,
Lit—by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart—of youth.

What—sought they—thus, afar?
Bright jewels—of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought—a faith's pure shrine!
Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil—where first they trod! [found—
They have left, unstained—what there—they
Freedom—to worship God!—*Hemans.*

'Twas Slander—filled her mouth with lying words,
Slander, the foulest whelp of Sin. The man
In whom this spirit entered—was undone.
His tongue—was set on fire of hell, his heart
Was black as death, his legs—were faint with haste
To propagate the lie—his soul had framed;
His pillow—was the peace of families
Destroyed, the sigh of innocence reproached,
Broken friendships, and the strife of brotherhoods.
Yet did he spare his sleep, and hear the clock
Number the midnight watches, on his bed,
Devising mischief more; and early rose,
And made most hellish meals of good men's names.

736. THE PILGRIMS, AND THEIR DESTINY. Methinks I see it now,—that one, solitary, adventurous vessel, the *Mayflower*—of a forlorn hope, freighted—with the prospects of a future state, and bound—across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise—and set, and weeks, and months—pass, and winter—surprises them on the deep, but brings them not—the sight—of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded, almost to suffocation, in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route,—and now, driven in fury, before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm—howls through the rigging. The laboring masts—seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pump—is heard—the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods—over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak, and weary from the voyage,—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master—for a draft of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter,—without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut, now, the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off—by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me—the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease,—was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea; was it *some*, or *all* of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible, that *neither* of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious!—*Everett*.

737. TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM PENN. *William Penn*—stands the first, among the lawgivers, whose names, and deeds are recorded in history. Shall we compare with him *Lycurgus*, *Solon*, *Romulus*, those founders of military commonwealths, who organized their citizens in dreadful array—against the rest of their species! taught them to consider their fellow-men as barbarians, and themselves as alone worthy to rule over the earth! What benefit did mankind derive from their

boasted institutions! Interrogate the shades of those who fell in the mighty contests, between Athens and Lacedæmon, between Carthage and Rome, and between Rome and the rest of the universe. But see our *William Penn*, with weaponless hands, sitting down, peaceably, with his followers, in the midst of savage nations, whose only occupation was shedding the blood of their fellow-men, disarming them by his justice, and teaching them, for the first time, to view a stranger without distrust. See them bury their tomahawks, in his presence, so deep, that man shall never be able to find them again. See them under the shade of the thick groves of *Quannock*, extend the bright chain of friendship, and promise to preserve it, as long as the sun, and moon shall endure. See him, then, with his companions, establishing his commonwealth on the sole basis of religion, morality, and universal love, and adopting, as the fundamental maxims of his government, the rule handed down to us from *HEAVEN*, "Glory to God on high, and on earth peace, and good will to all men."

Here was a spectacle—for the potentates of the earth to look upon, an example for them to imitate. But the potentates the earth did not see; or, if they saw, they turned away their eyes from the sight; they did not hear; or, if they heard, they shut their ears against the voice.

The character of *William Penn* alone, sheds a never-fading lustre upon our history. No other state in this Union can boast of such an illustrious founder; none began their social career, under auspices so honorable to humanity. Every trait of the life of that great man, every fact, and anecdote, of those golden times, will furnish many an interesting subject for the fancy of the novelist, and the enthusiasm of the poet.—*Duponceau*.

738. WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY ON AMBITION.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness! This—is the state of man: To-day, he puts forth The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms, And bears his blushing honors—thick upon him; The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost; And, when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely His greatness is a ripening, nips his root; And then he falls, as I do.

I have ventur'd, Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders, These many summers—in a sea of glory, But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride At length—broke under me; and now has left me, Weary, and old with service, to the mercy Of a rude stream, that must forever—hide me. Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate you! I feel my heart now open'd.

O! how wretched Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors! There are, betwixt that smile—he would aspire to, That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin, More pangs and fears, than war or women have; And when he falls, he falls, like *Lucifer*, Never—to rise again.—*Shakspeare*.

Meditation—here— May think down hours—to moments; here, the May give a useful lesson—to the head, (heart) And learning, wiser grow—without his books.

739. DASQUE GIRL, OR LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

'Twas one of those sweet spots, which seem just For lovers' meeting, or, for minstrel haunts; [made The maiden's blush—would look so beautiful, By those white roses, and the poet's dream, Would be so soothing, lull'd by the low notes, The birds sing—to the leaves, whose soft reply— Is murmur'd by the wind; the grass beneath, Is full of wild flowers, and the cypress boughs Have twined o'erhead, graceful, and close as love. The sun—is shining cheerfully, though scarce his May pierce—through the dim shade, yet, still, [rays Some golden hues are glancing o'er the trees, And the blue flood is gliding by, as bright, As hope's first smile. All, lingering, stayed to Upon this Eden—of the painter's art, [gaze And looking on its loveliness, forgot— The crowded world—around them! But a spell, Stronger than the green landscape—fixed the Thespell—of woman's beauty! By a beech, [eye— Whose long dark shadow—fell upon the stream, There stood a radiant girl! her chestnut hair— (One bright gold tint was on it)—loosely fell In large rich curls—upon a neck, whose snow And grace—were like the swan's; she wore the Of her own village, and her small white feet [garb And slender ancles, delicate, as carved From Indian ivory—were bare,—the turf [stood! Seem'd scarce to feel their pressure. There she Her head—leant upon her arm, the beech's trunk Supporting her slight figure, and one hand, Press'd to her heart, as if to still its throbs! You never might forget that face,—so young, So fair, yet trac'd—with such deep characters Of inward wretchedness! The eyes were dim With tears, on the dark lashes; still, the lip Could not quite lose—its own accustom'd smile, Even by that pale cheek—it kept its arch, And tender playfulness: you look'd, and said, What can have shadow'd—such a sunny brow? There is so much of natural happiness, In that bright countenance, it seems but formed, For Spring's light sunbeams, or yet lighter dews. You turned away—then came—and look'd again, Watching the pale, and silent loveliness, Till even sleep—was haunted by that image. There was a sever'd chain upon the ground— Ah! love is e'en more fragile than its gifts! A tress of raven hair;—oh! only those, Whose souls have felt this one idolatry, Can tell—how precious—is the slightest thing, Affection gives, and hallows! A dead flower Will long be kept, remembrancer of looks, That made each leaf a treasure. The tree Had two slight words—graven upon its stem— The broken heart's last record—of its faith— "Adieu Henri!"

I learnt the hist'ry of the lovely picture: It was a peasant girl's, whose soul was given To one—as far above her, as the pine— Towers o'er the lovely violet; yet still She lov'd, and was below'd again,—ere yet The many trammels of the world—were flung Around a heart, whose first and latest pulse, Throb'd—but for beauty: him, the young, the brave,

Chivalrous prince, whose name, in after years,

A nation—was to worship—that young heart— Beat with its first wild passion—that pure feeling, Life only once may know. I will not dwell On *love* affection's bark was launch'd, and lost: Love, thou hast hopes, like summer's—short, and bright

Moments of ecstasy, and maddening dreams, Intense, delicious throbs! But happiness Is not for thee. If ever thou hast known Quiet, yet deep enjoyment, 'tis, or ere Thy presence is confessed; but, once reveal'd, We bow us down—in passionate devotion, Vow'd at thy altar; then the serpents wake, That coil around thy votaries—hopes that make Tears—burning arrows—lingering jealousy, And last, *worst* poison, of thy cup—neglect.

It matters little, how she was forgotten, Or what she felt—a woman—can but weep. She pray'd her lover, but to say—farewell,— To meet her, by the river, where such hours Of happiness had passed, and said, she knew How much she was beneath him; but she pray'd, That he would look upon her face—once more! He sought the spot,—upon the beechen tree "Adieu Henri" was graven—and his heart— Felt cold—within him! He turned to the wave, And there—the beautiful peasant floated—Death Had seal'd—"Love's—sacrifice!"

740. HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride, Belov'd by heaven—o'er all the world beside; Where brighter suns—dispense serener light, And milder moons emparadise the night; A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth, Time tutored age, and love exalted youth. The wandering mariner, whose eyes explore The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores, Views not a realm—so beautiful and fair, Nor breathes a spirit of a purer air; In every clime—the magnet of his soul, Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole; For in this land—of heaven's peculiar grace, The heritage—of nature's noblest race, There is a spot of earth—supremely blest, A dearer, sweeter spot—than all the rest, Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside His sword, and sceptre, pageantry, and pride; Within his softened looks, benignly blend The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend: Here, woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife, Strews, with fresh flowers, the narrow way of In the clear heaven of her delightful eye, [life; An angel guard of loves and graces lie; Around her knees, domestic duties meet, And fire-side pleasures gamble at her feet. Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found? Art thou a man? a patriot? look around; Oh! thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam, That land—thy country, and that spot—thy home! He, who, malignant, tears an absent friend, Or, when attacked by others, don't defend; Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise, And counts of prating petulance the praise; Of things he never saw, who tells his tale, And friendship's secrets knows not to conceal; This man is vile; here, Roman, fix your mark; His soul is black.

defence
of
the
British

741. MARIA DE TORQUEMADA TAKING THE VAIL.

"My lord! you should have seen her, as she stood, Bidding the world—farewell. Her pretty hands, Like two enclasping lilies; in her eyes, Two quivering crystal drops,—her cheek—a rose, Yet of the whitest, turned upon the sky, To which her thoughts were wing'd! I never saw So heavenly touch'd a sorrow!"

There is a spot, a holy spot, A refuge for the wearied mind; Where earth's wild visions—are forgot, And love, thy poison spell 's untwined.

There, learns the withered heart—to pray— There, gently breaks earth's weary chain; Nay, let me weep my life away— Let me do all,—but love again.

Oh! thou that judgest of the heart, Look down upon this bosom bare; And all, all mercy as thou art, Save from that wildest, worst despair.

There—silent, dreamless, loveless, lone, The agony, at length, is o'er; The bleeding breast—is turned to stone, Hope dies—and passion—wakes no more.

I ask not death,—I wait thy will; I dare not—touch my fleeting span: But let me, oh! not linger still, The slave of misery and man!

Why sink my steps! one struggle past, And all the rest—is quiet gloom; Eyes—look your longest, and your last, Then, turn ye to your cell, and tomb.

Fly swift, ye hours!—the convent grate, To me—is open Paradise: The keenest bitterness of fate, Can last, but till the victim—dies!

742. FALL OF BEAUTY, BY TEMPTATION.

Once on a lovely day, it was in spring— I rested on the verge of that dread cliff, That overlooks old Sterling. All was gay; The birds—sang sweet; the trees—put forth their leaves,

So pale, that in the sun, they looked like blossoms; Some children wandered, careless, on the hill, Selecting early flowers. My heart rejoiced, For all was glad around me. One sweet maid Came tripping near, eyeing, with gladsome smile, Each little flower, that bloomed upon the hill:

Nimble she picked them, minding me of the swan, That feeds upon the waste. I blest the girl,— She was not maid, nor child; but of that age, Twixt both, when purity of frame, and soul, Awaken dreams of beauty, drawn in heaven.

Deep in a little den, within the cliff, A flow'ret caught her eye,—it was a primrose, Fair flaunting in the sun. With eager haste, Heedless of risk, she clambered down the steep, Pluck'd the wish'd flower, and sighed! for when she saw

The depth she had descended, then, she woke To sense of danger! All her flowers she dropped, And tried to gain the height: but—tried in vain! I hastened to her rescue; but—alas! I came too late!—O God! she fell.

Far, far down—on the rocks below, Her lovely form was found—at rest!

I saw her, in mid air, fall like a seraph From out the firmament. The rocks and daws, That fled their roosts, in thousands, at the sight, Curtained her exit—from my palsied eye, And dizzy brain. O! never, will that scene Part from my heart! when'er I would be sad, I think of it.

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743. THE BEST OF WIVES.

A man had once a vicious wife— (A most uncommon thing in life); [ceasing. His days—and nights—were spent in strife—un-

Her tongue went glibly—all day long, Sweet contradiction—still her song, [done. And all the poor man did—was wrong, and ill— A truce without doors, or within,

From speeches—long as tradesmen spin, Or rest from her eternal din, he found not. He every soothing art displayed; Tried of what stuff her skin was made:

Failing in all, to Heaven he prayed—to take her. Once, walking by a river's side, In mournful terms, "My dear," he cried, [them. "No more let feuds our peace divide,—I'll end

"Weary of life, and quite resigned, To drown—I have made up my mind, So tie my hands as fast behind—as can be,— "Or nature—may assert her reign,

My arms assist, my will restrain, And swimming, I once more regain, my troubles." With eager haste—the dame complies, While joy—stands glistening in her eyes;

Already, in her thoughts, he dies—before her. "Yet, when I view the rolling tide, Nature revolts"—he said; "beside, I would not be a suicide, and die thus.

"It would be better, far I think, While close I stand—upon the brink, You push me in,—nay, never shrink—but do it. To give the blow—the more effect,

Some twenty yards—she ran direct, [do. And did—what she could least expect, she should He slips aside—himself to save, So souse—she dashes, in the wave, [pleasure. And gave, what ne'er she gave before—much

"Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried; "Thou best of wives—" the man replied, "I would,—but you my hands have tied,—heaven help you."

The modern device of consulting indexes, is to read books hebraically, and begin where others usually end. And this is a compendious way of coming to an acquaintance with authors; for authors are to be used like lobsters, you must look for the best meat in the tails, and lay the bodies back again in the dish. Your cunningest thieves (and what else are readers, who only read to borrow, i. e. to steal) use to cut off the portmanteau from behind, without staying to dive into the pockets of the owner.—Swift.

Desire, (when young) is easily suppressed; But, cherished by the sun of warm encouragement, Becomes too strong—and potent—for control; Nor yields—but to despair, the worst of passions.

744. ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas—at the royal feast, for Persia won, By Philip's warlike son— Aloft, in awful state, the godlike hero sat On his imperial throne.

His valiant peers—were placed around, Their brows, with roses, and with myrtles bound; So, should desert, in arms be crowned. The lovely Thais, by his side, ^{a fairer soul} ^{of} ^{albeit} Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride, ^{of} ^{albeit} In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.— Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave, none but the brave, None but the brave—deserve the fair. Timotheus, placed on high, Amid the tuneful choir, With flying fingers—touched the lyre; ^{of} ^{albeit} The trembling notes ascend the sky, And heavenly joys inspire.

The song—began from Jove, Who left his blissful seats above; Such is the power—of mighty love. A dragon's fiery form belied the god; Sublime, on radiant spheres he rode, When he, to fair Olympia pressed, [the world. And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of The listening crowd—admire the lofty sound:

A present deity! they shout around; A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound. With ravished ears, the monarch hears; Assumes the god, affects to nod, And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young. [sung, The jolly god in triumph comes! Sound the trumpets, beat the drums. Flushed with a purple grace, He shows his honest face. [comes! Now, give the hauboy's breath—he comes! he Bacchus, ever fair and young, Drinking joys did first ordain. Bacchus' blessings are a treasure; Drinking is the soldier's pleasure. Rich the treasure; sweet the pleasure; Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain; Fought his battles o'er again; [the slain. And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew The master saw the madness rise; His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes; And, while he heaven and earth defied, Changed his hand, and checked his pride.— He chose a mournful muse, soft pity to infuse, He sung Darius, great and good, [then, By too severe a fate, fallen, fallen, fallen, Fallen from his high estate, And weltering in his blood.

Deserted, in his utmost need, By those, his former bounty fed, On the bare earth—exposed he lies, With not a friend—to close his eyes.— With downcast look—the joyless victor sat, Revolving, in his altered soul, The various turns of fate below, And, now and then, a sigh he stole, And tears—began to flow.

The master smiled, to see, That love—was in the next degree; 'Twas but a kindred sound to move; For pity—melts the mind to love. Softly sweet in Lydian measures, Soon, he soothed his soul to pleasures; War, he sung, is toil and trouble; Honor, but an empty bubble; Never ending, still beginning, Fighting still, and still destroying, If the world be worth thy winning, Think, oh! think it worth enjoying! Lovely Thais sits beside thee; Take the good the gods provide thee.—

well
horu
mulation

The many rend the skies with loud applause; So love was crowned, but music—won the cause. The prince, unable to conceal his pain, Gazed on the fair, who caused his care, And sighed and looked; sighed and looked; Sighed and looked; and sighed again: At length, with love, and wine, at once oppress'd, The vanquished victor—sunk—upon her breast.

Now, strike the golden lyre again; A louder yet, and yet a louder strain: Break his bands of sleep asunder, And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder. Hark! hark!—the horrid sound [dead, Hath raised up his head, as awaked from the And amazed he stares around.

Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries— See the furies arise! See the snakes that they rear, How they hiss in the air, And the sparkles that flash from their eyes! Behold a ghastly band, each a torch in his hand! These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain, And, unburied, remain inglorious on the plain. Give the vengeance due to the valiant crew: Behold, how they toss their torches on high! How they point to the Persian abodes, And glittering temples of their hostile gods!

The princes applaud, with a furious joy; [stroy: And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to de- Thais led the way, to light him to his prey; And, like another Helen—fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago, ere heaving bellows learned to While organs yet were mute; [blow, Timotheus, to his breathing flute and sounding lyre, Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire. At last, divine Cecilia came, Inventress of the vocal frame. The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store, Enlarged the former narrow bounds, And added length—to solemn sounds, [fore. With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown be- Let old Timotheus yield the prize, Or both—divide the crown; He—raised a mortal—to the skies; She—drew an angel down.—Dryden.

ORATOR PUFF. Mr. Orator Puff—had two tones—in his voice, The one—squeaking thus, and the other down so; In each sentence he utter'd he gave you your choice, For one half was B all, and the rest G below. Oh! oh! Orator Puff, One voice for an orator's surely enough.

But he still talked away, spite of coughs and of frowns, So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs, That a wag once, on hearing the orator say, "My voice is for war," ask'd him, "Which of them, pray?" Oh! oh! &c.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top-heavy with gin, And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown, He tripp'd near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in, "Sinking fund," the last words as his noddle came down. Oh! oh! &c.

"Good Lord!" he exclaim'd, in his he-and-she tones, "Help me out!—help me out!—I have broken my bones!" "Help you out!" said a Paddy, who pass'd, "what a bother! Why, there's two of you there; can't you help one another?" Oh! oh! &c. [other?"

CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON. His preaching much, but more his practice wro't; (A living sermon of the truths he taught;) For this by rules severe his life he squared, That all might see the doctrine which they heard. For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest; (The gold of heav'n, who bear the God impress'd;) But when the precious coin is kept unclean, The sovereign's image is no longer seen. If they be foul on whom the people trust, Well may the baser coin contract a rust.

See Puff
Ole and Cecilia's Day.
She represented as being sister of Dryden's
as of Cecilia's Day

True in Politics
as well as in
Poligamy

745. PRIDE OF PROFESSION. We are very apt to be fond of that which we excel in ourselves, and to underrate the acquirements and powers of others in a different sphere, without reflecting that the field of human thought and occupation is broad, and that a man may carefully cultivate one part without being in the least acquainted with the products of another. With what contempt a skillful musician sometimes regards one who cannot turn a tune, but who, perhaps, is an excellent book-keeper, or an adroit ship-builder!

What a conscious pride and pomp of erudition a profound linguist betrays while quoting familiarly from Homer and Horace, Dante, or Lopez de Vega, before a simple student, only master of his mother tongue, and who in turn sneers at the mistakes made by others in speaking of natural philosophy and astronomy. I never suffer myself to be led away thus by a man's accidental accomplishments or attainments.

If I find a sensible good-hearted fellow (as I frequently do,) who has never even read Milton and Shakspeare, I respect him notwithstanding; for I say to myself, it is probable he is an adept at something besides literature, where perhaps I should require a similar indulgence from him.—*Fay.*

746. ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

I see that banner proudly wave,
Yes, proudly waving yet,
Not a stripe is torn—from the broad array,—
Not a single star—is set;
And the eagle, with unruffled plume,
Is soaring aloft—in the welkin dome
Not a leaf—is pluck'd from the branch he bears:
From his grasp—not an arrow has flown;
The mist—that obstructed his vision—is past,
And the murmur of discord—is gone; [plain,
For he sees, with a glance over mountain, and
The union—unbroken, from Georgia—to Maine.
Far southward, in that sunny clime,
Where bright magnolias bloom,
And the orange—with the lime-tree vies,
In shedding rich perfume,
A sound was heard—like the ocean's roar,
As its surges break—on the rocky shore.
Was it the voice—of the tempest loud,
As it fell'd—some lofty tree,
Or sudden flash—from a passing storm—
Of heaven's artillery?
But it died away, and the sound of doves
Is heard again—in the scented groves.
The links—are all united still,
That form the golden chain,—
And peace, and plenty—smile around,
Throughout the wide domain:—
How feeble—is language,—how cold—is the lay,
Compar'd with the joy—of this festival day—
To see that banner—waving yet,
Aye, waving proud, and high,—
No rent—in all its ample folds;
No stain—of crimson dye:
And the eagle—spreads his pinions fair,
And mounts aloft—in the fields of air.—*James.*
Nature, in her productions slow, aspires,
By just degrees, to reach perfection's height.

747. MARIA. Her early youth—passed away in sorrow: she grew up in tears, a stranger to the amusements of youth, and its more delightful schemes, and imaginations. She was not, however, unhappy; she attributed, indeed, no merit to herself for her virtues, but for that reason—were they the more her reward. *The peace which passeth all understanding,* disclosed itself in all her looks, and movements. It lay on her countenance, like a steady, unshadowed moonlight; and her voice, which was naturally at once sweet and subtle, came from her, like the fine flute-tones of a masterly performer, which, still floating at some uncertain distance, seem to be created by the player, rather than to proceed from the instrument. If you had listened to it, in one of those brief sabbaths of the soul, when the activity and discursiveness of the thoughts are suspended, and the mind, quietly eddies round, instead of flowing onward—as at late evening, in the spring, I have seen a bat, wheel in silent circles round and round a fruit-tree, in full blossom, in the midst of which, as within a close tent, of the purest white, an unseen night-ingale was piping its sweetest notes)—in such a mood, you might have half-fancied, half-felt, that her voice had a separate being of its own—that it was a living something, whose mode of existence was for the early only: so deep was resignation, so entirely had it become the unconscious habit of her nature, and in all she did, or said, so perfectly were both her movements, and her utterance, without effort, and without the appearance of effort.—*Coleridge.*

748. PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

There is a philosophy—hollow, unsound,
To matter—confining its false speculation;
Whose flight is confin'd within Nature's dull round,
Its pinions—the web—of sophistic persuasion.
And, there's a philosophy—truly Divine,
That traces effects—to spiritual causes,
Determines the link—of the chain where they join,
And soars—to an infinite height—ere it pauses.
That—meanly debases—the image of God,
To rank with the brute—in the scale of creation;
This—raises the tenant of light—from the sod,
And bears him to heaven—his primitive station.
Hail! science—of angels! Theosophy—hail!
That shows us the regions of bliss by reflection;
Removes from creation's broad mirror—the veil,
Where spirit—and matter appear in connection.
It breaks on the soul—in an ocean of light, [ions,
She starts from her lethargy—stretches her pin-
Beholds a new world—bursting forth on her sight,
And—soaring in ecstasy—claims her dominions.
A sense of original, dignified worth,
Her bosom expands—with sublime exaltation;
She tastes immortality—even on earth,
In light, that eclipses—the sun's emanation.
Be sages, and pedants—to nature—confined, [ence;
As the bat—darkly flutters—in Luna's pale pres-
I'll soar, like the eagle—thro' regions of mind,
In the blaze of that sun—which is truth—in its
essence.—*Woodworth.*
The man th't's resolute, and just,
Firm to his principles, and trust,
Nor hopes, nor fears, can bind.

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References and Testimonials.

EXTRACT—From the Faculty of the Hanover College, Ia. Having attended Prof. Bronson's prelections to the students of this College, in the art of Elocution, we take great pleasure in bearing testimony, no less to his laborious fidelity to his pupils, than to the soundness of his principles, and his own thorough acquaintance with the subject he professes to teach. Mr. Bronson is no charlatan in his profession. Not content with communicating abstract knowledge, nor with exhibiting his own power of applying that knowledge, his great aim seems to be—to make the student a practical Elocutionist. We most cheerfully recommend him to the patronage of an enlightened public; and, especially, to the patrons of public Institutions of Learning.

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