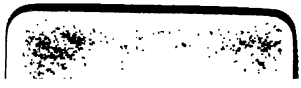

GAWTHROP'S

ELOCUTIONARY & RHETORICAL CLASS BOOK.

CONTAINING

An Essay upon Oratory,

PRELIMINARY REMARKS ON ELOCUTION,

AND

CAREFULLY SELECTED SPECIMENS

FROM THE

MOST APPROVED WRITERS IN PROSE AND VERSE.

SECOND EDITION.

REVISED BY

JOHN DAVENPORT,

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORICAL CLASS BOOK OF MODERN HISTORY, FROM THE REFORMATION IN 1517, TO THE WAR OF THE AMERICAN STATES 1862;" "THE LIFE OF ALI PACHA;" "LE CORRESPONDANT CALLIGRAPHE, OU RECUEIL DES LETTRES COMMERCIALES A L'USAGE DES PERSONNES QUI SE DESTINENT AU COMMERCE," ETC.

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PREFACE.

CONSIDERING the great number of works upon Oratory and Elocution which are already before the public, some reasons may, perhaps, be expected to be given for the appearance of the present one.

Excellent as many of such productions undoubtedly are, nevertheless, not a few of them are unnecessarily prolix in treating upon the theoretical part of the subject, being rather elaborate treatises upon Elocution than Elocutionary Class Books; while others, by erring in the opposite extreme, are unsatisfactory, inasmuch as they furnish the learner with nothing beyond mere hints for his guidance and instruction.

It is, therefore, hoped that a work not liable to the above objections, and of which the moderate price is an additional recommendation, may be favourably received by the public; the more so, because the publishers having enlarged the fourth edition of the Editor's "Historical Class Book," by select specimens of English poetry from the time of Queen Elizabeth to that of Queen Victoria, the present volume may, with propriety, be regarded as a companion and supplement thereto.

JOHN DAVENPORT.

LONDON, *August*, 1862.

Also by MR. DAVENPORT, the Editor of this Volume.

Fourth Edition, 500 *pages* 12*mo,* 3*s.*6*d., strongly bound in Cloth, or* 5*s. printed on extra stout paper and bound in Leather.*

THE HISTORICAL CLASS BOOK;

OR,

READINGS IN MODERN HISTORY,

FROM THE REFORMATION IN 1517, TO THE WAR OF THE AMERICAN STATES 1862,

With Chronological Tables of Contemporary Sovereigns, and Notices of the most remarkable Inventions and Discoveries.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"To the intelligent teacher of history, the work before us will prove a most valuable hand-book. It commences with the History of Europe at the beginning of the 16th century, and is arranged in periods of a century each. At the close of the history of each period, well selected specimens are given of the writings of the Poets of the age; also, an account of the Manners and Customs, a chronological list of Inventions, Discoveries, etc., and a valuable table of the contemporary Sovereigns of Europe. The history of the 19th century is particularly interesting; the narrative of the Crimean, Italian, and Chinese campaigns being exceedingly well written. The volume is a valuable addition to our standard works of educational literature."—*The School and the Teacher.*

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"It consists of 110 Readings, which embrace the most important events that have occurred during the last 300 years. Each century of events is preceded by a general view of the civilized world at that period, and a section on the manners and customs of the people. The work, which is well adapted for a class reading-book, contains the principal events of the last twelve years, and which are not to be found in any other book that has come under our notice. Among these we may mention the French Revolution of 1848—the Crimean War—the Revolt in India—the War in Italy—and Chinese War."—*English Journal of Education.*

RELFE, BROTHERS, 150, ALDERSGATE STREET.

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ELOCUTIONARY READER.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY ON ORATORY.

ORATORY is the art of public speaking according to rhetorical rules, and has, for its principal design, to convince or persuade. We learn from Homer's Iliad that this art was, at a very early period, held in the highest esteem by the Greeks, with whom it may strictly be said to have originated, the eloquence to be found among the Eastern or Egyptian nations, being more allied to poetry, than to what is understood by us, as Oratory.

In the palmy days of the Republics of Greece and Rome, Oratory was prized above all other arts, as awakening the ardour of the patriot, stimulating the courage of the hero, and defending the cause of innocence oppressed. "If," observes Quintillian, "utility ought to be the governing motive of every exertion and design of our lives, can we possibly be employed to better advantage than in the exercise of an art which enables a man, upon all occasions, to support the interests of his friend, to protect the rights of the stranger, or to defend the cause of the oppressed,—that not only renders him the terror of his open and secret adversaries, but secures him, as it were, by the strongest and most impenetrable armour?" It was by this art alone that Demosthenes arrested for a time the ambitious projects of Philip of Macedon; and that Cicero compelled Catiline to flee the city he had doomed to destruction, and drove into exile Verres, the spoliator of Sicily.

The birthplace of Oratory has ever been the land of freedom; there and there alone it can bloom and flourish in perfect vigour, for, on the soil of despotism the noble plant droops, withers, dies. Liberty, indeed, is the nurse of true genius; it animates the spirit, and invigorates the hopes of man, excites honourable emulation and the desire of excelling in every art. All other qualifications may be found among those who are deprived of freedom, but never did a slave become an orator.

The magical effect produced by oratory has been eloquently described by Sheridan in the following words:

"Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended. How awful such a meeting! how vast the subject! Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion?——Adequate! Yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents. With what strength of argument, with what powers of fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and at once captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions!—To effect this must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature. Not a faculty that he possesses is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy; without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the

kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass,—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, becomes, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. The universal cry is, LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP, LET US FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES, LET US CONQUER OR DIE!"—

As regards the acquirement of this art, it has been justly observed by Cicero, that as no man can be eloquent on a subject of which he is ignorant, so also none, however conversant he may be with it, can ever speak eloquently, unless he have learnt the mode of forming and polishing his discourse; hence, the mere stringing together of a number of facts, without endeavouring to make them at once striking and interesting, will produce comparatively but little effect.

But to attain the requisites for an orator, *hic labor, hoc opus est.* Now to those who would excel in the higher kinds of oratory, nothing is more necessary than to cultivate habits of the several virtues, and to refine and improve all their moral feelings, for whenever these become dead or callous, they may be assured that on every great occasion, they will speak with less power and less success. Next to moral qualifications, that which is most indispensable is a fund of knowledge:

> Quod omnibus disciplinis et artibus
> Debet esse instructus, orator.

The art of eloquence is, indeed, collected from more sciences and studies than is commonly imagined, and presupposes a vast amount of general knowledge, without which a redundancy of expression becomes empty and ridiculous. Discourse is to be formed not merely by the choice, but by the careful construction, of words, all the

emotions of the mind which nature has implanted in man must be intimately known, for all the force and art of speaking must be employed in allaying or exciting the feelings of the hearers. To this must be added a certain portion of grace and wit, superior attainments in learning, and a quickness in attack and retort, accompanied and chastened by a refined and courteous bearing and demeanour. Equally important is the study, not only of the most celebrated orations of antiquity and of modern times, but also of the immortal productions of the classical historians and poets of Greece and Rome, more particularly the works of Thucydides, Livy, Tacitus, and Sallust; Homer, Euripides, Æschylus, Sophocles, Lucretius, Terence, Horace, Juvenal, and Ovid.

After devoting his unwearied attention to the ancient masters of the art, the aspirant to oratory must not less sedulously apply himself to the study of the great public speakers of the last and present centuries: Chatham, Burke, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Canning, Brougham, etc., etc.; on most of whom the mantles of Demosthenes and Cicero have not ungracefully fallen.

The finished orator, moreover, will ever remember to adapt sound to sense; for, as every passion has its peculiar character, to assign to one the language and expression which belongs to another, would be an error against reason and nature. Thus grief should speak in broken and disjointed accents; and joy, on the contrary, in those which are flowing, cheerful, and elastic; anger ought to vent itself in a torrent of harsh, impetuous, rapid, and redundant words; while earnest but low, subdued, and tremulous tones are best suited to the suppliant.

The last, but by no means, the least important, means of success, is that of *practice;* for without it, neither self-reliance, readiness of expression, nor ease of manner

can be secured. It was by constant practice that the celebrated Charles James Fox became one of the most brilliant and powerful debaters who ever sat in parliament. Mr. Fox himself attributed his own success to the resolution which he had formed of speaking well, or ill, at least once every night: "During five whole sessions," he used to say, "I spoke every night except one; and I only regret that I did not speak on that night too."

After the preceding enumeration of the qualifications, natural and acquired, which are necessary to constitute an orator, the justice of the following remarks of the late Mr. Thelwall, will be readily acknowledged:—

"The high and splendid accomplishments of oratory (even in the most favoured ages, and the most favoured countries) have been attained by few: and many are the ages, and many are the countries, in which those accomplishments have never once appeared. Generations have succeeded generations, and centuries have rolled after centuries, during which the intellectual desert has not exhibited even one solitary specimen of the stately growth and flourishing expansion of oratorical genius.

"The rarity of this occurrence is, undoubtedly, in part to be accounted for, from the difficulty of the attainment. The palm of oratorical perfection is only to be *grasped*—it is, in reality, only to be *desired*—by aspiring souls, and intellects of unusual energy. It requires a persevering toil which few would be contented to encounter; a decisive intrepidity of character, and an untameableness of mental ambition, which few, very few, can be expected to possess. It requires, also, conspicuous opportunities for cultivation and display, to which few can have the fortune to be born, and which fewer still will have the hardihood to endeavour to create."

The present essay cannot be more appropriately con-

cluded than by inserting the following letter of Lord Brougham to Zachary Macaulay, Esq., father of the late Lord Macaulay:—

Newcastle, March 10, 1823.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—My principal object in writing to you to-day is to offer you some suggestions, in consequence of some conversation I have just had with Lord Grey, who has spoken of your son (at Cambridge) in terms of the greatest praise.

"What I wish to inculcate especially, with a view to the great talent for public speaking which your son happily possesses, is that he should cultivate that talent in the only way in which it can reach the height of the art; and I wish to turn his attention to two points:—

1. The first point is this: the beginning of the art is to acquire a habit of *easy speaking;* and in whatever way this can be had (which individual inclination or accident will generally direct, and may safely be allowed to do so), it must be had. Now, I differ from all other doctors of rhetoric in this: I say, let him first of all learn to speak easily and fluently, as well and as sensibly as he can, no doubt; but at any rate let him learn to speak. This is to eloquence, or good public speaking, what the being able to talk in a child is to correct grammatical speech. It is the requisite foundation, and on it you must build. Moreover, it can only be acquired young, therefore let it by all means, and at any sacrifice, be gotten hold of forthwith. But in acquiring it every sort of slovenly error will also be acquired. It must be got by a habit of easy writing (which, as Wyndham said, proved hard reading); by a custom of talking much in company; by debating in speaking societies, with little attention to rule, and mere love of saying something at any rate,

than of saying anything well. I can even suppose that more attention is paid to the matter in such discussions than to the manner of saying it; yet still to say it easily, *ad libitum*, to be able to say what you choose, and what you have to say. This is the first requisite, to acquire which everything else must for the present be sacrificed.

2. The next step is the grand one—to convert this style of easy speaking into chaste eloquence. And here there is but one rule. I do earnestly entreat your son to set daily and nightly before him the Greek models. First of all he may look to the best modern speeches (as he probably has already); Burke's best compositions, as the Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents; Speech on the American Conciliation, and On the Nabob of Arcot's Debt; Fox's Speech on the Westminster Scrutiny (the first part of which he should pore over till he has it by heart); On the Russian Armament; and On the War, 1803; with one or two of Wyndham's best, and very few, or rather none, of Sheridan's; but he must by no means stop here; if he would be a great orator, he must go at once to the fountain-head, and be familiar with every one of the great orations of Demosthenes. I take for granted that he knows those of Cicero by heart; they are very beautiful, but not very useful, except perhaps the Milo, Pro Ligario, and one or two more; but the Greek must positively be the model; and merely reading it, as boys do, to know the language, won't do at all; he must enter into the spirit of each speech, thoroughly know the positions of the parties, follow each turn of the argument, and make the absolutely perfect, and most chaste and severe composition familiar to his mind. His taste will improve every time he reads and repeats to himself (for he should have the fine passages by heart), and he will learn how much may

be done by a skilful use of a few words, and a rigorous rejection of all superfluities. In this view I hold a familiar knowledge of Dante to be next to Demosthenes. It is in vain to say that imitations of these models won't do for our times. First, I do not counsel any imitation, but only an imbibing of the same spirit. Secondly, I know from experience that nothing is half so successful in these times (bad though they be) as what has been formed on the Greek models. I use a very poor instance in giving my own experience; but I do assure you that both in courts of law and Parliament, and even to mobs, I have never made so much play (to use a very modern phrase) as when I was almost translating from the Greek. I composed the peroration of my speech for the Queen, in the Lords, after reading and repeating Demosthenes for three or four weeks, and I composed it twenty times over at least, and it certainly succeeded in a very extraordinary degree, and far above any merits of its own. This leads me to remark, that though speaking, with writing beforehand, is very well until the habit of easy speech is acquired, yet after that he can never write too much; this is quite clear. It is laborious, no doubt; and it is more difficult beyond comparison than speaking off-hand; but it is necessary to perfect oratory, and at any rate it is necessary to acquire the habit of correct diction. But I go further and say, even to the end of a man's life he must prepare word for word most of his finer passages. Now, would he be a great orator or no? In other words, would he have almost absolute power of doing good to mankind in a free country or no? So he wills this, he must follow these rules.

"Believe me, truly yours,

"H. BROUGHAM."

CHAPTER I.

ELOCUTION—ELEMENTARY LESSONS.

ELOCUTION is that pronunciation which is given to words when they are arranged in sentences, and form discourse. It includes the tones of the voice, the utterance and the enunciation of the speaker, with the proper accompaniments of countenance and gesture.

The art of elocution, therefore, may be defined to be that system of rules which teaches us to pronounce written or extempore compositions with justness, energy, variety, and ease; and, agreeably to this definition, good reading or speaking may be considered as that species of delivery which not only expresses the sense of the words so as to be barely understood, but, at the same time, gives them all the force, beauty, and variety, of which they are susceptible. In other words, elocution is the art or the act of so delivering our own thoughts and sentiments, or the thoughts and sentiments of others, as not only to convey to those around us, with precision, force, and harmony, the full purport and meaning of the words and sentences in which those thoughts are clothed, but also to excite and impress upon their minds the feelings, the imaginations, and the passions by which those thoughts are dictated, or with which they should naturally be accompanied.

Elocution, therefore, in its more ample and liberal signification, is not confined to the mere exercise of the organs of speech: it embraces the whole theory and practice of the exterior demonstration of the inward workings of the mind.

Like composition, elocution is an imitative art; but with this difference, that the latter speaks only to the

fancy, the former paints to the senses; consequently, the representation becomes more palpable. Like music, it addresses the ear; but with this superiority, that elocution has sounds adapted for convincing, as well as for pleasing and moving; for the contentious tone of argument seems to bear down all hesitation, and to compel assent. Like painting, it can fascinate the eye with all that is graceful, majestic, and expressive in attitude; but it, moreover, combines with them the variety and energy of life.

Considering the immense importance of correct public speaking in this country, it is gratifying to learn that more attention is now paid to the study of elocution than was formerly the case in our university colleges and schools, public and private, and that an emphatic style of reading, a forcible delivery, together with a taste for sound manly eloquence are being now more and more cultivated among all classes of people.

That the Greeks and Romans were particularly sedulous in acquiring a correct elocution is well known. Demosthenes being asked what was the first point in oratory, said—Delivery; and being asked what was the second, answered—Delivery; and upon the same question being put for the third time, he still replied—Delivery. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has left a treatise on the subject; and both Cicero and Quintillian dwelt, at considerable length, upon its importance.

The advantage of a good elocution is so generally admitted as to render any laboured disquisition on the subject wholly unnecessary. In no instance, however, is this acquirement so indispensable, but, unfortunately, so neglected, as in the profession of the Church, which is more than any other, dependent upon good readers, so far as human agency is concerned; and yet it is deplorable to reflect in how many places of worship, the beautiful and touching service of the Church of England may be heard mouthed and mumbled, or drawled out with disgusting and ridiculous affectation.

"We repeat," says a writer in a highly popular periodical, "that this mode of *slurring* the Liturgy is productive of *positive injury*. When the prayers and lessons

are mumbled over in this sing-song way (the derisive name in the sixteenth century was 'Mumble-Matins') much of the devotion of the *first*, and even more of the instruction of the *second* are lost. You *preach* the prayers' is the retort of the *intoners* to their objecting brethren. Now there may be, and often is, justice in the censure; but because Tomkins cannot play one of Mozart's masses upon the *organ*, is Bumble to try it on the *hurdy-gurdy?* Because A declaims Paul's pleading before Agrippa, as if he were Sir Thomas Wilde personating the indignation of Mr. Carus Wilson at some Jersey jurat, is that any reason why B should drop all emphasis, and stifle every inflexion of feeling, as if he were a Westminster scholar at Trinity, determined to outrage the Dean? The fact is, and, however mortifying, it ought to be told, that *very few of the English Clergy know how to read.* We can, if required, produce the highest authority for this assertion. We have ourselves heard the late Bishop of London express his surprise at the *general deficiency in this most essential accomplishment*, even among the Clergy of his own diocese. Yet why should he be surprised? Who can learn except he be taught? And, however favourable the Poetics of Aristotle, or the Mechanics of Whewell, may be to the growth of spiritual qualities, their most ardent admirers will scarcely claim for them any beneficial influence upon *elocution*. A partial remedy is easy and at hand. There is already, in full operation at Cambridge, a Theological Examination for students who have taken their B.A. degree. It is familiarly known as 'The Involuntary Voluntary;' for, while the University leaves it open, many of the Bishops have announced their intention of refusing ordination to all candidates who have not passed it. Now *let reading the Liturgy form a branch of this examination, and let the certificate of the Examiner be essential to any Friday interview at London House.* We confess that one obstacle remains to be removed, and that is, the difficulty of finding an examiner, although unquestionably it is possible to be a judge of reading, without being able to read; just as one may appreciate a landscape of Claude without having power to paint it."

Several of the heads of the Church also have of late expressed in their letters their conviction of the necessity of training theological students in public reading.

"I am of opinion that the faculty of reading or speaking intelligibly and impressively may be much improved, and often greatly requires to be improved, by attention and instruction."—*Archbishop of Canterbury.*

"I find no difficulty in answering your questions by saying that I do approve of candidates for ordination trying to acquire a distinct, natural, impressive, and devotional style of reading and delivery, free from all slovenliness and affectation."—*Archbishop of York.*

"It is, in my opinion, impossible to rate too highly the importance of distinct and articulate reading in the performance of divine service."—*Bishop of Oxford.*

"So far from esteeming correct and impressive reading to be of small, I consider it to be of very great, importance in a clergyman."—*Bishop of Bangor.*

"The power to read well is an important qualification for admission to holy orders. For want of attention to this point, our beautiful Liturgy is often ill understood and as ill appreciated."—*Bishop of Ripon.*

The following judicious remarks upon the eloquence of the pulpit, are from the pen of the Rev. James Fordyce, a Scotch divine of some note.

ON THE ELOCUTION OF THE PULPIT.

"I cannot forbear regretting," says the Rev. J. Fordyce, "that a matter of such vast importance to preaching as *delivery*, should be so generally neglected or misunderstood. A common apprehension prevails, indeed, that a strict regard to these rules would be deemed theatrical; and the dread, perhaps, of incurring this imputation, is a restraint upon many. But is it not possible to obtain a just and expressive manner, perfectly consistent with the gravity of the pulpit, and yet quite distinct from the more passionate, strong, and diversified action of the theatre? And is it not possible to hit off this manner so

easily and naturally, as to leave no room for just reflection? An affair this, it must be owned, of the utmost delicacy; in which we shall probably often miscarry, *and meet with abundance of censure at first.* But still, I imagine, that through the regulations of taste, the improvements of experience, the corrections of friendship, the feelings of piety, and the gradual mellowings of time —such an elocution may be acquired as is above delineated; and such as, *when* acquired, will make its way to the hearts of the hearers, through their ears and eyes, with a delight to both, that is seldom felt; whilst, contrary to what is commonly practised, it will appear to the former the very language of nature, and present to the latter, *the lively image of the preacher's soul.* Were a taste for this kind of elocution to take place, it is difficult to say how much the preaching art would gain by it. Pronunciation would be studied, an ear would be formed, the voice would be modulated, every feature of the face, every motion of the hands, every posture of the body, would be brought under right management. A graceful, correct, and animated expression in all these would be ambitiously sought after; mutual criticisms and friendly hints would be universally acknowledged; light and direction would be borrowed from every quarter, and from every age; while the best models of antiquity would, in a particular manner, be admired, surveyed, and imitated. The sing-song voice, and the see-saw gestures, if I may be allowed to use those expressions, would, of course, be exploded; and, in time, nothing would be admitted, at least approved, among performers, but what was decent, manly, and truly excellent in the kind. Even the people themselves would contract, insensibly, a growing relish for such a manner; and those preachers would at last be in chief repute with all, who followed nature, overlooked themselves, appeared totally absorbed in the subject, and spoke with real propriety and pathos, from the immediate impulse of truth and virtue."

It has also been well observed that one of the greatest obstacles to the eloquence of the pulpit in Great Britain is the practice of reading sermons, for no discourse which

is designed to be persuasive can have the same power when read as when spoken, what is gained in point of correctness being lost in that of impressiveness and force.

Assuming the student to have already acquired a clear and correct pronunciation, according to the rules laid down by writers on orthoepy, we shall now proceed to consider the higher parts of delivery. These may be conveniently comprised under five heads, viz: Tone, Emphasis, Pauses, Pitch, etc., and Gesture; all of which, it should be observed, are not confined to the more elaborate and pathetic part of a discourse, but are equally effective when judiciously applied to calm and plain speaking.

I.—TONE.

By *Tone* is meant a particular inflexion of the voice, adapted to express emotion and passion. Inflexions are tones of speech proceeding by slides from one note to another.

The modulation of the voice consists in the proper management of its tones, so as to produce grateful melodies to the ear. Upon the modulation of the voice depends that variety which is so pleasing and so necessary to refresh and relieve the ear in a long oration. The voice must, of course, be adapted to the *subject* and the *feelings of the mind*, so as not to be at variance with the expression.

So ever varying and rapid is the motion of speaking tones, that, till the time of the late Mr. Walker, it was deemed to be almost impossible to explain or subject them to rule. That celebrated orthoepist, however, in his "Elements of Elocution," has given a complete analysis of those sounds, reducing them to two single modifications, viz:—an *upward* and a *downward* slide: the former primarily signifying *incompleteness*, and the latter, *completion*.

In the following exercises, the *upward* slide will be denoted by an *acute* accent (′); and the *downward* slide by a *grave* accent (`).

TABLE OF THE INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.

Did he say háte or hàte?	He said hàte, not háte.
Do you say nóte or nòte?	I said nòte, not nóte.
Was it done corréctly or ìncorrectly?	It was done corrèctly, not ìncorrectly.
Should we say ínfidel or ìnfidel?	We should say ìnfidel, not ínfidel.
Was she sáne or ìnsane?	She was sàne, not ínsane.
You must not say lónely, but lònely.	You must not say lònely, but lónely.
Should we say féeble or fèeble?	We should not say fèeble, but féeble.
You must not say fórce, but fòrce.	You must say fòrce, not fórce.
You must not say ídol, but ìdol.	You must say ìdol, not ídol.
Should we say solíloquy or solìloquy?	You must say solìloquy, not solíloquy.

RULES FOR INFLECTING SENTENCES.

Rule 1. The completion of a period requires the downward inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Human affairs are continually passing into some new fòrm.

He can neither stand the clamour of the multitude, nor the frowns of the mìghty.

Pleasure seems to put forth its blossoms on every sìde.

He fashions his whole conduct according to his hopes and feàrs.

Tell me not of rights,—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves:—I deny the right, I acknowledge not the pròperty. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, are in rebellion against ìt.

He who is of a cowardly mind, is and must be, a slave to the wòrld.

Rule 2. Negative sentences and members of sentences must end with the upward inflection.

EXAMPLES.

It is not by starts of application, or by a few years' preparatìon of study, afterwards discontinued, that eminence can be attaíned.

It is not bóldness, but necessity that impels me to bàttle.

Virtue is of intrinsic value and good desért: not the creature of the wíll, but necessary and immútable, not local or témporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the Divine mínd; not a mode of sensátion, but everlasting trúth; not dependent on pówer, but the guide of all pòwer`.

Rule 3. Antithetic questions and sentences require opposite inflections.

EXAMPLES.

Shall we, in your person, crówn the author of the public calamities, or shall we destròy him?

Is the góodness or wisdom of the Divine Being more manifested in this his proceeding?

Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slàves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all fréemen?

Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philósophy; women, by a thoughtless gàllantry. When these precautions are not observed, the man degenerates into a cy'nic, the woman into a coquètte; the man grows súllen and moróse, the woman impèrtinent and fantàstical.

Rule 4. When questions are followed by answers, the question should be pronounced in a high tone of voice, and, after a suitable pause, the answer be returned in a low and firm tone.

EXAMPLES.

Art thou póor? show thyself àctive and indústrious, péaceable and contènted. Art thou wéalthy? show thyself benéficent and cháritable, condescénding and humàne.

Searching every kingdom for the man who has the least comfort, where is he to be found?—In the Royal pàlace. Whát! His Májesty?—Yes`; espécially if he be despòtic.

You have obliged a man: very wèll! is not the consciousness of doing good a sufficient reward?

Rule 5. Questions commencing with verbs take the upward inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Does the law which thou hast broken denounce véngeance against thee? Behold that law fulfilled in the meritorious life of the Redèemer.

Can the rush grow up without mire? can the flag grow without wáter?

Can a man take fire in his bósom, and his clothes not be búrnt?

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle,
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clíme:
Where the rage of the vúlture, the love of the túrtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?

Rule 6. Questions asked by pronouns, or adverbs, adopt the downward inflection.

EXAMPLES.

How is it possible to forget the solicitude which should accompany the consciousness that such a Being is continually darting upon us the beams of observant thoùght.

Who ever left the precincts of mortality without casting a trembling eye on the scene that is befòre him.

Who yet has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the sòul?—its connexion with the body, or in what part of the frame it is sìtuated.

O! who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the fiery Càucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a fèast?
Or wallow naked in December's snow,
By thìnking of fantastic summer's hèat?

Rule 7. A parenthesis must always be pronounced differently from its relative sentence, generally quicker and lower.

EXAMPLES.

Uprightness is a habit, and, like all other habits, gains strength by time and èxercise. If, then, we exercise upright principles (and we cannot have them unless we exercise them), they must be perpetually on the ìncrease.

You know how we exhorted, and comforted, and charged every one of you (as a father does his chìldren), that you would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto his kingdom and glòry.

Notwithstanding all thís care of Cicero, history informs us that Marcus proved a mere blockhead, and that nàture (who, ít seems, was even with the sòn for her prodigality to the fàther)

rendered him incapable of improving, by all the rules of éloquence, the precepts of philòsophy, his own endeávours, and the most refined conversation in Athens.

Rule 8. A concession should end with the upward inflection.

EXAMPLES.

One may be a speaker, both of much reputation and much influence, in the calm arguméntative manner; to attain the pathetic and the sublime of oratory, requires those strong sensibilities of mind, and that high power of expression which are given to fèw. Reason, eloquence, and every art which has ever been studied among mankind may be abused, and may prove dangerous in the hands of bád men; but it were perfectly childish to contend that, upon this account, they ought to be abòlished.

Were there no bad men in the world to try and distress the good, the good might appear in the light of harmless ínnocence; but they could not have an opportunity of displaying fidelity, magnanimity, patience, and fòrtitude.

Rule 9. The first member of an antithesis should have the upward, and the opposite the downward inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

Homer was the greater génius; Virgil the better àrtist;—in the one, we must admire the mán; in the other, the wòrk. Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuósity; Virgil leads us with an attractive màjesty. Homer scatters with a generous profúsion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnìficence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden óverflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant strèam.

Compare the one's impátience with the other's mìldness; the one's ínsolence with the other's submìssion; the one's humílity with the other's indignàtion; and tell me whether he that conquered seemed not rather confóunded, than he that yielded anything discòuraged.

PROMISCUOUS EXERCISES ON THE PRECEDING RULES.

Science may raise to eminence, but religion only can *give patience.*

The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of

Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field rising into inequalities and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation. Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe and levelled by the roller.

Owe heaven a death! 'Tis not due yet; and I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not me on? Well, 'tis no matter—honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour has no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word—honour? Air.—A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it. Honour is a mere 'scutcheon—and so ends my catechism.

Were the miser's repentance upon the neglect of a good bargain, his sorrow for being overreached, his hope of improving a sum, and his fear of falling into want, directed to their proper objects, they would make so many Christian graces and virtues.

Is it credible; is it possible, that the mighty soul of a Newton should share exactly the same fate with the vilest insect that crawls upon the ground; that, after having laid open the mysteries of nature, and pushed its discoveries almost to the very boundaries of the universe, it should, on a sudden, have all its lights at once extinguished, and sink into everlasting darkness and insensibility?

The opera (in which action is joined with music, in order to entertain the eye at the same time with the ear) I must beg leave (with all due submission to the taste of the great) to consider as a forced conjunction of two things which nature does not allow to go together.

To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, are exemptions granted only to invariable virtue.

As a great part of your happiness is to depend upon the connexions which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes, the temper and the manners which will render such connexions comfortable.

Our disordered hearts, our guilty passions, our violent prejudices and misplaced desires, are the instruments of the trouble which we endure.

To measure all reason by our own, is a plain act of injustice; it is an encroachment on the common rights of mankind.

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.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished during her reign, share the praise of her success; but, instead of lessening the applause due to her they will make great additions to it.

Do the perfections of the Almighty lie dormant? Does he possess them, as if he possessed them not? Are they not rather in continual exercise?

When ambition pulls one way, interest another, inclination a third, and perhaps reason contrary to all, a man is likely to pass his time but ill who has so many different parties to please.

I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an art, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised to the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depth of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Nature has annexed to the passion of grief a more forcible character than that of any other—that of tears.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How wonderful, how complicate is man!

Philosophy makes us wiser, Christianity makes us better men; philosophy elevates and steels the mind, Christianity softens and sweetens it. The former makes us the object of human admiration, the latter of divine love. That insures us a temporal, but this an eternal happiness.

An elevated genius employed in little things, appears (to use the simile of Longinus) like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude; and pleases more, though he dazzles less.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Where can any object be found so proper to kindle our affections, as the Father of the universe and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works everywhere display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good which his beneficent hand pours around you?

II.—EMPHASIS.

Emphasis, which is that peculiar intonation given to certain words, arising from the feelings and emotions generated by the subject, forms one of the most prominent features in a correct Rhetorical Delivery. It is an earnest, vehement, or expressive signification of one's mind, in a form of speech that breaks through the oratorical arrangement of words, and renders the most insignificant particle important. When words, etc. are in contradistinction to other words, expressed or under-

stood, a particular or more forcible stress and inflexion of the voice, alone enable the speaker to convey the correct meaning of the expression; consequently it is found, that *wherever there is contradistinction in the sense of the words, there ought to be emphasis in the pronunciation of them.*

"Emphasis," says Mr. Sheridan, "discharges in sentences the same office that accent does in words. As accent dignifies the syllable on which it is laid, and makes it more distinguished by the ear than the rest; so emphasis ennobles the word to which it belongs, and presents it in a stronger light to the understanding.

If no emphasis be placed on any words, not only is discourse rendered heavy and lifeless, but the meaning left often ambiguous. If the emphasis be placed wrong, we pervert and confound the meaning wholly.

There are two kinds of Emphasis, viz.: Syllabic Emphasis, and Emphasis of Sense.

SYLLABIC EMPHASIS.

Syllabic Emphasis is that force or stress which is given to some particular syllable of a word above that which is given to any other; thus, in the word *fa*ther, *mo*ther, the syllabic emphasis is on the first syllable; in re*ply*, com*pose*, neces*sity*, it is on the second.

Neither *jus*tice nor *in*justice has anything to do with the present question.

There is a material difference between *giv*ing *and for*giving.

He who is good before *in*visible witnesses, is eminently so before the *vis*ible.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That by di*rect* or *in*direct attempts
He seek the life of any citizen, etc.

I tell you truly and sincerely, that I shall judge of your parts by your speaking *grace*fully or *un*gracefully.

In this species of composition, *plaus*ibility is much more essential than *prob*ability.

EMPHASIS OF SENSE.

The Emphasis of sense is that stress or force which we give to words, that are in contradistinction to other words expressed or understood. This stress consists in making light monosyllables heavy, and in giving additional weight or force to what is commonly called the accented syllable of words of more than one syllable.

SINGLE EMPHASIS.

Do you ride to town to day?
Do *you* ride to town to-day?
Do you *ride* to town to-day?
Do you ride *to town* to-day?
Do you ride to town *to-day*?

A man of polite imagination is led into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving; he can converse with a *picture*, and find an agreeable companion in a *statue*.

Then must the Jew be merciful
On what compulsion *must* I?
Tell me that.

You *blocks!* you *stones!* you worse than *senseless things!*

It is a custom more honoured in the *breach* than the *observance*.

Greece, in her *single* heroes, strove in vain
Now *hosts* oppose thee, and thou must be slain.

I'll be in men's *despite* a monarch.

I would *die* sooner than mention it.

It was *Cæsar* who won the battle.

And Nathan said unto David *Thou* art the man.

Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause!*

Cæsar, who would not wait the conclusion of the Consul's speech, generously replied, that he came into Italy not to *injure* the liberties of Rome and its citizens, but to *restore* them.

We shudder at the very *thought* of dissolution.
Why should Rome fall a *moment* ere her time?

When the noble Cæsar saw *him* (*his friend*) stab,
Ingratitude more strong than traitors' arms
Quite vanquished him.

Thou shalt not bear *false* witness against thy neighbour.

Must we, in your person, *crown* the author of the public calamities, or must we *destroy* him?

DOUBLE EMPHASIS.

The pleasures of the imagination, taken in their full extent, are not so *gross* as those of *sense*, nor so *refined* as those of the *understanding*.

I would rather be the *first* man in that *village* than the *second* in *Rome*.

To *err* is *human*—to *forgive*, *divine*.

The *prodigal* robs his *heir*, the *miser* robs *himself*.

His *years* are *young*; but his *experience*, *old*.

Business sweetens *pleasure*, as *labour* sweetens *rest*.

The foulest *stain* and *scandal* of our nature
Became its boast. *One* murder makes a *villain*,
Millions a *hero*. *War* its *thousands* slays,
Peace its *ten* thousands.

Grief is the counter passion of *joy*. The *one* arises from *agreeable*, and the *other* from *disagreeable* events,—the *one* from *pleasure*, and the *other* from *pain*,—the *one* from *good*, and the *other* from *evil*.

TREBLE EMPHASIS.

The difference between a madman and a fool is, that the *former* reasons *justly* from *false* data, and the *latter erroneously* from *just* data.

A *friend* cannot be *known* in *prosperity*; and an *enemy* cannot *be hidden* in *adversity*.

He raised a *mortal* to the *skies*,
She drew an *Angel down*.

Passions are *winds* to urge us o'er the *wave*,
Reason the *rudder*, to direct and *save*.

Better to *reign* in *hell*, than *serve* in *heaven*.

III.—RHETORICAL PAUSES.

The ordinary pauses, which are marked in writing, serve principally for grammatical discrimination, but, in public speaking, pauses of a nature somewhat different are introduced. These are termed Rhetorical Pauses, and they require to be adjusted by correct judgment and feeling. They occur chiefly in passages of meditation, doubt, and confusion. The speaker appears full of his subject, and seems rather to wait for the expression. He appears to take time for reflection, to exercise thought, to doubt, to resolve, to be alarmed. No exact time can be fixed for the Rhetorical Pause—it ought to be made long or short, according to the importance of the subject; especially in passages of reflection: the voice should have a tone of continuance, which constitutes the difference between a *pause* and a *break*. The former is a gradual stop; but the latter is a sudden check of expression, in which the pauses of confusion are shorter than those of reflection, and require to be filled up with hesitative, panting breath, while every succeeding word or sentence varies in tone of expression from the former.

EXERCISES.

The experience of want | enhances the value of plenty.

To practice virtue | is the sure way to love it.

To be ever active in laudable pursuits | is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

Adversity | is the school of piety.

The fool | hath said in his heart, there is no God.

A patient | sober | honest | and industrious man will ever be respected.

Riches | pleasure | and health | become evils to those who do not know how to use them.

He was a man | patient | sober | honest | and industrious.

Hope | the balm of life | soothes us under every misfortune.

Homer | was the greater genius | Virgil | the better artist | in one we must admire the man | in the other | the work.

Death | is the season | which brings our affections to the test.

A man can never be obliged to submit to any power, unless he can be satisfied | who is the person | who has a right to expect it.

The dreadful circumstances | you have supposed | did not occur.

Nothing is in vain | that rouses the soul.

I am glad | that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

From the right exercise | of our intellectual powers | arises one | of the chief sources | of our happiness.

There is an insuperable connexion | between piety and virtue.

——————There is a place |
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not |) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race called man.

The practice among the Turks is | to destroy or imprison for life any presumptive heir to the throne.

A public speaker | may have a voice that is musical | and of great compass; but it requires much time and labour | to attain its just modulation | and that variety of inflexion and tone | which a pathetic discourse requires.

To be—or not to be?—that is the question.—
Whether tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep—
No more! and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
To sleep?—perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub!

Alack, I am afraid, they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done. Th' attempt and not the deed
Confounds us—hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don 't——My husband?

IV.—OF PITCH, FORCE, AND TIME.

The terms by which the quality or kind of voice is distinguished, are smooth, harsh, full, thin, slender, soft, etc. These elements are, however, necessarily susceptible of combination with the various modes and degrees of *Pitch*, *Force*, and *Time;* for whatever be the kind, it will be either strong or weak, and loud or soft; its time must be long or short, and slow or quick; and it must be of some definite radical or concrete pitch.

EXERCISES ON PITCH, FORCE, AND TIME.

PITCH—LOW NOTES.

Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds,
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
Mamma's asleep upon the dew cold sand;
Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep? Mamma will soon awake."

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

MIDDLE NOTES.

My thoughts, I must confess are turn'd on peace;
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars; and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.
'Tis time to sheathe the sword and spare mankind.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the Commonwealth. When this end fails,
Arms have no further use. Our country's cause

That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do
Is done already. Heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

ST. PIERRE. It is
The land of beauty, and of grandeur, lady,
Where looks the cottage out on a domain
The palace cannot boast of. Seas of lakes,
And hills of forests; crystal waves that rise
'Midst mountains all of snow, and mock the sun,
Returning him his flaming beams more thick
And radiant than he sent them. Torrents there
Are bounding floods! and there the tempest roams
At large, in all the terrors of its glory!
And then our valleys! ah, they are the homes
For hearts! our cottages, our vineyards, orchards,—
Our pastures studded with the herd and fold!
Our native strains that melt us as we sing them!
A free—a gentle—simple—honest people!

HIGH NOTES.

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

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head:
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves—
A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

FORCE OF UTTERANCE,—WHISPERING.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching,
The moon the blue zenith already was touching;
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill.

SUBDUED FORCE.

There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake;
Upon her eyrie nods the ern,
The deer hath sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still;
So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.

There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad:
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road:
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread and armour's clang,
Their sullen march was dumb.

MODERATE AND CONVERSATIONAL FORCE.

As there is an external call and an internal, (the former universal, but often ineffectual; the latter personal, but always efficient,) so there is an outward revelation of Christ, and an internal, of which the understanding and the heart are the seat. Hence it is, with the utmost propriety, said to be a revelation "in us." The minds of men, until they are renewed, resemble an apartment shut up and enclosed with something which is not transparent; the light shines around with much splendour, but the apartment remains dark, in consequence of its entrance being obstructed. Unbelief, inattention, love of the world and of sin, hardness of heart, form the obstructions in question. Let these be removed, and the discoveries of the word penetrate and diffuse a light and conviction through the soul: "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." Thus it was with St. Paul before his con-

version: his prejudices against the gospel were inveterate; his animosity violent and active; but no sooner was Christ revealed in him, than all was changed.—*R. Hall.*

DECLAMATORY FORCE.

I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation.—*Curran.*

FORCE OF EMOTION.

That which ALEXANDER sighed for,
That which CÆSAR'S soul possess'd,
That which heroes, kings, have died for,
Glory! animates my breast.
Hark! the charging trumpets' throats
Pour their death-defying notes;
"To arms!" they call; to arms I fly,
Like WOLFE to conquer, and like WOLFE to die!

CALLING.

Rejoice, ye Men of Angiers, ring your bells!
King John, your King and England's, doth approach,
Open your gates and give the victors way.

SHOUTING.

Liberty! freedom! tyranny is dead.
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets!

TIME,—SLOWEST RATE.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!
Nameless yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

SLOW.

Before the gates there sat
On either side, a formidable shape;
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about the middle round
A cry of hell-hounds, never ceasing, barked
With wide Cerberean mouths, full loud, and rung
A hideous peal, yet when they list would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within unseen.
The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

MODERATE.

If the relation of sleep to night, and in some instances its converse be real, we cannot reflect without amazement upon the extent to which it carries us. Day and night are things close to us: the change applies immediately to our sensations; of all the phenomena of nature it is the most obvious, and the most familiar to our experience; but in its cause, it belongs to the great motions which are passing in the heavens; while the earth glides around her axle, she ministers to the alternate necessities of the animals dwelling upon her surface, at the

same time that she obeys the influences of those attractions which regulate the order of many thousand worlds. The relation, therefore, of sleep to-night, is the relation of the inhabitants of the earth, to the rotation of their globe, probably it is more; it is a relation to the system of which the globe is a part; and, still further, to the congregation of systems, of which their's is only one. If this account be true, it connects the meanest individual with the universe itself; a chicken, roosting upon its perch with the spheres revolving in the firmament.

LIVELY.

But, oh! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung:
The hunter's call, to Faun and dryad known.
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs, and Sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green.
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leap'd up and seiz'd his beechen spear.

QUICK.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near,
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar

RAPID.

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
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead:
And, amazed, he stares around!
"Revenge! revenge!" Timotheus cries—
"See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
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;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey!
And, like another Ellen, fired—another Troy.

V.—GESTURE.

Gesture is the art of expressing mental emotions by the action or disposition of the body. It has been justly called the language of nature, to distinguish it from the arbitrary and more limited language of speech.

Quintillian, in the last chapter of the eleventh book of his Institutions, has prescribed a great many rules concerning action and gesticulation; and several elaborate treatises have been written upon this branch of oratory by modern elocutionists. Dr. Blair, however, is of opinion that such rules delivered either by the voice or on paper, can be of but little use, unless persons saw them exemplified before their eyes. The following general hints may, nevertheless, prove serviceable to the

student. All the gestures and motions of the speaker, ought to carry that kind of expression which nature has dictated to him; and unless this is the case, it is impossible, by means of any study, to avoid appearing stiff and forced. The speaker should study to preserve as much dignity as possible in the whole attitude of the body. An erect posture is generally to be chosen; standing firm, so as to have the fullest and freest command of all his motions; any inclination which is used should be forwards towards the hearers, which is a natural expression of earnestness. As for the countenance, the chief rule is that it should correspond with the nature of the discourse; and when no particular emotion is expressed, a serious and manly look is always the best. The eyes should never be fixed close on any one object, but move easily round the audience. In the motions made with the hands consist the chief part of gesture in speaking; the ancients condemned all motions performed by the left hand alone; but although they may have been too fastidious in this case, it is natural for the right hand to be more frequently employed. Warm emotions demand the motion of both hands corresponding together; but whether the speaker gesticulates with one or both hands, it is an important rule, that all his motions should be easy and free from all constraint. Narrow and straitened movements are generally ungraceful; for which reason, motions made with the hands are directed to proceed from the shoulder rather than from the elbow. Perpendicular movements too, with the hands, that is in the straight line up and down, are seldom good. Oblique motions are, in general, the most graceful: too sudden and nimble motions should be avoided.

Shakespeare's advice upon this subject is admirable:—"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give

it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is put down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."—*Hamlet, Act III. Scene* 3.

CHAPTER II.

PROSE EXTRACTS UPON SACRED SUBJECTS.*

I.—MOTION, A PROOF OF DEITY.

THERE cannot be a clearer proof of a Deity, than the existence of motion. This evidently appears not to be essential to matter, because we see a very great portion of the material universe without it. Not being, therefore, an original state of matter, but merely an accident, it must be an effect. But since matter, not being intelligent, cannot be the cause of its own motion, and yet we cannot conceive of any atom beginning to move without a cause, that cause must be found out of itself. Whatever may be the nearest cause, or the number of secondary causes; though innumerable portions of matter may be reciprocally moved; though the series of links in the chain, through which motion is propagated, may be indefinitely multiplied; we must, in order to arrive at the origin of these various phenomena, ascend to mind, terminate our inquiries in spirit; nor can we account for the beginning, much less for the continuance and extension of motion, unless we trace it to the will of that Being who is the Cause of all causes, the great Original Mover in the universe. Power is, therefore, the attribute of mind; instrumentality, that of body. When we read in the Old Testament of the most exalted achievement by angelic spirits, we cannot suppose that it is owing to any gross materialism which they possess: on the contrary,

* For specimens from the works of French writers upon moral and sacred subjects, the reader may consult with advantage, "Leçons Françaises et de Littérature et de Morale, by Dr. H. S. Turrell. 3rd Edition.—Published by Relfe, Brothers.

they have no bodies capable of being investigated by our senses; and in proportion as they are more attenuated, do they possess greater power. We have reason to believe that all finite minds are under the direction of the supreme Power; who, without destroying their accountability, or interfering with their free agency, makes all their operations subservient to the accomplishment of his counsels. Hence all opposition to the Deity is beautifully represented by Isaiah, as if the instrument should rebel against him that wields it, as if "the rod should shake itself against them that lift it up;" or "the staff should lift up itself against him that is no wood." (Isaiah x. 15; Bishop Lowth's translation.) All created beings, in this respect, are but instruments in the hands of the Deity, whose will is sovereign over them.

The Divine Being, as the great Father of spirits, combines within himself all the separate energies found in the universe. He is the source, origin, and fountain of all power diffused through creation. The very minds which he has formed, are kept in mysterious subordination, and can never overstep the bounds he has assigned them. "Once have I heard this, that power belongs to God."—*Rev. Rt. Hall.*

II.—SUITABLE REFLECTIONS FOR A LEISURE HOUR.

Son of man! for a season forego thy pursuits; summon thy thoughts around thee, and hold secret communion with thy soul. Thou art weak! strength is imparted from on high. Thou art poor! riches are given by the Almighty. Thou art ignorant! there is a volume written for thine instruction.

Son of man! Goodly is thy form, and fair thy proportion. Thou walkest erect in the pride of thy strength, and dominion is given thee over the creatures of the earth. Thou bendest the neck of the bull; thou quellest the lion in his rage. The mountains are removed by thy might. Thou descendest into the bowels of the earth, and traversest the mighty deep in defiance of its waves.

Yet art thou weak, for thy glory passeth away; the worm exulteth over thy departed strength, and thy mouldering frame perishes in the dust. Son of man, thou possessest the treasures of the earth; its flocks and herds; its fruits, and flowers, and gold, and ivory, and iron, the glittering gems of the mine, the pearl and coral of the ocean; yet art thou poor, for thou broughtest nothing with thee into the world, and it is certain thou wilt take nothing away when thou leavest it: thy riches are the lendings of thy Creator; "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return!"

Son of man! Thou art endued with reason, and thy faculties are expanded for the reception of knowledge; thou explorest the hidden courses of events, and givest thy heart "to seek and search out, by wisdom, concerning all things that are done under heaven;" yet art thou ignorant, for thou knowest not thyself, neither canst thou apprehend the Being who created thee! As a man in a valley seeth only the mountains that are around him, so thou lookest on the pageants of time, and knowest not the secrets of eternity!

Son of man! Thou art weak, for thou canst not defend thyself from "the arrow that flieth by day, or the pestilence that walketh in darkness!" Thou art poor, for thieves break through and steal thy costliest treasures, and moth and rust corrupt them! Thou art ignorant, for thou knowest not the term of thy existence, and thy very wisdom is foolishness with God.

Son of man! For a season forego thy pursuits; summon thy thoughts around thee, and hold secret communion with thy soul!

It is much to be strong in thy frame, to possess a body free from disease, to have a fair promise of the life that now is; but it is more to be satisfied that after worms shall have destroyed thy body, in thy flesh thou shalt behold thy God!

It is much to have an earthly inheritance, and to possess the riches of time; but more to have treasure through eternity, to become rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom of heaven.

It is much to be gifted with intellectual capacity, to be conversant with the languages and customs of thy kind, to understand arts and sciences, to comprehend "the words of the wise and their dark sayings," to follow the stars in their courses, and to descant on the wonders of creation; but it is more to be wise unto salvation, to know that thy Redeemer liveth, and to enjoy that peace of God which surpasseth human comprehension and understanding.

Son of man! Humble thyself before thy Creator, that he may strengthen, enrich, and instruct thee; that he may unfold to thy comprehension the mystery of godliness, confirm thee in the faith of Jesus Christ and him crucified, grant thee the means of grace and the hope of glory, guide thee by his unerring counsel, and afterwards bring thee to his eternal joy.—*Weekly Visitor.*

III.—THE GRAVE.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into

the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Tho' it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety; or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet, who would exchange it, even for a song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave!—it buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily course of intimacy—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs — its noiseless attendance — its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! there settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate

parent,—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth, —if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee,—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul,—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.—*Washington Irving.*

IV.—AN UNBELIEVER'S TESTIMONY.

I WILL confess that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the gospel hath its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers with all their pomp of diction; how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible, that a book at once so simple and so sublime, should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast, or ambitious sectary? What purity, what sweetness in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtilty, what truth in his

replies! How great the command over his passions Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live, and so die, without weakness, and without ostentation? When Plato described his imaginary good man, loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he described exactly the character of Jesus Christ! the resemblance was so striking, that all the Fathers perceived it. What prepossession, what blindness, must it be, to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the Son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion there is between them! Socrates, dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted, whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was anything more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only to say, therefore, what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precepts. Aristides had been just before Socrates had defined justice; Leonidas had given up his life for his country before Socrates declared patriotism to be a duty; the Spartans were a sober people before Socrates recommended sobriety; before he had even defined virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where could Jesus learn, among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality, of which he only hath given both precept and example! The greatest wisdom was made known amongst the most bigoted fanaticism; and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues did honour to the vilest people on earth. The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accursed by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed, indeed, the WEEPING executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his MERCILESS tormentors. Yes! if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God! Shall we suppose

the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed it bears not the marks of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty, without obviating it; it is more inconceivable, that a NUMBER of persons should agree to write such a history, than that ONE only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the gospel, the marks of whose truths are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero.

Jean Jacques Rousseau.

V.—INSIGNIFICANCE OF THIS WORLD.

THOUGH the earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it, were extinguished for ever—an event, so awful to us and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness,—What is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them, is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say, that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the Divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers.

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them; and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life which we know, by the microscope, it teems with, is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf, an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within, may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below, may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun—or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system—or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce, without explaining

it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it, and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness, and this insecurity, which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring, with such emphasis to every pious bosom, the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and, though at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his providence, as if we were the objects of his undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that, though his mind takes into his comprehensive grasp, immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to him, as if I were the single object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts; that he gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand, to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

Chalmers.

VI.—THE PRACTICE OF PATIENCE.

At the first address and presence of sickness, stand still and arrest thy spirit, that it may without amazement or affright consider that this was that thou lookedst for, and wert always certain should happen; and that now thou art to enter into the actions of a new religion, the agony of a strange constitution. At no hand suffer thy spirits to be dispersed with fear or wildness of thought, but stay their looseness and dispersion by a serious consideration of the present and future employment. For so doth the Lybian lion, spying the fierce huntsman: he first beats himself with the strokes of his tail, and curls up his spirits, making them strong with union and recollection; till, being struck with a Mauritanian spear, he rushes forth into his defence and noblest contention; and either 'scapes into the secrets of his own dwelling, or else dies the bravest of the forest. Every man, when shot with an arrow from God's quiver, must then draw in all the auxiliaries of reason, and know that then is the time to try his strength, and to reduce the words of his religion into action; and consider that, if he behaves himself weakly and timorously, he suffers never the less of sickness; but, if he returns to health, he carries along with him the mask of a coward and a fool; and if he descends into his grave, he enters into the state of the faithless and unbelievers. Let him set his heart firm upon this resolution:—"I must bear it inevitably, and I will, by God's grace, do it nobly."—*Jeremy Taylor.*

CHAPTER III.

POETRY CONNECTED WITH SACRED SUBJECTS.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS ON THE MANNER OF READING OR RECITING VERSE.

In reading or reciting verse a peculiar difficulty is to be encountered at the very commencement, and that is, in making the pauses correctly. The difficulty arises from the melody of verse, which dictates to the ear pauses or rests of its own; and to adjust and compound these properly with the pauses of the sense, so as neither to hurt the ear nor offend the understanding, is so very nice a matter, that it is no wonder good readers of poetry are so seldom to be met with. The regularity of the feet, and the sameness of sound in rhyming verse, more especially, strongly solicit the voice to a sameness of tone; and tone, unless directed by a judicious ear, is apt to degenerate into a song, and a song, of all others, the most disgusting to a person of just taste. For those, therefore, whose ears are not just, and who are totally deficient in a true taste for the music of poetry, the best method of avoiding this impropriety is to *read verse exactly as if it were prose*, for though this may be said to be an error, it is certainly an error on the safer side.

A rest, or slight suspension of voice, at the end of each line is essential to the rhythmical reading of all verse, a rule particularly to be observed in reading blank verse, every line of which should be made sensible to the ear: at the same time, however, every appearance of sing-song must, for the reason above stated, be studiously avoided. The pause of the line where it makes no pause in the sense, ought to be marked, not by such a tone as is used in finishing a sentence, but without either letting

the voice fall or elevating it; it should be marked only by such a slight suspension of sound as may distinguish the passing from one line to another without injury to the measure. As to the inflections of the voice, it should be observed that, in the reading of verse, they are not to be marked so strongly as in prose. Smoothness and an easy flowing style are to be cultivated; and therefore, the inflections should be, as it were, rounded and polished, so that the voice shall not leap, but gently undulate from tone to tone, and float along in one unbroken stream of sound.

It has, indeed, been asserted by some, that the pronunciation of verse is entirely destitute of song, and that it is no more than a just pronunciation of prose; but such an opinion is, in the highest degree, erroneous. Poetry without song is a body without a soul; the tune of this song is, it is true, difficult to hit, but when once achieved, it is sure to produce the most refined and exquisite pleasure.

I.—INTRODUCTORY POEM ON SACRED READING.

The sacred services in which the soul
Adores with awe the Power whence she sprung,
May well the culture of the tongue demand.
Alas! our solemn pulpits often show,
In the recital of the Book of Life,
How coldly even cordial subjects fall
From crude outpourings of untutored lips.
The lifeless page contains the word of God;
But power to call the holy influence forth
Within the human voice alone resides.
In sounds confused, and heartless utterance,
The Scriptures lose their character divine;
The heavenly rays reach not the darkened soul,
So thick the density of clouded speech;
Deaf is the cheated and offended ear,
And closed is every entrance to the soul:
The promises, the pains, the hopes, the fears,
Are lost in chaos of discordant noise.

O you who at God's holy altar tend,
Who are removèd from the grovelling herd
Of wrangling, trafficking, and sordid men,
To preach good tidings to the meek in soul—
To heal the contrite and the broken heart—
To set at liberty the slaves of sin—
To ope the prison doors—to wipe the tears
From sorrow's face, and comfort all that mourn;—
Know you, ye men of God, your sacred charge?
Your feeble ministrations answer this.
The public execution of this trust
Can reach the heart—if there it find the way—
But through the porches of the outward ear:
This organ is the minister of sound,
And trieth words as doth the mouth its food.
The vulgar speech performeth not aright
The soul's commands. To give her dictates breath,
To set them in the happy form of words,
Requires the laggard vocal parts well trained,—
Each pliant organ working in accord;
That she to rich expression may attune
The wonderful, complex machine, and make
The voice delightful to the charmèd sense.
Are, then, Religion's cause, the hopes, the fears,
The destiny of man, the call of heaven,
Not worthy of man's highest, noblest powers?
Are vulgar accents, uttered with grimace,
Or mumbling, stuttering, and ill-formed sounds,
Deemed good enough to do God's holy work?
Or are mankind so hungry for the truth,
So very thirsty after righteousness,
That, with the eagerness of appetite,
Though coarsely may be spread the sacred food,
Their famished souls will instantly devour?
Alas! their hunger craves forbidden fruit—
Their thirst indulges in unhallowed streams.
The man of God must knock at stony hearts,
And bend the stubborn will, and make the soul
Awe-struck with deep conviction of its guilt;
For this the thunder of his eloquence

Will roll its threatenings in the sinner's ear,
Till the reverberating peals arouse
The trembling fear which bends the feeble knees,
And melts the conscious rebel into prayer:—
"O Thou who rul'st the tempest, hear and save!"
Then will the tones of sweetest melody
Allay the terrors of the startled mind;
And, mild as angels to the shepherds sung,
The messenger of God will whisper, peace!

Alexander Bell.

II.—THE POWER OF GOD.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee!
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

When night, with wings of stormy gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird whose plume
Is sparkling with a thousand eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreaths
Is born beneath that kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair are Thine.

Moore.

III.—NATURAL DEVOTION.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord, that arch of Thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or, when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

* * * * *

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of Thy Deity!

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

Thomas Moore.

IV.—ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

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 arises, 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 gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fixed stars, fixed 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 called 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 streaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise,—
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,—
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 eve,
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 gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark! *Milton.*

V.—THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

O SACRED star of evening, tell
In what unseen, celestial sphere,
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here.

Roam they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths by holy angels trod,
Their robes with heavenly lustre bright,
Their home, the Paradise of God?

Soul of the just; and canst thou soar
Amidst those radiant spheres sublime,
Where countless hosts of heaven adore,
Beyond the bounds of space or time?

And canst thou join the sacred choir,
Through heaven's high dome the song to raise
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre
In ever-during notes of praise?

Oh! who would heed the chilling blast
That blows o'er time's eventful sea,
If bid to hail, its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity!

And who the sorrows would not bear
Of such a transient world as this,
When hope displays, beyonds its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss!

William B. O. Peabody.

VI.—GOD THE SOURCE OF EXCELLENCE.

FROM heaven my strains begin; from heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love, and beauty, and poetic joy,
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorned the globe,
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore,

Then lived the Almighty One; then deep retired
In His unfathomed essence, viewed the forms,
The forms eternal, of created things:
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days on them His love divine He fixed,
His admiration, till, in time complete,
What He admired and loved His vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves,
Hence light and shade alternate, warmth and cold,
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

Mark Akenside.

VII.—THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame:
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark, they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes! it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

Pope.

VIII.—THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thy earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest-work to leave;
Pray!—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain!
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie:
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Mrs. Hemans.

IX.—TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring.
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything:
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick.

X.—THE FUTURE MERCIFULLY CONCEALED.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Pope.

XI.—MIRIAM'S SONG.

SOUND, sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumphed—his people are free!
Sing! for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots and horsemen so splendid and brave—
How vain was their boasting—the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave!
Then sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumphed—his people are free!

Praise, praise to the conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked forth from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide!
Sound, sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumphed—his people are free!

Thomas Moore.

XII.—CATO ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st 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,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
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 Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus I am doubly arm'd. 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 crash of worlds!

Addison.

XIII.—SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU, that with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven 'gainst heaven's matchless King;
Ah, wherefore? he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none, nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice: lifted up so high,
I 'dained subjection, and thought one step higher

Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?
O had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy: no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not? Some other power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations armed.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst; whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse,
But Heaven's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, cursed be thou: since against His thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly, is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O then, at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission, and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ah, me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell;
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,

The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feigned submission swore! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep;
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher: therefore, as far
From granting He, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold instead
Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good: by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world shall know.

Milton.

XIV.—VENI CREATOR.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire.
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire,
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His Almighty hand
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gifts with eloquence.

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thine hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died.
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee!—*Dryden.*

CHAPTER IV.

ANCIENT ORATORY.

CTESIPHON having proposed that the Athenians should decree a golden crown to Demosthenes in recompence of his public services, the orator Æschines who hated the latter, by whom he had been accused of taking bribes from Philip of Macedon, commenced a suit against Ctesiphon. Demosthenes defended his friend in the following oration, so well known as the Speech de Coronâ:—

I.—ORATION OF DEMOSTHENES.

In the first place, ye men of Athens, I make my prayer to all the powers of Heaven, that such affections as I have ever invariably discovered to this state, and all its citizens, you now may entertain for me, upon this present trial. And (what concerns you nearly, what essentially concerns your religion and your honour)—that the Gods may so dispose your minds, as to permit me to proceed in my defence, not as directed by my adversary (that would be severe indeed), but by the laws, and by your oath; in which, to all the other equitable clauses, we find this expressly added—'each party shall have equal audience.' This imports not merely that you shall not prejudge, not merely that the same impartiality shall be shown to both, but still further, that the contending parties shall each be left at full liberty to arrange and to conduct his pleading, as his choice or judgment may determine.

In many instances hath Æschines the entire advantage in this cause. Two there are of more special moment. First, as to our interest in the contest, we are on terms utterly unequal; for they are by no means points of equal import, for me to be deprived of your affections, and for him to be defeated in his prosecution. As to me—but,

when I am entering on my defence, let me suppress everything invidious, sensible as I must be of this the advantage of my adversary. In the next place, such is the natural disposition of mankind, that invective and accusation are heard with pleasure, while they who speak their own praises are received with impatience. His, then, is the part which commands a favourable acceptance; that which must prove offensive to every single hearer is reserved for me. If, to guard against this disadvantage, I should decline all mention of my own actions, I know not by what means I could refute the charge, or establish my pretensions to this honour. If, on the other hand, I enter into a detail of my whole conduct, private and political, I must be obliged to speak perpetually of myself. Here, then, I shall endeavour to preserve all possible moderation; and what the circumstances of the case necessarily extort from me, must, in justice, be imputed to him who first moved a prosecution so extraordinary.

But, since he hath insisted so much upon the event, I will hazard a bold assertion. But, in the name of Heaven! let it not be deemed extravagant; let it be weighed with candour. I say, then, that had we all known what fortune was to attend our efforts; had we all foreseen the final issue; had you foretold it, Æschines; had you bellowed out your terrible denunciations (you whose voice was never heard); yet even in such a case, must this city have pursued the very same conduct, if she had retained a thought of glory, of her ancestors, or of future times. For thus she could only have been deemed unfortunate in her attempts; and misfortunes are the lot of all men, whenever it may please Heaven to inflict them. But if that state which once claimed the first rank in Greece, had resigned this rank in time of danger, she had incurred the censure of betraying the whole nation to the enemy. What part of Greece, what part of the barbarian world, has not heard that the Thebans in their period of success, that the Lacedæmonians, whose power was older and more extensive, that the king of Persia, would have cheerfully and joyfully consented that this state should enjoy her own dominions, together with an accession of territory

ample as her wishes, upon this condition—that she should receive law, and suffer another state to preside in Greece. But, to Athenians, this was a condition unbecoming their descent, intolerable to their spirit, repugnant to their nature. Athens never was once known to live in a slavish though a secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No, our whole history is one series of noble contests for pre-eminence; the whole period of our existence hath been spent in braving dangers for the sake of glory and renown. And so highly do you esteem such conduct, so consonant to the Athenian character, that those of your ancestors who were most distinguished in the pursuit of it, are ever the most favourite objects of your praise. And with reason. For who can reflect without astonishment upon the magnanimity of those men, who resigned their lands, gave up their city, and embarked in their ships to avoid the odious state of subjection! Who chose Themistocles, the adviser of this conduct, to command their forces; and, when Lycidas proposed that they should yield to the terms prescribed, stoned him to death? Nay, the public indignation was not yet allayed. Your very wives inflicted the same vengeance on his wife. For the Athenians of that day looked out for no speaker, no general, to procure them a state of prosperous slavery. They had the spirit to reject even life, unless they were allowed to enjoy that life in freedom. Should I, then, attempt to assert, that it was I who inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors, I should meet the just resentment of every hearer. No, it is my point to shew, that such sentiments are properly your own; that they were the sentiments of my country long before my days. I claim but my share of merit in having acted on such principles in every part of my administration. He, then, who condemns every part of my administration, he who directs you to treat me with severity, as one who hath involved the state in terrors and dangers, while he labours to deprive me of present honour, robs you of the applause of all posterity. For if you now pronounce that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be

thought that you yourselves have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of fortune—but it cannot be! No, my countrymen! it cannot be you have acted wrong, in encountering danger bravely, for the liberty and the safety of all Greece. No! by those generous souls of ancient times who were exposed at Marathon! By those who stood arrayed at Platæa! By those who encountered the Persian fleet at Salamis; who fought at Artimisium! By all those illustrious sons of Athens, whose remains lie deposited in the public monuments! All of whom received the same honourable interment from their country; not those only who prevailed, not those only who were victorious—and with reason. What was the part of gallant men, they all performed: their success was such as the supreme director of the world dispensed to each.

As to those public works so much the object of your ridicule, they undoubtedly demand a due share of honour and applause; but I rate them far beneath the great merits of my administration. It is not with stones nor bricks that I have fortified the city. It is not from works like these that I derive my reputation. Would you know my methods of fortifying? Examine, and you will find them in the arms, the towns, the territories, the harbours I have secured; the navies, the troops, the armies I have raised. These are the works by which I defended Attica, as far as human foresight could defend it: these are the fortifications I drew round our whole territory, and not the circuit of our harbour, or of our city only. In these acts of policy, in these provisions for a war, I never yielded to Philip. No; it was our generals and our confederate forces who yielded to fortune. Would you know the proofs of this? They are plain and evident. Consider: what was the part of a faithful citizen; of a prudent, an active, and an honest minister? Was he not to secure Eubœa as our defence against all attacks by sea? Was he not to make Bœotia our barrier on the midland side? The cities bordering on Peloponnesus, our bulwark on that quarter? Was he not to attend with due precaution to the importation of corn,

that this trade might be protected through all its progress up to our own harbour? Was he not to cover those districts which he commanded by seasonable detachments, as the Proconesus, the Chersonesus, and Tenedos? To exert himself in the assembly for this purpose; while with equal zeal he laboured to gain others to our interest and alliance, as Byzantium, Abydos, and Eubœa? Was he not to cut off the best and most important resources of our enemies, and to supply those in which our country was defective?—and all this you gained by my counsels and my administration. Such counsels, and such an administration, as must appear, upon a fair and equitable view, the result of strict integrity; such as left no favourable juncture unimproved through ignorance or treachery, such as ever had their due effect, as far as the judgment and abilities of one man could prove effectual. But if some superior being, if the power of fortune, if the misconduct of generals, if the iniquity of your traitors, or if all these together, broke in upon us, and at length involved us in one general devastation, how is Demosthenes to be blamed? Had there been a single man in each Grecian state to act the same part which I supported in this city; nay, had but one such man been found in Thessaly, and one in Arcadia, actuated by my principles, not a single Greek, either beyond or on this side Thermopylæ, could have experienced the misfortunes of this day. All then had been free and independent, in perfect tranquillity, security, and happiness, uncontrolled in their several communities by any foreign power, and filled with gratitude to you and to your state, the authors of these blessings so extensive and so precious. And all this by my means.

II. DEMOSTHENES TO THE FREEMEN OF ATHENS.

Had we been convened, Athenians, on some new subject of debate, I had waited until most of the usual persons had declared their opinions. If I had approved of anything proposed by them, I should have continued silent; if not, I had then attempted to speak my sentiments.

But since those very points on which these speakers have oftentimes been heard already, are at this time to be considered; though I have risen first, I presume I may expect your pardon: for if they, on former occasions, had advised the necessary measures, you would not have found it needful to consult at present.

First, then, Athenians, these our affairs must not be thought desperate; no, though our situation seems entirely deplorable. For the most shocking circumstance of all our past conduct, is really the most favourable to our future expectations. And what is this? That our own total indolence has been the cause of all our present difficulties. For were we thus distressed in spite of every vigorous effort which the honour of our state demanded, there were then no hope of a recovery.

If there be a man in this assembly who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views on one hand the numerous armies that surround him, and, on the other, the weakness of the state thus despoiled of its dominions; he thinks justly. Yet let him reflect on this: there was a time, Athenians, when we possessed Pydna, and Potidæa, and Methone, and all that country round; when many of the states now subjected to him were free and independent, and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had Philip then reasoned in the same manner—How shall I dare to attack the Athenians, whose garrisons command my territories, while I am destitute of all assistance—he would not have engaged in those enterprises which are now crowned with success, nor could he have raised himself to this pitch of greatness. No, Athenians, he knew this well, that all these places are but prizes laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror; that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field—the possessions of the supine to the active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments, he overturns whole nations; he holds all people in subjection; some, by the right of conquest, —others, under the title of allies and confederates: for all are willing to confederate with those whom they see prepared and resolved to exert themselves as they ought.

And if you, my countrymen, will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments; if each of you, renouncing all evasions, will be ready to approve himself a useful citizen to the utmost that his station and abilities demand; if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those vain hopes which every single person entertains, that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required; you then (if Heaven so pleases) shall regain your dominions, recal those opportunities your supineness has neglected, and chastise the insolence of this man. For you are not to imagine that, like a God, he is to enjoy his present greatness for ever, fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians, there are who fear him, who envy him, who hate him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause. These are passions common to mankind; nor must we think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true, they lie concealed at present, as our indolence deprives them of all resource. But let us shake off this indolence: for you see how we are situated; you see the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you shall act or remain quiet, but braves you with his menaces; and is not contented with his present acquisitions, but is ever in pursuit of further conquests; and while we sit down inactive and irresolute, encloses us on all sides with his toils.—*From the First Philippic.*

III.—THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADOR TO ALEXANDER.

If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem dis-

posed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things? Have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour. It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care, lest while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on. The lion, when dead, is devoured by ravens; and rust consumes the hardness of iron. There is nothing so strong but it is in danger from what is weak. It will therefore be your wisdom to take care how you venture beyond your reach. Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon: why should you attack Scythia? We inhabit vast deserts and pathless woods, where we do not want to hear of the name of Alexander. We are not disposed to submit to slavery, and we have no ambition to tyrannize over any nation. That you may understand the genius of the Scythians, we present you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We use these respectively in our commerce with friends and with foes. We give to our friends the corn, which we raise by the labour of our oxen; with the goblet we join with them in pouring drink-offerings to the gods; and with arrows we attack our enemies. We have conquered those who have attempted to tyrannize over us in our own country, and likewise the kings of the Medes and Persians, when they made unjust war upon us; and we have opened to ourselves a way into Egypt. You pretend to be the punisher of robbers; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians; and attacked India. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgotten

how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? While you were subduing them the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve no other purpose than to find you employment by producing new wars. For the business of every conquest is two-fold—to win, and to preserve. And though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible. For what people chooses to be under foreign dominion? If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business. Your army is loaded with the cumbrous spoils of many nations. You will find the poverty of the Scythians at one time too nimble for your pursuit; and at another time, when you think we have fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp. For the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they flee. Why should we put you in mind of the vastness of the country you will have to conquer? The deserts of Scythia are commonly talked of in Greece; and all the world knows that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns or plantations. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep, with strict attention, what you have gained. Catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, "That fortune has no feet; and is furnished only with hands, to distribute her capricious favours; and with fins, to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful." You give yourself out to be a god—the son of Jupiter Ammon. It suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals; not to deprive them of what good they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus show more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself. You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria, but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which,

as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing. But it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people. There can be no sincere friendship between the oppressor and the oppressed. Even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is, not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom, but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise; but to perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous; for that those who have no regard for the esteem of men, will not hesitate to offend the gods by perjury. You may, therefore, consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situate as to have it in their power either to serve you or to annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies or for enemies.

IV.—SPEECH OF HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

I KNOW not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas enclose you on the right and left; not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy. But the same fortune which has laid you under the necessity of fighting has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet what are these? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has

heaped together in the spoils of nations—all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompence of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labours; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may stand in competition with you? For —to say nothing of your service in war for twenty years together, with so much valour and success—from the very Pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer; an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born, I might almost say, but certainly, brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general; shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves, shall I compare myself with this half-year captain?—A captain before whom should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul! I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be

able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry, a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banner displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge. First, they demand me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! everything must be your's and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! Pass not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntines; is Saguntum upon the Iberus? move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too? Well, we shall yield Spain; and then—you will pass into Africa! Will pass, did I say?—this very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then—be men! The Romans may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I say, you are conquerors.—*Livy.*

V. EXORDIUM OF CICERO'S ORATION AGAINST VERRES.

THE time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance, but superior direction) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you and pernicious to the state, namely, that in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought on his trial before you, to the confusion of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence on his riches, is already acquitted—I mean Caius Verres. I have undertaken this trial, Fathers, at the general desire, and with the very great expectations of the Roman people; not that I might draw hatred upon that illustrious order of which the accused happens to be, but with the direct design of clearing your justice and impartiality before the world. For I have brought upon his trial, one, whose conduct has been such, that in passing a just sentence upon him, you will have an opportunity of re-establishing the credit of such trials; of recovering whatever may be lost of the favour of the Roman people; and of satisfying foreign states and kingdoms in alliance with, or tributary to us. I demand justice of you, Fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public. But if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, which is, to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

V.—SPEECH OF CICERO AGAINST CATALINE.

CATALINE! how far art thou to abuse our forbearance? How long are we to be deluded by the mockery of thy madness? Where art thou to stop in this career of unbridled licentiousness? Has the nightly guard at the Palatium nothing in it to alarm you; the patrols throughout the city, nothing; the confusion of the people, nothing; the assemblage of all true lovers of their country, nothing; the guarded majesty of this assembly, nothing; and all the eyes that, at this instant, are riveted upon yours—have they nothing to denounce, nor you to apprehend? Does not your conscience inform you, that the sun shines upon your secrets? and do you not discover a full knowledge of your conspiracy revealed on the countenance of every man around you? Your employment on the last night—your occupations on the preceding night—the place where you met—the persons who met—and the plot fabricated at the meeting:—of these things, I ask not who knows; I ask, who, among you all, is ignorant?

But, alas! for the times thus corrupted; or rather for mankind, who thus corrupt the times! The senate knows all this! The consul sees all this! and yet the man who sits there—lives. Lives! ay—comes down to your senate-house; takes his seat, as counsellor for the commonwealth; and, with a deliberate destiny in his eye, marks out our members, and selects them for slaughter; while for us, and for our country, it seems glory sufficient to escape from his fury—to find an asylum from his sword.

Long, very long, before this late hour, ought I, the consul, to have doomed this ringleader of sedition to an ignominious death—ought I to have overwhelmed you, Catiline, in the ruins of your own machinations. What! did not that great man, the high-priest, Publius Scipio—although at the time in private station—sacrifice Tiberius Gracchus for daring even to modify our constitution? and shall we, clothed as we are with the plenitude of consular power, endure this nuisance of our nation and our name? Shall we suffer him to put the Roman

Empire to the sword, and lay waste the world, because such is his horrid fancy? With the sanction of so late a precedent, need I obtrude the fate of the innovator, Spurius Melius, immolated at the altar of the constitution, by the hand of Servilius Ahala? There has—yes, there has been, and lately been, a vindicatory virtue, an avenging spirit in this republic, that never failed to inflict speedier and heavier vengeance on a noxious citizen, than on a national foe. Against you, Catiline, and for your immediate condemnation, what, therefore, is wanting? Not the grave sanction of the senate—not the voice of the country—not ancient precedents—not living law. But *we* are wanting—I say it more loudly—WE, the consuls themselves.

When the senate committed the republic into the hands of the consul L. Opimius, did presumptive sedition palliate the punishment of Caius Gracchus? or could his luminous line of ancestry yield even a momentary protection to his person? Was the vengeance of the executive power on the consular Fulvius and his children arrested for a single night? When similar power was delegated to the consuls C. Marius and L. Valerius, were the lives which the prætor Servilius, and the tribune Saturninus, had forfeited to their country, prolonged for a single day? But now, twenty days and nights have blunted the edge of our axes and our authorities. Our sharp-pointed decree sleeps, sheathed in the record—that very decree which, a moment after its promulgation, was not to find you a living man. You do live; and live, not in the humiliating depression of guilt, but in the exultation and triumph of insolence. Mercy, Conscript Fathers, is my dearest delight, as the vindication of the constitution is my best ambition; but I now stand self-condemned of guilt in mercy, and I own it as a treachery against the state.

Conscript Fathers, a camp is pitched against the Roman republic, within Italy, on the very borders of Etruria. Every day adds to the number of the enemy. The leader of those enemies, the commander of that encampment, walks within the walls of Rome; takes his

seat in this senate, the heart of Rome; and, with venomous mischief, rankles in the inmost vitals of the commonwealth. Catiline, should I, on the instant, order my lictors to seize and drag you to the stake, some men might, even then, blame me for having procrastinated punishment; but no man could criminate me for a faithful execution of the laws. They shall be executed. But I will neither act, nor will I suffer, without full and sufficient reason. Trust me, they shall be executed; and then, even then, where there shall not be found a man so flagitious, so much a Catiline, as to say you were not ripe for execution. You shall live as long as there is one who has the forehead to say you ought to live; and you shall live, as you live now, under our broad and wakeful eye, and the sword of justice shall keep waving round your head. Without the possibility of hearing, or of seeing, you shall be seen, and heard, and understood.

What is it now you are to expect, if night cannot hide you nor your lurking associates; if the very walls of your own houses resound with the secret, and proclaim it to the world; if the sun shines, and the winds blow upon it? Take my advice: adopt some other plan; wait a more favourable opportunity for setting the city in flames, and putting its inhabitants to the sword. Yet to convince you that you are beset on every side, I shall enter, for a little, into the detail of your desperations and my discoveries.

Do you not remember, or is it possible you can forget, my declaration on the 21st October last, in the senate, that Caius Manlius, your life-guardsman and confidential bravo, would, on a certain day, take up arms, and this day would be before the 25th? Was I mistaken in the very day selected for a deed so atrocious—so apparently incredible? Did not I, the same man, declare, in this house, that you had conspired the massacre of the principal men in the state upon the 28th, at which time they withdrew, for the sake of repressing your design, rather than on account of safety to themselves? Are you daring enough to deny your being on that very day, so manacled by my power—so entangled by my vigilance,

that you durst not raise your finger against the stability of the state; although, indeed, you were tongue-valiant enough to say, that you must even be content with the heads which the runaways had left you? What! with all your full-blown confidence of surprising Preneste in the night, on the 1st of November, did you not find me in arms at the gate; did you not feel me in watch on the walls? Your head cannot contrive, your heart cannot conceive, a wickedness of which I shall not have notice; I measure the length and breadth of your treasons, and I sound the gloomiest depths of your soul.

Was not the night before the last sufficient to convince you, that there is a good genius protecting that republic which a ferocious demoniac is labouring to destroy? I aver that, on that same night, you and your complotters assembled in the house of Marcus Portius Læca. Can even your own tongue deny it? Yet secret! speak out, man; for, if you do not, there are some I see around me who shall have an agonising proof that I am true in my assertion.

Good and great gods! where are we? What city do we inhabit? Under what government do we live? Here, HERE, Conscript Fathers, mixed and mingled with us all —in the centre of this most grave and venerable assembly— are men sitting, quietly incubating a plot against my life, against all your lives; the life of every virtuous senator and citizen; while I, with the whole nest of traitors brooding beneath my eyes, am parading in the petty formalities of debate; and the very men appear scarcely vulnerable by my voice, who ought, long since, to have been cut down with the sword.

In the house of Læca, you were, on that night. Then and there did you divide Italy into military stations; did you appoint commanders of those stations; did you specify those whom you were to take along with you, and those whom you were to leave behind; did you mark out the limit of the intended conflagration; did you repeat your resolution of shortly leaving Rome, only putting it off for a little, as you said, until you could have the head of the consul. Two knights—Roman

knights—promised to deliver that head to you before sunrise the next morning; but scarcely was this stygian council dissolved, when the consul was acquainted with the result of the whole. I doubled the guards of my house; and, after announcing to a circle of the first men in the state—who were with me at the time—the very minute when these assassins would come to pay me their respects, that same minute they arrived, asked for entrance, and were denied it.

Proceed, Catiline, in your honourable career. Go where your destiny and your desire are driving you. Evacuate the city for a season. The gates stand open. Begone! What a shame that the Manlian army should look out so long for their general! Take all your loving friends along with you; or, if that be a vain hope, take at least as many as you can, and cleanse the city for some short time. Let the walls of Rome be the mediators between thee and me; for, at present, you are much too near me. I will not suffer you. I will not longer undergo you.

Lucius Catiline, away! Begin, as soon as you are able, this shameful and unnatural war. Begin it, on your part, under the shade of every dreadful omen; on mine, with the sure and certain hope of safety to my country, and glory to myself: and when this you have done, then do Thou, whose altar was first founded by the founder of our state—Thou, the stablisher of this city, pour out Thy vengeance upon this man and all his adherents. Save us from his fury; our public altars, our sacred temples our houses, and household gods; our liberties—our lives. Pursue, tutelar god, pursue them—these foes to the gods and goodness—these plunderers of Italy—these assassins of Rome. Erase them out of this life; and, in the next, let thy vengeance pursue them, insatiable, implacable, immortal!

VII.—CAIUS MARIUS TO THE ROMANS.

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before

and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into slowth, pride, and avarice. It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me, for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money—to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend—to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations—to concert measures at home answerable to the state of things abroad—and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought. And, beside the disadvantages which are common to me, with all others, in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard; that, whereas a commander of patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect, or breach of duty, has his great connexions—the antiquity of his family—the important services of his ancestors—and the multitudes he has by power engaged in his interest—to screen him from condign punishment; my whole safety depends upon myself, which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me: and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantages of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution to use my best endeavours, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated. I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit.

You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body—a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but of no experience? What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander for direction in difficulties, to which he was not himself equal? Thus your patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself known those who have been chosen consuls begin then to read the history of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it. I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between patrician haughtiness and plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth. I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me: want of personal wealth, against them. But are all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine; what would they answer, but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? Let them envy, likewise, my

labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow, while they aspire to honours as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They arrogate the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors; and they imagine they honour themselves, by celebrating their forefathers, whereas they do the very contrary. For, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy, and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done. Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, while they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sorts of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors. What then! Is it matter of more praise to disgrace our illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by our own good behaviour? What if I can show no statues of my family! I can show the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished; I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of; not left me by inheritance, as theirs, but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour, amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood—scenes of action, where those effeminate patricians, who endeavour, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

CHAPTER V.

POETRY CONNECTED WITH ANCIENT HISTORY.

I.—GREECE.

WHERE'ER we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muses' tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon;
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone;
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey Marathon.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord.
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
The battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word;
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above,—earth's, ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene,—what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger, spurns around!

Byron.

II.—ROME.

Oh, Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts, their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples. Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day,—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride:
She saw her glories, star by star, expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "Here was or is," where all is doubly night?

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas! for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside, decay.
Alas, for Earth! for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free.

Byron.

III.—PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

SILENT the warrior smiled, and pleased, resigned
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye:—
"Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain:
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh, grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care;
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burn'd,
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd.
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.
By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell,
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,

When ah! opprest by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will perish if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou, from this tower defend the important post
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack had given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
Let others in the field their arm employ,
But stay my Hector here and guard his Troy."
The chief reply'd: "That post shall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the [ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame!
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to the embattled plains;
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
"Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes of which so large a part was thine!

To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!'
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name;
May I lay cold before that dreadful day,
Prest with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy,
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp his lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his child;
The glittering terrors from his brow unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer:—

"O Thou, whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame!'
While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy.
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.

The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops and thus pursued:—
"Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth;
No force can then resist, no flight can save,
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle and direct the loom.
Me glory summons to the martial scene;
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame."
Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes;
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look: then moving slow,
Sought her own palace and indulged her woe.
There while her tears deplored the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn'd the living Hector, as the dead.

Pope's "Homer."

IV.—CORIOLANUS AND AUFIDIUS.

Cor. I plainly, Tullus, by your looks perceive,
You disapprove my conduct.

Auf. I mean not to assail thee with the clamour
Of loud reproaches, and the war of words:
But, pride apart, and all that can pervert
The light of steady reason, here to make
A candid, fair proposal.

Cor. Speak, I hear thee.

Auf. I need not tell thee, that I have perform'd
My utmost promise. Thou hast been protected!

Hast had thy amplest, most ambitious wish;
Thy wounded pride is heal'd, thy dear revenge
Completely sated: and, to crown thy fortune,
At the same time, thy peace with Rome restored.
Thou art no more a Volscian, but a Roman.
Return, return; thy duty calls upon thee
Still to protect the city thou hast saved;
It still may be in danger from our arms.
Retire; I will take care thou may'st with safety.
Cor. With safety!—Heavens! and think'st thou Coriolanus
Will stoop to thee for safety?—No! my safeguard
Is in myself, a bosom void of fear.——
O, 'tis an act of cowardice and baseness,
To seize the very time my hands are fetter'd
By the strong chain of former obligation,
The safe, sure moment to insult me.—Gods!
Were I now free, as on that day I was,
When at Corioli I tamed thy pride,
This had not been.
Auf. Thou speak'st the truth: it had not.
Oh, for that time again! propitious gods,
If you will bless me, grant it! Know, for that,
For that dear purpose, I have now proposed
Thou should'st return; I pray thee, Marcius, do it;
And we shall meet again on nobler terms.
Cor. Till I have cleared my honour in your council,
And proved before them all, to thy confusion,
The falsehood of thy charge; as soon in battle
I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy,
As quit the station they've assign'd me here.
Auf. Thou canst not hope acquittal from the Volscians.
Cor. I do:—Nay, more, expect their approbation,
Their thanks. I will obtain them such a peace
As thou durst never ask; a perfect union
Of their whole nation with imperial Rome,
In all her privileges, all her rights;
By the just gods, I will.—What wouldst thou more?
Auf. What would I more, proud Roman? This I would—
Fire the cursed forest, where these Roman wolves

Haunt and infest their nobler neighbours round them;
Extirpate from the bosom of this land,
A false, perfidious people, who, beneath
The mask of freedom, are a combination
Against the liberty of human kind,—
The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers.
Cor. The seed of gods.—'Tis not for thee, vain boaster—
'Tis not for such as thou,—so often spared
By her victorious sword, to speak of Rome,
But with respect, and awful veneration.—
Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,
There is more virtue in one single year
Of Roman story, than your Volscian annals
Can boast through all their creeping, dark duration.
Auf. I thank thy rage:—This full displays the traitor.
Cor. Traitor!—How now?
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?
You lords, and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome—
I say, your city—to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering at each other.
Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.
Cor. Measureless liar! thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it.—Boy!—
Cut me to pieces, Volscians; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy!—
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dovecot, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli.

Alone I did it:—Boy!—But let us part;
Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed
My cooler thought forbids.
Auf. I court
The worst thy sword can do; while thou from me
Hast nothing to expect, but sore destruction;
Quit then this hostile camp: once more I tell thee,
Thou art not here one single hour in safety.
Cor. Oh, that I had thee in the field,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, thy tribe,
To use my lawful sword.——

Shakespeare.

V.—VIRGINIA.

STRAIGHTWAY Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down:
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child! Farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.

The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Macaulay.

VI.—CATILINE'S SPEECH TO THE CONSPIRATORS.

Had you not proved your valour and good faith
By bold conclusions oft, in vain had been
This happy grace, and all these boastful hopes;
Nor would I then have thrown my present toys,
Vile as they are, for hazard of worse hope.
But since in many whirlwinds of distress
I've found you men and trusty, I will cast
My godlike enterprise on your behaviour:

For I have found, since first we joined in hand,
My scath was yours, my welfare your addition;
And sure with me to loathe, and me to like,
Is seal of friendship. I have often told
Each patriot here my counsel, let me add,
My mind is whipped to madness, when I think
What foul disgrace will brood upon our souls
Unless we claim our liberty! For see,
My friends, how all the power and wealth of Rome
Are gathered in a heap, to share at random
With those who know no merit but their birth;
While we, possessed of every virtue else,—
Valour and wit, high minds and princely worth,—
Are termed the mob, the vulgar abject slaves
Of those, whose lords we should be deemed, if worth
Were rank, and genius ruled the state.
Their's all the wealth, the power, and the gauds,
The hovels ours, the prisons, and the courts.
How long, how long, shall we abide this scorn?
Had we not better far be lifeless dust
And buried out of sight, than crawl along,
As reptile slaves, a miserable life, trod down
By placemen fools, and then unpitied die,
Unhonoured at the last. Up! up! my friends!
The victory is our own! Our limbs are iron,
And our minds in tune: disease is theirs,
And crude old age. Strike but the blow, and win
The laurel! Strike once! Strike home! and all is yours.
Strike! and strike boldly, friends! be this the spur
To goad you on,—the golden ease of those
Who loll in plenty, build upon the sea,
Dig mountains through, keep halls and country seats,
Buy toys and tablets, plate, and every trick
That fancy craves, or luxury conceives,
Yet keep their stores unspent; while we must sleep
In smoky huts, or 'neath some hedge-row shade,
Ground down with want, oppressed by giant debts,
Spurned, flouted, stripped of all that life holds dear,
And cast at length, like sea-weed on the shore,
The living mockery of men. Oh! 'twere enough

To boil the craven's blood, and strike a flame
From stony hearts of cold indifference.
Rise, then, in vigour rise! and from the heart
Bolt out the coward dross! The boon is on our lips,
It hangs within our palm; then grasp it firm!
The boon of liberty. Wealth, honour, fame,
Great Rome herself, with all her garlands, these,
These are the toys of victory. The time,
Your state, your perils, wants, the spoils I name,
More than my words will prick your valiant minds.
Me, if you list, your leader make; if not,
E'en in the lowest ranks my thews and limbs
Are buckled to our cause; and we will shake
This rotten state so hard, the fruit of power
Shall tumble at our feet from its high perch
In rich exuberance; unless, perchance,
I strangely calculate, and you conclude
To serve as slaves, and not as heroes rule.

Sallust (*Rev. Dr. B.*)

VII.—QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. THAT you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bare his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm—
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under you testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you? for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not. [me.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved
Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cas. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, [heart:
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come;
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast! within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou did'st at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Bru. Sheath your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yolkèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcèd, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too. [*embracing.*
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Cas. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Shakespeare.

VIII.—MARK ANTONY'S ORATION.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen!—lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar!—Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious—
If it was so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it!
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man!
So are they all! all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me—
But Brutus says he was ambitious—
And Brutus is an honourable man!
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff!—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man!
You all did see that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honourable man!
I speak, not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him:
O judgment! thou hast fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me!
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;
And I must pause till it come back to me!
But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world—now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence!

O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men—
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar—
I found it in his closet—'tis his will!
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,
And they will go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue!—
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle! I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent—
That day he overcame the Nervii!——
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through!—
See what a rent the envious Casca made!——
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd!
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!——
As rushing out of doors to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel!
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab!—
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle, muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue—
Which all the while ran blood—great Cæsar fell!
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down;

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us!
Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops!
Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?—look you here;
Here is himself—marr'd as you see, by traitors!——
Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honourable!—
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That loves his friend—and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him—
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on!
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

Shakespeare.

CHAPTER VI.

MODERN ORATORY.

I.—MR. PITT'S REPLY TO HORACE WALPOLE.

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience. Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may justly become contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch, who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, Sir, is not my only crime: I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves to be mentioned only that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may perhaps

have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment—age, which always brings with it one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that, if I *had* acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure. The heat which offended them, is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned, while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

II.—PITT'S CONDEMNATION OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

You have been taught, indeed, that right belief, or orthodoxy, will, like charity, cover a multitude of sins; but be not deceived: belief of, or mere assent to, the truth of propositions upon evidence is not a virtue, nor unbelief a vice. Faith is not a voluntary act; it does not depend upon the will: every man must believe or disbelieve, whether he will or not, according as evidence appears to him. If, therefore, men, however dignified [or distinguished command us to believe, they are guilty of the highest folly and absurdity, because it is out of our power;

but if they command us to believe, and annex rewards to belief, and severe penalties to unbelief, then are they most wicked and immoral, because they annex rewards and punishments to what is involuntary, and therefore neither rewardable nor punishable. It appears, then, very plainly unreasonable and unjust to command us to believe any doctrine, good or bad, wise or unwise; but when men command us to believe opinions which have not only no tendency to promote virtue, but which are allowed to commute or atone for the want of it, then are they arrived at the utmost reach of impiety, then is their iniquity full, then have they finished the misery and completed the destruction of poor mortal men. By betraying the interest of virtue, they have undermined and sapped the foundation of all human happiness; and how treacherously and dreadfully have they betrayed it! A gift well applied—the chattering of some unintelligible sounds called creeds—an unfeigned assent and consent to whatever the Church enjoins—religious worships and consecrated feasts—repenting on a death-bed—pardons rightly sued for, and absolutions authoritatively given—have done more toward making and continuing men vicious than all their natural passions and infidelity put together; for infidelity can only take away the supernatural rewards of virtue; but these superstitious opinions and practices have not only turned the scene, and made men lose sight of the natural rewards of it, but have induced them to think that, were there no hereafter, vice would be preferable to virtue, and that they still increase in happiness as they increase in wickedness; and this they have been taught in several religious discourses and sermons, delivered by men whose orthodoxy was never doubted; particularly by a late reverend prelate—I mean Bishop Atterby—in his sermon on these words—"If in this life only be hope, then we are of all men most miserable;" where vice and faith ride most lovingly and triumphantly together. But these doctrines, of the natural excellency of vice, the efficacy of a right belief, the dignity of atonements and propitiations, have, besides depriving us of the

native beauty and charms of honesty, and thus cruelly stabbing virtue to the heart, raised and diffused among men a certain unnatural passion, which we shall call religious hatred; a hatred constant, deep-rooted, and immortal. All other passions rise and fall, die and revive again; but this of religious and pious hatred rises and grows every day stronger upon the mind as we grow more religious; because we hate for God's sake, for our soul's sake, and for the sake of those poor souls too, who have the misfortune not to believe as we do. And can we, in so good a cause, hate too much? The more thoroughly we hate, the better we are; and the more mischief we do to the bodies and estates of those infidels and heretics, the more do we show our love to God. This is religious zeal, and this has been called divinity; but remember that the only true divinity is humanity.

III.—PITT ON AMERICA, AND THE INDIANS.

I CANNOT, my Lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger, and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world: now, none so poor to do her reverence." The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us,

supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the *worst*: but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to over-run them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms;—*Never, never, never!* But, my Lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the *tomahawk* and *scalping-knife* of the savage?—to call into civilised alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of this barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. My Lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention,

but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—"That God and nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and nature, that noble Lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the *genius of the constitution.* From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices, are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom?—your Protestant brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these *horrible hounds of war!* Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by

every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your Lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure, the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion, to do away with this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

IV.—LORD THURLOW'S REPLY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

My Lords, I am amazed, yes, my Lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords, the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do. But, my Lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage.

Nay, more, I can and will say, that, as a peer of parliament, as speaker of this right honourable house, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as lord high chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me, as a Man, I am at this moment as respectable, I beg leave to add, as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon.

V.—SHERIDAN'S INVECTIVE AGAINST HASTINGS.

HAD a stranger, at this time, gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla, that man, who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character, and who, with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil—if this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burned up and extinguished—of villages depopulated, and in ruins—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry,—he would naturally inquire, what war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed those villages—what disputed succession—what religious rage has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent, but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties? What merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword—what severe visitation of Providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure? Or, rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour? To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage—no merciless enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters—no, all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and, lo! those are the fruits of their alliance. What, then, shall we be told, that under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus

goaded and spurred on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums! When we hear the description of the paroxysm, fever, and delirium, into which despair had thrown the wretched natives, when on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution, and, while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer, that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country; will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of those Begums in their secluded Zenana? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive? *That* which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man, and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes part of his being,—*that* feeling which tells him, that man was never made to be the property of man; but that when, through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power *usurped*, and resistance is a *duty*,—*that* feeling which tells him that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury of the people, and that when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is *broken*, and the right is to be *resumed*,—*that* principle which tells him that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself, and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which He gave him in the creation!—to that common God, who, where he gives the *form of man*, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the *feelings* and the *rights of man*—*that* principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish!—*that* principle, which makes it base for a man *to suffer* when he ought

to act, which tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent quality of his race.

VI.—SHERIDAN'S EULOGIUM ON FOX.

Upon the one great subject, which at this moment, I am confident, has possession of the whole feelings of every man whom I address—the loss, the irreparable loss, of the great, the illustrious character, whom we all deplore—I shall, I can say—but little. A long interval must take place between the heavy blow which has been struck, and the consideration of its effect, before any one (and how many are there!) of those who have revered and loved Mr. Fox, as I have done, can speak of his death with the feeling, but manly composure, which becomes the dignified regret it ought to inspire. To say anything to you at this moment, in the fresh hour of your unburthened sorrows—to depict, to dwell upon the great traits of his character—must be unnecessary, and almost insulting. His image still lives before your eyes—his virtues are in your hearts—his loss is your despair. I have seen in a public print, what are stated to have been his last words, and they are truly stated. They were these: "I die happy." Then, turning to the more immediate objects of his private affections, he added, "but I pity you." Gentlemen, this statement is precisely true. But, oh! if the solemn fleeting hour had allowed of such considerations, and if the unassuming nature of his dignified mind had not withheld him, which of you will allow his title to have said, not only to the sharers of his domestic love, hanging in mute despair upon his couch, "I pity you;" but prophetically to have added, "I pity England—I pity Europe—I pity human nature." He died in the spirit of peace, tranquil in his own expiring heart, and cherishing to the last, with a parental solicitude, the consoling hope that he should be able to give established tranquillity to harassed contending nations. Let us trust that that *stroke of death* which has borne him from us, may not

have left the peace of the world, and the civilized charities of man, as orphans upon the earth. With such a man, to have battled in the cause of genuine liberty—with such a man, to have struggled against the inroads of oppression and corruption—with such an example before me, to have to boast that I never in my life gave one vote in Parliament that was not on the side of freedom, is the congratulation that attends the retrospect of my public life. His friendship was the pride and honour of my days. I never, for one moment, regretted to share with him the difficulties, the calumnies, and sometimes even the dangers, that attended his honourable life. And now, reviewing my past political conduct (were the option possible that I should retread the path), I solemnly and deliberately declare, that I would pursue the same course, bear up under the same pressure, abide by the same principles, and remain by his side an exile from power, distinction, and emolument. If I have missed the opportunity of obtaining all the support I might, perhaps, have had, on the present occasion, from a very scrupulous delicacy, which I think became, and was incumbent upon me, I cannot repent it. In so doing, I acted on the feelings upon which I am sensible all those would have acted who loved Mr. Fox as I did. I felt within myself, that while the slightest aspiration might still quiver on those lips, that were the copious channels of eloquence, wisdom, and benevolence—that while one drop of life's blood might still warm that heart, which throbbed only for the good of mankind—I should not, I could not have acted otherwise.

Gentlemen, the hour is not far distant, when an awful knell shall tell you, that the unburied remains of your revered patriot are passing through your streets to that sepulchral home, where your kings, your heroes, your sages, and your poets, will be honoured by an association with his mortal remains. At that hour, when the sad solemnity shall take place, in a private way, as more suited to the simple dignity of his character, than the splendid gaudiness of public pageantry; when you (all of you), shall be self-marshalled in reverential sorrow

mute, and reflecting on your mighty loss—at that moment shall the disgusting contest of an election-wrangle break the solemnity of such a scene? Is it fitting that any man should overlook the crisis, and risk the monstrous and disgusting contest? Is it fitting that I should be that man?——

VII.—BURKE'S PANEGYRIC ON SHERIDAN.

He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory,—a display, that reflected the highest honour on himself—lustre upon letters —renown upon parliament—glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpits, have hitherto furnished, nothing has equalled what we have this day heard in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality, or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we this day listened, with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition, of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected.

VIII.—BURKE ON THE RIGHT OF TAXING AMERICA.

"Oh! inestimable right! Oh! wonderful, transcendent right, the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and *seventy* millions of money! Oh! invaluable right! for

the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! Oh right! more dear to us than our existence, which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all! Infatuated man!" fixing his eye on the minister, "miserable and undone country! not to know that the claim of right, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a right to tax America, the noble lord tells us; therefore we ought to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning. Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf. What! shear a wolf! Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger of the attempt? No, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the right. Man has a right of dominion over the beasts of the forest; and therefore I will shear the wolf. How wonderful that a nation could be thus deluded. But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of his invention; and he will continue to play off his cheats on this House, so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as he has money enough at command to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come; and whenever that day comes, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities, the punishment they deserve."

IX.—BURKE ON THE NABOB OF ARCOT.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty, and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make a country, possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals, a memorable example to mankind. He resolved in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of his vengeance, and to put per-

petual desolation as a barrier between him and those, against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together, was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the nabob of Arcot—he drew from every quarter, whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of distress, and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all the horizon —it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents on the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, and destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into

"The jaws of Famine."

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity, that private charity could do—but it was a people in beggary: it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose *very excess* and luxury in their most plenteous days, had

fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition, or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a-day in the streets of Madras;—every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India! I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to the heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is; but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearer; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and leave it to your general conceptions.

X.—SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH ON THE LIBERTY OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

UNFORTUNATELY for the repose of mankind, great states are compelled to consider the military spirit and martial habits of their people, as one of the main objects of their policy. Frequent hostilities seem almost the necessary condition of greatness; and, without being great, they cannot remain safe. Smaller states, exempted from this necessity, devoted themselves to the arts of peace, to the cultivation of literature, and the improvement of reason. They became places of refuge for free and fearless discussion; they were the impartial spectators and judges of the various contests of ambition, which, from time to time, disturbed the quiet of the world. If wars of aggrandizement were undertaken, their authors were arraigned in the sight of Europe. If acts of internal tyranny were perpetrated, they resounded, from a thousand presses, throughout all civilized countries.

Princes, on whose will there were no legal checks, thus

found a moral restraint which the most powerful of them could not brave with absolute impunity. No elevation of power, no depravity however consummate, no innocence however spotless, can render man wholly independent of the praise or blame of his fellows. These feeble states, these monuments of the justice of Europe, the asylum of peace, of industry, and of literature, the organs of public reason, the refuge of oppressed innocence and persecuted truth,—have perished, with those ancient principles which were their sole guardians and protectors. They have been swallowed up by that fearful convulsion, which has shaken the uttermost corners of the earth. They are destroyed, and gone for ever!

One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate.—There is still one spot in Europe where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society; where he can boldly publish his judgment on the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants. The press of England is still free! It is guarded by the free constitution of our forefathers; it is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen; and I trust I may venture to say, that, if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire. It is an awful consideration, gentlemen!—every other monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric, which has been gradually reared by the wisdom and virtue of our fathers, still stands;—it stands, thanks be to heaven! solid and entire —but—it stands alone, and it stands amid ruins!

XI.—CURRAN'S DESCRIPTION OF AN INFORMER.

The learned gentleman is farther pleased to say, that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact, that you are to deny *at the hazard of your souls, and on the solemnity of your oaths.* You are, upon your oaths, to say to the sister kingdom, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you

feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you, knows by the testimony of his own eyes, to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamations of informers, with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward;—I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory;—I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants, who avowed, upon their oaths, that they had come from the very seat of government—from the castle, where they had been worked upon by fears of death, and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government, are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man lies, till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness! Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that tomb—after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent: —there was an antidote—a juror's oath—but even that adamantine chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her moorings, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety, in the surrender of the victim!

XII.—MR. FOX ON THE ADDRESS.

In opposing a ministerial echo of this speech, I expected, and I know it has been expected by many others, to hear on this occasion his Majesty declare from the throne, that he had been deceived and imposed upon by misinformation and misrepresentation; that in consequence of his delusion, the Parliament had been deluded; but that now the delusion was at an end; and requesting of his Parliament to devise the most speedy and efficacious means of putting an end to the public calamities; instead of which they had heard a speech breathing little else than vengeance, misery, and blood. Those who are ignorant of the personal character of the sovereign, and who imagine this speech to originate with him, may be led to suppose that he was an unfeeling despot, rejoicing in the horrid sacrifice of the liberty and lives of his subjects, who, when all hope of victory was vanished, still thirsted for revenge. The ministers who advised this speech I affirm to be a curse to the country, over the affairs of which they have too long been suffered to preside. From that unrivalled pre-eminence which we so lately possessed, they have made us the object of ridicule and scorn to the surrounding nations. The noble lord in the blue ribbon has indeed thought fit to ascribe the American war and all its attendant calamities to the speeches of Opposition. Oh! wretched and incapable minister, whose measures are framed with so little foresight, and executed with so little firmness, that because a rash and intemperate invective is uttered against them in the House of Commons, they shall instantly crumble in pieces, and bring down ruin upon the country! Miserable statesman! to allow for no contingencies of fortune, no ebullition of passion, no collision of sentiment! Can he expect the concurrence of every individual in this House? and is he so weak or wicked, as to contrive plans of government of such a texture, that the intervention of circumstances, obvious and unavoidable, will occasion their total failure, and hazard the existence of the empire? Ministers must expect to hear of the calamities in which they have involved the empire,

again and again—not merely in this House, but as I trust at the tribunal of justice; for the time will surely come, when an oppressed and irritated people will firmly call for signal punishment on those whose counsels have brought the nation so near to the brink of destruction. An indignant nation will surely in the end compel them to make some faint atonement for the magnitude of their offences on a public scaffold.

XIV.—MR. PITT ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

THE representation of the Commons in Parliament is a matter so truly interesting, that it has at all times excited the regard of the most enlightened; and the defects which they have found in that representation have given them reason to apprehend the most alarming consequences to the Constitution. It will be needless for me in the present moment to recal to the memory of the House the many occasions upon which I and others, in an anxious struggle with a minister who laboured to exert the corrupt influence of the crown in support of an inadequate representation of the people, maintained the necessity that there was for a calm revision of the principles of the Constitution, and a moderate reform of such defects as had imperceptibly and gradually stole in to deface, and which threatened at last totally to destroy, the most beautiful fabric of government in the world. Upon these occasions, we were unsuccessful in our efforts, on account of that corrupt influence of which I have spoken; but at last, I thank God, the voice of the people has happily prevailed, and we are now blessed with a ministry, whose wishes go along with those of the people for a moderate reform of the errors which have intruded themselves into the Constitution; and I am happy to see there is a spirit of unanimity prevalent in every part of the kingdom, and also in every part of that House, which makes the present day the fittest for undertaking this great task. The ministers have declared their virtuous resolution of supporting the king's government by means more honourable

as well as more permanent than corruption; and the nation has confidence in the declarations of men who have so invariably proved themselves the friends of freedom, and the animated supporters of an equal and fair system of representation. That the frame of our Constitution has undergone material alterations, by which the Commons House of Parliament has received an improper and dangerous bias, and by which indeed it has fallen so greatly from that direction and effect which it was intended and ought to have in the Constitution, I believe it would be idle for me to attempt to prove. It is a fact so plain and palpable, that every man's reason, if not his experience, must point it out to him. I have only to examine the quality and nature of that branch of the Constitution as originally established, and compare it with its present state and condition. The beautiful frame of government which has made us the envy and admiration of mankind, in which the people are entitled to hold so distinguished a share, is so far dwindled and departed from its original purity, that the representatives cease, in a great degree, to be connected with the people. It is the essence of the Constitution that the people should have a share in the government by the means of representation; and its excellence and permanency is calculated to consist in this representation having been designed to be equal, easy, practicable, and complete. When it ceases to be so, when the representative ceases to have connection with the constituent, and is either dependent on the crown or the aristocracy, there is a defect in the frame of representation, and it is not innovation, but recovery of Constitution, to repair it.

The influence of the Treasury in some boroughs is contested, not by the electors of those boroughs, but by some one or other powerful man who assumes, or pretends to, an hereditary property of what ought only to be the rights and privileges of the electors. The interests of the Treasury are considered as well as the interests of the great man, the lord or the commoner, who has connection with the borough; but the interests of the people, the rights of the electors, are the only things that are never

attended to, or taken into the account. Will any man say, that in this case there is the most distant idea or principle of representation? There were other boroughs which have now in fact no actual existence, but in the return of members of the House. They have no existence in property, in population, in trade, in weight. There are hardly any men in the borough who have a right to vote; and they are the slaves and subjects of a person who claims the property of the borough, and who in fact makes the return. This also is no representation, nor any thing like it. Another set of boroughs and towns, in the lofty possession of English freedom, claim to themselves the right of bringing their votes to market. They have no other market, no other property, and no other stake in the country, than the property and price which they procure for their votes. Such boroughs are the most dangerous of all others. So far from consulting the interests of the country in the choice they make, they hold out their borough to the best purchaser; and in fact they belong more to the nabob of Arcot, than they do to the people of Great Britain. They are cities and boroughs more within the jurisdiction of the Carnatic than the limits of the empire of Great Britain; and it is a fact pretty well known and generally understood, that the nabob of Arcot has no less than seven or eight members in this House. Such boroughs, then, are the sources of corruption: they give rise to an inundation of corrupt wealth and corrupt members, who have no regard nor connection either for or with the people of this kingdom. It has always been considered, in all nations, as the greatest source of danger to a kingdom, when a foreign influence is suffered to creep into the national councils.

XIV.—MR. CANNING ON POLITICAL SCIENCE.

I DO verily and sincerely believe, that there is no proposition more false than that the influence of the Crown, any more than its direct power, has increased comparatively with the increasing strength, wealth, and population

of the country. To these, if the Crown be good for anything at all in the Constitution, it is necessary that its power and influence should bear some reasonable proportion. I deny that in the House of Commons,—I deny that in the House of Lords, such an increase can be shown; but further I contend, that, in speculating upon the practical play of our Constitution, we narrow our view of its efficient principles, of its progress, and of the state in which it now stands, if we do not take into account other powers, extrinsic to the two houses of parliament, which are at work in the moral and political world, and which require to be balanced and counterpoised in their operation. What should we think of that philosopher, who, in writing, at the present day, a treatise upon naval architecture and the theory of navigation, should omit wholly from his calculation that new and mighty power,—new, at least, in the application of its might,—which walks the water, like a giant rejoicing in his course; stemming alike the tempest and the tide;—accelerating intercourse, shortening distances;—creating, as it were, unexpected neighbourhoods, and new combinations of social and commercial relation;—and giving to the fickleness of winds, and the faithlessness of waves the certainty and steadiness of a highway upon the land? Such a writer, though he might describe a ship correctly; though he might show from what quarters the winds of heaven blow, would be surely an incurious and an idle spectator of the progress of nautical science, who did not see in the power of steam a corrective of all former calculations. So, in political science, he who, speculating on the British Constitution, should content himself with marking the distribution of acknowledged technical powers between the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and the Crown, and assigning to each their separate provinces,—to the Lords their legislative authority,—to the Crown its *veto* (how often used?)—to the House of Commons its power of stopping supplies (how often, in fact, necessary to be resorted to?)—and should think that he had thus described the British Constitution as it acts and as it is influenced in its action; but should

omit from his enumeration that mighty power of public opinion, embodied in a free press, which pervades, and checks, and, perhaps, in the last resort, nearly governs the whole; such a man would, surely, give but an imperfect view of the government of England as it is now modified, and would greatly underrate the counteracting influences against which that of the executive power has to contend.

XV.—ERSKINE'S DEFENCE OF THE DEAN OF ST. ASAPH.

GENTLEMEN of the Jury,—My learned friend having informed the Court that he means to call no other witnesses to support the prosecution, you are now in possession of the whole of the evidence; and on this evidence the prosecutor has ventured to charge my reverend client, the Dean of St. Asaph, with a seditious purpose to excite disloyalty and disaffection to the person of the king, and an armed rebellion against the state and constitution of his country.

Gentlemen, the only difficulty I shall feel in resisting this false and malevolent accusation, is, to repress my feelings, excited by its folly and injustice, within those bounds which leave the faculties their natural and unclouded operation; for I solemnly declare to you, that if he had been indicted for a libeller of our holy religion, only for publishing that the world was made by its almighty Author, my astonishment could not have been greater than to see this little book presented to a grand jury of English subjects, as a libel upon the government of England. Every sentence contained in it, if the interpretation of words is to be settled not according to fancy, but by the common rule of language, is to be found in the brightest pages of English literature, and in the most sacred volumes of English law; if any one sentiment from the beginning to the end of it be seditious, or libellous, the Bill of Rights was a seditious libel; the Revolution was a wicked rebellion; the existing government is a traitorous conspiracy against the hereditary monarchy of

England; and our gracious sovereign, whose title I am persuaded we are all of us prepared to defend with our blood, is a usurper of the crown of these kingdoms.

Gentlemen, in thus declaring my opinion, I place it as my own opinion in front of my address to you, and I wish you not to mistake for the mere zeal of professional duty the energies of truth and freedom. For although, in ordinary cases, the advocate and the private man ought in sound discretion to be kept asunder, yet there are occasions where such separation would be treachery and meanness. In a case where the dearest rights of society are to be supported by resisting a prosecution of which the party accused is but a mere name; where the whole community is to be wounded through the sides of that party; and where the conviction of the individual will be the subversion or surrender of public privileges; the advocate has a more extensive charge. The duty of the patriot citizen then mingles itself with his obligation to his client, and he disgraces himself, dishonours his profession, and betrays his country, if he does not step forth in his genuine character, and vindicate the rights of his fellow-citizens, which are attacked through the medium of the man he is defending. Gentlemen, I do not shrink from that responsibility upon this occasion, but desire to be considered the fellow-criminal of the defendant, if by your verdict he shall be found a criminal.

XVI.—ERSKINE ON EVIDENCE AND PRECEDENTS.

BEFORE you can adjudge *a fact*, you *must believe it;*—not suspect it, or imagine it, or fancy it,—but *believe* it: and it is impossible to impress the human mind with such a reasonable and certain belief, as is necessary to be impressed, before a Christian man can adjudge his neighbour to the smallest penalty, much less to the pains of death, without having such evidence as a reasonable mind will accept of as the infallible test of truth. And what *is* that evidence? Neither more nor less than that which

the Constitution has established in the courts for the general administration of justice: namely, that the evidence convince the jury, beyond all reasonable doubt, that the criminal *intention*, constituting the crime, existed in the mind of the man upon trial, and was the mainspring of his conduct. The rules of evidence, as they are settled by law, and adopted in its general administration, are not to be overruled or tampered with. They are founded in the charities of religion—in the philosophy of nature—in the truths of history—and in the experience of common life; and whoever ventures rashly to depart from them, let him remember that it will be meted to him in the same measure, and that both God and man will judge him accordingly.

These are arguments addressed to your reason and your consciences; not to be shaken in upright minds by any precedent,—for no precedents can sanctify injustice: if they could, every human right would long ago have been extinct upon the earth. If the State Trials in bad times are to be searched for precedents, what murders may you not commit—what law of humanity may you not trample upon—what rule of justice may you not violate—and what maxim of wise policy may you not abrogate and confound? If precedents in bad times are to be implicitly followed, why should we have heard any evidence at all? You might have convicted without any evidence; for many have been so convicted—and, in this manner, murdered—even by acts of Parliament. If precedents in bad times are to be followed, why should the Lords and Commons have investigated these charges, and the Crown have put them into this course of judicial trial?—since without such a trial, and even after an acquittal upon one, they might have attainted all the prisoners by act of Parliament:—they did so in the case of Lord Strafford.

There are precedents, therefore, for all such things! but such precedents as could not for a moment survive the times of madness and distraction which gave them birth; but which, as soon as the spurs of the occasions were blunted, were repealed and execrated even by Parliaments which

(little as I may think of the present) ought not to be compared with it: Parliaments—sitting in the darkness of former times—in the night of freedom—before the principles of government were developed, and before the Constitution became fixed. The last of these precedents, and all the proceedings upon it, were ordered to be taken off the file and burnt, to the intent that the same might no longer be visible to after ages; an order dictated, no doubt, by a pious tenderness for national honour, and meant as a charitable covering for the crimes of our fathers. But it was a sin against posterity—it was a treason against society; for, instead of commanding them to be burnt, they should rather have directed them to be blazoned in large letters upon the walls of our Courts of Justice, that, like the characters deciphered by the prophet of God to the Eastern tyrant, they might enlarge and blacken in your sight to terrify you from acts of injustice.

XVII.—LORD BROUGHAM ON THE REFORM BILL.

You stand, my Lords, on the brink of a great event. You are in the crisis of a whole nation's hopes and fears. An awful importance hangs over your decision. Pause, ere you plunge! There may not be any retreat! It behoves you to shape your conduct by the mighty occasion. They tell you not to be afraid of personal consequences in discharging your duty: I, too, would ask you to banish all fears; but, above all, that most mischievous, most despicable—the fear of being thought afraid. If you won't take counsel from me, take example from the statesman-like conduct of the noble Duke; while you also look back, as you may, with satisfaction on your own. He was told, and you were told, that the impatience of Ireland for equality of civil rights was partial, the clamour transient, likely to pass away with its temporary occasion; and that yielding to it would be conceding to intimidation. I recollect hearing this topic urged within this

hall in July 1828; less regularly I heard it than I have now done, for I belonged not to your number; but I heard it urged in the self-same terms. The burden of the cry was: 'It is no time for concession; the people are turbulent, and the Association dangerous.' That summer passed, and the ferment subsided not. Autumn came, and brought not the precious fruit of peace; on the contrary, all Ireland was convulsed with the unprecedented conflict which returned the great chief of the Catholics to sit in a Protestant parliament. Winter bound the earth in chains, but it controlled not the popular fury, whose surge, more deafening than the tempest, lashed the frail bulwarks of law, founded upon injustice. Spring came, but no ethereal mildness was its harbinger, or followed in its train: the Catholics became stronger by every month's delay; displayed a deadlier resolution, and proclaimed their wrongs in a tone of louder defiance than before. And what course did you, at this moment of greatest excitement, and peril, and menace, deem it most fitting to pursue? Eight months before, you had been told how unworthy it would be to yield when men clamoured and threatened. No change had happened in the interval, save that the clamours were become far more deafening, and the threats, beyond comparison, more overbearing. What, nevertheless, did your Lordships do? Your duty! for you despised the cuckoo note of the season, 'not to be intimidated.' You granted all that the Irish demanded, and you saved your country. Was there, in April, a single argument advanced, which had not held good in July? None! absolutely none; except the new height to which the dangers of longer delay had risen, and the increased vehemence with which justice was demanded. And yet the appeal to your pride, which had prevailed in July, was in vain made in April; and you wisely and patriotically granted what was asked, and ran the risk of being supposed to yield through fear. But the history of the Catholic claims conveys another important lesson. Though in right, and policy, and justice, the measure of relief could not be too ample, half as much as was received with little gratitude, when so late wrung from you,

would have been hailed twenty years before with delight; and even the July preceding the measure would have been received as a boon freely given; which, I fear, was taken with but sullen satisfaction in April, as a right long withheld. Yet, blessed be God, the debt of justice, though tardily, was at length paid, and the noble Duke won by it civic honours which rival his warlike achievements in lasting brightness—than which there can be no higher praise. What if he had still listened to the topics of intimidation and inconsistency which had scared his predecessors? He might have proved his obstinacy, and Ireland would have been the sacrifice. Apply now this lesson of recent history, I may say of our own experience, to the measure before us. We stand in a truly critical position. If we reject the bill through fear of being thought to be intimidated, we may lead the life of retirement and quiet, but the hearts of the millions of our fellow-citizens are gone for ever. Their affections are estranged; we, and our order, and its privileges, are the objects of the people's hatred—as the only obstacles which stand between them and the gratification of their most passionate desire. The whole body of the aristocracy must expect to share this fate, and be exposed to feelings such as these; for I hear it constantly said, that the bill is rejected by all the aristocracy. Favour, and a good number of supporters, our adversaries allow it has among the people: the ministers, too, are for it; but the aristocracy, say they, are strenuously opposed to it. I broadly deny this silly, thoughtless assertion. What! my Lords! the aristocracy set themselves in a mass against the people—they who sprang from the people—are inseparably connected with the people—are supported by the people—are the natural chiefs of the people? THEY set themselves against the people; for whom peers are ennobled—bishops consecrated—kings anointed: the people, to serve whom parliament itself has an existence, and the monarchy and all its institutions are constituted, and without whom none of them could exist for an hour? The assertion of unreflecting men is too monstrous to be endured. As a member of this House, I deny it with indignation: I repel it with scorn,

as a calumny upon us all. And yet there are those who even within these walls, speak of the bill augmenting so much the strength of the democracy, as to endanger the other orders of the state; and so they charge its authors with promoting anarchy and rapine. Why, my Lords, have its authors nothing to fear from democratic spoliation? The fact is, that there are members of the present cabinet who possess, one or two of them alone, far more property than any two administrations within my recollection; and all of them have ample wealth. I need hardly say, I include not myself, who have little or none. But even of myself I will say, that whatever I have depends on the stability of existing institutions; and it is as dear to me as the princely possessions of any amongst you. Permit me to say, that in becoming a member of your House, I staked my all on the aristocratic institutions of the state. I abandoned certain wealth, a large income, and much real power in the state, for an office of great trouble, heavy responsibility, and very uncertain duration. I say, I gave up substantial power for the shadow of it; and for distinction depending upon accident. I quitted the elevated station of representative for Yorkshire, and a leading member of the Commons. I descended from a position quite lofty enough to gratify any man's ambition, and my lot became bound up in the stability of this House. Then, have I not a right to throw myself on your justice, and to desire that you will not put in jeopardy all I have now left? But the populace, only the rabble, the ignoble vulgar, are for the bill. Then what is the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England? What the Duke of Devonshire? What the Duke of Bedford? (*Cries of 'Order,' from the opposition.*) I am aware it is irregular in any noble lord that is a friend to the measure; its adversaries are patiently suffered to call peers even by their Christian and surnames. Then I shall be as regular as they were, and ask: Does my friend, John Russell—my friend, William Cavendish—my friend, Harry Vane, belong to the mob or to the aristocracy? Have they no possessions? Are they modern names? Are they wanting in Norman blood, or whatever else you

pride yourselves on? The idea is too ludicrous to be seriously refuted: that the bill is only a favourite with the democracy, is a delusion so wild as to point a man's destiny towards St. Luke's. Yet many, both here and elsewhere, by dint of constantly repeating the same cry, or hearing it repeated, have almost made themselves believe that none of the nobility are for the measure. A noble friend of mine has had the curiosity to examine the list of peers opposing and supporting it, with respect to the dates of their creation, and the result is somewhat remarkable: a large majority of the peers created before Mr. Pitt's time are for the bill; the bulk of those against it are of recent creation; and if you divide the whole into two classes, those ennobled before the reign of George III., and those since, of the former fifty-six are friends, and only twenty-one enemies of the reform. So much for the vain and saucy boast, that the real nobility of the country are against reform. I have dwelt upon this matter more than its intrinsic importance deserves, only through my desire to set right the fact, and to vindicate the ancient aristocracy from a most groundless imputation.

My Lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of the measure; but grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat—temporary it can only be, for its ultimate, and even speedy success is certain—nothing can now stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded that, even if the present ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles that surrounds you, without reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious: under them you would be fain to grant a bill, compared with which the one we now proffer you is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sybil, for it conveys a wise and wholesome matter:—She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes—the precious volumes—of wisdom and peace: the price she asks is reasonable—to restore the franchise, which, without any bargain, you ought

voluntarily to give. You refuse her terms—her moderate terms: she darkens the porch no longer. But soon, for you cannot do without her wares, you call her back: again she comes, but with diminished measures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands; in parts defaced by characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands: it is parliament by the year—it is vote by ballot—it is suffrage by the million! From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third coming; for the treasure you must have, and what price she may next demand, who can tell? It may even be the mace which rests upon that woolsack. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture; but this I know full well, that as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you expect to gather in another crop than did they who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion. But among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one which stands pre-eminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm: you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is the judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence, in the most trifling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause upon which a nation's hopes and fears hang? You are! Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving, but a resolute people; alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my sovereign, I counsel you to assist, with your uttermost efforts, in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the Constitution. Therefore I pray and exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear, by all the ties that bind every one of us to our

common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you—I warn you—I implore you—yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you—Reject not this bill!

XVIII.—LORD BROUGHAM ON THE STATE OF THE LAW.

After a long interval of various fortune, and filled with vast events, we are again called to the grand labour of surveying and amending our laws. For this task, it well becomes us to begird ourselves, as the honest representatives of the people. Despatch and vigour are imperiously demanded; but that deliberation, too, must not be lost sight of, which so mighty an enterprise requires. When we shall have done the work, we may fairly challenge the utmost approval of our constituents; for in none other have they so deep a stake.

In pursuing the course which I now invite you to enter upon, I avow that I look for the co-operation of the king's government; and on what are my hopes founded? Men gather not grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles; but that the vine should no longer yield its wonted fruit —that the fig-tree should refuse its natural increase,— required a miracle to strike it with barrenness. But, whether I have the support of the Ministers or no, to the House I look, with confident expectation, that it will control them, and assist me; if I go too far, checking my progress; if I go too fast, abating my speed; but heartily and honestly helping me, in the best and greatest work which the hands of the lawgiver can undertake. The course is clear before us; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame and more useful import than ever were done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the North—you saw him account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph which you are now in a condition to win!—saw him contemn the fickleness of Fortune,

while, in despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast—"I shall go down to posterity with my code in my hand!" You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawgiver, whom, in arms, you overcame! The lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the Reign. The praise which false courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys,—the Justinians of their day,—will be the just tribute of the wise and the good, to that monarch under whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, sceptres are chiefly to be envied, for that they bestow the power of thus conquering and ruling. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present reign has its claims also. But how much nobler will be our sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear, and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it an open letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty, and the shield of innocence! To me, much reflecting on these things, it has always seemed a worthier honour to be the instrument of making you bestir yourselves in this high matter, than to enjoy all that office can bestow—office, of which the patronage would be irksome incumbrance, the emoluments superfluous, to one content, with the rest of his industrious fellow-citizens, that his own hands minister to his wants; and as for the power supposed to follow it—I have lived nearly half a century, and I have learned that power and place may be severed. But one power I do prize—that of being the advocate of my countrymen here, and their fellow-labourer elsewhere, in those things which concern the best interests of mankind. That power, I know full well, no government can give—no change take away!

XIX.—LORD BROUGHAM ON THE TYRANNIES AND INTRIGUES OF COURTS.

To one charge, however, which they bring against me, I must, no doubt, plead guilty,—I have not found favour with the courtiers, and I am no longer in office. My political habits; my principles; my popular feelings; the perpetual struggle of my life for the rights of my fellow-citizens; the determination which guides my public conduct, that the interests of the people shall be the sole rule of the government; above all, my fixed and unalterable resolution that the Reform Bill shall bear its natural fruits, by giving this country at length a really cheap government, without which it is a useless and barren stock;—all these things are the worst of crimes in the eyes of a court, and the result of them is, that I now meet my fellow-citizens in a private station, and absolutely independent in the performance of all my duties. Nor do I boast of having made any great sacrifice. If it were not somewhat late in the day for moralizing, I could tell of the prerogatives, not so very high,—the enjoyments, none of the sweetest, which he loses who surrenders place, oftentimes misnamed power. To be responsible for measures which others control, perchance contrive; to be chargeable with leaving undone things which he ought to have done, and had all the desire to do, without the power of doing; to be compelled to trust to those whom he knew to be utterly untrustworthy; and on the most momentous occasions, involving the interests of millions, implicitly to confide in quarters where common prudence forbade reposing a common confidence; to have schemes of the wisest, the most profound policy, judged and decided on by the most ignorant and the most frivolous of human beings, and the most generous aspirations of the heart for the happiness of his species chilled by frowns of the most selfish and sordid of the race:—these are among the unenviable prerogatives of place,—of what is falsely called power in this country; and yet I doubt if

there be not others less enviable still. To be planted upon the eminence from whence he must see the base features of human nature, uncovered and deformed; witness the attitude of climbing ambition from a point whence it is only viewed as creeping and crawling, tortuous and venomous, in its hateful path; be forced to see the hideous sight of a naked human heart, whether throbbing in the bosom of the great vulgar or of the little, is not a very pleasing occupation for any one who loves his fellow-creatures, and would fain esteem them;—and, trust me, that he who wields power and patronage for but a little month shall find the many he may try to serve, furiously hating him for involuntary failure; while the few he may succeed in helping to the object of all their wishes shall, with a preposterous pride, (the most unamiable part of the British character,) seek to prove their independence by showing their ingratitude, if they do not try to cancel the obligation by fastening a quarrel upon him. Yet to even all this I might have reconciled myself from a desire to further great measures, and from the pleasure which excitement gives to active minds, or, if you will, from the glory which inspires ambitious notions among statesmen as well as conquerors. But worse to be endured than all was the fetter and the cramp imposed on one used to independence,—the being buried while yet alive to the people's condition and claims—buried in the house of form and etiquette appointed for all ministers. Who, then, can marvel at the exultation which I feel to shake and to brace every fibre of my frame when, casting off these trammels—bursting through the cerements of that tomb—I start into new life, and resume my position in the van of my countrymen, struggling for their rights, and moving onwards in the accelerated progress of improvement, with a boundless might and a resistless fury which prostrates in the dust all the puny obstacles that can be raised by the tyranny of courts and their intrigues —the persecution of bigots and their cunning—the sordid plots of greedy monopolists, whether privileged companies, or overgrown establishments, or corrupt municipalities? In this proud position I am now placed; and I have no

desire at all to leave it. I am once more absolutely free —the slave of no party—at the mercy of no court intrigue —in the service of my country, and of that only master. Firm on this vantage ground, it must indeed be an honest government, and a strong one,—a government which promises much for the people, and is capable of accomplishing much of what it promises, that can ever tempt me to abandon my independence in the front of my countrymen, and enlist with any ministry whatever.

XX.—SIR R. PEEL ON LIMITED MONARCHY.

GENTLEMEN, you are probably aware that of late great hostility has been shown towards the House of Lords; that notice has been given by an hon. member that he would, at an early period of next session, move for leave to bring in a bill to reform the House of Lords. By reforming the House of Lords, I understand nothing more than that they should be deprived of having a voice, and by it is meant the establishment of a popular assembly free from all control. It is my opinion that such an assembly, investing itself with absolute power of legislation, would soon attack the prerogatives of the Crown, and destroy the Constitution. I do not hesitate to say that such a usurpation on the part of one branch of the legislature would end in the most intolerable tyranny. Gentlemen, I am for the maintenance of the British Constitution. Gentlemen, I hope that you will not pass such a libel on the Reform Bill, as to declare it inconsistent with the maintenance of the British Constitution. I for one cannot do so, and I will strive to the utmost of my power to prevent the tyranny that would arise from that assembly which should be elected solely by the public voice. The history of all countries, at least the history of every country in Europe that have tried the experiment, that have adopted the establishment of such an assembly, proved that it was not compatible with the liberty or happiness of any of those

countries. Why, the very history of our own country, as well as the history of France, and other countries showed what were the results of being governed solely by an assembly elected by the public voice. Such an assembly generally ends in the assumption of supreme power by some successful military commander, to whom the people revert, thinking it better to submit to one tyrant rather than bow to the many-headed one, to which they had been before subject, in the shape of one popular assembly. If they should risk trying such an experiment, they would find that the results would always be the same—that they did not arise from anything like mere accidental circumstances, but proceeded from causes inherent to human nature. When I consider the feelings of the people of this country—when I consider the way property is distributed—when I consider the rights of that property—when I consider the ancient laws by which every thing connected with this country is bound together, it is my belief that if one assembly should legislate singly, call it the House of Commons, or by any other name you please, the same results would follow which I have already pointed out. In such an assembly you would have the civil power usurped by some military commander, and you would be glad, like the people of France, after pouring out a deluge of blood, to revert to the ancient order of things, and to establish monarchy once more.

XXI.—O'CONNELL ON THE BRITISH NATION.

THE greetings with which I have been received—by the accumulation of congregated thousands—the congregation of rational men by whom I have been welcomed, all demonstrate that we are arrived at one of those periods of English history upon which turns the question whether the present state of things is to end in the degradation of the English name, or the exaltation of English virtue by the acquirement of our rights. We have come to the

crisis—we must either write ourselves down slaves, or you must demand that there shall be no such thing as irresponsible, and therefore abused, power. The question is, whether you are to have one hundred and seventy masters or not; one hundred and seventy irresponsible masters? What is the title by which they claim to rule you? That they are an ancient institution. This looks all very well; but I should as soon think of suppressing the power-loom and annihilating the steam-engine, because they have taken the place of less useful machinery, as I should think of upholding an institution because it is old. I am not saying that those institutions were not at one time useful, but they were useful just as the hammer was useful when it beat out nails before you got the nailmaker's machine; and we must have improved machinery for legislation as we have for manufactures. No man can look back to British history, without feeling proud of belonging to the British nation. Though my country has suffered much, my heart throbs to exultation for the entire empire, and to participate in the blessings of a combined nation. I look back to your history, and behold when the other nations of Europe were sinking into despotism, you were fighting for liberty. Englishmen were never to be slaves. You, through the dark ages of feudal tyranny, were better than other nations who could admire, but were not men enough to imitate you. I see those throbs and throes for liberty at one period overturning the throne, and covering the scaffold with blood, because the people could not believe in the word of their king, and it is a sad thing to have liars about the throne. I see that that struggle ended in giving to military despotism that obedience which the people would not yield to legal monarchy. Then came 1668, and a despot of the same unfortunate breed. The English people had grown wiser than to think of cutting off his foolish head, but sent him to carry it through Europe, to show the folly of an attempt to reduce Britons to the condition of slaves.

CHAPTER VII.

)ETRY CONNECTED WITH MODERN HISTORY.

I.—BOADICEA.

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rush'd to battle, fought and died;
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.—*Cowper.*

II.—THE BARD.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King![a]
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's[b] twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's[c] curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance; [lance.
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering

[a] Edward I., when he conquered Wales, ordered all the Bards that *fell into* his hands to be put to death.
[b] *Coat of mail*, made of steel rings. [c] Wales.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air);
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoël's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon[d] bow his cloud-topp'd head.
On dreary Arvon's[e] shores they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line."

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace:

[d] A mountain in Wales. [e] Caern-avon in Wales.

Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king![f]
She-wolf of France,[g] with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born,[h] who o'er thy country hangs [wait.
The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies![i]
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable Warrior[j] fled?
Thy son is gone: he rests among the dead,
The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs the Morn,[k] and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly rising o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm,
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:[l]
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din[m] of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.

[f] Edward II. who was cruelly murdered by his queen, Isabel of France, in Berkley Castle. [g] Isabel. [h] Edward III., who conquered the French in many battles. [i] Death of Edward I., abandoned by all. [j] Edward the Black Prince. [k] Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. [l] Richard II. was deposed and starved to death. [m] The wars of York and Lancaster.

Ye towers of Julius,[n] London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his Consort's faith,[o] his Father's fame,[p]
And spare the meek Usurper's holy head!
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread;[q]
The bristled boar,[r] in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, Brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom!

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart[s] we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done)."——
"Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes, on Snowdon's height
Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine Kings! Britannia's issue, hail!—

"Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous Dames and Statesmen old,
In bearded majesty appear;
In the midst a Form divine,
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace."[t]

[n] Henry VI.; George, Duke of Clarence; Edward V.; Richard, Duke of York, believed to have been murdered secretly in the Tower of London, the oldest part of which structure is attributed to Julius Cæsar. [o] Margaret of Anjou. [p] Henry VI. [q] The red and white roses, devices of York and Lancaster. [r] Richard III., whose badge was a silver boar. [s] Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I. [t] Queen Elizabeth.

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessen, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay:
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest,
In buskin'd measures move.
Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,
With Horror,[u] Tyrant of the throbbing breast,
A voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;[x]
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.[y]

"Fond, impious Man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow He repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
To triumph and to die, are mine."—
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

Thomas Gray.

III.—DE BOUNE AND ROBERT BRUCE.

Oh! gay, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front! for there
Rode England's king and peers;
And who that saw that monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,

[u] Shakespeare. [x] Milton. [y] The succession of poets after Milton.

Could then his direful doom foretell?
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flashed at sight of shield and lance.
"Knowest thou," he said, "De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals Scotland's line?"
"The tokens of his helmet tell
The Bruce, my liege: I know him well."
"And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?"
"So please, my liege," said Argentine,
"Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance."
"In battle-day," the king replied,
"Nice tourney rules are set aside.
—Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
Set on him—sweep him from our path!"
And, at King Edward's signal, soon
Dashed from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.
Of Hereford's high blood he came,
A race renowned for knightly fame:
He burned before his monarch's eye
To do some deed of chivalry.
He spurred his seed, he couched his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.
As motionless as rocks, that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast. Each breast beat high,
And dazzled was each gazing eye;
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eye-lid scarce had time to wink,
While on the king, like flash of flame,
Spurred to full speed, the war-horse came!—
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock.—
But, swerving from the knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunned the spear.

Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er!
High in his stirrups stood the king,
And gave his battle-axe the swing:
Right on De Boune, the whiles he passed,
Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crashed like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shivered to the gauntlet-grasp;
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;
First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!—

Sir Walter Scott.

IV.—DEATH OF KING JOHN.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,)
Doth by the idle comments, that it makes,
Fortell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,

Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should sing.——
I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT *and Attendants, who bring in King* JOHN *in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.
P. Hen. How fares your majesty?
K. John. Poison'd. Ill-fare!—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.
P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!
K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

[illegible]

THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude, misgoverned hands, from windows-tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
While all tongues cried, God save thee, Bolingbroke;
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee! welcome Bolingbroke!
While he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus: I thank you, countrymen;
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duch. Alas! poor Richard, where rides he the while?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off
(His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,)

That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

Shakespeare.

VI.—THE FALL OF BUCKINGHAM.

1*st. Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

(*Enter* BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment.*)

2*nd. Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die! Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those, that sought it, I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few, that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o'God's name.

Shakespeare.

VII.—CLARENCE'S DREAM.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'ster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pass'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and in falling
Struck me (that sought to stay him) overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord! Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels;
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?
Clar. No, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O then began the tempest of my soul:
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud—"What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—
"Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury!
Seize on him, furies! take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling wak'd; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.
Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep pray'rs cannot appease Thee,
But Thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute Thy wrath on me alone:
O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!
I prithee, Brakenbury, stay by me:
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Shakespeare.

VIII.—THE FALL OF WOLSEY.

Wol. 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 honours 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 for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspéct of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Shakespeare.

IX.—THE BATTLE OF THE LEAGUE.

The king is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, 'God save our Lord the King!'

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your Oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are coming. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those we love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the Golden Lilies—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding-star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
'Remember St. Bartholomew!' was passed from man to man:
But out spake gentle Henry: 'No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go.'

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright:
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!

Macaulay.

XII.—THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth-Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's Isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an ample space;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM—the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tasmar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves:
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourn's oaks, the fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.

The bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
silence broke,
And with one start and with one cry, the royal city
woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
louder cheer:
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down
each roaring street:
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the
din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring
in:
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike
errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of
Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright
couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started
for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded
still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang
from hill to hill:
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of
Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest
of light,

Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately
fane;
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless
plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of
Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's em-
battled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
Carlisle.

Macaulay.

XIII.—THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly:

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery!

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry;

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven!
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven!
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery!

But redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly!

'Tis morn—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy!

The combat deepens—On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!——

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

Campbell.

XIV.—THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand;
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line;
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak," our captains cried! when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havock did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;—
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people wildly rose;—
As Death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away!

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amid that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou!
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

Campbell.

XV.—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And our lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin confined his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;

But we steadily gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lowly pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
Of the enemy sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Wolfe.

XVI.—THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale fires flash on high; from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon.

Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

By Jove! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend nor brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share:
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies:
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools!
Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

Byron.

XVII.—THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall,
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tones with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated. Who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

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

And wild on high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes;—
How in the noon of night her pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath that fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring that instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's, fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

Byron

XVIII.—NAPOLEON'S REST.

His falchion waved along the Nile,
His host he led through Alpine snows:
O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the while,
His eagle-flag unrolled—and froze!

Here sleeps he now alone!—not one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave
Bends o'er his dust; nor wife nor son
Has even seen or sought his grave.

Behind the sea-girt rock, the star
That led him on from crown to crown,
Has sunk, and nations from afar
Gazed as it faded and went down.

High is his tomb: the ocean flood,
Far, far below, by storms is curled—
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps: the mountain cloud,
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

Pause here! The far-off world at last
Breathes free: the hand that shook its thrones,
And to the earth its mitres cast,
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark! comes there from the Pyramids,
And from Siberia's wastes of snow,
And Europe's hills, a voice that bids
The world be awed to mourn him? No.

The only, the perpetual dirge,
That's heard here, is the sea-bird's cry—
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

Pierpont.

CHAPTER VIII.

COMIC READINGS IN PROSE AND VERSE.

I. AN ORATOR'S FIRST SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT.

THE virgin member takes his honoured place, while beams of modest wisdom light his face: *multum in parvo* in the man you see; he represents—the people's majesty! Behold their choice! the pledged, 'midst many a cheer, to give free trade! free votes! free bread and beer! Blest times!——He sits at last within the walls of famed St. Stephen's venerated halls! O, shades of Pitt and Fox! is he within the House of Commons? How his senses spin! Proud man; has he then caught the Speaker's eye? no, not just yet—but he will, by-and-by. I wonder if there are reporters here? In truth there are, and hard at work, don't fear. O happy man! By the next post shall reach your loved constituents, the maiden speech! THE PRESS (great tell-tale!) will to all reveal, how you have—spoken for your Country's weal! In gaping wonder will the words be read, "The new M.P., Lord Noodle, rose and said."—

This pillar of "ten pounders" rises now, and towards the Speaker makes profoundest bow. Unused to so much honour, his weak knees bend with the weight of senate-dignities. He staggers—almost fails—stares—strokes his chin—clears out his throat, and ventures to begin. "Sir, I am sensible"—(some titter near him)—"I am, Sir, sensible"—"Hear! hear! hear! Hear him!" Now bolder grown, for praise mistaking pother, tea-pots one arm, and spouts out with the other. "I am, sir, sensible—I am, indeed—that, though—I should—want—words—I must proceed; and, for the first time in my

life I think—I think—that—no great orator—should—shrink:—and, therefore,—Mr. Speaker—I for one will speak out freely. Sir—*I've not yet done.* Sir, in the name of those enlightened men who sent me here to—*speak* for them—why then, to do my duty—as I said before—to my constituency—I'LL SAY—NO MORE."

Alexander Bell.

II.—SIR ARCHY MACSARCASM AND SIR CALLAGHAN O'BRALLAGHAN.*

Sir Archy Macsarcasm. Here, i' the sooth, they are aw sprang from sugar hogsheads, and rum puncheons, and wool packs, and hop sacks, and iron bars, and tar jackets. In short they are a composition of Jews, and Turks, and refugees, and of aw the commercial vagrants of the land and sea; a sort of amphibious breed are they. Ah! there's as much deeference betwixt oor nobeelity of the north and theirs of the sooth, as betwixt a haund of blood and a mongrel. And there 's nai scant of wealth or honour in oor family. We hai in the hoose of Macsarcasm twa barons, three viscounts, six earls, and yane marquisate, besides baronets and lairds out of aw reckoning.

Sir Call. O'Brall. You are sensible, Sir Archy, that my family is as ould as any in the three kingdoms and oulder too. For all my family by my father's side are the true ould Milesians, and related to the O'Flaherties, the O'Shaughnesses, the Maclaughlins, the O'Donnaghans, the O'Callaghans, the O'Geoghans, and all the tick blood of the nation. And I myself you know am an O'Brallaghan, which is the ouldest of them all.

Sir Archy Mac. I believe you are of an auncient family, Sir Callaghan, but you are oot in yane point—where ye said ye were as auncient as any in the three

* The former of these characters must be read in a strong Scotch dialect, and the latter in an Irish. There is no narrative; and if the two dialects are properly discriminated, the reader will be able to pass from one person of the dialogue to the other without any mention of the names.

kingdoms:—hoot hoot awa, mon; ye monno say that:—What the de'il! consider oor auncient families of the north: why ye of Ireland are but a colony frai us,—an ootcast—a mere ootcast, and as such ye remain to this hoor.

Sir Call. O'Brall. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy; that is the Scotch account, which you know never spakes truth, because it is always partial. But the Irish History, which must be the best, because it was written by an Irish poet of my own family, one Shemus Thurlough Flannaghan O'Brallaghan, says far deeferently.

Sir Archy Mac. Hoo, Sir!—— but I must impute it to yeer ignorance and vanity. Let me counsil ye as a friend, Sir Callaghan; never enter into a dispute aboot leeterature, or heestory, or the anteequity of families; for ye a'gotten sick a wecked, awkward, cursed jargon upon yeer tongue, mon, that ye are never inteeligible in yeer language.

Sir Call. O'Brall. Ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon, Sir Archy. It is you that have got such a cursed twist of a great fat Scotch brogue about the middle of your own tongue, that you can't understand good English when I spake it to you.—*Macklin.*

III.—O'CONNELL AND THE IRISH WIDOW.

One of the drollest scenes of vituperation that O'Connell ever figured in took place in the early part of his life. Not long after he was called to the bar, his character and peculiar talents received rapid recognition from all who were even casually acquainted with him. His talent for vituperative language was perceived, and by some he was, even in those days, considered matchless as a scold. There was, however, at that time in Dublin a certain woman, Biddy Moriarty, who had a huckster's stall on one of the quays nearly opposite the Four Courts. She was a virago of the first order, very able with her fist, and still more

formidable with her tongue. From one end of Dublin to the other she was notorious for her powers of abuse; and even in the provinces, Mrs. Moriarty's language had passed into currency. The dictionary of Dublin slang had been considerably enlarged by her, and her voluble impudence had almost become proverbial. Some of O'Connell's friends, however, thought that he could beat her at the use of her own weapons. Of this, however, he had some doubts himself when he had listened once or twice to some minor specimens of her Billingsgate. It was mooted once, whether the young Kerry barrister could encounter her, and some one of the company (in O'Connell's presence) rather too freely ridiculed the idea of his being able to meet the famous Madam Moriarty. O'Connell never liked the idea of being put down, and he professed his readiness to encounter her, and even backed himself for the match. Bets were offered and taken; it was decided that the matter should come off at once.

The party adjourned to the huckster's stall, and there was the owner herself, superintending the sale of her small wares—a few loungers and ragged idlers were hanging round her stall—for Biddy was a 'character,' and, in her way, was one of the sights of Dublin.

O'Connell was very confident of success. He had laid an ingenious plan for overcoming her, and, with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it into practice. He resolved to open the attack. At this time O'Connell's own party and the loungers about the place formed an audience quite sufficient to rouse Mrs. Moriarty, on public provocation, to a due exhibition of her powers. O'Connell commenced the attack:—

"What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's-your-Name?"

"Moriarty, Sir, is my name, and a good one it is, and what have you to say agen it? and one-and-sixpence's the price of the stick. Truth, it's cheap as dirt—so it is."

"One-and-sixpence for a walking stick! whew! why you are no better than an impostor, to ask eighteenpence for what cost you twopence."

"Twopence, your grandmother," replied Miss Biddy;

"do you mane to say that it's chating the people I am? impostor, indeed!"

"Ay, impostor; and it's that I call you to your teeth," replied O'Connell.

"Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old *diagonal*," cried O'Connell calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger, or by this and that," cried Mrs. Moriarty, "I'll make you go quicker nor you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old *radius*, anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the hokey, if you say another word of impudence, I'll tan your dirty hide, you bastely common scrub; and sorry I'd be to soil my fists upon your carcase."

"Whew! boys, what a passion old Biddy is in; I protest, as I'm a gentleman——"

"Jintleman! jintleman! the likes of you a jintleman? Wisha, by gor, that bangs Banagher. Why, you potato-faced pippin-sneezer, when did a Madagascar monkey like you pick enough of common Christian dacency to hide your Kerry brogue?"

"Easy now, easy now," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good-humour, "don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whiskey-drinking *parallelogram*."

"What's that you call me, you murderin' villain?" roared Mrs. Moriarty, stung into fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "a parallelogram, and a Dublin judge and jury will say that it's no libel to call you so."

"Oh, tare-an-ouns! oh, holy Biddy, that an honest woman like me should be called a parrybellygrum to her face. I'm none of your parrybellygrums, you rascally gallows bird; you cowardly, sneaking, plate lickin' bliggard."

"Oh, not you, indeed!" retorted O'Connell; "why, I suppose you'll deny that you keep an *hypothenuse* in your house."

"It's a lie for you, you robber you. I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thafe."

"Why, sure, all the neighbours know very well, that

you keep not only an *hypothenuse*, but that you have two *diameters* locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old *heptagon*."

"Och, hear this, ye saints o'glory! Och, sure, there's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass as a jintleman. May the devil fly away with ye you nicher from Munster, and make celery sauce of you."

"Ah, you can't deny that charge, you miserable *sub-multiple* of a *duplicate ratio*."

"Go, rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tickle pitcher: after all the bad words you speak, it ought to be filthier than your face."

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked old *polygon;* to the deuce I pitch you, you blustering *intersection* of a stinking *superficies*."

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease you jaw, I'll——" but here she gasped for breath, unable to hawk up any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"While I've a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimitable *periphery*. Look at her, boys! there she stands; a *convicted perpendicular* in petticoats! There's contamination in her *circumference*, and she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her *corollaries*. Ah! you're found out, you *rectilineal*, *antecedent*, and *equiangular* old hag, it's with you the devil will fly away, you porter swiping *similitude* of the *bisection of a vortex*."

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming it at O'Connell's head, when he very prudently made a timely retreat. "You have won the wager, here's your bet," cried the gentleman who had proposed the contest. O'Connell knew well the use of sound in vituperation, and having to deal with an ignorant scold, determined to overcome her in volubility by using all the *sesquipedalia verba* which occur in Euclid; with these and a few significant epithets, and a scoffing impudent demeanour, he for once imposed silence on Biddy Moriarty.—*Madden.*

CHAPTER IX.

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE PIECES.

I.—THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

THE publication of the English translation of the Bible, with the permission for its free use among the people, was accomplished in the year 1536, in the reign of Henry VIII. Before the Reformation two versions existed of the Bible in English,—two, certainly; perhaps, three. One was Wycliffe's; another, based on Wycliffe's, but tinted more strongly with the peculiar opinions of the Lollards, followed at the beginning of the fifteenth century; and there is said to have been a third, but no copy of *this* is known to survive, and the history of it is vague. The possession or the use of these translations was prohibited by the Church, under pain of death. They were extremely rare and little read; and it was not till Luther's great movement began in Germany, and his tracts and commentaries found their way into England, that a practical determination was awakened among the people to have before them, in their own tongue, the book on which their faith was built.

A person named William Tyndal felt his heart burn in him to accomplish this great work for his country; applied for assistance to a learned bishop, discovered rapidly that the assistance which he would receive from the Church authorities would be a speedy elevation to martyrdom, went across the Channel to Luther, and thence to Antwerp; and there, in the year 1526, achieved and printed the first edition of the New Testament. Copies were carried over secretly to London, and circu-

lated in thousands by the Christian Brothers. The council threatened; the bishops anathematised. They opened subscriptions to buy up the hated and dreaded volumes. They burnt them publicly in St. Paul's. The whip, the gaol, the stake did their worst, and their worst was nothing. Three editions were sold before 1530, and in that year a fresh instalment was completed. The Pentateuch was added to the New Testament; and afterwards, by Tyndal himself or under Tyndal's eyes, the Historical Books, the Psalms and Prophets. At length the whole canon was translated, and published in separate portions.

All these were condemned with equal emphasis—all continued to spread. The progress of the evil had, in 1531, become so considerable as to be the subject of an anxious protest to the Crown from the episcopal bench. They complained of the translations as inaccurate,—of unbecoming reflections on themselves in the prefaces and side-notes. They required stronger powers of repression, more frequent holocausts, a more efficient inquisitorial police. In Henry's reply they found that the waters of *their* life were poisoned at the spring. The king, too, was infected with the madness. The king would have the Bible in English; and directed them, if the translation was unsound, to prepare a better translation without delay. But the bishops remained for several years inactive, and at length the king's patience was exhausted. The legitimate methods having been tried in vain, he acted on his own responsibility. Miles Coverdale silently went abroad with a license from the Crown, with Tyndal's help, collected and edited the scattered portions, and in 1536 there appeared in London, published under authority and dedicated to Henry VIII., the first complete copy of the English Bible. The fountain of the new opinions —so long dreaded, so long execrated—was thenceforth to lie open in every church in England; and the clergy were ordered not to permit only, but to encourage all men to resort to it and read.—*Froude.*

II.—STUDY.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. The chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by duty; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted; not to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that should be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sorts of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.—*Bacon.*

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It may be fairly contended that the first origin of classical education affords no sound reason for its being continued now. When Latin and Greek were the only written languages of civilised man, it is manifest that they must have furnished the subjects of all liberal education. The question therefore is wholly changed, since the growth of a complete literature in other languages; since France, and Italy, and Germany, and England have each produced their philosophers, their poets, and their historians, worthy to be placed on the same level with those of Greece and Rome.

But although there is not the same reason now which existed three or four centuries ago, for the study of Greek and Roman literature, yet there is another no less substantial. Expel Greek and Latin from your schools, and you confine the views of the existing generation to themselves and their immediate predecessors; you will cut off so many centuries of the world's experience, and place us in the same state as if the human race had first come into existence in the year 1500. For it is nothing to say that a few learned individuals might still study classical literature; the effect produced on the public mind

would be no greater than that which has resulted from the labours of our oriental scholars; it would not spread beyond themselves, and men in general, after a few generations, would know as little of Greece and Rome, as they do actually of China and Hindostan. But such an ignorance would be incalculably more to be regretted. With the Asiatic mind we have no nearer connexion and sympathy than is derived from our common humanity. But the mind of the Greek and of the Roman is in all the essential points of its constitution our own; and not only so, but it is our mind developed to an extraordinary degree of perfection. Wide as is the difference between us with respect to those physical instruments which minister to our uses or our pleasures; although the Greeks and Romans had no steam-engines, no printing presses, no mariner's compass, no telescopes, no microscopes, no gunpowder; yet in our moral and political views, in those matters which most determine human character, there is a perfect resemblance in these respects. Aristotle, and Plato, and Thucydides, and Cicero, and Tacitus, are most untruly called ancient writers; they are virtually our own countrymen and contemporaries, but have the advantage which is enjoyed by intelligent travellers, that their observation has been exercised in a field out of the reach of common men; and that having thus seen in a manner with our eyes what we cannot see for ourselves, their conclusions are such as bear upon our own circumstances, while their information has all the charm of novelty, and all the value of a mass of new and pertinent facts, illustrative of the great science of the nature of civilized man.

Now when it is said, that men in manhood so often throw their Greek and Latin aside, and that this very fact shows the uselessness of their early studies, it is much more true to say that it shows how completely the literature of Greece and Rome would be forgotten, if our system of education did not keep up the knowledge of it. But it by no means shows that system to be useless, unless it followed that, when a man laid aside his Greek and Latin books, he forgot also that he had ever gained

from them. This, however, is so far from being the case, that even where the results of a classical education are least tangible and least appreciated even by the individual himself, still the mind often retains much of the effect of its early studies in the general liberality of its tastes and comparative comprehensiveness of its views and notions.

All this supposes, indeed, that classical instruction should be sensibly conducted; it requires that a classical teacher should be fully acquainted with modern history and modern literature, no less than with those of Greece and Rome. What is, or perhaps what used to be, called a mere scholar, cannot possibly communicate to his pupils the main advantages of a classical education. The knowledge of the past is valuable, because without it, our knowledge of the present and of the future must be scanty; but if the knowledge of the past be confined wholly to itself, if, instead of being made to bear upon things around us, it be totally isolated from them, and so disguised by vagueness and misapprehension as to appear incapable of illustrating them, then indeed it becomes little better than laborious trifling, and they who declaim against it may be fully forgiven.—*Arnold.*

IV.—THE GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE.

MANY persons are very sensible of the effect of fine poetry upon their feelings, who do not well know how to refer these feelings to their causes; and it is always a delightful thing to be made to see clearly the sources from which our delight has proceeded, and to trace the mingled stream that has flowed upon our hearts, to the remoter fountains from which it has been gathered; and when this is done with warmth as well as precision, and embodied in an eloquent description of the beauty which is explained, it forms one of the most attractive, and not the least instructive, of literary exercises. In all works of merit, however, and especially in all works of original genius, there are a thousand retiring and less obtrusive graces, which escape hasty and superficial observers, and

only give out their beauties to fond and patient contemplation; a thousand slight and harmonizing touches, the merit and the effect of which are equally imperceptible to vulgar eyes; and a thousand indications of the continual presence of that poetical spirit, which can only be recognised by those who are, in some measure, under its influence, and have prepared themselves to receive it, by worshipping meekly at the shrine which it inhabits.

In the exposition of these, there is room enough for originality, and more room than Mr. Hazlitt has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently; particularly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakespeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers; but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out, that familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic, in the simple aspect of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odours, and dews and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry; and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul, and which, in the midst of Shakespeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins; contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements, which *he alone* has poured out from the richness of his own mind, without effort or restraint, and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting, for an instant, the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress from love of ornament or need of repose;—he alone, who, when the subject requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical; and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples

them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace, and is a thousand times more full of imagery and splendour than those who, for the sake of such qualities, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists in existence, he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world; and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason, nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Every thing in him is in unmeasured abundance and unequalled perfection; but every thing so balanced and kept in subordination, as not to jostle, or disturb, or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn, not to load, the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage more rapidly and directly, than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed up into baskets, but they spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

V.—PLANETARY AND TERRESTRIAL WORLDS.

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can anywhere behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees,

and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations; whereas, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears a uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances, it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star—as, in one part of the orbit, she rides foremost in the procession of night; in the other, ushers in and anticipates the dawn—is a planetary world; which, with those others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life: all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun, which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is, in this respect, fixed and immovable: it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out, in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire; and keeps alive, from age to age, such an enormous mass of flame!" Let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe: every

star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of day. So that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence; all which are lost to our sight, in immeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarcely-distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is; since a ball, shot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel, at this impetuous rate, almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries!

While, beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishingly grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe! It is observed by a very judicious writer, that, if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, are so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would scarcely leave a blank in the immensity of God's works. If, then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so-much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions; but, when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size! how contemptible their figure! They shrink into pompous nothings.—*Addison.*

CHAPTER X.

MISCELLANEOUS POETICAL PIECES.*

I.—AGAINST CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility), the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring time of our years
Is soon dishonoured and defiled in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
But which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn.—*Cowper.*

* For specimens of English poetry, chronologically arranged, see "The Historical Class Book," by J. Davenport. 12mo., Third Edition. Published by Relfe, Brothers, 160, Aldersgate Street.

I.—AUTUMN.

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare woods are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the year
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the night-worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray,
Let your light sisters play,—
Ye follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

Shelley.

III.—THE DYING GLADIATOR.

'Tis set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow-man,
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire,
And unaveng'd—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

Byron.

IV.—LYCIDAS.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,

Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the selfsame hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening, bright,
Towards heaven's descent had sloped his westering whe
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone!
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee, the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the whitethorn blows;—
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream;
Aye me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise—
That last infirmity of noble mind—
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies:
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethusé, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds!

That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings,
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers,
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strow the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose, a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Aye me! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompence, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey,
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

Milton.

V.—MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Milton.

VI.—CLOUDLAND.

Oh! it is pleasant with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low,
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!
Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard, who, on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

Coleridge.

VII.—HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.—*Collins.*

VIII.—TO THE OCEAN.

SHALL I rebuke thee, Ocean, my old love,
That once, in rage with the wild winds at strife,
Thou darest menace my unit of a life,
Sending my clay below, my soul above,
Whilst roared thy waves, like lions when they rove
By night, and bound upon their prey by stealth?
Yet didst thou ne'er restore my fainting health?—
Didst thou ne'er murmur gently like the dove?
Nay, didst thou not against my own dear shore
Full break, last link between my land and me?—
My absent friends talk in thy very roar,
In thy waves' beat their kindly pulse I see,
And, if I must not see my England more,
Next to her soil, my grave be found in thee!—*Hood.*

IX.—ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

The shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime

The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.—*Byron.*

X.—THE BUTTERFLY ON MONT BLANC.

WHO would have thought, upon this icy cliff,
Where never ibex bounded,
Nor foot of chamois sounded—
Where scarce the soaring hippogryff
Would venture, unless truly
To this exalted Thule
He carried the thoughts of a metaphysician,
Or theory of an electrician—
Who would have thought of seeing thee,
Softest of summer's progeny?
What art thou seeking? What hast thou lost?
That before the throne of eternal frost
Thou comest to spread the crimson wing,
Thou pretty fluttering thing?
Art thou too fine for the world below?
So soon hast thou lived out thy joy and thy spring?
And hast thou sworn
To dwell forlorn,
An anchorite in a cave of snow,
Or palmer lonely wandering?
Or didst thou fancy, as many have done,
That because the hill-top is nearest the sun,
The sun loves better the thawless ice,
That does nothing but say that he is bright,
And dissect, like a prism, his braided light,
Than the gardens of bloom and the groves of spice?

Didst thou think that the bright one his mystery shrouds
In a comfortless mantle of sleet-driving clouds?
Alas! he never loved this place;
It bears no token of his grace,
But many a scar of the tempest's lash,
And singed mark of the sulphurous flash.
'Tis better to dwell amid corn-fields and flowers,
Or even the weeds of this world of ours,
Than to leave the green vale and the sunny slope,
And seek the cold cliff with a desperate hope.
Flutter he—flutter he—high as he will,
A butterfly is but a butterfly still.
'Tis better for us to remain where we are,
In the lowly valley of duty and care,
Than lonely to stray to the heights above,
Where there's nothing to do and nothing to love.

Hartley Coleridge.

XI.—THE RAVEN.

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 that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals 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 minute 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 no 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 a 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 farther 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."

This 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 foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he 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, upstarting—

"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 flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting [door;
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber
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!

Edgar A. Poe.

XII.—IN MEMORY OF HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THESE to His Memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—
These Idylls.—And indeed He seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
'Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;
Who loved one only and who clave to her—'
Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of His loss moved like eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost him: he is gone.
We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,

How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot: for where is he,
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than his?
Or how should England, dreaming of *his* sons,
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
Laborious for her people and her poor—
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—
Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace—
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside Thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past and left
The Crown a lonely splendour.—May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow Thee,
The love of all Thy sons encompass Thee,
The love of all Thy daughters cherish Thee,
The love of all Thy people comfort Thee,
Till GOD'S love set Thee at his side again!—*Tennyson.*

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