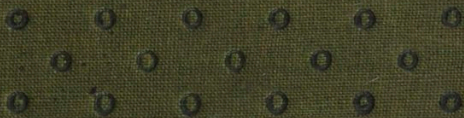




THE
AUSTRALIAN SPEAKER.

BY
ALEXANDER MACULLY, M.A., LL.B.



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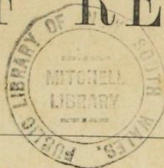
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St. James.

THE
ART OF READING.



*Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so o'er that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
Which nature makes.*

REV. ALEXANDER MACULLY,

B.A., LL.B., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN;

F.S.L.A., LONDON;

M.A., MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY;

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION.

Melbourne:

MASON, FIRTH & M'CUTCHEON, GENERAL PRINTERS,
51 & 53 FLINDERS LANE WEST.

1887.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS, &c.

RECITALS given in the Examination Hall of Trinity College,
Dublin, 10th June, 1876.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN, *Author of "Shakspeare: His Mind and Art," &c.*

. . . MR. MACULLY'S naturally fine gifts of voice and expression were united with the gains which come from careful study. His rendering of the *Hamlet* scene was highly dramatic, without ever overstepping—I thought—the limits of right taste. Without attempting detailed criticism, I may sum up my impression by saying that MR. MACULLY'S second recitation gave me an assurance of his remarkable power as a reader and reciter, and, I believe, made my appreciation of the portion of Shakspeare which he rendered more full and accurate.

RIGHT HON. JUDGE LAWSON, *Member University Senate, Trinity College, Dublin.*

I have been in the habit of attending the Readings given by the REV. ALEXANDER MACULLY whenever an opportunity offered, and I derived from them much pleasure and instruction. He possesses rare gifts of elocution, and in particular is a faithful interpreter of Shakspeare.

THE "EXPRESS," *Dublin.*

. . . His style is free from any approach to rant, while his reading is singularly vigorous and minutely interpretive of the inner thought of the poet. Had we not seen MR. MACULLY'S performance, we could not have believed it possible, without the aid of scenery and a distribution of the characters to different actors, to call so faithful a picture of Shakspeare's marvellous productions. The grave-digger's quaint humour, the sombre reflectiveness of *Hamlet*, *Laertes'* passionate grief, the crack-voiced priest's stubborn respect for canons, were represented in an astonishing manner—the voice and character of each being clearly marked.

"SAUNDERS' NEWS-LETTER," *Dublin.*

. . . MR. MACULLY carried his audience with him throughout. In Shakspeare he was exceedingly effective. He shows himself as competent to sustain the character of *Falstaff* as that of *Hamlet*. His rendering of the extremely trying piece, "The Bells," is not inferior to any we have ever heard in Dublin; and in "The Bridge of Sighs" he was loudly and deservedly applauded. His manner never transgresses the limits prescribed by the most fastidious good taste. Rarely have we seen as highly cultivated an assembly so entirely *en rapport* with the person addressing them. We congratulate MR. MACULLY on his *début*, and the literary circles of society on the appearance of a reader of such high-class ability.

"DOWN RECORDER,"

. . . As an artist, MR. ALEXANDER MACULLY possesses gifts of a very superior order. He is endowed with a splendid voice, versatile powers of description, discriminating taste, and refined and cultivated manners. He has evidently devoted much attention to our English classics, which he interprets with a skill and success we have seldom heard surpassed. In his readings and recitals, his aim is to instruct the mind of his audience, and not at mere amusement; and with this purpose in view he selects the best authors, whose thoughts he presents with a vividness and graphic power which arrests and enchains attention.

THE ART OF READING.

I shall endeavour to place my views upon this subject clearly and concisely before you, and if it awakens an interest in the minds of some who have, perhaps, hitherto given it no attention, I will, indeed, feel amply repaid for the labour in reducing to form ideas, the outcome of reading and my own thought on the subject.

I think most of those present will agree with me in the assertion—that the study of the Art of Reading is neglected in the greater number of our educational establishments. The natural result is that good reading—that is, reading with expression—is but seldom met with.

I will now consider—

I.—Objections to the teaching of the Art of Reading.

II.—Advantages arising from its study.

III.—That it should hold a more prominent position in our educational system.

With regard to the objections urged against the study of the Art of Reading, some will tell us that reading is a natural gift, and cannot be acquired through study. The same argument might be urged against the study of any of the finer arts. Music, for instance, is a study which requires years of attention and practice before even one who has a natural taste and ability becomes fairly proficient.

The study of painting and sculpture might likewise be disparaged.

Do we hesitate to teach our daughters music because the probability is that they have not been endowed by nature with any very special talent for it?

We know that with attention and pains persons of average ability can acquire a fair knowledge of music, though they would never become great musicians.

My own experience, as a teacher of the Art of Reading, is that persons of average ability may become good readers if they have proper tuition and give the subject some attention.

There is another objection which, I think, has strongly prejudiced people against this study. Many men with comparatively no education have set themselves up as "Professors of Elocution," with nothing to recommend them but an unusual amount of audacity, a loud voice, and a stilted and bombastic manner.

"O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-Herods Herod."

This has been, unfortunately, so frequently the case in the past that even now when I think of an elocution master, mouthing and ranting are the invariable associations. In fact, by many it is looked upon as an art by means of which sound and emotion are substituted for sense and truth.

I have in my memory one whom I often heard in my boyish days. He was a true type of what I have just been describing. I will give you an illustration of his style and manner, which I am told I do not in the least exaggerate.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead," &c.

This association of what is stilted and bombastic with elocution has become so deeply rooted in the minds of many—even men of education and high university attainments—that there is nothing to raise it from its present state of comparative indifference and neglect, until the universities are influenced by men who have thought upon the subject to give it a place in the curriculum of their studies, and then the colleges will give it the prominence and attention it deserves.

There was an objection to ministers studying elocution; but in the present age of enlightenment and criticism it has, I think, been relegated to take its place with many other absurd superstitions happily of the past.

It was thought unbecoming to practise the reading of that beautiful liturgy of the Church of England—so often marred from want of a cultured rendering—because it was addressed to the Deity. The objection was unfortunate, as it would

apply with equal force to any choir practice of hymns and anthems. The liturgy and sermons should be studied in their delivery and expression, just as a great tragedian would study the part he had to perform.

Again, some people will tell you that though one who has studied this art may neither be loud nor bombastic, yet it tends to give an artificiality of manner. I grant there are some grounds for this remark, *e.g.*—

In preparing boys to recite on some particular occasion, you often have to make them copy your gesture, emphasis, and inflection. You likewise try to infuse into them some fire or pathos as the piece may require, which, no doubt, the critic at once recognises as stiff, formal, and artificial. This artificiality, however, would disappear, even in school time, if elocution was taught in the junior classes.

It is the result of the subject being neglected until boys and girls have reached the higher forms, when they are so busy with other subjects that they have but little time for one entirely unrecognised in their university examinations.

This artificiality will, however, disappear after a little time, just as the pot-hooks and hangers do in writing, and as the stiff formality in our earlier essays at English composition or Latin hexameters become more free and mellow as they become assimilated to our mind.

The shaded position which elocution holds in our present system of education is due to a want of sufficient thought on the subject, and to the difficulty in securing men of liberal education for its teachers.

II.

The advantages arising from a study of the Art of Reading.

You learn to keep your voice completely under control, so that you are enabled to make yourself easily heard throughout any ordinary hall without apparent exertion.

You learn, likewise, the secret of combining distinctness with audibility; where to make pauses in order to bring out clearly the full meaning of what you have to say.

You avoid being monotonous, for your voice has been trained to modulate, inflect, and emphasize.

Your pronunciation will be sharp and crisp, avoiding running your words into one another on the one hand, or wearying your hearers by drawing on the other.

Your eyes, features, gestures of the body, &c., will be suggestive of the idea you are conveying to your hearers.

You will know how to economise your strength, so that reading, reciting, or speaking, instead of being exhausting, may be made a healthy and invigorating exercise.

I have read the testimony of many, and know from my own experience, that after devoting a little time to the study of the principles of elocution you are enabled to do four times as much work without feeling the fatigue and exhaustion previously endured.

Sir Henry Holland speaks of the practice of elocution as a prevention of pulmonary disease, as well as a healthy exercise of the organs of respiration.

Dr. George Beard, in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, says of public speaking:—"When not carried to the extreme of exhaustion it is the best form of gymnastics that is known—exercising every inch of a man from the highest regions of the brain to the smallest muscle."

To men of culture and education it is a very great treat to hear a passage from one of our great writers rendered by a man of taste, feeling, enthusiasm, and power of elocution.

I feel confident that the study of elocution quickens the powers of perception, and imbues the student with the sympathy for all that is noble, tender, and imaginative in poetry. Its tendency is to draw out our best faculties, to refine and elevate our taste, to make us appreciate all that is beautiful in literature and in art. It imparts a charm to social intercourse, and lends a grace to ordinary life.

III.

That it should hold a more prominent position in our educational system.

After a recent residence in the United Kingdom for a period extending over eleven years, during which time I was for about five years a resident of one of the leading universities (Trinity College, Dublin), where I had an opportunity of meeting many litterateurs, men of science and of art, I confess that on my return to this colony I felt a little shocked at the want of culture and refinement amongst our young Australians. A little thought on the matter, however, told me that I had no right to expect it in a colony so young as this is.

The future of these colonies will depend upon the energy and enterprise of their children. If they imitate the example of their fathers I have no fear but that we will ultimately take a high place among the nations of the world.

When I speak of the lack of culture and refinement among Australians generally, I do not at all mean to imply that there is a want of intelligence. The culture and refinement will come in time, but if I might suggest what would facilitate its coming it is this:

That we should endeavour to dispense with what I may call swagger, falsely called freedom, so prevalent amongst us.

That we should acquire a keener sense of the responsibility of work.

That we should show more respect for moral and intellectual attainments.

Do not mistake me in what I have said. I do not by any means advocate an obsequiousness of manner which, indeed, is too prevalent in the old country, but a manly, honest, and courteous manner, showing that we appreciate those who, by their good character and intellectual attainments, have made themselves conspicuous.

What I have said may perhaps, at first sight, appear a digression from the subject I have chosen. I do not, however, intend it as such.

The manner I have just advocated may be acquired through the reflexive power of the study of the Art of Reading. I have sometimes heard persons say that they thought tuition in reading unnecessary. Read naturally, they say, and you will read well. If, however, a man has a bad voice, or an indistinct articulation, or a bad pronunciation, or lacks taste, or has a slovenly manner, and reads naturally, I maintain he will not read well, but he will read badly.

To read well you must first learn to speak well in ordinary conversation, otherwise the voice you assume when reading will not be natural to you.

To speak well in your ordinary conversation you require a good voice, a distinct enunciation, a pure articulation, a voice under control, capable of inflexion and modulation, facial expression, taste, and feeling. All that I have mentioned may be acquired by a little study, practice, and tuition. When you have learned to speak well, then I will say read naturally—that is, give the thoughts of others in the same way as you would express your own thoughts, and you will read well. Yet when I say read naturally and you will read well, I mean a sort of ideal nature which comes to us by recalling to our minds the memory of past feelings by means of which we make it really symbolical of nature.

We may express our sympathy in tears, but they are not the bitter tears of pain; the pain, in fact, being rather of a pleasurable character. If we really felt and expressed it naturally it would, no doubt, be realistic; but it would probably be neither pleasant to behold nor artistic in its performance, and yet unless we feel we could never interpret the higher and nobler portions of our English classics.

The greatest works of art are often the gathering together in one example the finest points of many models, forming in their aggregate such a perfect whole as was perhaps never found in nature.

True art is—as Pope tersely expresses it—“Nature better understood.” It is the laws of nature reduced to a system.

How often does our delight, in the description of some beautiful poem, arise from the concord which exists between the sound of words and what they signify. I can always hear the waves of the sea rolling in, curling and tossing themselves into white foam upon a rocky shore as I repeat the lines—

“I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand.”

Again, I can hear the deep quiet roll of a mighty river, and the melancholy sighing of the wind passing through a forest, in such lines as—

“We heard but the tranquil flowing
Of grand Old Father Rhine,
And the wailful coming and going
Of wind through the Isles of Pine.”

In that graphic description of Waterloo, taken from *Childe Harold*, I always hear the bagpipes playing—

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

I can feel the vibrations of the train, and that lightness which one feels when travelling rapidly, in such a passage as—

. . . “Over the valleys and villages,
Over the marshes and coppices,
Over the river deep and broad,
Through the mountain, under the road,
Flying along,
Tearing along.” . . .

In reading, the sense should never be sacrificed for the rhyme; it merely requires a little care, and in any poem worthy of the name both may be preserved. I will give you an illustration of what I mean—

“Oh! the bells of Shandon that sound so grandon
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.”

By reading the passage thus I certainly preserve the rhyme, but destroy the sense. By making, however, a slight pause

after grand, and dwelling for a moment upon the succeeding word, both rhyme and sense are preserved.

“Oh! the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.”

By changing the position of a pause a different meaning will often be given to a passage—

“Hang out our banners | on the outward walls
The cry is still they come.”

and—

“Hang out our banners on the outward walls |
The cry is still they come.”

In the first reading “the outward walls” are connected with cry. In the second case they are connected with banners.

In the Nicene Creed which occurs in the Communion Service of the Church of England, by not sufficiently pausing after the word Father in the clause—“Being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made,” you make Father the antecedent to the relative whom, and attribute to Him a work which the authors of the creed intended should be referred to the Son.

Likewise, in the thirteenth verse of the thirteenth chapter of the first book of Kings, a ludicrous mistake may be made by placing a pause and emphasis where there should be none—

“And he said unto his sons, saddle | me the ass. So they saddled | him the ass.”

John Stuart Mill, well known to all students of philosophy, studied the Art of Reading assiduously, and regretted in after life that he did not write a book upon the subject whilst his thoughts were fresh in his memory.

The Art of Reading must not be thought to be confined to the cultivation of the voice. It is a blending of that silent language familiar to us all with the voice.

Some have contended that our language is harsh and rugged, and altogether wanting in the softness and music so noticeable when a Spaniard or Italian speaks his own language. What makes it appear rugged and harsh to many is the want of sufficient attention for its proper expression, without which it is often converted into an expressionless gabble.

Jacob Grimm, the eminent German philologist, speaking of our English language, asserts that it possesses "a veritable power of expression and comprehension unsurpassed by any language on earth, whether ancient or modern."

Our language is not wanting in beauty of expression, but we are wanting in not giving the study of its utterance a more prominent place in our system of education. It should be fostered amongst us by having a professorial chair devoted to its study in our university. We should have the subject taught in all our schools and colleges, and entertainments given from time to time in connection with working men's clubs and kindred institutions.

By care and attention at this stage of our country's history we might root out a growing Yankee twang which is rapidly taking root amongst us; and we might easily become noticeable for the purity of our speech.

In the present system of education there is too much crowding of facts without assimilation, the result of which is that they are no sooner acquired than forgotten.

I do hope, ere long, there will be a true desire amongst us to become acquainted with the nobler passages of our greatest authors, and to render them in a tasteful and becoming manner.

Australia is the country of my adoption, where I have spent the greater portion of my life, and where I hope to end my days; so that what I have said with regard to the faults of our young Australians is only said with an earnest desire that the time may not be far distant when they shall entirely disappear.

EXERCISES

FOR MY CLASSES,

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF EMINENT
ORTHOEPISTS, ELOCUTIONISTS, &c.,

FOR THE

FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE
SPEAKING VOICE.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

1. *p - a - lm*
2. *b - a - ll*
3. *f - o - p*
4. *t - o - ne*
5. *n - oi - se*
6. *r - u - st*
7. *f - u - ll*
8. *d - u - pe*
9. *n - ou - se*
10. *f - oo - l*
11. *f - a - t*
12. *m - i - ne*
13. *th - i - n*
14. *sh - a - me*
15. *h - a - re*
16. *g - e - t*
17. *h - ea - t*

CONSONANTS.

LABIALS.

p. f. w.
m.

b. v.

PALATALS.

s. z. l.
r.
sh. zh. n.

DENTILABIAL.

f. v.

EXPLOSIVES.

p. b.

FRICATIVE.

f. v.

SURDS.

p. t. s.
k.
f. th. sh.

MOMENTARY.

p. b.
t. d.
k. g.

DENTALS.

t. d.
th. dh.

GUTTURALS.

k. g. ng.
kh. gh. h.

SONANTS.

b. d. dh.
z. zh. g. v.

NASAL.

m. n. ng.

CONTINUOUS.

f. s. th. sh.
v. z. dh. zh. h.
l. n. r. ng.

LIQUIDS.

l. n.
ng.
m. r.

SIBILANTS.

s. z.
sh. zh.

a.

1.	part	balm	far	vast
2.	ball	fall	pall	vault
3.	pop	mop	fop	bob
4.	moan	bone	pole	vote
5.	foist	moist	poise	voice
6.	puff	bust	dust	love
7.	full	bull	pull	puss
8.	pure	few	view	due
9.	bound	pounce	mouse	Faust
10.	pool	moon	boom	move
11.	mat	bat	vat	pat
12.	pine	vine	bite	fight
13.	fin	pin	dip	bid
14.	pay	bay	may	vain
15.	bet	met	pet	fret
16.	meet	beat	feet	peat

b.

1.	taunt	darn	daunt	path
2.	tall	call	fall	shawl
3.	doll	top	cot	dot
4.	tone	dome	bode	toad
5.	toys	soil	coil	boil
6.	turn	burn	churn	but
7.	full	pull	puss	could
8.	tune	pure	sure	lure
9.	out	loud	tout	proud
10.	tool	doom	loom	room
11.	dad	that	sad	lad
12.	time	thine	fine	shine
13.	thin	din	tin	sin
14.	shame	tame	Thane	deign
15.	dare	there	mare	share
16.	then	debt	den	ten
17.	teethe	deep	thee	meet

a.

1.	salve	Huzza	shah	rha
2.	shawl	saw	law	raw
3.	hop	lop	sop	shop
4.	nose	home	lone	zone
5.	roy	loin	soil	noise
6.	shut	rut	nut	sup
7.	full	pull	bull	would
8.	sure	lure	new	few
9.	house	rouse	sow	shower
10.	soon	rood	school	loom
11.	rat	lap	gnat	sat
12.	nine	rind	line	shine
13.	rim	shin	limb	sin
14.	shame	lame	sane	rain
15.	fare	lair	share	pair
16.	shell	set	rent	let
17.	neat	seat	reed	sheet

b.

1.	calm	harm	gape	jaunt
2.	gall	call	hall	shawl
3.	chop	jot	got	cot
4.	ghost	choke	hole	joke
5.	joy	coin	coil	hoy
6.	chub	gut	cut	tug
7.	full	wolf	pull	bull
8.	cure	due	duke	few
9.	house	count	gown	town
10.	cool	choose	book	Jews
11.	chat	badge	hag	batch
12.	blige	guile	gibe	chime
13.	chip	kill	gill	hip
14.	gate	jail	hay	hate
15.	hare	care	mare	fare
16.	chess	get	Jess	hen
17.	cheat	jeer	keen	heat

a.

1.	gaped	laughs	calved	haunch
2.	daubed	dawdle	paused	paunch
3.	robbed	gorge	orb	nonce
4.	coped	robed	poked	stoned
5.	coifs	poised	hoist	coifed
6.	huddle	button	such	oven
7.	would	pull	bull	wolf
8.	tubed	cubes	feuds	bugle
9.	doubts	slouch	sound	ounce
10.	grooved	oozed	doomed	moons
11.	dabbed	catch	saddle	chasm
12.	wiped	tribes	dived	bribed
13.	width	winds	stiffen	whiffs
14.	aped	praised	hazel	ached
15.	aired	shared	deaths	said
16.	tenth	pecked	threaten	reft
17.	reaped	leashed	besieged	eels

b.

1.	alms	calves	hearths	charged
2.	dawdled	exhausts	baulks	wards
3.	adopts	bottles	coddled	wasps
4.	posts	ogles	bolts	folds
5.	hoists	joints	anoints	points
6.	interrupts	scuttles	muddled	months
7.	full	pull	bush	could
8.	fuze	dews	muse	feuds
9.	ousts	bounds	zounds	counts
10.	noodles	loosens	wolves	wounds
11.	adapts	patterns	saddled	gaped
12.	ninths	pints	wilds	binds
13.	crypts	victuals	widths	wished
14.	raisins	hazels	paints	havens
15.	fares	cares	shares	mares
16.	pets	debts	nettles	depths
17.	wheedled	beagles	pierced	shields

a.

fizz	whizz	buzz	rat-tat
purr	tap	croak	rub-a-dub
scream	rap	squeak	row-de-dow
click	tramp	whirr	hurdy-gurdy
clack	puff	hush	pit-pat
clink	whiff	chatter	ding-dong
crick	shriek	patter	murmur
creak	sigh	twitter	bubble
crack	sob	whisper	crackle
dash	snore	howl	jingle
lash	moan	squeal	tingle
splash	groan	wail	gurgle
smash	whine	mew	rumble
crash	yell	pee-wet	tumble
clap	coo	grunter	grumble
slap	chirp	hum	rattle
dump	chick	rustle	hurtle
thump	yelp	whistle	
plump	mew	clatter	

a.

ten'-ement	su'-perabun'-dant
nec'-cessariness	pe'-riod
an'atom'-ical	ma'-niac
person'-ifica'-tion	de'-via'-tion
lū'-bricate	o'-rien'-tal
tru'-culency	

b.

vi-olin'	car'-icature
ref-eree'	et'-iquette
pri-vateer'	rev'-erie
	con'-fidante
ar'-tisan	gov'-ernante
cour'-tesan	in'-valid
char'-latan	par'-achute
am'-buscade	cav'-alcade

c.

ter'-ritory	cir'-cumstances
dif'-ficulty	in'-teresting

d.

exact'-ly	precise'-ly
gigan'-tic	salva'-tion
ital'-ic	stupen'-dous
polit'-ical	

a.

resolve'	po'-etess
aspect'	pleas'-antly
within'	ser'-viceable
improp'-er	readjust'-ment

b.

accept'-able	campes'-tral
recept'-acle	confes'sor
uten'-sil	remed'-iless
discrep'-ant	consist'-ory
discrep'-ancy	acces'-sary
sub'-altern	acces'-sory
dyspep'-sy	profes'-sor
ances'-tral	

c.

a'-gue	com'-mon
bar'-on	dis'-cord

d.

amuse'	offend'
deter'	

e.

con'-nate	pro'-lix
in'-nate	pre'-text
al'-cove	bom'-bast
con'-tents	bu'-reau
re'-tail	bureau'
de'-tail	ac'-cess

a.

romance'	research'
finance'	resource'

b.

con'-vert	convert'
con'-tract	contract'

c.

per'-fect	perfect'
per'-mit	permit'
pro'-test	protest'
per'-fume	perfume'
pro'-ceeds	proceed'
de'-tail	detail'
in'-crease	increase'
re'-tail	retail'
sur'-vey	survey'
al'-ly	ally'

d.

cement'	cement'
---------	---------

e.

Au'-gust	au-gust'
com'-pact	com-pact'
ex'-ile	ex-ile'
in'-stinct	in-stinct'
min'-ute	mi-nute'
su'-pine	su-pine'

a.

gal-lant'

gal'-lant

b.

con'-template

ele'-giac

dem'-onstrate

quan'-dary

ob'-durate

bal'-cony

c.

vaga'-ry

va'-gary

d.

el'-oquent

opportu'-nity

ac'-cident

e.

hori'-zon

eic'-atrix

deco'-rum

min'-ister

diplo'-ma

or'-ator

muse'-um

pleth'-ora

sono'-rous

acad'-emy

acu'-men

anamor'-phosis

bitu'-men

anem'-one

farra'-go

antiph'-onal

Am'-azon

a.

democ'-racy	theoc'-racy
somnif'-erous	umbellif'-erous
af'-fluent	circum'-fluent
mellif'-luous	super'-fluous
diag'-onal	hexag'-onal
cosmog'-ony	theog'-ony
lexicog'-rapher	stenog'-rapher
photog'-raphy	typog'-raphy
philol'-oger	astrol'-oger
entomol'-ogist	physiol'-ogist
chronol'-ogy	mythol'-ogy
col'-loquy	solil'-oquy
logom'-achy	theom'-achy
chrestom'-athy	polym'-athy
barom'-eter	hygrom'-eter
altim'-etry	geom'-etry
astron'-omy	econ -omy
ap'-athy	antip'-athy
antiph'-ony	coloph'-ony
aeros'-copy	denteros'-copy
apost'-rophe	catas'-trophe
anat'-omy	lithot'-omy
at'-rophy	hyper'-trophy
carniv'-orous	graminiv'-orous

b.

dep'-recate	fu'-migate
rus'-ticate	rar'-efy
recip'-rocate	sanc'-tify
an'-tedate	qui'-etude
elu'-cidate	lat'-itude
accom'-modate	soci'-ety
prop'-agate	acid'-ity
del'-egate	dep'-uty

a.

o'-cean	nau'-seous
so'-cial	dissen'-sion
logi'-cian	ini'-tial
suspi'-cion	ora'-tion
auspi'-cious	ficti'-tious
con'-science	admis'-sion
observa'-tion	collis'-ion

b.

dona'-tion	controver'-sial
conces'-sion	vermil'-ion
illu'-sion	opin'-ion

c.

epidem'-ic	scientif'-ic
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d.

mathemat'-ics	mag'-ic
op'-tics	angel'-ic
occa'-sion	despot'-ic
eth'-ics	

e.

ag'-aric	lu'-natic
Ar'-abic	pleth'-oric
arith'-metic	pol'-itic
ar'-senic	rhet'-oric
chol'-eric	em'-piric
cath'-olic	schis'-matic
ephem'-eric	splen'-etic
her'-etic	

	<i>a.</i>	
ceru'-lean		Tarta'-rean
Hercu'-lean		petro'-leum
Mediterra'-nean		perios'-teum
subterra'-nean		succeda'-neum
	<i>b.</i>	
Adamante'-an		epicure'-an
Atlante'-an		Europe'-an
Colosse'-an		pygme'-an
empyre'-an		mausole'-um
		muse'-um
	<i>c.</i>	
Or'-phean		
	<i>d.</i>	
lin'-eal		fune'-real
ethe'-real		
ide'-al		hymene'-al
	<i>e.</i>	
an''-imose'		jocose'
com''-atose'		morose'
op''-erose'		verbose'
	<i>f.</i>	
in'-tervene''		su'-pervene''
do'		un'-do'
do'		out'-do'
am''-puta'-tion		im''-puta'-tion
bi''-en'-nial		tri''-en'-nial
op''-pose'		sup''-pose'
ex'-er''-cise		ex'-or''-cise
alle''-ga'-tion		alli''-ga'-tion
proph'-et''		prof'-it''
do'-nor''		do'-nee''
guar'-antor''		guar'-antee''

a.

where	pair	nuisance	oil
mercy	past	oyster	join
bear	parent	suit	sure
fast	duty	tube	sugar
careful	tune	lucid	azure
term	lute		

“But to persev'-ere in such a course.”—*Ham.*, I. 2.

“Have you impor'-tun'd him by any means.”—*R. & J.*, I. 1.

“Flesh may im'-pair,” quoth she, “but reason can re'-pair.”

“And the whisper'-ing sound of the cool colonnade.”

“Upon' the floor the fresh-plucked roses fall.”

“'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier'—
For ever separate, yet for ever near.”

“Ye icefalls! ye that from the mountain's brow
A down enormous rav'-ines slope amain.”

“Their' interests, and not yours', are to be consulted.
They will not neglect their interests.”

“I shall be there'.
There' is no difficulty in the case.”

“My Lords, with humble submission that' that, I say, is
this, that that' that that' gentleman has advanced is not that'
that he should have proved to your lordships.”—*Spectator.*”

“I took down my hat.”

A	archangel	alms
abhor	arc	aloes
above	authority	among
absolution	awkward	amongst
acceptable	aha!	and
access	albeit	answer
accomplish	alienate	ant
acknowledge	almighty	any
apostolic	almond	apostle
bade	believe	bosom
balm	beneath	both
baptize	besom	break
bath	betroth	brethren
because	bier	burial
behemoth	bolled	
calf	chastisement	courteous
calm	children	covert
catch	Christianity	covetous
catholic	clothes	could
censure	condemn	couldest
chamber	conduit	coulter
chamberlain	conquer	courtesy
charity	conqueror	cruel
chasten	contrite	cruse
chastity	corruptible	
deacon	despite	discern
defend	Deuteronomy	dissemble
decease	deliver	draught
design	demon	drought
desist	diamond	

ear	engine	evil
ecclesiastic	epistle	ewe
either	ere	everlasting
emerods	errand	exorcist
endow	error	
father	folk	forthwith
fellow	forefathers	frailty
first-fruits	forge	front
flay	forget	frontlet
follow		
god	great	gross
gold	greaves	
hallelujah	hearth	hindermost
hallow	height	homage
half	heresy	hundred
hatred	herewith	hymn
have	heretofore	hypocrisy
heard	hinder	hypocrite
I	infinite	iron
idol	inspiration	issue
incarnation	instead	
	jealousy	justice
	knowledge	
leasing	leprosy	linen
length	libertines	lord
leper		
many	marry	merchant
manifold	mediator	mine
master	medicine	miracle

nature	neither	none
natural	nephew	notable
national		
oaths	often	only
obtain	one	oppress
oblige	once	ordinary
offences		
Paradise	persuasion	process
pardon	persuasive	prophecy
pardonable	pitied	prophesy
pardoning	pour	propitiation
parent	pomegranate	proving
parliament	potentate	psalm
path	Pontius	psalmist
paths	precept	psalmody
patriarch	preside	punish
perform	president	punishment
peril	princess	pursue
perhaps	prison	push
person	prisoner	put
	quantity	
raisin	reason	revolt
rather	reasonable	rule
ravening	reconcile	
sabaoth	selves	spirit
Sabbath-day	sepulchre	staves
sacrament	sew	starry
sacramental	shall	strength
sacrifice	shalt	subject
salvation	shew	subjected

Satan	should	subtil
says	shouldest	subtilly
scarceness	soder	subtilty
schism	soften	such
scourge	sojourn	suit
season	sojourner	sworn
second	solace	synagogue
seethe		
tabret	thanksgiving	treason
talk	than	treasonable
terrible	thraldom	troth
testimony	toward	truths
thanks	towards	true
	underneath	
value	victuals	volume
venison	virtue	vouchsafe
very	virtuous	
walk	whole	worship
wast	wholly	would
weapon	wicked	wouldest
whereof	wickedness	wound
wherefore	wiliness	wrap
whereunto	with	wrath
who	women	wrestle
whom	wonder	wroth
whose	wont	
yea	yours	youths
yellow	yonder	

zealot

zealous

h.

hall	human	abhor
all	humour	harmony
aunt	wholly	artichoke
haunt	honour	humanise
who	whirlpool	Hudibras
art	whimper	humorous
heir	hostler	hospital
hair	wholesome	vehement
hour	cohort	behemoth
hew	hothouse	heteroclitc
huge	hartshorn	heterodox
whole	hereout	hospitable
whale	herein	hydromancy
wheat	hereon	horticulture
Whig	harangue	hieroglyphical
heathen	behind	incomprehensible
hydra	perhaps	hypochondriacal
honest	inert	heliocentrical
humble	inhale	

He had learned the whole art of angling by heart.

Be honest humble and humane hate not even your enemies.

The portrait of an old Whig in a brown wig.

With many a weary step and many a groan
Up a high hill he heaved a huge round stone.

w.

way	vine	woos	Wolsey
waft	wine	woon	wooter
one	hood	suite	wormwood
once	wood	buoy	forward
who	wolf	quake	froward
woo	wo	choir	quorum
wain	ooze	thwart	quagmire
vane	whose	woman	cuirass

A wight well versed in waggery.

Give me free air or I soon shall swoon.

He wooed the woman, but she would not wed.

y.

yawn	yield	yearly	poniard
yell	you	youthful	Asia
he	u	yew-tree	nausea
ye	use	useful	roseate
yean	huge	humour	Indian
hear	new	spaniel	odious
ear	duke	million	duty
year	tune	genii	Tuesday

Ye are studious to vitiate.

The new tune suits the duke.

Youth with ill-humour is odious.

Last year I could not hear with either ear.

ng.

gang	being	robbing	anxious
king	nothing	Chopin	anchor
spring	writing	chopping	banquet
sung	reading	matin	distinguish
young	singer	matting	extinguish
length	bringer	anger	unthinking
strength	hanging	anguish	diphthongal
bank	bringing	congress	triphthongal
sink	robin	concourse	anxiety
conch			

Reading and writing are arts of striking importance; dancing drawing and singing being all accomplishments are deserving of less regard.

Alexander at a banquet with a concourse of flatterers overcome by anger, led by a concubine, is a strong example that he who conquers kingdoms may have neglected the more noble conquest of himself.

s.

gas	hosts	tacit	verbose
mass	fists	pincers	rescind
dose	ghosts	flaccid	dissuade
mace	soil	sceptre	heresy
griefs	cell	schedule	poesy
laughs	scene	psalmist	dyscracy
months	schism	Psyche	Chersonese
verse	psalm	preside	vaccinate
dupes	apsis	desists	siccidity
packs	thesis	design	scymitar
lax	question	obese	scintillate
Styx			

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to
throw.

The sophists shrewd suggestion.

Guessing the design was perceived he desisted.

See the snakes that they rear !
How they hiss in the air ?

To have a thousand with red burning spits come
hissing in upon them.

Thou'rt not thyself.

For thou exist'st on many thousand grains
That issue out of dust ; happy thou art not
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast forget'st ; thou art not certain
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects
After the moon.

z.

maze	balls	mizzen	resident
blaze	domes	raisin	metaphrase
as	pains	cousin	monarchise
has	bars	puzzle	mechanism
is	babes	weasel	sacrifice
was	plagues	absolves	Xenophon
ways	commas	observes	Xenocles
views	dramas	hussars	disposal
seas	dances	exert	refusal
songs	prices	exist	disloyal
saves	prizes	exempt	discernment
moves	houses	possess	complaisant
baths	scissors	discern	complaisance
oaths	noisy	suffice	luxuriant
bathes	brazen	resume	anxiety
breathes			

He gives, as is his usage at this season, a series of sermons on moral duties.

The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-maying,
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh blown roses washed in dew,
 He gave her thee.

sh.

sash	censure	chamber	charlatan
shrove	nauseous	righteous	Bathsheba
shrink	pension	venture	luxury
marsh	ascii	nature	charity
sure	nation	assure	Chichester
chaise	captious	chicane	internecion
match	fluxion	machine	farinaceous
each	flexion	attach	surreptitious
vouch	scutcheon	approach	adventitious
shrubby	truncheon	showery	crucifixion
sugar			

The shade he sought and shunned the sunshine.

The weak-eyed bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing.

Deep echoing groan the forests brown,
 Then rushing crackling crashing thunder down.

The string let fly
 Twanged short and sharp like the shrill swallow's
 cry.

razure	refuge	Doge	persuasion
clausure	jejune	huge	adhesion
leisure	soldier	jade	explosion
roseate	grandeur	jar	confusion
fusion	verdure	gem	immediate
treasure	badge	obliged	decision
measure	edge	divulged	collision
vision	ridge	exchanged	individual
gelid	age	suggest	aggeration
perjure			

He wants both leisure and occasion.

A roseate blush with soft suffusion
 Divulged her gentle mind's confusion.

f.

deaf	chough	fifth	often
ruff	nymph	phial	soften
chafe	sylph	phrensy	epitaph
calf	fry	profit	phaeton
laugh	phrase	deafen	phrenetic
tough	sphinx	roughen	febrifuge

But with the whiff and wind of that fell sword
 The unnerved father falls.

Mild he was with the mild
 But with the froward he was fierce as fire.
 He filled the draught and freely quaffed
 And puffed the fragrant fume and laughed.

v.

pave	solve	void	Stephen
weave	starve	ravel	given
hive	nerve	grovel	vivid
grove	of	heaven	votive
halve	vain	even	nephew
twelve			

In China's groves of vegetable gold
Progressive virtue and approving heaven.

And vainly venturous soars on waxen wing.

Down in the vale where the leaves of the grove
wave over the head.

th.

bath	sixth	thesis	amethyst
path	length	Lethe	mathesis
lath	truths	Thule	apathy
oath	youths	hundredth	orthodox
mouth	rhythm	thousandth	logarithm
width	thwart		

Thrust through the side.

He sat on the sixth seat.

From nature's chain whatever link you strike
Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike.

booth	oaths	their	father
with	mouths	though	hither
wreath	bathe	either	thither
baths	breathe	neither	inwreathe
paths	tithe	heathen	bequeath
laths	these	northern	

And as I wake sweet music breathe
Above about or underneath.

And the milkmaid singeth blithe
And the mower whets his scythe.

And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows.

l.

oil	leave	castle	able
owl	loins	axle	tackle
all	lively	evil	shekel
marl	lovely	grovel	title
earl	melon	cripple	needle
isle	solace		

Nor cast one longing lingering look behind.

Let Carolina smooth the liquid lay
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the nine
And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

m.

gum	comb	drachm	tempter
blame	womb	famine	empty
realm	calm	moment	momentary
charm	hymn	Mammon	mamillary
rhythm	phlegm	solemn	matrimony
lamb			

Pale melancholy sat retired and
 In notes by distance made more sweet
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole
 and

Round a holy calm diffusing
 Love of peace and lonely musing
 In hollow murmurs died away.

n.

nun	gnarl	lessen	heathen
noon	gnaw	flaxen	shapen
noun	kneel	frozen	oaken
nine	knock	cousin	wheaten
stolen	deign	reason	Briton
fallen	sign	deafen	deaden
swollen	linen	often	nuncupative
barn	banner	roughen	nonentity
mourn	foreign	even	unanimous
name			

To talk of nonentity annihilated was certainly
 nonsensical enough.

When lightning and dread thunder
 Rend stubborn rocks asunder
 And monarch's die with wonder
 What should we do ?

r.

ray	grape	rampart	rebel
raw	tray	rhubarb	refine
rheum	dray	wrestle	regulator
wrap	shrill	phrenzy	rumination
wry	shriek	Christian	memorandum
fry	shroud	rural	sudorific
pray	throw	around	repercussion
bray	throng	erect	repetition
crape	raiment	enrich	

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder
 With gun drum trumpet blunderbuss and thunder.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear
 The armed rhinoceros.

Blow wind come wrack.

Queen Mab drums in his ears
 At which he starts and wakes.

The madding wheels
 Of brazen fury raged.

bar	hour	carp	mortgage
err	terse	garb	colonel
fir	force	dark	commerce
nor	marsh	cart	defer
cur	scarf	card	debar
bare	swerve	herd	affair
here	hearth	pardon	appear
hire	pearl	warden	expire
core	arm	mercy	adore
pure	learn	virtue	demure

Wounds her fair ear.

Thine this universal frame thus wondrous fair.

Virtue's fair form.

What man dare I dare.

Ah fear, ah frantic fear,
 I see, I see thee near,
 Like thee I start, like thee disordered fly.

p.

pip	sharp	diphthong	populous
pipe	pippin	triphthong	turpitude
Pope	slipper	naphtha	papacy
rasp	proper	shepherd	pabular
whelp	steeple	Puritan	ophthalmy
vamp	topple		

After moving equably for some time it was made
 to stop with a sudden snap.

Zeal then not charity became the guide
 And hell was built on spite and heaven on pride.

A pert prim prater of the northern race,
 Guilt in his heart and famine in his face.

Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
 And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows
 Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billets-doux.

b.

cub	bulb	imbue	fabulous
ebb	barb	embark	ebony
tube	buoy	disburse	obstacle
bib	blue	cabal	barbarous
glebe	accumb	baboon	barbican
babe	reverb	abrogate	

The barbarous Hubert took a bribe
To kill the royal babe.

And now a bubble burst and now a world.

Earth smiles around with boundless bounty blessed,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.

The South Sea bubble put the public in a hubbub.

k.

seek	dark	crape	collocate
cake	milk	panic	calico
coke	spark	comic	cucumber
pack	keen	kingdom	technical
tack	car	candid	orchestra
eke	chord	cholera	epoch
talk	quay	conquer	conqueror
folk	quake	Christian	vaccinate
lough	clear	flaccid	siccidity
pique			

A black cake of curious quality.

Blow wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

With the cold caution of a coward's spleen
Which fears not guilt but always seeks a screen.

The clumsy kitchen clock click clicked.

g.

bag	Teague	gird	craggy
keg	rogue	gig	gibbous
egg	brogue	ghost	gimblet
gag	guide	guerdon	ghastly
plague	guise	ragged	gherkin
vague	gear		

He gave a guinea and he got a groat.

I cannot dig, and am ashamed to beg.

A giddy giggling girl, her kinsfolk's plague
Her manners vulgar, and her converse vague.

t.

pat	Thames	tetter	taciturn
kite	yacht	titter	tantamount
dust	debt	asthma	tutelar
haft	laced	phthisis	together
halt	danced	phthisic	testator
dreamt	chafed	flourished	indebted
flirt	laughed	practised	indictment
tight	chopped	testament	attainment
taught	wrecked	titillate	intestate
trash	matter	destitute	replenished
thyme	tatter	tetrical	

The tempter saw his time.

A tell-tale tattling termagant that troubled all the town.

He talked and stamped and chafed till all were shocked.

Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
High towers and moss-grown steeples.

To inhabit a mansion remote
From the clatter of street-pacing steeds.

d.

bed	writhed	could	bdellium
dead	walled	should	harangued
did	charmed	damaged	abridged
made	paved	rivaled	adjudged
longed	heard	modest	condemned
grazed	ebbed	pedant	impregnated
hedged	twigged	udder	absorbed
saved	would	deadly	fatigued

Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread.

He licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

Ne'er be I found by thee o'erawed
In that thrice hallowed eve abroad.

Meadows trim and daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

And of those demons that are found
In fire air flood or underground.

a.

hiss	posts	coppice	cenotaph
hath	supped	statute	suscitate
sash	packed	excess	catechist
shot	coughed	accost	ecstasy
cap	hatchet	except	occiput
sack	footpace	access	epitaph
foot	puppet	expect	specific
hushed	Sabbath	assist	exsiccate
hatched	sackbut	coquette	ecstatic
haft	pocket	success	auxesis
sapped	tufty	acute	acetous
packs	sceptic	suspect	apostate
tax	cestus	pickpocket	pathetic
speck	attic	epithet	capacious
asp	office	execute	facetious
sips	Cossacks	poetess	

b.

wall	vague	guardian	lingering
dwell	ranged	unwise	otherwise
your	mouthed	beware	gradual
gang	walled	resume	libeller
muse	willow	believes	dialogues
waves	rosy	obliged	eulogy
zeal	beauty	absolve	remaining
cares	languid	beneath	delusion
age	mazes	farewell	Aurelia
nerve	grandeur	around	adorer
bathe	rather	debar	decorum
lone	lovely	imbue	erosion
male	moving	woingly	demeanour
rare	Roman	idolise	vermillion
globe	Bible		

a.

fate	steak	chamber	placable
bathe	veins	plaintive	aviary
grange	deign	neighbour	feignedly
paste	Asia	abase	halfpenny
gauge	nation	opaque	bravado
bait	angel	arraign	Dictator
pay	danger	convey	occasion
grey	hasten	inveigh	umbrageous
great	ancient	fatalist	

b.

me	precept	impregn	adhesion
glebe	freeman	critique	concretion
feet	Cæsar	profile	Serpigo
mean	treaty	conceit	receiver
key	either	deify	antæci
grieve	people	decency	obeisance
quay	concede	breviary	apotheosis
pique	demesne	shrievalty	irremediable

c.

time	height	apply	oblige
type	flies	ally	satiety
mind	idyll	mankind	heliacal
sign	island	condign	maniacal
pint	dyer	defies	paradisical
isle	china	replied	aphrodisiacal
buy	viscount	beguile	hypochondriacal
eye	buyer	indict	

a.

no	gold	oval	depose
wo	loth	sojourn	withhold
cope	shew	notion	bureau
dome	sew	soldier	encroach
rogue	beau	molten	popery
drove	oats	only	cohobate
host	goal	yeoman	poetry
gross	foe	moulder	towardly
clothe	dough	hautboy	frowardly
roll	glow	prorogue	poulterer
folk			

b.

cube	suit	repute	lewd
tune	view	abuse	Jew
duke	cubic	impugn	juice
feud	tutor	reduce	lucid
feod	beauty	imbue	juror
dew	feudal	pursuit	luminous
new	Tuesday	lute	juvenile
hue			

c.

pat	grant	castle	decanter
bad	ash	sample	companion
wrap	acid	abrogate	imagine
bade	aloe	amorous	inhabit
have	patent	sacrament	enamel
shall	tassel	pacify	example
hath	basket	railery	fantastic
plaid	mastiff	abandon	bombastic
plant			

a.

pet	friend	epoch	leopard
bed	pensive	fœtid	arrest
bread	bestial	wainscot	amend
said	engine	breakfast	forget
says	special	meadow	again
feoff	preface	heifer	against

b.

pit	minim	busy	provision
bid	cygnet	bigotry	capricious
hyp	visor	ridicule	litigious
give	synod	dynasty	adhibit
cliff	women	privilege	implicit
sieve	vineyard	situate	

c.

not	yacht	froth	gloss
bond	chaps	broth	hostile
wad	wrath	cost	jocund
was	gone	frost	prologue
cough	shone	toss	quantity
trode	moth	moss	laudanum

d.

cub	done	study	above
null	some	covert	along
dove	blood	combat	among
dost	rough	pommel	enough
does	chough	onion	fulminant
doth	young	housewife	colander
front	touch	double	sovereign
son	puppet	cousin	covetous
one	punish	southern	

a.

path	sha'n't	daunt	father
bath	ah	calf	rather
half	aunt	calve	almond
balm	haunt	gaunt	jaundice
psalm			

b.

fall	bawl	groat	falcon
wall	pause	ought	water
balk	sauce	nought	augur
salt	caught	always	nauseate
awe	broad	thraldom	

c.

move	ooze	wound	throughly
prove	cool	shoe	improve
lose	loo	loser	recruit
who	brute	proving	imbrue
do	true	bosom	canoe
tomb	group	surely	gamboge
two			

d.

pull	would	hook	pulpit
bull	could	look	butcher
full	should	pulley	cushion
put	wolf	bully	sugar
puss	would	fuller	cuckoo
push	foot	Fullham	woman
ruth	soot	ruthless	Wolsey

a.

oil	noise	buoy	aroynt
broil	toy	employ	avoid
point	boy	embroil	alloy
choice	joy	appoint	decoy
voice	troy		

b.

loud	bough	bounteous	astound
bound	now	fountain	propound
noun	bow	thousand	without
shout	brown	powder	endow
thou	vow	dowry	renown
plough			

c.

dare	near	oar	boor
fair	bier	pour	moor
bear	tier	door	tour
there	fire	floor	sure
ne'er	hire	sewer	brewer
heir	sire	pure	hour
here	lyre	cure	scour
mere	pyre	ewer	flour
cheer	choir	fewer	power
deer	buyer	your	shower
fear	more	poor	

d.

bar	arm	are	heart
star	mart	clerk	hearth

a.

err	myrrh	hearse	verna
erst	earl	learn	virgin
term	earn	were	virtue
irk	earth	ere	early
mirth	dearth	merchant	learning
girt	heard	nervous	fearful
girl			

b.

or	gorge	dwarf	orphan
for	chord	quart	warbler
orb	war	border	warden
form	warm	dormant	quarter

c.

fur	furl	stir	third
cur	her	dirt	shirt
burn	hers	squirt	spirt
turf	sir		

d.

tarry	arid	carraway	paradise
marry	baron	charity	

e.

berry	peril	seraph	squirrel
ferry	very	steril	panegyric

f.

spirit	syringe	tyranny	pyramid
lyric	miracle		

a.

torrid	coral	foreign	florid
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b.

	hurry	curry	syrup
--	-------	-------	-------

c.

abase	cabal	villa	china
baboon	alpha	comma	

d.

eject	efface	simile	rigidity
esteem	dirty	recipe	vicinity
become	lately	parliament	vivacity
believe	Sunday	miniature	epitome
divest	journey	prophecy	Penelope
divorce	plaguy	civility	geography
dilute	appetite	didacity	geometry
effect	benefice		

e.

idea	nigrescent	multiply	hypothenuse
hiatus	citation	prophecy	cibarious
diurnal	primeval	irascible	cilicious
bidental	qualify	itinerant	piratical
climacter	dignify	bipennated	rivality
gigantic	occupy	biography	

a.

motto	fellow	advocate	domestic
solo	window	absolute	opinion
salvo	profane	crocodile	tobacco
thorough	romance	opposite	occasion
furlough	obey	syllogism	offensive
sorrow	procure	coherent	official
barrow			

b.

bureau	statue	emulate	obdurate
usurp	virtue	masculine	residue
fusee	rescue	monument	avenue
humane	augury		

c.

dedicate	appetite	telescope	latitude
obsolete			

d.

husband	abjure	baptise	penalty
verbal	admit	instantly	valiantly
combat			

e.

cobweb	anthem	silent	complex
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a.

bevil	conduit	boxes	married
pencil	lettuce	Muses	cowardice
pupil	women	prices	benefice
urchin	se'nnight	captain	juvenile
Latin	servile	wassail	diastyle
marriage	docile	mountain	counterfeit
carriage	bodice	forfeit	sovereign
village	plaintive	foreign	handkerchief
courage	poet	beauties	dignities
furnace	linen	pities	falsities
Wallace	helmet	marries	obsequies
biscuit	housewife	pitied	novelties

b.

command	complete	postillion	combustion
conduce			

c.

hubbub	nation	pious	decorum
cherub	felon	faction	decision
gamut	demon	vacuum	horison
surplus	tendon	occiput	herbaceous
mammoth	sermon	unison	umbrageous
parrot	waggon	myrmidon	ambitious
blossom	mucous	covetous	

d.

grammar	nadir	author	acre
robber	martyr	sulphur	

The ineligibility of the preliminaries is unparalleled.

Such individual irregularities are generally irremediable.

He acted contrarily to the peremptory injunctions that were given.

We alienate many by requiring a few with supernumerary gratuities.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be always acceptable unto thee.

Discipline your temper not submitting to it as a master but governing it as a servant.

Rising simultaneously at the irreverential mention of their leader's name they swore revenge.

An inalienable eligibility of election which was of an authority that could not be disputed rendered the interposition of his friends altogether supererogatory.

a.

accomplish	daunt	conversant	chlorine
again	duke	disputable	extraordinary
advertisement	house	progress	egotism
agile	haunt	process	finance
apostle	mercantile	lunatic	heinous
bade	hostile	fanatic	miscellany
conduct	projectile	clandestine	peremptory
courteous	sonorous	plethora	

a.

chaste	chastity	acid	acidity
extreme	extremity	person	personify
hostile	hostility	sign	signify
serene	serenity	brutal	brutality
sole	solitude	able	ability
abstract	abstract	absent	absent
accent	accent	frequent	frequent
affix	affix	moderate	moderate
annex	annex	present	present
collect	collect	alternate	alternate
commune	commune	consummate	consummate
concert	concert	access	access
essay	essay	converse	converse
digest	digest	incense	incense
discount	discount	minute	minute
exile	exile	supine	supine
ferment	ferment	precedent	precedent

b.

heroine, hero	parent, parentage
Christian, Christ	penal, penalty
vineyard, vine yard	Simon, simony
Christmas, Christ mass	globe, globular
Michaelmas, Michael mass	patron, patronage
breakfast, break fast	metre, metrical
forehead, fore head	sacred, sacrifice, sacra-
meadow, mead	ments
primer, prime	cube, cubical
knowledge, know	music, musical
nothing, no	lunar, lunar.
nature, natural	humour, humorous

a.

atheist	mediation	virtuous	issue
meteor	mediator	spiritual	occasion
mediate	bit, bite	fortune	Ephesians
alien	said, say	nature	pleasure
occasional	read, rēad	statute	glazier
medium	heard, hear	bestial	grazier
outrageous	worm	question	azure
harmonious	word	frontier	razure
valiant	water	admixture	flexion
retaliate	wan	pity	crucifixion
national	quantity	pitiest	anxious
rational	quality	pities	ocean
deprive	qualify	pitied	testaceous
repeat	minutiæ	mightier	social
profane	partial	worthier	associate
deprivation	partiality	twentieth	satiety
repetition	tertial	thirtieth	tune
profanation	expatiate	soldier	endure
lucubrate	patient	grandeur	due
lucubration	patience	verdure	pursue
purify	nation	nauseate	suicide
purification	captious	transient	suit
deviate	righteous	dimension	anxiety
mediate	virtue	censure	society
deviation			

a.

comfort	doth	fruit	such
company	truth	catch	shut
among	truly	gather	imperative
mongrel	brute	having	heresy
monger	ruin	thanks	merry
ton	ruler	thanksgiving	verily
tongue	unruly	get	error
covet	frugal	forget	miracles
covenant	cruel	yet	irritate
oven	crucify	instead	thou
other	prudent	justly	round
mother	Druid	justice	

b.

abound	servile	carrot	lute
traduce	practice	tendon	sluice
diadem	treatise	bludgeon	juice
idea	respite	syphon	censure
combat	favourite	million	leisure
nobleman	genuine	champion	nature
imagine	opposite	centurion	verdure
ycleped	mammoth	occasion	the
piazza	cassock	nation	to
litigious	method	command	your
hypocrisy	pistol	conjecture	for
civility	custom	recollect	my
timidity	author	recommend	

The oil, the air, the pen, the hand.

Some, foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.

To ask, to end, to open, to utter, to begin.

One man went to Eton; another went to London.

Give me your hand; I wish for your help.

	ably	a.	lady
		b.	
event	minute	particular	goodness
especial	obey	regular	sinneth
before	oblige	monument	worship
believe	opinion	augury	spirit
beneath	society	wicked	infinite
peruse	visible	gospel	window
repent	family	solemn	beautiful
bisect	hypocrisy	patience	dutiful
direct	charity	silent	covetous
digest	agony	wishes	
		c.	
sinn'd	Ind	sett'l'd	kindl'd
oppress'd	lest	troubl'd	saddl'd
distress'd	rest	mingl'd	sprinkl'd
wind	assembl'd		

Declar'd unto mankind.

Our fathers have declar'd unto us.

Number'd with thy saints.

Sav'd from our enemies.

Order'd by thy governance.

Establish'd among us.

Gather'd together in thy name.

Scatter'd the proud.

Promis'd to our forefathers.

Visited and redeem'd his people.

Erred and are deceiv'd.

Afflicted or distress'd.

a.

aged	cursed	winged	advisedly
beloved	learned	assuredly	unfeignedly
blessed			

b.

rebel	gospel	bowel	navel
chancel	apparel	shekel	ravel
model	lintel	weasel	snivel
angel	gravel	ousel	hazel

c.

harden	heathen	flaxen	swollen
garden	strengthen	hasten	hyphen
burden	burthen	chasten	hymen
bounden	smitten	fasten	aspen
roughen	begotten	listen	patten
taken	graven	glisten	sloven
shapen	eleven	christen	sudden
sharpen	heaven	moisten	kitchen
open	leaven	often	chicken
chosen	given	soften	pattens
lighten	cloven	fallen	mittens
wheaten	brazen	stolen	

d.

pencil	griffin	germin	devil
vigil	urchin	Latin	raisin
pupil	resin	evil	cousin

Why, what a deal of candid courtesy
 This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !
 Look—"When his infant fortune came to age"—
 And "Gentle Harry Percy"—and "kind cousin"—
 The devil take such cozeners !

a.

bacon	prison	lesson	wanton
beacon	reason	cotton	sexton
deacon	season	blazon	Stilton
beckon	treason	unison	Wilton
reckon	poison	diapason	Melton
pardon	crimson	horizon	Milton
capon	person	weapon	

b.

nation	occasion
--------	----------

c.

lost sheep	hosts	priest
Christ's sake	requests	substance

d.

heir	honour	humour	humoursome
heiress	honourable	human	hospital
honest	hour	humorous	humble
honesty			

e.

while	whom	wholly	shrill
wile	whoever	wholesale	shrink
whet	whoso	wholesome	shrunk
wet	whosoever	wholesomely	sixth
who	whomsoever	wholesomeness	sixthly
whose	whole	whoop	

a.

bar	informer	peril	first
lore	hearten	tyrant	wherefore
bard	red	bring	perhaps
dirt	around	proud	perform
storm	barrel	dethrone	mercy
barter			

He received the whole of the rent before he parted with the land.

b.

singer	anger	bring all
bringer	finger	among us

c.

great	surely	homeward	toward
among	surety	onward	forefather
monger	backward	northward	godfather
mongrel	forward	southward	grandfather
censure	upward	eastward	stepfather
sure	downward	westward	

d.

nation, national	mead, meadow
Christ, Christian	sacrament, sacrifice
globe, globular	

e.

knowledge	font	hauling	pronunciation
over	frontier	dome	orthoepist
overt	affront	corruptible	orthogonal
covert	confront	acceptable	orthography
frontlet	haling	perceptible	orthology
don't	hailing	susceptible	orthometry

good and bad	<i>a.</i> mine eyes
cause and effect	green earth
loaves and fishes	a prudent man
worse and worse	the cause of temperance
up and down	self-reliance
an excellent constitution	a French window
the Illustrated News	a yellow flower
Amelia Ann	the Queen's prerogative
deep and dark	an eminent statesman
a great abbey	the Lord our God
port or bay	a quiet home
the Ethiopian's skin	variety is charming
the leopard's spots	beautiful violets
pause in amity	a terrible sight
and ours	the producing classes
you can stay	I beg to second the resolu-
I am coming	tion
mine ears	when you presume

b.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
 Save by its loss ; to give it then a tongue
 Were wise in man.

Fond fool, six feet shall serve for all thy store,
 And he that cares for most shall find no more.

Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
 But thou shalt have, and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say,—but let it go,
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience.

Repeat

a.

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and
beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and pulling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and
jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
And so never ending, but always descending ;
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er with a mighty uproar ;—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

b.

Butcher-born, but bishop bred ;
Christ Church College, crested head !
Deist's daring dream defying ;
Flail of fickle faith denying ;
Greatness, gradual, grandeur, mask ;
Haughty, highness, hierarch ;
Juris consult, just, judicial ;
Keen-eyed Katherine's kind official ;
Lawn-sleeved, lawyer, layman, Levite ;
Mighty meteor, megatherite ;
Noble name, no numbers needing,
Persecution's power impeding ;
Questioning questman of a queen ;
Robed in royal raiment sheen ;
Sermonising, sequestrator ;
Toady tool to tough testator ;
Veteran, viceroy, virtue's van ;
Wolsey, wisest, weakest man.

a.

Untwisting the twine that untwisteth between,
 He twirls, with the twister, the two in a twine;
 Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
 He twisted the twine he had twined in a twine;
 The twine that in twining before in the twines
 As twines were untwisted, he now doth entwine;
 'Twixt the twine untwisting a twine more between
 He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

A thatcher of thatchwood went to thatch a thatching;
 Did a thatcher of thatchwood go to thatch a thatching?
 If a thatcher of thatchwood went to thatch a thatching,
 Where's the thatching the thatcher of thatchwood
 thatched?

b.

Rough rolled the river's roaring stream,
 And rapid ran the rain,
 When Robert Rutter dreamt a dream,
 Which racked his head with pain.

He dreamt there was a raging bear
 Rushed from the rugged rocks;
 And strutting by with horrid stare,
 Breathed terror to the brocks.

But Robert Rutter drew his sword,
 And rushing forward right,
 The horrid creature's trapple gored,
 And bared his rueful spite.

Then stretching forth his brawny arm
 To drag him to the stream,
 He grappled Grizzle rough and warm,
 Which roused him from his dream.

a.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity ;
 Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And stable stole of cypress lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

b.

When the bounds of spring are on winter's traces,
 The mother of months in meadow or plain
 Fills the shadows and windy places
 With lists of leaves and ripple of rain.

But see ! mid the fast-flashing lightnings of war,
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far.

Waste not, want not.

Watch and ward.

The splendour falls on castle walls,
 And snowy summits old in story ;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 And sweet and far from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.

The busy rivulet in humble valley
 Slippeth away in happiness ; it ever
 Hurrieth on, a solitude around, but
 Heaven above it.

The lonely tarn that sleeps upon the mountain,
 Breathing a holy calm around, drinks ever
 Of the great presence, even in its slumber,
 Deeply rejoicing.

a.

Let them come !
 They come like sacrifices in their trim ;
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
 All hot and bleeding will we offer them.

Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
 And all the clouds that lowered upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

All are but parts of one harmonious whole
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearls and gold,
 Satan exalted sat.

b.

Nothing is so prejudicial to the great interests of a
 nation as an unsettled and varying policy which
 cannot be calculated on from day to day.

Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

He went out of the frying-pan into the fire.

When power invades our homes and hearths, law dies,
 And murder takes the angel shape of Justice.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Aha! aha! aha! aha! aha!

Humanity of disposition charms.

Humanity of disposition manifests itself in acts of kindness.

Troops of friends witnessed his departure.

A multitude of enemies attacked him.

A multitude of enemies conspired against him and overpowered him.

Inhumanity is odious.

Inhumanity is an odious quality and a great blot in man or woman.

The works of the flesh are manifest.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

In a multitude of counsellors there is strength.

By prudent conduct in life we secure happiness.

All safe-guards to virtue these false maxims supplant and destroy.

We best consult our own happiness by a due regard to the happiness of others.

Through false views of life we deceive ourselves as well as others.

Him thus arrayed the whole host wondered at.

The preliminaries of peace the plenipotentiaries settled at once.

The health of a nation I consider to be the most important object of a statesman's concern.

These are the men who would lead you to ruin.

Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the blood that was shed in the Coliseum at Rome.

Why should you hesitate which cause to support?

The sense of the beautiful and of the great is universal, which appears in the uniformity thereof in the most distant ages and nations.

He was going to Rome.

They were of one party in politics.

A multiplicity of engagements prevented.

Honour in youth and happiness in age reward integrity of conduct.

Contentment of disposition and loftiness of ambition are seldom found together ;

This is an effect of colour which, like other effects of colour, pleases the eye.

These are sentiments which, however you may ridicule them, I am prepared to maintain and vindicate.

These are men who, with unparalleled effrontery, aim at overthrowing the Government.

This is a measure that, however it may be supported by authority, is fraught with danger and disgrace.

Add further that, as we are called upon to reward merit, so we are equally bound to discourage indolence and want of principle.

Honour pricks me on.

Integrity demands the sacrifice.

Pride might have prevented her.

Honour was the virtue of the pagan, but Christianity teaches a nobler code.

Cicero was the greatest orator of ancient Rome.

Cleopatra was the cause of Antony's ruin.

Solomon was the wisest of men, it is said.

Waterloo is a glorious remembrance for England.

Paris was considered the gayest of capitals.

London is the most populous city in Europe.

If the world is not the work of chance it must have had an intelligent Maker.

I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.

For in that sleep of death,
What dreams may come, when we have shuffled off
This mortal coil, must give us pause.

And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with
armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh.

Still have I born it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

The great globe itself,
 Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 Leave not a wrack behind.

Logicians may reason about abstractions, but the great mass of mankind can never feel an interest in them. They must have images.

All art is nature better understood.

Black bubbling brooks break brawling o'er their bounds.

And Eve in Eden ever happy there.

Thus infidelity its victims blinds.

Crazed with corroding cares and killed with consuming complaints.

Gregory going gaily galloped gallantly to the gate.

Many men of many minds mixing in multifarious matters of much moment.

Why boast we Glaucus our extended reign ?

Admired as heroes and as Gods obeyed.

Can all our care elude the gloomy grave ?

Deep in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan.

Brave tho' we fall and honoured if we live.

Aurora, now fair daughter of the dawn,
 Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn.

Thence heave the Gods the ocean and the land,
 And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight.

Nobody looks at the clouds
 With a love that equals mine ;
 I know them in their beauty,
 In the morn or the even shine.

I know them and possess them,
 My castles in the air,
 My palaces, cathedrals,
 And hanging gardens fair.

Sometimes I think, star-gazing,
 That many a monarch proud
 Has far less joy in his halls of stone
 Than I in my halls of cloud.

The intellect of Aristotle was a granite palace, that of Plato a garden of Paradise ; Aristotle's wit was like a sharp knife and a weighty hammer, Plato's like a rolling river and a shining ocean : the one bristled with all curious knowledge, the other blossomed with all lofty speculation. Aristotle analysed all things, great and small ; Plato harmonised all things, beautiful and grand.

Corruption could not spread with so much success, though reduced into system, and though some ministers with equal impudence and folly, avowed it, by themselves and their advocates, to be the principal expedient by which they governed, if a long and almost unobserved progression of causes and effects did not prepare the conjuncture.

One party had given their whole attention, during several years, to the project of enriching themselves, and impoverishing the rest of the nation; and, by these and other means, of establishing their dominion under the government, and with the favour of a family who were foreigners; and therefore might believe that they were established on the throne by the good will and strength of this party alone.

Making the green one red.

To place thee there where only thou couldst fail.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit;
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide, sandy plains;
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid power of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.

The fashion of this world passeth away.

To practise virtue is the sure way to love it.

The pleasures and honours of the world to come are,
 in the strictest sense of the word, everlasting.

Adversity is the school of piety.

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

George learns.—The boys read.—The tree grows.—
 He comes.

Trials in this state of being are the lot of man.

Such is the constitution of men, that virtue, however it may be neglected for a time, will ultimately be acknowledged and respected.

I knew a person who possessed the faculty of distinguishing flavours in so great a perfection, that, after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, he would distinguish, without seeing the colour of it, the particular sort which was offered him.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ?

The greatest misery is to be condemned by our own hearts.

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

It was a calculation accurate to the last degree.

A behaviour active supple and polite, is necessary to succeed in life.

The idea of an eternal, uncaused Being, forces itself upon the reflecting mind.

Let but one brave, great, active, disinterested man arise, and he will be received, followed, and venerated.

To love wisely, rationally, and prudently is, in the opinion of lovers, not to love at all.

Wisely, rationally, and prudently to love is, in the opinion of lovers, not to love at all.

If a man borrow aught of his neighbour, and it be hurt or die, the owner thereof not being with it, he shall surely make it good.

God, from the mount of Sinai, whose grey top
 Shall tremble, He descending will Himself
 In thunder, lightnings, and loud tempests' sound
 Ordain them laws.

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

Solomon, the son of David and the builder of the temple of Jerusalem, was the richest monarch that reigned over the Jewish people.

I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriance and diffusion of boughs and branches, than when it is cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure.

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

Nothing is in vain that rouses the soul: nothing in vain that keeps the ethereal fire alive and glowing.

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

The passage of the Jordan is a figure of baptism, by the grace of which the new-born Christian passes from the slavery of sin into a state of freedom peculiar to the chosen sons of God.

It is in society only that we can relish those pure, delicious joys which embellish and gladden the life of man.

We must not conform to the world in their amusements and diversions.

There is an inseparable connection between piety and virtue.

People expect in a small essay, that a point of humour should be worked up in all its parts, and a subject touched upon in its most essential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies, and enlargements that are indulged to longer labours.

To our faith we should add virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.

The vain man takes praise for honour, the proud man ceremony for respect, the ambitious man power for glory.

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

Rank, distinction, pre-eminence, no man despises, unless he is either raised very much above, or sunk very much below, the ordinary standard of human nature.

Whenever words are contrasted with, contradistinguished from, or opposed to, other words, they are always emphatical.

In pausing, ever let this rule take place,
 Never to separate words in any case
 That are less separable than those you join :
 And, which imports the same, not to combine
 Such words together as do not relate
 So closely as the words you separate.

As we discern the shadow moving along the dial-plate, so the advances we make in knowledge are only perceived by the distance gone over.

As we perceived the shadow to have moved, but did not perceive it moving; so our advances in learning, as they consist of such minute steps, are only perceivable by the distance.

As we perceived the shadow to have moved along the dial, but did not perceive it moving; and it appears the grass has grown, though nobody ever saw it grow: so the advances we make in knowledge, as they consist of such minute steps, are only perceivable by the distance.

The passion for praise produces excellent effects in women of sense.

The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense.

My hopes, fears, joys, pains, all centre in you.

He behaved himself modestly, prudently, virtuously.

The imagination and the judgment do not always agree.

A man never becomes learned without studying constantly and methodically.

Sweet are the uses of adversity.

But look! the morn in russet mantle clad.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows.

Round broken columns clasping ivy twined.

Those seats of luxury, debate, and pride.

The quality of mercy is not strained.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

Glowes when he reads, but trembles as he writes.

Reason the card, but passion is the gale.

Outstretched he lay on the cold ground, and oft
looked up to heaven.

Sailors, who are generally superstitious, say it is
unlucky to embark on a Friday.

The sailor who is not superstitious will embark on
any day.

That he had persistently disregarded every warning,
and persevered in his reckless course, had not yet
undermined his credit with his dupes.

The shield was oblong, four feet in length and two
in breadth, and was guarded by plates of brass.

The coast, so far as we have been able to explore it,
is rocky.

My son, give Me thy heart.

That the work of forming and perfecting the
character is difficult, is generally allowed.

It is known that a full examination took place.

I went to view the river, which I found greatly swollen.

Any one that refuses to earn an honest livelihood, is not a subject for charity.

I refused to employ the man that he recommended, because of his unfitness for the post.

Physicians, the disease once discovered, think the cure half wrought.

The Scots, a hardy people, endured it all.

The circumstance of his being unprepared to adopt immediate and decisive measures, was represented to the Government.

To be totally indifferent to praise or censure is a real defect of character.

The jury, having retired for half an hour, brought in a verdict for the defendant.

Encouraged by his first successes, he redoubled his efforts.

A king depending on the support of his subjects cannot rashly go to war.

The stranger, unwilling to obtrude himself on our notice, left in the morning.

Rome, the city of the Emperors, became the city of the Popes.

Finally, let me sum up the argument.

To err is human ; to forgive divine.

You will be rich, if you be industrious, in a few years.

I stand here as a prisoner; unfortunately, that gentleman sits there as my judge.

He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delight, and live laborious days.

Paul, the Apostle, visited Rome.

In truth, I could not tell.

By looking a little deeper, the reason will be found.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weather'd, and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port, &c.

John, come here.

Tell me, boy, what is your name?

He said, Let us go hence.

Children without any design imitate the language, the tone, the pronunciation, the looks, the gestures, the gait, of those with whom they live; and if the imitation be continued sufficiently long, no efforts in after life can overcome the effects of it; the flexibility or docility, so to speak, of the tissues or organs concerned seeming to diminish rapidly with the approach to maturity, or the cessation of growth.

He spoke as follows.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

But his pride is greater than his ignorance, and what he wants in knowledge he supplies by sufficiency.

I made haste and overtook him.

Neither money nor men were wanting.

He went to market, but did not find what he wanted.

He came, he saw, he conquered.

Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

The very notion of any duration's being past, implies that it was once present; for the idea of being once present is actually included in the idea of its being past.

Riches, pleasure, and health become evils to the generality of mankind.

The passion for praise produces excellent effects in women of sense.

A violent and ungovernable passion for praise the most universal and unlimited, produces often the most ridiculous consequences in women of the most exalted understandings.

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind.

They plucked the seated hills with all their load—
Rocks, waters, woods—and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands.

Why, perhaps it is—but what was his intention ?

In truth, the character of the great chief was depicted two thousand five hundred years before his birth, and depicted—such is the power of genius—in colours which will be fresh as many years after his death.

Though deep, yet clear.

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?

He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all.

Old and young, rich and poor, wise and foolish,
were involved in the ruin of the Glasgow Bank.

He rewarded his friends, chastised his foes, set
Justice on her seat, and made his conquest secure.

Peace at any price, which these orators seem to
advocate, means war at any cost.

The discourse consisted of two parts: in the first
was shown the necessity of fighting; in the second,
the advantages that would arise from it.

The Augustan age was so eminent for good poets,
that they have served as models to all others: yet it
did not produce any tragic poets.

a.

Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles his Cromwell, and George the Third—(the orator paused—

Treason! cried the Speaker.

Treason! Treason! echoed from all sides of the House.

It appeared to be a trying moment, but Patrick Henry, nothing daunted, drew himself up to his full height, and fixing an eye flashing with fire upon the Speaker, continued)—

And George the Third—may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it.

b.

In sooth I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There where your argosies, with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers, on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

c.

If there's a Power above us
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in must be happy.

And now,
 As though 'twere yesterday, as though it were
 The hour just flown, that morn with all its sounds
 (For those old Mays had thrice the life of these)
 Rings in mine ears.

It often happens that those are the best people whose characters are most injured by slanderers (and who so great or good that slander dares not assail?), as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

Know ye not, brethren (for I speak to them that know the law), how that the law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth?

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
 Or flocks or herds, or human face divine.

I will not go; nothing on earth shall induce me.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!

I will not yield
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse!

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

Hence, horrible shadow! unreal mockery, hence.
 Villain! get thee gone!
 Back! back to thy native hell!
 Perdition catch thine arm!

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodg'd-hate and a certain loathing
 I bear Antonio, &c.

I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
 And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

If every ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

I'll not march through Coventry with them,
 That's flat!

Likewise I say to you there is joy in heaven over
 one sinner that repenteth.

How many hired servants of my father have bread
 enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger.

Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither
 transgressed I at any time thy commandments; and yet
 thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry
 with my friends.

Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is
 thine.

Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us.

Better be first in a village, than second in Rome.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree ?

I will not do it.

Has God, thou fool, work'd solely for thy good ;
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?

Cicero praised Cæsar.

When He was come down from the mountain, great
multitudes followed Him. And behold there came a
leper and worshipped Him.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft to hear her shell
Thronged around her magic cell.

Desire of fame was the leading motive of his actions.

Ev'n all mankind to some loved ills incline,
Great men choose greater sins ; ambition's mine.

The character of Milton was essentially distinguished by loftiness of thought, that of Dante by intensity of feeling.

Alexander was a great man, Socrates a good one.

Money is the great motive power of the world: wise men, they say, despise it. This, however, is one of those sayings often repeated, but little borne out in practice.

Opportunity is the great tempter and betrayer.

James II., in an interview with Milton, asked him if he did not think the loss of sight was a judgment upon him for having written against his father, Charles I. Milton answered, "If your Highness thinks my loss of sight a judgment upon me, what then do you think of your father's loss of his head?"

You were born free as Cæsar; so was I;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And to be more than what you were you would
Be so much more the man.

Like caverned winds the hollow accents came.

The squadron swept like a torrent over the plain.

Like a spectre he stood, silent as the grave.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or Hyrcan tiger.

He was put to death with torments.

It filled my mind with terror to look at him.

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold.

The Almighty is, in His nature, omniscient, infinite,
eternal.

It harrows me with fear and wonder !

Julius Cæsar was a fine writer, as well as a great
general.

The Christian doctrine is the best of philosophies,
as well as the purest of religions.

It is the glory of a great conqueror to be merciful
as well as just.

Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us.

To succeed well in the world a man must act with
boldness as well as prudence.

Julius Cæsar was not only a great general, but a
fine writer.

The Christian doctrine is not only the purest of
religions, but the best of philosophies.

It is the glory of a great conqueror to be not only
just, but merciful.

In Venice Justice was not only blind, but lame.

To succeed well in the world a man must act not only with prudence, but with boldness.

He went for a purpose.

He was going to Rome when I met him.

They told their story and went away.

They went with the stream, not against it.

Well, give me my hat, and I'll go away.

He said he would bring it with him in an hour.

This is my book, that is yours.

Yours is the glory, mine the shame.

Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

When my eyes turn to look for the last time on the sun in heaven, may their last feeble and lingering glance behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic still full high advanced; its arms and trophies streaming in all their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those words of delusion and folly of "Liberty first and Union afterwards:" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, and blazing on all its ample folds, that other sentiment dear to every American heart, "Liberty AND Union, now and for ever one and inseparable!"

Let ministers proceed in their wild and reckless career; but if revolution and anarchy follow their rash tampering with the liberties of the people, on their heads shall retribution fall.

I will not relinquish the confidence that this day will be the period of my client's sufferings; and, however mercilessly he has been hitherto pursued, that your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family and the wishes of his country. But if, which Heaven forbid! it hath still been unfortunately determined that because he has not bent to power and authority, because he would not bow down before the golden calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace, I do trust in God that there is a redeeming spirit in the constitution which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and preserve him unhurt by the conflagration.

Now shall the isles tremble in the day of thy fall!

Then all the princes of the sea shall come down from their thrones, and lay away their robes, and put off their broidered garments.

They shall clothe themselves with trembling; they shall sit upon the ground and shall tremble at every movement.

And be astonished at thee!

I will make thee a terror, and thou shalt be no more.

They shall roar together like lions, they shall yell as lions' whelps.

Though Babylon should mount up to heaven, and
though she should fortify the height of her strength,

Yet from Me shall spoilers come unto her, saith
the Lord.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone.

Alone, alone ; all, all alone ;
Alone on a wide, wide sea !
And never a Saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea mew.

Silver and gold have I none.

Powers and dominions, deities of heaven,—
Me, tho' just right and the fixed laws of heaven
Did first create your leader.

Great is Diana of the Ephesians.

Blessed are the peacemakers.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

There appeared unto him Elias with Moses.

Go he shall.

Stay not here.

Sweet are the uses of adversity.

Then burst his mighty heart.

With these [swords] we have acquired our liberties,
and with these we will defend them.

All these have we betrayed.

The wages of sin is death.

Add to your faith, virtue.

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Of these the chief the cure of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordained.
For thee the Fates severe, have this ordained.

But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

There's my exchange: [throwing down a glove] what
in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies :
Call by thy trumpet : he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not ? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

“ Let me see you join hands, my lords,” said
Elizabeth, “ and forget your idle animosities.”

“ Sussex,” said Elizabeth, “ I entreat ; Leicester,
I command you.”

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
 Making the green one red.

Does he emphasize correctly, or incorrectly?

Does he speak distinctly, or indistinctly?

There is a great difference between giving and
 forgiving.

There are probably as many invisible things as
 there are visible.

Mind and voice act and re-act upon one another.

For this mortal must put on immortality, and
 this corruptible must put on incorruption.

What's done cannot be undone.

What fellowship has righteousness with unrighteous-
 ness; or what communion hath light with darkness?

Pure religion raises men above themselves; irre-
 ligious sinks them to the brute.

We are not now, gentlemen, to inquire into the
 justice or the injustice, the honour or the dishonour
 of the deed; not whether it was lawful or unlawful,
 wise or unwise, but whether it was actually com-
 mitted.

Do *you* intend to go to London this summer?

Do you intend to go to *London* this summer?

Do you intend to go to London *this summer*?

Avoid a slanderer as you would a scorpion.

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Shall we crown the author of the public calamities,
or shall we destroy him ?

He who cannot bear a joke should never give one.

Men of principle should be principal men.

A wager is a fool's argument.

With studied improprieties of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach.
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principles, ungraced, like laqueys wait :
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables ;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line :
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the soul.

Could you be so cruel ? That sacred hour can I
forget ?

Then must the Jew be merciful.

On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

When the emphasis is accumulated, or heaped
successively with increasing energy, progressive force
is given to the meaning.

I have thus shown, from the gentleman's own
argument, that the doctrine advanced by him is not
at present received ; that it never was received ; that
it never can by any possibility be received ; and that,
if admitted, it must be by the total subversion of
liberty itself.

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

How ! will you tell me you have done this ?

What men could do

Is done already : heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Did you ride home to-day ?

Did you see Mary yesterday ?

Did the Senate justify the conqueror's course ?

Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel ?

Who said he would come ? Why is he coming ?
Which one did you choose ? Whose house is this ?
Wherefore rejoice ?

He hath a devil and is mad ; why hear ye him ?

Others said : Can a devil open the eyes of the blind ?

“ Is that a man ? ”

“ Are you content ? ”

“ Yes, that is a man. ”

“ I am content. ”

Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,
Here to make good the boist'rous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Shall I cease here? Is this enough to say
 That my desire, like all strongest hopes,
 By its own energy fulfill'd itself,
 Merged on completion? Would you learn at full
 How passion rose through circumstantial grades
 Beyond all grades developed?

Can we believe that a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of her Creator and made a few discoveries of His infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries? Would He, who is infinitely wise, make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can He delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would He give us talents that are not to be exerted; capacities that are never to be gratified?

You may as well go stand upon the beach
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
 You may as well use question with the wolf
 Why he has made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To sway their high tops, and make no noise
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
 You may as well do anything most hard
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
 His Jewish heart.

I have thus shown from the gentleman's own arguments, that the principles maintained by him are not at present received; that they never were received; that they never can by any possibility be received in a well-regulated society; and that, if once admitted, it must be by the total subversion of liberty itself.

Villain ! be sure you prove my love is false !
 Be sure of it ! give me the ocular proof :
 Make me to see it ; or, at the least, so prove it
 That the probation leave no hinge or loop
 To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life.
 If thou dost slander her and torture me,
 Never pray more ! Abandon all remorse.
 On horror's head horrors accumulate.
 Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amazed,
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add
 Greater than this !

The shades of eve come slowly down,
 The woods are wrapp'd in deeper brown,
 The owl awakens from her dell,
 The fox is heard upon the fell ;
 Enough remains of glimmering light
 To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
 Yet not enough from far to show
 His figure to the watchful foe.

With cautious step and ear awake,
 He climbs the crag and threads the brake ;
 And not the summer solstice there
 Temper'd the midnight mountain air,
 But every breeze that swept the wold
 Benumb'd his drenchèd limbs with cold :
 In dread, in danger, and alone,
 Famish'd and chill'd, thro' ways unknown,
 Tangled and steep, he journeyed on,
 Till, as a rock's huge base he turn'd,
 A watch-fire close before him burn'd.

Go to your bosom,
 Knock there and ask your heart what it doth know
 That's like my brother's fault. If it confess
 A natural guiltiness such as is his,
 Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
 Against my brother's life.

My dear, dear Lord,
 The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless Reputation. That away,
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
 A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest,
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
 Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
 Take honour from me and my life is done.
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try
 In that I live and for that will I die.

“PRESS ON!” Never despair; never be discouraged, however stormy the heavens, however dark the way; however great the difficulties, and repeated the failures, “PRESS ON!”

If fortune has played false with thee to-day, do thou play true for thyself to-morrow. If thy riches have taken wings and left thee, do not weep thy life away, but be up and doing, and retrieve the loss by new energies and action. If an unfortunate bargain has deranged thy business, do not fold thy arms, and give up all as lost; but stir thyself and work the more vigorously.

If those whom thou hast trusted have betrayed thee, do not be discouraged, do not idly weep, but "PRESS ON!" find others; or, what is better, learn to live within thyself. Let the foolishness of yesterday make thee wise to-day. If thy affections have been poured out like water in the desert, do not sit down and perish of thirst, but "PRESS ON!"—a beautiful oasis is before thee, and thou mayest reach it if thou wilt. If another has been false to thee, do not thou increase the evil by being false to thyself. Do not say, the world hath lost its poetry and beauty. 'Tis not so: and even if it is so, make thine own poetry and beauty—by a brave, a true, and, above all, a *religious* life.

Oh, save me, Hubert, save me!
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound—
 Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
 Oh, spare mine eyes—
 Though to no use but still to look on you.

I pray you tarry; pause a day or two
 Before you hazard; for in choosing wrong
 I lose your company; therefore forbear awhile.

Oh, I beseech thee,
 If my obedience and blameless life,
 If my humility and meek submission
 In all things hitherto can move in thee
 One feeling of compassion; if thou art
 Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
 One look of her who bore me, or one tone
 That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
 In my behalf, who am a feeble girl—
 Too feeble to resist; and do not force me
 To wed that man.

O Thou
 That didst uphold me in my lonely isle,
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer; aid me, give me strength
 Not to tell her, never to let her know;
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.
 My children too—must I not speak to these?
 They know me not—I should betray myself.
 Never—no father's kiss for me—the girl
 So like her mother—and the boy, my son,—
 Aid me, give me strength
 Not to tell her—never to let her know.

Oh, now for ever
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell Content!
 Farewell the plumed troop, with the big wars
 That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!
 Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious War.
 Farewell!

What! Michael Cassio, that came a-wooing with you,
 And many a time when I have spoke of you
 Dispraisingly, hath ta'en your part,
 To have so much to do, to bring him in!

My gracious lord,
 I should report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do it:—
 As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look'd towards Birnam, and anon, methought
 The *wood* began to *move*—
 Let me endure your wrath if it be not so:
 Within these three miles may you see it coming—
 I say a moving grove.

O God ! O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 On you, proud man, should take it off again
 With words of sooth ! Oh that I were as great
 As is my grief ; or lesser than my name !
 Or that I could forget what I have been,
 Or not remember what I must be now !

Sweet child of air,
 Never did I behold thee so attired
 And garmented in beauty as to-night.
 There's nothing fair or beautiful but takes
 Something from thee that makes it beautiful.

Oh, let me breathe my life
 Before this ancient sire, who, it should seem,
 Hath sometime lov'd ; I take thy hand, this hand,
 As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
 That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Oh, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
 As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
 Upon the white upturn'd wondering eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Nay, speak not ; my heart has broken its silence,
 and you shall hear the rest. For you I have endured
 all the weary bondage of this house ; yes, to see you,
 hear you, breathe the same air, be ever at hand, that
 if others slighted, from one at least you might receive
 the luxury of respect : for this—for this I have lingered,
 suffered, and forborne. We are orphans both—friend-
 less both ; you are all in the world to me ; turn not
 away ; my very soul speaks in these words—*I love you!*

If that the face of men,
 The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes.
 But if these
 (As I am sure they do) bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
 The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur but our own cause ?

If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
 There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
 If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
 I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness.

If thou tak'st more
 Or less than a just pound, be't but so much
 As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
 Or the division of the twentieth part
 Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn
 But in the estimation of a hair,
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

If a cool, determined courage, that no apparently hopeless struggle could lessen or subdue—if a dauntless resolution, that shone the brightest in the midst of the greatest difficulties and dangers—if a heart ever open to the tenderest affections of our nature and the purest pleasures of social intercourse—if an almost childlike simplicity of character, that, while incapable of craft or dissimulation in itself, yet seemed to have an intuitive power of seeing and defeating the insidious designs and treacheries of others—if characteristics such as these constitute their possessor a hero, then, I say, foremost in the rank of heroes shines the deathless name of Washington !

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creep, in this petty pace, from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time ;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusky death.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;
 Save where the beetle wheels its drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered :
 This story shall the good man tell his sons ;
 And Crispian's day shall ne'er go by,
 From this time to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered.

The temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular ; and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

No object is more pleasing to the eye than the sight of a man whom you have obliged ; nor any music so agreeable to the ear as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

What men could do, we've done already.

I an itching palm?

Gone to be married? gone to swear a peace?

Though all the world should crack their duty to you
 And throw it from their souls; though perils did
 Abound as thick as thought could make them,
 And appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

Then the third day after this,—
 While Enoch slumbered—motionless and pale,—
 And Miriam watched,—and dozed,—at intervals,
 There came so loud a calling of the sea,
 That all the houses in the haven rang.—
 He woke,—he rose,—he spread his arms abroad,
 Crying with a loud voice;—“A sail,—a sail,—
 I am saved,—I am saved.”
 And so fell back,—and spoke no more.

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esq., of high crimes
 and misdemeanours.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of
 Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parlia-
 mentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of
 Great Britain, whose national character he has dis-
 honoured.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India,
 whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted,
 whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he
 has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those
 eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

The quality of mercy is not strained.

This is not a time for adulation.

I did not ask you for a knife.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.

It was not my own wish that detained me.

It will not be my fault if we fail.

It is not by prayers or entreaties that we shall gain our rights.

It was not my hand that dealt the blow.

We shall not be condemned because we have spoken the truth.

He was not punished on account of his political opinions.

What constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlement, or laboured mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;

Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,

Where laughing at the storm rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No! Men, high-minded Men;

With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain.

It is merely nonsense to quarrel about trifles.

He is only a churl who would reject a well-meant courtesy.

Life's but a walking shadow.

Most ghosts that have been seen have been merely optical delusions.

It is a poor heart that never rejoices.

The Epicurean philosophy was but the exaltation of selfishness.

It is not fair ; it is not honourable ; it is not just.

We may perhaps assent to your proposal, but we will not be coerced.

I denied you not.

You assert that I did : I say I did not.

We will not be treated like slaves.

Don't do that ; don't push us to extremes.

Don't think you can gain your point in that manner.

Do not deceive yourselves ; you are sure to fail.

Though he who excels in the graces of writing might have been, with opportunities and application, equally successful in those of conversation ; yet, as many please by extemporaneous talk, though utterly unacquainted with the more accurate method, and more laboured beauties which composition requires, so is it very possible that men wholly accustomed to works of study, may be without that readiness of conception and affluence of language always necessary to colloquial entertainment.

Whate'er of life all quickening ether keeps,
 Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
 Or pours profuse on earth ; one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is Pride.

Lo ! when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand ;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give
 And each bold figure just begins to live :
 The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away.

Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal,
 'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain :
 And can I not of such tame patience boast,
 As to be husht and naught at all to say.

'Tis not enough—No !

Vengeance cannot take away the grace of life :
 The comeliness of look that virtue gives,
 Its port erect with consciousness of truth,
 Its rich attire of honourable deeds,
 Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues
 It cannot lay its hand on these, no more
 Than it can pluck his brightness from the sun,
 Or with polluted finger tarnish it.

Great and acknowledged force is not impaired, either in effect or in opinion, by an unwillingness to exert itself. . . . Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your docketts and your clearances, form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government.

I conjure you by that which you profess,
 (Howe'er you come to know it) answer me!
 Tho' you untie the winds and let them fight
 Against the churches; though the yeasty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up;
 Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down!
 Tho' castles topple on their warders' heads;
 Tho' palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; tho' the treasure
 Of nature's germins tumble altogether,
 Even till destruction sicken, answer me
 To what I ask you!

Agree with thine adversary quickly.

Let me hear no more.

Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.

Be silent: not a word! not a look!

O Rome! how art thou fallen!

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty!

Woe is me! my heart is broken!

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon yon bank!

Thou fool! this night shall thy soul be required of thee!

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!

Hence, horrible shadow! unreal mockery, hence!

O ye hard hearts! ye cruel men of Rome.

Spirits of earth and air,
Ye shall not thus elude me. By a power
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant spell,
Which had its birth-place in a star condemned,
The burning wreck of a demolished world,
A wandering hell in the eternal space;
By the strong curse which is upon my soul
The thought that is within me and around me,
I do compel ye to my will. Appear!

Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeless word of never to return,
Breathe I against thee upon pain of life.

While we waited for his words
Another voice from the deep shade that gloom'd
Beyond the death-bed came; and 'midst it stood
The squalid figure of a woman, wrought
Beyond the natural stature as she stretched
Her withered finger towards the youth and spoke—
“Halbert, obey. The hour which sees thee rule
O'er the Macdonalds of Glencoe shall bring
Terror and death.”

You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !
 But in my time a father's word was law,
 And so it shall be now for me. Look to it ;
 Consider, William : take a month to think,
 And let me have an answer to my wish ;
 Or by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
 And never more darken my doors again.

Go to your bosom ;
 Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
 That's like my brother's fault. If it confess
 A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
 Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
 Against my brother's life.

Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
 Elaine the lily maid of Astolat,
 High in her chamber, up a tower to the east,
 • Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot ;
 Which first she placed where morning's earliest ray
 Might strike it and awake her with the gleam ;
 Then, fearing rust or soilure, fashioned for it
 A case of silk ; and braided thereupon
 All the devices blazoned on the shield
 In their own tinct ; and added of her wit
 A border fantasy of branch and flower,
 And yellow-throated nestling in the nest.

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
 Yea, all which it inherit—shall dissolve,
 And like this insubstantial pageant faded
 Leave not a wrack behind.

Men who live a life of moral decency,
 Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel
 No self-reproach, who of the moral law,
 Established in the land where they abide,
 Are strict observers; men not negligent
 In acts of love to those with whom they dwell;
 Many such as these there are,
 And peace be to them: but such
 Cold abstinence from evil deeds
 Is not enough to elevate the soul.

Tell me who thou art?
 What generous source owns that heroic blood
 Which holds its course thus bravely? What great
 wars
 Have nursed this courage that can look on death—
 Certain and speedy death—with placid eye?
 Whence came that tone, that smile? What idle dream
 Of long-past days hath melted me?

My Lords of England, let me tell you this—
 I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
 And laboured all I could to do him right:
 But in this kind to come in braving arms,
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
 To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
 And you that do abet him in this kind
 Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

Me you call great: mine is the firmer seat,
 The truer lance; but there is many a youth
 Now crescent, who will come to all I am,
 And overcome it; and in me there dwells
 No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
 Of greatness, to know well I am not great.
 There is the man.

Death—I know not what it is,
 Yet it seems horrible. I have look'd out
 In the vast, desolate night in search of him;
 And when I saw gigantic shadows in
 The umbrage of the walls of Eden, chequer'd
 By the far flashing of the cherubs' swords,
 I watch'd for what I thought his coming; for
 With fear rose longing in my heart to know
 What 'twas which shook us all—but nothing came:
 And then I turned my weary eyes from off
 Our native and forbidden Paradise,
 Up to the lights above us in the azure,
 Which are so beautiful.

Life and death! I am ashamed
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
 That these hot tears which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon
 thee!
 The untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee!

The right honourable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he dare not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councillor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy councillor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

The right honourable member has told me I deserted a profession where wealth and station were the reward of industry and talent. If I mistake not, that gentleman endeavoured to obtain those rewards by the same means; but he soon deserted the occupation of a barrister for that of a parasite and pander. He fled from the labour of study to flatter at the table of the great. He found the lord's parlour a better sphere for his exertions than the hall of the Four Courts; the house of a great man a more convenient way to power and to place; and that it was easier for a statesman of middling talents to sell his friends, than a lawyer of no talents to sell his clients.

Speak not; be silent; not a word; not a look.

Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

I said good, not bad; virtuous, not vicious.

He was condemned for his crimes, not for his political opinions.

This book is not mine, but yours.

This letter is yours, not mine.

This is not a time for adulation; it is necessary to speak the plain truth.

You said you were coming home, but you did not come; you went another way.

No, I did not; I went straight home.

A man can receive nothing unless it be given him from heaven.

You yourselves bear me witness that I said I am not the Christ, but that I am sent before Him.

Handle Me and see ; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as you see Me have.

Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliances are relieved,
Or not at all.

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, tho' locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Where grows ?—where grows it not ? If vain our
toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil ;
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere—
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere ;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John ! dwells with thee.

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Hath ever truly long'd for death.
'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant !
Oh ! life, not death for which we pant,
More life and fuller that we want.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets—stonest which are sent unto thee—how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not !

As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, but death for his ambition.

If you said so, then I said so.

We shall not merely answer, we shall retort.

'Tis not in mortals to command success ;
We will do more, we will deserve it.

Truly it is a good thing to die well, but a better live well.

I judge you by what you do, not by what you say.

If we are uncourteous enough to say rude things, we ought at least to be prepared for a sharp retort, and also be cool enough to bear it.

Some men call themselves men of sentiment. They have so much sentiment that they have little feeling. Sterne was one of these, who wept over a suffering donkey, and was insensible to the poverty of a parent. To him, a dead ass was a finer subject of sympathy than a living mother.

Sylla, before dying, epigrammatised his own character, saying, that no man had ever gone beyond him in doing good to his friends, or hurt to his enemies.

My house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.

The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? *i.e.*, a Samaritan.

For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.

Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel or under a bed.

No; it is brought to shine, to give light, to be displayed.

Neither do men light a candle to put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick.

He spoke for, not against, peace.

To be or not to be?

As fire is opposed to water, so is vice to virtue.

A wit among lords, among lords a wit.

If you seek to make one rich, study not to increase his stores, but to diminish his desires.

The peasant complains aloud, the courtier in secret repines. In want what distress! in affluence what satiety!

March to the battle-field:

The foe is on before us:

Each heart is freedom's shield,

And heaven is smiling o'er us!

The morn, in russet mantle clad,

Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
 Or if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of flight

When reason is against a man, he will be against reason.

Words are the counters of wise men, the money of fools.

A fool with judges, among fools a judge.

Persecution is not wrong because it is cruel, but cruel because it is wrong.

He who dreads new remedies must abide old evils.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.

This is the condemnation; that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

He must increase, but I must decrease.

Not by wit, but by wisdom; not by learning, but by law; not by words, but by worth; not by ridicule, but by reason; not by fancy, but by faith, are the minds of men permanently influenced and governed.

It is related that in a little sparring-match (verbal, of course) which took place between Brougham and Scarlett, on a *Nisi Prius* trial, Scarlett insisted that certain important words—viz., “of and concerning,”—were in the information. Brougham was equally confident that they were not.

Mr. Justice Bayley read the passage from the record, which proved Brougham correct: on which Scarlett said: "Well, they were in my copy. I was equally confident with you." To which Brougham replied: "Yes, but there was this difference: you were confident and wrong; I was confident and right."

Is this movement good or bad? useful or pernicious?

We are reduced to this alternative; we must accede to their propositions or be utterly ruined.

This supernatural sollicitation cannot be ill, cannot be good.

Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?

Will you still go about and ask one another, What news?

I did not ask, What news?

Julius Cæsar conquered at Pharsalia.

Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him.

And it was at Jerusalem, the feast of the dedication, and it was winter.

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

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
 Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart?

Does the work relate to the interests of mankind?

Is its object useful, and its end moral?

Will it inform the understanding and amend the
 heart?

Is it written with freedom and impartiality?

Does it bear the marks of honesty and sincerity?

Does it attempt to ridicule anything that is good
 or great?

Does a manly style of thinking predominate in it?

Does reason, wit, humour, and pleasantry prevail in
 it?

Does it contain new and useful truths?

Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty
 as to give its consent to measures thus obtruded
 and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which
 have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn
 and contempt!

Oh happy happy Christmas!

On! on! you noblest English!

Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war proof!

Fathers! that like so many Alexanders,

Have in these parts from morn till even fought,

And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.

Is the chair empty?—Is the sword unswayed?
 Is the king dead?—the empire unpossessed?
 What heir of York is there alive but we?
 And who is England's king but great York's heir?
 Then tell me—what makes he upon the seas?

He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?
 He that formed the eye, shall He not see?
 He that chastiseth the heathen, shall He not correct?
 He that teacheth man knowledge, shall He not
 know?

Are they Hebrews? so am I.
 Are they Israelites? so am I.
 Are they the seed of Abraham? so am I.
 Are they ministers of Christ? I am more.

Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same
 such an individual consistency, were never united in
 the same character.

A republican and an emperor—a Mahometan and
 a Catholic—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and
 an infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the
 same stern, impatient, inflexible, original—the same
 mysterious incomprehensible self—the man without
 a model and without a shadow.

It was the boast of Augustus, that he found Rome
 of brick, and left it of marble.

But how much nobler will be our Sovereign's boast
 when he shall have to say that he found law dear,
 and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it an
 open letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left
 it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged
 sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of
 honesty and the shield of innocence.

All flesh is not the same flesh ; but there is one kind of flesh of men, and flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds.

There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial ; but the glory of celestial is one, and the glory of terrestrial is another.

There is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, for one star differeth from another star in glory ; so also is the resurrection of the dead.

It is sown in corruption ; it is raised in incorruption.

It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory ; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power ; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.

The high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach in point of real enjoyment much nearer to each other than is commonly imagined.

Providence never intended that any state here should be completely happy or entirely miserable.

If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous and more lively in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain.

If greatness flatter our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases in the same proportion our desires and demands. If the poor are confined to more narrow circles, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true.

What must the King do now ? Must he submit ?
 The King shall do it: must he be deposed ?
 The King shall be contented: must he lose
 The name of King ? why, let it go.

Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affianced ! Show men dutiful ?
 Why, so didst thou: or seem they grave and learned ?
 Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family ?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they religious ?
 Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger ;
 Constant in spirit, nor swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
 Not working with the ear, but with the eye,
 And but in purged judgment trusting neither ?
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must we but blush ? Our fathers bled !

Art thou poor ? Show thyself active and industrious,
 peaceable and contented. Art thou wealthy ?
 Show thyself beneficent and charitable, condescending
 and humane.

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads ;
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage ;
 My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown ;
 My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood ;
 My sceptre for a Palmer's walking-staff ;
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints ;
 And my large kingdom for a little grave—
 A little, little grave—an obscure grave

Why do you love—why do other nations honour England? Are you, are they, dazzled by her naval or military glories—the splendour of her literature—her sublime discoveries in science—her boundless wealth—her almost incredible labours in every work of art and skill?

No! you love, you cling to England, because she has been for ages past the seat of free discussion, and therefore the home of national freedom and the hope of oppressed men throughout the world.

You must take me for a fool, to think I could do that.

For Brutus is an honourable man.

You meant no harm; oh, no! your thoughts are innocent; you have nothing to hide; your breast is pure, stainless, all truth.

Cas.—Ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru.—All this? Aye, more!—Fret till your proud heart break:

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour?

If you said so, then I said so.

Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung!

A day—an hour—of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

You, my lords, and fathers
 (As you are pleased to call yourselves), of Venice,
 If you sit here to guide the course of Justice,
 Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs
 That have so often laboured in your service ?
 Are these the wreaths of triumph you bestow
 On those who brought you conquest, home, an
 honours ?
 Are these the trophies I have deserved for fighting
 Your battles with confederated powers ?

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny ;
 They that have done this deed are honourable ;
 What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
 That made them do it: they are wise and honourable
 And will no doubt with reason answer you.

Seems, Madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems.
 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
 That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem ;
 For they are actions that a man might play :
 But I have that within which passeth show,
 These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Cowards die many times before their death,
 The valiant never taste of death but once :
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come, when it will come.

You say you are a better soldier;
 Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Do you think to frighten me? you! Do you think to turn me from any purpose that I have, or any course I am resolved upon, by reminding me of the solitude of this place and there being no help near? Me, who am here alone designedly? If I had feared you, should I not have avoided you? If I feared you, should I be here in the dead of night, telling you to your face what I am going to tell? But I tell you nothing till you go back to that chair—except this once again. Do not dare to come near me—not a step nearer. I have something lying here that is no love trinket; and sooner than endure your touch once more, I would use it on you—and you know it while I speak—with less reluctance than I would on any other creeping thing that lives.

The labour of years is often insufficient for a complete reformation, and Divine help is needed to keep us in the path of virtue.

You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
 That should be in a Roman, you do want,
 Or else you use not.

I am debating of my present store,
 And by the near guess of my memory
 I cannot instantly raise up the gross
 Of full three thousand ducats.

Justice is not a halt and miserable object; it is not the ineffective bauble of an Indian Pagod: it is not the portentous phantom of despair; it is not like any fabled monster formed in the eclipse of reason and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay. No, my lords, Justice resembles none of these!

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
 'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
 When desperate heroes grieve with tedious moan,
 And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
 The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
 Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
 The voice all modes of passion can express,
 That marks the proper word with proper stress;
 But none emphatic can that speaker call,
 Who lays an equal emphasis on all.

“ But still no peace, for the lifeless clay
 Will wave or mould allow.
 The horrid thing pursues me still;
 It stands before me now.”
 The fearful boy looked up, and saw
 Huge drops upon his brow.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd.
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and rider fell,
 They that had fought so well,
 Came through the jaws of death,
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

Dost thou come here to whine ?
 To outface me by leaping in her grave ?
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
 And if thou prate of mountains,—let them throw
 Millions of acres on us, till our ground
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make Ossa like a wart. Nay, an' thou'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou.

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more : By
 Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis ; but
 how of Cawdor ? The thane of Cawdor lives, a
 prosperous gentleman ; and to be king stands not
 within the prospect of belief, no more than to be
 Cawdor. Say from whence you owe this strange
 intelligence ? or why upon this blasted heath you
 stop our way with such prophetic greeting ?

On a sudden, open fly
 With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,
 Th' infernal doors ; and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder.

Heaven opened wide
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
 On golden hinges turning.

Centre of light and energy ! thy way is through the
 unknown void ; thou hast thy throne, morning and
 evening and at noon of day, far in the blue, untended
 and alone. Ere the first-wakened airs of earth had
 blown, on didst thou march, triumphant in thy light.
 Then didst thou send thy glance, which still hath
 flown wide through the never-ending worlds of night ;
 and yet thy full orb burns with flash unquenched and
 bright.

In thee, first light, the bounding ocean smiles,
 when the quick winds uprear it in a swell that rolls
 in glittering green around the isles, where ever-
 springing fruits and blossoms dwell.

Thine are the mountains, where they purely lift
 snows that have never wasted, in a sky which hath
 no stain; below, the storm may drift its darkness,
 and the thunder-gust roar by; aloft, in thy eternal
 smile, they lie, dazzling but cold; thy farewell
 glance looks there, and when below thy hues of
 beauty die, girt round them as a rosy belt, they bear
 into the high, dark vault a brow that still is fair.

Awake! awake!

Ring the alarm-bell!—murder and treason!—
 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Hold, hold! for your lives!

And dar'st thou, then,
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?—
 No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!

Talk not to me
 Of odds or match! When Comyn died,
 Three daggers clashed within his side!
 Talk not to me of sheltering hall—
 The church of God saw Comyn fall!
 On God's own altar streamed his blood;
 While o'er my prostrate kinsman stood
 The ruthless murderer, even as now,
 With armèd hand and scornful brow.
 Up! all who love me! blow on blow!
 And lay the outlawed felons low!

The pomp and circumstance of glorious war.

Good Lord, give us bread now.

Bless the Lord of hosts, for He is good to us.

Stars, hide your fires,
Let not light see my black and deep desires,
The eye wink at the hand. Yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown.

Ring, joyous chords! ring out again!
A swifter still and a wilder strain!
And bring fresh wreaths! we will banish all
Save the free in heart from our festive hall;
On, through the maze of the fleet dance, on!

Let our object be the truth, the whole truth, and
nothing but the truth.

I warn you, do not dare lay your hands on the
constitution.

You cannot, my lord, you cannot conquer America.

I do not ask, I demand, your attention.

The honourable member tells the House that power
may pass from his hands. What we complain of,
sir, is that power has passed from his hands.

What man could do is done already. Heaven and
earth will witness, if Rome must fall, that we are
innocent.

Then when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw Him, she fell down at His feet, saying unto Him : Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died. When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping who came with her, he groaned in the spirit and was troubled, and said, Where have ye laid him? They say unto Him : Lord, come and see. Jesus wept. Then said the Jews : Behold how He loved him !

I tell you that though you, though all the world, though an angel from heaven, were to declare the truth of the statement, I could not believe it.

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it; it is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; and, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar, it will inflame you, it will make you mad.

All the circumstances and ages of men, poverty, riches, youth, old age, all the dispositions and passions, melancholy, love, grief, contentment, are capable of being personified in poetry with great propriety.

Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience.

If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Why, get thee gone! Horror and night go with thee!
 Sisters of Acheron, go hand in hand,
 Go dance about the bower and close them in,
 And tell them that I sent you to salute them.
 Profane the ground, and for the ambrosial rose
 And breath of jessamin, let hemlock blacken,
 And deadly nightshade poison all the air;
 For the sweet nightingale may ravens croak,
 Toads pant, and adders rustle through the leaves;
 May serpents, winding up the trees, let fall
 Their hissing necks upon them from above,
 And mingle kisses—such as I would give them!

He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies. And what's his reason? I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you stab us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, REVENGE. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Softly sweet in Lydian measures
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

O my soul's joy! . . .
 If it were now to die
 'Twere now to be most happy; for my soul
 Hath her content so absolute,
 That not another comfort like to this
 Succeeds in unknown fate!

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowned o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes, the poet stood.
 Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
 Confusion on thy banners wait!
 Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state!
 Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears.

He made a tremendous effort.

It was an unparalleled proceeding.

He made a triumphant entry.

It was a loathsome herd.

He made a most elaborate argument.

It was an atrocious crime!

If you show mercy you shall receive mercy.

Your unexampled kindness merits kindness.

Your cruelty provokes cruelty.

God said, Let there be light; and there was light.

He spoke wisely and he spoke truly.

It was truly said and wisely said.

If we live in the spirit let us also walk in the spirit.

Is that your firm opinion ?

Macbeth.—If we should fail ?

Lady Macbeth.—But screw your courage to the sticking point,
And we'll not fail.

We do pray for mercy :
And that same prayer doth teach us all
To render the deeds of mercy.

If your weakness is such that you cannot resist temptation, you must take care not to expose your weakness to temptation.

A troop of frolicsome girls, not over twelve or thirteen years of age, now appeared, all arrayed in spotless white, with festoons of vine leaves around the borders of their dresses, and their hair wreathed with roses white and red. In the centre of their circle was an old man of at least eighty years of age, whom they were dragging along with gentle force, by a band of straw with intertwined roses thrown around his neck, and who submitted to the thralldom with simple pleasure and a sort of half-childish delight that seemed almost to bring him back to the level and the age of his young tyrants. It was a picture for an artist.

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times!
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
 A curse shall light upon the line of men!
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war—
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men groaning for burial.

Our rulers will best promote the improvement of our nation by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties; by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment; by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law, and by observing strict economy in every department of the State. Let the Government do this; the people will assuredly do the rest.

My soul, weary and dismayed, is overladen with sorrow, darkened with despair!

It was a dark and gloomy cavern, whose impenetrable shadowy and mysterious silence inspired you with vague fear and distrust.

O now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!

Sweet sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all the day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

By heav'n! methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-faced moon!
Or dive into the bottom of the deep
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks!

His humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Played round every subject, and shone as it played;
And his wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

Erskine, the great advocate, always kept jury and court in good humour by jest and playful sally. Thus, defending an action brought against the proprietors of a stage-coach by Polito (the keeper of a celebrated menagerie, or show of wild beasts) for the loss of a trunk, "Why," said Erskine, "did he not take a lesson from his own sagacious elephant, and travel with his trunk before him?"

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
 Redeem us and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing heavenly Muse.

O holy Hope that flows through all my soul !
 From pole to pole the deep-toned thunders roll !
 Low hollow moans proclaim his deep-souled woe.

In mine ear said the Lord of hosts : Of a truth many houses shall be desolate, even great and fair, without inhabitant. Yea, ten acres of vineyard shall yield one bath, and the seed of an homer shall yield an ephah. Woe unto them that rise early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue till night till wine inflame them ! And the harp, and the viol, and tabret, and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts ; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands. Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure ; and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth shall descend into it. And the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be humbled : but the Lord of hosts shall be exalted in judgment, and God that is holy shall be sanctified in righteousness. Then shall the lambs feed after their manner, and the waste places of the fat ones shall strangers eat. Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart-rope ! Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil ! that put darkness for light, and light for darkness ! that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.

Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes,
and prudent in their own sight! Woe unto them
that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength
to mingle strong drink! which justify the wicked for
reward, and take away the righteousness of the
righteous from him!

Blow wind, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack Nature's moulds, all germans split at once,
That make ungrateful man!—

Now o'er the one half world nature seems dead,
And wicked dreams abuse the curtained sleep;
Now witchcraft celebrates pale Hecate's offerings,
And wither'd murder, alarum'd by the sentinel, the
wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost!

Let them come.

They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them!
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood!

 Come, let me take my horse,
Which is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.

The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose, well-saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
 Turning again towards childish treble,
 Pipes and whistles in the sound.

All the perfumes of Arabia
 Will never sweeten this little hand,
 O—————h!

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
 Bring with thee airs of heaven or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee ! I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, Father, Royal Dane : O answer me ;
 Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell
 Why thy canonised bones hearsèd in death
 Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
 Has oped his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
 That thou, dread corse, again in complete steel
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our dispositions,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank ;
 Here still we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Which of you have done this?—
 Thou canst not say I did it ; never shake
 Thy gory locks at me !

Approach thou, like the rugged Russian bear,
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble.—Or be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
 If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
 The baby of a girl ! Hence, horrible shadow !
 Unreal mockery ! hence ! hence ! hence !

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime ?
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the leaves ever shine ;
 Where the light wings of zephyr, oppress'd with
 perfume,
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom ;
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute ;
 Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
 In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
 And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye ;
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine ?
 'Tis the clime of the East,—'tis the land of the sun !
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done ?
 Oh ! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell,
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which
 they tell.

K. John.—Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle
Hubert,
We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heav'n, Hubert, I'm almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee !

Hub.—I am much bounden to your Majesty.

K. John.—Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so
But thou shalt have—creep time ne'er so slow, [yet,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say—but let it go :
The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with its iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound on unto the drowsy race of night ;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessèd with a thousand wrongs ;
Or if that surly spirit Melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot Laughter keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment
(A passion hateful to my purposes) ;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
Then, in despite of broad-eyed watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
But ah, I will not.—Yet I love thee well ;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub.—So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heav'n, I'd do't.

K. John.—Do not I know thou wouldst ?
Good Hubert!—Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way,
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me ?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub.—And I'll keep him so
That he shall not offend your Majesty.

K. John.—Death !

Hub.—My lord ?

K. John.—A grave.

Hub.—He shall not live.

K. John.—Enough !
I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee !
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee.
Remember !

When we are in the company of sensible men, we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two things, their good opinion and our own improvement. Just what we have to say we know ; but what they have to say we do not know.

Secrecy has been well termed the soul of all great designs. Perhaps more has been effected by concealing our own intentions than by discovering those of our enemy. But great men succeed in both.

To tell your own secrets is generally folly; but that folly is without guilt. To reveal those with which we are entrusted is always treachery; and treachery, for the most part, combined with folly.

I have played the fool, the gross fool, to believe
The bosom of a friend would hold a secret
Mine own could not contain.

Now, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace, four happy days brings in
Another moon : but oh ! methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes : she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

O! O! O!

Whisper ! Where ? What ? When ?

The serpent's dreadful hiss was heard.

The first kiss of new-born love is sweet.

How silver sweet are lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears.

He said he would call if you would consent to see
him.

He shall live if I have power to save him.

Doctrines must be embodied before they can excite
strong public feeling.

You are sure to succeed, if you take the right
means.

I'll give you my house, if you will give me yours.

All slang phrases are vulgar ; but there is nothing vulgar in the common English idiom. Simplicity is not vulgarity ; but the looking to affectation of any sort for distinction is. An opinion is vulgar that is stewed in the rank breath of the rabble ; nor is it a bit purer or more refined for having passed through the well-cleansed teeth of the whole court. The inherent vulgarity is in having no other feeling on any subject than the crude, blind, headlong, gregarious notion acquired by sympathy with the mixed multitude, or with a fastidious minority, who are just as insensible to the real truth, and as indifferent to everything but their own frivolous and vexatious pretensions. The upper are not wiser than the lower classes because they resolve to differ from them ; the fashionable have the advantage of the unfashionable in nothing but the fashion. The true vulgar are the *servum pecus imitatorum*—the herd of pretenders to what they do not feel, and to what is not natural to them, whether in high or low life. There is a well-dressed and an ill-dressed mob, both of which I hate. *Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.* The vapid affectation of the one is to me even more intolerable than the gross insolence and brutality of the other.

I will certainly keep my contract, unless I die.

He would have assented to your terms, but for that one condition.

He will be glad to return, provided you receive him kindly.

He would have deserved high commendation, except for that one failing.

I would to God that not only thou, but all those who hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

Then said Agrippa unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.

I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

I am not a dog to be treated thus.

Better to die than prove myself a coward.

Better death than disgraceful chains!

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad,
In naked majesty seem lords of all ;
And worthy seemed : for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone :
For contemplation he and valour formed ;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;
He, for God only ; she, for God in him.

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

I shall content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.

Him, thus in glittering arms arrayed,
The camp in wonder and delight surveyed.
Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly Goddess sing.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

The gloom of his character discolours all the passions of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the eternal throne.

If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

If ever despondency could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions and patriotic hopes; such it continued to be when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die!

Genuine and innocent wit is the salt and flavour of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit and flavour and brightness, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.

The fools, like the saints, have a day dedicated to them: this is called April Fools' Day. But Tom Brown thinks that setting apart one day in the year in observance of this old custom may now be dispensed with, since three parts in four of the people are fools all the year round.

Both swords and guns are strong, no doubt,
 And so are tongue and pen,
 And so are sheaves of good bank notes
 To sway the souls of men:
 But guns and swords, and gold and thought,
 Though mighty in their sphere,
 Are sometimes feebler than a smile,
 And poorer than a tear.

How many a glorious morning have I seen
 Darken ere noon in fearfullest eclipse!
 How many a sea, pellucid and serene,
 Have I known treacherous to deep-laden ships!
 Alas! alas! how many a gallant soul—
 Artist, romancer, scholar, bard, divine,
 Poor wherries in the wild Atlantic roll—
 Have I seen founder in the pitiless brine!

The verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the boundless ocean, and the starry firmament, all tend to inspire us with the love of Nature and of Nature's God.

Our minds are filled with the love of Nature and of Nature's God when we consider the beauty and variety of His works: the verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the boundless ocean, and the starry firmament.

Faith, hope, and charity are cardinal virtues.

May faith, hope, charity, peace, and patience, possess our souls.

A blind, headlong, precipitate, and irretrievable flight was the result of their rash, ill-timed, tumultuous, and disorderly attack.

The works of the flesh are manifest; which are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like.

To wake the soul with tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold,
 For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to flow in every age.

All are but parts of one harmonious whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

What dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
 Must give us pause.

And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

If any man will do His will, he shall know of the
doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of
myself.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs their mortal frame,
Are all but ministers to love,
And feed his sacred flame.

A certain nobleman went into a far country, to
receive for himself a kingdom, and to return.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich on forty pounds a-year.

That at some time or other States which had
separated themselves from the mother-country should
be admitted to the rank of independent nations, is a
proposition to which no possible dissent could be
given.

Every one that doeth evil hateth the light.

The operation and intention of laws is to enforce
good morals.

The reading of the common-prayer well is of the
highest importance.

The world's great victor passed unheeded by.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits.

A sense of the beautiful is universal.

The beneficent wisdom of the Almighty is visible in all His works.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

To act virtuously is to act wisely.

Mountains, hills, palaces, and towers faded from our sight, and were at last entirely hidden in darkness.

My brother and sister have not yet arrived, and are not expected to-day.

The scene was one which awakened in us sentiments of admiration of nature, and filled us with gratitude to heaven.

And he went away and communed with the chief priests and captains.

He went away, and communed with the priests and captains, how he might betray Him.

We came to our journey's end at last, with no small difficulty, after much fatigue, through deep roads and bad weather.

Is love less potent? No; his path is trod,

Alike uplifted gloriously to God;

Or linked to all we know of heaven below,

The other, better self, whose joy or woe

Is more than ours; the all-absorbing flame

Which, kindled by another, grows the same,

Wrought in one blaze; the pure, yet funeral pile,

Where gentle hearts like Brahmins sit and smile.

How often we forget all time, when lone,

Admiring Nature's universal throne!

Live not the stars and mountains? Are the waves

Without a spirit? Are the dripping caves

Without a feeling in their silent tears?

Who thinks of self, when gazing on the sky?

And when Felix heard these things, having more perfect knowledge of that way, he deferred them, and said, When Lycias the chief captain shall come down, I will know the uttermost of your matter.

And he commanded a centurion to keep Paul, and to let him have liberty, and that he should forbid none of his acquaintance to minister or to come in unto him.

And after certain days when Felix came with his wife Drusilla, which was a Jewess, he sent for Paul, and heard him concerning the faith in Christ.

And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee.

He hoped also that money might be given him of Paul, that he might loose him; wherefore he sent for him the oftener, and communed with him.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, That ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice: and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy.

Clime of the unforgotten brave,
Whose land, from plain to mountain-cave,
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave,
Shrine of the mighty, can it be
That this is all remains of thee?

A needless Alexandrine ends the song
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
along.

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
 Had in her sober lining all things clad ;
 Silence was pleased : now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep !

It must be so ! Plato, thou reasonest well :
 Else whence this fond desire, this pleasing hope,
 This longing after immortality ?
 Thro' what variety of untried being,
 Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass !

O first created Beam, and thou Great Word,
 " Let there be light, and light was over all,"
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?

Sure something holy lodges in that breast
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence thro' the empty-vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smiled.

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms ;
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.

Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subject all,
 To envious and calumniating Time.

The noon-day sun
 Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
 Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
 A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge caves,
 Scoop'd in the dark base of those airy rocks,
 Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.
 The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
 Wove twilight o'er the poet's path, as, led
 By love or dream, or God, or mightier death,
 He sought in nature's dearest haunt some bank,
 Her cradle and her sepulchre. More dark
 And dark the shades accumulate ; the oak,
 Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
 Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
 Of the tall cedar, over-arching, frame
 Most solemn domes within ; and far below,
 Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
 The ash and the acacia floating hang
 Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents clothed
 In rainbow and in fire, the parasites
 Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
 The gay trunks.

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
 spheres,
 Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

In thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying—Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

Methought I heard a voice cry—“ Sleep no more. Macbeth doth murder sleep—the innocent sleep: Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care, The death of each day’s life, sore labour’s bath, Balm of hurt minds, great Nature’s second course, Chief nourisher in Life’s feast.”

Still it cried “ Sleep no more !” to all the house: “ Glamis hath murdered Sleep, and therefore Cawdor Shall sleep no more !—Macbeth shall sleep no more !”

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the barren desert pierce,
Or, lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the dead reign here alone.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt, amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

The hills,
 Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun ; the vales,
 Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
 The venerable woods ; rivers, that move
 In majesty ; and the complaining brooks,
 That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
 Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste—
 Are but the solemn decorations, all,
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death
 Through the still lapse of ages.

Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we marched on without impediment.
 Richard, the bloody and devouring boar,
 Whose ravenous appetite has spoiled your fields,
 Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropped
 Its ripened hopes of fair posterity,
 Is now even in the centre of the isle.
 Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just ;
 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted ;
 The very weight of Richard's guilt shall crush him—
 Then let us on, my friends, and boldly face him !
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
 As mild behaviour and humanity ;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Let us be tigers in our fierce department !
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be—this body on the earth's cold face ;
 But, if we thrive, the glory of the action
 The meanest soldier here shall share his part of.
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords,
 Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;
 The words—" St. George, Richmond, and Victory !"

Heavens ! with what pride I used
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
 And think the land was free. Yes, it was free—
 From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free—
 Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
 And plough our valleys without asking leave ;
 Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow
 In very presence of the regal sun.
 How happy was I then ! I loved
 Its very storms. Yes, I have often sat
 In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake—
 The stars went out, and down the mountain-gorge
 The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
 And think I had no master save his own.
 On the wild jutting cliff, o'ertaken oft
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along
 And while gust followed gust more furiously,
 As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink
 Then I have thought of other lands, whose storms
 Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
 Have wish'd me there. The thought that mine was
 free
 Has check'd that wish, and I have raised my head,
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
 " Blow on ! This is the land of liberty ! "

He has visited all Europe, . . . to dive
 into the depths of dungeons ; to plunge into the
 infection of hospitals ; to survey the mansions of
 sorrow and pain ; to take the gauge and dimensions
 of misery, depression, and contempt ; to remember
 the forgotten ; to attend to the neglected ; to visit the
 forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of
 all men in all countries.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Then up I rose

And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with
crash
And merciless ravage ; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being.

Thou glorious mirror ! where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime ;
The image of eternity ; the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee—thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
alone !

To this one standard make your just appeal,
Here lies the golden secret—learn to feel :
Or fool, or monarch, happy or distress'd,
No speaker pleases, that is not possess'd.
A single look more marks the internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthened oh !
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes ;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,—
And all the passions—all the soul is there.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug.

Fear its hand his skill to try
 Amid the chords bewildered laid,
 And back recoiled.

Anger rushed—
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hands the strings.

This is the place,—the centre of the grove ;—
 Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood ;
 How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene !
 The silver moon unclouded holds her way
 Through skies where I could count each little star ;
 The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves ;
 The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
 Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
 For such a place as this, at such an hour—
 If ancestry may be in aught believed—
 Descending spirits have conversed with man,
 And told the secrets of the world unknown.
 All heaven and earth are still, though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :
 All heaven and earth are still : From the high host
 Of stars to the lulled lake, and mountain coast,
 All is concentrated in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and Defence.

When strong desires or soft sensations move
 The astonish'd intellect to rage or love,
 Associate tribes of fibrous motions rise,
 Flush the red cheek or light the laughing eyes.

Whence ever-active imitation finds
 Th' ideal trains that pass through kindred minds;
 Her mimic acts associate thoughts excite,
 And the first language enters at the sight.

Association's mystic power combines
 Internal passion with external signs;
 From these dumb gestures first th' exchange began
 Of viewless thought in bird, and beast, and man :

And still the stage by mimic art displays
 Historic pantomime in modern days;
 And hence the enthusiast orator affords
 Force to the feebler eloquence of words.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to her own conceit,
 That from her working all his visage warm'd;
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing !*

Wit's perfection, Beauty's wonder,
 Nature's pride, the Graces' Treasure.

Hail, holy light, offspring of heaven first-born.

Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt.

And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels
 round about the throne and the beasts and the elders :
 and the number of them was ten thousand times ten
 thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with
 a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to
 receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength,
 and honour, and glory, and blessing.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead !
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility :
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair Nature with hard-favoured rage ;
 Then, lend the eye a terrible aspect,
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean :
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height ! Now on ! you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof ;
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument !
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot ;
 Follow your spirit ; and upon this charge,
 Cry, Heaven for Harry ! England ! and St. George !

The joys of my childhood are vanished for aye.

A present deity, they shout around ;
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.

Softly sweet in Lydian measures
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

The princes applaud with a furious joy,
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
 When the morning's beam is glancing,
 O'er files arrayed
 With helm and blade
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing.

Up early and late,
 To toil and to wait,
 To do as one's bid,
 Yet for ever be chid,
 Ill humour to bear,
 And yet not to dare,
 Tho' with anger we burn,
 To be cross in return.

Place me in regions of eternal winter,
 Where not a blossom to the breeze can open, but
 Darkening tempests closing all around me
 Chill the creation.

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

When he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrow behind,
 Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resigned?

Achilles' wrath to Greece the direful spring
 Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess sing.

My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills
 My father feeds his flocks, a frugal swain.

If after every tempest come such calms,
 May the winds blow till they have wakened death,
 And let the lab'ring bark climb hills of seas,
 Olympus high, and duck again as low
 As hell's from heaven !

Not all black birds are blackbirds.

Virtue, beauty, and speech did strike—wound—
 charm.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
 The cruel markes of many a bloody field ;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield :
 His angry steede did chide his foaming bitt,
 As much disdainning to the curbe to yield :
 Full jolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

You that choose not by the view,
 Chance as fair, and choose as true !
 Since this fortune falls to you
 Be content and seek no new.
 If you be well pleased with this,
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,
 Turn you, where your lady is,
 And claim her with a loving kiss.

With many a weary step, and many a groan,
 Up the high hill he bears a huge round stone ;
 The huge round stone resulting with a bound,
 Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the
 ground.

Tumbling all precipitate down dash'd.

If nature thundered in our opening ears,
And stunned us with the music of the spheres:

Grate on their scannel pipes of wretched straw.

Arms in arm our clashing bray'd
Horrible discord; and the maddening wheels
Of brazen fury waged.

The string let fly,
Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's
cry.

Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes,
On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep echoing groan the thickets brown,
Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.

Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms;
When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves,
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves.

And slowly, slowly, more and more,
The moony vapour rolling round the king,
Who seem'd the phantom of a giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him grey
And greyer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghost-like to his doom.

I sprang to the saddle, and Joris, and he,
I galloped. Direk galloped, we galloped all three.

The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the
shore.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words more slow.

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims the main.

SELECTION OF PIECES

FOR

RECITAL.

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

Hamlet.—Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-Herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Player.—I warrant your honour.

Hamlet.—Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so

strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Player.—I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Hamlet.—O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
 That my soul cannot resist ;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
 That is not akin to pain,
 And resembles sorrow only,
 As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem—
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,
 That shall soothe this restless feeling,
 And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
 Not from the bards sublime,
 Whose distant footsteps echo
 Through the corridors of time ;

For, like strains of martial music,
 Their mighty thoughts suggest
 Life's endless toil and endeavour ;
 And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
 Whose songs gushed from his heart
 As showers from the clouds of summer,
 Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labour,
 And nights devoid of ease,
 Still heard in his soul the music
 Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

FIRST LOVE.

My long first year of perfect love,
 My deep new dream of joy ;
 She was a little chubby girl,
 I was a chubby boy.

I wore a crimson frock, white drawers,
 A belt, a crown was on it ;
 She wore some angel's kind of dress
 And such a tiny bonnet,

Old-fashioned, but the soft brown hair
 Would never keep its place ;
 A little maid with violet eyes,
 And sunshine in her face.

O my child-queen, in those lost days
 How sweet was daily living !
 How humble and how proud I grew,
 How rich by merely giving !

She went to school, the parlour-maid
 Slow stepping to her trot ;
 That parlour-maid—ah, did she feel
 How lofty was her lot !

Across the road I saw her lift
 My Queen, and with a sigh
 I envied Raleigh ; my new coat
 Was hung a peg too high.

A hoard of never-given gifts
 I cherished,—priceless pelf ;
 'Twas two whole days ere I devour'd
 That peppermint myself.

In church I only prayed for her—
 “O God, bless Lucy Hill ;”
 Child, may His angels keep their arms
 Ever around you still.

But when the hymn came round, with heart
 That feared some heart's surprising
 Its secret sweet, I climb'd the seat
 'Mid rustling and uprising ;

And there against her mother's arm
 The sleeping child was leaning,
 While far away the hymn went on,
 The music and the meaning.

Oh, I have loved with more of pain
 Since then, with more of passion,
 Loved with the aching in my love
 After our grown-up fashion ;

Yet could I almost be content
 To lose here at your feet
 A year or two, you murmuring elm,
 To dream a dream so sweet.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

HUMAN NATURE.

Two little children five years old,
 Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold ;
 Sweet and bright and quaintly wise,
 Angels both, in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see
 That they were as human as human can be,
 And had not yet learned the maturer art
 Of hiding the “self” of the finite heart.

One day they found, in their romp and play,
 Two little rabbits soft and grey—
 Soft and grey, and just of a size,
 As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love.
 To their dear little pets—their treasure trove ;
 They kissed and hugged them until the night
 Brought to the conies a glad respite.

Too much fondling doesn't agree
 With the rabbit nature, as we shall see,
 For ere the light of another day
 Had chased the shadows of night away

One little pet had gone to the shades,
 Or, let us hope, to perennial glades
 Brighter and softer than any below—
 A heaven where good little rabbits go.

The living and dead lay side by side,
 And still alike as before one died ;
 And it chanced that the children came singly to view
 The pets they had dreamed of all the night through.

First came Charlie, and, with sad surprise,
 Beheld the dead with streaming eyes ;
 Howe'er, consolingly, he said,
 " Poor little Marie—her rabbit's dead !"

Later came Marie, and stood aghast ;
 She kissed and caressed it, but at last
 Found voice to say, while her young heart bled,
 " I'm sorry for Charlie—his rabbit's dead !"

ANONYMOUS.

From "Harper's Magazine."

A PROLOGUE.

A prologue? Well, of course the ladies know ;
 I have my doubts. No matter—here we go !
 What is a prologue? Let our Tutor teach :
Pro means beforehand ; *logos* stands for speech.
 'Tis like the harper's prelude on the strings,
 The prima donna's curtsey ere she sings ;
 Prologues in metre are to other *pros*
 As worsted stockings are to engine-hose.
 "The world's a stage"—as Shakespeare said one day ;
 The stage a world—was what he meant to say.
 The outside world's a blunder, that is clear ;
 The real world that Nature meant is here ;
 Here every foundling finds its lost mamma,
 Each rogue, repentant, melts his stern papa,
 Misers relent, the spendthrift's debts are paid,
 The cheats are taken in the traps they laid ;
 One after one the troubles all are past,
 Till the fifth act comes right side up at last,
 When the young couple, old folks, rogues and all,
 Join hands, *so* happy at the curtain's fall.
 Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,
 And black-browed ruffians always come to grief.
 When the lorn damsel, with a frantic screech,
 And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach,
 Cries, "Help, kyind Heaven!" and drops upon her
 knees
 On the green (baize) beneath the (canvas) trees ;
 See to her side avenging Valour fly :—
 "Ha! Villain! Draw! now, Terraitorr, yield or die!"
 When the poor hero flounders in despair,
 Some dear lost uncle turns up millionaire,
 Clasps the young scapegrace with paternal joy,
 Sobs on his neck, "*My boy!* MY BOY !! MY BOY !!!"

Ours, then, sweet friends, the real world to-night.
 Of love that conquers in disaster's spite,
 Ladies, attend. While woeful cares and doubt
 Wrong the soft passion in the world without,
 Though fortune scowl, though prudence interfere,
 One thing is certain : Love will triumph here !
 Lords of creation, whom your ladies rule—
 The world's great masters, when you're out of school—
 Learn the brief moral of our evening's play :
 Man has his will—but woman has her way !
 While man's dull spirit toils in smoke and fire,
 Woman's swift instinct threads the electric wire :
 The magic bracelet stretched beneath the waves
 Beats the black giant with his score of slaves.
 All earthly powers confess your sovereign art,
 But that one rebel—woman's wilful heart.
 All foes you master ; but a woman's wit
 Lets daylight through you ere you know you're hit.
 So just to picture what her art can do,
 Hear an old story made as good as new.

Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade,
 Alike was famous for his arm and blade.
 One day a prisoner Justice had to kill
 Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.
 Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,
 Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
 His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
 As the pike's armour flashes in the stream,
 He sheathed his blade ; he turned as if to go ;
 The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
 " Why strikest not ? Perform thy murderous act,"
 The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)
 " Friend, I *have* struck," the artist straight replied ;
 " Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."

He held his snuff-box—"Now then, if you please!"
 The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,
 Off his head tumbled, bowled along the floor,
 Bounced down the steps—the prisoner said no more!

Woman! Thy falchion is a glittering eye;
 If death lurks in it, O, how sweet to die!
 Thou takest hearts as Rudolph took the head:
 We die with love, and never dream we're dead.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy! Give back my
 twentieth spring!

I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy than reign a
 grey-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age! Away with
 learning's crown!

Tear out life's wisdom-written page, and dash its
 trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream from boyhood's
 fount of fame!

Give me one giddy, reeling dream of life all love
 and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer, and, calmly
 smiling, said

"If I but touch thy silvered hair, thy hasty wish
 hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track to bid thee fondly
 stay,

While the swift seasons hurry back to find the wished-
 for day?"

Ah, truest soul of womankind! Without thee, what
 were life?

One bliss I cannot leave behind: I'll take—my—
 precious wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen and wrote in rainbow
dew,

“The man would be a boy again, and be a husband
too!”

“And is there nothing yet unsaid before the change
appears?”

Remember, all their gifts have fled with those
dissolving years!”

Why, yes; for memory would recall my fond paternal
joys;

I could not bear to leave them all: I'll take—my
girl—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen—“Why, this will
never do;

The man would be a boy again, and be a father too!”

And so I laughed: my laughter woke the household
with its noise—

And wrote my dream, when morning broke, to please
the grey-haired boys.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

Oh! that last day in Lucknow fort!

We knew that it was the last:

That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,

And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;

And the men and we all worked on:

It was one day more, of smoke and roar,

And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
 A fair young gentle thing,
 Wasted with fever in the siege,
 And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
 And I took her head on my knee :
 "When my father comes hame frae the pleugh,"
 she said,
 "Oh ! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
 In the flecking of woodbine shade,
 When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
 And the mother's wheel is stay'd.

It was smoke and roar, and powder-stench,
 And hopeless waiting for death :
 But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
 Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream,
 Of an English village lane,
 And wall and garden ;—a sudden scream
 Brought me back to the roar again.

Then Jessie Brown stood listening,
 And then a broad gladness broke
 All over her face, and she took my hand
 And drew me near and spoke :

"*The Highlanders!* Oh ! dinna ye hear
 The slogan far awa—
 The Macgregor's ? Ah ! I ken it weel ;
 It's the grandest o' them a'.

“ God bless thae bonnie Highlanders !
 We’re saved ! we’re saved ! ” she cried :
 And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
 Pour’d forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
 Had fallen among the men :
 And they started, for they were there to die :
 Was life so near them then ?

They listen’d, for life : and the rattling fire
 Far off, and the far-off roar
 Were all :—and the Colonel shook his head,
 And they turn’d to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said—“ That slogan’s dune ;
 But can ye no hear them, noo—
The Campbells are comin’ ? It’s no a dream ;
 Our succours hae broken through ! ”

We heard the roar, and the rattle afar,
 But the pipes we could not hear ;
 So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
 And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard—
 A shrilling ceaseless sound :
 It was no noise of the strife afar,
 Or the sappers underground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders,
 And now they play’d “ *Auld Lang Syne* : ”
 It came to our men like the voice of God,
 And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another’s hands,
 And the women sobb’d in a crowd :
 And everyone knelt down where we stood,
 And we all thank’d God aloud.

That happy day when we welcomed them,
 Our men put Jessie first :
 And the General took her hand, and cheers
 From the men, like a volley, burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan stream'd
 Marching round and round our line ;
 And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
 For the pipes play'd "*Auld Lang Syne*."

R. T. S. LOWELL.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its
 latest ray,
 Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior
 lay—
 The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er
 been bent
 By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength
 had spent.

" They come around me here, and say my days of
 life are o'er,
 That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band
 no more ;
 They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me
 now that I,
 Their own liege lord and master born, that I—
 ha ! ha !—must die.

“ And what is death ? I’ve dared him oft, before the
 Paynim’s spear ;
 Think ye he’s entered at my gate—has come to seek
 me here ?
 I’ve met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight
 was raging hot ;
 I’ll try his might—I’ll brave his power—defy, and
 fear him not !

“ Ho ! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the
 culverin ;
 Bid each retainer arm with speed ; call every vassal
 in ;
 Up with my banner on the wall, the banquet-board
 prepare,
 Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my
 armour there !”

A hundred hands were busy then : the banquet
 forth was spread,
 And rang the heavy oaken floor with many a martial
 tread ;
 While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted
 wall,
 Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o’er
 the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed
 retainers poured
 On through the portal’s frowning arch, and thronged
 around the board ;
 While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken
 chair of state,
 Armed cap-à-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion
 sate.

“Fill every beaker up, my men!—pour forth the
cheering wine,
There’s life and strength in every drop—thanksgiving
to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are
waxing dim,
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to
the brim!

“Ye’re there, but yet I see you not!—Draw forth
each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around
my board!
I hear it faintly; louder yet! What clogs my heavy
breath?
Up, all!—and shout for Rudiger, ‘Defiance unto
Death!’”

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clang to steel, and rose a
deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the
flags on high;
“Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? slaves! traitors!
have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here
alone?

“But I defy him!—let him come!” Down rang the
massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing
halfway up;
And with the black and heavy plumes scarce
trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger
sat—dead!

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star with lessening ray
 That lov'st to greet the early morn!
 Again thou usherest in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn!
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?—
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
 To live one day of parting love?
 ETERNITY will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past!
 Thy image at our last embrace—
 Ah! little thought we, 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wildwoods, thickening green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed;
 The birds sang love on every spray;
 Till, too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 Time but the impression deeper makes,—
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy blissful place of rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

BURNS.

THE BOYS.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
 If there has, take him out without making a noise!
 Hang the Almanac's cheat, and the Catalogue's spite!
 Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! we're twenty! Who says we are more?
 He's tipsy—young jackanapes!—show him the door!—
 “Grey temples at twenty?”—Yes! *white*, if we please;
 Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing
 can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
 Look close, you will see not a sign of a flake;
 We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
 And these are white roses in place of the red!

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been
 told,
 Of talking (in public) as if we were old:
 That boy we call “Doctor,” and this we call “Judge;”
 It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the “Speaker”—the one on the right;
 “Mr. Mayor,” my young one, how are you to-night?
 That's our “Member of Parliament,” we say when
 we chaff;
 There's the “Reverend” What's his name—don't
 make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
 Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
 And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true* !
 So they chose him right in ; a good joke it was, too !

There's a boy—we pretend—with a three-decker
 brain,
 That could harness a team with a logical chain ;
 When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
 We called him the "Justice"—but now he's "The
 Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith—
 Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
 But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
 Just read on his medal—"My country—of thee !"

You hear that boy laughing?—you think he's all fun,
 But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done ;
 The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
 And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of
 all !

Yes, we're boys—always playing with tongue or
 with pen—
 And I sometimes have asked—shall we ever be men ?
 Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,
 Till the last dear companion drops smiling away ?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its grey !
 The stars of its Winter, the dews of its May !
 And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
 Dear Father, take care of Thy children, the Boys !

THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And the school for the day is dismissed,
 And the little ones gather around me,
 To bid me "good-night" and be kissed ;
 Oh the little white arms that encircle
 My neck in a tender embrace ;
 Oh the smiles that are haloes of heaven,
 Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
 Of my childhood too lovely to last ;
 Of love that my heart will remember,
 While it wakes to the pulse of the past ;
 Ere the world and its wickedness made me
 A partner of sorrow and sin ;
 When the glory of God was about me,
 And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
 And the fountains of feeling will flow
 When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
 Where the feet of the dear ones must go ;
 Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
 Of the tempest of fate blowing wild ;
 Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
 As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households ;
 They are angels of God in disguise ;
 His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses ;
 His glory still gleams in their eyes.
 Oh, those truants from home and from heaven,
 They have made me more manly and mild,
 And I know now how Jesus could liken
 The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
 All radiant, as others have done ;
 But that life may have just enough shadow
 To temper the glare of the sun ;
 I would pray God to guard them from evil,
 But my prayer would bound back to myself,
 Oh, a seraph may pray for a sinner
 But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
 I have banished the rule and the rod ;
 I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
 They have taught me the wisdom of God.
 My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
 Where I shut them from breaking a rule ;
 My frown is sufficient correction ;
 My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the Autumn,
 To traverse its threshold no more ;
 Ah ! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
 That mustered each morn at the door !
 I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
 And the gush of their innocent glee,
 The group on the green, and the flowers
 That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
 Their song in the school and the street ;
 I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
 And the tramp of their delicate feet.
 When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And Death says "the school is dismissed !"
 May the little ones gather around me,
 To bid me "good-night" and be kissed.

CHARLES DICKENS.

CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children ! for I hear you at your
play,

And the questions that perplex'd me have vanished
quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows, that look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows, and the brooks
of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine, in
your thoughts the brooklets flow ;
But in mine is the wind of Autumn, and the first fall
of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us, if the children
were no more ?

We should dread the desert behind us worse than the
dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest, with light and air
for food,

Ere their sweet and tender juices have been harden'd
into wood—

That to the world are children ; through them it
feels the glow

Of a brighter and sunnier climate than reaches the
trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children ! and whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing in your
sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings, and the wisdom of
our books,

When compared with your caresses, and the gladness
of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads that ever were sung
or said ;

For ye are living poems, and all of the rest are dead.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered, and the voices
of the Night

Wake the better soul, that slumbered, to a holy, calm
delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted, and, like phantoms
grim and tall,

Shadows from the fitful fire-light dance upon the
parlour wall ;

Then the forms of the departed enter at the open
door ;

The beloved, the true-hearted, come to visit me once
more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherished noble
longings for the strife,

By the road-side fell and perished, weary with the
march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly, who the cross of
suffering bore,

Folded their pale hands so meekly, spake with us on
earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous, who unto my
youth was given,

More than all things else to love me, and is now a
saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep comes that mes-
senger divine,

Takes the vacant chair beside me, lays her gentle
hand in mine,

And she sits and gazes at me with those deep and
tender eyes,

Like the stars so still and saint-like, looking down-
ward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended, is the spirit's voiceless
prayer,

Soft rebukes, in blessings ended, breathing from her
lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely, all my fears are
laid aside, [died !

If I but remember only such as these have lived and
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

DREAM CHILDREN : A REVERIE.

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children ; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the “Children in the Wood.” Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece in the great hall—the whole story, down to the Robin Redbreasts ; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the

mistress of it, too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawingroom. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psalter by heart—ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was, and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said

“those innocents would do her no harm;” and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about in the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches,

nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after-life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed to me as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done

if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and I wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was for Uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told them how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-resentation, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: “We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name”——and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

A PLEA FOR MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes; 'tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes the thronèd monarch better than his crown; his sceptre shows the force of temporal power, the attribute to awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings: but mercy is above this sceptred sway; it is enthronèd in the hearts of kings, it is an attribute to God Himself; and earthly power doth then show likest God's, when mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Man, though justice be thy plea, consider this—that, in the course of justice, none of us should see salvation. We do pray for mercy; and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE SEVEN AGES.

ALL the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances; and one man, in his time, plays many parts, his acts being seven ages. At first the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms. And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school. And then the lover, sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier, full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel, seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice, in fair round belly, with good capon lined, with eyes severe and beard of formal cut, full of wise saws and

modern instances; and so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts into the lean and slippered pantaloon, with spectacles on nose and pouch on side; his youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide for his shrunk shank; and his big, manly voice, turning again to childish treble, pipes and whistles in his sound. Last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history is second childishness and mere oblivion—sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything!

SHAKESPEARE.

SPEECH OF MARULLUS TO THE ROMAN
MOB.

WHEREFORE rejoice? That Cæsar comes in triumph?—What conquests brings he home? what tributaries follow him to Rome, to grace, in captive bonds, his chariot wheels? You blocks! you stones! you worse than senseless things! O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!—Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft have you climbed up to walls and battlements, to towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops, your infants in your arms; and there have sat the livelong day, with patient expectation, to see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome. And when you saw his chariot but appear, have you not made a universal shout, that Tiber trembled underneath her banks, to hear the replication of your sounds made in her concave shores? And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in his way that comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Begone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, pray to the gods to intermit the plagues that needs must light on this ingratitude!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE BETTER LAND.

“ I HEAR thee speak of the Better Land ;
 Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
 Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle-
 boughs ? ” —

“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze ;
 And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ? ” —

“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Is it far away in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?
 Is it there, sweet mother, that Better Land ? ” —

“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair —
 Sorrow and Death may not enter there ;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;
 For, beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb —

“ It is there, it is there, my child ! ”

MRS. HEMANS.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be, that is the question! whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and, by opposing, end them? To die—to sleep—no more:—and, by a sleep, to say we end the heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished! To die—to sleep; to sleep perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub! for in that sleep of death what dreams may come, when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, must give us pause! There's the respect that makes calamity of so long life! For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised love, the law's delay, the insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes—when he, himself, might his *quietus* make with a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear, to groan and sweat under a weary life?—but that the dread of something after Death—the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns!—puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. Thus Conscience does make cowards of us all; and thus the native hue of Resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Thought; and enterprises of great pith and moment, with this regard, their currents turn awry, and lose the name of action!

SHAKESPEARE.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child, with notions dim, that lightly draws
its breath,
And feels its life in every limb—what should it know
of death!

I met a little cottage girl, she was eight years old she
said;

Her hair was thick with many a curl that clustered
round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air, and she was wildly
clad;

Her eyes were fair, and very fair; her beauty made
me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid, how many may you
be?”

“How many? Seven in all,” she said, and, wondering,
looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.” She
answered, “Seven are we,

And two of us at Conway dwell, and two are gone
to sea.

Two of us in the churchyard lie, my sister and my
brother,

And in the churchyard cottage, I dwell near them
with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell, and two are
gone to sea;

Yet you are seven! I pray you tell, sweet maid, how
this may be?”

Then did the little maid reply, “Seven boys and girls
are we,

Two of us in the churchyard lie, beneath the
churchyard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid, your limbs they are
alive;

If two are in the churchyard laid, then you are only
five?”

“ Their graves are green, they may be seen,” the little maid replied ;
 “ Twelve steps or more from mother’s door, and they are side by side :
 My stockings there I often knit, my kerchief there I hem ;
 And there upon the ground I sit, and sing a song to them.

And often, after sunset, sir, when it is light and fair,
 I take my little porringer, and eat my supper there.
 The first that died was sister Jane ; in bed she moaning lay,
 ’Till God released her of her pain, and then she went away.

So in the churchyard she was laid, and, when the grass was dry,
 Together round her grave we played, my brother John and I.
 And when the ground was white with snow, and I could run and slide,
 My brother John was forced to go, and he lies by her side.”

“ How many are you, then,” said I, “ if they two are in heaven ?”
 Quick was the little maid’s reply : “ Oh, master, we are seven !”
 “ But they are dead—these two are dead, their spirits are in heaven !”
 ’Twas throwing words away ; for still the little maid would have her will—

And say, “ Nay ! we are seven.”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INTO a ward of the white-washed hall,
 Where the dead and dying lay,
 Wounded by bayonet, shell, or ball,
 "Somebody's Darling" was borne one day:
 "Somebody's Darling," so young and so brave,
 Wearing yet, on his pale, sweet face,
 Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
 The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
 Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
 Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
 "Somebody's Darling" is dying now.
 Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
 Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
 Cross his hands on his bosom now—
 "Somebody's Darling" is still and cold.

Kiss him once for "Somebody's" sake,
 Murmur a prayer soft and low;
 One bright curl from its fair mates take,
 They were "Somebody's" pride, you know:
 "Somebody's" hand had rested there—
 Was it a mother's, soft and white?
 And have the lips of a sister fair
 Been baptised in these waves of light?

God knows best! he had "Somebody's" love;
 "Somebody's" heart enshrined him there;
 "Somebody" wafted his name above,
 Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
 "Somebody" wept when he marched away,
 Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
 "Somebody's" kiss on his forehead lay,
 "Somebody" clung to his parting hand.

"Somebody's" waiting and watching for him
 Yearning to hold him again to the heart;
 And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
 And the smiling childlike lips apart!
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear!
 Carve, on the wooden slab at his head—
 "Somebody's Darling' slumbers here."

MRS. LACOSTE.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
 Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women,
 Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man.
 Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
 Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
 Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
 Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother!
 Why wast not thou born in my father's dwelling?
 So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
 And some are taken from me; all are departed;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

DOMESTIC ASIDES.

“ I really take it very kind,
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner !
 I have not seen you such an age—
 (The wretch has come to dinner !)

Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
 What heads for painter’s easels !
 Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
 (And give it p’raps the measles !)

“ Your charming boys, I see, are home
 From Reverend Mr. Russell’s ;
 ’Twas very kind to bring them both—
 (What boots for my new Brussels !)

“ What ! little Clara left at home ?
 Well now I call that shabby :
 I should have loved to kiss her so—
 (A flabby, dabby, babby !)

“ And Mr. S., I hope he’s well,
 Ah ! though he lives so handy,
 He never now drops in to sup—
 (The better for our brandy !)

“ Come, take a seat—I long to hear
 About Matilda’s marriage ;
 You’re come of course to spend the day !
 (Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage !)

“ What ! must you go ? next time I hope
 You’ll give me longer measure ;
 Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
 (With most uncommon pleasure !)

“ Good-bye ! good-bye ! remember all,
 Next time you’ll take your dinner !
 (Now, David, mind I’m not at home
 In future to the Skinners !”)

THOMAS HOOD.

ON THE LANDING.

AN IDYL OF THE BALUSTERS.

BOBBY, *at* 3½.JOHNNY, *at* 4½.

BOBBY.

“Do you know why they’ve put us in that back room,
Up in the attic, close against the sky,
And made believe our nursery’s a cloak room?
Do you know why?”

JOHNNY.

“No more I don’t, nor why that Sammy’s mother
What Ma thinks horrid, ’cause he bunged my eye,
Eats an ice-cream, down there, like any other—
No more don’t I!”

BOBBY.

“Do you know why Nurse says it isn’t manners
For you and me to ask folks twice for pie,
And no one hits that man with two bananas?
Do you know why?”

JOHNNY.

“No more I don’t, nor why that girl, whose dress is
Off of her shoulders, don’t catch cold and die,
When you and me gets croup when *we* undresses!
No more don’t I!”

BOBBY.

“Perhaps she ain’t as good as you and I is,
And God don’t want her up there in the sky,
And lets her live—to come in just when pie is—
Perhaps that’s why!”

JOHNNY

“Do you know why that man that’s got a cropped
head

Rubbed it just now as if he felt a fly?
Could it be, Bobby, something that I dropped?
And is that why?”

BOBBY.

“Good boys behaves, and so they don’t get scalded,
Nor drop hot milk on folks as they pass by.”

JOHNNY [piously].

“Marbles would bounce on Mr. Jones’ bald head—
But *I* shan’t try!”

BOBBY.

“Do you know why Aunt Jane is always snarling
At you and me because we tells a lie,
And she don’t slap that man that called her darling?
Do you know why?”

JOHNNY.

“No more I don’t, nor why that man with Auntie
Just kissed her hand.”

BOBBY.

“She hurt it—and that’s why,
He made it well, the very way that Mamma
Does do to I.”

JOHNNY.

“I feel so sleepy. * * * Was that Papa kissed us?
What made him sigh, and look up to the sky?”

BOBBY.

“*We* wer’n’t down stairs, and he and God had
missed us

And that was why!”

BRET HARTE.

THE PICKET.

A belt of woodland, dark and drear, was all that lay
between

The camps of two contending hosts, both urged by
passions keen ;

The one is stealing through the wood to gain a night
surprise—

The other sleeps until the dawn shall summon all to
rise.

But on the outskirts of the camp—the while their
comrades sleep—

With silent foot and wary eye their watch the pickets
keep ;

The viper's slide—the falling leaf—doth catch their
listening ear,

And makes a pistol instant point, or bayonet back-
ward rear !

One sentinel has been told off a distant spot to
guard,

And there, beneath the gazing moon, he threads the
tangled sward ;

From out that moon perchance he sees a mother's
image beam !

And converse sweet he holds with her, as in a waking
dream.

Again he feels her bosom pant o'er his supporting
breast,

As when she faltered forth farewell, and urged her
last request :—

“ My boy, my darling boy, good bye ! And oh,
whate'er betide,

Let Heaven be thy watchword still, and duty be thy
guide.”

And as, by fancy's aid, he hears his mother's voice
 again,
 He throws his gaze where rise the tents above the
 distant plain ;
 'Tis there in sleep his comrades draw fresh vigour
 for the fight,—
 Whilst his the duty, watch and ward to render
 through the night.

From time to time strikes on his ear some charger's
 whinnying cry,
 And straight the picket halts and peers in brief per-
 plexity :
 Or now he wheels about with speed, and makes his
 weapon gleam,
 Until the sound he knows to be some night-bird's
 sudden scream.

The moon becomes a fainter disc, the midnight hours
 are past,
 And now his drear and anxious watch will be relieved
 at last :
 When instantly, but how or where, the picket ne'er
 shall know,
 Three figures leap from out the gloom—O heaven,
 it is the foe !

They wrench his musket from his grasp, and bind
 him arm to arm !
 Then pause to mark the slightest sound or token of
 alarm ;
 They look in front to right and left, and scarcely
 draw their breath—
 No, nought betrayed their daring raid ; but all was
 still as death !

Two gripped him by his tethered arms : the other
 grasped his coat,
 Whilst each did prick his sabre's point against the
 picket's throat !
 As cold and pale hath turned his cheek as is his
 whitened glove—
 And one brief while his eyes are raised where beams
 the moon above.

The picket's mind is now resolved ! That life he will
 not save
 By act disloyal, which a leal and honest mother
 gave ;
 That life was tended to his Queen, and to his country
 given :
 His soul is all his own, and knows no other power
 but Heaven !

Before his feet have stirred a step, he smiles away
 his fear,
 And shouts aloud the cry, "O lads ! the enemy is
 here."
 The picket's head was severed there ; his soul took
 up its flight :
 A son was lost—a banner saved—a hero made that
 night.

THE SONS.

A weary siege 'gainst countless foes
 Had borne the fated city,
 And now sends forth a band of men
 To crave the victor's pity,

“ Now hark ye ! ” cried the tyrant lord,
 Whilst rolled his eyes with passion,
 “ Recall the hour when freedom’s cry
 Your gaping mouths did fashion !

“ I then did swear that if you should
 Without or word or reason,
 Lay down your arms, and ope your gates,
 That I’d forgive your treason !

“ But if you dallied o’er my oath,
 Or dared to instant scorn it,
 That I would burn you out, as men
 Do smoke the stinging hornet.

“ So turn you back, ye martyred rogues,
 Mumbling your favourite tenet,
 And ring this knell within the ears
 Of your majestic senate !

“ Soon as yon sun dips o’er the hill,
 Tell them to mark that minute—
 ’Tis then we march to fire your town
 With every being in it.

“ But still to show I have within
 A chord of kind vibration,
 I see those brothers two, who bear
 Marks of my approbation !

“ Ye saved my life ! So noble lads
 Let me not see you tarry,
 But quit the town, and bring your goods
 As much as ye can carry.”

The brothers stood with folded hands,
 And showed nor wrath nor pleasure ;
 They knew that nought that they might say
 Would change the dreadful measure.

And so the band in silence turned
 Without their victor's pity ;
 They looked upon the setting sun
 And on their doomèd city.

Within the tyrant's camp the scene
 An aspect brisk was wearing,
 The soldiers whistle to and fro,
 The torch and fuse preparing.

“Those brothers linger !” cried the lord ;
 “ Well, let them e'en encumber
 Their bodies o'er with goodly store
 In value and in number.”

The chief was speaking still, when lo,
 Appeared the brothers, wending
 Their way from out the city gates,
 Each 'neath his burden bending.

“ Why, 'pon my life !” he cried, and looked
 From one upon the other ;
 “ The one doth bear his father forth,
 The second holds his mother !”

Yes ! These the treasures of their hearth !
 And oft may future story
 Declare that round the parents' heads
 Collects our children's glory.

IN THE MIDNIGHT.

Read me a tale to-night, my Love,
 With thy voice so soft and low,
 For my heart as charmedly waits for the sound,
 As the earth for the falling snow.
 Yet, not from the pages of classic lore
 Of the mighty heroes of old,
 Tho' their deeds of glory were fitly shrined
 In Darius' casket of gold.

Nor of Chiefs and Vikings who drained the mead
 To the gods in their lordly halls ;
 Nor of knightly cavalcades sweeping by
 A leagured city's walls :
 Nor yet would I aught from the tragic muse
 Of her dark and terrible tale,
 For on every line some passion or crime
 Hath left a serpent trail :

Nor of human sorrow or human love,
 Or the toil of the human brain,
 Such memories fall on the heart like fire,
 And I long for the gentle rain.
 But read to me words that will bring me peace
 And soothe the unquiet breast,
 For my soul, like a dove, would flee away,
 And be for ever at rest.

Some verse from the holy and sacred Book,
 Transcending all human lore,
 That saith unto sin—I condemn thee not,
 Go, sinner, and sin no more !
 Yet read to me not from the ancient Law
 Of the curse of Jehovah's ire,
 On the murmuring lip and the hearts that pined
 With a feverish, vain desire :

Nor yet of the shuddering, bitter cry
 Borne on the midnight blast,
 When the angel of death through Egypt's land
 By the blood-stained lintels passed :
 Nor of Israel's march with the ark of God,
 Through Arabia's burning land,
 For it mirrors our life—that deadly strife
 With the foe upon either hand.

And take me not up to Sinai's mount,
 Where Moses quaked with fear,
 And the bright Shechinah illumed the skies
 From Horeb to Mount Seir.
 For I shrink from the glare of the prophet's eyes,
 Denouncing the wrath divine
 On those who lavished their costliest gifts
 To build up an idol's shrine.

But read me the words of the loved Saint John
 Evangel of holiest faith,
 That draws the soul to the fount of light
 And the life of the spirit's breath.
 Read me the tale of the Saviour's tears
 By the grave where Lazarus slept,
 For 'tis sweet to a sinner's heart to know
 That the sinless One hath wept.

Read of the Vine whose branches we are,
 Of the Shepherd who guards the fold,
 Of the jasper stones and the gates of pearl
 In the heavenly city of gold,
 Where no pain is, neither sorrow nor tears,
 Nor the shadow of human death,
 For the saved shall drink of the river of life,
 Even as the Spirit saith.

Read, till the holy and blessed words
 Fall on life's fever-dream,
 With a holy music, tender and sweet
 As the Hebrew's by Babel's stream.
 Read, till the warm tears fall, my Love,
 With thy voice so soft and low,
 And the Saviour's merits will plead above,
 For the soul that prayeth below.

LADY WILDE.

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

Were not the sinful Mary's tears
 An offering worthy Heaven,
 When, o'er the faults of former years,
 She wept—and was forgiven ?

When, bringing every balmy sweet,
 Her day of luxury stored,
 She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
 The precious odours poured ;

And wiped them with that golden hair
 Where once the diamond shone ;
 Though now those gems of grief were there
 Which shine for God alone !

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed—
 That hair—those weeping eyes—
 And the sunk heart, that inly bled—
 Heaven's noblest sacrifice ?

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
 Oh! wouldst thou wake in heaven,
 Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
 "Love much" and be forgiven !

THOMAS MOORE.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection
 And recollection
 I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
 Whose sound so wild would,
 In the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.
 On this I ponder
 Where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee ;
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
 Full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine ;
 While at a glib rate
 Brass tongues would vibrate ;
 But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine.
 For memory, dwelling
 On each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry, knelling
 Its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
 Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
 Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican,
 And cymbals glorious
 Swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame ;
 But thy sounds were sweeter
 Than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber,
 Pealing solemnly.
 Oh ! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow
 While on tower and kiosk O
 In Saint Sophia
 The Turkman gets,
 And loud in air
 Calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summit
 Of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom
 I freely grant them ;
 But there is an anthem
 More dear to me—
 'Tis the bells of Shandon
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONEY.

(*"Father Prout."*)

BECALMED.

It was as calm, as calm could be ;

A death-still night in June :

A silver sail, on a silver sea,

Under a silver moon.

No least low air the still sea stirred :

But all on the dreaming deep

The white ship lay, like a white seabird,

With folded wings, asleep.

For a long long month not a breath of air :

For a month not a drop of rain :

And the gaunt crew watched in wild despair,

With a fever in throat and brain.

And they saw the shore, like a dim cloud, stand

On the far horizon-sea :

It was only a day's short sail to the land,

And the haven where they would be.

Too faint to row—no signal brought

An answer, far or nigh :

Father, have mercy : leave them not

Alone, on the deep, to die.

And the gaunt crew prayed on the decks above,

And the women prayed below :

“ One drop of rain, for Heaven's great love !

O Heaven, for a breeze to blow !”

But never a shower from the skies would burst,

And never a breeze would come :

O God, to think that man can thirst,

And starve, in sight of home !

But out to sea with the drifting tide

The vessel drifted away :

Till the far-off shore, like the dim cloud, died :

And the wild crew ceased to pray !

Like fiends they glared, with their eyes aglow ;
 Like beasts with hunger wild :
 But a mother prayed, in the cabin below,
 By the bed of her little child.

It slept, and lo ! in its sleep, it smiled :
 A babe of summers three :
 " O Father, save my little child,
 Whatever comes to me !"

Calm gleamed the sea : calm gleamed the sky,
 No cloud—no sail—in view :
 And they cast them lots, for who should die
 To feed the starving crew !

Like beasts they glared, with hunger wild,
 And their red glazed eyes aglow,
 And the death-lot fell on the little child
 That slept in the cabin below !

And the mother shrieked in wild despair :
 " O God, my child—my son.
 They will take his life : it is hard to bear :
 Yet, Father, Thy will be done."

And she waked the child from its happy sleep,
 And she kneeled by the cradle bed :
 " We thirst, my child, on the lonely deep :
 We are dying, my child, for bread.

" On the lone, lone sea no sail—no breeze :
 Not a drop of rain in the sky :
 We thirst—we starve—on the lonely seas ;
 And thou, my child, must die !"

She wept : what tears her wild soul shed
 Not I, but Heaven knows best.
 And the child rose up from its cradle bed,
 And crossed its hands on its breast :

“ Father,” he lisped, “ so good—so kind,
 Have pity on mother’s pain :
 For mother’s sake, a little wind :
 Father, a little rain !”

And she heard them shout for the child from the deck,
 And she knelt on the cabin stairs :

“ The child !” they cry, “ the child—stand back—
 And a curse on your idiot prayers !”

And the mother rose in her wild despair,
 And she bared her throat to the knife :
 “ Strike—strike me—me : but spare, Oh spare
 My child, my dear son’s life !”

O God, it was a ghastly sight :
 Red eyes, like flaming brands,
 And a hundred belt-knives flashing bright
 In the clutch of skeleton hands !

“ Me—me—strike—strike, ye fiends of Death !”
 But soft—thro’ the ghastly air
 Whose falling tear was that ? whose breath
 Waves thro’ the mother’s hair ?

A flutter of sail—a ripple of seas :
 A speck on the cabin-pane :
 O God, it is a breeze—a breeze—
 And a drop of blessed rain !

And the mother rushed to the cabin below,
 And she wept on the babe’s bright hair :
 “ The sweet rain falls : the sweet winds blow :
 Father has heard thy prayer !”

But the child had fallen asleep again,
 And lo ! in its sleep it smiled.
 “ Thank God,” she cried, “ for His wind and His rain :
 Thank God, for my little child !”

OUR FOLKS.

“ Hi ! Harry ! halt a breath, and tell a comrade just
a thing or two ;

You’ve been on furlough ? been to see how all the
folks in Jersey do ?—

It’s long ago since I was there—I, and a bullet from
Fair Oaks :—

When you were home, old comrade, say, did you see
any of ‘ our folks ? ’

“ You did ? Shake hands. That warms my heart ;
for, if I do look grim and rough,

I’ve got some feeling ! People think a soldier’s heart
is nought but tough ;

But, Harry, when the bullets fly, and hot saltpetre
flames and smokes,

While whole battalions lie a-field, one’s apt to think
about his ‘ folks.’

“ And so you saw them—when ? and where ? The
Old Man—is he hearty yet ?

And Mother—does she fade at all ? or does she seem
to pine and fret

For me ? And Sis—has she grown tall ? And did
you see her friend—you know

That Annie Moss—How this pipe chokes !—Where
did you see her ? Tell me, Hal, a lot of news
about ‘ our folks.’

“ You saw them in the church, you say ; it’s likely,
for they’re always there.

Not Sunday ? No ? A funeral ? Who ? Who,
Harry ?—How you shake and stare !

All well, you say, and all were out—What ails you,
Hal ? Is this a hoax ?

Why don’t you tell me, like a man, what is the matter
with ‘ our folks ? ’ ”

“ I said all well, old comrade—true; I say all well;
 for He knows best
 Who takes the young ones in His arms before the sun
 goes to the west.
 Death deals at random, right and left, and flowers
 fall as well as oaks;
 And so—fair Annie blooms no more! and that’s the
 matter with your ‘ folks.’ ”

“ But see, this curl was kept for you; and this white
 blossom from her breast;
 And look, your sister Bessie wrote this letter, telling
 all the rest.
 Bear up, old friend!” . . . Nobody speaks; only the
 old camp-raven croaks,
 And soldiers whisper:—“ Boys, be still; there’s some
 bad news from Granger’s ‘ folks.’ ”

He turns his back—the only foe that ever saw it—on
 this grief,
 And, as men will, keeps down the tears kind Nature
 sends to Woe’s relief;
 Then answers:—“ Thank you, Hal, I’ll try; but in
 my throat there’s something chokes,
 Because, you see, I’ve thought so long to count her
 in among ‘ our folks.’ ”

“ I daresay she is happier now; but still I can’t help
 thinking, too,
 I might have kept all trouble off, by being tender,
 kind, and true.
 But maybe not. . . . She’s safe up there! and, when
 God’s hand deals other strokes,
 She’ll stand by heaven’s gate, I know, and wait to
 welcome in ‘ our folks.’ ”

ETHEL LYNN.

THE GIFT.

Now I draw near ; alone, apart
 I stayed, nor deemed I should require
 Such access, till my musing heart
 Suddenly kindled to desire.

“ No farther from Thee than Thy feet !
 No less a sight than all Thy face !
 Nay, touch me where the heart doth beat,
 Breathe where the throbbing brain has place ;

Yield me the best, the unnamed good,
 The gift that most shall prove me near,
 Thy wine for drink, Thy fruit for food,
 Thy tokens of the nail, the spear.”

Such cry was mine. I lifted up
 My face, and from all speech did cease,
 Daring to take the bitter cup,
 But ah, Thy perfect gift was Peace ;

Quiet deliverance from all need,
 A little space of boundless rest,
 To live within the Light indeed,
 To lean upon the Master's breast.

E. DOWDEN.

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

In the little southern parlour of the house you may
 have seen
 With the gambrel-roof, and the gable looking west-
 ward to the green,
 At the side toward the sunset, with the window on
 its right,
 Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of
 to-night.

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it
came!

What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks
in flame,

When the wondrous box was opened that had come
from over seas,

With its smell of mastic-varnish and its flash of
ivory keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness
of joy,

For the boy would push his sister, and the sister
crowd the boy,

Till the father asked for quiet in his grave paternal
way,

But the mother hushed the tumult with the words,
“Now, Mary, play.”

For the dear soul knew that music was a very
sovereign balm;

She had sprinkled it over sorrow and seen its brow
grow calm,

In the days of slender harpsichords with tapping
tinkling quills

Or carolling to her spinet with its thin metallic trills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved
to please,

Sat down to the new “Clementi,” and struck the
glittering keys.

Hushed were the children’s voices, and every eye
grew dim,

As, floating from lip and finger, arose the “Vesper
Hymn.”

—Catherine, child of a neighbour, curly and rosy-red,
 (Wedded since, and a widow—something like ten years dead,)
 Hearing a gush of music such as none before,
 Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,
 —"Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries,
 (For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a box she heard,)
 "Open it, open it, lady! and let me see the *bird!*"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road—a ragged beggar sunning:
 Around it still the sumachs grow, and blackberry vines are running.
 Within, the master's desk is seen, deep scarr'd by raps official;
 The warping floor, the batter'd seats, the jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall; its door's worn sill, betraying
 The feet that, creeping slow to school, went storming out to playing!
 It touched the tangled golden curls, and brown eyes full of grieving,
 Of one who still her steps delay'd when all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy her childish favour
 singled,
 His cap pulled low upon a face where pride and
 shame were mingled.
 Pushing with restless feet the snow to right and left,
 he linger'd,
 As restlessly her tiny hands the blue check'd apron
 finger'd.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt the soft hands light
 caressing ;
 And heard the tremble of her voice, as if a fault
 confessing :
 "I'm sorry that I spelt the word ; I hate to go above
 you,
 Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—"Because, you
 see, I love you."

Long years ago a winter's sun shone over it at
 setting ;
 Lit up its western window-panes, and low eaves' icy
 fretting.
 Still memory to a grey-hair'd man that sweet child-
 face is showing—
 Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave have forty years
 been growing !

He lives to learn, in life's hard school, how few who
 pass above him
 Lament their triumph and his loss, like her—because
 they love him.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

“ O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee.”

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
 And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see ;
 The rolling mist came down and hid the land :
 And never home came she.

“ Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
 A tress of golden hair,
 A drownèd maiden's hair—
 Above the nets at sea ?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel, crawling foam,
 The cruel, hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea :
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

LIFE AND DEATH.

“What is Life, Father?”

“A Battle, my child,
 Where the strongest lance may fail,
 Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
 And the stoutest heart may quail ;
 Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
 And rest not day nor night,
 And the feeble little ones must stand
 In the thickest of the fight.”

What is Death, Father?”

“The Rest, my child,
 When the strife and the toil are o'er ;
 The Angel of God, who, calm and mild,
 Says we need fight no more ;
 Who, driving away the demon band,
 Bids the din of the battle cease,
 Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,
 And proclaims an eternal Peace.”

“Let me die, Father ! I tremble and fear
 To yield in that terrible strife !”

“The Crown must be won for Heaven, dear,
 In the battle-field of life.
 My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
 He loveth the weak and small ;
 The Angels of Heaven are on thy side,
 And God is over all !”

SHINING STARS.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
 On a world of pain !
 See old Time destroying
 All our hoarded gain,
 All our sweetest flowers,
 Every stately shrine,
 All our hard-earned glory,
 Every dream divine !

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
 On the rolling years !
 See how Time, consoling,
 Dries the saddest tears,
 Bids the darkest storm-clouds
 Pass in gentle rain ;
 While upspring in glory
 Flowers and dreams again !

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
 On a world of fear !
 See how Time, avenging,
 Bringeth judgment here ;
 Weaving ill-won honours
 To a fiery crown,
 Bidding hard hearts perish,
 Casting proud hearts down.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
 On the hours' slow flight !
 See how Time, rewarding,
 Gilds good deeds with light ;
 Pays with kingly measure ;
 Brings earth's dearest prize ;
 Or, crowned with rays diviner,
 Bids the end arise !

VOICES OF THE PAST.

You wonder that my tears should flow
 In listening to that simple strain ;
 That those unskilful sounds should fill
 My soul with joy and pain—
 How can you tell what thoughts it stirs
 Within my heart again ?

You wonder why that common phrase,
 So all unmeaning to your ear,
 Should stay me in my merriest mood,
 And thrill my soul to hear—
 How can you tell what ancient charm
 Has made me hold it dear ?

You marvel that I turn away
 From all those flowers, so fair and bright,
 And gaze at this poor herb, till tears
 Arise and dim my sight—
 You cannot tell how every leaf
 Breathes of a past delight.

You smile to see me turn and speak
 With one whose converse you despise ;
 You do not see the dreams of old
 That with his voice arise—
 How can you tell what links have made
 Him sacred in my eyes ?

Oh, these are Voices of the Past,
 Links of a broken chain,
 Wings that can bear me back to Times
 Which cannot come again—
 Yet God forbid that I should lose
 The echoes that remain !

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

The tender delicate Flowers,
 I saw them fanned by a warm western wind,
 Fed by soft summer showers,
 Shielded by care, and yet (Oh Fate unkind!)
 Fade in a few short hours.

The gentle and the gay,
 Rich in a glorious Future of bright deeds,
 Rejoicing in the day,
 Are met by Death, who sternly, sadly leads
 Them far away.

And Hopes, perfumed and bright,
 So lately shining, wet with dew and tears,
 Trembling in morning light;
 I saw them change to dark and anxious fears
 Before the night!

I wept that all must die—
 “Yet Love,” I cried, “doth live, and conquer death”—
 And Time passed by
 And breathed on Love, and killed it with his breath
 Ere Death was nigh.

More bitter far than all
 It was to know that Love could change and die—
 Hush! for the ages call—
 “The Love of God lives through eternity,
 And conquers all!”

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

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

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost, or prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday!
 All this rush'd with his blood——. Shall he expire,
 And unaveng'd? Arise! ye Goths! and glut your ire!

BYRON.

CLEANSING FIRES.

Let thy gold be cast in the furnace,
 Thy red gold, precious and bright,
 Do not fear the hungry fire,
 With its caverns of burning light:
 And thy gold shall return more precious,
 Free from every spot and stain;
 For gold must be tried by fire,
 As a heart must be tried by pain!

In the cruel fire of Sorrow
 Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail ;
 Let thy hand be firm and steady,
 Do not let thy spirit quail :
 But wait till the trial is over,
 And take thy heart again ;
 For as gold is tried by fire,
 So a heart must be tried by pain !

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
 Of the golden chain you wear,
 By your heart's calm strength in loving,
 Of the fire they have had to bear.
 Beat on, true heart, for ever ;
 Shine bright, strong golden chain ;
 And bless the cleansing fire,
 And the furnace of living pain !

BOADICEA.

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

Sage, beneath a spreading oak,
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
 Ev'ry burning word he spoke,
 Full of rage and full of grief.

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

“Rome shall perish! write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt;
 Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt!

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

“Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier’s name;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame!

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

“Regions Cæsar never knew,
 Thy posterity shall sway;
 Where his eagles never flew
 None invincible as they!”

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

She, with all a monarch’s pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow;
 Rush’d to battle, fought, and died;
 Dying, hurled them on the foe!

“Ruffians! pitiless as proud,
 Heav’n awards the vengeance due;
 Empire is on us bestowed,
 Shame and ruin wait for you!”

COWPER.

THE PASSIONS : AN ODE.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 Ere yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell ;
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting,
 By turns they felt the glowing mind,
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined ;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round,
 They seized her instruments of sound,
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each—for madness rul'd the hour—
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid ;
 And back recoil'd—he knew not why—
 E'en at the sound himself had made !

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings ;
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—
 Low sullen sounds, his grief beguil'd ;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild !

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,

And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on Echo still through all the song ;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
 And Hope, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her golden
 hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose ;
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took ;
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe,
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting
 from his head !

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state :
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving called on
 Hate !

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild, sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,

Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lowly musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gem'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung :
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
 The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leaped up and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial ;
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
 But soon he saw the brisk, awak'ning viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings !

COLLINS.

THE CAPTIVE.

There stood an unsold captive in the mart,
 A grey-haired and majestic old man,
 Chain'd to a pillar. It was almost night,
 And the last seller from his place had gone,
 And not a sound was heard but of a dog
 Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
 Or the dull echo from the pavement rung
 As the faint captive changed his weary feet.
 'Twas evening, and the half descended sun
 Tipp'd with a golden fire the many domes
 Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
 Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
 Through which the captive gazed.
 The golden light into the painter's room
 Stream'd richly, and the hidden colours stole
 From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
 And in the soft and dewy atmosphere
 Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.

THE FAIRY THORN.

“Get up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning
 wheel;
 For your father's on the hill, and your mother is
 asleep:
 Come up above the crags, and we'll dance a highland
 reel
 Around the fairy thorn on the steep.”

At Anna Grace's door 'twas thus the maidens cried,
 Three merry maidens fair in kirtles of the green;
 And Anna laid the rock and the weary wheel aside,
 The fairest of the four, I ween.

They're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
 Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare;
 The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
 And the crags in the ghostly air:

And linking hand and hand, and singing as they go,
 The maids along the hill-side have ta'en their fear-
 less way,
 Till they come to where the rowan trees in lonely
 beauty grow
 Beside the Fairy Hawthorn grey.

The hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,
 Like matron with her twin grand-daughters at her
 knee,
 The rowan berries cluster o'er her low head grey and
 dim
 In ruddy kisses sweet to see.

The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,
 Between each lovely couple a stately rowan stem,
 And away in mazes wavy, like skimming birds, they go,
 Oh, never carolled bird like them!

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
 That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,
 And dreamily the evening has stilled the haunted braes,
 And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky
 When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open
 shaw,
 Are hushed the maidens' voices, as cowering down
 they lie
 In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy ground beneath,
 And from the mountain-ashes and the old White-
 thorn between,
 A power of faint enchantment doth through their
 beings breathe,
 And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together silent, and stealing side to side,
 They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping
 necks so fair,
 Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,
 For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasped and prostrate all, with their heads
 together bowed,
 Soft o'er their bosoms beating—the only human
 sound—
 They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
 Like a river in the air, gliding round.

Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,
 But wild, wild the terror of the speechless three—
 For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
 By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of
 gold,
 And the curls elastic falling, as her head withdraws;
 They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms
 unfold,
 But they dare not look to see the cause:

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies,
 Through all that night of anguish and perilous
 amaze;
 And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering
 eyes
 Or their limbs from the cold ground raise.

Till out of Night the Earth has rolled her dewy side,
 With every haunted mountain and streamy vale
 below;
 When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning tide,
 The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,
 And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in
 vain—
 They pined away and died within the year and day,
 And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE UNITED BROTHERS.

The brothers in love are united in death,
 And they sealed with their blood that alliance;
 The ties of one cause, of one kindred and faith,
 And affliction, bid despots defiance.
 They joined heart and hand in one struggle, and gave
 Their young blood to maintain it; while others,
 Who urged on the strife, soon abandoned the brave,
 But they stood by their country like brothers!

When Freedom, by treachery foully betrayed,
 Found the friends fall away who had plighted
 Their faith to her cause, still one spirit prevailed
 In the hearts of the brothers united—
 They clung to that cause in the midst of despair,
 When the tempest had terrified others;
 And, like comrades in danger, endeared as they were,
 They went down with the wreck like true brothers!

DR. R. R. MADDEN.

THE BROTHERS.

'Tis midnight—falls the lamp-light dull and sickly
 On a pale and anxious crowd,
 Through the court and round the judges thronging
 thickly,
 With prayers they dare not speak aloud.
 Two youths, two noble youths, stand prisoners at the
 bar—

You can see them through the gloom—
 In the pride of life and manhood's beauty, there they are
 Awaiting their death-doom.

All eyes an earnest watch on them are keeping,
 Some sobbing turn away,
 And the strongest men can hardly see for weeping,
 So noble and so loved were they.
 Their hands are lock'd together, these young brothers,
 As before the judge they stand—
 They feel not the deep grief that moves the others,
 For they die for Fatherland.

They are pale, but it is not fear that whitens
 On each proud high brow,
 For the triumph of the martyr's glory brightens
 Around them even now.
 They sought to free their land from thrall of stranger.
 Was it treason? Let them die;
 But their blood will cry to Heaven—the Avenger
 Yet will hearken from on high.

Before them, shrinking, cowering, scarcely human,
 The base *Informer* bends,
 Who, Judas-like, could sell the blood of true men
 While he clasp'd their hands as friends;
 Ay, could fondle the young children of his victim,
 Break bread with his young wife,
 At the moment that for gold his perjured dictum
 Sold the husband and the father's life.

There is silence in the midnight—eyes are keeping
 Troubled watch till forth the jury come ;
 There is silence in the midnight—eyes are weeping—
 Guilty ! is the fatal utter'd doom.
 For a moment o'er the brothers' noble faces
 Came a shadow sad to see,
 Then silently they rose up in their places
 And embraced each other fervently.

Oh ! the rudest heart might tremble at such sorrow,
 The rudest cheek might blanch at such a scene :
 Twice the judge essayed to speak the word—To-
 morrow—
 Twice faltered, as a woman he had been.
 To-morrow !—Fain the elder would have spoken,
 Prayed for respite, though it is not Death he fears ;
 But thoughts of home and wife his heart hath broken,
 And his words are stopped by tears.

But the youngest—oh ! he spake out bold and clearly :
 “ I have no ties of children or of wife ;
 Let me die—but spare the brother who more dearly
 Is loved by me than life.”
 Pale martyrs, ye may cease, your days are
 numbered,
 Next noon your sun of life goes down—
 One day between the sentence and the scaffold—
 One day between the torture and the *Crown*.

A hymn of joy is rising from creation—
 Bright the azure of the glorious summer sky ;
 But human hearts weep sore in lamentation,
 For the brothers are led forth to die.
 Ay, guard them with your cannon and your lances—
 So of old came martyrs to the stake ;
 Ay, guard them—see the people's flashing glances,
 For those noble two are dying for their sake.

Yet none spring forth their bonds to sever!
 Ah! methinks, had I been there,
 I'd have dared a thousand deaths ere ever
 The sword should touch their hair.
 It falls!—there is a shriek of lamentation
 From the weeping crowd around;
 They're still'd—the noblest hearts within the nation—
 The noblest heads lie bleeding on the ground.

Years have pass'd since that fatal scene of dying,
 Yet life-like to this day
 In their coffins still those sever'd heads are lying,
 Kept by angels from decay.
 Oh! they preach to us—those still and pallid features—
 Those pale lips yet implore us from their graves,
 To strive for our birthright as God's creatures,
 Or die, if we can but live as slaves.

MRS. W. R. WILDE.

LAMENT FOR GRATTAN.

Shall the Harp then be silent, when he, who first gave
 To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
 Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave
 Where the first—where the last of her Patriots lies?

No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
 Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be
 cross'd,
 Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
 And proclaim to the world what a star hath been
 lost;

What a union of all the affections and powers
 By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
 Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
 While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
 Through the waste of her annals, that epoch
 sublime—

Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he
 And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time;

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
 And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
 A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
 And for *one* sacred instant touch'd Liberty's goal?

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the
 source

Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
 In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the
 force,

And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown;

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
 Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that
 shone thro',

As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
 With the flash of the gem, its solidity too—

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the
 crowd,

In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
 'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which
 bow'd,

As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life
 But at distance observed him—through glory,
 through blame,
 In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
 Whether shining or clouded, still high and the
 same ?

Oh no, not a heart, that ere knew him, but mourns,
 Deep, deep o'er the grave where such glory is
 shrined—
 O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
 Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind !

THOMAS MOORE.

EMMET'S DEATH.

“ He dies to-day,” said the heartless judge,
 Whilst he sate him down to the feast,
 And a smile was upon his ashy lip
 As he uttered a ribald jest ;
 For a demon dwelt where his heart should be,
 That lived upon blood and sin,
 And oft as that vile judge gave him food
 The demon throbbed within.

“ He dies to-day,” says the gaoler grim,
 Whilst a tear was in his eye ;
 “ But why should I feel so grieved for *him* ?
 Sure, I've seen many die !
 Last night I went to his stony cell,
 With the scanty prison fare—
 He was sitting at a table rude
 Plaiting a lock of hair !
 And he look'd so mild, with his pale, pale face,
 And he spoke in so kind a way,
 That my old breast heav'd with a smothering feel,
 And I knew not what to say !”

“He dies to-day!” thought a fair, sweet girl—
 She lacked the life to speak,
 For sorrow had almost frozen her blood,
 And white were her lip and cheek—
 Despair had drunk up her last wild tear,
 And her brow was damp and chill,
 And they often felt at her heart with fear,
 For its ebb was all but still.

S. F. C.

CAOCH THE PIPER.

One winter's day, long, long ago,
 When I was a little fellow,
 A piper wandered to our door,
 Grey-headed, blind, and yellow;
 And, oh! how glad was my young heart,
 Though earth and sky look'd dreary,
 To see the stranger and his dog—
 Poor “Pinch” and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his “bag,”
 Cross-barr'd with green and yellow,
 I thought and said, “In Ireland's ground
 There's not so fine a fellow.”

And Fineen Burke, and Shane Magee,
 And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 Rushed in with panting haste to “see”
 And “welcome” Caoch O'Leary.

Oh! God be with those happy times,
 Oh! God be with my childhood,
 When I, bareheaded, roamed all day
 Bird-nesting in the wild-wood—
 I'll not forget those sunny hours,
 However years may vary;
 I'll not forget my early friends,
 Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and "Pinch" slept well that night,
 And in the morning early
 He called me up to hear him play
 "The wind that shakes the barley."
 And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
 And cried—"God mark my deary,"
 And how I wept when he said, "Farewell,
 And think of Caoch O'Leary."

And seasons came and went, and still
 Old Caoch was not forgotten,
 Although I thought him "dead and gone"
 And in the cold clay rotten.
 And often when I walked and danced
 With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 We spoke of childhood's rosy hours,
 And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,
 And June's red sun was sinking,
 When I, a man, sat by my door,
 Of twenty sad things thinking.
 A little dog came up the way,
 His gait was slow and weary,
 And at his tail a lame man limped—
 'Twas "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

Old Caoch! but ah! how woe-begone!
 His form is bowed and bending,
 His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
 Ay—Time is even blending
 The colours on his threadbare "bag;"
 And "Pinch" is twice as hairy
 And "thin-spare" as when first I saw
 Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

“ God’s blessing here,” the wanderer cried,
 “ Far, far, be hell’s black viper ;
 Does anybody hereabouts
 Remember Caoch the Piper ?”
 With swelling heart I grasped his hand ;
 The old man murmured, “ Deary !
 Are you the silky-headed child
 That lov’d poor Caoch O’Leary ?”

“ Yes, yes,” I said—the wanderer wept
 As if his heart was breaking—
 “ And where a *chic machree*,” he sobbed,
 “ Is all the merry-making
 I found here twenty years ago ?”
 “ My tale,” I sighed, “ might weary ;
 Enough to say—there’s none but me
 To welcome Caoch O’Leary.”

“ Vo, Vo, VQ !” the old man cried,
 And wrung his hands in sorrow ;
 “ Pray lead me in *asthore machree*,
 And I’ll *go home* to-morrow.
 My ‘ peace is made,’ I’ll calmly leave
 This world so cold and dreary,
 And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
 And pray for Caoch O’Leary.”

With “ Pinch” I watched his bed that night,
 Next day, his wish was granted ;
 He died—and Father James was brought,
 And the Requiem Mass was chaunted—
 The neighbours came ; we dug his grave
 Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep—
 God rest you ! Caoch O’Leary.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von funny leedle poy,
 Vot gomes schust to my knee;
 Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
 As efer you dit see.

He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
 In all barts of der house;
 But vut of dot? he vas mine son,
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
 Und eferyding dot's oudt;
 He sbills mine glass of lager bier,
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.

He fills mine pipe with Limburg cheese—
 Dot vas der roughest chouse;
 I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
 To make der schticks to beat it mit—
 Mine gracious, dot vos drue!

I dinks mine hed was schplit abart,
 He kicks up sooch a touse:
 But never mind; der poys vas few
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions, sooch as dese:
 Who baints mine nose so red?
 Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
 Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?

Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene'er der glim I douse ?
 How can I all dose dings eggsblain
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss ?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a crazy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
 Und beaceful dimes enshoy ;

But ven he vash asleep in ped,
 So quiet as a mouse,
 I prays der Lord, " Dake anyding,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

BEHIND THE VEIL.

From the window of the convent
 (With its shadows around it furled)
 The fair, sad face of a maiden
 Looks out on the shining world.

To the sinful distant city
 Ever her sad face peers,
 Till the wild rose mantles her forehead
 And her dim eyes glitter with tears.

And she feels his fond lips press her,
 And his arms about her cast,
 And she wanders again in her fancy
 Thro' the primrose paths of the past.

And she culls wild roses to crown him,
 From the fields of forsaken bliss,
 And embrace with embrace she answers,
 And kiss she returns with kiss.

And she hears his whisper: "I love you,
 With a love that no tear can quell;"
 When, lo! thro' the lonely cloister
 The chime of the convent bell!

And she turns from the shining window,
 And kneels in the cloister bare,
 And the wild tears rain thro' the fingers
 Of her hands that are lifted in prayer.

And she prays for strength, "Sweet Jesu,
 I pray Thee to work Thy will.
 Be at rest, my troublous spirit:
 Oh, my passionate heart, be still!"

But he, in the shining city,
 In the city of light and sin,
 Looks out to the shadowy convent,
 And yearns for the peace therein.

He sees no flowers in the meadows,
 Tho' the meadows with flowers are spread,
 Save one wild rose that is faded,
 And a primrose that is dead.

And a vision that haunts him for ever,
 And a sound that tolls like a knell,
 Is the fair sad face at the window,
 And the chime of the convent bell.

And oft, in the quiet evening,
 When the vesper hymn and prayer
 Thro' the cloisters of the convent
 Steal out on the starry air,

He comes to the cloister shadows,
 From the city of light and sin,
 And mingles his voice with the music
 Of the maidens that sing within ;

And the voices of the beloved—
 Of the knight and the holy nun—
 Mount upward together to heaven,
 And their spirits again are one.

And thus they meet—the beloved—
 With a love that hath no control—
 In the sanctuary of their spirits,
 In the convent of the soul.

And, afar from the town and its glamour,
 And away from the world and its will,
 Their spirits no more are troublous,
 And the passionate heart is still.

S. K. COWAN.

CONCILIATION OF THE COLONIES.

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, yet are as strong as the links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government—they will cling and grapple to you ; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another, that these two things may exist without any mutual relation—the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened ; and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you

have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, wherever that chosen race—the sons of England—worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends will you have ; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere—it is a weed that grows in every soil ; but, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies ; and, through them, secures to you the wealth of the world. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England ? Do you imagine that it is the Land-tax Act which raises your revenue ? that it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army ? or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline ? No ! surely no ! It is the love of the people ; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us ; a

sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But, to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling principles—which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence—are, in truth, everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom: and a great empire, and little minds, go ill together. We ought to elevate our thoughts to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race.

BURKE.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night! how dark!—no light! no fire!
 Cold, on the hearth the last faint sparks expire!
 Shivering she watches by the cradle-side
 For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

“Hark! ’tis his footstep! No—’tis past: ’tis gone:
 Tick!—Tick!—How wearily the time crawls on!
 Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!
 And I believed ’twould last!—how mad!—how blind!

“Rest thee, my babe!—rest on!—’Tis hunger’s cry!
 Sleep, for there is no food! the fount is dry!
 Famine and cold their wearying work have done;
 My heart must break! And thou!”——The clock
 strikes one!

“ Hush! ’tis the dice-box! Yes, he’s there, he’s there!
 For this, for this he leaves me to despair!
 Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child!—for
 what?

The wanton’s smile, the villain, and the sot!

“ Yet I’ll not curse him! no! ’tis all in vain!—
 ’Tis long to wait, but sure he’ll come again!
 And I could starve and bless him, but for you
 My child!—his child!—Oh fiend!”——The clock
 strikes two!

“ Hark! how the sign-board creaks! the blast howls
 by!

Moan!—Moan!—A dirge swells through the cloudy
 sky!

Ha! ’tis his knock! he comes! he comes once more.
 ’Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o’er!

“ Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay
 Night after night in loneliness to pray
 For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
 No! no! it cannot be. He will be here.

“ Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
 Thou’rt cold! thou’rt freezing! but we will not part.
 Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
 O Heaven protect my child!”——The clock strikes
 three!

They’re gone; they’re gone! the glimmering spark
 hath fled,

The wife and child are numbered with the dead!
 On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,
 The child lies frozen on its mother’s breast!
 The gambler came at last, but all was o’er—
 Dead silence reigned around—he groaned—The clock
 struck four.

A DREAM-VISION OF INFINITE SPACE.

God called up from dreams a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying, "Come thou hither, and see the glory of My house." And to the servants that stood around His throne he said, "Take him, and undress him from his robes of flesh; cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nostrils; arm him with sail-broad wings for flight. Only touch not with any change his human heart—the heart that weeps and trembles." It was done; and, with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and from the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes with the solemn flight of angel wing they fled through Zarrahs of darkness, through wildernesses of death, that divided the worlds of life; sometimes they swept over frontiers that were quickening under prophetic motions towards a life not yet realised. Then, from a distance that is counted only in heaven, light dawned for a time through a sleepy film: by unutterable pace the light swept to *them*, they by unutterable pace swept to the light: in a moment the rushing of planets was upon them: in a moment the blazing of suns was around them. Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed but were not revealed. To the right hand and to the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetitions and by answers from afar, that by counter-positions, that by mysterious combinations, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways—horizontal, upright—rested, rose—at altitudes, by spans—that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that

scaled the eternities above, that descended to the eternities below ; above was below, below was above, to the man stripped of gravitating body : depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as thus they rode from infinite to infinite—suddenly, as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose—that systems more mysterious, worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths—were dawning, were nearing, were at hand. Then the man stopped, sighed, shuddered, and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears ; and he said, “ Angel, I will go no farther, for the spirit of man aches under this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God’s house. Let me lie down in the grave, that I may find rest from the persecutions of the Infinite ; for end, I see, there is none.” And from all the listening stars that shone around issued one choral chant—“ Even so it is : angel, thou knowest that it is : end there is none, that ever yet we heard of.” “ End is there none ? ” the angel solemnly demanded ; “ And is this the sorrow that kills you ? ” But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying, “ End is there none to the universe of God ! Lo ! also THERE IS NO BEGINNING.”

DE QUINCEY.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I wrote some lines once on a time
 In wondrous merry mood,
 And thought, as usual, men would say
 They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
 I laughed as I would die ;
 Albeit, in the general way,
 A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came ;
 How kind it was of him
 To mind a slender man like me,
 He of the mighty limb !

“ These to the printer,” I exclaimed,
 And, in my humorous way,
 I added (as a trifling jest),
 “ There’ll be the devil to pay.”

He took the paper, and I watched,
 And saw him peep within ;
 At the first line he read, his face
 Was all upon the grin.

He read the next—the grin grew broad,
 And shot from ear to ear ;
 He read the third—a chuckling noise
 I now began to hear ;

The fourth—he broke into a roar ;
 The fifth—his waistband split ;
 The sixth—he burst five buttons off,
 And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
 I watched that wretched man,
 And since, I never dare to write
 As funny as I can.

THE BELLS.

When o'er the street the morning peal is flung
 From yon tall belfry with the brazen tongue,
 Its wide vibrations, wafted by the gale,
 To each far listener tell a different tale.
 The sexton, stooping to the quivering floor
 Till the great caldron spills its brassy roar,
 Whirls the hot axle, counting, one by one,
 Each dull concussion, till his task is done.
 Toil's patient daughter, when the welcome note
 Clangs through the silence from the steeple's throat,
 Streams, a white unit, to the checkered street,
 Demure, but guessing whom she soon shall meet ;
 The bell, responsive to her secret flame,
 With every note repeats her lover's name.
 The lover, tenant of the neighbouring lane,
 Sighing, and fearing lest he sigh in vain,
 Hears the stern accents, as they come and go,
 Their only burden one despairing No !
 Ocean's rough child, whom many a shore has known
 Ere homeward breezes swept him to his own,
 Starts at the echo as it circles round,
 A thousand memories kindling with the sound ;
 The early favourite's unforgotten charms,
 Whose blue initials stain his tawny arms ;
 His first farewell, the flapping canvas spread,
 The seaward streamers crackling overhead,
 His kind, pale mother, not ashamed to weep
 Her first-born's bridal with the haggard deep,
 While the brave father stood with tearless eye,
 Smiling and choking with his last good-bye.
 'Tis but a wave, whose spreading circle beats
 With the same impulse, every nerve it meets,
 Yet who shall count the varied shapes that ride
 On the round surge of that aërial tide !

O child of earth! If floating sounds like these
 Steal from thyself their power to wound or please,
 If here or there thy changing will inclines,
 As the bright Zodiac shifts its rolling signs,
 Look at thy heart, and when its depths are known
 Then try thy brother's, judging by thine own ;
 But keep thy wisdom to the narrower range,
 While its own standards are the sport of change
 Nor count us rebels when we disobey
 The passing breath that holds thy passion's sway.

THE TWO STREAMS.

Behold the rocky wall
 That down its sloping sides
 Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as they fall,
 In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run
 Turned by a pebble's edge,
 Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
 Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
 But for the slanting stone,
 To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
 Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
 Life's parting stream descends,
 And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
 Each widening torrent bends.

From the same cradle's side,
 From the same mother's knee—
 One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
 One to the Peaceful Sea!

THE PROMISE.

Not charity we ask,
 Nor yet thy gift refuse ;
 Please thy light fancy with the easy task
 Only to look and choose.

The little-headed toy
 That wins thy treasured gold
 May be the dearest memory, holiest joy,
 Of coming years untold.

Heaven reigns on every heart,
 But there its showers divide,
 The drops of mercy choosing as they part
 The dark or glowing side.

One kindly deed may turn
 The fountain of thy soul
 To love's sweet day-star, that shall o'er thee burn
 Long as its currents roll !

The pleasures thou hast planned—
 Where shall thy memory be
 When the white angel with the freezing hand
 Shall sit and watch by thee ?

Living, thou dost not live
 If mercy's spring run dry ;
 What Heaven has lent thee wilt thou freely give,
 Dying, thou shalt not die !

HE promised even so !
 To thee His lips repeat—
 Behold, the tears that soothed thy sister's woe
 Have washed thy Master's feet !

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
 Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
 But o'er their silent sister's breast
 The wild-flowers who will stoop to number ?
 A few can touch the magic string,
 And noisy Fame is proud to win them :
 Alas for those that never sing,
 But die with all their music in them !

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
 Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,
 Weep for the voiceless, who have known
 The cross without the crown of glory !
 Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
 O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
 But where the glistening night-dews weep
 On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign,
 Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
 Till Death pours out his cordial wine
 Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses ;
 If singing breath or echoing chord
 To every hidden pang were given,
 What endless melodies were poured,
 As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven

DEPARTED DAYS.

Yes, dear departed, cherished days,
 Could Memory's hand restore
 Your morning light, your evening rays
 From Time's grey urn once more,
 Then might this restless heart be still,
 This straining eye might close,
 And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
 While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
 We strive against the stream,
 Each moment farther from the shore
 Where life's young fountains gleam ;
 Each moment fainter wave the fields,
 And wider rolls the sea ;
 The mist grows dark, the sun goes down,
 Day breaks—and where are we ?

THE TWO ARMIES.

As Life's unending column pours,
 Two marshalled hosts are seen—
 Two armies on the trampled shores
 That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
 The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
 And bears upon a crimson scroll,
 " Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
 With sad, yet watchful eyes,
 Calm as the patient planet's gleam
 That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
 No blood-red pennon's wave ;
 Its banner bears the single line,
 " Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade ;
 At Honour's trumpet-call,
 With knitted brow and lifted blade
 In Glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
 No stirring battle-cry ;
 The bloodless stabber calls by night—
 Each answers, " Here am I !"

For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,
 The builder's marble piles,
 The anthems pealing o'er their dust
 Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf,
 That floods the lonely graves
 When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf,
 In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
 And angels wait above,
 Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
 Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
 Her pulses Freedom drew,
 Though the white lilies in her crest
 Sprang from that scarlet dew ;

While Valour's haughty champions wait
 Till all their scars are shown,
 Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
 To sit beside the Throne !

CREATION.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
 From loneliest nook.

'Neath cloister'd boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
 Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
 A call to prayer—

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;
 But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
 Which God hath planned—

To that Cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
 Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
 Its dome the sky.

There, amid solitude and shade, I wander
 Through the green aisles, and, stretched upon the
 sod,
 Amid the silence reverently ponder
 The ways of God.

ONE YULE-TIDE'S TALE.

Hard beat the hail against the pane,
 And the winter winds did blow;
 And dead the frozen woodland lay
 In a winding sheet of snow.

Across the blown rack flew the moon:
 The poplar on the heath
 Stood shuddering in the shivering wind
 Like a giant froz'n to death.

Within, the stair-clock clicking low;
 The yule-fire blazing warm:
 Without, the rattling of the hail,
 And the roaring of the storm.

Against the pane a child's bright face
 In watchful love was prest;
 Waiting for father's kiss, she watch'd,
 And a cradle on father's breast.

And the mother gazed in the blazing fire,
 And she listened the breeze's roar;
 And she longed for her goodman's hand on the
 latch,
 And her goodman's face at the door.

"O God, I pray Thee guide his feet
 In the way which they should go;
 For the cataract sleeps in an icy shroud,
 And the river is dumb with snow."

With fair good things the board was spread;
 And the yule-fire blazèd bright;
 And all the happy homestead smiled
 With the cheer of Christmas night.

For at the door, that morn, he stood
 And, stooping, kissed the twain ;
 " Before the setting sun," he said,
 " I shall be home again.

So pile the yule-fire high," said he,
 " And spread the Christmas cheer ;
 For Christmas night is the happiest night
 Of all the dear old year."

But now the moon was high in the sky ;
 Long spread the Christmas cheer,
 And the piled yule-fire roared high in the flue,
 " But father—he is not here."

And the bright face peered thro' the driving hail
 For the shadow of father's form ;
 And she heard, in thought, his footsteps fall,
 In the pauses of the storm.

No hand on the latch ; no face at the door ;
 And the night to midnight wears ;
 Only the sound of the crackling fire,
 And the click of the clock on the stairs.

" See you not father coming, my child—
 His form on the moonlit plain ?"
 But lo ! the bright face, weary, lay
 Asleep against the pane !

Then suddenly the hail-storm ceased ;
 And soft, over moor and dell,
 Like the fall'n feathers of a dove,
 The silent snowflakes fell.

And the wild winds ceased, and all the world
 Lay still, like a sleeping child.
 And the latch was lifted silently,
 And an old man entered mild.

His voice was gentle, like a dove;
 His hair was soft, like fleece;
 And his eyes were bright with an inward light;
 And his spirit seemed of peace.

“ Mother, why sit you there so pale?
 Be of good cheer.” He smiled;
 Then to the sleeping babe he said—
 “ Sweet be thy sleep, my child.

“ O mother, rise, rejoice with me,
 And be of holy cheer,
 For Christmas night is the happiest night
 Of all the dear old year.

“ God walks thro’ summer flowers, and when
 The winds of winter blow,
 All round the cottage you may see
 God’s footprints in the snow.”

Then down the hard hail drave again,
 And the rising wind did roar;
 When lo! a sudden hand on the latch,
 And her goodman’s face at the door.

“ O father, father, welcome back!”
 “ O husband, welcome home:
 Long is the good cheer spread—eat—rest;
 Oh nevermore to roam.

“ Did the bright yule-fire guide thee home—
 The yule-fire’s beacon glow ?”
 “ Nay, nay,” he said, “ ’twas they, ’twas they—
 God’s footprints in the snow.

“ Oh, I was dying in the storm ;
 Aimless I seemed to roam,
 Until I found those feet of God,
 That led the wanderer home.”

Faint, by the fading fire, he lay,
 For his life was ebbing slow ;
 For the old man was Death, who left
 God’s footprints in the snow.

“ Oh, I am weary, weary,” he moaned,
 I would no longer roam,
 But follow those dear feet of God
 That lead the wanderer home.”

Then came the old man near, and in
 The yule-fire’s fading light,
 Closed his faint eyes, and, kneeling, said,
 “ Son, welcome home : good night.”

Then to the mother : “ Rise, rejoice ;
 Of all the dear old year
 This Christmas night is the happiest night
 For him who lieth here.

A happy yule is his ; even now
 He blesseth me, I know,
 Who led him home with death’s cold feet—
 God’s footprints in the snow !”

OLD LOVE-LETTERS.

A day, a week, a month have past :
 A year hath flown away ;
 Beside her, on the open desk,
 His old love-letters lay.

Ah, me ! that those who meet in smiles
 So soon in tears should part !
 She reads his letters o'er and o'er ;
 She knows them all by heart !

She reads them till the daylight fades ;
 And 'neath the moonlit sky
 She sleeps at rest, for on her breast
 Those old love-letters lie.

In this he told her all his love ;
 In this he breathed his vow ;
 For all the world she would not lose
 Those old love-letters now !

He loved her well ; a warrior brave
 He sought the deadly fray ;
 But ere *her* first love-letter came
 His soul had passed away !

A flower she gave—her pictured face :
 A tress of sunny hair ;
 And death, that chilled his warm heart, found
 Those old love-letters there.

SABBATH CHIMES.

I woke, one Sabbath, long ago,
 When life, a bud, was springing;
 And softly through the open'd pane
 I heard the church bells ringing.

Beside my bed my mother watched;
 And in the golden weather
 I rose anon, and hand-in-hand
 Churchward we walked together.

Sweet Sabbath bells! sweet watching face
 I think that God hath set ye
 In song and light about my soul
 That I should ne'er forget ye.

For often now, tho' earthly ties
 To earth more closely bind me;
 Tho' far away that Sabbath morn
 Lies, like a dream, behind me;

When, man with fellow-man, to pledge
 The glowing hour that passes,
 We meet and greet, a festive throng,
 And drink, and clink our glasses;

Often, between the pledging cups,
 In the pauses of the singing,
 I see my mother's watching face—
 I hear the church bells ringing.

A child—a man—I doubly live;
 We talk to one another;
 A man unto my fellow-man,
 A child unto my mother.

And such, methinks, is life; tho' bright
 Time's golden sands are gleaming,
 Often, amid man's mirth, there comes
 A pause for childish dreaming;

And in that pause, tho' joys distract,
 And friends around us gather,
 Our souls steal back to those young years
 Like children to their father.

I know not why, except perchance
 Across that childish laughter
 We hear some lisp'ing echo breathe
 Of some new birth hereafter.

OLD YEAR'S NIGHT.

It was the last night of the old dead year ;
 For when I waked again,
 I saw the new-year's glory, golden-clear,
 Gleam on the nursery pane.

A weary child, I dreamed the night away
 Under the moaning skies ;
 For when it dawned, behold ; the new year's day
 Opened my slumbering eyes.

I thought, in dreams, the old year lived again,
 As it, sweet year, had been ;
 The glad spring birds ; the lambs upon the plain ;
 The kingcups on the green ;

And skylarks twinkling in the glorious sun,
 Like drops of glistening dew ;
 And white-sailed butterflies, that on and on
 Skimmed through the sky's deep blue.

And great rich bees, lazily wandering
 Thro' the gleam-golden haze;
 And fire-flies flashing on a rainbow wing,
 Dazzling my baby gaze.

And she, my sweet pale sister, that is dead,
 Was there among the flowers,
 With all the glad sun glorying round her head,
 As in the bygone hours.

And I, for bliss, could neither move nor speak,
 To see her standing there;
 Only my still tears fell about her cheek,
 And sparkled thro' her hair.

“O marvel not, sweet brother mine,” she said,
 “To see me standing here
 And living still; the old sad year is dead;
 This is a glad new year.

Our old dead flowers, this new year, by-and-by,
 Shall clothe their naked stem,
 And rise again and live; even so shall I
 Arise, and live with them.”

Then on each stem, where Death's long blight had
 lain,

I saw pale buds appear;
 And when I waked, behold, the nursery pane
 Gleamed with the glad new year!

And well I know the dawn's sweet glimmering
 That gilds my nursery pane
 Comes, as my pure pale sister spake, to bring
 The dead flowers back again.

And she, I know, who sleeps in Death's dark night,
 Oh! be it far or near,
 Shall be awakened by the sweet dawn-light
 That brings in God's New Year.

ON REVISITING SCHOOL.

Once more I pace the columned square,
 The playground, green and cool,
 And the lilac-avenue that leads
 To the old deserted school.

Dear happy house ! dear happy ground,
 Where I was used to roam !
 Dear fadeless lilac-avenue !
 Dear memory-haunted home !

Tho' twelve strange years, since last we met,
 Like a mist have rolled away,
 Thy sweet breath hovers round me still,
 Like the breath of yesterday.

I hear a hundred boys at sport,
 A hundred forms I see ;
 I look into a hundred eyes,
 And no one knoweth me.

Lonely, amid their throngs, I pace
 The old familiar ways ;
 Silent, amid their songs, I steal
 Like a ghost of other days.

What is Thy mystic Past, O God ?
 Is it a man's strong breath
 Which to a childish Present speaks,
 And no one answereth ?

The low sun sinks behind the hill ;
 Across the silent street
 The lone school and its lilacs lie
 In shadow at my feet !

Ah, happy childish years, on earth
 Too beautiful to last !

A living ghost I stand among
 Thy shadows of the Past !

Shake hands, dear Past, and speak again :
 Here—in thy shade—I stand ;
 Ah, God ! a strange unanswered voice,
 A pale unanswered hand !

Far off, beyond the hill, I hear
 The church-clock tolling low ;
 The same soft voice that oft I heard
 A dozen years ago !

Come, let us answer, O my soul,
 That Voice that calleth thus ;
 Perchance among the tombs we'll find
 Some friend that knoweth us.

A living soul, I seek the dead :
 Amid the churchyard gloom
 A ghost, I glide—a voice, I speak
 Unto a silent tomb !

A living voice, unto the Past
 I speak—I moan—I sing :
 Out of the hollow tombs I hear
 Mine own voice answering !

Ye are not here, dear happy dead !
 Methinks I hear ye say—
 “ Like thine own happy school-fellows
 We, too, have gone away ! ”

Ah, God ! can it be so of him,
 That nought remaineth, save
 A fadeless memory in mine heart,
 And a little faded grave ?

O sweet, dead friend ! O poet-child !
 Beneath life's morning beams
 How oft I watched thee move, and weave
 Thine exquisite wild dreams !

Perchance thy visioned angels were
 Of all thy dreams apprised ;
 Perchance, with them, in other worlds
 Thy dreams are realised !

I do not weep to find thee dead,
 For thou on earth didst seem
 No more to me than the memory
 Of a beautiful fleet dream,

A beauteous, dreamful child, that talked
 With bright futurity !
 A little form that wandered here
 With its spirit in the sky !

A future-dreaming babe ; a soul
 In angel image cast ;
 A faded grave, that knoweth not
 Earth's present or earth's past !

Therefore, sweet child, since Time hath proved
 Thy wondrous dreams were right,
 I kneel, and kiss thy faded grave,
 And bid the past good-night.

Dreaming as thou didst dream (since here
 The Past and Present die),
 Myself, like thee, must be some part
 Of God's Futurity !

YULE BELLS.

Those Christmas bells—those Christmas bells—
 I never hear them chime
 But all my soul is borne away
 To a happier bygone time ;

Back to a happier bygone day,
 To a merrier Christmas-tide,
 When she and I, by the bright yule fire,
 Were sitting side by side.

O my child, and my sweet dead child,
 And my child with the angel brow !
 O say ! do you hear, in your far bright sphere,
 The church-bells chiming now ?

I took the babe upon my knee,
 And I braided her golden hair ;
 Far off the church-bells 'gan to chime
 Thro' the quiet evening air.

Then suddenly she raised her voice
 In childish questioning ;
 “ It is not Sabbath, brother dear ;
 Why do the church-bells ring ? ”

“ It is not Sabbath, yet they ring ;
 Listen, dear child, to them.
 This is the night when Christ for us
 Was born in Bethlehem.

“ A great bright star shone down from heaven
 On the place where He did lie ;
 And He is born, sweet child, that we
 Might never, never die.

“ He was a little child like thee ;
 A child, and yet a King ;
 And He hath saved us. This, my child,
 Is the reason the yule bells ring.

“ Why weep you, little sister mine ?
 Why weep you, sister dear ? ”
 “ Oh, if we cannot die, ” she said,
 “ Why is not mother here ? ”

I bent above the pensive face,
 I kissed it many times ;
 I could but answer, “ Listen, child,
 To the happy Christmas chimes ! ”

I turned and looked upon her face ;
 Up to the skies afar
 I saw the wide eyes of the child
 Fixed on a great bright star.

Long gazed she on the beauteous light ;
 Slowly she ceased to weep ;
 Then laid her head upon my breast,
 And softly slipt asleep.

Ye Christmas bells, as once ye chimed,
 I hear ye chiming still,
 And all my soul is borne away
 To the churchyard on the hill.

I kneel upon a new-made grave ;
 I whisper : “ Sister dear,
 Dear little sister, tell me now—
 Why is not mother here ? ”

I kneel beside the little grave ;
 I kiss it many times ;
 I hear no answer, save the sound
 Of the happy Christmas chimes.

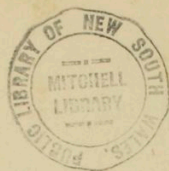
Over the graves, in waves of song,
 I hear the church-chimes pass ;
 I see a thousand beauteous stars
 Gleam on the snowy grass.

A great bright star shone down from heaven
 Where the sleeping Christ was laid :
 To-night, a thousand heavenly stars
 Shine on my sleeping dead.

Shine on, sweet stars ! ring on, sweet bells !
 Beyond the starry light,
 Until we meet, dear mother mine,
 And sister dear, good night !

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I would not give this old-year violet
 For all the brightest flowers that ever grew ;
 Who would exchange an old friend for a new,
 Or ask strange pleasure for a loved regret ?
 Who would exchange the dear face that is set
 In the pure pearl of death-congealed tears—
 The pale hair clipt in hallowed happier years—
 For all to-morrow's curls of deepest jet ?
 Ah, dying year, ye took them all in vain :
 They are not dead, but only gone before
 To bloom again in some sweet new-year light :
 'Tis thou alone that canst not live again :
 Therefore, old year, farewell for evermore :
 And ye, dear dead, until we meet, good-night,



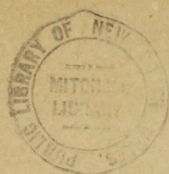
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