THE

FIRST-CLASS READER:

A SELECTION

FOR EXERCISES IN READING,

FROM

STANDARD BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY B. D. EMERSON,
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Series, of which this volume is the first, comprises also 'The Second-Class Reader,' and 'The Third-Class Reader.'

'The Second-Class Reader' is now in the press, and will be completed as soon as may be consistent with its faithful mechanical execution.

'The Third-Class Reader,' which is nearly ready for the press, will be published in a few weeks after the appearance of the other volumes of the Series.

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PREFACE.

The design of preparing a series of School Readers, adapted to the advanced state of literature and science, was suggested to the author, more than two years since, by a friend* of well known literary taste, and celebrity as a teacher; and it was undertaken with the condition of receiving his coöperation. Since which time, it has been the continued object of their attention during their leisure hours; and whatever degree of merit or responsibility the volumes shall be found to possess, must be divided between the author and his friend.

No small amount of labor and research has been devoted to this undertaking; and the principles which have governed in making the compilation demanded nothing less. To select such matter, as is, in all respects, proper to compose a Reading Manual for Youth, will be acknowledged a task of much importance and no little delicacy. Purity of sentiment, blended with that which may inform the understanding, while at the same time it interests the heart, is indispensable. The fascinations of melody and rhythm, 'the sounding period and the well turned line,' are often to be resisted, in order to comply with the rigid construction of this rule. In a word, each extract should contain some useful truth, either of a moral or scientific nature; something of more importance than the mere amusement of a passing hour.

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* Mr. John Frost of Philadelphia.

The style also of these selections has been the subject of assiduous attention. Correctness and variety have been sought for. But, as this is a matter of taste, to be referred to the ultimate standard of taste, the common sense of the public, it would be unbecoming to say more, than that the compilers have used their best endeavors to guard against all reasonable objection on this score. The authors from whom they have selected, will generally be found to have already received the seal of public approbation, as classics of the English language.

It has been the aim of the compilers to give every lesson a degree of unity and completeness; so that it might be rather a whole, than a fragment. Mere detached sentences, the understanding of which presupposes an acquaintance with their preceding and subsequent connections, have been studiously rejected; for the obvious reason, that scholars cannot be expected to derive improvement from the reading of exercises they do not understand.

The above remarks will sufficiently show the character intended to be given to the work. How far that character has been attained, is, with feelings of profound deference, referred to the tribunal of public opinion.

B. D. E.

Boston, Sept. 1833

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

POETRY.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

As the present is an age of experiment, as well as improvement in the modes of teaching, the author ventures to *suggest* the introduction, into our American schools, of a part of the explanatory system of instruction, so successfully practised in the Edinburgh Sessional School under the direction of Mr. Wood.* And he cannot better explain this system, in its application to the exercise of reading, than by presenting an extract from Mr. Wood's valuable work.

'Before entering upon the consideration of the reading department, it may be proper to premise some general observations, on that method of EXPLANATION, which has been so highly approved of in the Sessional School. Its object is threefold: first, To render more easy and pleasing the acquisition of the mechanical art of reading; secondly, To turn to advantage the particular instruction contained in every individual passage which is read; and, above all, thirdly, To give the pupil, by means of a minute analysis of each passage, a general command of his own language.

'It is of great importance to the proper understanding of the method, that *all* these objects should be kept distinctly in view. With regard to the *first*, no one, who has not witnessed the scheme in operation, can well imagine the animation and energy which it inspires. It is the constant remark of almost every stranger who visits the Sessional School, that its pupils have not at all the ordinary appearance of school-boys, doomed to an unwilling task, but rather the happy faces of children at their sports. This distinction is chiefly to be attributed to that part of the system of which we are here treating; by which, in place of harassing the pupil, with a mere mechanical routine of sounds and technicalities, his attention is excited, his curiosity is gratified, and his fancy is amused.

'In the *second* place, when proper books are put into the hands of the scholars, every article, which they read, may be made the means, not only of forming in their youthful minds the invaluable habit of attention, but also of communicating to them, along with facility in the art of reading, much information, which is both adapted to their present age, and may be of use to them the rest of their lives. How different is the result, where the mechanical art is made the exclusive object of the master's and the pupil's attention! How many fine passages have been read in the most pompous manner, without rousing a single sentiment in the mind of the performer! How many, in which they have left behind them only the most erroneous and absurd impressions and associations!

*See the 'Account of the Edinburgh Sessional School,' published by Munroe & Francis, Boston.

'But, in the *last* place, they little know the full value of the explanatory method, who think it unnecessary, in any case, to carry it beyond what is absolutely essential to enable the pupil to understand the meaning of the individual passage before him at the time. As well, indeed, might it be maintained, that, in *parsing*, the only object in view should be the elucidation of the particular sentence parsed; or that, in reading Cæsar's Commentaries in a grammar school, the pupil's sole attention should be directed to the manner in which the Gallic war was conducted. A very little reflection, however, should be sufficient to show, how erroneous such a practice would be in either case. The passages gone over in school must of course be very few and limited, and the *direct* information communicated through them extremely scanty. The skill of the instructor must therefore be exhibited, not merely in enabling the pupil to understand these few passages, but in making every lesson bear upon the proper object of his labors, the giving a general knowledge and full command of the language, which it is his province to teach, together with as much other useful information, as the passage may suggest and circumstances will admit. As in *parsing*, accordingly, no good teacher would be satisfied with examining his pupil upon the syntactic construction of the passage before him as it stands, and making him repeat the rules of that construction, but would also, at the same time, call upon him to notice the variations, which must necessarily be made in certain hypothetical circumstances; so also in the department, of which we are now treating, he will not consider it enough, that the child may have, from the context or otherwise, formed a general notion of the meaning of a whole passage, but will also, with a view to future exigences, direct his attention to the full force and signification of the particular terms employed, and likewise, in some cases at least, to their roots, derivatives, and compounds. Thus, for example, if in any lesson the scholar read of one having "done an unprecedented act," it might be quite sufficient for understanding the meaning of that single passage, to tell him that "no other person had ever done the like;" but this would by no means fully accomplish the object we have in view. The child would thus receive no clear notion of the word *unprecedented*, and would therefore, in all probability, on the very next occasion of its recurrence, or of the recurrence of other words from the same root, be as much at a loss as before. But direct his attention to the threefold composition of this word, the *un*, the *pre*, and the *cede*. Ask him the meaning of the syllable *un* in composition, and tell him to point out to you (or if necessary, point out to him) any other words, in which it has this signification of *not*, (such as *uncommon*, *uncivil*) and, if there be leisure, any other syllables which have in composition a similar effect, such as *in*, with all its modifications of *ig*, *il*, *im*, *ir*, also *dis*, and *non*, with examples. Next investigate the meaning of the syllable *pre* in composition, and illustrate it with examples, (such as *previous*, *premature*.) Then examine in like manner the meaning of the syllable *cede*, and having shown that in composition it generally signifies *to go*, demand the signification of its various compounds *precede*, *proceed*, *succeed*, *accede*, *recede*, *exceed*, *intercede*. The pupil will in this manner acquire not only a much more distinct and lasting impression of the signification of the word in question, but a key also to a vast variety of other words in the language. This too he will do far more pleasingly and satisfactorily in the manner which is here recommended, than by being enjoined to commit them to memory from a vocabulary at home as a task. It is very true that it would not be possible to go over every word of a lesson with the same minuteness, as

that we have now instanced. A certain portion of time should therefore be set apart for this examination : and, after those explanations have been given, which are necessary to the right understanding of the passage, such minuter investigations only may be gone into as time will admit. It is no more essential, that every word should be gone over in this way, than that every word should always be syntactically parsed. A single sentence well done may prove of the greatest service to the scholar in his future studies.'

In applying this system of instruction to the First-Class Reader, I would recommend that the pupils have the reading exercise for the day, previously assigned to them, in order that there may be an opportunity for them carefully to study the same, in reference to the examination that is to follow. In reading the book the first time, the examination should be general, rather than otherwise; let the pupils be questioned in regard to the general sense of the piece, and the meaning of prominent words in it. Explanation and illustration should be given by the teacher; such as the meaning of any passage, its allusions, figures, &c. may require. Care should be taken that the scholars do not forget these explanations; this may be prevented by recurring to them at subsequent examinations. In order to show the nature of this *first examination*, a specimen is subjoined.

In going through the volume the second time, a more particular examination should be instituted. Not only the same kind of questions, which have already been put, are to be repeated, but the pupils should be examined with reference to the analysis of words, their inflections and analogies; and also with reference to the rhetorical features of the composition, and the topics of general information suggested by the text.

Of this *second examination*, a specimen, such as our limits would allow, is also subjoined. Its nature and character, the extent to which it may be carried, and the interest, which it may be made to impart to the exercise, will at once be felt and appreciated by every intelligent teacher.

We will take for an example of the following examinations, an extract from the writing of the Rev. Sidney Smith.

APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE BLIND.

The author of the book of Ecclesiastes has told us, 'that the light is sweet; that it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun.' The sense of sight is, indeed, the highest bodily privilege, the purest physical pleasure, which man has derived from his Creator : — to see that wandering fire, after he has finished his journey through the nations,

coming back to us in the eastern heavens; the mountains painted with light; the floating splendor of the sea; the earth waking from deep slumber; the day flowing down the sides of the hills, till it reaches the secret valleys; the little insect recalled to life; the bird trying her wings; man going forth to his labor; each created being moving, thinking, acting, contriving, according to the scheme and compass of its nature; by force, by cunning, by reason, by necessity.——Is it possible to joy in this animated scene, and feel no pity for the sons of darkness? for the eyes that will never taste the sweet light? for the poor, clouded in everlasting gloom?

If you ask me why they are miserable and dejected; I turn you to the plentiful valleys; to the fields, bringing forth their increase; to the freshness and flowers of the earth; to the endless variety of its colors; to the grace, the symmetry, the shape of all it cherishes, and all it bears. These you have forgotten, because you have always enjoyed them; but these are the means by which God Almighty makes man what he is; cheerful, lively, erect; full of enterprise, mutable, glancing from heaven to earth; prone to labor and to act.

This is the reason why the blind are miserable and dejected.——because their soul is mutilated, and dismembered of its best sense; because they are a laughter, and a ruin, and the boys of the streets mock at their stumbling feet.

Therefore I implore you, by the son of David, have mercy on the blind. If there is not pity for all sorrows, turn the full and perfect man to meet the inclemency of fate. Let not those who have never tasted the pleasures of existence, be assailed by any of its sorrows. The eyes that are never gladdened with light, should never stream with tears.

First examination on the foregoing extract.

What is the title of the piece? Who is the author? What sacred writer does he quote? What is the quotation? What is the 'highest bodily privilege?' What is meant by the word 'bodily?' What is *here* meant by the word 'physical?' What pleasures are higher and purer than bodily or physical ones? What other senses have we, besides that of sight? Whose gift are they? What is the 'wandering fire,' mentioned in the text? Why is it spoken of as 'coming back to us in the eastern heavens?' What are the effects of its rising, so beautifully described in the text? What wakes the insects and the birds, and sends man forth to his labor? What are the effects of its return, on other created beings? Do these effects of light, prove the truth of the sacred writer's assertion quoted above? What feeling should our enjoyment of the morning light, excite towards the blind? What beautiful objects of sight are spoken of? Why do we forget their beauty and value? What is the effect of the beauties of nature on man? Why are the blind sad and dejected? Why are the blind peculiarly entitled to our compassion?

Second examination on the foregoing extract.

What is the meaning of the word 'author?' What is the equivalent word applied to a female? What is the meaning of 'highest?' Of 'purest?' What is the effect of adding the syllable *est*, to a word expressing a quality? Give some examples. What is expressed by the word 'physical?' To what class of words do most of those which end in *al* belong? When the termination *al* is added to a noun, into what is it changed? Define 'Creator.' From what verb is it derived? What is the meaning of the word 'wandering?' From what is it derived? What is the effect of adding the termination *ing* to a verb? Give examples. What does the termination *ing* generally express? *Ans.* —Continued action. What is the meaning of 'finished?' From what is it derived? What are some of the other derivatives of the same word. What does the termination *ed* generally express? Give examples. What is meant by the word 'nations?' What adjective is formed from nation? How? Define 'eastern.' From what is it derived? What other adjectives are derived from the same word? What is the meaning of the word 'heavens' in this connection? What other meaning has it? What adjective is derived from the word *mountain?* What is meant by 'the mountains painted with light?' Is this a literal or a figurative expression? What other instances occur immediately afterwards of the same figure? What is the 'floating splendor of the sea?' What is meant by 'the earth waking from her deep slumber?' Point out the words, in this part of the piece, used metaphorically. Why is the day represented as 'flowing down the sides of the hills?' What is 'painted' derived from? Name other derivatives of the same word. From what is the word 'waking' derived? What other words have the same derivation? Give some of the derivations of the word 'deep!' Of 'slumber,' of 'day.' How do 'hills' differ from mountains? What is the diminutive for 'hill?' What are 'valleys?' Why is the term 'secret' applied to them? What is the meaning of 'recalled?' What does the first part of the word 'recalled' signify? Can you give any other examples of that syllable having the same signification (as *remit*, *revert* &c.) What does the latter part of 'recalled' signify? Give examples; (as *miscalled uncalled.*) What is the meaning of 'life?' What are some of the derivatives and kin-

dred words. (As *lively, lifeless, livelihood* &c.) Define 'bird.' How does a 'bird' differ from an 'insect?' Define 'trying.' Give the derivatives of *try*. Define 'wings.' Give the derivatives of it. What do you consider to be comprehended in the term 'created being?' Is it limited in the text to living beings? Is the term, properly speaking, more comprehensive? What is the origin of the term *being*? Does it apply to unorganized or lifeless matter, as well as to living creatures? Define, and give some of the derivatives of the following words; *move, think, act, contrive, possible*. What kind of animals obtain their food by 'force?' What animals by 'cunning?' What by 'reason?' Is it common to find the word 'joy' used as a verb in prose writing? What is the meaning of 'animated?' Its origin? Its kindred words? What is the original meaning of 'scene?' Is it applied in the text literally or metaphorically? What is meant by the term, 'sons of darkness?' What figure of rhetoric is this an example of? What figure of rhetoric is used in the expression, 'eyes that will never taste the sweet light?' &c.

The above Specimens are deemed sufficient to show the nature and character of the proposed system. The 'Second-Class Reader' and 'Third-Class Reader' will contain similar Specimens adapted to the earlier stages of school instruction.

THE

FIRST-CLASS READER.

LESSON I.

Humility and Perseverance. An Allegory.—N. Y. MIRROR.

FROM the side of a mountain there flowed forth a little rivulet. Its voice was scarcely heard amid the rustling of the leaves and grass around, and its shallow and narrow stream might be overlooked by the traveller. This brook, although so small, was inspired with a proud spirit and murmured against the decree of Providence, which had cast its lot so lowly.

'I wish I were a cloud, to roll all day through the heavens, painted so beautifully as those lovely shapes are colored, and never descending again in showers; or, at least, I wish I was a river, performing some useful duty in the world. Shame on my weak waves and unregarded bubbling. I might as well have never been, as to be puny, insignificant and useless.' When the brook had thus complained, a beautiful tall flower, that bent over its bosom, replied,

'Thou art in error, brook. Puny and insignificant thou mayst be; useless thou art not, for I owe half of my beauty, perhaps my life, to thy refreshing waters. The plants adjacent to thee are greener and richer than the others. The Creator has given thee a duty, which though humble thou must not neglect. Besides who knows what may be thy future destiny? Flow on. I beseech thee.'

The brook heard the rebuke, and danced along its way more cheerfully. On and on it went, growing broader and broader. By and by other rivulets poured their crystal waters into it, and swelled its deepening bosom, in which already began to appear the fairy creatures of the wave, darting about joyfully and glistening in the sun. As its channel grew wider and wider, and yet other branches came gliding

into it, the stream began to assume the importance of a river, and boats were launched on it and rolled on in a meandering course through a teeming country, freshening whatever it touched, and giving the whole scene a new character and beauty.

As it moved on now in majesty and pride, the sound of its gently heaving billows formed itself into the following words:

'At the outset of life, however humble we may seem, there may be in store for us great and unexpected opportunities of doing good and of being great. In the hope of these we should ever pass on without despair or doubt, trusting that perseverance will bring in its own reward. How little I dreamed when I first sprang on my course, what purposes I was destined to fulfil. What happy beings were to owe their bliss to me! What lofty trees, what velvet meadows what golden harvests were to hail my career. Let not the meek and lowly despair—heaven will supply them with noble inducements to virtue.'

LESSON II.

Manners of the Scottish Highlanders.

The Highlanders were composed of a number of tribes called clans, each of which bore a different name, and lived upon the lands of a different chieftain. The members of every tribe were tied one to another not only by the feudal, but by the patriarchal, bond; for while the individuals who composed it, were vassals or tenants of their own hereditary chieftain, they were also descended from his family, and could count exactly the degree of their descent.

The right of primogeniture had in the revolution of centuries converted these natural principles of connexion between the chieftain and his people, into the most sacred ties of human life. The castle of the chieftain was a kind of palace, to which every man of his tribe was made welcome; where he was entertained according to his station, in time of peace, and whither all flocked, at the sound of war. Thus the meanest of the clan, knowing himself to be as well-born as the head of it, revered in his chieftain his own honor, loved in his clan his own blood, complained not of the difference of station into which Fortune had thrown him, and respected himself.

The chieftain in return bestowed a protection, founded equally on gratitude, and the consciousness of his own interest. Hence the Highlanders, whom more savage nations called savage, carried in the outward expression of their manners the politeness of courts without their vices, and in their bosoms the high point of honor without its follies.

In countries where the surface is rugged, and the climate uncertain, there is little room for the use of the plough; and where no coal is to be found, and few provisions can be raised, there is still less for that of the anvil and shuttle. As the Highlanders were, upon these accounts, excluded from extensive agriculture and manufactures alike, every family raised just as much grain, and made as much raiment as sufficed for itself; and Nature, whom Art cannot force, destined them to the life of shepherds. Hence, they had not that excess of industry which reduces man to a machine, nor that total want of it which sinks him into a rank of animals below his own.

They lived in villages built in valleys and by the sides of rivers. At two seasons of the year, they were busy; the one in the end of spring and beginning of summer, when they put the plough into the little land they had capable of receiving it, sowed their grain, and laid in their provision of turf for the winter's fuel; the other, just before winter, when they reaped their harvest: the rest of the year was all their own for amusement or for war.

If not engaged in war, they indulged themselves in summer in the most delicious of all pleasures, to men in a cold climate and a romantic country, the enjoyment of the sun and of the summer-views of nature; never in the house during the day, even sleeping often at night in the open air among the mountains and woods.

They spent the winter in the chase while the sun was up, and, in the evening, assembled round a common fire, they entertained themselves with the song, the tale, and the dance: but they were ignorant of sitting, days and nights, at games of skill or hazard, amusements which keep the body in inaction, and the mind in a state of vicious activity!

The want of a good and even of a fine ear for music, was almost unknown amongst them; because it was kept in continual practice among the multitude from passion, but by the wiser few, because they knew that the love of music both heightened the courage, and softened the tempers, of the

people. Their vocal music was plaintive, even to the depth of melancholy; their instrumental either lively for brisk dances, or martial for the battle.

Some of their tunes even contained the great but natural idea of a history described in music: the joys of a marriage, the noise of a quarrel, the sounding to arms, the rage of a battle, the broken disorder of a flight, the whole concluding with the solemn dirge and lamentation for the slain. By the loudness and artificial jarring of their war-instrument, the bagpipe, which played continually during the action, their spirits were exalted to a frenzy of courage in battle.

They joined the pleasures of history and poetry to those of music, and the love of classical learning to both; for, in order to cherish high sentiments in the minds of all, every considerable family had a historian who recounted, and a bard who sang, the deeds of the clan and of its chieftain: and all, even the lowest in station, were sent to school in their youth; partly because they had nothing else to do at that age, and partly because literature was thought the distinction, not the want of it the mark, of good birth.

The severity of their climate, the height of their mountains, the distances of their villages from each other, their love of the chase and of war, with their desire to visit and be visited, forced them to great bodily exertions. The vastness of the objects which surrounded them, lakes, mountains, rocks, cataracts, extended and elevated their minds; for they were not in the state of men who only knew the way from one market town to another.

When strangers came amongst them, they received them not with a ceremony which forbids a second visit, not with a coldness which causes repentance of the first, not with an embarrassment which leaves both the landlord and his guest in equal misery, but with the most pleasing of all politeness, the simplicity and cordiality of affection, proud to give that hospitality which they had not received, and to humble the persons who had thought of them with contempt, by showing how little they deserved it.

Having been driven from the low countries of Scotland by invasion, they from time immemorial thought themselves entitled to make reprisals upon the property of their invaders; but they touched not that of each other: so that in the same men, there appeared, to those who did not look into the causes of things, a strange mixture of vice and of virtue; for what we call theft and rapine, they termed right and

justice: but from the practice of these reprisals, they acquired the habits of being enterprising, artful, and bold.

The lightness and looseness of their dress, the custom they had of going always on foot, never on horseback, their love of long journeys, but above all, that patience of hunger and every kind of hardship, which carried their bodies forward, even after their spirits were exhausted, made them exceed all other European nations in speed and perseverance of march. Montrose's marches were sometimes sixty miles in a day, without food or halting, over mountains, along rocks, and through morasses.

An injury done to one of the clan was held as an injury done to all, on account of the common relation of blood. Hence the Highlanders were in the habitual practice of war; and hence their attachment to their chieftain and to each other, was founded upon the two most active of all principles, love of their friends and resentment against their enemies.

But the frequency of war tempered its ferocity: they bound up the wounds of their prisoners, while they neglected their own, and in the person of an enemy, respected and pitied the stranger.

They went always completely armed: a fashion which, by accustoming them to the instruments of death, removed the fear of death itself, and which, from the danger of provocation, made the common people as polite and as guarded in their behavior, as the gentry of other countries.

To be modest as well as brave; to be contented with the few things which nature requires; to act and to suffer without complaining; to be as much ashamed of doing any thing insolent or injurious to others, as of bearing it when done to themselves, and to die with pleasure in revenging the affronts offered to their clan or their country; these they accounted their highest accomplishments.

LESSON III.

The Village Grave-Yard.—GREENWOOD.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?"—BYRON.

IN the beginning of the fine month of October, I was travelling with a friend in one of our northern states, on a

tour of recreation and pleasure. We were tired of the city, its noise, its smoke, and its unmeaning dissipation; and, with the feelings of emancipated prisoners, we had been breathing, for a few weeks, the perfume of the vales, and the elastic atmosphere of the uplands.

Some minutes before the sunset of a most lovely day, we entered a neat little village, whose tapering spire we had caught sight of at intervals an hour before, as our road made an unexpected turn, or led us to the top of a hill. Having no motive to urge a farther progress, and being unwilling to ride in an unknown country after night-fall, we stopped at the inn, and determined to lodge there.

Leaving my companion to arrange our accommodations with the landlord, I strolled on toward the meeting-house. Its situation had attracted my notice. There was much more taste and beauty in it than is common. It did not stand, as I have seen some meeting houses stand, in the most frequented part of the village, blockaded by wagons and horses, with a court-house before it, an engine-house behind it, a store-house under it, and a tavern on each side; it stood away from all these things, as it ought, and was placed on a spot of gently rising ground, a short distance from the main road, at the end of a green lane; and so near to a grove of oaks and walnuts, that one of the foremost and largest trees brushed against the pulpit window.

On the left, and lower down, there was a fertile meadow, through which a clear brook wound its course, fell over a rock, and then hid itself in the thickest part of the grove. A little to the right of the meeting-house was the grave-yard.

I never shun a grave-yard—the thoughtful melancholy which it inspires is grateful rather than disagreeable to me—it gives me no pain to tread on the green roof of that dark mansion, whose chambers I must occupy so soon—and I often wander from choice to a place, where there is neither solitude nor society—something human is there—but the folly, the bustle, the vanities, the pretensions, the competitions, the pride of humanity, are gone—men are there, but their passions are hushed, and their spirits are still—malevolence has lost its power of harming—appetite is sated, ambition lies low, and lust is cold—anger has done raving, all disputes are ended, all revelry is over, the fellest animosity is deeply buried, and the most dangerous sins

are safely confined by the thickly-piled clods of the valley —vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the trump of the archangel, and the voice of God.

I never shun a grave-yard, and I entered this. There were trees growing in it, here and there, though it was not regularly planted; and I thought that it looked better than if it had been. The only paths were those, which had been worn by the slow feet of sorrow and sympathy, as they followed love and friendship to the grave; and this too was well, for I dislike a smoothly rolled gravel-walk in a place like this.

In a corner of the ground rose a gentle knoll, the top of which was covered by a clump of pines. Here my walk ended; I threw myself down on the slippery couch of withered pine leaves, which the breath of many winters had shaken from the boughs above, leaned my head upon my hand, and gave myself up to the feelings which the place and the time excited.

LESSON IV.

The Village Grave-Yard.—Concluded.

The sun's edge had just touched the hazy outlines of the western hills; it was the signal for the breeze to be hushed, and it was breathing like an expiring infant, softly and at distant intervals, before it died away. The trees before me, as the wind passed over them, waved to and fro, and trailed their long branches across the tomb-stones, with a low, moaning sound, which fell upon the ear like the voice of grief, and seemed to utter the conscious tribute of nature's sympathy over the last abode of mortal man.

A low, confused hum came from the village; the brook was murmuring in the wood behind me; and, lulled by all these soothing sounds, I fell asleep. But whether my eyes closed or not, I am unable to say, for the same scene appeared to be before them, the same trees were waving, and not a green mound had changed its form.

I was still contemplating the same trophies of the unsparing victor, the same mementos of human evanescence. Some were standing upright; others were inclined to the

ground; some were sunk so deeply in the earth, that their blue tops were just visible above the long grass which surrounded them; and others were spotted or covered with the thin yellow moss of the grave-yard. I was reading the inscriptions on the stones, which were nearest to me—they recorded the virtues of those who slept beneath them, and told the traveller that they hoped for a happy rising.

Ah! said I—or I dreamed that I said so—this is the testimony of wounded hearts—the fond belief of that affection, which remembers error and evil no longer; but could the grave give up its dead—could they, who have been brought to these cold dark houses, go back again into the land of the living, and once more number the days which they had spent there, how differently would they then spend them! and when they came to die, how much firmer would be their hope! and when they were again laid in the ground, how much more faithful would be the tales, which these same stones would tell over them! the epitaph of praise would be well deserved by their virtues, and the silence of partiality no longer required for their sins.

I had scarcely spoken, when the ground began to tremble beneath me. Its motion, hardly perceptible at first, increased every moment in violence, and it soon heaved and struggled fearfully; while in the short quiet between shock and shock, I heard such unearthly sounds, that the very blood in my heart felt cold—subterraneous cries and groans issued from every part of the grave-yard, and these were mingled with a hollow crashing noise, as if the mouldering bones were bursting from their coffins.

Suddenly all these sounds stopped—the earth on each grave was thrown up—and human figures of every age, and clad in the garments of death, rose from the ground, and stood by the side of their grave-stones. Their arms were crossed upon their bosoms—their countenances were deadly pale, and raised to heaven. The looks of the young children alone were placid and unconscious—but over the features of all the rest a shadow of unutterable meaning passed and repassed, as their eyes turned with terror from the open graves, and strained anxiously upward.

Some appeared to be more calm than others, and when they looked above, it was with an expression of more confidence, though not less humility; but a convulsive shuddering was on the frames of all, and on their faces that same shadow of unutterable meaning. While they stood thus, I

perceived that their bloodless lips began to move, and, though I heard no voice, I knew, by the motion of their lips, that the word would have been—Pardon !

But this did not continue long—they gradually became more fearless—their features acquired the appearance of security, and at last of indifference—the blood came to their lips—the shuddering ceased, and the shadow passed away.

And now the scene before me changed. The tombs and grave-stones had been turned, I knew not how, into dwellings—and the grave-yard became a village. Every now and then I caught a view of the same faces and forms, which I had seen before—but other passions were traced upon their faces, and their forms were no longer clad in the garments of death.

The silence of their still prayer was succeeded by the sounds of labor, and society, and merriment. Sometimes, I could see them meet together with inflamed features and angry words, and sometimes I distinguished the outcry of violence, the oath of passion, and the blasphemy of sin. And yet there were a few who would often come to the threshold of their dwellings, and lift their eyes to heaven, and utter the still prayer of pardon—while others passing by would mock them.

I was astonished and grieved, and was just going to express my feelings, when I perceived by my side a beautiful and majestic form, taller and brighter than the sons of men, and it thus addressed me—" Mortal ! thou hast now seen the frailty of thy race, and learned that thy thoughts were vain. Even if men should be wakened from their cold sleep, and raised from the grave, the world would still be full of enticement and trials; appetite would solicit and passion would burn, as strongly as before—the imperfections of their nature would accompany their return, and the commerce of life would soon obliterate the recollection of death.

It is only when this scene of things is exchanged for another, that new gifts will bestow new powers, that higher objects will banish low desires, that the mind will be elevated by celestial converse, the soul be endued with immortal vigor, and man be prepared for the course of eternity." The angel then turned from me, and with a voice, which I hear even now, cried, " Back to your graves, ye frail ones, and rise no more, till the elements are melted." Immediately a sound swept by me, like the rushing wind—the

dwellings shrunk back into their original forms, and I was left alone in the grave-yard, with nought but the silent stones and the whispering trees around me.

The sun had long been down—a few of the largest stars were timidly beginning to shine, the bats had left their lurking places, my cheek was wet with the dew, and I was chilled by the breath of evening. I arose, and returned to the inn.

LESSON V.

Rural Life in England.—IRVING.

IN rural occupation, there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar.

The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heart-felt enjoyments of common life.

Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England, than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society, may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of Nature, that abound in the British poets—that have continued down from 'the Flower and the Leaf' of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape.

The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid Nature an occasional visit, and become acquaint-

ed with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations, has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is rather level, and would be monotonous, were it not for the charms of culture; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet.

Every antique farm-house and moss-grown cottage is a picture; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness. The great charm, however, of English scenery, is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom.

Every thing seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church, of remote architecture, with its low massive portal; its gothic tower; its windows, rich with tracery and painted glass, in scrupulous preservation—its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil—its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar—the parsonage, a quaint irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants—the stile and footpath leading from the church-yard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedge-rows, according to an immemorable right of way—the neighboring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green, sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported—the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but

looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene—all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, a hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

It is a pleasing sight, of a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces, and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them

It is this sweet home feeling, this settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, that is, after all, the parent of the steadiest virtues and purest enjoyments; and I cannot close these desultory remarks better, than by quoting the words of a modern English poet, who has depicted it with remarkable felicity.

Through each gradation, from the castled hall,
The city dome, the villa crowned with shade,
But chief from modest mansions numberless,
In town or hamlet, shelt'ring middle life,
Down to the cottaged vale, and straw-roofed shed,
This western isle has long been famed for scenes
Where bliss domestic finds a dwelling place:
Domestic bliss, that like a harmless dove,
(Honor and sweet endearment keeping guard,)
Can centre in a little quiet nest
All that desire would fly for through the earth;
That can, the world eluding, be itself
A world enjoyed; that wants no witnesses
But its own sharers, and approving Heaven.
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
Smiles, though 'tis looking only at the sky.

LESSON VI.

Flowers.—HOWITT.

THE return of May again brings over us a living sense of the loveliness and delightfulness of flowers. Of all the minor creations of God they seem to be most completely the effusions of his love of beauty, grace and joy. Of all

the natural objects which surround us they are the least connected with our absolute necessities.

Vegetation might proceed, the earth might be clothed with a sober green; all the processes of fructification might be perfected, without being attended by the glory with which the flower is crowned; but beauty and fragrance are poured abroad over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless benevolence of the Deity. They are made solely to gladden the heart of man, for a light to his eyes, for a living inspiration of grace to his spirit, for a perpetual admiration. And accordingly, they seize on our affections the first moment that we behold them.

With what eagerness do very infants grasp at flowers! As they become older they would live forever amongst them. They bound about in the flowery meadows like young fawns; they gather all they come near; they collect heaps; they sit among them, and sort them, and sing over them, and caress them, till they perish in their grasp. We see them coming wearily into the towns and villages loaded with posies half as large as themselves. We trace them in shady lanes, in the grass of far-off fields, by the treasures they have gathered and have left behind, lured on by others still brighter.

As they grow up to maturity, they assume, in their eyes, new characters and beauties. Then they are strewn around them, the poetry of the earth. They become invested by a multitude of associations with innumerable spells of power over the human heart; they are to us memorials of the joys, sorrows, hopes, and triumphs of our forefathers; they are, to all nations, the emblems of youth in its loveliness and purity.

The ancient Greeks, whose souls preeminently sympathized with the spirit of grace and beauty in every thing, were enthusiastic in their love, and lavish in their use of flowers. They scattered them in the porticoes of their temples, they were offered on the altars of some of their deities; they were strewed in the conqueror's path; on all occasions of festivity and rejoicing they were strewn about, or worn in garlands.

Something of the same spirit seems to have prevailed amongst the Hebrews. 'Let us fill ourselves,' says Solomon, with 'costly wine and ointments; and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered.' But amongst that solemn

and poetical people, they were commonly regarded in another and higher sense, they were the favorite symbols of the beauty and the fragility of life. Man is compared to the flower of the field, and it is added, 'the grass withereth, the flower fadeth.'

But of all the poetry ever drawn from flowers, none is so beautiful, none is so sublime, none is so imbued with that very spirit in which they were made as that of Christ. 'And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not neither do they spin, and yet, I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith!'

The sentiment built upon this, entire dependance on the goodness of the Creator, is one of the lights of our existence, and could only have been uttered by Christ; but we have here also the expression of the very spirit of beauty in which flowers were created; a spirit so boundless and overflowing, that it delights to enliven and adorn with these luxuriant creatures of sunshine the solitary places of the earth; to scatter them by myriads over the very desert 'where no man is; on the wilderness where there is no man;' sending rain, 'to satisfy the desolate and waste ground, and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth.'

In our confined notions, we are often led to wonder why

> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air;

why beauty, and flowers, and fruit, should be scattered so exuberantly where there are none to enjoy them. But the thoughts of the Almighty are not as our thoughts. *He* sees them; he doubtlessly delights to behold the beauty of his handiworks, and rejoices in that tide of glory which he has caused to flow wide through the universe.

We know not, either, what spiritual eyes besides may behold them; for pleasant is the belief, that

> Myriads of spiritual creatures walk the earth.

And how often does the gladness of uninhabited lands refresh the heart of the solitary traveller! When the distant and sea-tired voyager suddenly descries the blue mountain-tops, and the lofty crest of the palm-tree, and makes some

green and pleasant island, where the verdant and blossoming forest-boughs wave in the spicy gale; where the living waters leap from the rocks, and millions of new and resplendent flowers brighten the fresh sward, what then is the joy of his heart!

To Omnipotence creation costs not an effort, but to the desolate and the weary, how immense is the happiness thus prepared in the wilderness! Who does not recollect the exultation of Vaillant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa? A magnificent lily, which, growing on the banks of a river, filled the air far around with its delicious fragrance, and, as he observes, had been respected by all the animals of the district, and seemed defended even by its beauty.

LESSON VII.

Bring Flowers.—MRS. HEMANS.

BRING flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is poured;
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,

Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white-rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is *there!*
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers!

LESSON VIII.

The Burial Place.—BRYANT.

EREWHILE, on England's pleasant shores, our sires
Left not their churchyards unadorned with shades
Or blossoms; and indulgent to the strong
And natural dread of man's last home, the grave,
Its frost and silence—they disposed around,
To soothe the melancholy spirit that dwelt
Too sadly on life's close, the forms and hues
Of vegetable beauty.—There the yew,
Green even amid the snows of winter, told
Of immortality, and gracefully
The willow, a perpetual mourner, drooped;
And there the gadding woodbine crept about,
And there the ancient ivy. From the spot,
Where the sweet maiden, in her blossoming years
Cut off, was laid with streaming eyes, and hands
That trembled as they placed her there, the rose
Sprung modest, on bowed stalk, and better spoke
Her graces, than the proudest monument.
And children set about their playmate's grave
The pansy. On the infant's little bed,
Wet at its planting with maternal tears,
Emblem of early sweetness, early death,

Nestled the lowly primrose. Childless dames,
And maids that would not raise the reddened eye,
Orphans, from whose young lids the light of joy
Fled early,—silent lovers, who had given
All that they lived for to the arms of earth,
Came often, o'er the recent graves, to strew
Their offerings, rue, and rosemary, and flowers.
The pilgrim bands who passed the sea to keep
Their Sabbaths in the eye of God alone,
In his wide temple of the wilderness,
Brought not these simple customs of the heart
With them. It might be, while they laid their dead
By the vast solemn skirts of the old groves,
And the fresh virgin soil poured forth strange flowers
About their graves; and the familiar shades
Of their own native isle, and wonted blooms,
And herbs were wanting, which the pious hand
Might plant or scatter there, these gentle rites
Passed out of use. Now they are scarcely known,
And rarely in our borders may you meet
The tall larch, sighing in the burying-place,
Or willow, trailing low its boughs to hide
The gleaming marble. Naked rows of graves
And melancholy ranks of monuments,
Are seen instead, where the coarse grass, between,
Shoots up its dull green spikes, and in the wind
Hisses, and the neglected bramble nigh,
Offers its berries to the schoolboy's hand,
In vain—they grow too near the dead. Yet here,
Nature, rebuking the neglect of man,
Plants often, by the ancient mossy stone,
The briar rose, and upon the broken turf
That clothes the fresher grave, the strawberry vine
Sprinkles its swell with blossoms, and lays forth
Her ruddy, pouting fruit.

LESSON IX.

The Elevated Character of Woman.—Carter.

The influence of the female character is now felt and acknowledged in all the relations of life. I speak not now of those distinguished women, who instruct their age

through the public press. Nor of those whose devout strains we take upon our lips when we worship. But of a much larger class; of those whose influence is felt in the relations of neighbor, friend, daughter, wife, mother.

Who waits at the couch of the sick to administer tender charities while life lingers, or to perform the last acts of kindness when death comes? Where shall we look for those examples of friendship, that most adorn our nature; those abiding friendships, which trust even when betrayed, and survive all changes of fortune? Where shall we find the brightest illustrations of filial piety? Have you ever seen a daughter, herself, perhaps, timid and helpless, watching the decline of an aged parent, and holding out with heroic fortitude to anticipate his wishes, to administer to his wants, and to sustain his tottering steps to the very borders of the grave?

But in no relation does woman exercise so deep an influence, both immediately and prospectively, as in that of mother. To her is committed the immortal treasure of the infant mind. Upon her devolves the care of the first stages of that course of discipline, which is to form of a being, perhaps, the most frail and helpless in the world, the fearless ruler of animated creation, and the devout adorer of its great Creator.

Her smiles call into exercise the first affections, that spring up in our hearts. She cherishes and expands the earliest germs of our intellects. She breathes over us her deepest devotions. She lifts our little hands, and teaches our little tongues to lisp in prayer. She watches over us, like a guardian angel, and protects us through all our helpless years when we know not of her cares and her anxieties on our account. She follows us into the world of men, and lives in us and blesses us, when she lives not otherwise upon the earth.

What constitutes the centre of every home? Whither do our thoughts turn, when our feet are weary with wandering, and our hearts sick with disappointments? Where shall the truant and forgetful husband go for sympathy unalloyed and without design, but to the bosom of her, who is ever ready and waiting to share in his adversity or his prosperity. And if there be a tribunal, where the sins and the follies of a froward child may hope for pardon and forgiveness, this side heaven, that tribunal is the heart of a fond and devoted mother.

Finally, her influence is felt deeply in religion. "If christianity should be compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throng of busy men, we should find her last and purest retreat with woman at the fireside; her last altar would be the female heart; her last audience would be the children gathered round the knees of the mother; her last sacrifice, the secret prayer escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God."

LESSON X.

The Incarnation.—MILMAN.

For thou wast born of woman, thou didst come,
O Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in a dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strewed
Was thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way:
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother, undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stooped their lamps th' enthroned fires on high;
A single silĕnt star
Came wand'ring from afar,
Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky;
The Eastern Sages leading on,
As at a kingly throne
To lay their gold and odors sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hushed to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraph's burning lyres
Poured through the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.
One angel troop the strain began,

Of all the race of man,
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible angels mourned with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary,
With all thine own redeemed outbursting from their tombs.
For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross did clouds of vengeance break,
A little while the conscious earth did shake,
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day,
The world in darkness lay,
Then basked in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun:
While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom,
Ere yet the white-robed Angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murtherous crew;
But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few:
Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
Into its own radiancy.

LESSON XI.

Contemplation of the Starry Heavens.—CHALMERS.

THERE is much in the scenery of a nocturnal sky, to lift the pious soul to contemplation. That moon, and these stars, what are they? They are detached from the world,

and they lift you above it. You feel withdrawn from the earth, and rise in lofty abstraction above this little theatre of human passions and human anxieties.

The mind abandons itself to revery, and is transferred, in the ecstasy of its thoughts, to distant and unexplored regions. It sees nature in the simplicity of her great elements, and it sees the God of nature invested with the high attributes of wisdom and majesty.

But what can these lights be? The curiosity of the human mind is insatiable, and the mechanism of these wonderful heavens has, in all ages, been its subject and its employment. It has been reserved for these latter times to resolve this great and interesting question. The sublimest powers of philosophy have been called to the exercise, and astronomy may now be looked upon, as the most certain and best established of the sciences.

We know that every visible object appears less in magnitude as it recedes from the eye. The lofty vessel as it retires from the coast, shrinks into littleness, and at last appears in the form of a small speck on the verge of the horizon. The eagle with his expanded wings, is a noble object; but when it takes its flight, into the upper regions of the air, it becomes less to the eye, and is seen like a dark spot upon the vault of heaven. The same is true of all magnitude. The heavenly bodies appear small to the eye of an inhabitant of this earth, only from the immensity of their distance.

When we talk of hundreds of millions of miles, it is not to be listened to as incredible. For, remember that we are talking of those bodies, which are scattered over the immensity of space, and that space knows no termination. The conception is great and difficult, but the truth is unquestionable.

By a process of measurement, we have ascertained first the distance, and then the magnitude of some of those bodies which roll in the firmament; that the sun, which presents itself to the eye under so diminished a form, is really a globe, exceeding, by many thousands of times, the dimensions of the earth which we inhabit; that the moon itself has the magnitude of a world; and that even a few of those stars, which appear like so many lucid points to the unassisted eye of the observer, expand into large circles, upon the application of the telescope, and are some of them much larger than the ball which we tread upon and to which we proudly apply the denomination of the universe. * * * *

Who shall assign a limit to the discoveries of future ages? Who can prescribe to science her boundaries, or restrain the active and insatiable curiosity of man, within the circle of his present acquirements? We may guess with plausibility what we cannot anticipate with confidence. The day may yet be coming, when our instruments of observation shall be inconceivably more powerful. They may ascertain still more decisive points of resemblance. They may resolve the same question by the evidence of sense, which is now so abundantly convincing by the evidence of analogy. They may lay open to us the unquestionable vestiges of art, and industry, and intelligence.

We may see summer throwing its green mantle over these mighty tracts, and we may see them naked and colorless, after the flush of vegetation has disappeared. In the progress of years, or of centuries, we may trace the hand of cultivation spreading a new aspect over some portion of a planetary surface. Perhaps some large city, the metropolis of a mighty empire, may expand into a visible spot by the powers of some future telescope. Perhaps the glass of some observer, in a distant age, may enable him to construct a map of another world, and to lay down the surface of it in all its minute and topical varieties.

But there is no end to conjecture, and to the men of other times we leave the full assurance of what we can assert with the highest probability, that yon planetary orbs are so many worlds, that they teem with life, and that the mighty Being, who presides in high authority over this scene of grandeur and astonishment, has there planted worshippers of his glory.

LESSON XII.

Mountains.—Howitt.

There is a charm connected with mountains so powerful, that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent features kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions.

How the mind is filled with their vast solitude! how the inward eye is fixed on their silent, their sublime, their everlasting peaks! How our heart bounds to the music of their

solitary cries—to the tinkle of their gushing rills, to the sound of their cataracts.

How inspiriting are the odors that breathe from the upland turf, from the rock-hung flower, from the hoary and solemn pine; how beautiful are those lights and shadows thrown abroad, and that fine, transparent haze which is diffused over the valleys and lower slopes as over a vast, inimitable picture.

Whoever has not seen the rich and russet hues of distant slopes and eminences, the livid gashes of ravines and precipices, the white glittering line of falling waters, and the cloud tumultuously whirling round the lofty summit; and then stood panting on that summit, and beheld the clouds alternately gather and break over a thousand giant peaks and ridges of every varied hue,—but all silent as images of eternity; and cast his gaze over lakes and forests, and smoking towns, and wide lands to the very ocean, in all their gleaming and reposing beauty, knows nothing of the treasures of pictorial wealth which his own country possesses.

When we let loose the imagination and give it free charter to range through the glorious ridges of continental mountains, through Alps, Apennines or Andes, how is it possessed and absorbed by all the awful magnificence of their scenery and character! The sky-ward and inaccessible pinnacles, the

> Palaces where nature thrones
> Sublimity in icy halls!

the dark Alpine forests, the savage rocks and precipices, the fearful and unfathomable chasms filled with the sound of ever-precipitating waters; the cloud, the silence, the avalanche, the cavernous gloom, the terrible visitations of heaven's concentrated lightning, darkness and thunder; or the sweeter features of living, rushing streams, spicy odors of flower and shrub, fresh spirit-elating breezes sounding through the dark pine grove; the ever-varying lights and shadows, and aerial hues; the wide prospects, and, above all, the simple inhabitants!

We delight to think of the people of mountainous regions; we please our imaginations with their picturesque and quiet abodes; with their peaceful secluded lives, striking and unvarying costumes, and primitive manners.

We involuntarily give to the mountaineer heroic and elevated qualities. He lives amongst noble objects, and must

imbibe some of their nobility; he lives amongst the elements of poetry, and must be poetical; but, more than all, he lives within the barriers, the strong-holds, the very last refuge which Nature herself has reared to preserve alive liberty in the earth, to preserve to man his highest hopes, his noblest emotions, his dearest treasures, his faith, his freedom, his hearth, and home.

How glorious do those mountain-ridges appear when we look upon them as the unconquerable abodes of free hearts; as the stern, heaven-built walls from which the few, the feeble, the persecuted, the despised, the helpless child, the delicate woman, have from age to age, in their last perils, in all their weaknesses and emergencies, when power and cruelty were ready to swallow them up, looked down, and beheld the million waves of despotism break at their feet:—have seen the rage of murderous armies, and tyrants, the blasting spirit of ambition, fanaticism, and crushing domination recoil from their bases in despair.

LESSON XIII.

Mountains.—Concluded.

"THANKS be to God for mountains!" is often the exclamation of my heart, as I trace the History of the World. From age to age, they have been the last friends of man. In a thousand extremities they have saved him. What great hearts have throbbed in their defiles from the days of Leonidas to those of Andreas Hofer! What lofty souls, what tender hearts, what poor and persecuted creatures have they sheltered in their stony bosoms, from the weapons and tortures of their fellow men.

> Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!

was the burning exclamation of Milton's agonized and indignant spirit, as he beheld those sacred bulwarks of freedom for once violated by the disturbing demons of the earth; and the sound of his fiery and lamenting appeal to Heaven, will be echoed in every generous soul to the end of time.

Thanks be to God for mountains! The variety, which they impart to the glorious bosom of our planet, were no small ad-

vantage; the beauty which they spread out to our vision in their woods and waters; their crags and slopes, their clouds and atmospheric hues, were a splendid gift; the sublimity which they pour into our deepest souls from their majestic aspects; the poetry which breathes from their streams, and dells, and airy heights, were a proud heritage to imaginative minds; but what are all these when the thought comes, that without mountains, the spirit of man must have bowed to the brutal and the base, and probably have sunk to the monotonous level of the unvaried plain.

When I turn my eyes upon the map of the world, and behold how wonderfully the countries, where our faith was nurtured, where our liberties were generated, where our philosophy and literature, the fountains of our intellectual grace and beauty, sprang up, were as distinctly walled out by God's hand, with mountain ramparts from the eruptions and interruptions of barbarism, as if at the especial prayer of the early fathers of man's destinies, I am lost in an exulting admiration.

Look at the bold barriers of Palestine! see how the infant liberties of Greece, were sheltered from the vast tribes of the uncivilized north by the heights of Hæmus and Rhodope! behold how the Alps describe their magnificent crescent, inclining their opposite extremities to the Adriatic and Tyrrhine Seas, locking up Italy from the Gallic and Teutonic hordes, till the power and spirit of Rome had reached their maturity, and she had opened the wide forest of Europe to the light, spread far her laws and language, and planted the seeds of many mighty nations!

Thanks to God for mountains! Their colossal firmness seems almost to break the current of time itself; the Geologist in them searches for traces of the earlier world, and it is there too that man, resisting the revolutions of lower regions, retains through innumerable years his habits and his rights.

While a multitude of changes has remoulded the people of Europe, while languages and laws and dynasties, and creeds, have passed over it like shadows over the landscape, the children of the Celt and the Goth, who fled to the mountains a thousand years ago, are found there now, and show us in face and figure, in language and garb, what their fathers were; show us a fine contrast with the modern tribes dwelling below and around them; and show us, moreover, how adverse is the spirit of the mountain to mutability, and that there the fiery heart of Freedom is found forever.

LESSON XIV.

The Ocean.—DRUMMOND.

PERHAPS no scene, or situation, is so intensely gratifying to the naturalist as the shore of the ocean. The productions of the latter element are innumerable, and the majesty of the mighty waters lends an interest unknown to an inland landscape.

The loneliness too of the sea-shore is much cheered by the constant changes arising from the ebb and flow of the tide, and the undulations of the water's surface, sometimes rolling like mountains, and again scarcely murmuring on the beach. As you gather there

Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow,

you may feel with the poet, that there are joys in solitude, and that there are pleasures to be found in the investigation of nature of the most powerful and pleasing influence.

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.

But nothing can be more beautiful than a view of the bottom of the ocean, during a calm, even round our own shores, but particularly in *tropical* climates, especially when it consists alternately of beds of sand and masses of rock.

The water is frequently so clear and undisturbed, that, at great depths, the minutest objects are visible; groves of coral are seen expanding their variously-colored clumps, some rigid and immovable, and others waving gracefully their flexile branches. Shells of every form and hue glide slowly along the stones, or cling to the coral boughs like fruit; crabs and other marine animals pursue their preys in the crannies of the rocks, and sea-plants spread their limber leaves in gay and gaudy irregularity, while the most beautiful fishes are on every side sporting around.

The floor is of sand, like the mountain-drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there;
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of the upper air:

There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter;
There with a light and easy motion
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
And life in rare and beautiful forms
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore,
Then far below in the peaceful sea
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral-grove.

PERCIVAL.

LESSON XV.

Roar of the Sea.—ANON.

VOICE of the mighty deep,
Piercing the drowsy night,
Thou scarest the gentle sleep,
Whose pinions will not light
Where thou intrudest busy thought,
With depths dark as thy secrets fraught.

Thy mystic sounds I hear,
Peal of unwonted things;
Of wonders far and near
The hollow music rings,
Its notes borne wild around the world,
Where'er thy dark blue waves are curled.

Oh no, I cannot sleep,
Thou vast and glorious sea!
While thou dost thus the vigil keep
Of thy great majesty,
I think God's image near me is,
In all its awful mysteries.

Thou art a spirit, Ocean, thou!
Giant of earth and air,
Spanning the universe; and now,
While making music here,
Ten thousand leagues afar, thy wave
Is rolling on an empire's grave!

Thine arm that shakes me here,
Thunders upon the shore
Of North, and South, and central sphere,
Fuego, Labrador;
From flaming Equinox to frigid Pole,
Belting the earth thy waters roll.

Engulfing mountains at a sweep
Beneath their angry sway,
Or raising islands from the deep
In their triumphant way,
Or murmuring sweet round Scian isles,
In cadence soft as beauty's smiles.

'T is midnight!—earth and air
Are hush'd in lair and rest—
Thy energy from thy long birth
Hath never needed rest:
Thou dost not tire—thou feel'st not toil—
Thou art not formed, like me, of soil.

Why dost thou thunder so?
What in thy depths profound,
Thus as a strong man with his foe,
Gives out that angry sound;
On earth no foe can ever be,
Prince of creation, worthy thee!

Age thou hast never known—
Thou shalt be young and free,
Till God command thee give thine own,
And all is dumb save thee;
And haply when the sun is blood,
Unchanged shall be thy mighty flood.

LESSON XVI.

Salmon River.—BRAINARD.

'T is a sweet stream; and so, 't is true, are all,
That undisturbed, save by the harmless brawl
Of mimic rapid or slight waterfall,
Pursue their way
By mossy bank, and darkly waving wood,
By rock, that, since the deluge, fixed has stood,
Showing to sun and moon their crisping flood
By night and day.

But yet there 's something in its humble rank,
Something in its pure wave and sloping bank,
Where the deer sported, and the young fawn drank
With unscared look;
There 's much in its wild history, that teems
With all that 's superstitious, and that seems
To match our fancy and eke out our dreams,
In that small brook.

Havoc has been upon its peaceful plain,
And blood has dropped there, like the drops of rain,
The corn grows o'er the still graves of the slain;
And many a quiver,
Filled from the reeds that grew on yonder hill,
Has spent itself in carnage. Now 't is still,
And whistling ploughboys oft their runlets fill
From Salmon river.

Here, say old men, the Indian Magi made
Their spells by moonlight; or beneath the shade
That shrouds sequestered rock, or dark'ning glade,
Or tangled dell.
Here Philip came, and Miantonimo,
And asked about their fortunes long ago,
As Saul to Endor, that her witch might show
Old Samuel.

And here the black fox roved, that howled and shook
His thick tail to the hunters, by the brook
Where they pursued their game, and him mistook
For earthly fox;

Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear,
And his soft peltry, stripped and dressed, to wear,
Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair
Transfer him to a box.

Such are the tales they tell. 'T is hard to rhyme
About a little and unnoticed stream,
That few have heard of; but it is a theme
I chance to love:
And one day I may tune my rye-straw reed,
And whistle to the note of many a deed
Done on this river, which, if there be need,
I 'll try to prove.

LESSON XVII.

Time.—MARDON.

I ASKED an Aged Man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs:
'Time is the warp of life,' he said, 'O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!'

I asked the aged Venerable Dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who have bled:
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
'Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode.'

I asked a Dying Sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins: 'Time,' he replied—
'I 've lost it! Ah, the treasure! '—and he died.

I asked the Golden Sun and Silver Spheres,
Those bright Chronometers of days and years:
They answered, 'Time is but a meteor glare,
And bids us for Eternity prepare.'

I asked the Seasons in their annual round,
Which beautify and desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise)
'T is folly's loss, and virtue's highest prize.'

I asked a Spirit Lost; but, oh! the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak,

It cried— 'A particle, a speck, a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!'

Of Things Inanimate my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:
'Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of Glory, or the path of Hell.'

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
'Time is the present hour, the past is fled:
Live! live to-day! To-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set.'

I asked Old Father Time himself at last;
But in a moment he flew quickly past;
His chariot was a cloud; the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I asked the Mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land:
'By heaven,' he cried, 'I swear the mystery 's o'er,
Time was!' he cried; 'but Time shall be no more.'

LESSON XVIII.

Select Sentences and Paragraphs.

Speak truth, or be silent.

Omit no duty, commit no unkindness.

Be courteous, be pitiful; in honor preferring one another.

Master your passions or they will master you.

Eat not to dulness; drink not to elevation.

Keep the body perfectly pure, as indicative of the purity of the mind within.

Waste nothing:—neither money, nor time, nor talents.

Obey promptly, that you may learn to deserve to command.

Without application, the finest talents are worthless; and with it the humblest are valuable.

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform, without fail, what you resolve.

Let every thing have its place—let every business have its order.

He who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.

The orphan is not he who has lost his parents, but he who has neither talents nor education.

Avoid those who take pleasure in troubling others. There is danger of being burnt if you get too near the fire.

A good book is the best of friends. You may be counselled by it, when you have not a friend, in whom you can confide. It does not reveal your secrets, and it teaches you wisdom.

He, who would achieve any thing great in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks almost like insanity.

Happiness or misery is in the mind. It is the mind that lives; and the length of life ought to be measured by the number and importance of our ideas, and not by the number of our days. Never, therefore, esteem men merely on account of their riches or their station. Respect goodness, find it where you may. Honor talent, wherever you behold it unassociated with vice, but honor it most when accompanied with exertions, and especially, when exerted in the cause of truth and justice, and, above all things, hold it in honor, when it steps forward to protect defenceless innocence against the attacks of powerful guilt.

Knowledge.—De Witt Clinton.

Pleasure is a shadow: wealth is vanity: and power is a pageant: but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment—perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices, it fears no danger—spares no expense—omits no exertion. It scales the mountain—looks into the volcano—dives into the ocean—perforates the earth—wings its flight into the skies—encircles the globe—explores sea and land—contemplates the distant—examines the minute—comprehends the great—ascends to the sublime. —No place too remote for its grasp—no heavens too exalted for its touch.

Eternity.—Anon.

Eternity is a depth which no geometry can measure, no arithmetic calculate, no imagination conceive, no rhetoric describe. The eye of a dying christian seems gifted to pen-

etrate depths hid from the wisdom of philosophy. It looks athwart the dark valley without dismay, cheered by the bright scene beyond. It looks with a kind of chastened impatience to that land where happiness will be only holiness perfected. There all the promises of the gospel will be accomplished. There afflicted virtue will rejoice at its past trials, and acknowledge their subservience to its present bliss. There the secret self-denial of the righteous shall be recognised and rewarded; and all the hopes of the christian shall there have complete consummation.

A Good Conscience.—BROWN.

He, who has lived as man should live, is permitted to enjoy that best happiness which man can enjoy—to behold in one continued series, those years of benevolent wishes or of heroic sufferings, which are at once his merit and his reward. He is surrounded by his own thoughts and actions, which from the most remote distance, seem to shine upon him, wherever his glance can reach; as in some climate of perpetual summer, in which the inhabitant sees nothing but fruits and blossoms, and inhales only fragrance, and sunshine, and delight. It is in a moral climate as serene and cloudless, that the destined inhabitant of a still nobler world moves on, in that glorious track, which has heaven before, and virtue and tranquillity behind; and in which it is scarcely possible to distinguish, in the immortal career, when the earthly part has ceased, and the heavenly part begins.

A Beautiful Reflection.—ANON.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which 'hold their festival around the midnight throne,' are set above the grasp of our limited faculties; forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory. And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us; leaving the thousand streams of our affec-

tions to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings, which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

LESSON XIX.

Select Paragraphs in Verse.

Extract.—MILMAN

The noble wear disaster
As an angel wears his wings,
To elevate and glorify.

Virtue.—BYRON.

Virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which roll around,
Drink life, and light, and glory from her aspect.

The Mind.—SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

Tyranny.—BYRON.

Thinkest thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice—
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury—
The negligence—the apathy—the evils
Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.

Mercy.—SHAKSPEARE.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
Wherein doth set the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the heart of kings;
It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

Night.—SOUTHEY.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine,
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

Time.—CORNWALL.

How slowly and how silently doth Time
Float on his starry journey! still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the moon all night. Methinks, I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating forever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with his prey beneath.
Lo! I am here, and Time seems passing on.
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing—
Yet he will still be here; and the same hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world,
As though I were alive to welcome them.

LESSON XX.

The Blind Teacher.—GRIFFIN.

THE life of Mr. Nelson was a striking exemplification of that resolution which conquers fortune. Total blindness, after a long gradual advance, came upon him about his twentieth year, when terminating his college course. It

found him poor, and left him to all appearance both penny-less and wretched, with two sisters to maintain, without money, without friends, without a profession, and without sight.

Under such an accumulation of griefs, most minds would have sunk, but with him it was otherwise. At all times proud and resolute, his spirit rose at once into what might be termed a fierceness of independence. He resolved within himself to be indebted for support to no hand but his own. His classical education, which, from his feeble vision, had been necessarily imperfect, he now determined to complete, and immediately entered upon the apparently hopeless task, with a view to fit himself as a teacher of youth.

He instructed his sisters in the pronunciation of Greek and Latin, and employed one or other constantly in the task of reading aloud to him the classics usually taught in the schools. A naturally faithful memory, spurred on by such strong excitement, performed its oft-repeated miracles; and in a space of time incredibly short, he became master of their contents, even to the minutest points of critical reading.

In illustration of this, the author remembers on one occasion, that a dispute having arisen between Mr. N. and the Classical Professor of the college, as to the construction of a passage in Virgil, from which his students were reciting, the Professor appealed to the circumstance of a comma in the sentence as conclusive of the question. 'True,' said Mr. N. coloring with strong emotion; 'but permit me to observe,' added he, turning his sightless eye balls towards the book he held in his hand, 'that in my *Heyne* edition it is a colon, and not a comma.'

At this period, a gentleman who incidently became acquainted with his history, in a feeling somewhere between pity and confidence, placed his two sons under his charge, with a view to enable him to try the experiment. A few months' trial was sufficient; he then fearlessly appeared before the public, and at once challenged a comparison with the best established classical schools of the city.

The novelty and boldness of the attempt attracted general attention; the lofty confidence he displayed in himself excited respect; and soon his untiring assiduity, his real knowledge, and a burning zeal, which, knowing no bounds in his own devotion to his scholars, awakened somewhat of a corresponding spirit in their minds, completed the conquest.

His reputation spread daily, scholars flocked to him in crowds, competition sunk before him, and in the course of a very few years, he found himself in the enjoyment of an income superior to that of any college patronage in the United States—with to him the infinitely higher gratification of having risen above the pity of the world, and fought his own blind way to honorable independence.

LESSON XXI.

Philip of Mount Hope.—EXETER NEWS LETTER.

A FEW days previous to the commencement of the distressing war in 1675, which brought almost unparalleled suffering upon the people of New England, and ended in the destruction of Philip and his warlike tribe: this Chief assembled his warriors on the strong-hold at Mount Hope, under pretence of attending a feast; but undoubtedly his true object was, to consult them about the impending war, and to remind them of their allegiance.

Philip arrayed in his royal dress, which consisted of a red blanket, confined at the waist by a broad belt, curiously wrought with wampum of divers colors in various figures of birds and flowers, from which depended two horns of glazed powder; a similar belt enriched his head, hanging down from his back: to this were attached two flags which waved behind him: on his neck he wore another belt reaching to his breast, ornamented with a brilliant star.

Thus equipped, he proceeded to the field entirely surrounded by the thick forest, where, seating himself, he waited with characteristic patience, the arrival of his expected guests. He soon saw Anawon approaching alone, and, knowing his decisive aversion to the project of war, felt rather inclined not to discuss the affair with him, unless in the presence of others. However, there being no alternative, Philip cordially extended him his hand, saying, 'My brother is come to sup with me.' 'Anawon is come,' said the chief, gravely seating himself near the king.

Notwithstanding the well known taciturnity of the Indians, Philip's haughty spirit was offended at the manner of his favorite, and said, 'I believe Anawon has fled from Hobbomoc.'

Thus provoked, in his turn, Anawon's Indian notions of dignity allowed him not to betray his real feelings, and he calmly replied— 'Anawon is not a coward. He never fled from friend or foe. He led the Wampanoags against the enemies of Woosamequin: Philip made him his captain.'

'My brother Anawon is a great warrior. He has been very brave in battle. He is the foe of the English. He will take their scalps, and burn their wigwams,' answered the cunning Philip.

But Anawon shook his head doubtfully, as he said,— 'It is true. The captain of the Wampanoags is no friend to the white people. He will fight them; but they are many. The great Spirit is angry with us, and our young men will be slain.'

'If Anawon is afraid, let him go away with the children and squaws," retorted Philip.

'He is not afraid to die in battle, but he will never be taken alive by the English.'

'Anawon speaks like himself. We shall drive the white dogs from the face of the earth,' said Philip exultingly.

'Will king Philip say this, when their arrows pierce his breast? They will take away his wife and his children. They will live in the houses of his fathers.'

The stern warrior wept at this picture of desolation, but his proud spirit would not retract, and he answered, 'The English have slain your young men. They have sent them to the happy hunting grounds unprepared for the chase. They are in the land of my fathers. Philip has made many brave men; and they will follow their king to the battle.'

The decided tone in which this sentence was uttered, prevented further remonstrance on the part of Anawon; and, seeing a host of warriors approaching, he only said as he rose, 'Anawon is Philip's warrior.'

The feast was in true Indian style, the food being placed on the grass, without any of the appendages of civilized life; the revellers seated themselves promiscuously, without regard to rank or age. To this succeeded the war-dance and song. Then the wily Philip rose and harangued his guests, upon the injuries they had sustained from their white neighbors: he artfully exaggerated their treatment to Alexander, their false ally: represented, in the fairest point of view, the advantages they would derive from possessing the territory of the English, and above all, the glory they would acquire. The possibility of being vanquished he

never even hinted. His address was doubly persuasive by the appropriate gestures, with which it was accompanied, and when he said at the close, '*The voice of King Philip is for war!*' War was unanimously decided upon.

The lofty spirit of Philip was true to his resolution: no misfortune could compel him to accede to terms of peace, and his hatred to the colonists ended only with his life.

LESSON XXII.

Comparison between the Turks and the Persians.—OLIVIER.

IN Turkey, every thing bears the stamp of barbarism and cruelty: in Persia, every thing bespeaks a mild and civilized nation. The Turks are vain, supercilious, inhospitable: the Persians polite, complimentary and obliging.

Though at the present day equally superstitious with the Turks, the Persians are not so fanatical: in some particulars, they carry their scruples to a greater length than the former; in general, they will not eat with a person of a different religion; they will not drink out of a cup or a glass which has been used by a Christian, a Jew, or an Indian, and yet they admit any one into their mosques.

They listen with patience to all the objections you have to urge against their religion, and to whatever you may say against their prophet and their Imams; whereas the Turk would murder you, if in his hearing you were to speak irreverently of Mahomet and his laws. The Persian looks at you with pity, and prays to heaven that the truth may be revealed to you in all its lustre. He avoids the subject of religion, but continues to treat you with the same kindness and friendship as ever.

Equally brave with the Turk, more active but less patient, he is, like the other, cruel in battle and implacable towards his armed foe; but more tractable after the combat, and more sociable after peace.

Insurrections for overthrowing the sovereign or his ministers, for plundering caravans, or for laying a city or a province under contribution, are less frequent in Persia than in Turkey. The Persian, however, ranks beneath the Turk in point of morals, and perhaps also of character. If the first is better informed, more polite, more gentle, than

the second; if he less frequently disturbs the tranquillity of the state; if he does not so often threaten the lives and property of his fellow citizens; if he pays more respect to weakness in either sex; he possesses neither that pride nor that magnanimity, neither that self-esteem, that confidence in friendship, nor that devoted attachment to his benefactor, which occasionally produce great things in the Turk.

The Persians seem to be a degenerate people, whose vices have increased during the troubles of the country; whose virtues are perhaps at present but the shadow of what they once were, when the laws were in full vigor, when talents were encouraged, when integrity was honored, and when each, secure in the possession of his property, could augment it by honest exertions.

The Turks, on the other hand, are a new nation, having all the coarseness, rudeness, and ignorance, of one which civilization has not polished, and which instruction has not meliorated. Under an able government, the Persians would rebuild their cities, reestablish their commerce, and repair the injuries which their agriculture has sustained. With a vigorous, active, and intelligent government, the Turk would perhaps once more strike terror into Europe.

LESSON XXIII.

Herculaneum and Pompeii.—KOTZEBUE.

AN inexhaustible mine of ancient curiosities exists in the ruins of Herculaneum, a city lying between Naples and Mount Vesuvius, which in the first year of the reign of Titus was overwhelmed by a stream of *lava* from the neighboring volcano.

This lava is now of a consistency which renders it extremely difficult to be removed; being composed of bituminous particles, mixed with cinders, minerals, and vitrified substances, which altogether form a close and ponderous mass.

In the revolution of many ages, the spot it stood upon was entirely forgotten: but in the year 1713 it was accidentally discovered by some laborers, who, in digging a well, struck upon a statue on the benches of the theatre.

Several curiosities were dug out and sent to France, but the search was soon discontinued; and Herculaneum remained in obscurity till the year 1736, when the king of Naples employed men to dig perpendicularly eighty feet deep; whereupon not only the city made its appearance, but also the bed of the river which ran through it.

In the temple of Jupiter were found a statue of gold, and the inscription that decorated the great doors of the entrance. Many curious *appendages* of opulence and luxury have since been discovered in various parts of the city, and were arranged in a wing of the palace of Naples, among which are statues, busts, and altars; domestic, musical, and surgical instruments; tripods, mirrors of polished metal, silver kettles, and a lady's toilet furnished with combs, thimbles, rings, earrings, &c.

A large quantity of manuscripts was also found among the ruins; and very sanguine hopes were entertained by the learned, that many works of the ancients would be restored to light, and that a new mine of science was on the point of being opened; but the difficulty of unrolling the burnt parchments, and of deciphering the obscure letters, has proved such an obstacle, that very little progress has been made in the work.

The streets of Herculaneum seem to have been perfectly straight and regular; the houses well built, and generally uniform; and the rooms paved either with large Roman bricks, mosaic work, or fine marble. It appears that the town was not filled up so unexpectedly with the melted lava, as to prevent the greatest part of the inhabitants from escaping with their richest effects; for there were not more than a dozen skeletons found, and but little gold or precious stones.

The town of Pompeii was involved in the same dreadful catastrophe; but was not discovered till near forty years after the discovery of Herculaneum. Few skeletons were found in the streets of Pompeii; but in the houses there were many, in situations which plainly proved, that they were endeavoring to escape, when the tremendous torrent of burning lava intercepted their retreat.

LESSON XXIV.

Works of the Coral Insect.—UNIVERSAL REVIEW.

THOUGH some species of corals are found in all climates, they abound chiefly in the tropical regions. In particular, the larger and more solid kinds seem to have chosen those climates for their habitation; while the more tender and minute, the Flustras for example, occur in the colder seas.

These animals vary from the size of a pin's head, or even less, to somewhat more than the bulk of a pea; and it is by the persevering efforts of creatures so insignificant, working in myriads, and working through ages, that the enormous structures in question are erected.

Enormous we may well call them, when the great Coral Reef of New Holland alone is a thousand miles in length, and when its altitude, though yet scarcely fathomed in twenty places, cannot range to less than between one and two thousand feet. It is a mountain ridge, that would reach almost three times from one extremity of England to the other, with the height of Ingleborough, or that of the ordinary and prevailing class of the Scottish mountains.—And this is the work of insects, whose dimensions are less than those of a house fly. It is perfectly overwhelming.

But what is even this. The whole of the Pacific Ocean is crowded with islands of the same architecture, the produce of the same insignificant architects. An animal barely possessing life, scarcely appearing to possess volition, tied down to its narrow cell, ephemeral in existence, is daily, hourly, creating the habitations of men, of animals, of plants. It is founding a new continent; it is constructing a new world.

These are among the wonders of His mighty hand; such are among the means which He uses to forward His ends of benevolence. Yet man, vain man, pretends to look down on the myriads of beings equally insignificant in appearance, because he has not yet discovered the great offices which they hold, the duties which they fulfil, in the great order of nature.

If we have said that the Coral insect is creating a new continent, we have not said more than the truth. Navigators now know that the Great Southern Ocean is not only

crowded with those islands, but that it is crowded with submarine rocks of the same nature, rapidly growing up to the surface, where, at length overtopping the ocean, they are destined to form new habitations for man to extend his dominion.

They grow and unite into circles and ridges, and ultimately, they become extensive tracts. This process cannot cease while those animals exist and propagate. It must increase in an accelerating ratio; and the result will be, that, by the wider union of such islands, an extensive archipelago, and at length a continent must be formed.

This process is equally visible in the Red Sea. It is daily becoming less and less navigable, in consequence of the growth of its Coral rocks; and the day is to come, when, perhaps, one plain will unite the opposed shores of Egypt and Arabia.

But let us here also admire the wonderful provision which is made, deep in the earth, for completing the work which those animals have commenced. And we may here note the contrast between the silent and unmarked labors of working myriads, operating by an universal and long ordained law, and the sudden, the momentary, effort of a power, which, from the rarity of its exertion, seems to be especially among the miraculous interpositions of the Creator.

It is the volcano and the earthquake, that are to complete the structure which the coral insect has laid; to elevate the mountain, and form the valley, to introduce beneath the equator the range of climate which belongs to the temperate regions, and to lay the great hydraulic engine, by which the clouds are collected to fertilize the earth, which causes the springs to burst forth and the rivers to flow.

And this is the work of one short hour.—If the coral insect was not made in vain, neither was it for destruction that God ordained the volcano and the earthquake. Thus also, by means so opposed, so contrasted, is one single end attained. And that end is the welfare, the happiness of man.

If man has but recently opened his eyes on the important facts which we have now stated, his chemistry is still unable to explain them. Whence all this rock: this calcareous earth? We need scarcely say that the corals all consist of calcareous earth, of lime united by animal matter. The whole appears to be the creation of the animal. It is a secretion by its organs. Not only is the production of cal-

careous earth proceeding daily in this manner, but by the actions of the myriad tribes of shell fishes who are forming their larger habitations, in the same manner, and from the same material.

It is this, which forms the calcareous beds of the ocean, it is this, which has formed those enormous accumulations, in a former state of the world, which are now our mountains, the chalk and limestone of England, and the ridge of the Apennines. These are the productions of the inhabitants of an ancient ocean. Whence did it all come? We may know some day; but assuredly we do not now know.

Thus it is that we prove, that all the limestone of the world has been the produce of animals, though how produced, we as yet know not. If a polype has constructed the great submarine mountain of New Holland, the thousand tribes and myriads of individuals, which inhabited the submarine Apennine, might as easily, far more easily, have formed that ridge. We prove that this is the case, because we find the shells in the mountains, because we find the mountains made of shells.

LESSON XXV.

The Coral Insect.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on—for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;
Ye 're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled;
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field,
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up;
There 's a poison drop in man's purest cup;
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;—
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold,
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed in their halls of glee;—
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea for the thronging dead?

Ye build—ye build—but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin;
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye;—
As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,
Their noteless bones in oblivion hid,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

LESSON XXVI.

Opening of the Sixth Seal.—T. GRAY, JUN.

And I beheld when he opened the Sixth Seal. Rev. vi. 12.

I STOOD above the mountains, and I saw,
The unveiled features of Eternity.
Th' affrighted earth did quake. The mountains reeled,
And heaved their deep foundations to the day.
The islands melted in the sea. The rocks
Toppled, and fell in fragments. Lightning shot
A fiery glare athwart the ruined world.
Chaos returned again. Th' extinguished sun
Hung black and rayless in the midnight air.
The moon became as blood. And, one by one,

The everlasting stars of heaven did fall,
Even as the fig-tree shaken by the wind,
Drops her untimely fruit. All light was dead.
The heavens—the eternal heavens themselves, that stretched
Shroud-like above the earth, were rent in twain,
And vanished like a scroll together rolled.
And men did vainly strain their aching gaze
Into the lurid gulf, that mocked the space,
The yawning space of the departing sky.

The city was a desert. Men aghast
Fled from their rocking habitations, out
Into the fields, that gaped and swallowed them.
The prisoner spurned his earthquake-riven chain,
And flung in horror his freed arms to heaven.
And men did cast themselves upon the earth,
And hid their faces; and they prayed—and died.
The living and the dead together lay;
The frantic mother, and the perished child.
And men did grovel in the parching dust,
Crawling like serpents o'er their kindred dead.
The crowned head, the lowly, and the proud,
The rich, the brave, the mighty, bond and free,
Trembled and hid themselves, and shivering crept
Into the dens, and mountain-caves, and rocks;
And in their mortal horror, lifted up
On high their hollow voices, and they prayed,
'Ye mountains, fall on us—and ye, oh rocks!
Hide us—ay! crush us from the face of Him,
Who sitteth on the throne, and from the Lamb,
For, lo! his day of vengeance is arrived,
And who can hope to stand.'

LESSON XXVII.

To the Eagle.—PERCIVAL.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing!
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.

Thy throne is on the mountain top;
Thy fields—the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies—thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze:
The midway sun is clear and bright—
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast
O'er the bursting billow spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again, thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind;
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.
When the night storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air!
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare,
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.

Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then, a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight?
'O'er the dark mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages, I watched alone,
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more,
Where the glorious bird had flown.

But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave;
I caught afar the wandering crew;
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore;
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong,
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song;
And over their bright and glancing arms
On field and lake and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory.'

LESSON XXVIII.

The Union of the States.—WEBSTER.

From an Address delivered at Washington city on the Centennial Anniversary of the Birth of Washington.

THERE was in the breast of Washington one sentiment deeply felt, so constantly uppermost, that no proper occasion escaped without its utterance.—From the letter which he signed in behalf of the convention, when the constitution was sent out to the people, to the moment when he put his hand to that last paper, in which he addressed his countrymen, the *union* was the great object of his thoughts.

In that first letter, he tells them that to him, and his brethren of the convention, union is the greatest interest of every true American; and in that last paper he conjures them to regard that unity of government, which constitutes them one people, as the very palladium of their prosperity and safety, and the security of liberty itself. He regarded the union of these states, not so much one of our blessings, as the great treasure-house which contained them all.

Here, in his judgment, was the great magazine of all our means of prosperity; here, as he thought, and as every true American still thinks, are deposited all our animating prospects, all our solid hopes for future greatness. He has taught us to maintain this government, not by seeking to enlarge its powers on the one hand, nor by surrendering them on the other; but by an administration of them, at once firm and moderate, adapted for objects truly national, and carried on in a spirit of justice and equity.

The extreme solicitude for the preservation of the union, at all times manifested by him, shows not only the opinion he entertained of its usefulness, but his clear perception of those causes which were likely to spring up to endanger it, and which, if once they should overthrow the present system, would leave little hope of any future beneficial reunion.

Of all the presumptions indulged by presumptuous man, that is one of the rashest, which looks for repeated and favorable opportunities, for the deliberate establishment of a united government, over distinct and widely extended communities. Such a thing has happened once in human affairs, and but once: the event stands out, as a prominent exception to all ordinary history; and, unless we suppose

ourselves running into an age of miracles, we may not expect its repetition.

Washington, therefore, could regard, and did regard, nothing as of paramount political interest, but the integrity of the union itself. With a united government, well administered, he saw we had nothing to fear; and without it, nothing to hope. The sentiment is just, and its momentous truth should solemnly impress the whole country.

If we might regard our country as personated in the spirit of Washington; if we might consider him as representing her, in her past renown, her present prosperity, and her future career, and as in that character demanding of us all, to account for our conduct, as political men, or as private citizens, how should he answer him, who has ventured to talk of disunion and dismemberment? Or, how should he answer him, who dwells perpetually on local interests, and fans every kindling flame of local prejudice? How should he answer him, who would array state against state, interest against interest, and party against party, careless of the continuance of that *unity of government which constitutes us one people*?

Gentlemen, the political prosperity which this country has attained, and which it now enjoys, it has acquired mainly through the instrumentality of the present government. While this agent continues, the capacity of attaining to still higher degrees of prosperity exists also. We have, while this lasts, a political life, capable of beneficial exertion, with power to resist or overcome misfortunes, to sustain us against the ordinary accidents of human affairs, and to promote, by active efforts, every public interest.

But dismemberment strikes at the very being which preserves these faculties; it would lay its rude and ruthless hand on this great agent itself. It would sweep away, not only what we possess, but all power of regaining lost, or acquiring new possessions. It would leave the country, not only bereft of its prosperity and happiness, but without limbs, or organs, or faculties, by which to exert itself, hereafter, in the pursuit of that prosperity and happiness.

Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If disastrous war sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were

but a trifle, even if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley.

All these might be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skilful architecture which unites national sovereignty with state rights, individual security, and public prosperity?

No, gentlemen, if these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Coloseum and the Parthenon, they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them, than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw—the edifice of constitutional American liberty.

But, gentlemen, let us hope for better things. Let us trust in that Gracious Being, who has hitherto held our country as in the hollow of his hand. Let us trust to the virtue and the intelligence of the people, and to the efficacy of religious obligation. Let us trust to the influence of Washington's example. Let us hope that that fear of Heaven, which expels all other fear, and that regard to duty, which transcends all other regard, may influence public men and private citizens and lead our country still onward in her happy career.

Full of these gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of that century which is now commenced. A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth, with no less of sincere admiration than we now commemorate it. When they shall meet, as we now meet, to do themselves and him that honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horizon; so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, still flowing to the sea; so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the union floating on the top of the Capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in his course visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country.

LESSON XXIX.

Wild Horses. — FLINT.

THE day before we came in view of the Rocky mountains, I saw in the greatest perfection that impressive, and, to me, almost sublime spectacle, an immense drove of wild horses, for a long time hovering around our path across the prairie. I had often seen great numbers of them before, mixed with other animals, apparently quiet, and grazing like the rest. Here there were thousands unmixed, unemployed; their motions, if such a comparison might be allowed, as darting, and as wild as those of humming birds on the flowers.

The tremendous snorts, with which the front columns of the phalanx made known their approach to us, seemed to be their wild and energetic way of expressing their pity and disdain, for the servile lot of our horses, of which they appeared to be taking a survey. They were of all colors, mixed, spotted, and diversified with every hue, from the brightest white to clear and shining black; and of every form and structure, from the long and slender racer, to those of firmer limbs and heavier mould; and of all ages, from the curvetting colt, to the range of patriarchal steeds, drawn up in a line, and holding their high heads for a survey of us, in the rear.

Sometimes they curved their necks, and made no more progress than just enough to keep pace with our advance. Then there was a kind of slow and walking minuet, in which they performed various evolutions, with the precision of the figures of a country dance. Then a rapid movement shifted the front to the rear. But still, in all their evolutions and movements, like the flight of sea-fowl, their lines were regular, and free from all indications of confusion.

At times a spontaneous and sudden movement towards us, almost inspired the apprehension of an united attack upon us. After a moment's advance, a snort and a rapid retrograde movement seemed to testify their proud estimate of their wild independence. The infinite variety of their rapid movements, their tamperings and manœuvres, were of such a wild and almost terrific character, that it required but a moderate stretch of fancy, to suppose them the genii of these grassy plains.

At one period they were formed, for an immense depth in

front of us. A wheel, executed almost with the rapidity of thought, presented them hovering on our flanks. Then, again, the cloud of dust, that enveloped their movements, cleared away, and presented them in our rear. They evidently operated as a great annoyance to the horses and mules of our cavalcade. The frighted movements, the increased indications of fatigue, sufficiently evidenced, with their frequent neighings, what unpleasant neighbors they considered their wild compatriots to be.

So much did our horses appear to suffer from fatigue and terror, in consequence of their vicinity, that we were thinking of some way in which to drive them off; when on a sudden, a patient and laborious donkey of the establishment, who appeared to have regarded all their movements with philosophic indifference, pricked up his long ears, and gave a loud and most sonorous bray from his vocal shells. Instantly this prodigious multitude, and there were thousands of them, took what the Spanish call the 'stompado.' With a trampling like the noise of thunder, or still more like that of an earthquake, a noise that was absolutely appalling, they took to their heels, and were all in a few moments invisible in the verdant depths of the plains, and we saw them no more.

LESSON XXX.

National Recollections the foundation of National Character.

E. EVERETT.

AND how is the spirit of a free people to be formed, and animated, and cheered, but out of the store-house of its historic recollections? Are we to be eternally ringing the changes upon Marathon and Thermopylæ; and going back to read in obscure texts of Greek and Latin of the exemplars of patriotic virtue?

I thank God that we can find them nearer home, in our own country, on our own soil;—that strains of the noblest sentiment that ever swelled in the breast of man, are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother tongue;—that the colonial and provincial councils of America exhibit to us models of the spirit and character, which gave Greece and Rome their name

and their praise among the nations. Here we ought to go for our instruction;—the lesson is plain, it is clear, it is applicable.

When we go to ancient history, we are bewildered with the difference of manners and institutions. We are willing to pay our tribute of applause to the memory of Leonidas, who fell nobly for his country, in the face of his foe. But, when we trace him to his home, we are confounded at the reflection, that the same Spartan heroism, to which he sacrificed himself at Thermopylæ, would have led him to tear his own child, if it had happened to be a sickly babe,—the very object for which all that is kind and good in man rises up to plead,—from the bosom of its mother, and carry it out to be eaten by the wolves of Taygetus.

We feel a glow of admiration at the heroism displayed at Marathon, by the ten thousand champions of invaded Greece; but we cannot forget that the tenth part of the number were slaves, unchained from the workshops and doorposts of their masters, to go and fight the battles of freedom.

I do not mean that these examples are to destroy the interest with which we read the history of ancient times; they possibly increase that interest by the very contrasts they exhibit. But they do warn us, if we need the warning, to seek our great practical lessons of patriotism at home; out of the exploits and sacrifices of which our own country is the theatre; out of the characters of our own fathers.

Them we know,—the high-souled, natural, unaffected, the citizen heroes. We know what happy firesides they left for the cheerless camp. We know with what pacific habits they dared the perils of the field. There is no mystery, no romance, no madness, under the name of chivalry, about them. It is all resolute, manly resistance for conscience' and liberty's sake, not merely of an overwhelming power, but of all the force of long-rooted habits, and native love of order and peace.

Above all, their blood calls to us from the soil which we tread; it beats in our veins; it cries to us not merely in the thrilling words of one of the first victims in this cause,—'My sons, scorn to be slaves!'—but it cries with a still more moving eloquence—'My sons, forget not your fathers!' Fast, oh! too fast, with all our efforts to prevent it, their precious memories are dying away. Notwithstanding our numerous written memorials, much of what is known of those eventful times dwells but in the recollections of a few

revered survivors, and with them is rapidly perishing unrecorded and irretrievable.

How many prudent counsels, conceived in perplexed times; how many heart-stirring words, uttered when liberty was treason; how many brave and heroic deeds, performed when the halter, not the laurel, was the promised meed of patriotic daring,—are already lost and forgotten in the graves of their authors! How little do we,—although we have been permitted to hold converse with the venerable remnants of that day,—how little do we know of their dark and anxious hours; of their secret meditations; of the hurried and perilous events of the momentous struggle!

And while they are dropping around us like the leaves of autumn, while scarce a week passes that does not call away some member of the veteran ranks, already so sadly thinned, shall we make no effort to hand down the traditions of their day to our children; to pass the torch of liberty,—which we received in all the splendor of its first enkindling,—bright and flaming, to those who stand next us on the line; so that, when we shall come to be gathered to the dust where our fathers are laid, we may say to our sons and our grandsons, 'If we did not amass, we have not squandered your inheritance of glory?'

LESSON XXXI.

Passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge.

JEFFERSON.

THE passage of the Potomac, through the Blue Ridge, is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea.

The first glance at this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have form-

ed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base.

The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disrupture and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing, which Nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous.

For, the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach, and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead.

You cross the Potomac above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown, and the fine country round that.

This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.

LESSON XXXII.

The Emigrant's Abode in Ohio.—FLINT.

IN making remoter journeys from the town, beside the rivulets, and in the little bottoms not yet in cultivation, I discerned the smoke rising in the woods, and heard the strokes of the axe, the tinkling of bells, and the baying of dogs, and saw the newly-arrived emigrant either raising his log cabin, or just entered into possession.

It has afforded me more pleasing reflections, a happier train of associations, to contemplate these beginnings of social toil in the wide wilderness, than, in our more cultivated regions, to come in view of the most sumptuous mansion

Nothing can be more beautiful than these little bottoms, upon which these emigrants deposit, if I may so say, their household gods.

Springs burst forth in the intervals between the high and low grounds. The trees and shrubs are of the most beautiful kind. The brilliant red-bird is seen flitting among the shrubs, or perched on a tree, seems welcoming, in her mellow notes, the emigrant to his abode. Flocks of paroquets are glittering among the trees, and gray squirrels are skipping from branch to branch.

In the midst of these primeval scenes, the patient and laborious father fixes his family. In a few weeks they have reared a comfortable cabin and other outbuildings. Pass this place in two years, and you will see extensive fields of corn and wheat, a young and thrifty orchard, fruit trees of all kinds,—the guarantee of present abundant subsistence, and of future luxury.

Pass it in ten years, and the log buildings will have disappeared. The shrubs and forest trees will be gone. The Arcadian aspect of humble and retired abundance and comfort will have given place to a brick house, with accompaniments like those that attend the same kind of house in the older countries.

By this time, the occupant, who came there, perhaps with a small sum of money, and moderate expectations, from humble life and with no more than a common school education, has been made, in succession, member of the assembly, justice of the peace, and finally county judge. I admit that the first residence among the trees affords the most agreeable picture to my mind; and that there is an inexpressible charm in the pastoral simplicity of those years, before pride and self-consequence have banished the repose of their Eden, and when you witness the first strugglings of social toil with the barren luxuriance of nature.

LESSON XXXIII.

Mont Blanc in the Gleam of Sunset.—GRISCOM.

WE arrived, before sundown, at the village of St. Martin, where we were to stay for the night. The evening being remarkably fine, we crossed the Arve on a beautiful bridge,

and walked over to Salenche, a very considerable village, opposite to St. Martin, and ascended a hill to view the effect of the sun's declining light upon Mont Blanc. The scene was truly grand.

The broad range of the mountain was fully before us, of a pure and almost glowing white, apparently to its very base; and which, contrasted with the brown tints of the adjoining mountains, greatly heightened the novelty of the scene. We could scarcely avoid the conclusion, that this vast pile of snow was very near us, and yet its base was not less than fifteen, and its summit, probably, more than twenty miles from the place where we stood.

The varying rays of light produced by reflection from the snow, passing as the sun's rays declined, from a brilliant white through purple and pink, and ending in the gentle light, which the snow gives after the sun has set, afforded an exhibition in optics upon a scale of grandeur, which no other region in the world could probably excel.

Never in my life have my feelings been so powerfully affected by merely scenery, as they were in this day's excursion. The excitement, though attended by sensations awfully impressive, is nevertheless so finely attempered by the glow of novelty, incessantly mingled with astonishment and admiration, as to produce on the whole a feast of delight.

A few years ago, I stood upon Table Rock, and placed my cane in the descending flood of Niagara. Its tremendous roar almost entirely precluded conversation with the friend at my side; while its whirlwind of mist and foam, filled the air to a great distance around me. The rainbow sported in its bosom; the gulf below exhibited the wild fury of an immense boiling caldron; while the rapids above, for the space of nearly a mile, appeared like a mountain of billows, chafing and dashing against each other with thundering impetuosity, in their eager strife to gain the precipice, and take the awful leap.

In contemplating this scene, my imagination and my heart were filled with sublime and tender emotions. The soul seemed to be brought a step nearer to the presence of that incomprehensible Being, whose spirit dwelt in every feature of the cataract, and directed all its amazing energies. Yet in the scenery of this day there was more of a pervading sense of awful and unlimited grandeur: mountain piled upon mountain in endless continuity throughout the whole extent, and crowned by the brightest effulgence of an evening sun, upon the everlasting snows of the highest pinnacle of Europe.

LESSON XXXIV.

Passage of the Red Sea.—HEBER.

'MID the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood—
He comes—their leader comes,—the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads—The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse, deep murmurs, from his holy feet;
And the chased surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand and coral hills below.
With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell;
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurled
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roofed haunt, are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;
The beetling waters storm above their head:
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.
Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night,
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blazed broad and fierce, the brandished torch of God.
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave:
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek and dance in every eye—
To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain:
Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
Yet on they fare by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed.
Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
Showed his dread visage lightening through the storm;
With withering splendor blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot-wheels, and marred their coursers' flight.

'Fly, Misraim, fly!' —The ravenous floods they see;
And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity.
'Fly, Misraim, fly!' —From Edom's coral strand
Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand:—
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep—
Yet o'er these lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast:
And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

LESSON XXXV.

Belshazzar.—CROLY.

HOUR of an empire's overthrow!
The princes from the feast were gone—
The idle flame was burning low—
'T was midnight upon Babylon.

That night the feast was wild and high;
That night was Zion's God profaned;
The seal was set to blasphemy;
The last deep cup of wrath was drained.

'Mid jewelled roof and silken pall,
Belshazzar on his couch was flung;—
A burst of thunder shook the hall—
He heard—but 't was no mortal tongue

'King of the east! the trumpet calls,
That calls thee to a tyrant's grave;
A curse is on thy palace walls—
A curse is on thy guardian wave.

'A surge is in Euphrates bed,
That never filled its bed before;—
A surge that, e'er the morn be red,
Shall load with death its haughty shore.

'Behold a tide of Persian steel—
A torrent of the Median car;—
Like flame their gory banners wheel;—
Rise, king, and arm thee for the war!'

Belshazzar gazed—the voice was past—
The lofty chamber filled with gloom—
But echoed on the sudden blast
The rushing of a mighty plume.

He listened—all again was still;
He heard no clarion's iron clang;
He heard the fountain's gushing rill—
The breeze that through the roses sang.

He slept;—in sleep wild murmurs came—
A visioned splendor fired the sky;
He heard Belshazzar's taunted name—
He heard again the prophet cry—

'Sleep, Sultan! 't is thy final sleep;
Or wake, or sleep the guilty dies;
The wrongs of those who watch and weep,
Around thee and thy nation, rise.'

He started:—'mid the battle's yell,
He saw the Persian rushing on;—
He saw the flames around him swell;
Thou 'rt ashes, King of Babylon!

LESSON XXXVI.

Christ in the Tempest.—WHITTIER.

STORM on the midnight waters! The vast sky
Is stooping with the thunder. Cloud on cloud
Reels heavily in the darkness, like a shroud
Shook by some warning spirit from the high
And terrible wall of Heaven. The mighty wave
Tosses beneath its shadow, like the bold
Upheavings of a giant from the grave,
Which bound him prematurely to his cold

And desolate bosom. Lo—they mingle now—
Tempest and heaving wave, along whose brow
Trembles the lightning from its thick cloud fold.

And it is very terrible! The roar
Ascendeth unto Heaven, and thunders back
Like a response of demons, from the black
Rifts of the hanging tempests—yawning o'er
The wild waves in their torment. Hark! the cry
Of the strong man in peril, piercing through
The uproar of the waters and the sky;
As the rent bark one moment rides to view,
On the tall billows, with the thunder-cloud
Closing around, above her like a shroud!

He stood upon the reeling deck—His form
Made visible by the lightning, and his brow,
Uncovered to the visiting of the storm,
Told of a triumph man may never know—
Power underived and mighty.— '*Peace be still!*'
The great waves heard him, and the storm's loud tone
Went moaning into silence at his will:
And the thick clouds, where yet the lightning shone,
And slept the latent thunder, rolled away
Until no trace of tempest lurked behind,
Changing upon the pinions of the wind
To stormless wanderers, beautiful and gay.

Dread Ruler of the tempest! Thou, before
Whose presence boweth the uprisen storm—
To whom the waves do homage, round the shore
Of many an island empire!—if the form
Of the frail dust beneath thine eye, may claim
Thy infinite regard—oh, breathe upon
The storm and darkness of man's soul, the same
Quiet, and peace, and humbleness, which came
O'er the roused waters, where thy voice had gone,
A minister of power—to conquer in thy name!

LESSON XXXVII.

Great Effects result from Little Causes.—PORTER.

THE same connexion between small things and great, runs through all the concerns of our world. The ignorance of a physician, or the carelessness of an apothecary, may spread death through a family or a town. How often has the sickness of one man, become the sickness of thousands? How often has the error of one man, become the error of thousands?

A fly or an atom, may set in motion a train of intermediate causes, which shall produce a revolution in a kingdom. Any one of a thousand incidents, might have cut off Alexander of Greece, in his cradle. But if Alexander had died in infancy, or had lived a single day longer than he did, it might have put another face on all the following history of the world.

A spectacle-maker's boy, amusing himself in his father's shop, by holding two glasses between his finger and his thumb, and varying their distance, perceived the weathercock of the church spire, opposite to him, much larger than ordinary, and apparently much nearer, and turned upside down. This excited the wonder of the father, and led him to additional experiments; and these resulted in that astonishing instrument, the Telescope, as invented by Galileo, and perfected by Herschell.

On the same optical principles was constructed the Microscope, by which we perceive that a drop of stagnant water is a world teeming with inhabitants. By one of these instruments, the experimental philosopher measures the ponderous globes, that the omnipotent hand has ranged in majestic order through the skies; by the other, he sees the same hand employed in rounding and polishing five thousand minute, transparent globes in the eye of a fly. Yet all these discoveries of modern science, exhibiting the intelligence, dominion, and agency of God, we owe to the transient amusement of a child.

It is a fact, commonly known, that, the laws of gravitation, which guide the thousands of rolling worlds in the planetary system, were suggested at first, to the mind of Newton, by the falling of an apple.

The art of printing, shows from what casual incidents

most magnificent events in the scheme of Providence may result. Time was, when princes were scarcely rich enough to purchase a copy of the Bible. Now every cottager in Christendom, is rich enough to possess this treasure. 'Who would have thought, that the simple circumstance of a man, amusing himself by cutting a few letters on the bark of a tree, and impressing them on paper, was intimately connected with the mental illumination of the world.'

LESSON XXXVIII.

Mount Etna.—Lon. Encyclopædia.

The man who treads Mount Ætna seems like a man above the world. He generally is advised to ascend before day-break; the stars now brighten, shining like so many gems of flames; others appear which were invisible below. The milky-way seems like a pure flake of light lying across the firmament, and it is the opinion of some that the satellites of Jupiter might be discovered by the naked eye.

But when the sun arises, the prospect from the summit of Ætna is beyond comparison the finest in nature. The eye rolls over it with astonishment and is lost. The diversity of objects; the extent of the horizon; the immense height; the country like a map at our feet; the ocean around; the heavens above; all conspire to overwhelm the mind, and affect it with sensations of astonishment and grandeur.

We must be allowed to extract Mr. Brydone's description of this scene. 'There is not,' he says, 'on the surface of the globe, any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects. The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single point, without any neighboring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon and recover from their astonishment, in their way down to the world.

This point or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf, as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity, and the most beautiful scenery in nature, with the rising sun advancing in the east, to illuminate the wondrous scene,

The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and showed dimly and faintly the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos, and light and darkness seemed still undivided; till the morning, by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear.

The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from whence no ray was reflected to show their form or colors, appear a new creation rising to sight, catching life and beauty from every increasing beam. The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides; till the sun, like the great Creator, appears in the east, and with his plastic ray completes the mighty scene.

All appears enchantment: and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to the sublimity of such a scene, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time, that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it. The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracts both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Lipari, Panari, Alicudi, Strombolo, and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet; and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map; and can trace every river through all its windings, from its source to its mouth.

The view is absolutely boundless on every side; nor is there any one object within the circle of vision to interrupt it, so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity; and I am persuaded, it is only from the imperfection of our organs, that the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon. The circumference of the visible horizon on the top of Ætna, cannot be less than 2000 miles.

At Malta, which is near 200 miles distant, they perceive all the eruptions from the second region: and that island is often discovered from about one half the elevation of the mountain: so that, at the whole elevation the horizon must extend to near double that distance, or 400 miles, which makes 800 miles for the diameter of the circle, and 2400 for the circumference; but this is by much too vast for our senses, not intended to grasp so boundless a scene.

The most beautiful part of the scene is certainly the

mountain itself, the island of Sicily, and the numerous islands lying round it. All these, by a kind of magic in vision, that I am at a loss to account for, seem as if they were brought close round the skirts of Ætna; the distances appearing reduced to nothing. Perhaps this singular effect is produced by the rays of light passing from a rarer medium into a denser, which, (from a well-known law in optics) to an observer in the rare medium, appears to lift up objects that are at the bottom of the dense one, as a piece of money placed in a basin, appears lifted up as soon as the basin is filled with water.

The Regione Deserta, or the frigid zone of Ætna, is the first object that calls your attention. It is marked out by a circle of snow and ice, which extends on all sides to the distance of about eight miles. In the centre of this circle, the great crater of the mountain rears its burning head, and the regions of intense cold, and of intense heat, seem for ever to be united in the same point.

The Regione Deserta is immediately succeeded by the Sylvosa, or the woody region, which forms a circle or girdle of the most beautiful green, which surrounds the mountain on all sides, and is certainly one of the most delightful spots on earth. This presents a remarkable contrast with the desert region. It is not smooth and even, like the greatest part of the latter; but is finely variegated by an infinite number of those beautiful little mountains, that have been formed by the different eruptions of Ætna. All these have now acquired a wonderful degree of fertility, except a very few that are but newly formed, that is, within these five or six hundred years; for it certainly requires some thousands, to bring them to their greatest degree of perfection. We looked down into the craters of these, and attempted, but in vain, to number them.

This zone is every where succeeded by the vineyards, orchards, and corn-fields that compose the Regione Culta, or the fertile region. This zone makes a delightful contrast with the other two regions. It is bounded by the sea to the south and southeast, and on all its other sides, by the rivers Semetus and Alcantara, which run almost round it. The whole course of these rivers is seen at once, and all their beautiful windings through these fertile valleys, looked upon as the favorite possession of Ceres herself.

Cast your eyes a little further, and you embrace the whole island; all its cities, rivers, and mountains, delineated

in the great chart of nature; all the adjacent islands, and the whole coast of Italy, as far as your eye can reach; for it is nowhere bounded, but every where lost in the space. On the sun's first rising, the shadow of the mountain extends across the whole island, and makes a large tract visible even in the sea and in the air. By degrees this is shortened, and in a little time is confined only to the neighborhood of Ætna."

LESSON XXXIX.

The Ivy.—DRUMMOND.

WHY is it that every one is pleased with the common ivy? There is a charm about that plant which all feel, but none can tell why. Observe it hanging from the arch of some old bridge, and consider the degree of interest it gives to that object. The bridge itself may be beautifully situated; the stream passing through its arches clear and copious; but still, it is the ivy which gives the finished and picturesque effect.

Mouldering towers and castles, and ruined cloisters, interest our feelings in a degree more or less, by the circumstance of their being covered or not by the ivy. Precipices, which else would exhibit only their naked, barren walls, are clothed by it in a rich and beautiful vesture. Old trees, whose trunks it surrounds, assume a great variety of aspect; and, indeed, it is a most important agent in forming the beauty and variety of rural landscape.

It is also as useful as it is beautiful; and among its uses, I would include the very thing of which I am now speaking, for I have no idea that the forms and colors in nature, please the eye by a sort of chance. If I admire the ivy clinging to and surmounting some time-worn tower, and the various tints that diversify the parts of the ruin not hidden by it, I can only refer the pleasure I experience, to the natural construction of the human mind, which the Almighty has formed to feel a pleasure, in contemplating the external world around it.

Who is insensible to the beauties of nature at the rising and setting of the summer's sun? Who can behold the moonbeams reflected from some silent river, lake, or sea, and not feel happy in the sight? None, I believe, in early

life. When hardened in the ways of men—when the chief good pursued is the accumulation of wealth, the acquisition of power, or the pursuit of pleasure, so called,—then mankind lose a sense of the beauties of nature; but never, perhaps till then. A love for them is inherent in the mind, and almost always shows itself in youth; and, if cherished at that period by education, would seldom be destroyed or become dormant in after life, as it now so generally is.

The ivy is of vast advantage to the smaller birds, as it affords them shelter in winter, and a retreat for building their nests in spring and summer. It is in fructification in October and November, and the sweet juice which its flowers exude, supports an infinity of insects in autumn, while its berries are a store of nutriment for many birds in early spring.

LESSON XL.

The Pleasures of Religion.—SMITH.

A RIGHTEOUS man is a happy man, because he is a free man, and the servant to no inward lust. He can act up to his own decisions, and when he sees what is right, he can do it. He has found from experience, that the impulse of passion may be withstood, till the resistance becomes habitually strong, and the passion habitually weak.

While the sinner stands trembling, and says to himself, shall I enjoy this one pleasure? shall I tempt the mercy of God only this once? the righteous man treads down Satan beneath his feet, defends his soul, and walks on to his salvation, unheeding bad pleasures that lure him from eternity.

If there is wretchedness upon earth, it is to live by a rule which we perpetually violate; first, to convince ourselves that the thing is right, that prudence requires it, that the world approves it, that religion ordains it; then, when the eye is tempted, when the heart is touched only by the faint beginnings of pleasure, to forget prudence, to forget the world, to forget religion, to enjoy, and to repent.

He, who has suffered this long, hates and despises himself; he can see nothing venerable in his own nature; nothing but that levity and voluptuousness, which he would despise in others, and which, in spite of all self-love, he knows to be despicable in himself.

The most miserable of human beings are professed sinners, men who despise rule, who look upon their passions as mere instruments of pleasure, and are determined to extract from life, every drop of amusement it can afford. The last excess is stale, and tiresome; there must be a higher degree of emotion; when every thing else is exhausted, the destruction of all decency affords some little entertainment; to laugh at religion is, for some time new, and amusing. But immodesty, and blasphemy soon weary, and the sinner finds, that he has not chosen the path of pleasantness, and peace.

In fact, putting aside all religious considerations, there is not a greater mistake in the world, than to suppose, that a profligate man is a happy man. He *seems* to be happy, because his enjoyments are more visible, and ostentatious; but is in truth a very sorry, and shallow impostor, who may deceive the young, but is laughed at by the wise, and by all who know in what true happiness consists.

The truly happy man is he, who has early discovered, that he carries within his own bosom his worst enemies, that the contest must be manfully entered into; that if righteousness does not save him from his sinful appetites, they will rule him, up to the moment of the grave; that they will bend him down to the earth, and tear, and rend him like the bad spirits in scripture; that his fame will be sullied, his mind and body wasted away, and his substance destroyed.

When Solomon saw these things, when he beheld one man groaning with despair, another writhing with disease, when he beheld the follies, the errors, and crimes of the world, and could see nothing placid, nothing calm, nothing stable, but the righteous man; then he said, (and oh how truly, and wisely he said it,) the ways of that man are the ways of pleasantness, and his paths the paths of peace.

A religious man is happy because he is secure; because it is not in the power of accident, or circumstance, to disclose any secret guilt; as he *is*, he has long *been;* he can refer to the blameless tenor of years; to a mind long exercised in avoiding offence towards God, and towards man! His present enjoyments are never polluted, by bitter remembrances of the past; whatever he has of honor, or consideration among men, he has it honestly, and safely; it does not depend upon their ignorance, nor upon his dexterity, nor upon any fortunate combination of events.

The more men know him, the more they love him; the more they try him, the more plainly they are convinced that he follows after righteousness as the truest wisdom, and that this feeling is the plain and simple key to all his actions. Herein it is that the sinner so grossly miscalculates his happiness, and that he is so bitterly taunted by the great masters of ethics in the scriptures; that he has lost that, in which the pleasantness and comfort of righteousness principally consists; the inviolable feeling of security by which it is accompanied.

Believe me, whether you have sold this for money, or parted with it for ambition, or bartered it for the joy of some vile appetite, you have lost the purest and noblest instrument of human happiness. The time will come, when you will say to yourself, why did I do this? why did I give up my pleasant innocence? why cannot I look upon every man that I meet, with the same firmness and cheerfulness with which I was wont?

In this short, and passing life, there is nothing which can repay a man for the loss of his own conscious purity. In extreme old age, he will loathe the chariots, and the horses, the purple, the fine linen, and the sumptuous fare, the price of his soul, and will remember, (when it is too late,) that the ways of righteousness were pleasant, and her paths the paths of peace.

LESSON XLI.

Sabbath Evening.—KNOX.

THERE is no season of the day or year, which gives me such pure and exquisite pleasure, as that of a Summer's Sabbath evening, when the heart has been soothed, and the spirit elevated by recent acts of devotion; and when, over every mountain and valley, forest and river, a holy tranquillity reposes, as if inanimate nature were conscious of the sanctity of the day of rest.

To an observer of feeling and imagination, the contemplation of nature is a source of continual enjoyment: the budding Spring inspires him with hope; the full blown Summer fills him with joy; the decaying Autumn speaks to him of his own decay, like the soothing voice of a parent that

invites him to repose, after the labors of the day; and the desolating Winter gives intimation of his death, when, like the faded flowers, his body shall be withering in the dust, and his spirit, like the birds of passage that follow the genial seasons in their journey round the globe, shall have winged its way to a better and happier region.

But a Summer's Sabbath evening is the season of the most exalted enjoyment: it is then that there seems to be an intimate communion between earth and heaven, and we feel as if partakers of the pleasures of both worlds: it is then that their confines seem to meet, and we feel as if, by one step, we could pass from time into eternity.

On a beautiful Sabbath evening, about the middle of July, I pursued my walk along a narrow path that stretched through an extensive wood, to enjoy alone and undisturbed, that soothing melancholy, which is to me sweeter than the turbulence of social merriment.

The sun had just set,—the twilight star was twinkling, like the eye of a beautiful woman, whose lashes are quivering with the effects of departing sorrow that bedewed them with tears, and the thrush was pouring forth his vesper hymn on the topmost twig of the tall larch tree, as if he thought that his song would sound the sweeter, the nearer he could make his perch to heaven.

It was to me a scene of peculiar interest: on the one side, stood the home of my father and mother, brothers and sisters, the affectionate beings who appeared to me parts of my own existence, without whom, without one of whom I could not live; and on the other side, lay the churchyard where my forefathers slept in 'the narrow house,' and where my kindred and myself were in all likelihood destined to sleep—one of us, perhaps, in a few days, for my mother was at that time sick,—the being who gave me birth—who nourished me on her bosom in infancy—who condoled my sorrows in manhood—the thought of her death was dreadful.

But my mind was soon called from its agonizing anticipations, by the tremulous tones of a plaintive voice; when, on looking around me, I saw a man kneeling beneath a branching fir, and praying loudly and fervently. It was not, however, the prayer of the Pharisee, in the corner of the street, where every eye might behold him: the person before me was unconscious that any eye beheld him, but that of his Creator whom he was so earnestly supplicating.

I never saw a more affecting picture of devotion. I have

seen the innocent child lay its head upon its mother's knee, and lisp out its evening prayer; and the father of a family kneel in the midst of his domestic circle, and ask the blessing of God to be upon them and him: I have seen the beautiful maiden, whose lips, to the youthful imagination, seemed only tuned to the song of pleasure, whisper the responses in the public assembly of worship; and the dim-eyed matron stroke back her hoary tresses, and endeavor to mingle her quivering voice with the sublime symphony of the pealing organ:—all these have I seen, and felt the beauty of each; but this solitary worshipper affected me more deeply than I had previously experienced.

His knees were bent upon the deep-green earth, where his Bible lay on the one side of him, and his hat on the other; his hands were lifted up, his raven hair waved in the breeze, and his eyes were raised to Heaven; yet I saw, or fancied I saw, that he was frequently obliged to close them, and press out the tears that flowed to them from the fountain of sorrow.

I passed him unperceived, with respect for his devotional feelings, and sympathy with his accumulated afflictions. I knew him well: he was a laborer of the neighboring hamlet, intelligent and respectable in his sphere of life. Often on the Sabbath evenings had I met with him in the same path, walking with his wife and his children; two little boys that plucked the wild flowers as they proceeded, and an infant girl that yet nestled in its mother's bosom.

He was devotedly attached to his family, and I considered him one of the happiest men in existence; for his wife appeared altogether worthy of the respect he paid her, and his children were as beautiful and promising as a parent's heart could have wished. He and I often entered into conversation, and I was not only pleased, but frequently astonished by his remarks; for his lips were unrestrained by the reserve of polished life, and all his most eccentric conceptions, and all his deepest feelings, were in a moment laid open and naked before you, in all their singularity and beauty.

He had read a good deal, but he had thought more than he had read; and, in consequence, there was a poetical originality in his mind, and a poetical enthusiasm in his heart, which were peculiarly pleasing to a person, who has felt his generous emotions repulsed and chilled by the cold and affected votaries of fashion.

He was quite contented with his laborious occupation;

for, as he said, his toils seemed light and pleasant, when he considered that they were undergone for the comfort of the wife, who, 'like a fruitful vine,' spread the blossoms of pleasure around his cottage; and of the children who, 'like olive plants,' arose to support him when bowed down by the burden of age.

The anticipation of an early death did not even appal him; for in that case, as he observed, there was a God in heaven who would prove 'a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow, and the orphan's stay, and the stranger's shield.'

The dictates of philosophy are weak, in comparison with the power of this religious trust: it is the rock, under whose shadow the weary find repose—the rock, whose summit is brightened by sunshine, while the valley from which it rises, is covered with clouds and darkness. My friend, the poor laborer, clung to it with enthusiasm in his severe domestic trials.

A malignant fever, like the storm that blasts the blossoms of spring, entered the hamlet, and, in the space of two months, swept off more than a third of the children. There was scarcely a cottage that had not numbered one of its little inmates with the dead.

It has been said, with what degree of truth I know not, that the loss of children is the heaviest trial by which the human heart can be visited; because, as it is averred, the attachment of the parent to the child is stronger than that of the child to the parent.

I have no doubt, that if a person have a family to divide the stream of affection, the death of a father or a mother will be felt with less poignancy, than if the solitary mourner have no object, as near and as dear, on which he can fix the lacerated ties of love, that have been forced to quit their hold of the bosom that withers in a parent's grave. As each of these domestic calamities is, for a time, as severe as mortal creature can conceive; and as the man, who feels the acuteness of the green wounds of affliction, cannot properly estimate the pain of those, that have been healed by the influence of time, there appears to me no use in making, and no certainty in the result of, the comparison.

I might, however, argue against the received opinion, by saying, that the place of a parent, when once empty, can never again be filled; whereas the bosom that has given its

nursling to the grave, may yet have the happiness to nourish another, and the parental heart may half forget its withered scion, until it finds it blooming in heaven.

All I intend to say on the subject at present is, that my poor friend lost both his little boys, whose funerals were only divided by three melancholy days; and that, on the Sabbath evening when I saw him praying in the lonely wood, his infant girl—his only remaining child—lay on the very brink of dissolution.

Having reached the end of the solitary footpath I returned homewards, and still found the afflicted man in the attitude of prayer; perhaps unconscious, amid the strife of his spirit, of the time that had passed over him while employed in this act of heartfelt devotion. As soon as I descried him, a female came running along the path, and informed him that the child was dead.

He arose with a trembling frame, and a face that bore the fearful look of despair; or rather the look of that reckless frenzy, which prompted him to dispute with his Maker the justice of the calamity that had befallen him. This was but for a moment; he soon became firm and calm, and exclaimed with a subdued spirit, 'The Lord's will be done.' It was enough—it was a balm for his wounded soul, a cordial to his fainting heart.

He then followed the steps of the female who had disappeared, to the 'house of mourning,' to condole with the childless mother, whose heart had mingled its feelings with his from the days of early youth—whose heart to his had been doubly bound by the tendrils that sprung from their mutual love—whose heart now demanded the support of his, the support, which his would amply receive from her's in return.

Happy souls! happy even under all your calamities! For if there be pleasure—if there be consolation—if there be happiness on earth—they are nowhere to be so certainly found, as in the unbounded confidence, and deeply-rooted attachment, of two congenial and conjugal bosoms. Deeply affected by what I had seen and heard, I entered my father's cottage, strong in good resolutions, and praying that I might have the power, in all the afflictions that might await me, to say, with the poor peasant—'The Lord's will be done.'

LESSON XLII.

Sabbath Morning.—PINNEY.

How calm comes on this holy day!
  Morning unfolds the eastern sky,
And upward takes her lofty way
  Triumphant to her throne on high.
Earth glorious wakes, as o'er her breast
  The morning flings her rosy ray,
And blushing from her dreamless rest,
  Unveils her to the gaze of day;
So still the scene, each wakeful sound
  Seems hallowed music breathing round.

The night-winds to their mountain caves,
  The morning mists to heaven's blue steep,
And to their ocean depths, the waves
  Are gone, their holy rest to keep.
'Tis tranquil all—around—above—
  The forests far, which bound the scene,
Are peaceful as their Maker's love,
  Like hills of everlasting green;
And clouds like earthly barriers stand,
  Or bulwarks of some viewless land.

Each tree that lifts its arm in air,
  Or hangs its pensive head on high,
Seems bending at its morning prayer,
  Or whispering with the hours gone by.
This holy morning, Lord, is thine—
  Let silence sanctify thy praise,
Let heaven and earth in love combine,
  And morning stars their music raise;—
For 't is the day—joy—joy, ye dead,
  When death and hell were captive led.

LESSON XLIII.

The Knell of Time.—ANONYMOUS.

HEARD you that knell? It was the knell of Time!
And is Time dead? I thought Time never died.

I knew him old, 't is true, and full of years,
And bald, except in front;—but he was strong
As Hercules: I saw him grasp the oak.
It fell—the tower, it crumbled;—and the stone,
The sculptured monument, that marked the grave
Of fallen greatness, ceased its pompous strain,
As Time came by. Yes, Time was very strong,
And I had thought, too strong for Death to grapple.
But I remember now, his *step* was light;
And though he moved at rapid rate, and trod
On adamant, his tread was never heard!
And there was something ghastly in the thought,
That in the silence of the midnight hour,
When all was hushed as death, and not a sound
Crept o'er my chamber's sill, or woke
The echo slumbering there—In such an hour
He trod my chamber, and I heard him not;
And I have held my breath and listened close,
To catch one foot-fall as he glided by;
But not a slumbering sound awoke, or sighed,
And the thought struck me, then, that one, whose steps
Was so much like a spirit's tread, whose acts
Were all so noiseless, like the world unseen,
Would soon be fit for other worlds than this—
Fit for high converse with immortal minds,
Unfettered by the flesh—unchained to earth.

Time's movements! oh how fleet! and yet, how still!
Still as the morning sunbeam, as it kissed
The blushing flower, but shook not e'en the tears
Of Night, the lingering dew drops, from its leaves,
Nor woke the wild bee slumbering in its folds.

LESSON XLIV.

On Laying the Corner-Stone of the Monument of Mrs. Washington.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Long hast thou slept unnoted! Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
And spread her vernal coverings, violet-gemmed,
And pearled with dews. She bade bright Summer bring

Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his yellow coronet
Down at thy feet,—and stormy Winter speak
Hoarsely of Man's neglect.
But now we come
To do thee homage,—Mother of our Chief!—
Fit homage—Such as honoreth him who pays.

Methinks we see thee, as in olden time,—
Simple in garb—majestic and serene—
Unawed by 'pomp and circumstance'—in truth
Inflexible,—and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing Vice, and making Folly grave.
Thou didst not deem it Woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth, to sport awhile
Amid the flowers, or on the Summer wave,
Then fleet like the Ephemeron away,—
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life,
Which she had worshipped.
Of the might that clothed
The 'Pater Patriæ,'—of the deeds that won
A nation's liberty, and earth's applause,
Making Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca haunt
For patriot and for sage, while time shall last,
What part was thine, what thanks to thee are due,
Who, 'mid his elements of being, wrought
With no uncertain aim—nursing the germs
Of godlike Virtue in his infant mind,
We know not—Heaven can tell.
Rise, noble pile!
And show a race unborn *who* rests below,—
And say to Mothers, what a holy charge
Is theirs,—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind—
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world doth sow its tares,
Nor in their toil decline,—that angel-hands
May put the sickle in, and reap for GOD,
And gather to HIS garner.
'Ye, who stand,
With thrilling breast, and kindling cheek, this morn,
Viewing the tribute that Virginia pays
To the blest Mother of her glorious Chief,

Ye, whose last thought upon your nightly couch,
Whose first at waking, is your cradled son—
What though no dazzling hope aspires to rear
A second WASHINGTON—or leave your name
Wrought out in marble with your country's tears
Of deathless gratitude,—yet may ye raise
A monument above the Stars—a soul
Led by your teachings and your prayers to GOD.

LESSON XLV.

The Sunbeam.—MRS. HEMANS.

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall;
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope upon land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles—
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles—
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades;
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains —a vapor lay,
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou brokest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapped the spot;
But the gleam of THEE on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender light on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church aisles thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day;
And its high pale tombs with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of burning gold.

And thou turn'st not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! Oh, what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
One thing is like thee, to mortals given—
The FAITH, touching all things with hues of heaven.

LESSON XLVI.

Christmas in England.—IRVING.

THERE is nothing in England that exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination, than the lingerings of the holyday customs and rural games of former times. They recall the pictures my fancy used to draw in the May morning of life, when as yet I only knew the world through books, and believed it to be all that poets had painted it; and they bring with them the flavor of those honest days of yore, in which, perhaps with equal fallacy, I am apt to think the world was more homebred, social, and joyous than at present.

I regret to say that they are daily growing more and more faint, being gradually worn away by time, but still more obliterated by modern fashion. They resemble those picturesque morsels of Gothic architecture, which we see crumbling in various parts of the country, partly dilapidated by the waste of ages, and partly lost in the additions and alterations of latter days.

Poetry, however, clings with cherishing fondness about the rural game and holyday revel, from which it has derived so many of its themes—as the ivy winds its rich foliage about the Gothic arch and mouldering tower, gratefully repaying their support, by clasping together their tottering remains, and, as it were, embalming them in verdure.

Of all the old festivals, however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment.

The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring: they dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement: they gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good will to men.

I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings, than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ, performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connexions, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares, and pleasures, and sorrows of the world, are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying-place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year, that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times, we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of Nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we 'live abroad and every where.'

The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn, earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence,—all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation.

But in the depth of winter, when Nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The

dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle.

Our thoughts are more concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart, and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate, on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance into a kindlier welcome.

Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent—than by the winter fireside? and, as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security, with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber, and the scene of domestic hilarity?

The English, from the great prevalence of rural habits throughout every class of society, have always been fond of those festivals and holydays, which agreeably interrupt the stillness of country life; and they were in former days particularly observant of the religious and social rites of Christmas. It is inspiring to read even the dry details which some antiquaries have given of the quaint humors, the burlesque pageants, the complete abandonment to mirth and good fellowship, with which this festival was celebrated.

It seemed to throw open every door, and unlock every heart. It brought the peasant and the peer together, and blended all ranks in one warm generous flow of joy and kindness. The old halls of castles and manor-houses, resounded with the harp and the Christmas carol, and their ample boards groaned under the weight of hospitality. Even the poorest cottage welcomed the festive season, with green decorations of bay and holly—the cheerful fire glanc-

ed its rays through the lattice, inviting the passenger to raise the latch, and join the gossip knot huddled round the hearth, beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes, and oft-told Christmas tales.

One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement, is the havoc it has made among the hearty old holyday customs. It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of these embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic surface.

Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and, like the sherris sack of old Falstaff, are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished in times full of spirit and lustihood, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously: times wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with its richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners.

The world has become more worldly. There is more of dissipation, and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader, but a shallower stream, and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels, where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities, its homebred feelings, its honest fireside delights.

The traditionary customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities, and lordly wassailings, have passed away with the baronial castles and stately manor-houses, in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlor, but are unfitted for the light showy saloons and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa.

Shorn, however, as it is, of its ancient and festive honors, Christmas is still a period of delightful excitement in England. It is gratifying to see that home feeling completely aroused, which holds so powerful a place in every English bosom.

The preparations making on every side for the social board, that is again to unite friends and kindred—the presents of good cheer passing and repassing, those tokens of regard and quickeners of kind feelings—the evergreens distributed about houses and churches, emblems of peace and gladness—all these have the most pleasing effect in

producing fond associations, and kindling benevolent sympathies.

Even the sound of the waits, rude as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the midwatches of a winter night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour, 'when deep sleep falleth upon man,' I have listened with a hushed delight, and connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir, announcing peace and good-will to mankind.

How delightfully the imagination, when wrought upon by these moral influences, turns every thing to melody and beauty! The very crowing of the cock, heard sometimes in the profound repose of the country, 'telling the night-watches to his feathery dames,' was thought by the common people to announce the approach of this sacred festival:

> 'Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
> Wherein our Saviour's birth was celebrated,
> This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
> And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
> The nights are wholesome—then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time.'

Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart. The scene of early love again rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years, and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, reanimates the drooping spirit—as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.

LESSON XLVII.

Sports of New Year's Day.—PAULDING.

THE morning was still, clear, and frosty. The sun shone with the lustre, though not with the warmth, of summer, and his bright beams were reflected, with indescribable

splendor, from the glassy, smooth expanse of ice, that spread across, and up and down the broad river, far as the eye could see.

The smoke of the village chimneys rose straight into the air, looking like so many inverted pyramids, spreading gradually broader and broader, until they melted away, and mixed imperceptibly with ether. Scarce was the sun above the horizon, when the village was alive with rosy boys and girls, dressed in their new suits, and going forth with such warm anticipations of happiness, as time and experience imperceptibly fritter away into languid hopes, or strengthening apprehensions.

'Happy New Year!' came from every mouth and every heart. Spiced beverages and lusty cakes were given away with liberal, open hand; everybody was welcomed to every house; all seemed to forget their little heart-burnings and disputes of yore; all seemed happy, and all were so; and the Dominie, who always wore his coat with four great pockets on new-year day, came home and emptied them seven times of loads of new-year cookies.

When the gay groups had finished their rounds in the village, the ice in front was seen all alive with the small fry of Elsingburgh, gamboling and skating, sliding and tumbling, helter-skelter, and making the frost-bit ears of winter glad with the sounds of mirth and revelry. In one place, was a group playing at hurley with crooked sticks, with which they sometimes hit the ball, and sometimes each other's shins; in another, a knot of sliders, following in a row, so that, if the foremost fell, the rest were sure to tumble over him.

A little farther might be seen a few, that had the good fortune to possess a pair of skates, luxuriating in that most graceful of all exercises, and emulated by some half a dozen little urchins, with smooth bones fastened to their feet, in imitation of the others, skating away with a gravity and perseverance worthy of better implements. All was rout, laughter, revelry and happiness, and that day the icy mirror of the noble Delaware, reflected as light hearts as ever beat together in the new world.

At twelve o'clock, the jolly Heer, according to his immemorial custom, went forth from the edge of the river, distributing apples, and other dainties, together with handfuls of wampum, which, rolling away on the ice in different directions, occasioned innumerable contests and squabbles

among the fry, whose disputes, tumbles, and occasional buffetings for the prizes, were inimitably ludicrous upon the slippery element.

Among the most obstreperous and mischievous of the crowd was that likely fellow Cupid, who made more noise, and tripped up more heels, that day, than any half a dozen of his contemporaries. His voice could be heard above all the rest, especially after the arrival of the Heer, before whom he seemed to think it his duty to exert himself, while his unrestrained, extravagant laugh, exhibited that singular hilarity of spirit, which distinguishes the deportment of the African slave, from the invariable gravity of the free red man of the western world.

All day, and until after the sun had set, and the shadows of night succeeded, the sports of the ice continued, and the merry sounds rung far and near, occasionally interrupted by those loud noises, which sometimes shoot across the ice like a rushing earthquake, and are occasioned by its cracking, as the water rises or falls.

LESSON XLVIII.

Anecdote of Sir Matthew Hale.—ANONYMOUS.

A GENTLEMAN of considerable independence in England had two sons, the eldest of whom caused him much anxiety from his dissipated character and conduct: the young man himself, tired of restraint, asked permission of his father to go to some foreign clime, which was readily granted, and a sum of money advanced him for that purpose.

He had not, however, long left home, before the ship he was on board of was taken by the Algerines, and consequently he was taken prisoner to Algiers, where he remained a considerable number of years, without the least opportunity offering of his sending, or hearing from home; at length, however, he fortunately effected his escape, and returned to his native land, almost destitute of clothing, and entirely pennyless; when he arrived at the village where he drew his first breath, in answer to his first inquiry, he was informed that his father had been dead many years, and his younger brother in full possession of the estates; on this information he proceeded immediately to his brother's house, where

on his arrival, he stated who he was, and recounted his misfortunes.

He was at first received with evident tokens of surprise; but what was his astonishment, after his brother had a little recovered himself, to find that he (the younger brother) was determined to treat him as an impostor, and ordered him to quit the house, for that he had a number of witnesses to prove the death of his elder brother abroad!

Being thus received, he returned to the village, but met with no success, as those who would have been likely to give him assistance were either dead, or gone away; in this predicament, he succeeded in finding an attorney at a little distance, to whom he related the circumstances exactly as they stood, and requested his advice.

The attorney seeing the desperate state in which the affair stood, observed that as his brother was in possession, he would be likely to have recourse to every unjust means, by suborning witnesses, &c.; but, however, he would undertake to advocate his cause, on condition that if he proved successful, he should be paid a thousand pounds; if the contrary, said the attorney, (as you have nothing to give) I shall demand nothing. To this proposal, of course, the elder brother agreed.

It should be remarked that at this time, bribery and corruption were at such a pitch, that it was no uncommon circumstance for judge, jury, in short, the whole court, to be perverted on one side or the other; the lawyer naturally concluded, this being the case, that the elder brother stood but a very indifferent chance, although he himself had no doubt of the validity of his claim.

In this dilemma he resolved to take a journey to London and lay the case before Sir Matthew Hale, then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, a character no less conspicuous for his abilities than for his unshaken integrity and strict impartiality.

Sir Matthew heard the relation of the circumstances with patience, as likewise the attorney's suspicions of the means, that would be adopted to deprive the elder brother of his right. He (Sir Matthew) desired him to go on with the regular process of the law, and leave the rest to him.

Thus matters rested until the day of trial came on; a few days previous to which, Sir Matthew left home, and travelled till he came within a short distance of the town where the matter was to be decided, when passing a miller's house,

he directed his coachman to stop, while he alighted from his carriage and went into the house. After saluting the miller, he told him he had a request to make, which he hoped would be complied with, which was, to exchange clothes with him, and allow him to leave his carriage there until he returned (in a day or two.)

The miller at first thought Sir Matthew was joking; but on being convinced to the contrary, he would fain have fetched his best suit; but no, Sir Matthew would have none but the working dress the miller had on. The exchange was soon effected, and Sir Matthew, equipped with the miller's clothes, hat, and wig, proceeded on foot the following morning.

Understanding the trial between the two brothers was to take place that day, he went early to the yard of the court hall, without having had communication with any one on the subject. By mixing in the crowd, he had soon an opportunity of having the elder brother pointed out to him.

He soon after accosted him with 'Well, my friend, how is your cause likely to go on?' 'I do not know, (replied he,) but I am afraid but badly, for I have every reason to suppose that both judge and jury are deeply bribed; and for myself, having nothing but the justice of my cause to depend on, unsupported by the property which my brother can command, I have but faint hopes of succeeding.'

He then recounted to the supposed miller the whole of his tale, and finished by informing him of the agreement which had taken place between him and the lawyer: although Sir Matthew was in possession of the principal part of the circumstances, yet the ingenuous relation he had now heard, left no doubt in his mind of his being the person he represented himself, and consequently heir to the estate in question.

Sir Matthew being determined to act accordingly, he, with this view, begged of the elder brother not to be low-spirited on the subject, 'for (says he,) perhaps it may be in my power to be of service to you—I don't know that it will, being, as you see, but a poor miller, but I will do what I can: if you will follow my advice, it can do you no harm, and may be of use to you.' The elder brother willingly caught at any thing that might give the least prospect of success, and readily promised to adopt any reasonable plan he might propose.

'Well, then,' says the pretended miller, 'when the names

of the jury are called over, do you object to one of them, no matter whom: the judge will perhaps ask you what your objections are; let your reply be, I object to him by the rights of an Englishman, without giving my reasons why; you will then, perhaps, be asked whom you would wish to have in the room of the one you have objected to: should that be the case, I 'll take care to be in the way; you can look round and carelessly mention me. If I am empanneled, although I cannot promise, yet I entertain great hopes of being useful to you.'

The elder brother promised to follow these directions, and shortly after the trial came on, when the names of the jury were calling over, the elder brother, as he had been instructed, objected to one of them. 'And pray,' says the judge, in an authoritative tone, 'why do you object to that gentleman as a juryman?' 'I object to him, my lord, by the rights of an Englishman, without giving you my reasons why.' 'And whom,' says the judge, 'do you wish to have in the room of that gentleman?' 'I would wish to have an honest man, my lord, no matter who,' looking round, 'suppose yon miller be called.' 'Very well,' says his lordship, 'let the miller be sworn.'

He was accordingly called down from the gallery, where he had been standing in view of the elder brother, and empanneled with the rest of the jury. He had not been long in the box, when he observed a little man very busy with the jury, and presently he came to him, and slipped five guineas into his hand, intimating it was a present from the younger brother; and after his departure the miller discovered, on inquiry of his neighbors, that each of them had received double that sum.

He now turned his whole attention to the trial, which appeared to lean decidedly in favor of the younger brother; the witnesses having sworn, point blank, to the death and burial of the elder brother. His lordship proceeded to sum up the evidences,—but without taking notice of several palpable contradictions, which had taken place between the younger brother and his witnesses.

After having perfidiously expatiated on the evidence in favor of the younger brother, he concluded; and the jury being questioned in the usual manner if they were all agreed, the foreman was about to reply, not expecting any opposition; when the miller stepped forward, calling out, 'No, my lord,' we are not *all* agreed! 'And pray,'

says his lordship, 'what objections have you, old dusty wig?'

'I have many objections, my lord: in the first place, all these gentlemen of the jury have received ten broad pieces of gold from the younger brother, and I have received but five!'

He then proceeded to point out the contradictory evidence which had been adduced, in such a strain of eloquence, that the court was lost in astonishment: the judge at length, unable longer to contain himself, called out with vehemence, 'Who are you?—where do you come from?—what is your name?'

To which interrogatories the miller replied: 'I come from Westminster hall—my name is Matthew Hale—I am Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench; and feeling, as I do, a thorough conviction of your unworthiness to hold so high a judicial situation, from having observed your iniquitous and partial proceedings this day, I command you to come down from that tribunal which you have so much disgraced; and I will try this cause myself.'

Sir Matthew then ascended the bench in the miller's wig, &c.—had a new jury empanneled—reëxamined all the witnesses, proved them to have been suborned; and circumstances being completely turned, the case was unhesitatingly decided in favor of the elder brother's rights.

LESSON XLIX.

Ode.—BIRD.

O melancholy Moon,
Queen of the midnight, though thou palest away
Far in the dusky west to vanish soon
Under the hills that catch thy waning ray,
Still art thou beautiful beyond all spheres,
The friend of grief, and confidant of tears.

Mine earliest friend wert thou:
My boyhood's passion was to stretch me under
The locust tree, and, through the checkered bough,
Watch thy far pathway in the clouds, and wonder

At thy strange loveliness, and wish to be
The nearest star, to roam the heavens with thee.

Youth grew; but as it came,
And sadness with it, still, with joy, I stole
To gaze, and dream, and breathe perchance the name
That was the early music of my soul,—
And seemed upon thy pictured disk to trace
Remembered features of a radiant face.

And manhood, though it bring
A winter to my bosom, cannot turn
Mine eyes from thy lone loveliness; still spring
My tears to meet thee, and the spirit stern
Falters, in secret, with the ancient thrill—
The boyish yearning to be with thee still.

Would it were so; for earth
Grows shadowy, and her fairest planets fail;
And her sweet chimes, that once were woke to mirth,
Turn to a moody melody of wail,
And through her stony throngs I go alone,
Even with the heart I cannot turn to stone.

Would it were so; for still
Thou art mine only counsellor, with whom
Mine eyes can have no bitter shame to fill,
Nor my weak lips to murmur at the doom
Of solitude, which is so sad and sore,
Weighing like lead upon my bosom's core.

A boyish thought, and weak:—
I shall look up to thee from the deep sea,
And in the land of palms, and on the peak
Of her wild hills, still turn mine eyes to thee;
And then perhaps lie down in solemn rest,
With nought but thy pale beams upon my breast.

Let it be so indeed—
Earth hath her peace beneath the trampled stone:
And let me perish where no heart shall bleed,
And nought, save passing winds, shall make my moan;
No tears, save night's, to wash my humble shrine,
And watching o'er me, no pale face but thine.

LESSON L.

Scene from the Poor Gentleman.

Sir Robert Bramble and Humphrey Dobbins.

Sir R. I'LL tell you what, Humphrey Dobbins, there is not a syllable of sense in all you have been saying. But I suppose you will maintain there is.

Hum. Yes.

Sir R. Yes! is that the way you talk to me, you old boor? What's my name?

Hum. Robert Bramble.

Sir R. An't I a baronet? Sir Robert Bramble, of Blackberry Hall, in the county of Kent? 'T is time you should know it, for you have been my clumsy, two-fisted valet these thirty years; can you deny that?

Hum. Hem!

Sir R. Hem! what do you mean by hem? Open that rusty door of your mouth, and make your ugly voice walk out of it. Why don't you answer my question?

Hum. Because if I contradict you, I shall tell a lie, and when I agree with you, you are sure to fall out.

Sir R. Humphrey Dobbins, I have been so long endeavoring to beat a few brains into your pate, that all your hair has tumbled off before my point is carried.

Hum. What then? Our parson says my head is an emblem of both our honors.

Sir R. Ay; because honors, like your head, are apt to be empty.

Hum. No; but if a servant has grown bald under his master's nose, it looks as if there was honesty on one side, and regard for it on the other.

Sir R. Why to be sure, old Humphrey, you are as honest as a—pshaw! the parson means to palaver us; but to return to my position. I tell you I don't like your flat contradiction.

Hum. Yes, you do.

Sir R. I tell you I don't. I only love to hear men's arguments. I hate their flummery.

Hum. What do you call flummery?

Sir R. Flattery, blockhead! a dish too often served up by paltry poor men to paltry rich ones.

Hum. I never serve it up to you.

Sir R. No, you give me a dish of a different description.

Hum. Hem! what is it?

Sir R. Sour crout, you old crab.

Hum. I have held you a stout tug at argument this many a year.

Sir R. And yet I could never teach you a syllogism. Now mind, when a poor man assents to what a rich man says, I suspect he means to flatter him: now I am rich and hate flattery. *Ergo*—when a poor man subscribes to my opinion, I hate him.

Hum. That 's wrong.

Sir R. Very well—*negatur*—now prove it.

Hum. Put the case then, I am a poor man.

Sir R. You an't, you scoundrel. You know you shall never want while I have a shilling.

Hum. Well then I am a poor——I must be a poor man now, or I shall never get on.

Sir R. Well, get on, be a poor man.

Hum. I am a poor man, and I argue with you, and convince you you are wrong; then you call yourself a blockhead, and I am of your opinion! now that's no flattery.

Sir R. Why no; but when a man's of the same opinion with me, he puts an end to the argument, and that puts an end to the conversation, and so I hate him for that. But where 's my nephew, Frederic?

Hum. Been out these two hours.

Sir R. An undutiful cub! only arrived from Russia last night, and though I told him to stay at home till I rose, he 's scampering over the fields like a Calmuc Tartar.

Hum. He 's a fine fellow.

Sir R. He has a touch of our family. Don't you think he 's a little like me, Humphrey?

Hum. No, not a bit; you are as ugly an old man as ever I clapped my eyes on.

Sir R. Now that's plaguy impudent, but there 's no flattery in it, and it keeps up the independence of argument. His father, my brother Job, is of as tame a spirit—Humphrey, you remember my brother Job?

Hum. Yes, you drove him to Russia five-and-twenty years ago.

Sir R. I did not drive him.

Hum. Yes you did. You would never let him be at peace in the way of argument.

Sir R. At peace! zounds, he would never go to war.

Hum. He had the merit to be calm.

Sir R. So has a duck pond. He received my arguments with his mouth open, like a poor box gaping for half pence, and good or bad, he swallowed them all without any resistance. We could n't disagree, and so we parted.

Hum. And the poor, meek gentleman went to Russia for a quiet life.

Sir R. A quiet life! why he married the moment he got there, tacked himself to the shrew relict of a Russian merchant, and continued a speculation with her in furs, flax, potashes, tallow, linen and leather; what 's the consequence? thirteen months ago he broke.

Hum. Poor soul, his wife should have followed the business for him.

Sir R. I fancy she did follow it, for she died just as he broke, and now this madcap, Frederic, is sent over to me for protection. Poor Job, now he is in distress I must not neglect his son.

Hum. Here comes his son; that 's Mr. Frederic.

Enter FREDERIC.

Fred. Oh my dear uncle, good morning! your park is nothing but beauty.

Sir R. Who bid you caper over my beauty? I told you to stay in doors till I got up.

Fred. So you did, but I entirely forgot it.

Sir R. And pray what made you forget it?

Fred. The sun.

Sir R. The sun! he's mad! you mean the moon, I believe.

Fred. Oh my dear uncle, you don't know the effect of a fine spring morning, upon a fellow just arrived from Russia. The day looked bright, trees budding, birds singing, the park was so gay, that I took a leap out of your old balcony, made your deer fly before me like the wind, and chased them all around the park to get an appetite for breakfast, while you were snoring in bed, uncle.

Sir R. Oh, Oh! So the effect of English sunshine upon a Russian, is to make him jump out of a balcony and worry my deer.

Fred. I confess it had that influence upon me.

Sir R. You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle, unless you think the sun likely to leave you a fat legacy.

Fred. I hate legacies.

Sir R. Sir, that 's mighty singular. They are pretty solid tokens at least.

Fred. Very melancholy tokens, uncle; they are posthumous despatches, affection sends to gratitude to inform us we have lost a gracious friend.

Sir R. How charmingly the dog argues!

Fred. But I own my spirits ran away with me this morning. I will obey you better in future; for they tell me you are a very worthy, good sort of old gentleman.

Sir R. Now who had the familiar impudence to tell you that.

Fred. Old rusty, there.

Sir R. Why, Humphrey, you did n't?

Hum. Yes, but I did though.

Fred. Yes, he did, and on that score I shall be anxious to show you obedience, for 'tis as meritorious to attempt sharing a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have designs upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breast high, uncle; a mean mind levels its dirty assiduities at the pocket.

Sir R. [*Shaking him by the hand.*] Jump out of every window I have in the house, hunt my deer into high fevers, my fine fellow. Ay hang it! this is spunk and plain speaking. Give me a man who is always plumping his dissent to my doctrines smack in my teeth.

Fred. I disagree with you there, uncle.

Hum. So do I.

Fred. You, you forward puppy! If you were not so old, I'd knock you down.

Sir R. I'll knock you down if you do. I wont have my servants thumped into dumb flattery; I wont let you teach them to make silence a toad eater.

Hum. Come, you 're ruffled. Let's go to the business of the morning.

Sir R. Hang the business of the morning. Don't you see we are engaged in discussion. I hate the business of the morning.

Hum. No you don't.

Sir R. Why don't I?

Hum. Because it 's charity.

Sir R. Pshaw, hang it. Well, we must not neglect the business; if there be any distresses in the parish, read the morning list, Humphrey.

Hum. [*Reading.*] Jonathan Haggans, of Muck Mead, is put in prison.

Sir R. Why, it was but last week, Gripe, the attorney,

received two cottages for him by law, worth sixty pounds.

Hum. And charged a hundred and ten for his trouble; so seized the cottages for part of his bill, and threw Jonathan into jail for the remainder.

Sir R. A harpy! I must relieve the poor fellow's distress.

Fred. And I must kick his attorney.

Hum. The curate's horse is dead.

Sir R. Pshaw! there 's no distress in that.

Hum. Yes, there is, to a man that must go twenty miles every Sunday to preach three sermons, for thirty pounds a year.

Sir R. Why wont Punmonk, the vicar, give him another nag?

Hum. Because 't is cheaper to get another curate ready mounted.

Sir R. What's the name of the black pad I purchased last Tuesday at Tunbridge?

Hum. Beelzebub.

Sir R. Send Beelzebub to the curate, and tell him to work him as long as he lives.

Fred. And if you have a tumble-down-tit, send him to the vicar, and give him a chance of breaking his neck.

Sir R. What else?

Hum. Somewhat out of the common—there 's one Lieutenant Worthington, a disabled officer, and a widower, come to lodge at farmer Harrowby's in the village; he's very poor, indeed, it seems; but more proud than poor, and more honest than proud.

Fred. That sounds like a noble character.

Sir R. And so he sends to me for assistance.

Hum. He'd see you hanged first; Harrowby says, he'd sooner die [redacted] ask any man for a shilling!—there 's his daughter, a[redacted] dead wife's aunt, and an old corporal that has served in the wars with him—he keeps them all upon half pay.

Sir R. Starves them all, I am afraid, Humphrey!

Fred. [*Going.*] Uncle, good morning.

Sir R. Where, you rogue, are you running now?

Fred. To talk to Lieutenant Worthington.

Sir R. And what may you be going to say to him?

Fred. I can't tell till I encounter him; and then, uncle, when I have an old gentleman by the hand, who is disabled in his country's service, and struggling to support his motherless child, a poor relation, and a faithful servant in honor-

able indigence, impulse will supply me with words to express my sentiments. [*Hurrying away.*]

Sir R. Stop, you rogue, I must be before you in this business.

Fred. That depends upon who can run fastest; so start fair, uncle, and here goes. [*Runs off.*

Sir R. Stop; why Frederic—a jackanapes—to take my department out of my hands. I'll disinherit the dog for his assurance.

Hum. No, you wont.

Sir R. Wont I? hang me if I——But we'll argue that point as we go. Come along, Humphrey.

LESSON LI.

Truth and Falsehood, An Allegory.—JOHNSON.

WHILE the world was yet in its infancy, *Truth* came among mortals from above, and *Falsehood* from below. *Truth* was the daughter of *Jupiter* and *Wisdom; Falsehood* was the progeny of *Folly* impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to seize the dominion of the new creation; and as their enmity and their force were well known to the celestials, all the eyes of Heaven were turned upon the contest.

Truth seemed conscious of superior power and juster claim, and therefore came on towering and majestic, unassisted, and alone; *Reason* indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower rather than companion. Her march was slow and stately, but her motion was perpetually progressive, and when once she had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

Falsehood always endeavored to copy the mien and attitudes of *Truth*, and was very successful in the arts of mimicry. She was surrounded, animated, and supported by innumerable legions of Appetites and Passions, but, like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to receive law from her allies. Her motions were sudden, irregular, and violent; for she had no steadiness nor constancy. She often gained conquest by hasty incursions, which she never hoped to keep by her own strength, but maintained by the

help of the Passions, whom she generally found resolute and faithful.

It sometimes happened that the antagonists met in full opposition. In these encounters, *Falsehood* always invested her head with clouds, and commanded *Fraud* to place ambushes about her. In her left hand she bore the shield of *Impudence*, and the quiver of *Sophistry* rattled on her shoulder. All the Passions attended at her call. *Vanity* clapped her wings before, and *Obstinacy* supported her behind. Thus guarded and assisted, she sometimes advanced against *Truth*, and sometimes waited the attack; but always endeavored to skirmish at a distance, perpetually shifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions; for she certainly found that her strength failed, whenever the eye of *Truth* darted full upon her.

Truth had the awful aspect though not the thunder of her father, and when the long continuance of the contest brought them near to one another, *Falsehood* let the arms of *Sophistry* fall from her grasp, and, holding up the shield of *Impudence* with both her hands, sheltered herself amongst the Passions.

Truth, though she was often wounded, always recovered in a short time; but it was common for the slightest hurt received by *Falsehood*, to spread its malignity to the neighboring parts, and to burst open again when it seemed to have been cured.

Falsehood, in a short time, found by experience that her superiority consisted only in the celerity of her course, and the changes of her posture. She therefore ordered *Suspicion* to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to cross the way of *Truth*, who, as she never varied her point, but moved constantly upon the same line, was easily escaped by the oblique, and desultory movements, the quick retreats and active doubles which *Falsehood* always practised, when the enemy began to raise terror by her approach.

By this procedure, *Falsehood* every hour encroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all climes and regions. Wherever she carried her victories, she left the Passions in full authority behind her; who were so well pleased with command, that they held out with great obstinacy, when *Truth* came to seize their posts, and never failed to retard her progress, though they could not always stop it: they yielded at last with great reluctance, frequent ral-

lies, and sullen submission; and always inclined to revolt when *Truth* ceased to awe them by her immediate presence.

Truth, who, when she first descended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by universal acclamation, cherished with kindness, heard with obedience, and invited to spread her influence from province to province, now found, that wherever she came, she must force her passage. Every intellect was precluded by *Prejudice*, and every heart preoccupied by *Passion*. She, indeed, advanced, but she advanced slowly; and often lost the conquests which she left behind her, by sudden insurrections of the *Appetites*, that shook off their allegiance, and ranged themselves under the banner of her enemy.

Truth, however, did not grow weaker by the struggle, for her vigor was unconquerable; yet she was provoked to see herself baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom she looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but such as she owed to inconstancy, weakness, and artifice. She therefore, in the anger of disappointment, called upon her father *Jupiter*, to re-establish her in the skies, and leave mankind to the disorder and misery which they deserved, by submitting willingly to the usurpation of *Falsehood*.

Jupiter compassionated the world too much to grant her request, yet was willing to ease her labors and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to consult the Muses by what method she might obtain an easier reception, and reign without the toil of incessant war.

It was then discovered, that she obstructed her own progress by the severity of her aspect, and the solemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceased to fear her; since, by giving themselves up to *Falsehood*, they seldom made any sacrifice of their ease or pleasure, because she took the shape that was most engaging, and always suffered herself to be dressed and painted by *Desire*.

The Muses wove, in the loom of *Pallas*, a loose and changeable robe, like that in which *Falsehood* captivated her admirers; with this they invested *Truth*, and named her *Fiction*. She now went out again to conquer with more success; for when she demanded entrance of the Passions, they often mistook her for *Falsehood*, and delivered up their charge; but when she had once taken possession, she was soon disrobed by *Reason*, and shone out, in her original form, with native effulgence and resistless dignity.

LESSON LII.

The Escape.—Miss Sedgwick.

On a point of land, at the junction of the Oswegatchie with the St. Lawrence, is a broken stone wall, the remains of a fortification. Tradition says, that a commandant of this fort (which was built by the French to protect their traders against the savages,) married a young Iroquois, who was, before or after the marriage, converted to the Catholic faith. She was the daughter of a chieftain of her tribe, and great efforts were made by her people, to induce her to return to them. Her brother lurked in this neighborhood, and procured interviews with her, and attempted to win her back by all the motives of national pride and family affection; but all in vain.

The young Garanga, or, to call her by her baptismal name, Marguerite, was bound by a threefold cord—her love to her husband, to her son, and to her religion. Mecumeh, finding persuasion ineffectual, had recourse to stratagem. The commandant was in the habit of going down the river on fishing excursions, and when he returned, he would fire his signal gun, and Marguerite and her boy would hasten to the shore to greet him.

On one occasion, he had been gone longer than usual. Marguerite was filled with apprehensions natural enough, at a time, when imminent dangers and hair breadth escapes were of every day occurrence. She had sat in the tower and watched for the returning canoe, till the last beam of day had faded from the waters;—the deepening shadows of twilight played tricks with her imagination.

Once she was startled by the water-fowl, which, as it skimmed along the surface of the water, imaged to her fancy the light canoe, impelled by her husband's vigorous arm—again she heard the leap of the heavy muskalongi, and the splashing waters sounded to her fancy like the first dash of the oar. That passed away, and disappointment and tears followed. Her boy was beside her; the young Louis, who, though scarcely twelve years old, already had his imagination filled with daring deeds.

Born and bred in a fort, he was an adept in the use of the bow and the musket; courage seemed to be his instinct, and danger his element, and battles and wounds were 'house-

hold words' with him. He laughed at his mother's fears; but, in spite of his boyish ridicule, they strengthened, till apprehension seemed reality.

Suddenly the sound of the signal gun broke on the stillness of the night. Both mother and son sprang on their feet with a cry of joy, and were pressing hand in hand towards the outer gate, when a sentinel stopped them to remind Marguerite, it was her husband's order, that no one should venture without the walls after sunset. She, however insisted on passing, and telling the soldier, that she would answer to the commandant for his breach of orders—she passed the outer barrier.

Young Louis held up his bow and arrow before the sentinel, saying gaily, 'I am my mother's body-guard, you know.' Tradition has preserved these trifling circumstances, as the events that followed rendered them memorable. 'The distance,' continued the stranger, 'from the fort to the place where the commandant moored his canoe, was trifling, and quickly passed. Marguerite and Louis flew along the narrow foot path, reached the shore, and were in the arms of ——— Mecumeh and his fierce companions.

Entreaties and resistance were alike vain. Resistance was made with a manly spirit by young Louis, who drew a knife from the girdle of one of the Indians, and attempted to plunge it in the bosom of Mecumeh, who was roughly binding his wampum belt over Marguerite's mouth, to deaden the sound of her screams. The uncle wrested the knife from him, and smiled proudly on him, as if he recognised in the brave boy, a scion from his own stock.

The Indians had two canoes; Marguerite was conveyed to one, Louis to the other—and both canoes were rowed into the Oswegatchie, and up the stream, as fast as it was possible to impel them against the current of the river.

Not a word nor cry escaped the boy: he seemed intent on some purpose, and when the canoe approached near the shore, he took off a military cap he wore, and threw it so skilfully that it lodged, where he meant it should, on the branch of a tree which projected over the water. There was a long white feather in the cap. The Indians had observed the boy's movement—they held up their oars for a moment, and seemed to consult whether they should return and remove the cap; but after a moment, they again dashed their oars in the water and proceeded forward.

They continued rowing for a few miles, and then landed,

hid their canoes behind some trees on the river's bank, and plunged into the woods with their prisoners. It seems to have been their intention to have returned to their canoes in the morning, and they had not proceeded far from the shore, when they kindled a fire and prepared some food, and offered a share of it to Marguerite and Louis.

Poor Marguerite, as may be supposed, had no mind to eat; but Louis, saith tradition, ate as heartily as if he had been safe within the walls of the fort. After the supper, the Indians stretched themselves before the fire, but not till they had taken the precaution to bind Marguerite to a tree, and to compel Louis to lie down in the arms of his uncle Mecumeh. Neither of the prisoners closed their eyes. Louis kept his fixed on his mother. She sat upright beside an oak tree; the cord was fastened around her waist, and bound around the tree, which had been blasted by lightning; the moon poured its beams through the naked branches, upon her face, convulsed with the agony of despair and fear. With one hand she held a crucifix to her lips, the other was on her rosary.

The sight of his mother in such a situation, stirred up daring thoughts in the bosom of the heroic boy—but he lay powerless in his uncle's naked brawny arms. He tried to disengage himself, but at the slightest movement, Mecumeh, though still sleeping, seemed conscious, and strained him closer to him. At last the strong sleep, that in the depth of the night steeps the senses in utter forgetfulness, overpowered him—his arms relaxed their hold, and dropped beside him and left Louis free.

He rose cautiously, looked for one instant on the Indians, and assured himself they all slept profoundly. He then possessed himself of Mecumeh's knife, which lay at his feet, and severed the cord that bound his mother to the tree. Neither of them spoke a word—but with the least possible sound, they resumed the way, by which they had come from the shore; Louis in the confidence, and Marguerite with the faint hope of reaching it before they were overtaken.

It may be imagined how often the poor mother, timid as a fawn, was startled by the evening breeze stirring the leaves, but the boy bounded forward as if there was neither fear nor danger in the world.

They had nearly attained the margin of the river, where Louis meant to launch one of the canoes and drop down

the current, when the Indian yell resounding through the woods, struck on their ears. They were missed, pursued, and escape was impossible. Marguerite panic-struck, sunk to the ground. Nothing could check the career of Louis. 'On—on, mother,' he cried, 'to the shore—to the shore.' She rose and instinctively followed her boy. The sound of pursuit came nearer and nearer. They reached the shore, and there beheld three canoes coming swiftly up the river. Animated with hope, Louis screamed the watch-word of the garrison, and was answered by his father's voice.

The possibility of escape, and the certain approach of her husband, infused new life into Marguerite. 'Your father cannot see us,' she said, 'as we stand here in the shade of the trees; hide yourself in that thicket, I will plunge into the water.' Louis crouched under the bushes, and was completely hidden by an overhanging grape-vine, while his mother advanced a few steps into the water and stood erect, where she could be distinctly seen.

A shout from the canoes apprized her that she was recognised, and at the same moment, the Indians, who had now reached the shore, rent the air with their cries of rage and defiance. They stood for a moment, as if deliberating what next to do; Mecumeh maintained an undaunted and resolved air—but with his followers the aspect of armed men, and a force thrice their number, had its usual effect. They fled.

He looked after them, cried, 'shame!' and then with a desperate yell, leaped into the water and stood beside Marguerite. The canoes were now within a few yards—He put his knife to her bosom—'The daughter of Tecumseh,' he said, 'should have died by the judgment of our warriors, but now by her brother's hand must she perish:' and he drew back his arm to give vigor to the fatal stroke, when an arrow pierced his own breast, and he fell insensible at his sister's side. A moment after Marguerite was in the arms of her husband, and Louis, with his bow unstrung, bounded from the shore, and was received in his father's canoe; and the wild shores rung with the acclamations of the soldiers, while his father's tears of pride and joy, were poured like rain upon his cheek.

LESSON LIII.

A Hebrew Tale.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

TWILIGHT was deepening with a tinge of eve,
As toward his home in Israel's sheltered vales
A stately Rabbi drew. His camels spied
Afar the palm-trees' lofty heads, that decked
The dear, domestic fountain,—and in speed
Pressed, with broad foot, the smooth and dewy glade.
The holy man his peaceful threshold passed
With hasting step.—The evening meal was spread,
And she, who from life's morn his heart had shared,
Breathed her fond welcome.—Bowing o'er the board,
The blessing of his fathers' God he sought,
Ruler of earth and sea.—Then, raising high
The sparkling wine-cup, 'Call my sons,' he bade,
'And let me bless them ere their hour of rest.'
—The observant mother spake with gentle voice
Somewhat of soft excuse,—that they were wont
To linger long amid the Prophet's school,
Learning the holy law their father loved.—
——His sweet repast with sweet discourse was blent,
Of journeying and return.—'Would thou hadst seen,
With me, the golden morning break to light
Yon mountain summits, whose blue, waving line
Scarce meets thine eye, where chirp of joyous birds,
And breath of fragrant shrubs, and spicy gales,
And sigh of waving boughs, stirred in the soul
Warm orisons.—Yet most I wished thee near
Amid the temple's pomp, when the high priest,
Clad in his robe pontifical, invoked
The God of Abraham, while from lute and harp,
Cymbal, and trump, and psaltery, and glad breath
Of tuneful Levite,—and the mighty shout
Of all our people like the swelling sea,
Loud hallelujahs burst. When next I seek
Blest Zion's glorious hill, our beauteous boys
Must bear me company.—Their early prayers
Will rise as incense. Thy reluctant love
No longer must withold them:—the new toil
Will give them sweeter sleep,—and touch their cheek
With brighter crimson.—Mid their raven curls

My hand I 'll lay,—and dedicate them there,
Even in those hallowed courts, to Israel's God,
Two spotless lambs, well pleasing in his sight.
—But yet, methinks, thou 'rt paler grown, my love!—
And the pure sapphire of thine eye looks dim,
As though 't were washed with tears.'—
—Faintly she smiled,—
'*One doubt*, my lord, I fain would have thee solve.—
Gems of rich lustre and of countless cost
Were to my keeping trusted.—Now, alas!
They are demanded.—Must they be restored?—
Or may I not a little longer gaze
Upon their dazzling hues?'—His eye grew stern,
And on his lip there lurked a sudden curl
Of indignation.——'Doth *my wife* propose
Such doubt?—as if a master might not claim
His own again!'——'Nay, Rabbi, come, behold
These priceless jewels ere I yield them back.'—
So to their spousal chamber with soft hand
Her lord she led.—There, on a snow-white couch,
Lay his two sons, *pale, pale and motionless*,
Like fair twin-lilies, which some grazing kid
In wantonness had cropped.—'My sons!—my sons!—
Light of my eyes!'——the astonished father cried,—
'My teachers in the law!—whose guileless hearts
And prompt obedience warned *me* oft to be
More perfect with my God!'—
To earth he fell,
Like Lebanon's rent cedar; while his breast
Heaved with such groans as when the laboring soul
Breaks from its clay companion's close embrace.—
—The mourning mother turned away and wept,
Till the first storm of passionate grief was still.
Then, pressing to his ear her faded lip,
She sighed in tone of tremulous tenderness,
'*Thou* didst instruct me, Rabbi, how to yield
The summoned jewels—See! the Lord did give,
The Lord hath taken away.'
'Yea!' said the sire,
'And *blessed be his name*. Even for *thy sake*
Thrice blessed be Jehovah.'—Long he pressed
On those cold, beautiful brows his quivering lip,
While from his eye the burning anguish rolled;
Then, kneeling low, those chastened spirits poured
Their mighty homage.

LESSON LIV.

Weep not for the Dead.—B. B. THATCHER.

Oh, lightly, lightly tread
Upon these early ashes, ye that weep
For her that slumbers in the dreamless sleep,
Of this eternal bed?

Hallow her humble tomb
With your kind sorrow, ye that knew her well,
And climbed with her youth's brief but brilliant dell,
'Mid sunlight and fair bloom.

Glad voices whispered round,
As from the stars, bewildering harmonies,
And visions of sweet beauty filled the skies.
And the wide vernal ground

With hopes like blossoms shone:
Oh, vainly *these* shall glow, and vainly wreathe
Verdure for the veiled bosom, that may breathe
No joy—no answering tone.

Yet weep not for the dead
That in the glory of green youth do fall,
Ere frenzied passion or foul sin one thrall
Upon their souls hath spread.

Weep not! They are at rest
From misery, and madness, and all strife,
That makes but night of day, and death of life,
In the grave's peaceful breast:

Nor evermore shall come
To them the breath of envy, nor the rankling eye,
Shall follow them, where side by side they lie
Defenceless, noiseless, dumb.

Ay—though their memory 's green,
In the fond heart, where love for them was born,
With sorrow's silent dews, each eve, each morn,
Be freshly kept, unseen—

Yet, weep not! They shall soar
As the freed eagle of the skies, that pined,
But pines no more, for his own mountain wind,
And the old ocean-shore.

Rejoice! rejoice! How long
Should the faint spirit wrestle with its clay,
Fluttering in vain for the far cloudless day,
And for the angel's song?

It mounts! It mounts! Oh, spread
The banner of gay victory—and sing
For the enfranchised—and bright garlands bring—
But weep not for the dead!

LESSON LV.

Night. — MONTGOMERY.

NIGHT is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose;
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams,
The gay romance of life;
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far,
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth!

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the homesick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours mispent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus midst his slumbering host
Startled by Cæsar's stalworth ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole;
Descries, athwart the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Savior oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away,
So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease;
Think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign,
To parting friends:—such death be mine!

LESSON LVI.

Escape from a Panther.—COOPER.

ELIZABETH TEMPLE and LOUISA had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course, under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm; and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in their ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk; and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly startled, and exclaimed—'Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?'

'Such things frequently happen,' returned Louisa. 'Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer, starving on the hill.'

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried—'Look at the dog!'

The advanced age of Brave had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally

showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

'Brave!' she said, 'be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?'

At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking. 'What does he see?' said Elizabeth; 'there must be some animal in sight.'

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

'Let us fly!' exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple, that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safe-guard, the dog, at the same time, by the sound of her voice.

'Courage, Brave!' she cried—her own tones beginning to tremble—'courage, courage, good Brave!'

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant but vicious creature approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time, Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short

tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles; but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks and growls. Miss Temple continued, on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result.

So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe, at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye.

But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever, raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog—who was making a desperate, but fruitless dash at her—from which she alighted, in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort.

Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts

of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog, followed; but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker, that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not, or could not, move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer; but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination; and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet her ears.

'Hist! Hist!' said a low voice; 'stoop lower, gall; your bunnet hides the creater's head.'

It was rather the yielding of nature, than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant, the form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her; and he called aloud—'Come in, Hector; come in, you old fool; 't is a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in.'

Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens, most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded; when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

LESSON LVII.

The Dead Sea.—Scott.

The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a Knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant northern home, and joined the host of the crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts, which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or, as it is called, the lake Asphaltites, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

The warlike pilgrim had toiled among cliffs and precipices during the earlier part of the morning; more lately, issuing from those rocky and dangerous defiles, he had entered upon that great plain, where the accursed cities provoked, in ancient days, the direct and dreadful vengeance of the Omnipotent.

The toil, the thirst, the dangers of the way, were forgotten, as the traveller recalled the fearful catastrophe, which had converted into an arid and dismal wilderness the fair and fertile valley of Siddim, once well watered, even as the Garden of the Lord, now a parched and blighted waste, condemned to eternal sterility.

Crossing himself as he viewed the dark mass of rolling waters, in color as in quality unlike those of every other lake, the traveller shuddered as he remembered, that beneath these sluggish waves lay the once proud cities of the plain, whose grave was dug by the thunder of the heavens, or the eruption of subterraneous fire, and whose remains were hid even by that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and, as if its own dreadful bed were the only fit receptacle for its sullen waters, sends not, like other lakes, a tribute to the ocean.

The whole land around, as in the days of Moses, was 'brimstone and salt; it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon:' the land as well as the lake may be termed dead, as producing nothing having resemblance to vegetation, and even the very air was entirely devoid of its ordinary winged inhabitants, deterred probably by the odor of bitumen and sulphur which the burning sun exhaled from the water of the lake, in steaming clouds, frequently assuming the appearance of water spouts.

Masses of the slimy and sulphureous substance called naphtha, which floated idly on the sluggish and sullen waves, supplied those rolling clouds with new vapors, and seemed to give awful testimony to the truth of the Mosaic history.

Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendor, and all living nature appeared to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the flitting sand at a foot's pace, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain.

LESSON LVIII.

Reception of Columbus on his Return to Spain.—IRVING.

THE fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies, were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations.

His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him, and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much admiration as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attendants, at every stage, with innumerable questions: popular rumor, as usual, had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly-found country with all kinds of wonders.

It was about the middle of April, that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather, in that genial season and favored climate, contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers, and hidalgos of gallant bearing, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him.

His entrance into this noble city has been compared to

one of those triumphs, which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with tropical feathers, and with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants, supposed to be of precious qualities: while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly-discovered regions. After these followed Columbus, on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry.

The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed, as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event, that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence, in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state with the prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valentia, Catalonia, and Arragon, all impatient to behold the man, who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation.

At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving, to a mind

inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than were these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world.

As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants, of medicinal and aromatic virtue; of native gold, in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest; since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished, they sunk on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph.

The anthem of *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious accompaniments of the instruments, rose up from the midst, in a full body of sacred harmony, bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, 'so that,' says the venerable Las Casas, 'it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights.' Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain, celebrated this sublime event: offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise; and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

When Columbus retired from the royal presence, he was

attended to his residence by all the court, and followed by the shouting populace. For many days he was the object of universal curiosity, and wherever he appeared, he was surrounded by an admiring multitude.

LESSON LIX.

Extracts from Lives of the Apostles.—GREENWOOD.

JAMES, the son of Zebedee, and the brother of John, is the third named on Matthew's list of the apostles. Of his father we are told nothing; but his mother, as appears by a comparison of parallel passages, was Salome, who emulated her children in attachment to the Savior, and is spoken of as one of those women, who followed and occasionally served him, who accompanied him to the cross, and were the first, who were permitted to see him after his resurrection.

He, with his brother John, pursued the same occupation with their townsmen, Peter and Andrew, and were partners with them. They were also washing their nets on the shore, when Jesus entered the vessel of their partners. They beheld the miraculous draught of fishes; they assisted to secure it; they were astonished at it; and when Jesus, after calling Peter and Andrew, called them also, 'they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed him.'

Here I cannot help requesting my readers to pause a moment, and consider the fortunes, the singular, and, if the word were holy enough, I would say romantic, fortunes of these four men. Simon and Andrew, James and John, brethren of two different families, dwell together with their parents, in a village at the northern extremity of a lake or small sea, in the district of Galilee, and on the confines of the land of Judea.

The sea is a large sea to them, and to them the towns, which here and there dot its coast, and the light barks, which, for the purposes of amusement, or traffic, or their own calling, skim along its pleasant waters, are the world. They are fishermen. Day by day do they rise up to the contented exercise of their toil, to throw their nets, to spread their sails, to ply their oars, and, when successful in pursuit, to dispose of their freight in their native village,

or the neighboring towns, for the support of themselves and their families.

They are friends; they have joined themselves to each other in their humble profession, and agreed to share profit and loss, storm and calm, together. Their low roofed dwellings look out on each other, and on their native lake, and within these dwellings are bosoms which throb anxiously at their protracted absence, and beat gladly at their return.

Their boats contain all their wealth, and their cottages all that they love. Their fathers, perhaps their ancestors, were fishers before them. They themselves have no idea of a different lot. The only changes on which they calculate, are the changes of the weather and the vicissitudes of their calling; and the only great interruptions of the even courses of their lives, to which they look forward, are the annual journeys which they take, at the periods of solemn festival, to the great city of Jerusalem. Thus they live, and thus they expect to live, till they lie down to sleep with their fathers, as calmly, as unknowing, and as unknown as they.

Look at them, on the shore of their lake. Think not of them as apostles, as holy men; but look at them as they actually were, on the morning when you first hear of them from the historian. They have been toiling through a weary night, and have caught nothing; and now, somewhat disheartened at their ill success, they are engaged in spreading their nets, washing them, and preparing them, as they hope, for a more fortunate expedition.

Presently, surrounded by an eager crowd, that teacher approaches, whom they have before seen, and whose instructions some of them have already listened to. With his demeanor of quiet but irresistible dignity, he draws toward the spot where they are employed; he enters Simon's vessel, and prays him to thrust out a little distance from the land; then he speaks to that assembled multitude as never man spake; then he bids Simon launch out further, and cast his net in the deep; then follows the overwhelming draught of fishes; and then those four partners, filled with wonder and awe, are called to quit their boats, and throw by their nets, and become fishers of men.

And now what a change, like the change of a dream or of enchantment, has passed over their lives, dividing what was, from what was to be! It was long before they themselves were aware, how entire and how stupendous it was. In a few years, they are to be the principal actors in the most extraordinary events of recorded time.

Home, kindred, country, are to be forsaken forever. Their nets may hang and bleach in the sun; their boats may rot piecemeal on the shore; for the owners of them are far away, sailing over seas to which that of Gennesareth is a pond; exciting whole cities and countries to wonder and tumult; answering before kings; imprisoned, persecuted, tortured; their whole existence a storm, and a greater one than ever swept over their lake. On the peaceful shore of that lake, even their bones may not rest. Their ashes are to be separated from the ashes of their kindred. Their blood is to be sprinkled on foreign soils; the headsman and executioner are to preside over their untimely obsequies.

A few years more, and the fame and the doctrine of these fishermen have gone out into all lands. Magnificent churches are called by their names. Kingdoms adopt them for their tutelar saints; and the men, who claim to succeed to the office of one of them, rule for centuries over all civilized kingdoms, with a despotic and overshadowing sway, and by virtue of that claim give away a continent, a world, which, when their predecessor lived, was entirely unknown.

History tells us of a fisherman of Sicily, who was raised to that island's throne; but who will compare that, or any earthly throne, to the twelve thrones which were set up over the twelve tribes of Israel? What is a king of Sicily to an apostle of Christ? A wonderful man has risen up in our own, as we call it, wonderful time, risen up from a moderate station to the empire of Europe; and yet the eight volumes, which another wonderful man has written of that emperor's deeds and fortunes, have not preserved, and cannot preserve, such a name for his hero, as is secured by hardly more than eight lines, which tell us of those men who first fished for their living on the sea of Galilee, and then were called to be the apostles of Christ.

LESSON LX.

Second Extract from the Same.

THERE is one other circumstance in the lives of the apostles, which I am bound to notice for the sake of its singularity and importance. I have several times had occasion to speak of the national prejudices of these men, and the diffi-

culty which they had, to comprehend the entire spirituality of their Master's system and kingdom, and to admit into their associations with the Jewish Messiah and Savior, the ideas of poverty, lowliness, suffering, and death.

Attached as they were to him by all the ties which we have enumerated, we see that when he was actually apprehended by his enemies, they all forsook him and fled; that they did not return to him; and that on the Mount where he was crucified, there was but one of them who appeared to witness the death of their Master and kinsman, and the extinction of all their hopes.

The event was one for which they were wholly unprepared. It confounded them. Their preconceived opinions were so strong, that when Jesus had before spoken to them of his death, they shut up their ears and their eyes, they *would not* understand him. We do not find a single hint in the Gospels, that they ever did understand him. The event itself was a blow, which at once enlightened and convinced them, and scattered them abroad also, like sheep without a shepherd. This is one scene.

And now let us behold another, which immediately succeeds it. Not a great many days elapse, when we find these very men, disheartened, disappointed, terrified, and dispersed as they had been, all gathered together again with one accord, fully recovered from all their depression, and with a settled resolution stamped on all their demeanor, which never marked them before, even while their Master was with them, to lead, combine, and encourage them.

The catalogue of their names is full, with one vacancy only, which they immediately supply. They begin to preach the doctrines of a crucified Savior, and we hear no more of their earthly notions of his kingdom. Their crude ideas and temporal hopes have, in a few days, vanished away. They preach Christianity, simply and purely. They gather to themselves thousands of converts.

They are persecuted, imprisoned, threatened; they behold one of their number soon cut off with the sword; they are surrounded by enemies and temptations; and yet they never hesitate nor falter; no, not the weakest of them; there is not a single defection from their reunited brotherhood. They go through country after country, and toil after toil, laying down their lives, one after another, for the holy truth, and they leave disciples behind them everywhere, to teach, and dare, and suffer, and do, and die, as they did.

Now what is the cause of all this, and how is it to be accounted for? Unbelievers may have many explanations to give, and they may be ingenious ones. I have but one, and it is a simple one. It is, that their crucified Master rose from the dead, as they have told us he did; that he instructed them, as they have told us he did; and that the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, was sent from the Father, according to his promise, to enlighten and sustain them. In short, I consider the conduct of the apostles, at, and after the death of Jesus, as perhaps the strongest proof of the reality of his glorious resurrection. If he rose from the dead, and appeared to them, and instructed and confirmed them, I can account for the sudden change in their characters, and for their subsequent knowledge and perseverance, and boldness, and success. If he rose not from the dead, I cannot account for those things; and the whole subject remains to me a deep historical mystery.

Simple, honest, excellent men! raised up by Providence for wonderful ends by wonderful means! Your lives, unadorned as they are, and comprehended in a few plain words, are yet *alone* among the lives of men; alone, in the varieties and contrasts of their fortunes; alone, in the multitude and importance of their consequences. We should be senseless, if we did not perceive the influence which you have exerted, on the character and opinions of mankind. We should be thankless, if we did not acknowledge the benefits of that influence, and bless God that we live to know and feel them.

And we humbly pray to God, the universal Father, the Source of all excellence and truth, that our fidelity to our common Master may be like yours; that our perseverance in executing his commands may be like yours; and that like yours may be our courage and constancy, if we should ever be called on to sacrifice comfort, worldly consideration, or life itself, to duty, conscience, and faith.

LESSON LXI.

The Dangers of a Military Spirit.—HOPKINSON.

THE dangers which our country may apprehend from the encouragement of a military spirit in our people, have been eloquently portrayed. It is undoubtedly true, that a strong

disposition of this sort has been manifested and was rapidly rising, in the people of the United States; and a greater evil could hardly befall us, than the consummation of its ascendency.

There is something so infatuating in the pomp and triumphs of war, that a young and brave people, who have known but little of its destructive miseries, may require to be guarded against falling into the snare, and led to direct their energies to other and better objects. It is worthy of remark that, in the various ways in which the genius and powers of men display themselves, the military course is the only one eminently dangerous to his species. Genius, in every other department, however dazzling and powerful, is never hurtful, and is generally a blessing to the world.

The stupendous genius of Newton elevated the dignity of man, and brought him nearer to his God; it gave him a path to walk in the firmament, and knowledge to hold converse with the stars. The erratic comet cannot elude his vigilance; nor the powerful sun disappoint his calculations. Yet this genius, so mighty in the production of good, was harmless of evil as a child. It never inflicted injury or pain on any thing that lives or feels.

Shakspeare prepared an inexhaustible feast of instruction and delight, for his own age, and the ages to come; but he brought no tears into the world, but those of fictitious wo, which the other end of his wand was always ready to cure. It is military genius alone, that must be nourished with blood, and can find employment only in inflicting misery and death upon man.

LESSON LXII.

Poetry.—PERCIVAL.

THE world is full of Poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,

In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons, in a choir
Forever charming, and forever new;
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,
Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise
Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore
Of the wide ocean resting after storms;
Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand
Skilful, and moved with passionate love of art,
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingling with the melody, is borne,
Rapt, and dissolved in ecstasy, to Heaven.

'T is not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measured file, and metrical array;
'T is not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'T is a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipped in sweetness, till
He tastes the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existences, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.
'T is not the noisy babbler, who displays,
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments,
That overload their littleness. Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fired

The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,
His language winged with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, armed with wrath,
Commissioned to affright us, and destroy.

LESSON LXIII.

The Dying Boy.—ANONYMOUS.

IT must be sweet, in childhood, to give back
The spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And sown—to garner up its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'T was night: he summoned his accustomed friends,
And on this wise bestowed his last bequest.

'Mother—I 'm dying now!
There 's a deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed:—
And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand:
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. Oh! tell me, is this death?
Mother, your hand—

Here—lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,
Shall I be missed?

Never beside your knee,
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray;
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught me.

Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round, and see a vacant seat,

You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You 'll miss me there.

Father—I 'm going home!
To the good home you spoke of, that blest land,
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

I must be happy then:
From pain and death you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again.

Brother—the little spot
I used to call *my* garden, where long hours
We 've stayed to watch the budding things, and flowers,
Forget it not!

Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!

Sister—my young rose tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee;

And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away, my short life done;
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?

Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night; I 'm weary, and must sleep.
Who was it called my name? Nay do not weep,
You 'll all come soon!'

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savory odors of the early spring—
He breathed it not; the laugh of passers by,
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,
But worried not his slumbers. He was dead.

LESSON LXIV.

Sonnet.—BRYANT.

Ay, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine
  Too brightly to shine long; another Spring
Shall deck her for men's eyes, but not for thine,
  Sealed in a sleep which knows no wakening.
The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
  Nor the vexed ore a mineral of power,
And they who love thee wait in anxious grief,
  Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.
Glide softly to thy rest then; Death should come
  Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,
As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,
  Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.
Close thy sweet eyes calmly, and without pain;
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

LESSON LXV.

The Mystery of Life.—DEWEY.

To the reflecting mind, especially if it be touched with any influences of religious contemplation or poetic sensibility, there is nothing more extraordinary than to observe with what obtuse, dull and common-place impressions, most men pass through this wonderful life, which Heaven has ordained for us.

Life, which, to such a mind, means every thing momentous, mysterious, prophetic, monitory, trying to the reflections, and touching to the heart, to the many, is but a round of cares and toils, of familiar pursuits and formal actions. Their fathers have lived: their children will live after them: the way is plain; the boundaries are definite; the business is obvious; and this to them is life. * * *

But life indeed—the intellectual life, struggling with its earthly load, coming, it knows not whence, going, it knows not whither, with an eternity unimaginable behind it, with an eternity to be experienced before it, with all its strange

and mystic remembrances, now exploring its past years, as if they were periods before the flood, and then gathering them within a space as brief and unsubstantial, as if they were the dream of a day—with all its dark and its bright visions of mortal fear and hope; life, such a life, is full of mysteries. In the simplest actions, indeed, as well as in the loftiest contemplations, in the most ordinary feelings, as well as in the most abstruse speculations, mysteries meet us everywhere, mingle with all our employments, terminate all our views.

The bare art of walking has enough in it to fill us with astonishment. If we were brought into existence in the full maturity of our faculties, if experience had not made us dull, as well as confident, we should feel a strange thrilling doubt, when we took one step, whether another would follow. We should pause at every step, with awe at the wonder of that familiar action.

For who knows any thing of the mysterious connection and process, by which the invisible governs the visible frame? Who has seen the swift and silent messengers, which the mind sends out to the subject members of the body? Philosophers have reasoned upon this, and have talked of nerves, and have talked of delicate fluids, as transmitting the mandates of the will; but they have known nothing. No eye of man, nor penetrating glance of his understanding, has searched out those hidden channels, those secret agencies of the soul in its mortal tenement.

Man, indeed, can construct machinery, curious, complicated and delicate, though far less so than that of the human frame, and with the aid of certain other contrivances and powers, he can cause it to be moved; but to cause it to move *itself*, to impart to it an intelligent power, to direct its motions whithersoever it will, this is the mysterious work of God.

Nay, the bare connection of mind with matter, is itself a mystery. The extremes of the creation are brought together, its most opposite and incongruous elements are blended, not only in perfect harmony, but in the most intimate sympathy. Celestial life and light mingle and sympathize, with dark, dull and senseless matter. The boundless thought hath bodily organs. That, which in a moment glances through the immeasurable hosts of heaven, hath its abode within the narrow bounds of nerves, and limbs, and senses.

The clay beneath our feet, is built up into the palace of the

soul. The sordid dust we tread upon, forms, in the mystic frame of our humanity, the dwelling place of high reasoning thoughts, fashions the chamber of imagery, and moulds the heart that beats with every lofty and generous affection. Yes, the feelings that soar to heaven, the virtue that is to win the heavenly crown, flows in the life blood, that in itself is as senseless, as the soil from which it derives its nourishment. Who shall explain to us this mysterious union—tell us where sensation ends, and thought begins, or where organization passes into life? * * * * * *

Turn to what pursuit of science, or point of observation we will, it is still the same. In every department and study, we come to a region in which our inquiries cannot penetrate. —Everywhere our thoughts run into the vast, the indefinite, the incomprehensible; time stretches to eternity, calculation to 'numbers without number,' being to Infinite Greatness. Every path of our reflection brings us, at length, to the shrine of the unknown and the unfathomable, where we must sit down, and receive with devout and childlike meekness, if we receive at all, the voice of the oracle within. * * *

Nor is there a plant so humble, no hyssop by the wall, nor flower nor weed in the garden that springeth from the bosom of the earth, but it is an organized and living mystery. The secrets of the abyss are not more inscrutable, than the work that is wrought in its hidden germ. The goings on of the heavens are not more incomprehensible than its growth, as it waves in the breeze. Its life, that which constitutes its life, who can tell what it is?

The functions that constitute its growth, flower, and fruit, the processes of secretion, the organs or the affinities, by which every part receives the material that answers its purpose, who can unfold or explain them? Yes, the simplest spire of grass has wonders in it, in which the wisest philosopher may find a reason for humility, and the proudest skeptic an argument for his faith.

Life, I repeat—and I say, let the dull in thought, let the children be aroused by the reflection—life is full of mysteries. If we were wandering through the purlieus of a vast palace, and found here and there a closed door, or an inaccessible entrance, over which the word MYSTERY was written, how would our curiosity be awakened by the inscription!

Life is such a wandering: the world is such a structure; and over many a door forbidding all entrance—and over many a mazy labyrinth, is written the startling inscription, that tells

us of our ignorance, and announces to us unseen and unimaginable wonders. The ground we tread upon is not dull, cold soil, not the mere paved way, on which the footsteps of the weary and busy are hastening, not the mere arena, on which the war of mercantile competition is waged; but we tread upon enchanted ground.

The means of communication with the outward scene, are all mysteries. Anatomists may explain the structure of the eye and ear, but they leave inexplicable things behind; seeing and hearing are all mysteries. The organ that collects within it the agitated waves of the air, the chambers of sound that lie beyond it, after all dissection and analysis, are still labyrinths and regions of mystery.

That little orb, the eye, which gathers in the boundless landscape at a glance, which in an instant measures the near and the distant, the vast and the minute, which brings knowledge from ten thousand objects in one commanding act of vision—what a mystery is that! * * * * *

And there are mysteries, too, thickly strewed all along the *moral* path of this wonderful being. There are 'mysteries of our holy religion.' Miracles of power, giving attestations to its truth, ushered into the world. Wonders of heavenly mercy are displayed in its successive triumphs over the human soul. Gracious interpositions, too, of the teaching spirit, and a succoring Providence, help the infirmities and struggles of the faithful.

And the results, moreover, this great and solemn trial of human nature, that is passing on earth, are as mysterious as the process—the heavenly interposition and the human effort,—and these too, alike mysterious—the heavenly interposition—certain but undefinable: the human will strangely balanced somewhere, but nobody can tell where, between necessity and freedom.

Goodness, in the heart, is a mystery. No language can define it, which does not equally need definition. No man can *tell* what it is. No man can know but by an inward experience, and an experience in reality inexpressible. Goodness is a breath of the soul, we know not from whence: it cometh and it goeth, like 'the wind that bloweth where it listeth;' it is the inspiration of the Almighty.

And sin!—how great and tremendous is that mystery! That beneath these serene and pure heavens, which beam with the benignity of their Maker; that amidst the fair earth, amidst ten thousand forms of perfection, the spoiler should

have gone forth to mar and to crush the noblest and fairest —this is the 'mystery of iniquity, that hath been hidden from ages,' and is not yet fully unfolded. * * * * *

LESSON LXVI.

The Same Concluded.

The mysteries of our present being, though met with in daily experience, though recognised by the severest philosophy, are never perhaps more sensibly, or so to speak, consciously shadowed forth to us, than in the scene of strangely mingled experience and illusion, that world veiled from the eyes of philosophy—the world of our dreams. Mr. Hogg somewhere remarks, and it seems to be more than a poetical fancy, that our dreams are emphatically mysteries, hitherto sacred from metaphysical analysis. The writer hopes he may be excused, therefore, if he introduces, as appropriate to the meditations of this paper, a dream of his own.

An excursion of health carried me, some years ago, through the beautiful villages of Concord and Lancaster, to the brow of the noble Wachusett. It was in the month of our summer's glory—June. I know not how it may appear to others; but that enjoyment, leading to surfeit and oppression, which is often described as attending upon one class of our pleasures, seems to me as more than realized in the overpowering, the almost oppressive, the mysterious delight, with which we gaze upon the ever-renewed and brightened visions of nature. Such it was to me; and when the evening came, its calmness was as grateful to me, as the rest which hospitality afforded.

Yet it brought its own fascination. The moon shed down from her calm and lofty sphere, a more sacred beam than that of day. Her light seemed like an emanation, an element for holy thought, in which there was something like consciousness and witnessing to the thoughts of mortals. The breeze, as it went up the mountain's side, and touched the forest boughs, seemed like a living spirit. The summit, rising towards heaven and resting in a solemn and serene light, appeared like a mount of meditation, where some holy sufferer had retired from the world to pray, and where angels were ascending and descending.

Fatigued and exhausted, I sought repose at an early hour, and soon fell into that half sleeping and half waking state, with which the diseased and troubled, at least, are well acquainted. It is the well known and frequent effect of this state of partial consciousness, to give a mysterious and preternatural importance to every thing that attracts the notice of the wandering senses. Now and then, an evening traveller passed by; but that was not the simple character, with which my imagination invested him. He was a fierce rider from the battle field—and as he rushed by upon the sounding mountain pavement, he seemed to bear upon his tread the fate of empires.

Then a sound of laughter and shout of revelry reached me from a neighboring ale-house, and it appeared like the discordant mockery of fiends over the wreck of kingdoms. And ever and anon, the passing breeze shook the casement of my window, and the sound in my ear seemed stern as the voice of destiny, and struck me with an inexplicable awe, that attends the slightest jar of an earthquake.

At length I sunk into a deeper sleep; but still the confused images of my half conscious state, mingled with the deeper reveries of my dreams. I dreamed as I often do when awake, of men, and life, and the crowded world. The procession of human generations passed before me. The wandering Tartar flew by me in his sledge, over the frozen solitudes of the North. The turbaned Turk moved slowly on, by the many shores of his rich and glorious domains. The politic, bustling, busy European passed over the theatre of my vision, and it was a theatre of merchandise. And then, again, the wilds of the New World were open to me, and I saw the stealthy Indian retiring from thicket to thicket, and the white man pressed hard upon his retreating steps.

Then the palaces and courts of royalty rose before me, and I saw the gay and gorgeous train that thronged them, and heard, from many a recess and by-path, the sighs of disappointed ambition. Anon, the camp, with its mingled order and confusion, came upon the wayward fancies of my dream; and the fearful tread of a host drew near, and music from unnumbered instruments burst forth, and swelled gloriously up to heaven. And then suddenly the scene changed, and I thought it was music for the gay assembly and the dance; and a multitude innumerable wandered through boundless plains, in pursuit of pleasure.

But immediately—either in the strange vagaries of my

dreams, or according to the broken memory of it,—it appeared to be no longer a multitude, but a mighty city of immeasurable extent;—and then, the countless habitations of far distant countries, came within the range of my vision, and the scenes of domestic abode and all the mazy struggle of human life, were beneath my eye. I heard the song of gladness; and then the wailings of infancy were in my ears, and stern voices seemed to hush them.

In another quarter the throng of pleasure and the pall of death passed on, and went different ways, as it seemed but in a shocking vicinity to each other, and in strangely mingled and mournful confusion: and I thought of human weal and wo, and of this world's great fortunes, and of the mystery of life, and of God's wisdom, till it seemed to me that my heart would break with its longing for further knowledge, and my pillow was wet with the tears of my dream.

As my head was bowed down in meditation and in sorrow, it suddenly appeared to me, that an unusual and unearthly light was breaking around me. I instantly lifted my eyes, for a thrilling and awful expectation came upon me. I thought of the judgment, and almost expected to behold the Son of Man in the clouds of heaven. I immediately perceived that the vision was to me alone; for the light did not spread far, and proceeded from only one voluminous cloud.

As I gazed upon the cloud, features of more than mortal loveliness became visible, the form was partly veiled from me, in the glorious brightness that surrounded it. I imagined that I perceived a resemblance to the countenance of one, that I had known and loved on earth; and I girded up the powers of my mind, as I have often thought I should do, in my waking hours, to meet a spirit from the other world.

The first words that fell upon my ear, instead of inspiring me with the expected terror, spread a sacred tranquillity through all my faculties. 'Mortal'—the voice said—'once a fellow mortal!'—and no earthly tongue can express the soothing sweetness and tenderness that flowed in those words —'be patient,' it said, 'be strong; fear not; be not troubled. If thou couldst know!—but I may not tell thee—else would not thy faith be perfected:—be yet patient; trust in God; trust in him and be happy!'

The bright cloud was borne by the gentlest breath of air away from me; the features slowly faded, but with such a smile of ineffable benignity and love lingering upon the countenance, that in the ecstasy of my emotion, I awoke.

I awoke; the songs of the morning were around me; the sun was high in heaven; the earth seemed to be clothed with new beauty. I went forth with a firmer step, and a more cheerful brow, resolving to be patient and happy, till I also 'should see as I am seen, and know even as I am known.'

LESSON LXVII.

Close of Mr. Brougham's Speech on the Reform Bill.

Your Lordships may pass this bill, and then we shall have peace and contentment; but I much dread that it may be refused, and that you may be induced, under other ministers, in less auspicious times, to grant a far more extensive measure than that which is now proposed. Oh, my lords, let the old illustration of the Sibyl, never be forgotten by you. On no one question of practical politics has it so direct a bearing as on this.

You have now offered to you the volume of peace. The price that you are called upon by that prophetic Sibyl to pay is, to restore under great modifications, the old fabric of the representative constitution. You will not take the volume—you will not pay that price—that moderate price! The Sibyl darkens your doors no longer. You repent—you call her back—she returns—the leaves of peace are half torn out, and it is no longer the volume that first was offered; but she demands a still larger price, and you must pay for it with parliaments by the year, elections by millions, and voting by ballot; you will not pay that price, and again you send her away.

What the next price which she will demand, and that you *must* pay, is more than I will say. This I know, as sure as man is man, and human error leads to human disappointment, justice delayed, wisdom postponed, must enhance the price of peace. My lords, there is an awful consideration connected with this subject. You are judges in the highest court in the last resort; and it is the first office of a judge never to decide even the most trifling case, without hearing every thing. But in this case you are going to decide without a hearing, without a trial.

My lords, beware of standing out on this sacred subject.

You may obstruct, you may put off the day, you may give a temporary life to the borough jobber, and postpone the elective franchise to the greatest towns of the realm; but, my lords, that delay will have no effect in raising the respect of this house, and in conciliating the affections of the people of this country.

My lords, I wish you, because I belong to you, because I am a good subject of the king, because I am a friend to my country, but, above all, because my whole life has been devoted to obtain, confirm, and perpetuate peace abroad and at home, I wish you, nay, by all these reasons, and by all these motives, I pray and beseech you not thus to reject this bill; I call on you by all you hold most dear, I call on every one except those who think no reform necessary, and they alone can give a consistent vote against the bill. I call on you by this solemn appeal, and remember, my lords, I am in the same vessel as yourselves, I call on you, I entreat you, and on my bended knees I implore you not to reject this bill.

LESSON LXVIII.

Revolutionary Anecdote.—Anonymous.

It was a fine sabbath morning in the year 1777, that the inhabitants of a little parish in the state of Vermont and on the borders of New Hampshire, assembled in their accustomed place of worship. The cares and turmoils of that fearful and long to be remembered summer, had imprinted an unusually serious look upon the rough, though not unpleasing countenance of the male members of that little congregation. Their rigid features relaxed, however, as they entered that hallowed place, and felt the genial influence of a summer's sun, whose rays illuminated the sanctuary, and played upon the desk, and upon the fine open countenance of him who ministered there. He was a venerable man, and his whitened locks and tottering frame evidenced that he had numbered his three score and ten years.

Opening the sacred volume, the minister of Christ was about to commence the services of the morning, when a messenger, almost breathless, rushed into the church, and

exclaimed, '*The enemy are marching upon our western counties!*'—The aged soldier of the cross announced the text: 'He who hath a garment, let him sell it and buy a sword.'—After a few preliminary and patriotic remarks, he added, in substance, as follows, 'Go up, my friends, I beseech you, to the help of your neighbors against the mighty. Advance into the field of battle, for God will muster the hosts to war.

Religion is too much interested in the success of this day, not to lend you her influence. As for myself, age sits heavily upon me, and I cannot go with you—neither have I any representatives of my family to send. My daughters, (pointing at the same time to the pew where sat his aged consort and his two maiden daughters, the only remnants of his family) cannot draw the sword nor handle the musket, in defence of their country—but they can do something—they can use the rake and the hoe—so that the toil-worn soldier, when he returns from the field of battle, may not suffer for the want of the necessaries of life.'

The venerable pastor bowed his head in devotion, and in prayer gave further flow to his deep emotions. When he again looked round, his audience were gone. One by one they had silently left the house of God, and ere the sun had that day set, the male inhabitants of the little parish, who were able to bear arms, were far on their way to meet the enemies of their country on the field of Bennington.

LESSON LXIX.

Heroism of a Physician.—MAD. DE GENLIS.

THE plague raged violently in Marseilles. Every link of affection was broken, the father turned from the child, the child from the father: ingratitude no longer excited indignation. Misery is at its height when it thus destroys every generous feeling, thus dissolves every tie of humanity! The city became a desert, grass grew in the streets, a funeral met you at every step.

The physicians assembled in a body at the *Hotel de Ville*, to hold a consultation on the fearful disease, for which no remedy had yet been discovered. After a long deliberation, they decided unanimously that the malady had a peculiar and mysterious character, which opening a corpse alone

might develope,—an operation it was impossible to attempt, since the operator must infallibly become a victim in a few hours, beyond the power of human art to save him, as the violence of the attack would preclude their administering the customary remedies.

A dead pause succeeded this fatal declaration. Suddenly a surgeon named Guyon, in the prime of life, and of great celebrity in his profession, rose and said firmly, 'Be it so: I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed what I observe.' He left the assembly instantly. They admire him, lament his fate, and doubt whether he will persist in his design.

The intrepid and pious Guyon, animated by all the sublime energy religion can inspire, acted up to his words. He had never married, he was rich, and he immediately made a will, dictated by justice and piety; he confessed, and in the middle of the night received the sacraments. A man had died of the plague in his house within four and twenty hours: Guyon, at daybreak, shut himself up in the same room; he took with him an inkstand, paper, and a little crucifix.

Full of enthusiasm, never had he felt more firm or more collected: kneeling before the corpse, he wrote, 'Mouldering remains of an immortal soul, not only can I gaze on thee with horror, but even with joy and gratitude. Thou wilt open to me the gates of a glorious eternity. In discovering to me the secret cause of the terrible disease which destroys my native city, thou wilt enable me to point out some salutary remedy—thou wilt render my sacrifice useful. Oh God! thou wilt bless the action thou hast thyself inspired.'

He began,—he finished the dreadful operation, and recorded in detail his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, and afterwards sought the lazaretto, where he died in twelve hours—a death ten thousand times more glorious than the warrior's, who to save his country rushes on the enemy's ranks, since he advances, with hope, at least, sustained, admired, and seconded by a whole army.

LESSON LXX.

Stop a Moment.—ANONYMOUS.

I HAVE lived long in the world—I have enjoyed opportunities for observation and reflection. I have by turns adopted various systems, but long experience has reduced all my philosophy to the simple precept, *Stop a Moment!*

If we knew when to stop, we should be rendered happy by sentiment, instead of being tormented by passion.—Through not knowing when to stop, courage changes to temerity, severity to tyranny, economy to avarice, generosity to profusion, love to jealousy, piety to fanaticism, liberty to licentiousness, royalty to despotism, submission to baseness, and eulogium to flattery. Empires fall like men, because they wish to advance too far and too rapidly; nobody either wishes or knows how to stop.

The kings of Persia would not be stopped by the sea, and the boundaries of their vast dominions; they dashed against the little cities of Greece, the warlike inhabitants of which overthrew their throne.

How many Eastern monarchs, unable to endure the thought of having their will stopped by a law, have been enslaved and assassinated by their slaves, whilst their fate has excited no sympathy beyond the walls of their palaces! Alexander, whom no conquest could satisfy, yielded at Babylon, and perished in the flower of his age, because reason could not stop him in his career of dissipation.

The Greeks, not knowing where to stop either in their passion for liberty, or their vain desire for dominion, became divided against each other, made foreigners interfere in their disputes, and degenerated into servitude.

In vain did Cato exclaim to the Romans, Stop! They ran in quest of worldly riches, which undermined their power, corrupted their manners, destroyed their liberty, and first delivered them to the mercy of tyrants and then to barbarians.

In modern times what follies and crimes have been committed for want of knowing when to stop! What piles have been rekindled because piety has been unable to repress fanaticism! What massacres have ensued because the nobility refused to respect either the royal prerogative or the rights of the people!

What misfortunes might not Charles XII. have avoided had he known how to check himself; he would not have fled at Pultowa, had he stopped at Narva.

There is no good quality which does not become a fault when carried too far; all good when exaggerated is converted into evil; the fairest cause, that of Heaven itself, dishonors its supporters, when unable to curb their zeal, they burn instead of instructing the incredulous.

Believe me, there is no virtue more profitable, no wisdom more useful than moderation. To ameliorate mankind, the best lesson that can be given to them is, *Stop a Moment!* Instead of paying masters to teach young people dancing, riding, and walking, to teach how to *stop* would contribute much more to their happiness.

But those who love glory must not suppose I am giving them timid counsel; the most powerful man and most celebrated hero of fable, far from dashing inconsiderately on an unknown and stormy Ocean, knew how to check himself, and engraved on his column the words, *Ne plus ultra.*

LESSON LXXI.

Funeral at Sea.—ANONYMOUS.

THE sun had just risen, and not a cloud appeared to obstruct his rays. A light breeze played on the bosom of the slumbering ocean. The stillness of the morning was only disturbed by the ripple of the water, or the diving of a flying-fish.—It seemed as if the calm and noiseless spirit of the deep was brooding over the waters.

The national flag displayed half way down the royal-mast, played in the breeze, unconscious of its solemn import. The vessel glided in stately serenity, and seemed tranquil as the element on whose surface she moved. She knew not the sorrows that were in her own bosom, and seemed to look down on the briny expanse beneath her, in all the confidence and security of strength.

To the minds of her brave crew, it was a morning of gloom. They had been boarded by the angel of death; and the forecastle now contained all that was mortal of his victim. His soul had gone to its final audit. Grouped around the windlass, and, left to their own reflections, the

hardy sons of the ocean mingled their sympathies with each other. They seemed to think of their own immortality. Conscience was at his post. And I believe that their minds were somewhat impressed with the realities of eternity.

They spoke of the virtues of their deceased messmate—of his honesty, his sensibility, his generosity. One remembered to have seen him share the last dollar of his hard-earned wages with a distressed shipmate. All could attest his liberality. They spoke too of his accomplishments as a sailor; of the nerve of his arm, and the intrepidity of his soul. They had seen him in an hour of peril, when the winds of heaven were let loose in all their fury, and destruction was on the wing, seize the helm and hold the ship securely within his grasp, till the danger had passed by.

They would have indulged longer in their reveries, but they were summoned to prepare for the rites of sepulture, and pay the last honors to their dead companion. The work of preparation was commenced with heavy hearts and with many a sigh. A rude coffin was soon constructed, and the body deposited within it. All was ready for the final scene. The main hatches were his bier. A spare sail was his pall. His surviving comrades in their tar-stained habiliments stood around.

All were silent. The freshening breeze moaned through the cordage. The main topsail was hove to the mast. The ship paused on her course, and stood still. The funeral service began; and as 'we commit this body to the deep' was pronounced, I heard the knell of the ship bell—I heard the plunge of the coffin. I saw tears start from the eyes of the generous tars. My soul melted within me as I reverted to the home-scenes of him whom we buried in the deep—to hopes that were to be dashed with wo—to joys that were to be drowned in lamentation.

LESSON LXXII.

Sailor's Funeral.—Mrs. Sigourney.

The ship's bell tolled! and slowly o'er the deck
Came forth the summoned crew. Bold, hardy men
Far from their native skies, stood silent there

With melancholy brow. From a low cloud
That o'er the horizon hovered, came the threat
Of distant muttered thunder. Broken waves
Heaved up their sharp white helmets o'er the expanse
Of ocean, which in brooding stillness lay
Like some vindictive king, who meditates
On hoarded wrongs, or wakes the wrathful war.
The ship's bell tolled! and lo! a youthful form
Which oft had boldly dared the slippery shrouds
At midnight's watch, was as a burden laid
Down at his comrade's feet. Mournful they gazed
Upon his sunken cheek, and some there were,
Who in that bitter hour remembered well
The parting blessing of his hoary sire,
And the big tears that o'er his mother's cheek
Went coursing down, when his beloved voice
Breathed its farewell. But one who nearest stood
To that pale, shrouded corse, remembered more;
Of a white cottage with its shaven lawn,
And blossomed hedge, and of a fair haired girl
Who, at her lattice veiled with woodbine, watched
His last, far step, and then turned back to weep.
And close that comrade in his faithful breast
Hid a bright chestnut lock, which the dead youth
Had severed with a cold and trembling hand
In life's extremity, and bade him bear,
With broken words of love's last eloquence,
To his blest Mary. Now that chosen friend
Bowed low his sun-bronzed face, and like a child,
Sobbed in deep sorrow.
But there came a tone,
Clear as the breaking moon o'er stormy seas,
'*I am the resurrection.*' Every heart
Suppressed its grief, and every eye was raised.
There stood the chaplain—his uncovered brow
Unmarked by earthly passion, while his voice,
Rich as the balm from plants of Paradise,
Poured the Eternal's message o'er the souls
Of dying men. It was a holy hour!
There lay the wreck of youthful beauty—here
Bent mourning manhood, while supporting faith
Cast her strong anchor 'neath the troubled wave.
There was a plunge!—The riven sea complained!
Death from his briny bosom took her own.

The awful fountains of the deep did lift
Their subterranean portals, and he went
Down to the floor of Ocean, mid the beds
Of brave and beautiful ones. Yet to my soul
In all the funeral pomp, the guise of wo,
The monumental grandeur, with which earth
Indulgeth her dead sons, was nought so sad,
Sublime, or sorrowful, as the mute sea
Opening her mouth to whelm that sailor youth.

LESSON LXXIII.

New England's Dead.—Mc Lellan.

'I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves.—There is her history. The world know it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will remain forever.'
Webster's Speech.

New England's dead! New England's dead!
On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife, made red
By bloody victory.
Each valley, where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviors of the land!
O, few and weak their numbers were—
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.

The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half-garnered, on the plain,
And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress,
To right those wrongs, come weal, come wo,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?
And where are ye to-day?
I call:—the hills reply again
That ye have passed away;
That on old Bunker's lonely height,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
The grass waves green, the harvest bright,
Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they heed not its roar.
The starry flag, 'neath which they fought,
In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not
For they have passed away.

LESSON LXXIV.

Napoleon Dying.—MACARTHY.

YES! bury me deep in the infinite sea,
Let my heart have a limitless grave;
For my spirit in life was as fierce and free
As the course of the tempest-wave.

As far from the stretch of all earthly control
Were the fathomless depths of my mind;
And the ebbs and flows of my single soul
Were as tides to the rest of mankind.

Then my briny pall shall engirdle the world,
As in life did the voice of my fame;
And each mutinous billow that 's sky-ward curled
Shall seem to reecho my name.

That name shall be storied in annals of crime
In the uttermost corners of earth;
Now breathed as a curse—now a spell-word sublime,
In the glorified land of my birth.

Ay! plunge my dark heart in the infinite sea;
It would burst from a narrower tomb;
Shall less than an ocean his sepulchre be
Whose mandate to millions was doom?

LESSON LXXV.

Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner.—LONGFELLOW.

The standard of count Pulaski, the noble Pole who fell in the attack upon Savannah, during the American Revolution, was of crimson silk, embroidered by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania.

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head,
And the censer burning swung,
Where before the altar hung
That proud banner, which, with prayer,
Had been consecrated there;
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle.

Take thy banner. May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,—
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,—
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner;—and, beneath
The war-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it—till our homes are free—
Guard it—God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner. But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him;—by our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him—he our love hath shared—
Spare him—as thou wouldst be spared.

Take thy banner;—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.

And the warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

LESSON LXXVI.

Imlac's Description of a Poet.—JOHNSON.

'BEING now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds.

'To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imag-

ination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety: for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he, who knows most, will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.'

'All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study, and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers.'

'In so wide a survey,' said the prince, 'you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I had never beheld before, or never heeded.'

'The business of a poet,' said Imlac, 'is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances; he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features, as recall the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

'But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition; observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude.

'He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstracted and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same: he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; contemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider him-

self as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations; as a being superior to time and place.

'His labor is not yet at an end: he must know many languages and many sciences; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must, by incessant practice, familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony.'

LESSON LXXVII.

The Three Kingdoms of Nature.—BINGLEY.

NATURAL objects have been in general arranged, for the purpose of classification, under the three grand divisions of *minerals*, *vegetables*, and *animals*. *Minerals* are natural bodies destitute of organization and life; *vegetables* or *plants* are natural bodies endowed with organization and life, but destitute of voluntary motion and sense; and *animals* are natural bodies which possess organization, life, sensation, and voluntary motion.

1. MINERALS.

If we penetrate beneath the surface of the earth, we discover there a remarkable arrangement. Instead of a generally uniform appearance, as we see on the surface, we pass through divers substances, as clay, gravel, sand, &c., deposited in *beds* or *strata* of various thickness, from a few inches to a great many feet. These lie, for the most part, nearly horizontal; but in some instances, particularly in mountainous countries, they take different degrees of inclination; and in places where the country consists of gently-sloping hills and vales, the beds have a waving or bending form.

These strata, as deep as the curiosity or the necessities of mankind have induced them to explore, satisfactorily demonstrate the wisdom which has been displayed in the arrangement of materials requisite for the use of men and animals. The first layer is frequently a rich black mould, formed almost wholly of animal and vegetable remains; this yields sustenance to the vegetable productions, and thereby becomes the actual, though not the immediate support of the whole animal creation.

Beneath this is often found a thick bed of clay, that furnishes to man a substance of which to make bricks, tiles, various kinds of pottery, and innumerable other articles for the comfort of social life. Next are deposited vast beds of gravel, that are of use in numerous points of view. Underneath this are the infinitely-varying strata of sand-stone, lime-stone, &c., which not only serve for the construction of buildings, and for other important purposes, but also frequently surround mines, which contain the valuable metals.

Beneath a slaty stratum are usually discovered those immense beds of coal so requisite for the comfort, and, in some situations, even for the existence of man. These strata, it is true, are not always found together, nor are they always discovered in the same order; but the statement will suffice to show the general nature of their arrangement.

The most simple and natural division of minerals is into four classes,—*stones*, *salts*, *combustibles*, and *metals*. Stones are subdivided into *earthy* and *saline;* and metals into *malleable* and *brittle*.

2. Vegetables.

The principal parts of plants are the *root;* the *herb*, *tree*, or *plant* itself; and the *fructification*, or flower and fruit.

The *roots* of plants and trees, having nothing pleasing to the eye, the Creator has, for the most part, hidden from the view; they are nevertheless of great importance in the vegetable economy; they are furnished with a set of vessels by means of which they draw moisture from the earth; and they fix the plant in the spot it is designed to occupy. They are of various kinds, and have different periods of duration; and they are frequently observed to compensate, in an extraordinary manner, for local inconveniences,—changing their direction, for instance, when they meet with a stone; turning aside from barren into fertile ground; and, when stationed on the rocky edge of a deep ditch, creeping down one side and ascending the other, so as to place themselves in richer soil.

The *plant* itself consists of a variety of layers and vessels curiously arranged, and adapted for performing all the functions of vegetable life. First of all is the *cuticle*, or bark, investing every part of a living plant, and varying in texture from the delicate covering of a flower to the rough coating of a pearly aloe. It is furnished in many parts with pores, through which air and light are admitted; and it is

not only essential to plants in general, but also produces an elegant effect.

To the cuticle succeeds a green substance, called the *cellular integument;* then comes the *bark*, the innermost layer of which is called the *liber;* and, lastly, the *wood*, which sometimes contains within it the *pith*, supposed to be a reservoir of moisture or vital energy.

A variety of concentric circles beautifully diversify the surface of the wood, each of them showing the growth of a year. The wood itself consists of two parts,—the internal or true wood, which is hard and darkly-colored; and the outer, or alburnum, which is different in appearance, and not yet completely hardened.

The *sap-vessels* ascend from the points of the roots, through the superficial alburnum, become spiral and coated a little below the leaves, and enter them in a central arrangement round the pith. The fluid destined to nourish a plant, being absorbed in the root, becomes sap, and is carried up by these vessels into the leaves, where it undergoes a wonderful chemical change, and is brought back, through another set of vessels, down the leaf-stalks into the liber, where it is supposed to deposit the principal secretions of the tree.

Thus, to the bark of the oak, a tanning principle is communicated;—to the Peruvian bark, what has been found so beneficial in fevers;—to the cinnamon, its grateful aromatic taste;—to the sandal-wood, its never-dying fragrance, so beautifully noticed in an Aga couplet, which pronounces the duty of a good man to consist, not only in pardoning, but also in benefiting his enemies, as the sandal-tree, at the moment of its overthrow, sheds the sweetest perfume on the axe that fells it.

The parts of *fructification* are, the *calyx*, *corolla*, *stamens*, *pistils*, *seed-vessel*, *seeds*, and *receptacle*. The *calyx*, or flower-cup, is the green part which is situated immediately beneath the blossom; the *corolla*, or blossom, is that colored part of every flower, on which its beauty principally depends, and the leaves that compose it are denominated *petals*. The *stamens* and *pistils* are in the centre of the flower, and are the organs on which the fructification and reproduction of the plant more particularly depend. The former surround the latter, and consist each of a *filament* or thread, and an *anther* or summit; which last, when ripe, contains a fine powder called *pollen*.

At the foot of the pistil is situated the *germen;* this, when grown to maturity, has the name of *pericarp*, or seed-vessel, and is that part of the fructification which contains the seeds —whether it be a *capsule* as in the poppy, a *nut* as in the filbert, a *berry* as in the gooseberry, a *pod* as in the pea, or a *cone* as in the fir-tree. The *seed* is so well known as to require no description; and the *receptacle* is the base which connects all the parts of fructification together, and on which they are seated; as, for example, the eatable part of the artichoke.

3. Animals.

The objects comprehended within the *animal* kingdom are divided into six classes,—*Mammalia*, or mammiferous animals; *Birds; Amphibia*, or amphibious animals; *Fishes*; *Insects;* and *Worms*.

The class *Mammalia* consists of such animals as produce *living* offspring, and nourish their young ones with milk supplied from their bodies; and it comprises quadrupeds, bats, seals, and whales.

The class *Birds* comprises all such animals as have their bodies clad with feathers.

Under the third class, or *Amphibia*, are arranged such animals as have a cold, and generally naked body, a lurid color, and nauseous smell. They respire chiefly by lungs, but they have the power of suspending respiration for a long time; they are extremely tenacious of life, and can repair certain parts of their bodies which have been lost; they are also able to endure hunger, sometimes even for months, without injury.

Fishes constitute the fourth class of animals; they are all inhabitants of the water, in which they move by certain organs called *fins;* they breathe by *gills*.

Insects are so denominated, from the greater number of them having a separation in the middle of their bodies, by which they are, as it were, cut into two parts. They have in general *six* or more legs, besides wings, and *antennæ*, or instruments of touch; and they nearly all go through certain great *changes* at different periods of their existence.

The sixth and last class of animals consists of *Worms* or *Vermes*, which are slow of motion, and have soft and fleshy bodies. These animals are principally distinguished from those of the other classes, by having *tentacula* or feelers.

Such are the three kingdoms of nature, and their principal divisions, according to the system of Linnæus, a distinguish-

ed naturalist of Sweden, who flourished about the middle of the eighteenth century. These kingdoms, though distinct, are mutually connected; and it is not always easy to say of a natural object to which of them it belongs.

The mineral kingdom indeed can never be confounded with the other two; for fossils are masses of mere dead unorganized matter, growing indeed by the addition of extraneous substances, but not fed by nourishment taken into an organized and living structure. Vegetables and animals, on the contrary, often resemble each other so closely as to render them scarcely distinguishable. If it be asked, what is the *vital* principle which belongs to the two last classes, and distinguishes them from the first, we must own our complete ignorance. We know it, as we know its Omnipotent Author, by its effects.

LESSON LXXVIII.

Reflections on the Moslem Domination in Spain.—IRVING.

ONE of my favorite resorts is the balcony of the central window in the hall of Ambassadors, in the lofty tower of Comares.* I have just been seated there, enjoying the close of a long brilliant day. The sun, as he sank behind the purple mountains of Alhambra, sent a stream of effulgence up the valley of the Darro, that spread a melancholy pomp over the ruddy towers of the Alhambra, while the Vega, covered with a slight sultry vapor that caught the setting ray, seemed spread out in the distance like a golden sea.

Not a breath of air disturbed the stillness of the hour, and though the faint sound of music and merriment now and then arose from the gardens of the Darro, it but rendered more impressive the monumental silence of the pile which overshadowed me. It was one of those hours and scenes in which memory asserts an almost magical power, and, like the evening sun beaming on these mouldering towers, sends back her retrospective rays to light up the glories of the past.

As I sat watching the effect of the declining daylight up-

* This is one of the towers of the Alhambra, an ancient fortress or castellated palace of the Moorish kings of Granada, where they held their dominion over this their boasted terrestrial paradise, and made their last stand for empire in Spain.

on this Moorish pile, I was led into a consideration of the light, elegant and voluptuous character prevalent throughout its internal architecture, and to contrast it with the grand but gloomy solemnity of the Gothic edifices, reared by the Spanish conquerors. The very architecture thus bespeaks the opposite and irreconcilable natures of the two warlike people, who so long battled here for the mastery of the peninsula.

By degrees I fell into a course of musing upon the singular features of the Arabian or Morisco Spaniards, whose whole existence is as a tale that is told, and certainly forms one of the most anomalous yet splendid episodes in history. Potent and durable as was their dominion, we have no one distinct title by which to designate them. They were a nation, as it were, without a legitimate country or a name.

A remote wave of the great Arabian inundation, cast upon the shores of Europe, they seemed to have all the impetus of the first rush of the torrent. Their course of conquest from the rock of Gibraltar to the cliffs of the Pyrenees, was as rapid and brilliant as the Moslem victories of Syria and Egypt. Nay, had they not been checked on the plains of Tours, all France, all Europe, might have been overrun with the same facility as the empires of the east, and the crescent might at this day have glittered on the fanes of Paris and London.

Repelled within the limits of the Pyrenees, the mixed hordes of Asia and Africa that formed this great irruption, gave up the Moslem principles of conquest, and sought to establish in Spain a peaceful and permanent dominion. As conquerors, their heroism was only equalled by their moderation; and in both, for a time, they excelled the nations with whom they contended. Severed from their native homes, they loved the land given them, as they supposed, by Allah, and strove to embellish it with every thing that could administer to the happiness of man.

Laying the foundations of their power in a system of wise and equitable laws, diligently cultivating the arts and sciences, and promoting agriculture, manufactures and commerce, they gradually formed an empire unrivalled for its prosperity, by any of the empires of Christendom; and gently drawing around them the graces and refinements, that marked the Arabian empire in the east at the time of its greatest civilization, they diffused the light of oriental knowledge through the western regions of benighted Europe.

The cities of Arabian Spain became the resort of Christian artisans, to instruct themselves in the useful arts. The universities of Toledo, Cordova, Seville and Granada were sought by the pale student from other lands, to acquaint himself with the sciences of the Arabs, and the treasured lore of antiquity; the lovers of the gay sciences resorted to Cordova and Granada, to imbibe the poetry and music of the east; and the steel-clad warriors of the north hastened thither, to accomplish themselves in the graceful exercises and courteous usages of chivalry.

If the Moslem monuments in Spain, if the Mosque of Cordova, the Alcazar of Seville and the Alhambra of Granada, still bear inscriptions fondly boasting of the power and permanency of their dominion, can the boast be derided as arrogant and vain? Generation after generation, century after century had passed away, and still they maintained possession of the land. A period had elapsed longer than that which has passed since England was subjugated by the Norman conqueror; and the descendants of Musa and Tarik might as little anticipate being driven into exile, across the same straits traversed by their triumphant ancestors, as the descendants of Rollo and William, and their victorious peers may dream of being driven back to the shores of Normandy.

With all this, however, the Moslem empire in Spain was but a brilliant exotic, that took no permanent root in the soil it embellished. Secured from all their neighbors of the west by impassable barriers of faith and manners, and separated by seas and deserts from their kindred of the east, they were an isolated people. Their whole existence was a prolonged though gallant and chivalric struggle for a foot-hold in a usurped land.

They were the outposts and frontiers of Islamism. The peninsula was the great battle ground, where the Gothic conquerors of the north, and the Moslem conquerors of the east, met and strove for mastery; and the fiery courage of the Arab was at length subdued by the obstinate and persevering valor of the Goth.

Never was the annihilation of a people more complete than that of the Morisco Spaniards. Where are they? Ask the shores of Barbary and its desert places. The exiled remnant of their once powerful empire disappeared among the barbarians of Africa, and ceased to be a nation. They have not left even a distinct name behind them, though for nearly eight centuries they were a distinct people.

The home of their adoption and of their occupation for ages, refuses to acknowledge them but as invaders and usurpers. A few broken monuments are all that remain to bear witness to their power and dominion, as solitary rocks left far in the interior, bear testimony to the extent of some vast inundation. Such is the Alhambra. A Moslem pile in the midst of a Christian land; an oriental palace amidst the Gothic edifices of the west; an elegant memento of a brave, intelligent and graceful people, who conquered, ruled, and passed away.

LESSON LXXIX.

Surrender of Granada by the Moors to Ferdinand and Isabella.—IRVING.

THE sun had scarcely begun to shed his beams upon the summits of the snowy mountains which rise above Granada, when the christian camp was in motion. A detachment of horse and foot, led by distinguished cavaliers, and accompanied by Hernando de Talavera, bishop of Avila, proceeded to take possession of the Alhambra and the towers.

When the detachment arrived at the summit of the hill, the Moorish king came forth from the gate, attended by a handful of cavaliers, loaving his vizier to deliver up the palace. 'Go, senior,' said he to the commander of the detachment, 'go and take possession of those fortresses, which Allah has bestowed upon your powerful sovereigns, in punishment of the sins of the Moors.' He said no more, but passed mournfully on, along the same road by which the Spanish cavaliers had come; descending to the Vega, to meet the Catholic sovereigns. The troops entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were wide open, and all its splendid courts and halls silent and deserted.

In the meantime, the christian court and army poured out of the city of Santa Fé, and advanced across the vega. The king and queen, with the prince and princess, and the dignitaries and ladies of the court, took the lead, accompanied by the different orders of monks and friars, and surrounded by the royal guards splendidly arrayed. The procession

moved slowly forward, and paused at the village of Armilla, at the distance of half a league from the city.

The sovereigns waited here with impatience, their eyes fixed on the lofty tower of the Alhambra, watching for the appointed signal of procession. The time that had elapsed since the departure of the detachment seemed to them more than necessary for the purpose, and the anxious mind of Ferdinand began to entertain doubts of some commotion in the city. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Great Watch-Tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams.

Beside it was planted the pennon of the glorious apostle St. James, and a great shout of 'Santiago! Santiago!' rose throughout the army. Lastly was reared the royal standard by the king of arms, with the shout of 'Castile! Castile! For king Ferdinand and queen Isabella!' The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations that resounded across the vega. At sight of these signals of possession, the sovereigns sank upon their knees, giving thanks to God for this great triumph; the whole assembled host followed their example, and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of '*Te Deum laudamus*.'

The procession now resumed its march with joyful alacrity, to the sound of triumphant music, until they came to a small mosque, not far from the foot of the Hill of Martyrs. Here the sovereigns were met by the unfortunate Boabdil, accompanied by about fifty cavaliers and domestics. As he drew near, he would have dismounted in token of homage, but Ferdinand prevented him. He then proffered to kiss the king's hand, but this sign of vassalage was likewise declined; whereupon, not to be outdone in magnanimity, he leaned forward and kissed the right arm of Ferdinand. Queen Isabella also refused to receive this ceremonial of homage, and, to console him under his adversity, delivered to him his son, who had remained as hostage ever since Boabdil's liberation from captivity. The Moorish monarch pressed his child to his bosom with tender emotion, and they seemed mutually endeared to each other by their misfortunes.

He then delivered the keys of the city to king Ferdinand, with an air of mingled melancholy and resignation: 'These keys,' said he, 'are the last relics of the Arabian empire in Spain: thine, Oh king! are our trophies, our kingdom, and our person. Such is the will of God! Receive them with the clemency thou hast promised, and which we look for at thy hands.'

King Ferdinand restrained his exultation into an air of serene magnanimity. 'Doubt not our promises,' replied he, 'nor that thou shalt regain from our friendship the prosperity of which the fortune of war has deprived thee.'

On receiving the keys, King Ferdinand handed them to the queen: she in her turn presented them to her son prince Juan, who delivered them to the count de Tendilla, that brave and loyal cavalier being appointed alcayde of the city, and captain-general of the kingdom of Granada.

Having surrendered the last symbol of power, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpuxarras, that he might not behold the entrance of the christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms, as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army.

Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence in the valley of Purchena. At two leagues' distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxarras, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight forever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lit up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenel.

The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost forever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself: 'Allah Acbar! God is great!' said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears.

His mother, the intrepid sultana was indignant at his weakness: 'You do well,' said she, 'to weep like a woman, for what you failed to defend like a man!'

The vizier endeavored to console his royal master. 'Consider, sire,' said he, 'that the most signal misfortunes often

render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity.'

The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled; his tears continued to flow. 'Allah Acbar!' exclaimed he; 'when did misfortunes ever equal mine?'

From this circumstance, the hill, which is not far from the Padul, took the name of Feg Allah Acbar: but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada, is known among Spaniards by the name of 'The last sigh of the Moor.'

LESSON LXXX.

The Child of Earth.—MRS. NORTON.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
'I am content to die—but, oh! not now!—
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe—
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing—
Not while the bright flowers round my footsteps wreathe.
Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow—
I am content to die—but, oh! not now!'

The spring hath ripened into summer-time;
The season's viewless boundary is past;
The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime:
Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
'Let me not perish while o'er land and sea,
With silent steps, the Lord of li ht moves on;
For while the murmur of the mountain-bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone:
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—
I am content to die!—but, oh! not now!'

Summer is gone: and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;—
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn.
'Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze

On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow—
I am content to die—but, oh! not now!'

The bleak wind whistles: snow-showers far and near
Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound:
Yet still that prayer ascends. 'Oh! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud;
Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die—but, oh! not now!'

The spring is come again—the joyful spring!
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread:
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing:—
The child of earth is numbered with the dead!
'Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow—
Why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now!'

LESSON LXXXI.

On Visiting a Scene of Childhood.—BLACKWOOD'S MAG.

' "I came to the place of my birth, and said, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and Echo answered, 'Where are they?'"

LONG years had elapsed since I gazed on the scene,
Which my fancy still robed in its freshness of green,—
The spot where, a school-boy, all thoughtless, I strayed
By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the shade.

I thought of the friends, who had roamed with me there,
When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so fair,—

All scattered!—all sundered by mountain and wave,
And some in the silent embrace of the grave!

I thought of the green banks, that circled around,
With wild flowers, and sweet-brier, and eglantine crowned:
I thought of the river, all quiet and bright
As the face of the sky on a blue summer night:

And I thought of the trees, under which we had strayed,
Of the broad leafy boughs, with their coolness of shade;
And I hoped, though disfigured, some token to find
Of the names, and the carvings, impressed on the rind.

All eager, I hastened the scene to behold,
Rendered sacred and dear by the feelings of old;
And I deemed that, unaltered, my eye should explore
This refuge, this haunt, this Elysium of yore.

'T was a dream!—not a token or trace could I view
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew:
Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day,
'Like a tale that is told,'—they had vanished away.

And methought the lone river, that murmured along,
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its song,
Since the birds, that had nestled and warbled above,
Had all fled from its banks, at the fall of the grove.

I paused:—and the moral came home to my heart:—
Behold, how of earth all the glories depart!
Our visions are baseless,—our hopes but a gleam,—
Our staff but a reed,—and our life but a dream.

Then, Oh, let us look—let our prospects allure—
To scenes that can fade not, to realms that endure,
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime
O'er the blightings of change, and the ruins of time.

LESSON LXXXII.

Autumn Woods.—BRYANT.

ERE, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,

The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet southwest, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny-colored foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad;

Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad!

Ah! 't were a lot too blest
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amidst the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

LESSON LXXXIII.

Early Recollections.—NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

IT is delightful to fling a glance back to our early years, and recall our boyish actions, glittering with the light of hope, and the sanguine expectations of incipient being. But the remembrance of our sensations, when we were full of elasticity, when life was new, and every sense and relish keen, when the eye saw nothing but a world of beauty and glory around, every object glittering in golden resplendency, —is the most agreeable thing of all.

The recollection of boyish actions gives small gratification to persons of mature years, except for what may, perchance, be associated with them. But youthful sensations, experienced when the edge of enjoyment was most keen, and the senses exquisitely susceptible, furnish delightful recollections, that cling around some of us, in the last stage of life, like the principle of being itself. How do we recollect the exquisite taste of a particular fruit or dish to have been then! how delicious a cool draught from the running stream! A landscape, a particular tree, a field, how much better defined and delightfully colored then, than they ever appeared afterwards.

There was a single tree opposite the door of my father's house:—I remember, even now, how every limb branched off, and that I thought no tree could be finer or larger. I loved its shade; I played under it for years; but when I visited it, after my first absence for a few months from home,

though I recognised it with intense interest, it appeared lessened in size; it was an object I loved, but as a tree it no longer attracted wonder at its dimensions. During my absence, I had travelled in a forest of much larger trees, and the pleasure and well-defined image in my mind's eye, which I owed to the singleness of this object, I never again experienced in observing another.

Can I ever forget the sunny side of the wood, where I used to linger away my holidays among the falling leaves of the trees in autumn? I can recall the very smell of the sere foliage to recollection; and the sound of the dashing water is even now in my ear. The rustling of the boughs, the sparkling of the stream, the gnarled trunks of the old oaks around, long since levelled by the axe, left impressions to be obliterated only by death. The pleasure I then felt was undefinable; but I was satisfied to enjoy, without caring whence my enjoyment arose.

The old churchyard and its yew trees, where I sacrilegiously enjoyed my pastimes among the dead,—and the ivied tower, the belfry of which I frequently ascended, and wondered at the skill which could form such ponderous masses as the bells, and lift them so high,—these were objects that, on Sundays particularly, often filled my mind, upon viewing them, with a sensation that cannot be put into language.

It was not joy, but a soothing, tranquil delight, that made me forget, for an instant, that I had any desire in the world unsatisfied. I have often thought since, that this state of mind must have approached pretty closely to happiness. As we passed the churchway path to the old Gothic porch on Sundays, I used to spell the inscriptions on the tombs, and wonder at the length of a life that exceeded sixty or seventy years; for days then passed more slowly than weeks pass now.

I visited, the other day, the school-room where I had once been the drudge of a system of learning, the end of which I could not understand, and where, as was then the fashion, every method taken seemed intended to disgust the scholar with those studies he should be taught to love. I looked again at my old seat; but my youthful recollections of the worse than eastern slavery I there endured, made me regard what I saw with a feeling of peculiar distaste.

It was not thus with the places I visited during the short space of cessation from task and toil that the week allowed. The meadow, where, in true gaiety of heart, I had leaped, and raced, and played,—this recalled the contentedness of

mind and the overflowing tide of delight I once experienced, when, climbing the stile which led into it, I left behind me the book and the task. How the sunshine of the youthful breast burst forth upon me, and the gushing spirit of unreined and innocent exhilaration braced every fibre, and rushed through every vein!

The sun has never shone so brilliantly since. How fragrant were the flowers! How deep the azure of the sky! How vivid were the hues of nature! How intense the short-lived sensations of pain and pleasure! How generous were all impulses! How confiding, open, and upright, all actions! 'Inhumanity to the distressed, and insolence to the fallen,' those besetting sins of manhood, how utterly strangers to the heart! How little of sordid interests, and how much of intrepid honesty, was then displayed!

The sensations peculiar to youth, being the result of impulse rather than reflection, have the advantage over those of manhood, however the pride of reason may give the latter the superiority. In manhood there is always a burden of thought bearing on the wheels of enjoyment. In manhood, too, we have the misfortune of seeing the wrecks of early associations scattered everywhere around us. Youth can see nothing of this. It can take no review of antecedent pleasures or pains, that become such a source of melancholy emotion in mature years. It has never sauntered through the rooms of a building, and recalled early days spent under its roof.

I remember my feelings on an occasion of this sort, when I was like a traveller on the plain of Babylon, wondering where all that had once been to me so great and mighty then was; in what gulf the sounds of merriment, that once reverberated from the walls; the master, the domestic, the aged, and the young, had disappeared. Our early recollections are pleasing to us, because they look not on the morrow. Alas! what did that morrow leave, when it had become merged in the past!

I have lately traversed the village in which I was born, without discovering a face that I knew. Houses have been demolished, fronts altered, tenements built, trees rooted up, and alterations effected, that make me feel a stranger amid the home of my fathers. The old-fashioned and roomy house, where my infant years had been watched by parental affection, had been long uninhabited; it was in decay: the storm beat through its fractured windows, and it was

partly roofless. The garden, and its old elms,—the scene associated with the cherished feelings of many a happy hour,—lay a weedy waste.

> Amid thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
> And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
> Sunk are thy towers in shapeless ruin all,
> And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall!

But the picture it represented in my youth exhibits it as true and vivid as ever. It is hung up in memory in all its freshness, and time cannot dilapidate its image. It is now become an essence, that defies the mutability of material things. It is fixed in ethereal colors on the tablets of the mind, and lives within the domain of spirit; within the circumference of which the universal spoiler possesses no sovereignty.

LESSON LXXXIV.

The American in England.—IRVING.

ENGLAND is as classic ground to an American, as Italy is to an Englishman; and old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome.

But what more especially attracts his notice, are those peculiarities which distinguish an old country, and an old state of society, from a new one. I have never yet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages, to blunt the intense interest with which I at first beheld them.

Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, in anticipation; where every thing in art was new and progressive, and pointed to the future rather than to the past; where, in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence, and prospective improvement; there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, gray with antiquity, and sinking to decay.

I cannot describe the mute but deep-felt enthusiasm, with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin, like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a genial valley, and shut up from the world, as though it had existed merely for

itself; or a warrior pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness on its rocky height, a mere hollow, yet threatening phantom of departed power. They spread a grand, a melancholy, and, to me, an unusual charm over the landscape. I for the first time beheld signs of national old age, and empire's decay, and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of art, amidst the ever-springing and reviving fertility of nature.

But, in fact, to me every thing was full of matter: the footsteps of history were every where to be traced; and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land. I experienced the delightful freshness of feeling of a child, to whom every thing is new. I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants, and a mode of life, for every habitation that I saw; from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw-thatched cottage, with its scanty garden, and its cherished woodbine.

I thought I never could be sated with the sweetness and freshness of a country, so completely carpeted with verdure; where every air breathed of the balmy pasture, and the honey-suckled hedge. I was continually coming upon some little document of poetry, in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object, that has received a supernatural value from the muse. The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale, I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associations, than by the melody of its notes; and I shall never forget the thrill of ecstasy with which I first saw the lark rise, almost from beneath my feet, and wing its mercurial flight up to the morning sky.

LESSON LXXXV.

The Poetry of Ossian.—HOWITT.

OSSIAN is a book to be read amid the gloomy silence, or the loud, gusty winds of November. There is an ancient dwelling, in a sylvan and 'out of the world' part of the country, which I frequent about as often as there are months in the year. In the summer it is surrounded by out-door delights, woods, green fields, sweet songs, and all the pleasantnesses of flowers, breezes, and sunshine, which tempt me to loiter among them; but in the autumnal and wintry

months, I habitually cast my eyes upon a small recess, filled with books, and, amongst them, upon Ossian; and if I remember any hours of peculiar enjoyment, I do those thus occupied.

The days and feelings of my boyhood are at once brought back again. I connect the scenes and the heroes of the 'Voice of Cona' in some mysterious manner, with the memory of those with whom I was wont to admire them; and am snatched from a world of cold calculation and selfishness, in which we all too willingly participate, to one of glory and generosity.

We are often asked wherein consists the peculiar charm of Ossian. It is in the graceful delicacy and refined affection of his female characters; the reckless bravery, lofty sentiment, and generous warmth of his warriors, and the wildness of the scenery in which they dwell. We are delighted to find his lovely and noble beings on their rude heaths, or in their rude halls, exhibiting a poetical refinement of mind, far transcending the tone of modern society, with all the beautiful set-off of the simplicity of ancient manners.

And then, what a pathos is in their sorrows. The harp of Ossian is truly a 'harp of sorrow.' It breathes perpetually of melancholy tenderness. It is the voice of age lamenting over departed glory; over beauty and strength cut down in their prime; and it comes to us from the dimness of antiquity, and from a land of hills and woods, of mists and meteors,—from the heath of mossy and gray stones, the roaring of mountain-streams, the blasted tree, the withered leaves, and the thistle's beard, that flies on the wind of autumn.

Am I told that it is merely a pleasant, modern fiction? What then? If so, it is one of the pleasantest fictions that ever were wrought; and the man who made, it one of the happiest geniuses. For years did he toil to acquire the art and the name of a poet; but in vain. His conceptions were meagre; his style monotonous and common-place; and through the multitude of verses which he has left, we look in vain for aught which might justify the manufacture of them; but, in a happy hour, he burst at once into a most original style of poetry—into a language which shows not *symptoms* of feeling, but melts and glows with it into poetic imagery; which is not scattered sparingly and painfully, but with a full, a free, and an unwearied hand.

If this be true, it is wonderful; but I shall choose not to

believe it true. I shall choose to think of Ossian as the ancient and veritable bard, and Macpherson as the fortunate fellow, who found his scattered lays, and who perhaps added links and *amendments* of his own.

LESSON LXXXVI.

The Pleasures of Science.—BROUGHAM.

To pass our time in the study of the sciences has, in all ages, been reckoned one of the most dignified and happy of human occupations; and the name of Philosopher, or Lover of Wisdom, is given to those who lead such a life. But it is by no means necessary that a man should do nothing else than study known truths, and explore new, in order to earn this high title.

Some of the greatest philosophers, in all ages, have been engaged in the pursuits of active life; and he who, in whatever station his lot may be cast, prefers the refined and elevating pleasures of knowledge to the low gratification of the senses, richly deserves the name of a Philosopher.

It is easy to show, that there is a positive gratification resulting from the study of the sciences. If it be a pleasure to gratify curiosity—to know what we were ignorant of—to have our feelings of wonder called forth, how pure a delight of this very kind does natural science hold out to its students! Recollect some of the extraordinary discoveries of mechanical philosophy.

Is there any thing in all the idle books of tales and horrors, with which youthful readers are so much delighted, more truly astonishing than the fact, that a few pounds of water may, without any machinery, by merely being placed in a particular way, produce an irresistible force? What can be more strange, than that an ounce weight should balance hundreds of pounds, by the intervention of a few bars of thin iron?

Observe the extraordinary truths which optical science discloses! Can any thing surprise us more, than to find that the color of white is a mixture of all others; that red, and blue, and green, and all the rest, merely by being blended in certain proportions, form what we had fancied rather to be no color at all than all colors together?

Chemistry is not behind in its wonders. That the diamond should be made of the same material with coal; that water should be chiefly composed of an inflammable substance; that acids should be almost all formed of different kinds of air; and that one of those acids, whose strength can dissolve almost any of the metals, should be made of the self-same ingredients with the common air we breathe: these, surely, are things to excite the wonder of any reflecting mind—nay, of any one but little accustomed to reflect. —And yet these are trifling, when compared to the prodigies which astronomy opens to our view: the enormous masses of the heavenly bodies; their immense distances; their countless numbers and their motions, whose swiftness mocks the uttermost efforts of the imagination.

Akin to this pleasure of contemplating new and extraordinary truths, is the gratification of a more learned curiosity, by tracing resemblances and relations between things which, to common apprehension, seem widely different. It is surely a satisfaction, for instance, to know that the same thing, which causes the sensation of heat, causes also fluidity; that electricity, the light, which is seen on the back of a cat when slightly rubbed on a frosty evening, is the very same matter with the lightning of the clouds; that plants breathe like ourselves, but differently, by day and by night; that the air, which burns in our lamps, enables a balloon to mount.

Nothing can at first sight appear less like, or less likely to be caused by the same thing, than the processes of burning and of breathing,—the rust of metals and burning,—the influence of a plant on the air it grows in by night, and of an animal on the same air at any time, nay, and of a body burning in that air; and yet all these operations, so unlike to common eyes, when examined by the light of science, are the same.

Nothing can be less like than the working of a vast steam-engine and the crawling of a fly upon the window; yet we find, that these two operations are performed by the same means—the weight of the atmosphere; and that a sea-horse climbs the ice-hills by no other power. Can any thing be more strange to contemplate? Is there, in all the fairy-tales that ever were fancied, any thing more calculated to arrest the attention, and to occupy and to gratify the mind, than this most unexpected resemblance between things so unlike to the eyes of ordinary beholders?

Then, if we raise our views to the structure of the heavens,

we are again gratified with tracing accurate but most unexpected resemblances. Is it not in the highest degree interesting to find, that the power which keeps the earth in its shape and in its path, wheeling round the sun, extends over all the other worlds that compose the universe, and gives to each its proper place and motion; that the same power keeps the moon in her path round the earth; that the same power causes the tides upon our earth, and the peculiar form of the earth itself; and that, after all, it is the same power which makes a stone fall to the ground? To learn these things, and to reflect upon them, fills the mind, and produces certain as well as pure gratification.

The highest of all our gratifications in the study of science remains. We are raised by science to an understanding of the infinite wisdom and goodness which the Creator has displayed in all his works. Not a step can we take, in any direction, without perceiving the most extraordinary traces of design; and the skill, every where conspicuous, is calculated in so vast a proportion of instances, to promote the happiness of living creatures, and especially of ourselves, that we can feel no hesitation in concluding, that if we knew the whole scheme of Providence, every part would appear to be in harmony with a plan of absolute benevolence. Independently, however, of this most consoling inference, the delight is inexpressible, of being able to follow, as it were with our eyes, the marvellous works of the great Architect of Nature, and to trace the unbounded power and exquisite skill, which are exhibited in the most minute, as well as in the mightiest parts of his system.

LESSON LXXXVII.

Female Influence.—GANNETT.

WITHOUT touching the question of the relative superiority of the sexes, we cannot doubt that their powers are various. The sensibilities and affections are the strength of woman's nature. Feeling is the favorite element of her soul. She has an instinctive sympathy with the tender, the generous, and the pure. We expect from her examples of goodness. Vice appears more unnatural in her than in the other sex; it

certainly is more odious. Vulgarity seems coarser, immorality more inexcusable, impiety more shocking.

A wicked woman expresses the climax of depravity. By the law of her nature, moreover, woman is determined towards reliance and confidence, rather than towards an independence of foreign support. She is willing to rest on another's arm, she seeks protection, she covets affection. We describe hers as the gentler and the feebler sex; and these are not the epithets of poetry, so much as of fact and nature.

The influence of the female sex is not confined to their homes. No; it is felt through society, felt where they are never seen, felt by man in his busiest and his most stormy hours. It would not be easy to exaggerate the amount or the importance of the influence, which they hold over manners, opinions, and customs. I am speaking of a state of society, where that place is given to the sex, of which they have in so many countries and for so many ages been defrauded.

The tone of moral sentiment through the land, depends upon the women of the land. It will bear the character which they consent to have it bear. Neither irreligion nor hypocrisy, neither coarse nor polished vice, neither a false standard of truth, nor a false standard of honor, can prevail, if they discountenance it. Pertness and foppery would be driven by their contempt into the darkness, from which they should never have issued. Arrogant skepticism and light-tongued faith would be rebuked by their frown, while purity of taste, lofty sentiment, intellectual improvement, moral feeling, and a simple but steadfast piety, would flourish under their patronage, like the flowers under the mild sunshine of spring.

And let every one, be she in humble or conspicuous place, be wealth or toil her portion, have she many or few friends, be she admired or passed by in the crowd, let her remember that the whole is made up of its parts, that the influence of the sex results from the character and deportment of each one whom it includes, and that an exception to the general practice might be injurious, though conformity to it might as a single force be productive of little good.

Every woman is as accountable for whatever influence she may exert, as if it would be felt over a continent. Catharine of Russia, even among that rude people, owed a service to society as much in her youthful obscurity, as when she was the sole occupant of the throne. The daughter of

Necker wielded an influence, which she ought to have more respected, long before her writings were the admiration of Europe. It is not authors nor queens, the gifted with talent nor with wealth, who determine the spirit and character of the age. It is the many, of whom each individual is an important one.

If through female encouragement and example, the spirit of this age is to be purified of folly, if it is to be elevated and adorned by excellence, women must be sincerely and practically religious. Their regard for religion must not be superficial; their reverence and love for it must appear to be seated in the heart. Let it be known that they are the advocates of a piety which they cherish in their own souls, and that they are opposed, in principle and habit, to every practice inconsistent with the morality of the gospel, and however great a change must be made in the sentiments or usages of the other sex, it will be made.

For when the alternative is amendment or exclusion from their favor, hesitation will not long precede choice. Here is a suitable and noble field for their patriotism. Here they may render better service to the State, than if their votes were given for its rulers, or their voices were heard in its deliberative assemblies. They may send to exercise the prerogatives of freemen and magistrates those, who, never swerving from the line of duty, will fear God and work righteousness.

The situation of woman is very different now, from her condition before Christianity had enlightened the world; very different now in Christian Europe and America, and in Mohammedan or Pagan Asia and Africa. The sex owe a debt of gratitude to the gospel of Jesus Christ, which they can never discharge; and in this circumstance, I find a reason for urging upon them the culture of religious character.

It was Christianity, which raised woman from degradation and servitude, which placed her by the side of man, and taught him to treat her as an equal and a friend. It was Christianity, which revived in her the consciousness of a nature which the blind tyranny of the other sex had doomed to inaction and oblivion. It was Christianity, which opened to her treasures of happiness, from which she had been debarred on earth, and joys celestial, to which she had never dared to lift an eye of hope. It is Christianity, which has made her what she is in every civilized nation on the globe, and may ultimately redeem every one of her sex from an unjust bondage to ignorance and human will.

LESSON LXXXVIII

An Address to a young Student.—KNOX.

YOUR parents have watched over your helpless infancy, and conducted you, with many a pang, to an age at which your mind is capable of manly improvement. Their solicitude still continues, and no trouble nor expense is spared, in giving you all the instructions and accomplishments which may enable you to act your part in life, as a man of polished sense and confirmed virtue.

You have, then, already contracted a great debt of gratitude to them. You can pay it by no other method, but by using properly the advantages which their goodness has afforded you. If your own endeavors are deficient, it is in vain that you have tutors, books, and all the external apparatus of literary pursuits. You must love learning, if you would possess it. In order to love it, you must feel its delights; in order to feel its delights, you must apply to it, however irksome at first, closely, constantly, and for a considerable time.

If you have resolution enough to do this, you cannot but love learning; for the mind always loves that to which it has been so long, steadily, and voluntarily attached. Habits are formed, which render what was at first disagreeable, not only pleasant, but necessary. Pleasant indeed, are all the paths which lead to polite and elegant literature. Yours then is surely a lot particularly happy. Your education is of such a sort, that its principal scope is, to prepare you to receive a refined pleasure during your life.

Elegance, or delicacy of taste, is one of the first objects of classical discipline; and it is this fine quality which opens a new world to the scholar's view. Elegance of taste has a connexion with many virtues, and all of them virtues of the most amiable kind. It tends to render you at once good and agreeable; you must therefore be an enemy to your own enjoyment, if you enter on the discipline which leads to the attainment of a classical and liberal education, with reluctance. Value duly the opportunities you enjoy, and which are denied to thousands of your fellow creatures.

By laying in a store of useful knowledge, adorning your mind with elegant literature, improving and establishing

your conduct by virtuous principles, you cannot fail of being a comfort to those friends who have supported you, of being happy within yourself, and of being well received by mankind. Honor and success in life will probably attend you. Under all circumstances you will have an eternal source of consolation and entertainment, of which no sublunary vicissitude can deprive you.

Time will show how much wiser has been your choice than that of your idle companions, who would gladly have drawn you into their association, or rather into their conspiracy, as it has been called, against good manners, and against all that is honorable and useful. While you appear in society as a respectable and valuable member of it, they will, perhaps, have sacrificed at the shrine of vanity, pride, and extravagance, and false pleasure, their health and their sense, their fortune and their characters.

LESSON LXXXIX.

The Rivulet.—BRYANT.

THIS little rill that, from the springs
Of yonder grove, its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet when life was new.
When woods in early green were drest,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play;
To crop the violet on its brim,
And listen to the throstle's hymn,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.

Words cannot tell how glad and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
High visions then, and lofty schemes
Glorious and bright as fairy dreams,
And daring hopes, that now to speak,
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me; and I wrote on high
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in proud and grand decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
But thou, gay, merry rivulet,
Dost dimple, play, and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.

The same sweet sounds are in my ear,
My early childhood loved to hear;
As pure thy limpid waters run,
As bright they sparkle to the sun;
As fresh the herbs that crowd to drink
The moisture of thy oozy brink;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue;
As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted water cress;
And the brown ground bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him,
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are past—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.

I 've tried the world—it wears no more
The coloring of romance it wore.
Yet well has nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth;
The radiant beauty, shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly, to my sobered eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
And I, all trembling, weak, and gray,
Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould,
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date)
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favorite brook,
Then dimly on my eyes shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream;
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattling current's merry call;
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gaily shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shalt pass;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

LESSON XC.

To the Evening Wind.—BRYANT.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;

Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray.
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth, into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

LESSON XCI.

Autumn.—LONGFELLOW.

O, WITH what glory comes and goes the year!—
The buds of spring—those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times—enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and, with
A sober gladness, the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn, on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales
The gentle wind—a sweet and passionate wooer—
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beach, and maple yellow-leaved,—
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the way-side a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves; the purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,—
A winter bird,—comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel; whilst aloud,
From cottage roofs, the warbling blue-bird sings;
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O, what a glory doth this world put on
For him, that, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

LESSON XCII.

Studies of Nature.—MUDIE.

THE cheapest, the most accessible, and, at the same time, the most instructive and delightful, of all studies, is the study of Nature. The student of literature must have his library, the natural philosopher or the chemist his apparatus, and the student of man his annals and records, which are always imperfect, and the greater part of his time must be spent in establishing their truth or detecting their falsehood.

All these must be out of the living world, as it were—must abstract themselves from the sun, the sky, the earth, and the sea, and keep aloof from the charms and fascinations of that world of wonders, that creation of beauties and utilities, which is so abundant, so universal, and so fitted for the gratification of the human mind, that the very first time that an infant exercises its feet upon the sward, or stretches its arms in the open air, it is to chase butterflies or cull wild flowers. And, unless where the enchantments of society allure, or the hardships of life compel, this the first and fondest attraction, retains its freshness to the last.

If pleasure, unmixed with forecastings of retributive bitterness, is sought—if the body is to be recruited after the exhaustion of disease—if the wounded spirit is to be healed after the anguish of privation or the agony of misfortune—nay, if there is any hope that reason shall resume her power, after the pressure on the mind has been more than its strength,—the 'joy that bringeth no sorrow'—the medicine for the disease—the balm for the wounded spirit—the asylum for the wandering mind—are found nowhere but in the sunny glades, the green canopies, and the life-imparting breezes of nature.

So, also, when the strength has failed, and the common occupations of life can no longer be followed, and its common amusements can no longer give pleasure—when wealth becomes uneasiness, honor a burden, the banquet palls on the appetite, and the ear is dull to the sounds of music, and the eye dim to all the panoply of grandeur—place but the sufferer in society upon a green slope, where the landscape spreads wide and full before him, with its clustering woods, its opening glades, its blue uplands, and its varied and varying lights and shadows; with its sparkling cataracts, its

glittering streams, and glassy lakes; with its flocks, its herds, and its wild animals, roaming from pasture to pasture, or bounding from cover to cover; with its flowers of every spot; and on every spray, its living inhabitants, from the eagle that dashes heavenward, defying the ardors of the sun, to the eel that leaves not the ooze at the bottom of the water, save to perform its curious migration to the sea: when the inspiring breath of the sweet southwest just puts the twigs and leaves into life, and the light summer clouds, flinging their shadows, now here, now there, make the one view a thousand, ere the throbs of the renovated heart have counted the half of that number; when, in short, all nature is 'beauty to the eye, music to the ear,' essence to the smell, and life to the spirit;—there comes a new lustre on the eye, a young perception on all the senses; the arteries have more elasticity; the whole system, that was withering in art, waxes green in nature; and even near the brink of the grave man feels a triumph over death—a consciousness of immortality which no skepticism can shake, and no mortal misery cloud.

But this study is as important in fact as it is delightful in feeling. All that the human race can possess, or enjoy, or know, and the foundations or the proofs of all that they can believe, are contained in the existence, the appearances, and the laws (that is, the successions of appearances,) of that vast and wonderful structure to which we give the name of Nature.

It is at once the building and the book of 'the living God:' the elder volume as compared with the book of Revelation, above all price as that is, and inestimable as are the blessings which it confers on man. That sacred volume is, as it were, only a special statute, given in the most beneficent mercy, but given only to one race, and for one purpose—a grand and paramount purpose, I grant, but still only one.

It is 'the law and the testimony' to man, for virtue in the present life, for hope in the life to come, and for enjoyment, for the only secure happiness and bliss, in both. But that which is written on the earth and the sea, and of which the lines extend farther into the sky than wing can cleave or imagination penetrate, is 'the law and the testimony' to more races of beings than human arithmetic or even human fancy can number.

Those which can be observed, with little trouble and no artificial aid, amount to many thousands of distinct tribes and races, each having appearances and characters by which

it is distinguished from the others, and exhibiting at one time, even in a small space, more individuals than could be counted. Who, for instance, would undertake to number the stalks of wheat in one field, the blades of grass that carpet one meadow, the plants on one heath, the fishes in one shoal, the sea birds that fly and scream round one rock, or the flies which, in one sunny hour after the rain has beaten to the earth or cast on the water all their ancestors, wanton over the surface of one pool? But these extents are but as so many mere points, compared with the whole surface of the earth; and the time during which they can be observed, even though it were extended to the whole life of the observer, is not as a moment to a year, compared with the duration of recorded time.

LESSON XCIII.

The Love of our Country strengthened by the Observation of Nature.—MUDIE.

THE Author of the Creation has so tempered the productions of the earth and the waters, and the changes and the appearances of the atmosphere, to the wants of man in every zone, from the burning equator to the icy pole, that, amid all the varieties of season and climate, the man, who knows and loves his country (and knowing it he cannot but love it), thinks his own country the very best; and would migrate in sorrow from the ice-clad rocks of Labrador, to the perpetual spring and unchanging verdure of the Atlantic isles.

The Bedouin, who careers over the sandy plain, fleet as the whirlwind, carrying his handful of dates for his day's repast, and marching twenty miles to the palm-encircled pool, at which he is to quench his thirst, would not give up the joy of the wilderness for the fattest plains and the most gorgeous cities. He has known nature, and seen the working of nature's God in the desert, and beyond that, or higher than that, the very excess and perfection of man's working cannot give him pleasure.

And who are they, whose ancestry in their present localities stretches backward, till its fading memorials out-measure, not only all that has been written, but all that has been

erected in brick or in marble, or in the aged granite itself, the primeval father of mountain and of rock? Are they the inhabitants of fertile plains, spreading wide their productive bosoms to the sun, rich in flocks and herds, thronged with villages, and joyous with cities and palaces? I trow not.

They are the men of the mountains; and if there is love of country upon earth, you will find it where there is only a mountain pine, a mountain goat, and a mountaineer, as fast rooted and as firm footed on the rock as either.

Ask of the mountains of Britain; and Snowdon shall answer to Ben-Nevis, and Wharnside shall respond to gray Cairngorm, 'We have known our people for a thousand years, and each year of the thousand they have loved us the more. Our summits are bleak, but they point to heaven; they are hoary with age, but the hope of immortality breathes around them.'

Glance your eye over Asia, and you shall find, that while conquest and change of race have swept the plains of Euphrates and Ganges like floods, and the level steppes of Siberia like the north wind, Caucasus and Himmalaya have retained their people, and their tuneful cliffs echo the same language as they did in the days of the patriarchs.

And who, too, had footing on the Alps before the Swiss, or on the Pyrenees before the Basques; and how long did the expiring sounds of the Celtic language wail among the Cornish rocks, after the lowlands of England had become Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, by turns, and the mingling of a fivefold race had given to the country the most capable population under the sun?

Turn whithersoever we will, on the surface of the globe, or in the years of its history, the discovery is ever the same. The Phenicians were once great in Northern Africa, and the Egyptians mighty by Nilus' flood; but where now are the ships of Carthage, the palaces of Memphis, or the gates of Thebes; or where are the men by whom these were erected, or the conquerors by whom they were laid waste?

The cormorant sits solitary on those heaps by the Euphrates, where the conqueror of Egypt erected his throne; the Goth and the Hun trod with mockery over the tombs of the Scipios; and the turbaned Arab has erected his tent over the fallen palaces of Numantia; but the cliffs of Atlas have retained their inhabitants, and the same race which dwelt there before Carthage or Rome, or Babylon or Mem-

phis, had existence, dwell there still, and, shielded by the fastnesses of their mountains, the sword will not slay them, neither will the fire burn.

Every where it is the same. If we turn our observation to the west:—the plains of Guiana, and Brazil, and Mexico, and Peru, and Chili, and Paraguay have been rendered up to the grasping hand of conquest; and, because of the gold and the silver they contain, the thickly-serried Andes have been held by the skirts; but the red Indian is still in his mountain dwelling; and in spite of all that fanaticism and avarice, yet more fell, have been able to accomplish, in the very passion and intoxication of their daring (and they have been dreadful in those sunny lands), Chimborazo looks down, from his lofty dwelling among the earthquakes, on the huts of his primeval inhabitants; and Orizaba yet mingles his smoke with that of fires kindled by the descendants of those, whose ancestors tenanted his sides before Mexico was a city, or the Atzec race had journeyed into central America.

Now, whenever the globe speaks in unison from every point of its surface, and history brings testimony from its every page, we may rest assured that there is more than common instruction in the tale; and, therefore, we should read and meditate upon it with more than ordinary attention.

And why is it, that man not only clings with the greatest pertinacity to those places of the earth to which, as we would say, nature has been the least bountiful, but also loves them with the most heartfelt affection, and acquires an elevation of mind, a determinedness of purpose, and a joyance of spirit in them, more than in places which abound far more in the good things of this world? The facts are certain and absolute; for there is not one exception to them; and therefore the lesson that they teach us must be wisdom. It is wisdom, too, which bears directly upon our present object; and it is wisdom which is soon learned.

It is simply this: that in those wild and, as we would call them, barren places, man's chief occupation and converse are with nature: whereas, in richer places, where there is more to tempt worldly ambition and worldly enterprise, art is his chief occupation, and becomes by habit his chief enjoyment.

LESSON XCIV.

Hannah Lamond.—WILSON.

ALMOST all the people in the parish were leading in their meadow-hay on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind,—and huge heaped-up carts, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward, beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions toward the snug farm-yards. Never had the parish seemed before so populous.

Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song. But the tree-gnomons threw the shadow of 'one o'clock' on the green dial-face of the earth—the horses were unyoked, and took instantly to grazing—groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children, collected under grove and bush, and hedge-row,—graces were pronounced, and the great Being who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his eternal throne, well-pleased with the piety of his thankful creatures.

The great Golden Eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and flew away with something in his talons. One single, sudden female shriek—and then shouts and outcries as if a church-spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a sacrament! 'Hannah Lamond's bairn! Hannah Lamond's bairn!' was the loud, fast-spreading cry. 'The eagle's ta'en off Hannah Lamond's bairn!' and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying towards the mountain.

Two miles of hill, and dale, and copse, and shingle, and many intersecting brooks lay between; but in an incredibly short time, the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The eyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock-ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Stuart the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain?

All kept gazing, weeping, wringing of hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running back and forwards, like so many ants in discomfiture. 'What's the use—what 's the use o' any poor human means? We have no power but in prayer!' and many knelt down—fathers and mothers, thinking of their own children, as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody had noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eye-sight. 'Only last Sabbath was my sweet little one baptized:' and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death,—fearless as a goat playing among precipices.

No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, climbed the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements and down dilapidated staircases, deep as draw-wells or coal-pits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds, at midnight?

It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion—who sees her infant hurried off by a demon to a hideous death—bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den, and fiercer and more furious far, in the passion of love, than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends, that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance before the eye of the all-seeing God?

No stop—no stay—she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear, then, but once crossed her heart, as up—up—up to the little image made of her own flesh and blood. 'The God who holds me now from perishing—will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?' Down came the fierce rushing of the eagles' wings—each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes.

All at once they quailed, and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract, and the Christian mother falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—dead—dead—dead, no doubt,—but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay, in a nook of

the harvest field. Oh! what pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart, from that faint feeble cry—'It lives—it lives—it lives!' and baring her bosom, with loud laughter and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the fount of life and love!

LESSON XCV.

The same Continued.

WHERE, all this while, was Mark Stuart, the sailor? Half way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim, and his head dizzy, and his heart sick; and he who had so often reefed the top-gallant-sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights. 'And who will take care of my poor bed-ridden mother,' thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered 'GOD.'

She looked round expecting to see an angel, but nothing moved except a rotten branch, that under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye, by some secret sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object, watched its fall; and it seemed to stop, not far off on a small platform. Her child was bound within her bosom—she remembered not how or when—but it was safe—and scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below.

With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by briar and broom, and heather, and dwarf birch. There a loosened stone lept over a ledge, and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the screes, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff.

Steep as the wall of a house was now the side of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy, centuries old—long ago dead, and without a single green leaf—but with thousands of arm-thick stems petrified into the rock, and cover-

ing it as with a trellis. She bound her babe to her neck, and with hands and feet clung to that fearful ladder. Turning round her head, and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish, so great was the multitude, on their knees! and hush, the voice of psalms—a hymn, breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain—but nothing dirge-like—breathing not of death, but deliverance.

Often had she sung that tune, perhaps the very words, in her own hut—she and her mother—or in the kirk, along with all the congregation. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy, and in sudden inspiration, believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth—the psalm was hushed—but a tremulous sobbing voice was close beside her; and lo! a she-goat, with two little kids at her feet! 'Wild heights,' thought she, 'do these creatures climb, but the dam will lead down her kid by the easiest paths; for O, even in the brute creatures, what is the holy power of a mother's love!' and turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept.

Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never touched before by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamt of scaling it; and the golden eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain side, though seamed, and chasmed, was yet accessible—and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Glead's Cliff.

Many were now attempting it, and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards through, among dangers that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another, and she knew that God had delivered her and her child in safety, into the care of their fellow creatures.

Not a word was spoken—eyes said enough—she hushed her friends with her hands, and with uplifted eyes pointed to the guides sent to her by heaven. Small green plats, where those creatures nibble the wild flowers, became now more frequent trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brushwood dwindled away into straggling shrubs,

and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath. There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing and many tears among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs,—sublime was the shout that echoed afar the moment she reached the eyrie,—and now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood.

And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor humble creature, unknown to many even by name —one who had had but few friends, nor wished for more— contented to work all day, here—there—any where—that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child—and who on sabbath took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the kirk!

'Fall back, and give her fresh air,' said the old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened round her, lying as in death. 'Give me the dear child into my arms,' cried first one mother, and then another, and it was tenderly handed round the circle of kisses, many of the young maidens bathing its face in tears. 'There 's not a single scratch about the poor innocent, for the eagle, you see, must have stuck its talons into the long clothes and the shawl. Blind! blind! must they be who see not the finger of God in this thing!'

Hannah started up from her swoon, looking wildly round, and cried, 'O! the bird, the bird!—the eagle, the eagle! The eagle has carried off my dear little Walter—is there none to pursue?' A neighbor put her child into her bosom, —and shutting her eyes, and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said in a low voice, 'Am I awake?—O tell me if I 'm awake, or if all this be the work of a fever, and the delirium of a dream.'

LESSON XCVI.

Scottish Public Worship.—GRAHAME.

———Now the solemn bell
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe.
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground:
They enter in. A placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,

Rises, and reads the anointed Shepherd's lays.
Loud swells the song. O, how that simple song,
Though rudely chanted, how it melts the heart,
Commingling soul with soul in one full tide
Of praise, of thankfulness, of humble trust!
Next comes the unpremeditated prayer,
Breathed from the inmost heart, in accents low
But earnest.——Altered is the tone; to man
Are now addressed the sacred speaker's words.
Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace,
Flow from his tongue. O, chief let comfort flow!
It is most wanted in this vale of tears.
Yes, make the widow's heart to sing for joy;
The stranger to discern the Almighty's shield
Held o'er his friendless head; the orphan child
Feel, 'mid his tears, he has a father still!
'T is done.——But hark that infant querulous voice!
And see the father raise the white-robed babe
In solemn dedication to the Lord.
The holy man sprinkles, with forth-stretched hand,
The face of innocence; then earnest turns,
And prays a blessing in the name of Him,
Who said, 'Let little children come to me:
Forbid them not.' The infant is replaced
Among the happy band: they, smilingly,
In gay attire, hie to the house of mirth,
The poor man's festival, a jubilee day
Remembered long.

LESSON XCVII.

River and Fall of Niagara.—FLINT.

AT the point, where this river issues from lake Erie, it assumes the name of Niagara. It is something more than three quarters of a mile in width, and the broad and powerful current embosoms two islands: one of them, Grand Isle, the seat of Mr. Noah's famous Jewish colony, containing eleven thousand acres, and the other, Navy island, opposite to the British village of Chippeway.

Below this island the river again becomes an unbroken sheet, a mile in width. For a half a mile below, it seems

to be waxing in wrath and power. Were this rapid in any other place, it would be noted, as one of the sublimest features of river scenery. Along this rapid, the broad and irresistible mass of rolling water is not entirely whitened, for it is too deep to become so. But it has something of that curling and angry aspect, which the sea exhibits, when swept by the first burst of a tempest.

The momentum may be conceived, when we are instructed, that in half a mile the river has a descent of fifty feet. A column of water, a mile broad, twenty-five feet deep, and propelled onward by the weight of the surplus waters of the whole prodigious basin of the lakes, rolling down this rapid declivity, at length pours over the cataract, as if falling to the eternal depths of the earth.

Instead of sublimity, the first feeling excited by this stupendous cataract is amazement. The mind accustomed only to ordinary phenomena and common exhibitions of power, feels a revulsion and recoil, from the new train of thought and feeling, forced in an instant upon it. There is hardly sufficient coolness for distinct impressions; much less for calculations.

We witness the white and terrific sheets—for an island on the very verge of the cataract divides the fall—descending more than one hundred and fifty feet into the abyss below. We feel the earth trembling under our feet. The deafening roar fills our ears. The spray, painted with rainbows, envelopes us. We imagine the fathomless caverns, which such an impetus, continued for ages, has worn. Nature arrays herself before us, in this spectacle, as an angry irresistible power, that has broken away from the beneficent control of Providence.

We have gazed upon the spectacle and heard the roar, until the mind has recovered from its amazement. We believe the first obvious thought, in most minds, is a shrinking comparison of the littleness and helplessness of man, and the insignificance of his pigmy efforts, when measuring strength with nature.

Take it all in all, it is one of the most sublime and astonishing spectacles, seen on our globe. The eye distinctly measures the amount of the mass, and we can hardly avoid thinking with the peasant, that the waters of the upper world must be drained down the cataract. But the stream continues to pour down, and this concentred and impressed symbol of the power of Omnipotence, proclaims his majesty through the forest from age to age.

An earthquake, the eruption of a volcanic mountain, the conflagration of a city, are all spectacles, in which terror is the first and predominant emotion. The most impressive exertion of human power, is seen in the murderous and sickening horrors of a conflict between two mighty armies. These, too, are transient and contingent exhibitions of sublimity.

But after we have stood an hour at the foot of these falls, after the eye has been accustomed to look at them without blenching, after the ear has been familiarized with the deafening and incessant roar, when the mind begins to calculate the grandeur of the scale of operations, upon which nature acts; then it is, that the entire and mingled feeling of sublimity rushes upon it, and this, probably, is the place on the whole globe, where it is felt in its most unmixed simplicity.

LESSON XCVIII.

Aurora Borealis.

The following impressive notice of the Aurora Borealis is extracted from the private Journal of Capt. Lyon during the voyage of discovery under Capt. Parry performed in the years 1821–22–23.

As we now had seen the darkest, although not by many degrees the coldest season of the year, it may not here be irrelevant to mention the beautiful appearance of the sky at this period. To describe the colors of these cloudless heavens would be impossible, but the delicacy and pureness of the various blended tints, excelled any thing I ever saw even in Italy.

The sun shines with undiminished lustre, so that it is impossible to contemplate it without a painful feeling to the eyes; yet, the blush color, which in severe frost always accompanies it, is in my opinion, far more pleasing than the glittering borders, which are so profusely seen on the clouds in warmer climates.

The nights are no less lovely, in consequence of the clearness of the sky. The moon and stars shine with wonderful lustre, and almost persuade one to be pleased with the surrounding desolation. The Aurora Borealis does not appear affected by the brilliancy of even the full moon, but its light continues still the same.

The first appearance of this phenomenon is generally in showers of falling rays, like those thrown from a rocket, although not so bright. These being in constant and agitated motion, have the appearance of trickling down the sky. Large masses of light succeeded next in order, alternating from a glow resembling the milky way, to the most vivid flashes, and which stream and shoot in every direction with the effect of sheet lightning, except that, after the flash, the aurora still continues to be seen.

The sudden glare and rapid burst of those wondrous showers of fire, render it impossible to observe them, without fancying they produce a rushing sound: but I am confident that there is no actual noise attending the changes, and that the idea is erroneous.

I frequently stood for hours together on the ice, to ascertain this fact, at a distance from any noise but my own breathing, and thus I formed my opinion. Neither did I observe any variety of color in the flashes, which were to my eye always of the same shade, as the milky way and vivid sheet lightning. The stars which gleam through the aurora, certainly emit a milder ray, as if a curtain of the finest gauze were interposed.

It is remarkable that whenever the weather is calm, the aurora has a tendency to form an arch, at whatever position it may occupy in the heavens. On the 29th of the month we were particularly gratified by a beautiful exhibition of this kind at near midnight. A perfect arch was formed to the southward, stretching from east to west; its centre elevated about two degrees above the horizon.

The nights was serene and dark, which added considerably to the effect, and the appearance continued unchanged for about a quarter of an hour; but on a slight breeze springing up, small rays shot occasionally to the zenith, and the arch became agitated by a gentle and undulating motion, after which it spread irregularly, and separating unto the usual streamers, soon diffused itself over the whole sky.

In stormy weather, the northern lights fly with the rapidity of lightning, and with a corresponding wildness to the gale which is blowing, giving an indescribable air of magic to the whole scene. I have never contemplated the aurora without experiencing the most awful sensations, and can readily excuse the poor untutored Indians for supposing, that, in the restless motions of the northern lights, they behold the spirits of their fathers roaming in freedom through the land of souls.

LESSON XCIX.

Anecdote of Washington.—ANONYMOUS.

IMMEDIATELY after the organization of the present government, Gen. Washington repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory for his departure to New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly remarked the ravages, which a torturing disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her.

'The people, Madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States, but before I can assume the functions of my office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and'——

Here the matron interrupted him. 'You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease, which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me I shall not be long of this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign to you; go, my son, and may that Heaven, and your mother's blessing be with you always.'

The President was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent, whose aged arm feebly, yet fondly encircled his neck. That brow, on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look, which could have awed a Roman senate in its Fabrician day, was bent in filial tenderness upon the time-worn features of this venerable matron.

The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory, retracing scenes long past, carried him back to the maternal mansion, and the days of his youth; and there the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instruction and discipline had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her, from whom, wasted by time and malady, he must soon part to meet no more.

The matron's predictions were true. The disease, which

had so long preyed upon her frame, completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of eighty-five, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

LESSON C.

To the North Star.—ANONYMOUS.

BEAUTIFUL STAR!
The brightest jewel on Night's ebon brow,
For ages thou hast gazed, as thou art gazing now,
On this world's feverish jar.

Far in the northern pole
Thy clear and steady flame burns without end:
While other planets on their journeys tend,
Forever doomed to roll.

But thou, O beacon bright in heaven's blue sea!
Dost never from thy moorings break away;
But hangest out thy constant flame for aye,
That shipwrecked men may look to thee.

The mariner, when his bark
Is driven across the ocean, bleak and drear,
And cheerlessly the breeze screams in his ear,
And midnight shrouds his billowy track,

Casts o'er the waste his straining eye,
And through the driving tempest looks to thee;
From the torn deck, and from the boiling sea,
He turns for guidance from the sky.

The moon shines when the eve grows dim;
She fills her golden horns with light, and then
Fadeth away, and is obscured again
Through all her curved rim.

But thou dost never pale thy flame,
But steadily, throughout the lapse of time,
Dost keep unmoved thy lonely throne sublime,
—Forever still the same!

The planets in their orbits disappear,
The twinkling stars haste on their cloudy path,
The round red sun an endless journey hath,
But thou art fastened in thy sphere.

Thou art a beauteous type, bright Star!
Of that pure star, Religion! on whose ray
The Christian looks for guidance on his way,
When human passions wage their war.

Upon the troublous seas of life,
When tumults stir the bosoms of mankind,
Then to Religion's steady light, his mind
Turns for a refuge from their strife.

LESSON CI.

Daybreak.—DANA.

'The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang.'

Now, brighter than the host, that, all night long,
In fiery armor, up the heavens high
Stood watch, thou com'st to wait the morning's song.
Thou com'st to tell me day again is nigh.
Star of the dawning, cheerful is thine eye;
And yet in the broad day it must grow dim.
Thou seem'st to look on me as asking why
My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim;
Thou bid'st me turn to God, and seek my rest in Him.

'Canst thou grow sad,' thou say'st, 'as earth grows bright?
And sigh, when little birds begin discourse
In quick, low voices, e'er the streaming light
Pours on their nests, as sprung from day's fresh source?
With creatures innocent thou must, perforce,
A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure.
And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse,
Of ills and pains of life, must be the cure,
And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to endure.'

I feel its calm. But there 's a sombrous hue
Along that eastern cloud of deep, dull red;
Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew;
And all the woods and hill-tops stand outspread
With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort shed.
Still—save the bird that scarcely lifts its song—
The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead—
The silent city emptied of its throng,
And ended, all alike, grief, mirth, love, hate, and wrong.

But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and mirth,
Will quicken soon; and hard, hot toil and strife,
With headlong purpose, shake this sleeping earth
With discord strange, and all that man calls life.
With thousand scattered beauties nature 's rife;
And airs, and woods, and streams, breathe harmonies:—
Man weds not these, but taketh art to wife;
Nor binds his heart with soft and kindly ties:
He, feverish, blinded lives, and, feverish, sated dies.

And 't is because man useth so amiss
Her dearest blessings, Nature seemeth sad;
Else why should she, in such fresh hour as this,
Not lift the veil, in revelation glad,
From her fair face?—It is that man is mad!
Then chide me not, clear star, that I repine,
When Nature grieves; nor deem this heart is bad.
Thou look'st towards earth: but yet the heavens are thine;
While I to earth am bound:—When will the heavens be mine?

If man would but his finer nature learn,
And not in life fantastic lose the sense
Of simpler things; could Nature's features stern
Teach him be thoughtful; then, with soul intense,
I should not yearn for God to take me hence,
But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bowed,
Remembering, humbly, why it is, and whence:
But when I see cold man of reason proud,
My solitude is sad—I 'm lonely in the crowd.

But not for this alone, the silent tear
Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,
Nor for this solemn hour:—fresh life is near,—
But all my joys!—they died when newly born.
Thousands will wake to joy; while I, forlorn,

And like the stricken deer, with sickly eye,
Shall see them pass. Breathe calm—my spirit 's torn;
Ye holy thoughts, lift up my soul on high!—
Ye hopes of things unseen, the far-off world bring nigh.

And when I grieve, O, rather let it be
That I—whom Nature taught to sit with her
On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea—
Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir
Of woods and waters, feel the quickening spur
To my strong spirit;—who, as mine own child,
Do love the flower, and in the ragged bur
A beauty see—that I this mother mild
Should leave, and go with Care, and passions fierce and wild!

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
Shot 'thwart the earth!—in crown of living fire
Up comes the Day!—as if they conscious quaffed
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city, spire
Laugh in the wakening light.—Go, vain Desire!
The dusky lights have gone; go thou thy way!
And pining Discontent, like them, expire!
Be called my chamber, PEACE, when ends the day;
And let me with the dawn, like PILGRIM, sing and pray!

LESSON CII.

Alpine Flowers.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

MEEK dwellers mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye?—Did some white-winged messenger,
On Mercy's missions, trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?—

—Tree nor shrub
Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Uprears a veteran front; yet there *ye* stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribbed ice,

And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him,
Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencilled beauty. 'Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-winged gale,
And freer dreams of Heaven.

LESSON CIII.

Story of Grant and Macpherson.—ANONYMOUS.

A DEADLY feud subsisted, almost from time immemorial, between the families of Macpherson of Bendearg, and Grant of Cairn, and was handed down unimpaired even to the close of the last century. In earlier times the warlike chiefs of these names found frequent opportunities of testifying their mutual animosity; and few inheritors of the fatal quarrel left the world, without having moistened it with the blood of some of their hereditary enemies.

But, in our own day, the progress of civilization, which had reached even these wild countries, the heart of the North Highlands, although it could not extinguish entirely the transmitted spirit of revenge, at least kept it within safe bounds; and the feud of Macpherson and Grant threatened, in the course of another generation, to die entirely away, or, at least, to exist only in some vexatious lawsuit, fostered by the petty jealousies of two men of hostile tempers and contiguous property.

It was not, however, without some ebullitions of ancient fierceness, that the flame, which had burned for so many centuries, seemed about to expire. Once, at a meeting of the country gentlemen, on a question of privilege arising, Bendearg took occasion to throw out some taunts, aimed at

his hereditary foe, which the fiery Grant immediately received as the signal of defiance, and a challenge was the consequence.

The sheriff of the county, however, having got intimation of the affair, put both parties under arrest; till at length, by the persuasions of their friends,—*not friends by blood*,—and the representations of the magistrate, they shook hands, and each pledged his honor to forget—at least never again to remember in speech or action—the ancient feud of his family.

This occurrence, at the time, was the object of much interest in the country-side; the rather that it seemed to give the lie to the prophecies, of which every Highland family has an ample stock in its traditionary chronicles, and which expressly predicted, that the enmity of Cairn and Bendearg should not be quenched but in blood; and on this seemingly cross-grained circumstance, some of the young men, who had begun already to be tainted with the heresies of the Lowlands, were seen to shake their heads, as they reflected on the tales and the faith of their ancestors; but the gray-headed seers shook theirs still more wisely, and answered with the motto of a noble house,—'I bide my time.'

There is a narrow pass between the mountains, in the neighborhood of Bendearg, well known to the traveller who adventures into these wilds in quest of the savage sublimities of nature. At a little distance it has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm, but, on nearer approach, is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size; and the passenger, who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyries of birds of prey beneath his feet.

The path across is so narrow, that it cannot admit of two persons passing alongside; and, indeed, none but natives, accustomed to the scene from infancy, would attempt the dangerous route at all, though it saves a circuit of three miles. Yet it sometimes happens, that two travellers meet in the middle, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and, when this is the case, one is obliged to lie down, while the other crawls over his body.

One day, shortly after the incident we have mentioned, a highlander was walking fearlessly along the pass; some-

times bending over to watch the flight of the wild birds that built below, and sometimes detatching a fragment from the top to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to rock, its rebound echoing the while like a human voice, and dying in faint and hollow murmurs at the bottom.

When he had gained the highest part of the arch, he observed another coming leisurely up on the opposite side, and, being himself of the patrician order, called out to him to halt and lie down; the person, however, disregarded the command, and the highlanders met face to face on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg! the two hereditary enemies, who would have gloried and rejoiced in mortal strife with each other on a hill-side. They turned deadly pale at this fatal rencontre. 'I was first at the top,' said Bendearg, and called out first, 'Lie down, that I may pass over in peace.'

'When the Grant prostrates himself before Macpherson,' answered the other, 'it must be with a sword driven through his body.' 'Turn back, then,' said Bendearg, 'and repass as you came.' 'Go back yourself, if you like it,' replied Grant; 'I will not be the first of my name to turn before the Macpherson.'

This was their short conference, and the result exactly as each had anticipated;—they then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced, with a slow and cautious pace, closer to each other; they were both unarmed; and, stretching their limbs like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark brows, and, fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other, stood there prepared for the onset.

They both grappled at the same moment; but, being of equal strength, were unable for some time to shift each other's position,—standing fixed on a rock with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the 'top of their heart,' like statues carved out of the solid stone. At length Macpherson, suddenly removing his right foot, so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body, and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss.

The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy,—but at this moment Macpherson

sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and, while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf. Macpherson himself fell backwards, his body hanging partly over the rock; a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sunk farther, till, catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing.

There was a pause of death-like stillness, and the bold heart of Macpherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a death-gripe by the rugged point of a rock—his enemy was almost within his reach!—his face was turned upwards, and there was in it horror and despair,—but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold,—and the next his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe! The mangled body disappeared among the trees, and its last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. Macpherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell in the wars of the Peninsula.

LESSON CIV.

Adversity and Prosperity—An Allegory.—MOORE.

PROSPERITY and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city in that kingdom.

Prosperity, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and cheerful as the spring; but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favored.

Velasco had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both became enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to

marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretensions by lots; each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn; and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials, Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he clothed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel, and loses itself among the valleys, unless confined by banks; so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by economy. In a few years the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance, his merchandise failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men, whom he had feasted and made presents to, but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face.

The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn, his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her sorceries, that he pursued her with entreatics, until, by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards tradition does not relate

with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him, and that he died in a short time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps: and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence, that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate, that another was lost upon the Lybian Syrtes, and, to complete all, that the banker, with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors and retired into Sicily.

Collecting therefore the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and, led by Adversity through unfrequented roads and forests overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for some time; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful counsel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distresses of his fellow creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

'I am sent,' said she,' by the gods to those alone, whom they love: for I not only train them up by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to receive, with a greater relish, all such moderate enjoyments as are not inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind which I afflict, contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates, and Timoleon to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age. Prosperity, my smiling, but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced, to be scourged by her cruel followers, Anguish and Despair: while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her, to the blissful habitation of Tranquillity and Content.'

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed

insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated; and at last, he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the philosopher, 'That those who want the fewest things, approach nearest to the gods, who want nothing.' She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendor; and in his addresses to the gods, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, an unblamable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamored of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner.

'As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire, so is Adversity sent by Providence, to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished; and I now leave you, to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was Prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adversity, whom if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honorable, and his death happy.'

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandise; and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honey-suckle. Adjoining to

it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inscription:

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.
Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,
What palace can display so fair a train?

He lived to a good old age; and died honored and lamented.

LESSON CV.

Moral Effects of Intemperance.—WAYLAND.

IN adjusting the nicely arranged system of man's immaterial nature, it is abundantly evident, that his passions and appetites were designed to be subjected implicitly to *reason* and to *conscience*. From the want of this subjection all his misery arises; and just in proportion to the perfection in which it is established does he advance in happiness and virtue.

But it unfortunately is found that in all men, in their present state, the power of the passions is by far too great, for the controlling influence of that guardianship to which they should be subjected. Hence it is found necessary to strengthen the influence of reason and conscience, by all the concurring aids of law, of interest, of public opinion, and also, by all the tremendous sanctions of religion. And even all these are frequently found insufficient to overcome the power of vindictive, turbulent, and malicious passions, and of earthly, brutal, and sensual lust.

Now it is found, that nothing has the power of inflaming these passions, already too strong for the control of the possessor, like the use of ardent spirits. Nothing also has the power, in an equal degree, to silence the monitions of reason, and drown the voice of conscience, and thus surrender the man up, the headlong victim of fierce and remorseless sensuality.

Let a bear bereaved of her whelps meet a man, said Solomon, rather than a fool in his folly. An intemperate man is frenzied at the suspicion of an insult, he is outrageous at the appearance of opposition, he construes every thing into

an offence, and at offence he is implacable. He is revengeful unto death, at the least indignity; while his appetites are roused to ungovernable strength by the remotest object of gratification.

He is dangerous as a ferocious beast, and our only security is to flee from him, or chain him. I ask, What is there to prevent any man thus bereft of reason and conscience, and surrendered for the time to the dominion of passion and appetite, from committing any crime, which the circumstances around him may suggest?

Such is the moral effect of the *excitement* of intemperance. But when this first stage has passed away, the second is scarcely more enviable. He is now as likely to commit crime from utter hopelessness, as he was before from frenzied impetuosity. The horror of his situation now bursts upon him in all its reality. Poverty, want, disgrace, the misery which he has brought upon himself, his family, his friends, all stand before him in the most aggravated forms—rendered yet more appalling by the consciousness that he has lost all power of resistance, and that all the energies of self government are prostrated within him. He has not moral power to resist the temptation that is destroying him; and he has sufficient intellect left to comprehend the full nature of that destruction. He has no physical vigor left, to resume his former course of healthy and active employment.

The contest within him becomes at last a scene of unmitigated anguish. He will do any thing rather than bear it. He will fly to any thing rather than suffer it. Hence you find such men the constant attendants upon gambling houses, the associates, partakers, and instruments of thieves; and, not unfrequently, do you find them ending their days by self inflicted murder.

LESSON CVI.

Adams and Jefferson.—WIRT.

IN the structure of their characters; in the course of their action; in the striking coincidences which marked their high career; in the lives and in the deaths of these illustrious men, and in that voice of admiration and gratitude which

has since burst, with one accord, from the twelve millions of freemen who people these states, there is a moral sublimity which overwhelms the mind, and hushes all its powers into silent amazement.

The European, who should have heard the sound without apprehending the cause, would be apt to inquire,—'What is the meaning of all this? what have these men done to elicit this unanimous and splendid acclamation? Why has the whole American nation risen up, as one man, to do them honor, and offer to them this enthusiastic homage of the heart? Were they mighty warriors, and was the peal that we have heard, the shout of victory?

Were they great commanders, returning from their distant conquests, surrounded with the spoils of war, and was this the sound of their triumphal procession? Were they covered with martial glory in any form, and was this 'the noisy wave of the multitude, rolling back at their approach?' Nothing of all this: No; they were peaceful and aged patriots, who, having served their country together, through their long and useful lives, had now sunk together to the tomb.

They had not fought battles; but they had formed and moved the great machinery, of which battles were only a small, and, comparatively, trivial consequence. They had not commanded armies; but they had commanded the master springs of the nation, on which all its great political, as well as military movements, depended. By the wisdom and energy of their counsels, and by the potent mastery of their spirits, they had contributed preeminently to produce a mighty revolution, which has changed the aspect of the world.

A revolution which, in one-half of that world, has already restored man to his 'long lost liberty;' and government to its only legitimate object, the happiness of the people: and, on the other hemisphere, has thrown a light so strong, that even the darkness of despotism is beginning to recede.

Compared with the solid glory of an achievement like this, what are battles, and what the pomp of war, but the poor and fleeting pageants of a theatre? What were the selfish and petty strides of Alexander, to conquer a little section of a savage world, compared with this generous, this magnificent advance towards the emancipation of the entire world!

And this, be it remembered, has been the fruit of intel-

lectual exertion! the triumph of mind! What a proud testimony does it bear to the character of our nation, that it is able to make a proper estimate of services like these! That while, in other countries, the senseless mob fall down in stupid admiration, before the bloody wheels of the conqueror—even of the conqueror by accident—in this, our people rise, with one accord, to pay their homage to intellect and virtue!

What a cheering pledge does it give of the stability of our institutions, that while abroad, the yet benighted multitude are prostrating themselves before the idols, which their own hands have fashioned into kings, here, in this land of the free, our people are every where starting up, with one impulse, to follow with their acclamations the ascending spirits of the great fathers of the republic!

This is a spectacle of which we may be permitted to be proud. It honors our country no less than the illustrious dead. And could these great patriots speak to us from the tomb, they would tell us that they have more pleasure in the testimony, which these honors bear to the character of their country, than in that, which they bear to their individual services.

They now see as they were seen, while in the body, and know the nature of the feeling from which these honors flow. It is love for love. It is the gratitude of an enlightened nation to the noblest order of benefactors. It is the only glory worth the aspiration of a generous spirit. Who would not prefer this living tomb in the hearts of his countrymen, to the proudest mausoleum that the genius of sculpture could erect!

Jefferson and Adams were great men by nature. Not great and eccentric minds, 'shot madly from their spheres,' to affright the world and scatter pestilence in their course, but minds whose strong and steady lights, restrained within their proper orbits by the happy poise of their characters, came to cheer and gladden a world that had been buried for ages in political night.

They were heaven-called avengers of degraded man. They came to lift him to the station for which God had formed him, and to put to flight those idiot superstitions, with which tyrants had contrived to inthral his reason and his liberty. And that Being, who had sent them upon this mission, had fitted them, preeminently, for his glorious work. He filled their hearts with a love of country which burned strong within them, even in death. He gave them a power

of understanding which no sophistry could baffle, no art elude; and a moral heroism which no dangers could appal.

Careless of themselves, reckless of all personal consequences, trampling under foot that petty ambition of office and honor, which constitutes the master-passion of little minds, they bent all their mighty powers to the task for which they had been delegated—the freedom of their beloved country, and the restoration of fallen man. They felt that they were apostles of human liberty; and well did they fulfil their high commission. They rested not till they had accomplished their work at home, and given such an impulse to the great ocean of mind, that they saw the waves rolling on the farthest shore, before they were called to their reward. And then left the world, hand in hand, exulting, as they rose, in the success of their labors.

LESSON CVII.

Incomprehensibility of God.—Miss Townsend.

Where art thou?—Thou! Source and Support of all
That is—or seen or felt; Thyself unseen,
Unfelt, unknown,—alas! unknowable!
I look abroad among thy works—the sky,
Vast, distant, glorious with its world of suns,—
Life-giving earth,—and ever-moving main,—
And speaking winds,—and ask if these are Thee!
The stars that twinkle on, the eternal hills,
The restless tide's outgoing and return,
The omnipresent and deep-breathing air—
Though hailed as gods of old, and only less—
Are not the Power I seek; are thine, not Thee!
I ask Thee from the past; if in the years,
Since first intelligence could search its source,
Or in some former unremembered being,
(If such, perchance, were mine) did they behold Thee?
And next interrogate futurity—
So fondly tenanted with better things
Than e'er experience owned—but both are mute;
And past and future, vocal on all else,
So full of memories and phantasies,
Are deaf and speechless here! Fatigued, I turn
From all vain parley with the elements;

And close mine eyes, and bid the thought turn inward
From each material thing, its anxious guest,
If, in the stillness of the waiting soul,
He may vouchsafe himself—Spirit to spirit!
O Thou, at once most dreaded and desired,
Pavilioned still in darkness, wilt thou hide thee?
What though the rash request be fraught with fate,
Nor human eye may look on thine and live!
Welcome the penalty! let that come now,
Which soon or late must come. For light like this
Who would not dare to die?
Peace, my proud aim,
And hush the wish that knows not what it asks.
Await His will, who hath appointed this,
With every other trial. Be that will
Done now, as ever. For thy curious search,
And unprepared solicitude to gaze
On Him—the Unrevealed—learn hence, instead,
To temper highest hope with humbleness.
Pass thy novitiate in these outer courts,
Till rent the veil, no longer separating
The Holiest of all—as erst, discloses
A brighter dispensation; whose results
Ineffable, interminable, tend
E'en to the perfecting thyself—thy kind—
Till meet for that sublime beatitude,
By the firm promise of a voice from heaven
Pledged to the pure in heart!

LESSON CVIII.

The Ruins of Babylon.—HUSENBETH.

THE desert was my dwelling,—and I stood
Where once in pride of power stood Babylon,
Ay, fallen Babylon!...that pompous Queen
Of nations, ruler of the universe;
She of the brazen gates and loftiest towers
Rear'd on her mighty walls; she that o'erlooked
Cities and tribes of men, and warrior bands,
Vassals and tributaries, countless stores
Of wealth, the springs of glory and dominion
Flowing beneath her feet,—and call'd them hers!

Here was her throne:—Alas! how desert now,
How silent is the scene! Still as the grave,
And rightly still,—for 't is a deep wide grave,
Holding the relics of fallen majesty!
Come and contemplate! come and read the fate
Of fallen Babel, on her sepulchre!
Here are a thousand hillocks, where there stood,
Long years ago, a thousand palaces;
Here are long mounds of ruin, stretching on
Where once extended Babel's busy streets,
Thronged in their day with wealthy citizens,
Merchants from other lands, captives and free,
Lords of the east, and princely visitors,
Who came to gaze on mighty Babylon.
There are the shapeless ruins, rising high,
And sadly showing where in other days
The far-famed gardens of great Babel rose,
To claim the wonder of the universe.
The strong huge walls, that once defied her foes,
Long levelled, and their fragments deeply sunk,
Are now but faintly traced 'mid broken mounds,
And scattered masses spared as yet by Time.
Amid these ruins, and above them, still
Stands one stupendous pile, though but a wreck,
A mouldering monument of what it was—
And this was once the temple of great Bel,
The idol of Chaldea; broken now,
Confounded, and forever overthrown.
Such now is Babylon! A dwelling-place
For beasts and monsters, as the prophets said;
A desert where the owl and ostrich meet,
The lion stalks in gloomy sovereignty,
The bittern finds a marsh, a stagnant pool,
Left by the floods within her cavities:
Serpents, and creeping things, and reptiles, now
Dwell in the caves of mouldering Babylon!
But still, amid these lone and awful wrecks,
These poor remains of glory all gone by,
In solitude and silence wanders on
The great Euphrates—monarch of the streams,
Majestic, sole survivor, still the same,
Unhurt, unchanged by all the woes poured out
On guilty Babylon:—he lives like one
Left of a mighty race, alone and sad.

His banks are hoary with the whistling reeds,
The waving willows fringe his borders still,
Where the poor captive Israelites would sit,
And weep for Zion;—where their silent harps
Hung o'er the stream, nor gave one plaintive sound,
Save when the wind swept o'er their broken chords,
And made wild music as the captives wept.
And these are all that tell of Babylon!
The foot of man hath rarely trodden there,
And never staid. These fragments scattered round,
These birds and savage beasts, this solitude,
This death-like stillness, and this widowed stream,
All witness to the world the awful fate
Of her, whose crimes had mounted up to heaven,
And drawn the vengeance down which seers foretold,
And long has been accomplished.—'She shall be—
That mighty Babylon, Chaldea's pride,
Glorious among the kingdoms of the earth—
No more inhabited forever;—nor
Shall the Arabian's tent be fastened there:
Serpents shall fill her houses, beasts shall roam
Free in her temples and wide palaces;
They that pass by shall hiss at all her plagues,
And in astonishment exclaim, "How changed
Is Babylon! how lone and desert now
Among the nations!"...None shall build her up;
Forever she shall lie, wasted, and spoiled,
And desolate—The Lord hath spoken it!'

LESSON CIX.

Darkness—A Dream.—BYRON.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread

Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain torch.
A fearful hope was all the world contained:
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth and howled: the wild birds shrieked,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food:
And war, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again;—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devoured.
Even dogs assailed their masters—all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead

Lured their lank jaws! himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famished by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped, with their cold skeleton hands,
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was, upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped,
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the universe.

LESSON CX.

The Philosopher's Scales.—JANE TAYLOR.

WHAT were they?—you ask: you shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
O no;—for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,

Together with articles, small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense;
Nought was there so bulky but there it could lay,
And nought so ethereal but there it would stay;
And nought so reluctant but in it must go:—
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of *Voltaire*,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball on the roof of his cell.

Next time he put in *Alexander the Great*,
With a garment that *Dorcas* had made—for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of *alms-houses*, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough.
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,—
Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,—
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than some atoms of candor and sense;—
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt;—
Yet not mountains of silver and gold would suffice,
One pearl to outweigh—'t was 'the pearl of great price!'

At last the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight;—
When the former sprung up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof—

While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

LESSON CXI.

Character of Martin Luther.—ROBERTSON.

As Luther was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person perhaps whose character has been drawn with such opposite colors. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a demon.

The other, warmed with the admiration and gratitude which they thought he merited as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those, who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure or the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, that ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him.

Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain his own system, abilities, both natural and acquired, to defend his principles, and unwearied industry in propagating them, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behavior, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered, and such perfect disinterestedness as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity.

His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty and human passions. These however were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to

have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebler spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation.

By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility.

Accustomed himself to consider every thing as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth against such as disappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt.

But these indecencies of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another, for, although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs continually vary.

Some parts of Luther's behavior, which to us appears most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities, which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance and superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, as well as a temper daring to excess.

A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited those to whom it must have been addressed. A spirit more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted. Towards the close of Luther's life, though without any perceptible diminution of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increased upon him, so that he grew daily more peevish, more irascible, and more impatient of contradiction.

Having lived to be a witness of his own amazing success;

to see a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to shake the foundation of the papal throne, before which the mightiest monarchs had trembled, he discovered, on some occasions, symptoms of vanity and self-applause. He must have been, indeed, more than man, if, upon contemplating all that he actually accomplished, he had never felt any sentiment of this kind rising in his breast.

Some time before his death, (which took place in 1546,) he felt his strength declining, his constitution being worn out by a prodigious multiplicity of business, added to the labor of discharging his ministerial function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of constant study, besides the composition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed uninterrupted leisure and retirement.

His natural intrepidity did not forsake him at the approach of death; his last conversation with his friends was concerning the happiness reserved for good men in a future life, of which he spoke with the fervor and delight natural to one who expected and wished to enter soon upon the enjoyment of it. The account of his death filled the Roman Catholic party with excessive as well as indecent joy, and damped the spirits of all his followers; neither party sufficiently considering, that his doctrines were now so firmly rooted, as to be in a condition to flourish independently of the hand which first planted them. His funeral was celebrated by order of the Elector of Saxony with extraordinary pomp.

LESSON CXII.

Character of Samuel Adams.—TUDOR.

HE combined in a remarkable manner, all the animosities, and all the firmness, that could qualify a man to be the assertor of the rights of the people. Had he lived in a country, or an epoch, when abuses of power were to be resisted, he would have been one of the reformers.

He would have suffered excommunication, rather than have bowed to papal infallibility, or paid the tribute to St. Peter; he would have gone to the stake, rather than submit to the prelatic ordinances of Laud; he would have mounted the scaffold, sooner than pay a shilling of illegal ship money; he would have fled to a desert, rather than endure the prof-

ligate tyranny of a Stuart. He was proscribed, and would sooner have been condemned as a traitor, than assent to an illegal tax, if it had been only a six penny stamp, or an insignificant duty on tea; and there appeared to be no species of corruption, by which this inflexibility could have been destroyed.

The motives, by which he was actuated, were not a sudden ebullition of temper, nor a transient impulse of resentment, but they were deliberate, methodical and unyielding. There was no pause, no hesitation, no despondency; every day, and every hour, was employed in some contribution toward the main design, if not in action, in writing; if not with the pen, in conversation; if not in talking, in meditation.

The means he advised, were persuasion, petition, remonstrance, resolutions; and when all failed, defiance and extermination, sooner than submission. His measures for redress, were all legitimate, and where the extremity of the case, as in the destruction of the tea, absolutely required an irregularity, a vigor beyond the law, he was desirous that it might be redeemed by the discipline, good order, and scrupulous integrity, with which it should be effected.

With this unrelenting and austere spirit, there was nothing ferocious, or gloomy, or arrogant in his demeanor. His aspect was mild, dignified and gentlemanly. In his own state, or in the congress of the union, he was always the advocate of the strongest measures, and in the darkest hour, he never wavered or desponded. He engaged in the cause with all the zeal of a reformer, the confidence of an enthusiast, and the cheerfulness of a voluntary martyr.

It was not by brilliancy of talents, or profoundness of learning, that he rendered such essential service to the cause of the revolution, but by his resolute decision, his unceasing watchfulness, and his heroic perseverance. In addition to these qualities, his efforts were consecrated by his entire superiority to pecuniary considerations; he, like most of his colleagues, proved the nobleness of the cause, by the virtue of his conduct: and Samuel Adams, after being so many years in the public service, and having filled so many eminent stations, must have been buried at the public expense, if the afflicting death of an only son had not remedied this honorable poverty.

LESSON CXIII.

Public Faith. — AMES.

To expatiate on the value of public faith may pass with some men for declamation—to such men I have nothing to say. To others I will urge—can any circumstance mark upon a people more turpitude and debasement? Can any thing tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue, and their standard of action?

It would not merely demoralize mankind, it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire in its stead a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

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

It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it.

For, what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect, that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period, when it is violated, there are none when

it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of government. It is observed by barbarians—a whiff of tobacco smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation.

Thus we see, neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together and form a society, they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive, it was their interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith.

It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition, that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine, that a republican government, sprung, as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose origin is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless—can dare to act what despots dare not avow.

LESSON CXIV.

Christian Benevolence. — CHALMERS.

THE benevolence of the gospel lies in actions. The benevolence of our fictitious writers, in a kind of high-wrought delicacy of feeling and sentiment. The one dissipates all its fervor in sighs and tears and idle aspirations—the other reserves its strength for efforts and execution. The one regards it as a luxurious enjoyment for the heart—the other as a work and business for the hand.

The one sits in indolence, and broods, in visionary rapture, over its schemes of ideal philanthropy—the other steps abroad, and enlightens by its presence, the dark and pestilential hovels of disease. The one wastes away in empty ejaculation—the other gives time and trouble to the work of beneficence—gives education to the orphan—provides

clothes for the naked, and lays food on the table of the hungry.

The one is indolent and capricious, and often does mischief by the occasional overflowings of a whimsical and ill-directed charity—the other is vigilant and discerning, and takes care lest his distributions be injudicious, and the effort of benevolence be misapplied. The one is soothed with the luxury of feeling, and reclines in easy and indolent satisfaction—the other shakes off the deceitful languor of contemplation and solitude, and delights in a scene of activity.

Remember, that virtue, in general, is not to feel, but to do; not merely to conceive a purpose, but to carry that purpose into execution; not merely to be overpowered by the impression of a sentiment, but to practise what it loves, and to imitate what it admires.

To be benevolent in speculation, is often to be selfish in action and in reality. The vanity and the indolence of man delude him into a thousand inconsistencies. He professes to love the name and the semblance of virtue, but the labor of self denial terrifies him from attempting it. The emotions of kindness are delightful to his bosom, but then they are little better than a selfish indulgence—they terminate in his own enjoyment—they are a mere refinement of luxury. His eye melts over the picture of fictitious distress, while not a tear is left for the actual starvation and misery with which he is surrounded.

It is easy to indulge the imaginations of a visionary heart in going over a scene of fancied affliction, because here there is no sloth to overcome—no avaricious propensity to control—no offensive or disgusting circumstances to allay the unmingled impression of sympathy, which a soft and elegant picture is calculated to awaken. It is not so easy to be benevolent in action and in reality, because here there is fatigue to undergo—there is time and money to give—there is the mortifying spectacle of vice, and folly and ingratitude to encounter.

We like to give you the *fair* picture of love to man, because to throw over it false and fictitious embellishments, is injurious to its cause. These elevate the fancy by romantic visions, which can never be realized. They imbitter the heart by the most severe and mortifying disappointments, and often force us to retire in disgust, from what Heaven has intended to be the theatre of our discipline and preparation.

Take the representation of the Bible. Benevolence is a work and a labor. It often calls for the severest efforts of vigilance and industry—a habit of action, not to be acquired in the school of fine sentiment, but in the walks of business, in the dark and dismal receptacles of misery—in the hospitals of disease—in the putrid lanes of great cities, where poverty dwells in lank and ragged wretchedness, agonized with pain, faint with hunger, and shivering in a frail and unsheltered tenement.

You are not to conceive yourself a real lover of your species, and entitled to the praise or the reward of benevolence, because you weep over a fictitious representation of human misery. A man may weep in the indolence of a studious and contemplative retirement; he may breathe all the tender aspirations of humanity; but what avails all this warm and diffusive benevolence, if it is never exerted—if it never rise to execution—if it never carry him to the accomplishment of a single benevolent purpose—if it shrink from activity, and sicken at the pain of fatigue?

It is easy, indeed, to come forward with the cant and hypocrisy of fine sentiment—to have a heart trained to the emotions of benevolence, while the hand refuses the labors of discharging its offices—to weep for amusement, and to have nothing to spare for human suffering, but the tribute of an indolent and unmeaning sympathy.

LESSON CXV.

The Unbeliever.—CHALMERS.

I PITY the unbeliever—one who can gaze upon the grandeur, and glory, and beauty of the natural universe, and behold not the touches of His finger, who is over, and with, and above all; from my very heart I do commiserate his condition.

The unbeliever! one whose intellect the light of revelation never penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun, and moon, and stars, and upon the unfading and imperishable sky, spread out so magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of chance. The heart of such a being is a drear and cheerless void. In him, mind—the god-like gift of in-

tellect, is debased—destroyed; all is dark—a fearful chaotic labyrinth—rayless—cheerless—hopeless!

No gleam of light from heaven, penetrates the blackness of the horrible delusion; no voice from the Eternal bids the desponding heart rejoice. No fancied tones from the harps of seraphim arouse the dull spirit from its lethargy, or allay the consuming fever of the brain. The wreck of mind is utterly remediless; reason is prostrate; and passion, prejudice, and superstition, have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect.

I pity the unbeliever. What to him is the revelation from on high, but a sealed book? He sees nothing above, or around, or beneath him, that evinces the existence of a God; and he denies—yea, while standing on the footstool of Omnipotence, and gazing upon the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuts his intellect to the light of reason, and DENIES THERE IS A GOD.

LESSON CXVI.

Recollections of Palestine.—N. A. REVIEW.

THE Hebrew muse has been called the denizen of nature; with equal propriety may she be termed the denizen of history. She draws much of her sublimest inspiration from the instructive record of God's dealings with his people. Even the Psalms are full of the finest imagery gathered from historical events; but the prophetic poetry is by far the most copious in its sublime and beautiful allusions. The history of the Hebrews in its spirit is all poetry; their poetry is almost a history, both of the past and the future. It was the pride of a Hebrew, as well as his duty, to have the law and the testimony inscribed upon his heart.

A Jew, well instructed, could almost repeat the contents of the sacred books from memory. On their study the utmost expenditure of wealth and labor was lavished. They were copied with the richest penmanship; they were encased in jewels; they were deposited in golden arks. How striking was the last charge of Moses to the people—'And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up—thou shalt say unto thy son, We were Pharaoh's bondmen in Egypt, and the Lord brought us out of Egypt with a mighty hand!'

Powerful indeed must have been the influence of such familiarity with those sublime compositions! The unceasing frequency with which their remarkable passages are referred to by the sacred poets, show with what prevailing power they dwelt in the popular imagination. How could it be otherwise? Almost every rite in the ceremonial of the Hebrews, was founded upon, or in some way connected with the remembrance of supernatural interposition.

Almost every spot in the land of the Israelites, was associated with the history of those glorious events. Three times a year, the whole Jewish multitude went up to the tabernacle or to Jerusalem at the feasts. Did they pass through the valley of Hebron? There lay the bones of the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Did they stand on the plains of Mamre? There Abraham erected an altar to Jehovah, and entertained the angels. Did they visit the borders of the Dead Sea? Its sluggish waves rolled over the cities of the plain, and they traced the ruins of the fire-storm from heaver.

If they looked towards Nebo, it was the sacred and mysterious burial-place of Moses. If they passed near Gilgal, there the sun and moon stood still at the command of Joshua. If they rode on the mountains of Gilboa, there the glory of Israel was slain upon their high places. Such thrilling recollections must have met them at every step, besides being often mingled in the memory with some vivid burst of poetry. An event, like that of the passage of the Red Sea, commemorated in a song such as that of Moses, was a treasure in the annals of the nation, whose worth, in the formation of the national spirit, we cannot adequately appreciate. Nor can we conceive the depth of emotion, which must have dilated the frame of a devout Jewish patriot, every time he remembered that sublime composition.

LESSON CXVII.

Character of Jesus contrasted with that of Mahomet.—WHITE.

CONSIDERED in all its circumstances, the history of Christ shrinks not from comparison with the most partial and lofty representation of the prophet of Arabia.

Of both we find that the earlier part of life, before the

publication of their respective missions, passed away in silence, private and undistinguished. The first years of Mahomet were busied in the cares of merchandise; till returning to his native city, he devoted to solitude and retirement the leisure which his opulence had procured.

The youth of Jesus was spent in domestic privacy, and was remarkable only for affectionate and dutiful submission to his parents; unless, indeed, when in the temple, he, by his ready answers to the questions of the Rabbins, and his skilful exposition of the Scriptures, astonished those that heard him, and gave an omen of his future greatness.

The designs of Mahomet were gradually and cautiously unfolded, and in order to prepare the minds of his countrymen for the reception of his faith, he first artfully persuaded his own relations and domestics, and drew to his side the most powerful of his neighbors.

Jesus walked forth by the sea of Galilee, and saw fishers casting their nets; these were his first converts and disciples. Though they were destitute of riches and power, he found in them what his ministry required, an honest and a willing spirit. He won them neither by subtle arguments nor crafty persuasions; but bade them forsake their nets and follow him, to see his humble dwelling, to hear his heavenly discourses to the people, and witness the wonders he was going to perform.

Jesus called his hearers to repentance, but Mahomet to conquest.

At their first appearance they were both compelled to avoid the rage of the multitude, who would have destroyed them: but Mahomet escaped by a secret, ignominious flight, and Jesus by a public miracle.

The revelation of the Arabian prophet was inconsistent; a system of contradiction; continually shifting with the views of his policy, and the necessities of his imposture; now looking towards Mecca, and now to Jerusalem.

Widely different was the conduct of Christ. He did not seek to accommodate his doctrine to fortuitous changes in his external circumstances; he did not at one time revoke what he had asserted, or contradict what he had enjoined at another. Every part of his teaching was regular and consistent in the objects to which it was directed, and the language in which it was conveyed.

Mahomet allured his followers with the glories of a visible monarchy, and the splendor of temporal dominion. In him

we behold the lord of war, and the destroyer of mankind, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his desolating sword; laying cities in flames; carrying misery and bloodshed through the earth; and pursued in his victorious career by the lamentations and curses of its inhabitants.

In Jesus we see the adorable Prince of peace, the friend and Savior of the world, riding meekly to the holy city, hailed with the acclamations and blessings of much people, whom he had rescued from sin and death, wiping the tears from all eyes, and healing every sickness and every disease.

And here the comparison must cease. The events that followed in our Savior's life are too august to be placed in competition with any mortal power, and can be comprehended only by minds habituated to the contemplation of heavenly objects. Let us consider the Passion of our Lord, and the magnificent scenes of his resurrection and ascension; and then ask in what part of all the history of Mahometanism, any parallel or resemblance can be found?

Let us, in imagination, hear and see the blessed Jesus, when he gives his apostles authority to go forth and baptize all nations, and preach in his name repentance and remission of sins; when he empowers them to cast out evil spirits, to speak with new tongues, and to work wonders; when he holds up to them the promise of the Comforter, and power from on high, and when, having blessed them, he ascends into heaven, where he is forever seated in glory on the right hand of God.

But chiefly what raises Christ and his religion far above all the fictions of Mahomet, is that awful alternative of hopes and fears, that looking for of judgment, which our Christian faith sets before us.

At that day when time, the great arbiter of truth and falsehood, shall bring to pass the accomplishment of the ages, and the Son of God shall make his enemies his footstool, then shall the deluded followers of the great impostor, disappointed of the expected intercession of their prophet, stand trembling and dismayed at the approach of the glorified Messiah.

Then shall they say, yonder cometh in the clouds that Jesus, whose religion we labored to destroy, whose temples we profaned, whose servants and followers we cruelly oppressed! Behold he cometh: but no longer the humble son of Mary, no longer a mere mortal prophet, the equal of Abraham and of Moses, as that deceiver taught us; but

the everlasting Son of the everlasting Father! the Judge of mankind! the Sovereign of angels! the Lord of all things both in earth and heaven!

LESSON CXVIII.

Valley of Jehoshaphat.—CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE valley of Jehoshaphat has in all ages served as the burying place to Jerusalem; you meet there, side by side, monuments of the most distant times, and of the present century. The Jews still come there to die, from the corners of the earth. A stranger sells to them, for almost its weight in gold, the land which contains the bones of their fathers.

Solomon planted that valley; the shadow of the temple by which it was overhung—the torrent, called after grief, which traversed it—the Psalms which David there composed—the lamentations of Jeremiah which its rocks reechoed, rendered it the fitting abode of the tomb. Christ commenced his Passion in the same place; that innocent David there shed, for our sins, tears which the guilty David let fall for his own transgressions. Few names awaken in our minds recollections so solemn, as the valley of Jehoshaphat.

The aspect of the celebrated valley is desolate; the western side is bounded by a ridge of lofty rocks which support the walls of Jerusalem, above which the towers of Jerusalem appear. The eastern side is formed by the Mount of Olives, and another eminence called the Mount of Scandal, from the idolatry of Solomon.

These two mountains which adjoin each other, are almost bare, and of a red and sombre hue; on their desert side you see here and there some black and withered vineyards, some wild olives, some ploughed land, covered with hyssop, and a few ruined chapels. At the bottom of the valley, you perceive a torrent, traversed by a single arch, which appears of great antiquity. The stones of the Jewish cemetery appear like a mass of ruins at the foot of the Mountain of Scandal, under the village of Siloam. You can hardly distinguish the buildings of the village, from the ruins with which they are surrounded.

Three ancient monuments are particularly conspicuous, those of Zachariah, Jehoshaphat and Absalom. The sadness

of Jerusalem from which no smoke ascends, and in which no sound is to be heard; the solitude of the surrounding mountains, where not a living creature is to be seen; the disorder of these tombs, ruined, ransacked, and half exposed to view, would almost induce one to believe that the last trump had been heard, and that the dead were about to rise in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

LESSON CXIX.

A Mother's Death.—CRABBE.

THEN died lamented, in the strength of life.
A valued Mother and a faithful Wife;
Called not away, when time had loosed each hold
On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold;
But when to all that knit us to our kind,
She felt fast bound, as charity can bind;—
Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;
And, each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart;—
But ALL her ties the strong invader broke,
In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke:
Sudden and swift the eager pest came on,
And terror grew, till every hope was gone:
Still those around appeared for hope to seek!
But viewed the sick and were afraid to speak.

Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead:—
When grief grew loud and bitter tears were shed—
My part began; a crowd drew near the place,
Awe in each eye, alarm in every face:
So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind,
That fear, with pity, mingled in each mind;
Friends with the husband came, their griefs to blend;
For good-man Frankford was to all a friend.
The last-born boy they held above the bier,
He knew not grief, but cries expressed his fear;
Each different age and sex revealed its pain,
In now a louder, now a lower strain;
While the meek father, listening to their tones,

Swelled the full cadence of the grief by groans.
The elder sister strove her pangs to hide,
And soothing words to younger minds applied:
'Be still, be patient,' oft she strove to say;
But failed as oft, and weeping turned away.

Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill,
The village-lads stood melancholy still;
And idle children, wandering to-and-fro,
As nature guided, took the tone of wo.

Arrived at home, how then they gazed around,
In every place—where she, no more was found;
The seat at table she was wont to fill;
The fire-side chair, still set, but vacant still;
The garden walks, a labor all her own;
The lattice bower with trailing shrubs o'ergrown;
The Sunday-pew, she filled with all her race;
Each place of her's was now a sacred place,
That, while it called up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart, and forced them still to rise.

LESSON CXX.

A Voice from the Wine Press.—MISS GOULD.

'T WAS for this they reared the vine,
Fostered every leaf and shoot,
Loved to see its tendrils twine,
And cherished it from branch to root!
'T was for this, that from the blast
It was screened and taught to run,
That its fruit might ripen fast,
O'er the trellis, to the sun.

And for this they rudely tore
Every cluster from the stem;
'T was to crush us till we pour
Out our very blood for them!
Well, though we are tortured thus,
Still our essence shall endure,
Vengeance they shall find, with us,
May be slow, but will be sure.

And the longer we are pent
From the air and cheering light,
Greater, when they give us vent,
For our rest shall be our might.
And our spirits, they shall see,
Can assume a thousand shapes;
These are words of verity,
Uttered by the dying grapes.

Many a stately form shall reel,
When our power is felt within;
Many a foolish tongue reveal
What the recent draught has been;
Many a thoughtless, yielding youth,
With his promise all in bloom,
Go from paths of peace and truth
To an early, shameful tomb.

We the purse will oft unclasp,
All its golden treasure take,
And, the husband in our grasp,
Leave the wife with heart to break.
While his babes are pinched with cold,
We will bind him to the bowl,
Till his features we behold
Glowing like a living coal.

We will bid the gown-man put
To his lip a glass or two,
Then, we 'll stab him in the foot,
Till it oversteps the shoe.
And we 'll swell the doctor's bill,
While he parries us in vain;
He may cure, but we will kill
Till our thousands we have slain.

When we 've drowned their peace and health,
Strength and hopes within the bowl,
More we 'll ask than life or wealth,
We 'll require the very soul!
Ye, who from our blood are free,
Take the charge we give you now;
Taste not, till ye wait and see
If the grapes forget their vow.

LESSON CXXI.

To-Morrow.—COTTON.

To-MORROW! didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it.—To-morrow!
'T is a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes and promises,
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'T is Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are; and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments;
For be assured, they all are arrant tell-tales:
And though their flight be silent, and their path trackless
As the winged couriers of the air,
They post to heaven and there record their folly.
Because, though stationed on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved;
And know, for that thou slumberedst on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-winked justice, who shall tell thy audit;
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the mark of wisdom on its wings;
'T is of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain!
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp; but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

LESSON CXXII.

A scene nearly two Centuries ago on the River Hudson.—IRVING.

WILDNESS and savage majesty reigned on the borders of this mighty river; the hand of cultivation had not as yet laid low the dark forests, and tamed the features of the landscape; nor had the frequent sail of commerce yet broken in upon the profound and awful solitude of ages.

Here and there might be seen a rude wigwam perched among the cliffs of the mountains, with its curling column of smoke mounting in the transparent atmosphere; but so loftily situated, that the whoopings of the savage children, gambolling on the margin of the dizzy heights, fell almost as faintly on the ear, as do the notes of the lark, when lost in the azure vault of heaven. Now and then, from the beetling brow of some rocky precipice, the wild deer would look timidly down upon the splendid pageant as it passed below; and then, tossing his branching antlers high in air, would bound away into the thickest of the forest.

Through such scenes did the stately vessel of Peter Stuyvesant pass. Now did they skirt the bases of the rocky heights of Jersey, which spring up like everlasting walls, reaching from the waves unto the heavens; and were fashioned, if tradition may be believed, in times long past, by the mighty spirit Manetho, to protect his favorite abodes from the unhallowed eyes of mortals. Now did they career it gaily across the vast expanse of Tappen Bay, whose wide extended shores present a vast variety of delectable scenery —here the bold promontory, crowned with embowering trees, advancing into the bay—there the long woodland slope, sweeping up from the shore in rich luxuriance, and terminating in the upland precipice—while at a distance, a long line of rocky heights threw gigantic shades across the water.

Now would they pass where some modest little interval, opening among these stupendous scenes, yet retreating as it were for protection into the embraces of the neighboring mountains, displayed a rural paradise, fraught with sweet and pastoral beauties; the velvet tufted lawn, the bushy copse, the tinkling rivulet, stealing through the fresh and vivid verdure, on whose banks were situated some little Indian village, or peradventure, the rude cabin of some solitary hunter.

The different periods of the revolving day seemed each, with cunning magic, to diffuse a different charm over the scene. Now would the jovial sun break gloriously from the east, blazing from the summits of the eastern hills, and sparkling the landscape with a thousand dewy gems; while along the borders of the river were seen heavy masses of mist, which, like caitiffs disturbed at his approach, made a sluggish retreat, rolling in sullen reluctance up the mountains.

At such times all was brightness, and life and gaiety; the atmosphere seemed of an indescribable pureness and transparency—the birds broke forth in wanton madrigals, and the freshening breezes wafted the vessel merrily on her course. But when the sun sunk amid a flood of glory in the west, mantling the heavens and the earth with a thousand gorgeous dyes, then all was calm, and silent, and magnificent.

The late swelling sail hung lifeless against the mast—the simple seaman with folded arms leaned against the shrouds, lost in that involuntary musing which the sober grandeur of nature commands in the rudest of her children. The vast bosom of the Hudson was like an unruffled mirror, reflecting the golden splendor of the heavens, excepting that now and then a bark canoe would steal across its surface, filled with painted savages, whose gay feathers glared brightly, as perchance a lingering ray of the setting sun gleamed on them from the western mountains.

But when the hour of twilight spread its magic mists around, then did the face of nature assume a thousand fugitive charms, which, to the worthy heart that seeks enjoyment in the glorious works of its Maker, are inexpressibly captivating. The mellow dubious light that prevailed, just served to tinge with illusive colors the softened features of the scenery.

The deceived but delighted eye sought vainly to discern, in the broad masses of shade, the separating line between land and water; or to distinguish the fading objects that seemed sinking into chaos. Now did the busy fancy supply the feebleness of vision, producing, with industrious craft, a fairy creation of her own.

Under her plastic wand the barren rocks frowned upon the watery waste, in the semblance of lofty towers and high embattled castles—trees assumed the direful forms of mighty giants, and the inaccessible summits of the mountains seemed peopled with a thousand shadowy beings.

Now broke forth from the shores the notes of an innumerable variety of insects, who filled the air with a strange but not inharmonious concert; while ever and anon was heard the melancholy plaint of the Whip-poor-will, who, perched on some lone tree, wearied the ear of night with its incessant moanings. The mind, soothed into a hallowed melancholy by the solemn mystery of the scene, listened with pensive stillness to catch and distinguish each sound that vaguely echoed from the shore.

LESSON CXXIII.

Object in Reading.—CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

To become wiser and more intellectual beings; to know more and more of all that our Creator has given us the power to know, of nature, of the mind, of the eternal principles of truth and virtue; to add continually to the stock of just and valuable ideas, and to the power of just reasoning upon them: to cultivate all our faculties, throughout the whole of life, as if it were a school to fit us for a nobler action and a higher advancement in some loftier sphere,—these should be the objects in Reading.

We presume that we lay down the law of all intellectual, and, also, of all moral improvement, when we say, to this end the powers of our nature must be tasked; more than amused, more than employed, that they must be tasked. The heart, in its progress, must overcome temptation; the mind must overcome difficulties.

To do what we did yesterday is only to confirm ourselves in the position then taken. To advance, we must do more than we did yesterday. The first process, the process of repetition, is doubtless important. It strengthens habit; it fixes the acquisition of knowledge and the perceptions of truth. But to recall the same ideas, or to repeat the same efforts forever, would not be advance.

One may *read* forever, and if his mind passively resign itself to the same entertainment, or mechanically runs the round of the same ideas, he will be growing none the wiser, nor stronger; he will be, for all his reading, as really stationary, as if he had slept through the years or the ages. There must be a grappling with new thoughts, and new forms of thought, in order to become intellectual and to

grow strong in intellect. There must be something studied; something searched out, that is not at first obvious; something investigated, that will task the powers of reasoning; something, on which the mind will feel that it must pause, and concentrate its utmost efforts. *****

We believe that the immense reading of the day does not yield half the result it might, for the want of a settled purpose of self-government; and we see no way in which this improvement is to be gained, but by some voluntary efforts at thinking; and it does not appear to us that even the reading of history, much less that of voyages, is likely to awaken this effort.

But to sink still further below the point of intellectual activity, to throw one's self into the current of an all-absorbing tale, to be borne in dreary listlessness or with hurried speed upon its bosom, to make no other intellectual excursions than these, and to make these from day to day, or from week to week, never a whit wiser at the end than at the beginning, never making any progress of thought, never the more prepared either for this world or another,—this is a folly and sin, against which we think it time loudly to protest.

It is one step from that absorption in card-playing and other games, which occupied so many hours in the social and domestic circles of the last century. The objection to excess in all these cases is the same. It is, that time and talents are wasted,—not merely taken up with recreation, when recreation is fit,—but wasted, when they might be devoted to nobler ends.

It is for the young, to whom we have already had reference, that we most feel the importance of this subject. We feel it as parents, and we cannot help regarding it as eminently deserving of the attention of all parents. Much is said at this day, about the great advantages that are enjoyed for education; and nothing is more frequently pointed to in proof of this, than the children's book-shelves. Now, we confess we look upon this multiplication of books, or, to speak more accurately, upon the use which is made of them, with more distrust and doubt than upon any other department of early discipline.

Discipline did we say? These books are the very foes of discipline. They are most of them novels, and nothing else but novels. The reading of them, as we have said, is novel-reading. And there are as many jaded, and almost as listless novel-readers in the ten thousand nurseries of the land,

as there are stretched upon the parlor couches,—not to say in the study easy-chairs. Children too much indulged in this way,—(and that may happen long enough before the parent is aware of it,)—acquire an almost inveterate hostility to all severe application of mind. There are thousands of such, who need to be put, without delay, upon a dispensation of hard study, to save them from utter ruin.

Alas! for those, whose parents, instead of offering any counteraction to this mighty power of the press, resolve that their children shall have nothing but a lot of ease and gratification, that they shall be urged to no tasks, that they shall be led into none but inviting and flowery paths, to the heights of knowledge, and power. It is a mistake; an utter mistake. There are no steps to those heights, but rugged steps. There is no way of intellectual advancement, but the way of strenuous effort and patient toil.

The subject has wider bearings. It concerns the national character, that a healthful and manly taste be cultivated. It concerns the national literature. Authors write to be read; and if nothing will be read but what is easy and amusing, or if the prevailing and craving demand is for that species of composition, if profound disquisition of learning stand but a poor chance with the people, if all science must be brought within the compass of 'Libraries of Entertaining Knowledge,' if the deeper meditations of genius must give place to the light and flashy productions of extemporaneous wit and fancy, it is not difficult to predict the result.

We shall have a light and trifling literature. We shall have the songs of the Troubadours back upon us. We shall hear again that flagitious reasoning, as abandoned in morals as in taste, that talks of soft and voluptuous forms and features, from which severe intellect is banished, as the forms and features of beauty. We shall hear of that light and graceful drapery wherewith imagination clothes its creation, and which cannot bear the eye of reason. We shall become excessively afraid of good sense, and account that dull, which is, if it can be understood, the grand and predominant quality of real genius.

Heaven avert the plague from our young and rising literature. The truth is, that the same law obtains in the cultivation of the mind, that governs all other success,—the law of labor. Wo to the young man who thinks to rise to the heights of intellectual power by any easy flight! All the noblest efforts of the mind are intense, laborious, patient

efforts; all real genius, all true originality, all lofty poetry, all powerful writing and speaking, consist in these, and in nothing else. And the young man,—the professional man, let us say, in particular,—who spends much of his time in reading Reviews and Romances, and abhors every severe task, though he may be a respectable man, can never be much more, be his talents what they may.

LESSON CXXIV.

Horrors of War.—CHALMERS.

THE first great obstacle, to the extinction of war, is the way in which the heart of man is carried off from its barbarities and its horrors, by the splendor of its deceitful accompaniments. There is a feeling of the sublime in contemplating the shock of armies, just as there is in contemplating the devouring energy of a tempest, and this so elevates and engrosses the whole man, that his eye is blind to the tears of bereaved parents, and his ear is deaf to the piteous moan of the dying, and the shriek of their desolated families.

There is a gracefulness in the picture of a youthful warrior burning for distinction on the field, and lured by this generous aspiration to the deepest of the animated throng, where, in the fell work of death, the opposing sons of valor struggle for a remembrance and a name; and this side of the picture is so much the exclusive object of our regard, as to disguise from our view the mangled carcasses of the fallen, and the writhing agonies of the hundreds and the hundreds more, who have been laid on the cold ground, where they are left to languish and to die.

There no eye pities them. No sister is there to weep over them. There no gentle hand is present to ease the dying posture, or bind up the wounds, which, in the maddening fury of the combat, have been given and received by the children of one common father. There death spreads its pale ensigns over every countenance, and when night comes on, and darkness gathers around them, how many a despairing wretch must take up with the bloody field as the untended bed of his last sufferings, without one friend to bear the message of tenderness to his distant home—without one companion to close his eyes.

I avow it. On every side of me I see causes at work, which go to spread a most delusive coloring over war, and to remove its shocking barbarities to the back ground of our contemplations altogether. I see it in the history which tells me of the superb appearance of the troops, and the brilliancy of their successive charges. I see it in the poetry which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood, and transports its many admirers, as by its images, and its figures, and its nodding plumes of chivalry, it throws its treacherous embellishments over a scene of legalized slaughter.

I see it in the music which represents the progress of the battle; and where, after being inspired by the trumpet-notes of preparation, the whole beauty and tenderness of a drawingroom are seen to bend over the sentimental entertainment; nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh to interrupt the death-tones of the thickening contest, and the moans of the wounded men as they fade away upon the ear, and sink into lifeless silence.

All, all goes to prove what strange and half-sighted creatures we are. Were it not so, war could never have been seen in any other aspect than that of unmingled hatefulness; and I can look to nothing but to the progress of christian sentiment upon earth, to arrest the strong current of its popular and prevailing partiality for war.

Then only will an imperious sense of duty lay the check of severe principle, on all the subordinate tastes and faculties of our nature. Then will glory be reduced to its right estimate, and the wakeful benevolence of the gospel, chasing away every spell, will be turned by the treachery of no delusion whatever, from its simple but sublime enterprises for the good of the species. Then the reign of truth and quietness will be ushered into the world, and war, cruel, atrocious, unrelenting war, will be stripped of its many and its bewildering fascinations.

LESSON CXXV.

The Effect of Prosperity on the Manners of the Athenians.—GILLIES.

IN the course of a few years, the success of Aristides, Cimon, and Pericles had trebled the revenues, and increased, in a far greater proportion, the dominions of the republic.

While Pericles liberally employed the public treasure to encourage every species of industry, he found it necessary at least to comply with, if not to excite, the extreme passion for pleasure, which then began to distinguish his countrymen. The people of Athens, successful in every enterprise against their foreign as well as domestic enemies, seemed entitled to reap the fruits of their dangers and victories. For the space of at least twelve years preceding the war of Peloponnesus, their city afforded a perpetual scene of triumph and festivity.

Dramatic entertainments, to which they were passionately addicted, were no longer performed in slight unadorned edifices, but in stone or marble theatres, erected at great expense, and embellished with the most precious productions of nature and of art. The treasury was opened not only to supply the decorations of this favorite amusement, but to enable the poorer citizens to enjoy it, without incurring any private expense; and thus, at the cost of the state, or rather of its tributary allies and colonies, to feast and delight their ears and fancy, with the combined charms of music and poetry.

The pleasure of the eye was peculiarly consulted and gratified, in the architecture of the theatres and other ornamental buildings; for as Themistocles had strengthened, Pericles adorned, his native city; and unless we had the concurring testimony of antiquity, as well as the immortal remains of the Parthenon, or temple of Minerva, which still excite the admiration of travellers, it would be difficult to believe that, in the space of a few years, there could have been created those inestimable wonders of art, those innumerable temples, theatres, statues, altars, baths, and porticos, which, in the language of ancient panegyric, rendered Athens the eye and light of Greece.

Pericles was blamed for thus decking one favorite city, at the expense of plundered provinces; but it would have been fortunate for the Athenians, if their extorted wealth had not been employed in more perishing, as well as more criminal, luxury. The pomp of religious solemnities, which were twice as numerous and as costly in Athens as in any other city of Greece: the extravagance of entertainments and banquets, which on such occasions always followed the sacrifices; the increase of private luxury, which naturally accompanied this public profusion, exhausted the resources, without augmenting the glory, of the republic.

Instead of the bread, herbs, and simple fare recommended by the laws of Solon, the Athenians, soon after the eightieth Olympiad, availed themselves of their extensive commerce, to import the delicacies of distant countries, which were prepared with all the refinements of cookery. The wines of Cyprus were cooled with snow in summer; in winter the most delightful flowers adorned the tables and persons of the wealthy Athenians. Nor was it sufficient to be crowned with roses, unless they were likewise anointed with the most precious perfumes. Parasites, dancers, and buffoons, were an usual appendage of every entertainment.

Among the softer sex, the passion for delicate birds, distinguished by their voice or plumage, was carried to such excess as merited the name of madness. It is unnecessary to crowd the picture, since it may be observed, in one word, that the vices and extravagances, which are supposed to characterize the declining ages of Greece and Rome, took root in Athens, during the administration of Pericles, the most splendid and most prosperous in the Grecian annals.

This paradox, for such it must appear, may be explained by considering the singular combination of circumstances, which, in the time of that statesman, gave every poison its antidote, and rendered the partial evils already described, only the thorn that ever accompanies the rose. The Grecian history of those times affords a more striking contrast than ever appeared in any other age or country, of wisdom and folly, of magnanimity and meanness, of liberty and tyranny, of simplicity and refinement, of austerity and voluptuousness.

The sublime philosophy of Anaxagoras and Socrates was accompanied, as with a shadow, by the dark unprincipled captiousness of the Sophists; the pathetic and moral strains of Sophocles and Euripides were parodied by the licentious buffoonery of Aristophanes; painting and sculpture, which, under geniuses of the first order, like Phidias, served as handmaids to religion and virtue, degenerated, under inferior artists, into mean hirelings of vice and disorder; and the simple frugality of manners, which commonly prevailed in private families, even of the first distinction, was contrasted with the extravagant dissipation of public entertainments and festivals.

LESSON CXXVI.

Time.—WHITE.

WHERE are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones
Who flourished in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,
Sits grim *Forgetfulness*. The warrior's arm
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
Hushed is the stormy voice, and quenched the blaze
Of his red eyeball.—Yesterday his name
Was mighty on the earth. To-day—'t is what?
The meteor of the night of distant years,
That flashed unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld,
Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam
Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly
Closed her pale lips, and locked the secret up,
Safe in the charnel's treasures.
O how weak
Is mortal man! how trifling—how confined
His scope of vision! Puffed with confidence,
His phrase grows big with immortality,
And he, poor insect of a summer's day!
Dreams of eternal honors to his name;
Of endless glory and perennial bays.
He idly reasons of eternity,
As of the train of ages,—when, alas!
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
Are, in comparison, a little point
Too trivial for account.—O, it is strange,
'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies;
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
And smile, and say, My name shall live with this
Till Time shall be no more; while at his feet,
Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
Of the fallen fabric of the other day
Preaches the solemn lesson.—He *should* know
That Time must conquer; that the loudest blast

That ever filled Renown's obstreperous trump
Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom
Of the gigantic pyramid? or who
Reared its huge walls? Oblivion laughs, and says,
The prey is mine.—They sleep, and never more
Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,
Their memory burst its fetters.

LESSON CXXVII.

The Storm.—ANONYMOUS.

THE sun went down in beauty; not a cloud
Darkened its radiance,—yet there might be seen
A few fantastic vapors scattered o'er
The face of the blue heavens; some fair and slight
As the pure lawn that shields the maiden's breast.
Some shone like silver,—some did stream afar,
Faint and dispersed, like the Pale Horse's mane,
Which Death shall stride hereafter,—some were glittering
Like dolphin's scales, touched out with varying hues
Of beautiful light—outvying some the rose,
And some the violet, yellow, white, and blue,
Scarlet, and purpling red. One small lone ship
Was seen with outstretched sails, keeping its way
In quiet o'er the deep; all nature seemed
Fond of tranquillity; the glassy sea
Scarce rippled—the halcyon slept upon the wave;
The winds were all at rest; and in the east
The crescent Moon—then seen imperfectly—
Came onwards, with the vesper star, to see
A summer day's decline.

The sun went down in beauty; but the eyes
Of ancient seamen trembled, when they saw
A small black ominous spot far in the distance:
It spread, and spread—larger and dark—and came
O'ershadowing the skies: the ocean rose;
The gathering waves grew large, and broke in hoarse
And hollow sounds; the mighty winds awoke,
And screamed and whistled through the cordage; birds
That seemed to have no home, flocked there in terror,

And sat with quivering plumage on the mast:
Flashes were seen, and distant sounds were heard—
Presages of a storm.

The sun went down in beauty; but the skies
Were wildly changed. It was a dreadful night—
No moon was seen, in all the heavens, to aid
Or cheer the lone and sea-beat mariner;
Planet nor guiding star broke through the gloom;
But the blue lightnings glared along the waters,
As if the fiend had fired its torch to light
Some wretches to their graves. The tempest winds
Raving came next, and, in deep hollow sounds,
Like those the spirits of the dead do use,
When they would speak their evil prophecies,
Muttered of death to come; then came the thunder,
Deepening and crashing as 't would rend the world;
Or, as the Deity passed aloft in anger,
And spoke to man—despair! The ship was tossed,
And now stood poised upon the curling billows,
And now 'midst deep and watery chasms—that yawned
As 't were in hunger—sank. Behind there came
Mountains of moving water, with a rush
And sound of gathering power, that did appal
The heart to look on: terrible cries were heard;
Sounds of despair—some like a mother's anguish—
Some of intemperate, dark, and dissolute joy—
Music and horrid mirth—but unallied
To joy; and madness might be heard amidst
The pauses of the storm; and when the glare
Was strong, rude savage men were seen to dance
In frantic exultation on the deck,
Though all was hopeless. Hark! the ship has struck,
And the forked lightning seeks the arsenal!
'Tis fired—and mirth and madness are no more!
Midst columned smoke, deep red, the fragments fly
In fierce confusion—splinters and scorched limbs,
And burning masts, and showers of gold,—torn from
The heart that hugged it even till death. Thus doth
Sicilian Etna in her angry moods,
Or Hecla 'mid her wilderness of snows,
Shoot up its burning entrails, with a sound
Louder than e'er the Titans uttered from
Their subterranean caves, when Jove enchained

Them, daring and rebellious. The black skies,
Shocked at the excess of light, returned the sound
In frightful echoes,—as if an alarm
Had spread through all the elements: then came
A horrid silence—deep—unnatural—like
The quiet of the grave.

LESSON CXXVIII.

Twilight.—HALLECK.

THERE is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.
'T is with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
But Hope is round us with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour;
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.

In youth the cheek was crimsoned with her glow;
Her smile was loveliest then; her matin song
Was heaven's own music, and the note of wo
Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.
Life's little world of bliss was newly born;
We knew not, cared not, it was born to die.
Flushed with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,
With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,
And mocked the passing clouds that dimmed its blue,
Like our own sorrows then—as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway too,—on the eye,
Half realized, her early dreams burst bright,
Her promised bower of happiness seemed nigh,
Its days of joy, its vigils of delight;
And though at times might lower the thunder storm,
And the red lightnings threaten, still the air
Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,
The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there.
'T is in life's noontide she is nearest seen,
Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer green

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,
There 's more of heaven's pure beam about her now;
That angel-smile of tranquil loveliness,
Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow;
That smile shall brighten the dim evening star
That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart,
Till the faint light of life is fled afar,
And hushed the last deep beating of the heart;
The meteor-bearer of our parting breath,
A moon-beam in the midnight cloud of death.

LESSON CXXIX.

Account of the Plague in London.—GALT.

IN its malignancy it engrossed the ill of all other maladies, and made doctors despicable. Of a potency equal to Death, it possessed itself of all his armories, and was itself the death of every mortal distemper. The touch, yea the very sight of the infected was deadly; and its signs were so sudden, that families seated in happiness at their meals have seen the plague-spot begin to redden, and have widely scattered themselves forever.

The cement of society was dissolved by it. Mothers, when they saw the sign of the infection on the babes at their breast, cast them from them with abhorrence. Wild places were sought for shelter;—some went into ships, and anchored themselves afar off on the waters. But the angel that was pouring the vial had a foot on the sea as well as on the dry land. No place was so wild that the plague did not visit,—none so secret that the quick-sighted pestilence did not discover,—none could fly that it did not overtake.

It was as if Heaven had repented the making of mankind, and was shovelling them all into the sepulchre. Justice was forgotten, and her courts deserted: the terrified jailors fled from the felons that were in fetters,—the innocent and the guilty leagued themselves together, and kept within their prisons for safety,—the grass grew in the market-places,—the cattle went moaning up and down the fields, wondering what had become of their keepers,—the rooks and the ravens came into the towns, and built their nests in the mute belfries,—silence was universal, save when some infected wretch was seen clamoring at a window.

For a time all commerce was in coffins and shrouds; but even that ended. Shrift there was none; churches and chapels were open, but neither priest nor penitent entered, all went to the charnel-house. The sexton and the physician were cast into the same deep and wide grave,—the testator and his heirs and executors, were hurled from the same cart into the same hole together. Fires became extinguished, as if its element too had expired,—the seams of the sailorless ships yawned to the sun.

Though doors were open and coffers unwatched, there was no theft; all offences ceased, and no crime but the universal wo of the pestilence was heard of among men. The wells overflowed, and the conduits ran to waste;—the dogs banded themselves together, having lost their masters, and ran howling over all the land;—horses perished of famine in their stalls;—old friends but looked at one another when they met, keeping themselves far aloof;—creditors claimed no debts, and courtiers performed their promises; —little children went wandering up and down, and numbers were seen dead in all corners. Nor was it only in England that the plague so raged, it travelled over a third part of the whole earth, like the shadow of an eclipse, as if some dreadful thing had been interposed between the world and the sun-source of life.

LESSON CXXX.

Rural Occupations favorable to Devotion.—BUCKMINSTER.

No situation in life is so favorable to established habits of virtue, and to powerful sentiments of devotion, as a residence in the country and rural occupations. I am not speaking of a condition of peasantry, (of which in this country we know little,) who are mere vassals of an absent lord, or the hired laborers of an intendant, and who are therefore interested in nothing but the regular receipt of their daily wages; but I refer to the honorable character of an owner of the soil, whose comforts, whose weight in the community, and whose very existence, depend upon his personal labors, and the regular returns of the abundance from the soil which he cultivates.

No man, one would think, would feel so sensibly his im-

mediate dependence upon God, as the husbandman. For all his peculiar blessings, he is invited to look immediately to the bounty of Heaven. No secondary cause stands between him and his Maker. To him are essential the regular succession of the seasons, and the timely fall of the rain, the genial warmth of the sun, the sure productiveness of the soil, and the certain operations of those laws of nature, which must appear to him nothing less than the varied exertions of omnipresent energy.

In the country we seem to stand in the midst of the great theatre of God's power, and we feel an unusual proximity to our Creator. His blue and tranquil sky spreads itself over our heads, and we acknowledge the intrusion of no secondary agent in unfolding this vast expanse. Nothing but Omnipotence can work up the dark horrors of the tempest, dart the flashes of the lightning, and roll the long-resounding rumor of the thunder. The breeze wafts to his senses the odors of God's beneficence; the voice of God's power is heard in the rustling of the forest; and the varied forms of life, activity, and pleasure, which he observes at every step in the fields, lead him irresistibly, one would think, to the Source of being, and beauty, and joy.

How auspicious such a life to the noble sentiments of devotion! Besides, the situation of the husbandman is peculiarly favorable, it should seem, to purity and simplicity of moral sentiment. He is brought acquainted chiefly with the real and native wants of mankind. Employed solely in bringing food out of the earth, he is not liable to be fascinated with the fictitious pleasures, the unnatural wants, the fashionable follies, and tyrannical vices of more busy and splendid life.

Still more favorable to the religious character of the husbandman is the circumstance, that, from the nature of agricultural pursuits, they do not so completely engross the attention as other occupations. They leave much time for contemplation, for reading, and intellectual pleasures; and these are peculiarly grateful to the resident in the country. Especially does the institution of the Sabbath discover all its value to the tiller of the earth, whose fatigue it solaces, whose hard labors it interrupts, and who feels, on that day, the worth of his moral nature, which cannot be understood by the busy man, who considers the repose of this day as interfering with his hopes of gain, or professional employments. If, then, this institution is of any moral and reli-

gious value, it is to the country we must look for the continuance of that respect and observance, which it merits.

LESSON CXXXI.

Description of the Speedwell Mine in England.—SILLIMAN.

We entered a wooden door, placed in the side of a hill, and descended one hundred and six stone steps, laid like those of a set of cellar stairs. The passage was regularly arched with brick, and was in all respects convenient.

Having reached the bottom of the steps, we found a handsome vaulted passage cut through solid limestone. The light of our candles discovered that it extended horizontally into the mountain, and its floor was covered with an unruffled expanse of water, four feet deep. The entrance of this passage was perfectly similar in form to the mouth of a common oven, only it was much larger. Its breadth, by my estimation, was about five feet at the water's surface, and its height four or five feet, reckoning from the same place.

On this unexpected, and to me, at that moment, *incomprehensible* canal, we found launched a large, clean and convenient boat. We embarked, and pulled ourselves along, by taking hold of wooden pegs, fixed for that purpose in the walls. Our progress was through a passage wholly artificial, it having been all blasted and hewn out of the solid rock.

You will readily believe that this adventure was a delightful recreation. I never felt more forcibly the power of contrast. Instead of crawling through a narrow, dirty passage, we were now pleasantly embarked, and were pushing along into I knew not what solitary regions of this rude earth, over an expanse as serene as summer seas.

We had not the odors nor the silken sails of Cleopatra's barge, but we excelled her in melody of sound, and distinctness of echo; for, when, in the gayety of my spirits, I began to sing, the boatman soon gave me to understand that no one should sing in his mountain, without his permission; and, before I had uttered three notes, he broke forth in such a strain, that I was contented to listen, and yield the palm without a contest.

His voice, which was strong, clear and melodious, made all those silent regions ring; the long, vaulted passage augmented the effect; echo answered with great distinctness, and had the genii of the mountain been there, they would doubtless have taken passage with us, and hearkened to the song. In the meantime we began to hear the sound of a distant water-fall, which grew louder and louder, as we advanced under the mountain, till it increased to such a roaring noise that the boatman could no longer be heard.

In this manner we went on, a quarter of a mile, till we arrived in a vast cavern formed there by nature. The miners, as they were blasting the rocks, at the time when they were forming the vaulted passage, accidentally opened their way into this cavern. Here I discovered how the canal was supplied with water;—I found that it communicated with a river running through the cavern at right angles with the arched passage, and falling down a precipice twenty-five feet into a dark abyss.

After crossing the river, the arched way is continued a quarter of a mile farther, on the other side, making in the whole half a mile from the entrance. The end of the arch is six hundred feet below the summit of the mountain.

When it is considered that all this was effected by mere dint of hewing and blasting, it must be pronounced a stupendous performance. It took eleven years of constant labor to effect it. In the meantime the fortune of the adventurer was consumed, without any discovery of ore, except a very little lead, and, to this day, this great work remains only a wonderful monument of human labor and perseverance.

During the whole period of five years that they continued this work, after they crossed the cavern, they threw the rubbish into the abyss, and it has not sensibly filled it up.

They have contrived to increase the effect of the cataract by fixing a gate along the ledge of rocks over which the river falls. This gate is raised by a lever, and then the whole mass of water in the vaulted passage, as well as that in the river, presses forward towards the cataract. I ascended a ladder made by pieces of timber fixed in the sides of the cavern, and, with the aid of a candle elevated on a pole, I could discover no top; my guide assured me that none had been found, although they had ascended very high.

This cavern is, without exception, the most grand and solemn place that I have ever seen. When you view me

in the centre of a mountain, in the midst of a void, where the regularity of the walls looks like some vast rotunda; when you think of a river as flowing across the bottom of this cavern, and falling abruptly into a profound abyss, with the stunning noise of a cataract; when you imagine, that, by the light of a firework of gunpowder, played off on purpose to render this darkness visible, the foam of the cataract is illuminated even down to the surface of the water in the abyss, and the rays, emitted by the livid blaze of this preparation, are reflected along the dripping walls of the cavern, till they are lost in the darker regions above, you will not wonder that such a scene should seize on my whole soul, and fill me with awe and astonishment, causing me to exclaim, as I involuntarily did, 'Marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!'

LESSON CXXXII.

To Tranquillity.—COLERIDGE.

TRANQUILLITY! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame!
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue or factious rage:
For oh! dear child of thoughtful Truth,
To thee I gave my early youth,
And left the bark, and blessed the steadfast shore,
Ere yet the tempest rose, and scared me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
On him but seldom, power divine,
Thy spirit rests. Satiety
And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope
And dire Remembrance interlope
To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead
At morning through th' accustomed mead;
And in the sultry summer's heat
Will build me up a mossy seat!

And when the gust of Autumn crowds,
And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee I dedicate the whole!
And while within myself I trace
The greatness of some future race,
Aloof with hermit eye, I scan
The present works of present man—
A wild and dreamlike trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!

LESSON CXXXIII

To A Cloud.—BRYANT.

BEAUTIFUL cloud! with folds so soft and fair,
Swimming in the pure quiet air!
Thy fleeces bathed in sunlight, while below
Thy shadow o'er the vale moves slow:
Where, 'midst their labor, pause the reaper train
As cool it comes along the grain.
Beautiful cloud! I would I were with thee
In thy calm way o'er land and sea:
To rest on thy unrolling skirts, and look
On Earth as on an open book;
On streams that tie her realms with silver bands,
And the long ways that seam her lands;
And hear her humming cities, and the sound
Of the great ocean breaking round.
Ay—I would sail upon thy air-borne car
To blooming regions distant far,
To where the sun of Andalusia shines
On his own olive groves and vines,
Or the soft lights of Italy's bright sky
In smiles upon her ruins lie.
But I would woo the winds to let us rest
O'er Greece long fettered and opprest,
Whose sons at length have heard the call that comes
From the old battle fields and tombs,

And risen, and drawn the sword, and, on the foe
Have dealt the swift and desperate blow,
And the Othman power is cloven, and the stroke
Has touched its chains, and they are broke.
Ay, we would linger till the sunset there
Should come, to purple all the air,
And thou reflect upon the sacred ground,
The ruddy radiance streaming round.

Bright meteor! for the summer noontide made!
Thy peerless beauty yet shall fade.
The sun, that fills with light each glistening fold,
Shall set, and leave thee dark and cold:
The blast shall rend thy skirts, or thou mayst frown
In the dark heaven when storms come down,
And weep in rain, till man's inquiring eye
Miss thee, forever, from the sky.

LESSON CXXXIV.

The Vulture of the Alps.—ANONYMOUS.

I 'VE been among the mighty Alps, and wandered through their vales,
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal tales,
As round the cottage blazing hearth, when their daily work was o'er,
They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er were heard of more.

And there I from a shepherd heard a narrative of fear,
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not hear:
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice was tremulous;
But, wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus:—

'It is among these barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey which from afar he smells;
But, patient, watching hour on hour upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.

'One cloudless Sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising high,

When, from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,
As if some awful deed were done, a shriek of grief and pain,
A cry, I humbly trust in God, I ne'er may hear again.

'I hurried out to learn the cause; but, overwhelmed with fright,
The children never ceased to shriek, and from my frenzied sight
I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care;
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing through the air.

'Oh! what an awful spectacle to meet a father's eye,—
His infant made a vulture's prey, with terror to descry;
And know, with agonizing breast, and with a maniac rave,
That earthly power could not avail, that innocent to save!

'My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to me,
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly, to get free;
At intervals, I heard his cries, as loud he shrieked and screamed!
Until, upon the azure sky, a lessening spot he seemed.

'The vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily he flew;
A mote upon the sun's broad face he seemed unto my view;
But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would alight,—
'T was only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite.

'All search was vain, and years had passed; that child was ne'er forgot,
When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spot,
From whence, upon a rugged crag the chamois never reached,
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleached!

'I clambered up that rugged cliff,—I could not stay away,—
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hastening to decay;
A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many a shred;
The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon the head.

'That dreary spot is pointed out to travellers passing by,

Who often stand, and, musing, gaze, nor go without a sigh.'
And as I journeyed, the next morn, along my sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.

LESSON CXXXV.

The Transport.—ANONYMOUS.

THE great eye of day was wide open, and a joyful light filled air, heaven, and ocean. The marbled clouds lay motionless far and wide over the deep blue sky, and all memory of storm and hurricane had vanished from the magnificence of that immense calm. There was but a gentle fluctuation on the bosom of the deep, and the sea-birds floated steadily there, or dipped their wings for a moment in the wreathed foam, and again wheeled sportively away into the sunshine.

One ship, only one single ship, was within the encircling horizon, and she had lain there as if at anchor since the morning light; for, although all her sails were set, scarcely a wandering breeze touched her canvass, and her flags hung dead on staff and at peak, or lifted themselves uncertainly up at intervals, and then sunk again into motionless repose. The crew paced not her deck, for they knew that no breeze would come till after meridian,—and it was the Sabbath day.

A small congregation were singing praises to God in that chapel, which rested almost as quietly on the sea, as the house of worship in which they had been used to pray then rested, far off on a foundation of rock in a green valley of their forsaken Scotland. They were emigrants—nor hoped ever again to see the mists of their native mountains.

But as they heard the voice of their psalm, each singer half forgot that it blended with the sound of the sea, and almost believed himself sitting in the kirk of his own beloved parish. But hundreds of billowy leagues intervened between them and the little tinkling bell, that was now tolling their happier friends to the quiet house of God.

And now an old gray headed man rose to pray, and held up his withered hand in fervent supplication for all around, whom, in good truth, he called his children—for three generations were with the patriarch in that tabernacle.

There in one group were husbands and wives standing

together, in awe of Him who held the deep in the hollow of his hand,—there, youths and maidens, linked together by the feeling of the same destiny, some of them perhaps hoping, when they reached the shore, to lay their heads on one pillow,—there, children hand in hand, happy in the wonders of the ocean,—and there, mere infants smiling on the sunny deck, and unconscious of the meaning of hymn or prayer.

A low, confined, growling noise was heard struggling beneath the deck, and a sailor called with a loud voice, 'Fire, fire,—the ship's on fire!' Holy words died on the prayer's tongue—the congregation fell asunder—and pale faces, wild eyes, groans, shrieks, and outcries rent the silence of the lonesome sea. No one for awhile knew the other, as all were hurried as in a whirlwind up and down the ship. A dismal heat, all unlike the warmth of that beautiful sun, came stiflingly on every breath. Mothers, who in their first terror had shuddered but for themselves, now clasped their infants to their breasts, and lifted up their eyes to heaven.

Bold brave men grew white as ashes, and hands, strengthened by toil and storm, trembled like the aspen-leaf. 'Gone —gone,—we are all gone!' was now the cry; yet no one knew whence that cry came; and men glared reproachfully on each other's countenances, and strove to keep down the audible beating of their own hearts. The desperate love of life drove them instinctively to their stations, and the water was poured, as by the strength of giants, down among the smouldering flames. But the devouring element roared up into the air; and deck, masts, sails, and shrouds, were one crackling and hissing sheet of fire.

'Let down the boat!' was now the yell of hoarse voices; and in an instant she was filled with life. Then there was frantic leaping into the sea; and all who were fast drowning moved convulsively towards that little ark.

Some sunk down at once into oblivion—some grasped at nothing with their disappearing hands—some seized in vain unquenched pieces of the fiery wreck—some would fain have saved a friend almost in the last agonies; and some, strong in a savage despair, tore from them the clenched fingers that would have dragged them down, and forgot in fear both love and pity.

Enveloped in flames and smoke, yet insensible as a corpse to the burning, a frantic mother flung down her baby among

the crew; and as it fell among the upward oars unharmed, she shrieked out a prayer of thanksgiving: 'Go, husband, go; for I am content to die.—Oh! live—live—my husband, for our darling Willy's sake.'

But in the prime of life, and with his manly bosom full of health and hope, the husband looked but for a moment till he saw his child was safe; and then, taking his young wife in his arms, sat down beneath the burning fragments of the sail, with the rest that were resigned, never more to rise up till the sound of the last trumpet, when the faithful and afflicted shall be raised to breathe for ever empyrean air.

LESSON CXXXVI.

Reflections on the Return of Spring.—ALISON.

THE words uttered by Job are still applicable to *us*. Even now, the greatest and most important part of our religious knowledge, our knowledge of the nature and attributes of 'Him that made us' is acquired solely 'by the hearing of the ear.' The early instruction of the parent, the occasional hours of reading and meditation, and the public exhortations of the pulpit, constitute all that the generality of men know upon the most momentous subject of human information.

There are few who have been taught in infancy to raise their minds to the contemplation of his works; who love to kindle their adoration at the altar of nature, or to lose themselves in astonishment amid the immensity of the universe; and who thus 'seeing him with their eyes' learn to associate the truths of religion with all the most valued emotions of their hearts. It is the natural consequence of these partial views of the Deity to narrow our conceptions of his being; to chill the native sensibility of our minds to devotion; and to render religion rather the gloomy companion of the church and the closet, than the animating friend of our ordinary hours.

Reflections of this kind seem very naturally to arise to us from the season we experience, and the scenes we at present behold. In the beautiful language of the wise man, 'the winter is now over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.' In these moments, we

are the witnesses of the most beautiful and most astonishing spectacle that nature ever presents to our view.

The earth, by an annual miracle, rises again, as from her grave, into life and beauty. A new creation peoples the wintry desert; and the voice of joy and gladness is heard among these scenes, which but of late lay in silence and desolation. The sun comes forth, 'like a bridegroom from his chamber,' to diffuse light and life over every thing he beholds; and the breath of heaven seems to brood, with maternal love, over that infant creation it has so lately awakened into being.

In such hours there is a natural impulse which leads us to meditation and praise. We love to go out amid the scenery of nature, to mark its progressive beauty, and to partake in the new joy of every thing that lives;—and we almost involuntarily lift up our eyes to that heaven from whence cometh the hope of man, 'which openeth its hand, and filleth all things with plenteousness.' Even upon the most uncultivated minds, these seasons have their influence; and wherever, over the face of the earth, the Spring is now returning, even amid nations uncheered by the light of the Gospel, the poor inhabitant is yet everywhere preparing some rude solemnity, to express the renewal of his joy and the return of his praise.

LESSON CXXXVII.

Instability of Earthly Things.—HERVEY.

THE moon is incessantly varying, either in her aspect or her stages. Sometimes she looks full upon us, and her visage is all lustre. Sometimes she appears in profile, and shows us only half her enlightened face. Anon, a radiant crescent but just adorns her brow. Soon it dwindles into a slender streak: till, at length, all her beauty vanishes, and she becomes a beamless orb. Sometimes she rises with the descending day, and begins her procession amidst admiring multitudes.

Ere long, she defers her progress till the midnight watches, and steals unobserved upon the sleeping world. Sometimes she just enters the edges of the western horizon, and drops us a ceremonious visit. Within awhile, she sets out

on her nightly tour from the opposite regions of the east; traverses the whole hemisphere, and never offers to withdraw, till the more refulgent partner of her sway renders her presence unnecessary. In a word, she is, while conversant among us, still waxing or waning, and 'never continueth in one stay.'

Such is the moon, and such are all sublunary things exposed to perpetual vicissitudes. How often and how soon have the faint echoes of renown slept in silence, or been converted into the clamors of obloquy! The same lips, almost with the same breath, cry, Hosanna and Crucify!—Have not riches confessed their notorious treachery a thousand and a thousand times? Either melting away like snow in our hands, by insensible degrees, or escaping, like a winged prisoner from its cage, with a precipitate flight.

Have we not known the bridegroom's closet an antichamber to the tomb; and heard the voice which so lately pronounced the sparkling pair husband and wife, proclaim an everlasting divorce? and seal the decree, with that solemn asseveration, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!'—Our friends, though the medicine of life; our health, though the balm of nature, are a most precarious possession. How soon may the first become a corpse in our arms; and how easily is the last destroyed in its vigor!

You have seen, no doubt, a set of pretty painted birds perching on your trees, or sporting in your meadows. You were pleased with the lovely visitants, that brought beauty on their wings, and melody in their throats. But could you insure the continuance of this agreeable entertainment? No, truly. At the least disturbing noise, at the least terrifying appearance, they start from their seats; they mount the skies, and are gone in an instant, are gone forever. Would you choose to have a happiness which bears date with their arrival, and expires at their departure? If you could not be content with a portion, enjoyable only through such a fortuitous term, not of years, but of moments, O! take up with nothing earthly; set your affections on things above; there alone is 'no variableness or shadow of turning.'

LESSON CXXXVIII.

The Arctic Dove. — BOWLES.

RIDE on:—the ark, majestic and alone
On the wide waste of the careering deep,
Its hull scarce peering through the night of clouds,
Is seen. But lo! the mighty deep has shrunk!
The ark, from its terrific voyage, rests
On Ararat. The raven is sent forth,—
Send out the dove, and as her wings far off
Shine in the light, that streaks the sev'ring clouds,
Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song:—
  Go beautiful and gentle dove,
    But whither wilt thou go?
  For though the clouds ride high above,
    How sad and waste is all below!

The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast
Held the poor bird, and kissed it. Many a night
When she was listening to the hollow wind,
She pressed it to her bosom, with a tear;
Or when it murmured in her hand, forgot
The long, loud tumult of the storm without.—
She kisses it, and, at her father's word,
Bids it go forth

  The dove flies on! In lonely flight
    She flies from dawn till dark;
  And now, amid the gloom of night,
    Comes weary to the ark.
  Oh! let me in, she seems to say,
  For long and lone hath been my way;
  Oh! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest,
  And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

So the bird flew to her who cherished it.
She sent it forth again out of the ark;—
Again it came at evening-fall, and lo,
An olive-leaf plucked off, and in its bill.
And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its bill,
And kissed its wings again, and smilingly
Dropped on its neck one silent tear for joy.
She sent it forth once more; and watched its flight,

Till it was lost amid the clouds of heaven:
Then gazing on the clouds where it was lost,
Its mournful mistress sung this last farewell:—

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
And greet the morning ray;
For lo! the sun shines bright above,
And night and storm are passed away.
No longer drooping, here confined,
In this cold prison dwell;
Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.
Oh! beautiful and gentle dove,
Thy welcome sad will be,
When thou shalt hear no voice of love
In murmurs from the leafy tree;
Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find,
From this cold prison's cell;
Go, then, to sunshine and the wind,
Sweet bird, go forth and fare thee well.

LESSON CXXXIX.

The Convict Ship.—HERVEY.

MORN on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale;
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters,—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken forever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The deathbed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'T is thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled;
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:—
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

LESSON CXL.

Advice to the Young.—CHANNING.

YOUNG man, remember that the only test of goodness, virtue, is moral strength, self-denying energy. You have generous and honorable feelings, you scorn mean actions, your heart beats quick at the sight or hearing of courageous,

disinterested deeds, and all these are interesting qualities; but, remember, they are the gifts of nature, the endowments of your susceptible age. They are not virtue.

God and the inward monitor ask for more. The question is, do you strive to confirm, into permanent principles, the generous sensibilities of the heart? Are you watchful to suppress the impetuous emotions, the resentments, the selfish passionateness, which are warring against your honorable feelings? Especially do you subject to your moral and religious convictions, the love of pleasure, the appetites, the passions, which form the great trials of youthful virtue?

Here is the field of conflict to which youth is summoned. Trust not to occasional impulses of benevolence, to constitutional courage, frankness, kindness, if you surrender yourselves basely to the temptations of your age. No man who has made any observation of life, but will tell you how often he has seen the promise of youth blasted; intellect, genius, honorable feeling, kind affection, overpowered and almost extinguished, through the want of moral strength, through a tame yielding to pleasure and the passions. Place no trust in your good propensities, unless these are fortified, and upheld, and improved by moral energy and self-control.

To all of us, in truth, the same lesson comes. If any man will be Christ's disciple, sincerely good, and worthy to be named among the friends of virtue, if he will have inward peace and the consciousness of progress towards Heaven, he must deny himself, he must take the cross, and follow in the renunciation of every gain and pleasure inconsistent with the will of God.

LESSON CXLI.

Immortality the Reward of Virtue.—LINDSAY.

THE doctrines of that philosophy, which despises equally the probabilities of reason and the truths of revelation, are beyond description dreadful. They bring death to the soul here, by threatening it with death hereafter. They extinguish all the rising energies of the mind, and all the tenderest sympathies of the heart.

If I can believe these doctrines, then must I believe, that the first and strongest of all desires, the desire of living, has

been given only that the thought of its final disappointment, may destroy the relish of its present gratification. Then must I believe, that the human soul, which, in this state, can but just expand its germ, and put forth its blossoms, shall never realize its flattering promises of a harvest to come. Then must I believe, that all the best affections of nature obtain a sweet, but temporary and precarious indulgence, in the intercourses of friendship, and the endearments of domestic life, only that the idea of everlasting separation may come home upon the soul in more tremendous horror.

What is there—in the name of wisdom, what is there in the short and interrupted enjoyments of humanity, that could compensate for the anxiety and pain, which such ideas must occasion to the thoughtful, especially in those hours of sorrow, when all other consolations are unavailing, if not aided by the consolations of religion?

For myself, I would rather dream—if it were nothing but dreaming—I would rather dream a thousand and a thousand times the dream of immortality, than wake once to the reality, supposing it to be one, which would draw a terrific gloom over all those prospects, that mitigate the evils and enhance the joys of man. But a reality it cannot be, if there is a just and merciful God, who rules the universe, and has given to us the word of life.

Infidel, cease! tread not with daring step and cruel purpose, that hallowed ground, which upholds, and upholds well, whatever wisdom or affection values most. Respect, at least, the sensibilities of a wounded spirit, and leave to the mourner in Zion, O! leave him that faith, which alone can reconcile him to the death of others, which alone can fortify his courage in the prospect of his own, which alone can fill his heart with peace and joy in believing.

But why bespeak the forbearance of infidelity, when we may securely defy its most inveterate enmity? We are covered with the armor of God—we wield the weapons of everlasting truth. We stand upon that rock, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. We know in whom we have believed, and that He is able to keep the good thing which we commit to Him, till the fair dawning of that morn, which shall give us back all that has been excellent in wisdom and in virtue; all that has been pleasing to the eye of fancy, or dear to the heart of affection.

Yes, ye venerable worthies! who have enlightened and

improved the world, it was with this prospect before you, that ye consumed the midnight oil in laborious studies—that ye exhausted the energies of your minds, and the strength of your bodies, in illustrating important truths, and communicating useful knowledge.

Ye too, who have suffered persecution for the sake of righteousness, who have nobly thought, and bravely died in the defence of truth—yes, ye fanned your holy ambition, ye nerved your high and generous resolves, by the desire and hope of that divine approbation, which will crown your labors with eternal triumph.

Ye shall not lose your expectation. We shall see you owned and proclaimed, in the midst of an assembled universe, by Him who was himself a voluntary victim to his love of truth and human happiness. We shall see you receive the crown of righteousness from His hands, whose doctrines inspired you with high purposes; whose spirit guided you in the execution of them, whose example taught you to labor and suffer for God and eternity.

And ye, whose silent virtues have adorned Christianity in the more humble walks of private life; whose gentle spirits and kind attentions have smoothed the brow of care, and sweetened the cup of enjoyment, and cheered the circle of domestic relations, ye shall not be forgotten by Him, who answered so well the prophet's description; who fed his flock like a shepherd; who gathered the lambs with his arm, and carried them in his bosom, and gently led those that were with young. He, who was meek and lowly in heart—who delighted in encouraging the timid, and confirming the doubtful—will bring you safely to the peaceful mansions of his Father's house, and restore to your sight, to your everlasting society, those objects, without which heaven itself would be but half a heaven to the heart of sensibility.