

There's a seat beneath the tulip tree, the sunbeams never scorch,  
There's jessamine on those cottage walls, there's woodbine round the porch.

A gallant seaman planted them—he perished long ago,  
He perished on the ocean wave, but not against the foe.

He parted with his little ones beneath that tulip tree—  
His boy was by his father's side, his darling on his knee;  
"Heaven bless thee, little Emma; night and morning you must pray

To heaven on high, who'll shield thee, love, when I am far away.  
Nay, weep not! if He wills it, I shall soon be back from sea;  
Then how we'll laugh and romp and dance around the tulip tree!

"Heaven bless thee too, my gallant boy! the God who rules the main

Can only tell if you and I shall ever meet again.  
If I perish on the ocean wave, when I am dead and gone,  
You'll be left with little Emma in a heartless world alone.  
Your home must be her home, my boy, whenever you're a man,  
You must love her, you must guard her, as a brother only can.

"There's no such thing as fear, my boy, to those who trust on high,  
But to part with all we prize on earth, brings moisture to the eye.  
There's a grave in Ham churchyard—there's a rose-tree marks the grave,

'Tis thy mother's grave, go pray there when I'm sailing on the wave;

Think too sometimes of thy father when thou kneel'st upon that sod,

How he lived but for his children, for his country, and his God."

Farewell, farewell! thou gallant ship! thy course will soon be o'er,  
There are mournful hearts on board thee, there are breaking hearts on shore.

The mother mourned her sailor boy, the maiden mourned her love,  
And one on deck was musing on a cottage by the Dove,  
But his features were unmoved, as if all feeling lay congealed,  
They little knew how soft a heart that manly form concealed.

Beware, beware, thou gallant ship! there's many a rock ahead,  
And the mist is mantling round thee, like a shroud around the dead.  
The listless crew lay idly grouped, and idly flapped the sail,  
And the sea bird pierced the vapour with a melancholy wail;  
So hushed the scene, they little deemed that danger was at hand,  
Till they heard the distant breakers as they rolled upon the strand.

The winds were roused, the mist cleared off, the mighty tempest rose,  
And cheeks were blanched that never yet had paled before their foes,

For the waves that heaved beneath them, bore them headlong to the rock,

And face to face with death they stood, in terror of the shock.  
A crash was heard, the ocean yawned, then foamed upon the deck,  
And the gallant *Drake* dismasted on the ocean lay a wreck.

On that rock they've found a refuge, but the waves that dash its side,

They know must sweep them from it at the flowing of the tide,  
With the giant crags before them and the boiling surge between;  
There was one alone stood dauntless 'mid the horrors of the scene.  
They watch the waters rising, each with aspect of dismay;  
They looked upon their fearless chief, and terror passed away.

There's a gallant seaman battling with the perils of the main,  
They saw the waves o'erwhelm him thrice, but thrice he rose again,  
He bears a rope around him, that may link them to the beach.  
One struggle more, thou valiant man! the shore's within thy reach.  
Now blest be He who rules on high, though some may die to-night,  
There are more will live to brave again the tempest and the fight.

They gathered round their gallant chief, they urged him to descend,  
For they loved him as a father, and he loved them as a friend.  
Nay, go ye first, my faithful crew! to love is to obey!  
'Gainst the cutlass or the cannon would I gladly lead the way,  
But I stir not hence till all are safe, since danger's in the rear,  
While I live I claim obedience! if I die I ask a tear.

With a smile to cheer the timid, and a hand to help the weak,  
There was firmness in his accents, there was hope upon his cheek.  
A hundred men are safe on shore, but one is left behind:  
There's a shriek is mingling wildly with the wailings of the wind,  
The rope has snapped! Almighty God! the noble and the brave  
Is left alone to perish at the flowing of the wave!

'Midst the foaming of the breakers and the howling of the storm;  
'Midst the crashing of the timbers stood that solitary form.  
He thought upon his distant home, then raised his look on high,  
And thought upon another home—a home beyond the sky;  
Sublimed than the elements, his spirit was at rest,  
And calm as if his little one was nesting on his breast.

In agony they watched him as each feature grew elate,  
As with folded arms and fearless mien he waited for his fate.  
Now seen above the breakers, and now hidden by the spray,  
As stealthily but surely heaved the ocean to its prey;  
A fiercer wave rolled onward, with the wild gust on its wake  
And lifeless on the billows lay the Captain of the *Drake*!

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## EXCELSIOR.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[A celebrated American poet, author of "Evangeline," &c. Born 1807; still living.]

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village pass'd  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,  
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
A boy, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
And loud that clanton voice replied,  
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answer'd with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's wither'd branch;  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last Good-night,  
A voice replied far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

*The Daughter of Meath.*

A traveller by the faithful hound  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice,  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!

## THE DAUGHTER OF MEATH.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Tungestius, the chief of a turbulent band,  
Came over from Norway and conquer'd the land;  
Rebellion had smooth'd the invader's career,  
The natives shrunk from him, in hate, or in fear;  
While Erin's proud spirit seem'd slumb'ring in peace,  
In secret it pant'd for death—or release.

The tumult of battle was hush'd for awhile—  
Tungestius was monarch of Erin's fair isle,  
The sword of the conqueror slept in its sheath,  
His triumphs were honour'd with trophy and wreath;  
The princes of Erin despair'd of relief,  
And knelt to the lawless Norwegian chief.

His heart knew the charm of a woman's sweet smile,  
But ne'er till he came to this beautiful isle,  
Did he know with what mild, yet restless control,  
That sweet smile can conquer a conqueror's soul;  
And oh! 'mid the sweet smiles most sure to enthral,  
He soon met with one—he thought sweetest of all.

The brave Prince of Meath had a daughter as fair  
As the pearls of Loch Neagh which enriched her hair  
The tyrant beheld her, and cried, "She shall come  
To reign as the queen of my gay mountain home;  
Ere sunset-to-morrow hath crimson'd the sea,  
Machlin, send forth thy young daughter to me!"  
A while paused the Prince—too indignant to speak,  
There burnd a reply in his glance—on his cheek!

But quickly that hurried expression was gone,  
And calm was his manner, and mild was his tone.  
He answered—"Ere sunset hath crimson'd the sea,  
To-morrow—I'll send my young daughter to thee."

"At sunset to-morrow your palace forsake,  
With twenty young chiefs seek the isle on yon lake;  
And there in its coolest and pleasantest shades,  
My child shall await you with twenty fair maids:  
Yes—bright as my armour the damsels shall be,  
I send with my daughter, Turgesius, to thee."

Turgesius return'd to his palace; to him  
The sports of that evening seem'd languid and dim;  
And tediously long was the darkness of night,  
And slowly the morning unfolded its light;  
The sun seem'd to linger—as if it would be  
An age ere his setting would crimson the sea.

At length came the moment—the King and his band  
With rapture push'd out their light boat from the land;  
And bright shone the gems on their armour, and bright  
Flash'd their fast-moving oars in the setting sun's light;  
And long ere they landed, they saw through the trees  
The maidens' white garments that waved in the breeze.

More strong in the lake was the dash of each oar,  
More swift the gay vessel flew on to the shore;  
Its keel touch'd the pebbles—but over the surf  
The youths in a moment had leap'd to the turf,  
And rushed to a shady retreat in the wood,  
Where many veiled forms mute and motionless stood.

"Say, which is Melachlin's fair daughter? away  
With these veils," cried Turgesius, "no longer delay;  
Resistance is vain, we will quickly behold  
Which robe hides the loveliest face in its fold;  
These clouds shall no longer o'ershadow our bliss,  
Let each seize a veil—and my trophy be this!"

He seized a white veil, and before him appear'd  
No fearful weak girl—but a foe to be fear'd!  
A youth—who sprang forth from his female disguise,  
Like lightning that flashes from calm summer skies:  
His hand grasp'd a weapon, and wild was the joy  
That shone in the glance of the warrior boy.

And under each white robe a youth was conceal'd,  
Who met his opponent with sword and with shield.

Turgesius was slain—and the maidens were blest  
Melachlin's fair daughter more blithe than the rest;  
And ere the last sunbeam had crimson'd the sea,  
They hailed the boy-victors—and Erin was free!

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THE SUICIDE.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

[Author of "Tales of the Hall," &c. A poet whose "short and simple annals of the poor" exhibited an accurate knowledge of human nature, but who too often showed only its dark side. Born 1754 died 1832.]

SHE left her infant on the Sunday morn—  
A creature doom'd to sin—in sorrow born;  
She came not home to share our humble meal,  
Her father thinking what his child might feel  
From his hard sentence. Still she came not home.  
The night grew dark, and yet she was not come;  
The east wind roar'd, the sea returned the sound,  
And the rain fell, as if the world were drown'd;  
There were no lights without, and my goodman  
To kindness frightened—with a groan began  
To talk of Ruth and pray—and then he took  
The Bible down, and read the holy book:  
For he had learning, and when that was done  
He sat in silence.—Whither could we run,  
He said—and then rush'd frightened from the door,  
For we could bear our own conceits no more.  
We call'd our neighbours—there she had not been;  
We met some wanderers—ours they had not seen;  
We hurried o'er the beach, both north and south,  
Then joined and hurried to our haven's mouth,  
Where rush'd the falling waters wildly out;  
I scarcely heard the goodman's fearful shout,  
Who saw a something on the billow's side,  
And heaven have mercy on our sins, he cried,  
It is my child—and to the present hour  
So he believes that spirits have the power.

And she was gone—the waters wide and deep  
Roll'd o'er her body as she lay asleep.  
She heard no more the angry waves and wind,  
She heard no more the threat'nings of mankind;  
Wrapt in dark weeds, the refuse of the storm,  
To the hard rock was borne her comely form.

But oh! what storm was in that mind! what strife  
That could compel her to lay down her life!  
For she was seen within the sea to wade  
By one at a distance, when she first had pray'd:

Then to a rock within the hither shoal,  
Softly, and with a fearful step she stole!  
Then, when she gain'd it, on the top she stood  
A moment still—and dropp'd into the flood!

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#### ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

PATRICK HENRY.

[Henry was an American patriot, who distinguished himself by speeches opposing Great Britain, at the breaking out of the revolutionary war.]

MR. PRESIDENT,—It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope; we are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren till she transforms us unto beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir, it will prove a snare to your feet; suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for

no other. They are sent over to bind and *ripen* upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held it up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we wish to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight—I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest: there is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston: the war is inevitable, and let it come; I repeat it, sir—let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace! but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps

from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me—give me liberty, or give me death!

## SWEET MARY.

THE REV. J. WOLFE.

[An Irish divine. Born 1791; died 1823.]

If I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be:  
It never through my mind had pass'd,  
The time would e'er be o'er,  
That I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon thy face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again;  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain!  
But when I speak, thou dost not say  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,  
And now I feel, as well I may,  
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay even as thou art,  
All cold, and all serene,  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been!  
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,  
Thou seemest still mine own,  
But there I lay thee in thy grave—  
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me;  
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,  
In thinking too of thee:  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore!

## ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

JOHN MILTON.

[The immortal author of "Paradise Lost." Born 1608; died 1674.]

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light—  
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs,  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,  
On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
While day ariseth, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st  
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,  
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,  
And ye five other wandering fires, that move  
In mystic dance not without song, resound  
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light,  
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth  
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix  
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
In honour to the world's Great Author, rise;  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured  
O wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
Rising, or falling still advance his praise.  
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops,

With every plant, in sign of worship wave,  
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
Join voices, all ye living souls: Ye birds,  
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still,  
To give us only good; and if the night  
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

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SLAVERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

[Author of "The World before the Flood" and other poems, and many beautiful hymns. Born 1771; died 1854.]

'Twas night:—his babes around him lay at rest,  
Their mother slumber'd on their father's breast:  
A yell of murder rang around their bed;  
They woke; their cottage blazed; the victims fled;  
Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,  
They caught, they bound, they drove them far away!  
The white man bought them at the mart of blood;  
In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood;  
Then were the wretched ones asunder torn  
To distant isles, to separate bondage borne.  
Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief  
That misery loves,—the fellowship of grief.  
Lives there a savage ruder than the slave?  
—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,  
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,  
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,  
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,  
A Christian broker in the trade of blood;  
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,  
He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for gold.  
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,  
Bend round his bark one blue unbroken sphere

When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,  
And sunbeam circles o'er the water shine;  
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,  
No soul enchanting sweetness in the scene.  
But darkly scowling at the glorious day,  
Curses the winds that loiter on their way.  
When swollen with hurricanes the billows rise,  
To meet the lightning midway from the skies;  
When from the unburthen'd hold his shrieking slaves  
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves;  
Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,  
Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,  
But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,  
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

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EVIL EFFECTS OF SUPPRESSING INQUIRY.

JOHN MILTON.

BEHOLD, now, this vast city,\* a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God's protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others, as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. This is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety; it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is; so, when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, by casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption, to outlive these pangs, and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. *Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle, rearing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at*

\* London.

† *Mewing*, that is, *moulting*, casting off old and damaged feathers.

the full mid-day beam; purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and, in their envious gabble, would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do, then? Should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up, and yet springing daily, in this city? Should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers\* ovet it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing, do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and humane government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us; liberty, which is the nurse of all great wits,—this is that which hath rarified and enlightened our spirits, like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders, of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you, then, must first become that which you cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that, unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may dispatch at will their own children; and who shall then stick closest to ye and excite others? Not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct, and his four nobles of Danegelt.\* Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet I love my peace better, if that were all. *Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.*

that their place may be supplied with new and uninjured ones. This refers to the conduct of the people in rejecting old opinions and abolishing old institutions, and replacing them by others.

\* Monopolisers.

† The Danegelt was a tax levied by King Ethelred to defray the expense of resisting the invasions of the Danes, or to purchase peace by an ignominious tribute; it was abolished by Stephen.

## INSTIGATING BRUTUS TO OPPOSE CÆSAR.

SHAKESPEARE.

HONOUR is the subject of my story:  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life, but for my single self,  
I'd rather not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar. So were you.  
We both have fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.  
For once upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,  
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plungéd in,  
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.  
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
Cæsar cry'd "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."  
Then as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulders  
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man  
Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his body  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;  
His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:  
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas! it cry'd, "Give me some drink, Titinius"—  
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone!  
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus, and we sorry dwarfs  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men sometimes have been masters of their fates ;  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
 Brutus and Cæsar! What should be in that Cæsar?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
 Now, in the name of all the gods at once,  
 Upon what meats doth this our Cæsar feed,  
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
 When went there by an age, since the Great Flood,  
 But it was fam'd with more than one man?  
 When could they say, till now, who talk'd of Rome,  
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?  
 Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd  
 The infernal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
 As easily as a king!

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THE BROTHERS.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

[Author of "The Pleasures of Memory," "Italy," &c. A rich  
 London banker. Born 1762; died 1855.]

In the same hour the breath of life receiving,  
 They came together and were beautiful;  
 But, as they slumbered in their mother's lap,  
 How mournful was their beauty! She would sit,  
 And look and weep, and look and weep again;  
 For Nature had but half her work achieved.  
 Denying, like a step-dame, to the babes  
 Her noblest gifts; denying speech to one  
 And to the other—reason.

But, at length,  
 (Seven years gone by, seven melancholy years)  
 Another came, as fair, and fairer still;  
 And now, how anxiously the mother watched  
 Till reason dawned and speech declared itself!  
 Reason and speech were his; and down she knelt  
 Claspings her hands in silent ecstasy.

On the hill-side, where still the cottage stands,  
 ('Tis near the upper falls in Lauterbrounn;  
 For there I sheltered once, their frugal hearth  
 Blazing with mountain-pine when I appeared,  
 And there, as round they sate, I heard their story,)  
 On the hill-side, among the cataracts,  
 In happy ignorance the children played;  
 Alike unconscious, through their cloudless day,  
 Of what they had and had not; everywhere  
 Gathering rock-flowers; or, with their utmost might,  
 Loosening the fragment from the precipice,  
 And, as it tumbled, listening for the plunge;  
 Yet, as by instinct, at the 'customed hour  
 Returning; the two eldest, step by step,  
 Lifting along, and with the tenderest care,  
 Their infant-brother.

Once the hour was past;  
 And, when she sought, she sought and could not find;  
 And when she found—Where was the little one?  
 Alas! they answered not; yet still she asked,  
 Still in her grief forgetting.

With a scream,  
 Such as an eagle sends forth, when he soars,  
 A scream that through the woods scattered dismay,  
 The idiot boy looked up into the sky,  
 And leaped and laughed aloud and leaped again;  
 As if he wished to follow in its flight  
 Something just gone—and gone from earth to heaven:  
 While he, whose every gesture, every look  
 Went to the heart, for from the heart it came,  
 He who nor spoke nor heard, all things to him,  
 Day after day, as silent as the grave,  
 (To him unknown the melody of birds,  
 Of waters—and the voice that should have soothed  
 His infant-sorrows, singing him to sleep.)  
 Fled to her mantle as for refuge there,  
 And, as at once o'ercome with fear and grief,  
 Covered his head and wept. A dreadful thought  
 Flashed through her brain. "Has not some bird of prey,  
 Thirsting to dip his beak in innocent blood—  
 It must, it must be so!"—And so it was.

There was an eagle that had long acquired  
 Absolute sway, the lord of a domain.  
 Savage, sublime; nor from the hills alone  
 Gathering large tribute, but from every vale;  
 Making the ewe, when'er he deigned to stoop,  
 Bleat for the lamb. Great was the recompense



Assured to him who laid the tyrant low;  
 And near his nest, in that eventful hour,  
 Calmly and patiently, a hunter stood,  
 A hunter, as it chanced, of old renown,  
 And, as it chanced, their father.

In the south

A speck appeared, enlarging; and ere long,  
 As on his journey to the golden sun,  
 Upward he came, ascending through the clouds,  
 That, like a dark and troubled sea, obscured  
 The world beneath.—“But what is in his grasp?  
 Ha! 'tis a child—and may it not be ours?  
 I dare not, cannot; and yet why forbear,  
 When, if it lives, a cruel death awaits it?  
 May He, who winged the shaft when Tell stood forth,  
 And shot the apple from the youngling's head,  
 Grant me the strength, the courage”—As he spoke,  
 He aimed, he fired; and at his feet they fell,  
 The eagle and the child; the child unhurt;  
 Though, such the grasp, not even in death relinquished.

FORGIVENESS.

ANONYMOUS.

A SOLDIER, whose regiment lay in a garrison town in England, was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offence. He was an old offender, and had been often punished. “*Here he is again,*” (said the officer, on his name being mentioned) “flogging—disgrace—solitary confinement—everything—has been tried with him.” Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and apologizing for the liberty he took, said, “There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir.” “What is that?” said the officer. “Well, sir,” said the sergeant, “he has never been forgiven.” “Forgiven!” exclaimed the colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He reflected for a few minutes, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge? “Nothing, sir,” was his reply, “only, I am sorry for what I have done.” Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than that his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offence, the colonel addressed him, saying, “Well, we have tried everything with you, and now we are resolved to—forgive you!” The soldier was struck dumb with amazement! The tears started in his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust; and thanking his officer, he retired.—To be the old, refractory, incorrigible man? No! from that day forward, he was

new man. He who told us the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore the Queen's colours. In him kindness bent one whom harshness could not break. The man was conquered by mercy, and melted by love.

Have you to do with one with whom you have tried every kind of punishment in vain! The next time you are going to strike the blow, stay your hand, and say, “Well, I have tried everything with you; now I have resolved to forgive you.” Who knows but you also may touch the secret chord of that heart, and find the exquisite lines of the Poet true:—

Each block of marble in the mine  
 Conceals the Paphian Queen:  
 Apollo robed in light divine,  
 And Pallas, the serene:—  
 It only needs the lofty thought,  
 To give the glories birth;  
 And lo! by skilful fingers wrought,  
 They captivate the earth!

So—in the hardest human heart,  
 One little well appears,  
 A fountain in some hidden part,  
 Brimful of gentle tears:  
 It only needs the master touch  
 Of love's or pity's hand;  
 And lo! the rock with water bursts,  
 And gushes o'er the land.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

[Author of “The Bard” and a few odes allowed to be unsurpassed in the harmonious flow of their measure and finished diction. Was professor of modern history at Cambridge. Born 1716; died 1771.]

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world—to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed;  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
O, climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,  
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike, the inevitable hour!  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,  
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined:  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,  
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones, from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,  
The place of fame and eulogy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralists to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind!

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires !  
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
If, chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say—  
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn  
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;  
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree :  
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne—  
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
'Grave'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

## THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :  
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send.  
He gave to misery all he had—a tear :  
He gain'd from heaven—('twas all he wish'd)—a friend

No farther seek his merits to disclose  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

## THE RAVEN.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[A great and original genius, but dissipated man. Born at Baltimore, U.S.A. 1811 ; died, in a hospital there, 1849.]

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.  
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door—  
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow,—vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before :  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,  
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door ;  
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,—  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the  
door:—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fear-  
ing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before ;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore !"—  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore !"—  
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before,  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice ;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore ;—  
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven, of the saintly days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he,—not a moment stopped or stayed  
he,

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore.  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure I  
craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly  
shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,  
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered,  
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown  
before;

On the morrow He will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."  
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters, is its only stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and  
door;

Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er  
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen  
censer

Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
'Wretch!' I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels I  
hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil  
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
On this Home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
By that Heaven that bends above us,—by that God we both  
adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, up-  
starting—

"Get thee back into the tempest, and the Night's Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!—  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my  
door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never fitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber-door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the  
floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
shall be lifted—Nevermore!

LABOUR.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[Author of "The History of the French Revolution" and numerous historical and biographical works. Born 1795; is now (1867) Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh.]

Two men I honour and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hand, hard and coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face all weather tanned, besoiled, with his rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly, him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable—not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavouring towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all when his outward and his inward endeavours are one: when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return that he may have light, guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honour; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valour against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off in their caves. The glow of labour in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other

blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labour is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work the possibilities are diffused through immensity, undiscoverable except to faith.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen survive through eternity, the sacred band of immortals.

THE BRAVE.

J. E. CARPENTER.

Who are the brave? the warriors bold  
That slaughter their fellow men for gold  
That risk their lives in the battle fray?  
Daring they are—not brave are they.  
The Hindoo widow mounts the pile,  
And meets her death with a placid smile,  
The veriest coward for death will crave;—  
He who struggles for bread is the truly brave.

Who are the brave? the brave are they  
Who toil at the loom from day to day;  
Who dig and delve in the open field  
For the miserly pittance their labour'll yield;  
The millions who work with hand or head  
For little beyond their daily bread;  
Ever to want, and never to save,  
The rich man's slaves are the truly brave.

Who are the brave? the suffering host  
That never of wealth had chance to boast,  
Yet never have fallen or turn'd aside  
From the path of truth, or of honest pride:  
But who spurn the tempter, come what may,  
That their lives may be pure as the open day;  
Who ask not a trophy to deck their grave,  
The Honest and Poor are the truly brave.

## ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

[Author of "The School for Scandal" and other comedies; was highly celebrated as an orator, a member of Parliament, and privy councillor. Born 1751; died 1816.]

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No! you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate—we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes; they will give enlightened freedom to our minds; who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride!—They offer us their protection:—yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them. They call upon us to barter all the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—The throne we honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and least of all such change as they would bring us.

## A GLASS OF COLD WATER.

G. B. GOUGH.

[The celebrated American temperance lecturer.]

WHERE is the liquor which God the eternal brews for all his children? Not in the simmering Still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odours, and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child

loves to play; there God brews it. And down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-storms crash; and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar; the chorus sweeping the march of God: there he brews it—that beverage of life and health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the leaves all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun; or a white gauze around the midnight moon.

Sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail-shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and waving the many-coloured iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven; all chequered over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

Still always it is beautiful, that life-giving water; no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depths; no drunken shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair; speak on, my friends, would you exchange it for demon's drink, alcohol!

## THE LOST CHILD.

EDWARD FITZBALL.

[An exceedingly popular and successful dramatic author; has written many songs which have become standard ones in ballad literature.]

He wandered from his mother's side  
Into the deep woods, far away,—  
The woods, where human monsters hide,  
And deadly serpents seek their prey.

And yet they never injured him  
If any crossed his path of flow'rs;  
Perhaps an angel came between—  
Watching his young unconscious hours?

From flower to flower, from tree to tree,  
O'er many a rippling stream he crost  
Into the wild rose crept the bee—  
The sun went down—the child was