A Companion to the Dime Dialogues.

BEADLE'S

DIME

SPEAKER:

BEING

Gems of Oratory

FOR

The School, the Exhibition-Room, the
Home Circle, and the Study;

COMPRISING SPECIMENS OF

WIT, HUMOR, PATHOS, AND DISCOURSE,

FROM

FRESH AND EMINENT SOURCES

BY LOUIS LEGRAND, M.D.

NEW YORK:

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INTRODUCTORY.

The great number of "Speakers," "Orators," "Declaimers," &c., would seem to forbid this addition to the list; but, when it is borne in mind that their price, generally, is one dollar or more, we think the parent and scholar will not object to the introduction of a dime book, that shall challenge comparison of merit with any offered at a much greater sum.

This collection embraces specimens of the splendid oratory of the late lamented Rufus Choate, of Henry Wilson, George Sumner, Dr. Adams, Kossuth, Edward Everett, Reverends Stowell Brown, Henry Ward Beecher, and Dr. Chapin, &c., &c. The poems embrace some of the finest and most impressive productions of Pierpont, Percival, Poe, Tennyson, Howitt, &c., &c., and a number of anonymous contributions of singular beauty. In humor, we have chosen some of the very best things by Dr. Holmes, Dow, Jr., Artemas Ward, Jeriah Jeboom, &c., &c. It is to be doubted if any Speaker, yet prepared for Schools and Exhibitions, contains more matter of real adaptive excellence.

Taken in connection with the "Dime Dialogues," this "Speaker" offers a complete compendium of declamation for the School, the Exhibition, the Parlor, and the Fireside; and the editor hopes this effort to cheapen good literature, for the student, will not fail to give pleasure and satisfaction to parents, teachers, and scholars.
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"YOUNG AMERICA" ON PROGRESS.—Dow, Jr.

Text.—Drive on your horses.

My Hearers: The spirit of the age is drive ahead! If you upset your wagon, and spill your milk, keep up with the popular crowd, and leave the old, slow, careful coaches in the lurch. "Get out of the way, old Dan Tucker!" is all the go now-a-days, musically, morally, and mechanically speaking. A flood is upon us that is fast washing all the old works of the old music masters into the dead sea of oblivion. The old heavy drama is too slow a coach altogether for the present day. A lighter and a faster one we must have—a regular trotting concern. Poor Shakspeare! his house is sold, and he has stepped out. His taper shines with a sickly glare in the misty moonlight of the past—a mere glow-worm upon a dark and distant moor. Alas! I am afraid he was not for a time, but for all day; and it's now about to be all day with him. But good-bye, Bill; I must drive on my horses, or take the dust of unpopularity.

My friends, we are a fast people, and live in a fast age. Perhaps you may say we are only riding down hill on a handsled: the more we increase in velocity, the sooner we shall reach the bottom; and then have to get back again the best way we can. No; the way is comparatively level, and the road is clear. All we have to do is to keep up steam, and push ahead—propel. When I speak of keeping up the steam, I do not mean that you shall fire up with that liquid, the effect of which is to "put a brick in your hat"—in other words, to intoxicate—for thereby you may burst your boilers; but I have reference to maintaining that ambitious spirit of rapid progression, to which neither the everlasting mountains, nor the eternal hills, can set any bounds. Ours is already a great country, but we want to make it a big country. No pent-up Blackwell's Island shall contract our powers; but the whole boundless continent must belong to us. Re-
publicanism, with his new, big boots, is bound to travel—and no power on earth shall say, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further." Emperors, kings, princes, and potentates! get out of the way; for we are coming with our fast horses! Clear the track for Young America! We intend honestly to vote ourselves farms; but if voting don't get them, by General Jupiter Jackson, we'll take them whether or no! Shall we lumber along the road, and allow other nations to pass us with a whiz? No, never!—our horses are fast, and we must give the world an awing specimen of their speed. Take care then, by Basil! we are running a race with Britain for Cuba; and if you don't look out, you may get injured. We must progress—advance—expatriate—till two-thirds of the globe is ours; and then if we are compelled to stop by some unforeseen circumstance, what will be the consequence? Why, we shall fall to fighting among ourselves, and be brought back to the borders of primitive insignificance.

My friends, the world plays us a great game, and every man must look out for his handful. For my part, I take my time, and cheerfully accept of what Providence assigns me. But don't be guided by me—a pauper dependent upon chance.

Drive on your horses; keep ahead if possible, and let the laziest nation be the hindmost. So may it be!

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**THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.**—*Rufus Choate.*

The birthday of the "Father of his Country!" May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever reawaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard for the country which he loved so well, to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as

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*Rufus Choate, one of the most eminent lawyers of the generation of our fathers, died on the 12th of July, 1859, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, whither he had gone in search of rest and health. He was born near Salem, Mass., October 1st, 1799. His orations are models of eloquence and chaste beauty.*
THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

president of the convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the chair of state, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love, and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty, and towering and matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country, and at the same time, secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that Young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life! Yes; others of our great men have been appreciated—many admired by all;—but him we love; him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements—no sectional prejudice nor bias—no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes; when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart. It shall resume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated:

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
   When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows
   Nor despicable state?—
Yes—one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one."
PLEA FOR THE MAINE LAW.*—Metta Victoria Victor.

Though I spake with the tongue of a denouncing angel, from now till the day of retribution, I could not depict all the evils of the liquor traffic; that though I wrote with a pen inspired with terror and winged with lightning, I could never write out the half of its abominations. I should say that a poor and virtuous nation was more secure of immor-
tality and dignity than a rich and wicked one; and that if it was going to impoverish this country to abolish this traf-
fic, it had better be honorably humble, than magnificently
wicked; and I would refer my hearers to those often quoted examples of the Cities of the Plain, of Babylon, and Rome. But I would further affirm, that so far from decreasing agricultural and commercial prosperity, it would increase both. Just as certain as the wretched inebriates who sup-
port one rummery would invest the money, which they
there throw away, on food, rent, and clothing. I would say that if there are ten thousand men supported in this State by the trade, that they are supported by the entire ruin of thirty thousand, and the injury of three hundred thousand. I would ask if that was political economy. I would state a very simple proposition, and let them multiply the answer by as many drunkards as there are in these United States. If a man instead of eating twelve bushels of grain, drinks eight and eats four, will the farmer have any larger market for his produce?—and by the loathing of food which liquor produces, the wasting of strength, and the shortening of life, will he not lose ten years of that man's custom? while the producers of clothing lose almost entirely his support, his employers lose what might be a profitable workman, and the man himself, and those whom he would have benefited by it in honest exchanges, loses almost the whole of that comfortable income which his wasted strength and industry would have achieved! The farmer sells ten dollars' worth of grain; to support the distiller and rumseller, both needless and useless members of society, the consumer pays thirty for it—the thirty dollars is all that he could earn under the influ-
ence of the distilled grain, where he would otherwise have

* From "The Senator's Son"—one of the most powerful temperance stories of the times. This speech is adapted expressly for this work.
NOT ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

earned ninety—the hatter, and shoemaker, and landlord, and merchant are robbed of sixty—and the many lose that the few may gain. Then there is another loss in the diminished demands of his starving and naked family; another in his requiring a police-officer or sheriff to attend to him, a prison or workhouse to put him in—a coffin and six feet of earth, at the expense of the community. Another loss in his premature death. So much for the political economy. Of some other losses I might not have the courage to speak; the loss of health, of peace of mind, of reason, of friends, of domestic prosperity, and the loss of future happiness. I am afraid my voice would fail if it touched upon such losses. Perhaps I should regain my courage, however, if I had a drunkard’s child by my side, and could hold up her injured form in my arms and point to the cruel proceeds of a shilling's worth of whiskey.

You say, like women, we try to prove every thing by an appeal to our sympathies. Well, what better part of you is there to appeal to? Reason, of which men are so boastful, forever and forever runs away with itself unless restrained and directed by the heart. Take those greatest and most subtle reasons, and let them run the rounds of their mighty intellects, and to what have many of the most brilliant returned?—to a lower point than the humblest heart could ever fall to—to a belief in their own brutishness and materiality. Is it not a principle in all good governments to adopt those measures which will secure the greatest good to the most people? You know that the Maine Liquor Law, or even a more stringent one, would do this. I tell you a large class of people demand this law, who have yet no voice in the matter. They are the wives, sisters, and daughters of those who support the distillers and rumsellers. Not that I wish woman to go to the polls; but if every man, would ask the female portion of his house who to vote for, those men would be elected who would not fail to give us this law. Oh, give us this Saving Law!
NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.—John Pierpont.

"To fall on the battle-field fighting for my dear country—that would not be hard."—The Neighbors.

Oh, no, no—let me lie
Not on a field of battle, when I die!
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head:
Nor let the reeking knife,
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand when death
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory felloes of his cannon's wheels,

From such a dying bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald eagle brings
The cluster'd stars upon his wide-spread wings,
To sparkle in my sight,
Oh, never let my spirit take her flight!

I know that beauty's eye
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance:
I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted till the welkin rung
In honor of the brave
Who on the battle-field have found a grave:

I know that o'er their bones
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.
Some of those piles I've seen:
The one at Lexington upon the green
Where the first blood was shed,
And to my country's independence led:
And others, on our shore,
The "Battle Monument" at Baltimore,
And that on Bunker's Hill.
Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still;
Thy "tomb," Themistocles,
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,
And which the waters kiss
NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

That issue from the gulf of Salamis,
And thine, too, have I seen
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,
That, like a natural knoll,
Sheep climb and nibble over as they stroll,
Watch'd by some turban'd boy,
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.
Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquer'd flying, and the conqueror's shout.
But as his eye grows dim,
What is a column or a mound to him?
What, to the parting soul,
The mellow note of bugles? What the roll
Of drums? No, let me die
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,
And the soft summer air,
As it goes by me, stirs my thin, white hair,
And from my forehead dries
The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies
Seem waiting to receive
My soul to their clear depths! Or let me leave
The world, when round my bed
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,
And the calm voice of prayer
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare,
To go and be at rest
With kindred spirits—spirits who have bless'd
The human brotherhood
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

In my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
That all must drink at last,
Oh, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scatter'd there, in virtuous deeds,
Have sprung up, and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste in heaven!
And though no grassy mound
Or granite pile says 'tis heroic ground
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope—vain hope perhaps!—that those
Whom I have striven to bless,
The wanderer reclaim'd, the fatherless,
May stand around my grave,
With the poor prisoner, and the poorest slave,
And breathe an humble prayer,
That they may die like him whose bones are outer
ing there.

THE ITALIAN STRUGGLE.—George Sumner, 1859.

The actual war between Italy and France on one side, and Austria on the other, is but the continuation of our own struggle on another field,—the struggle for national freedom, equal rights, and self-government.

How far these may be secured by the present contest is still uncertain; but there is no uncertainty in this, that our warmest sympathies are due to all who strive for them.

In the present case these sympathies are augmented by a remembrance of all we owe to Italy—that beautiful country which the Apennines divide, the Alps and sea surround—Italy, which has given us so much, of all that adorns and elevates life,—the home of art, of science, of medical skill, of political knowledge,—of Galileo, Raffael, Michael Angelo, of Fallopio, and of Galvani,—the land which in modern times has given us the earliest epic poet, Dante—the great lyric poets, Filicaia and Petrarch—the earliest novelist, Boccaccio—and the first philosophical historian, Vico, whose great mind has brought to the development of political science and the laws of the moral world the same precision that Galileo had brought to those of the material world.

To Italy we owe the discovery or invention of book-keeping, the mariners' compass, the barometer, the telescope applied to astronomy, the calculation of longitudes, the pendulum as a measure of time, the laws of hydraulics, the rules of navigation; and to Italy we owe both Columbus who discovered, and Amerigo Vespucci who gave his name to our country.
To Italy we owe also some of the most important lessons of political philosophy. Her Republics of the middle ages were based on the three great principles:

1st. That all authority over the people emanates from the people.

2d. That power should return at stated intervals to the people.

3d. That the holder of power should be strictly responsible to the people for its use.

To those Republics we also owe the practical demonstration of the great truth, that no state can long prosper or exist, where intelligent labor is not held in honor,—and that labor cannot be honorable where it is not free.

Our sympathies are augmented by a remembrance of all this—and by the natural horror inspired by Austria, to which civilization for three hundred and thirty years owes nothing,—whose whole career, both at home and abroad, has been a series of blackest crimes against the political right of States, and the individual rights of man,—and which is now under the despotic control of an Emperor, who is a deplorable example of the union of youth and cruelty.

But there are some, happily their number is few, who, having no faith in the people, look with indifference upon their efforts,—and others who try to cloak the selfishness and imbecility with which Nature has endowed them, under an assumed superiority over the people of other countries,—who tell us that other nations are not fitted for free institutions,—who seem to think that they have a patent for freedom, and an exclusive right to enjoy it, that they are God’s chosen people, and that all others are made only to be ruled by tyrants.

But we, as Americans, as Freemen, as Christians, would be untrue to our liberty, to our humanity, to our age, not to frown down the miserable plea, that “Italy can not govern herself—that her people are not ready and fit for liberty. Be free, O land of the great and good!—be free O country of the Past! Renew thy ancient glory, and crown thy old ruins with the halo of the brave and wise, for ye are worthy, indeed, of freedom and new life. Be free, O Italy!
INDEPENDENCE.—*Dow, Jr.*

**Text.** Independence is the thing; And we're the boys to boast on't.

**My Hearers:**—Next Thursday is the birthday of American Liberty—the day upon which our star-spangled banner first waved in the fair breeze of Freedom—the day that the proud eagle of the mountain first looked down from his eyry on a free and independent nation—the day upon which the fat, ragged, and saucy children of Columbia broke loose from the apron-strings of their mother-country and kicked up their heels for joy, like so many colts released from the bondage of winter confinement. You ought on this occasion, to be as full of glory as a gin-bottle, that this blessed anniversary is about once more to dawn upon your heads, and find you reaping the harvest of those blessings which your fathers sowed in revolutionary soil, watered with their own blood, and manured with their own ashes. Yes, you ought to throw up your caps, and make the halls of Freedom ring with loud huzzas, and then sit down and meditate on the groans, and the pains of travail, which attended this mighty Republic during the delivery of her first-born—Liberty.

My friends, next Thursday the celebration will take place. Then the whole nation will be alive like a beggar's shirt; there will be a general stirring up of the genus homo from one end of the nation to another. The fires of enthusiasm will be kindled in every breast; and many of those who lack in patriotic glory will, doubtless, supply themselves with the article at the booths round the Park.

But, my dear friends, this sixpenny patriotism is most horrible stuff; it is patriotism of the head, and not of the heart. It makes you feel too independent altogether. It induces you to fight in times of peace, and takes all the starch out of your courage in times of war. While this artificial patriotism is effervescing in your cocoa-nuts, your boasts of independence are loud and clamorous; but when its spirit has evaporated, you are the veriest serviles that ever writhed under the lash of despotism. If you suppose, my friends, that the proper way to observe our national independence is by drinking brandy sling's and gin cocktails, you are just as mistaken as the boy was who set a bear-trap to catch bed-bugs.
My dear hearers: I like to hear you boast of your independence, if it be not done in a vain and bragadociat spirit, and my gratuitous prayer is, that you may maintain it as long as you are permitted to squat this side of the deep, still river of death. To preserve your collective strength, your hearts, your feelings, and your pure sympathies must be all joined together, like the links of a log-chain. You must all hang together like a string of fish, and stick to one another through thick and thin, like a bunch of burdocks in a bell-wether's fleece. Remember, my friends, that, with all your boasted independence, you are poor, weak, miserable, dependent beings. That same Almighty hand which provides you with soup and shirts, beef and breeches, can take them all from you in a little less than a short space of time, and leave you as naked as an apple-tree in winter. Yes, my friends, you must recollect that you are dependent, as well as independent; and that all the favors you receive are donations from heaven, brought down by angels of mercy, and distributed impartially among the grabbing, snatching, and thieving sons of sin.


Upon America, our country, and with all her faults, the land of our affections and pride, are centered the best hopes of mankind. To what portion of the globe, to what land under the whole heavens, can the friend of human progress, of equal and universal liberty, this day turn with more of hope and confidence than to this magnificent Continental Empire, this broad land of wondrous fertility, where Providence has garnered illimitable resources to be developed for human prosperity, power, and happiness,—this Democratic Republic, with achieved free institutions, based upon the rights of human nature, with millions of people trained in self-government, and in full possession of the citadel of consummated power—the ballot-box,—where the loving heart, the enlightened conscience, the unclouded reason of man can utter their voices for humane and equal laws, and for their wise and impartial administration? "Our country," said that illustrious supporter of the rights of mankind, John Quincy Adams, "began her existence by the proclamation of the universal emancipation of man from the
thralldom of man!” In support of that glorious proclama-
tion our fathers were summoned to walk the path of duty,
and they obeyed the call though it was swept by British
cannon, darkened by the storm of battle, and sprinkled
with the blood of falling comrades. We honor their sub-
limine devotion, we applaud their heroic deeds. Their bright
example of devotion to principle and fidelity to duty, should
incite us of this age in America, to accept joyfully and
bravely the responsibilities of our position, and like them
be ever ready

“——to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet,”

THE EQUALITY OF MAN.—By the same.

These sublime ideas of the Declaration of Independence,
express the whole creed of the equality of humanity, the
basis of government, and the rights of the people. They
speak to the universal heart of mankind. They declare to
Kings, and Princes, and Nobles, and Statesmen, “Govern-
ments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers
from the consent of the governed, to secure the inalienable
rights of men to liberty;” they proclaim to toiling millions,
“whenever” any form of government becomes destructive
of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish
it;” they utter in the hungry ears of lowly bondmen, “all
men are created equal,” and “endowed with the inalienable
rights of liberty and the pursuit of happiness.” These
“self-evident truths” may be hated and spurned by the
monarch, in the arrogance of unrestricted power; they
may be scoffed at and jeered at by the noble, hedged about
with ancient privileges; they may be limited, qualified, or
denied by the ignoble politician, whose apostasy is revealed
and rebuked by the brilliancy of their steady light; they
may be sneered at as “glittering generalities” by the nerve-
less conservative, who “has ever opposed every useful
reform and wailed over every rotten institution as it fell,”—
but they live in the throbbing hearts of the toiling masses,
and they nurse the wavering hopes of hapless bondmen
amid the thick gloom of rayless oppression. When the
Christian shall erase from the Book of Life the precious
words—“Do unto others as ye would that others should do
unto you;" Love thy neighbor as thyself," then may the sincere lover of human freedom blur, blot, and erase from the language of humanity these immortal words embodied by our Fathers in the Declaration of the 4th of July, 1776. These words, these ideas, which underlie the institutions of the Republic associate the name of America with the cause of universal freedom and progress all over the globe. We may be recreant to these ideas, we may ignobly fail, the government may perish, the country may sink down beneath the level of the seas so that the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific shall meet, mingle, and roll over her loftiest summits, but the incorporation of these sacred ideas into the charter of National Independence will bear the name of the North American Republic down to coming ages, and win for it the grateful homage and lasting remembrance of mankind.

TRUE CHARACTER OF THE REVOLUTION.—By the same.

The great contest which resulted in national independence, was a contest between power and principle—authority and liberty. England and America were not alone interested in its results. It concerned universal man, and upon the character of the contest mankind has pronounced its irreversible verdict for the cause of America. British ministers and hereditary statesmen, smiled upon by the king and applauded by the people, flushed with the arrogance of assured power, regarded with disdainful contempt the humble leaders of popular liberty in America, whose names were hardly known to the haughty chiefs that wielded the mighty power, and commanded for the purposes of conquest and subjugation the vast resources of the British Empire. But with each revolving year the names of these arrogant British chiefs are passing from the recollection of mankind, and their fame is growing more dim and obscure;—with each passing year the fame of the leaders of the cause of popular liberty in America is steadily brightening. The leaders who shaped the policy of America received, while living, the grateful homage of an admiring country, and a grateful people called them into positions of trust and honor under the government they had founded;—the ministers and statesmen of England were ignobly
forced from power, with the loss of public confidence, and they sunk into retirement with the maledictions of the people resting upon their names. America applauds the deeds and cherishes the fame of her leaders in that contest, —England strives to forget the deeds of her leaders, and neglects their fame. While America, to-day, utters the names of Washington and Franklin, Adams and Jefferson, Otis and Henry, Quincy, Jay, Warren, Sherman, Hancock, Samuel Adams, and their illustrious associates, with affectionate regard and profound reverence,—England, if she recalls at all the dimmed names of North, Grenville, Grafton, Dartmouth, Sandwich, Wedderburn, and their haughty compeers, she reproaches their memories with the folly and madness which lost America to the British Empire. America remembers and hallows even the battlefields of defeat, for the blood of her sons, who fell on those lost fields, was shed for freedom and independence; England strives not to remember even her battle-fields of victory, for they were won in support of a lost cause, and brought neither power nor glory.

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THE FRUITS OF THE WAR.—By the same.

EIGHTY-THREE years! How brief a span in the life of nations,—in the history of the world! And yet, what mighty changes have these eighty-three years wrought in the condition of America. When the morn of the 4th of July, 1776, dawned upon America, thirteen dependent, disunited, feeble colonies dotted the shores of the Atlantic from the St. Johns to the St. Marys; and within these colonies dwelt less than two and a half millions of freemen, differing in origin, in race, customs, in manners and habits; without money, without arms, without a national government, name, or character; bound together by a burning sense of oppression, a common danger, and an intense, vehement, and inextinguishable love of personal freedom. And these colonies, menaced by the gigantic power of England, whose navies rode in haughty pride upon their seas, and the battle-fires of whose armies flashed upon their shores,—unsupported by any friendly power, with hardly a weapon for defence, on the 4th of July, 1776, calmly proclaimed America independent, pronounced the sentence of eternal
separation from the British Empire, and hurled defiance at that power, which had so often sent confusion into the councils of princes, and carried terror into the ranks of the veteran armies of the proudest monarchies of the Eastern world. On that day these colonies placed themselves front to front with that power, whose brilliant victories by sea and by land, in both hemispheres, had filled the whole earth with her renown,—power, which had recently, under the guidance of the elder Pitt, humbled the proud monarchy of France, arrested her splendid schemes of empire in the Western world, and wrested from her possession her magnificent colonial empire in North America.

As we refresh our memories with the recollections of the deeds of the illustrious men of the Revolutionary era, who carried America through years of civil war, from colonial dependence to national independence, the proud consciousness that they were not only successful beyond the ordinary lot of mortals, but that they were right, and "had," in the words of Camden in the House of Lords, "the natural rights of man, and the immutable laws of nature" on their side, is a source of profound gratification. When the champions of the rights of the colonies resisted the demands of arbitrary power, when they raised the standard of independence, and rested their cause upon the rights of human nature and the laws of the living God, they were scoffed at, and jeered at as "visionary enthusiasts," and England echoed with the words of scorn, derision, and contempt, poured out by king and aristocracy, and the parasites of power, upon noble men, who were contending in America for the principles for which Hampden and Sidney struggled. "Let the Americans," exclaimed Gower, in the House of Lords, with scornful derision "talk about their natural and divine rights,—their rights as men and citizens,—their rights from God and nature! I am for enforcing these measures!" Sandwich contemptuously declared that the Americans were "cowardly,—the very sound of a cannon would send them off as fast as their feet would carry them!" Grant, amidst the loude cheering, asserted that "Americans would not fight, that they were not soldiers and never could be made so, being naturally pusillanimous!" British Lords made themselves merry over these sneering allusions to the descendants of the men who swept the fields of Naseby, Worcester, and Marston Moor.
The Dime Speaker.

But "the Americans would fight," and "the Americans did fight," until they wrung from king, ministers, aristocracy, army, and people, from men who had met their just demands with the arrogance and contemptuous scorn of assured power, the fullest recognition of the independence of free and united America!

The Sewing Machine.—By Anon.

"Got one? Don't say so! Which did you get?
One of the kind to open and shut?
Own it, or hire it? How much did you pay?
Does it go with a crank, or a treadle? Say,
I'm a single man, and somewhat green,
Tell me about your sewing machine."

Listen, my boy, and hear all about it—
I don't know what I could do without it;
I've own'd one now for more than a year,
And like it so well, I call it "my dear;"
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing machine.

It's none of your angular Wheeler things,
With steel-shod beak and cast-iron wings;
Its work would bother a hundred of his,
And worth a thousand! Indeed it is;
And has a way—you needn't stare—
Of combing and braiding its own back hair!

Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner, with what-nots and chairs,
And makes that dismal, head achy noise,
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys;
No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel.

Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wear a shawl and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eyes, and dainty foot,
And sports the charming gaiter boot,
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons, and loops,
With any indefinite number of hoops.
None of your patent machines for me,
Unless dame Nature is the patentee;
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws!

One that can dance, and—possibly—flirt;
And make a pudding, as well as a shirt—
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady, or witch—
Ready to give the sagest advice,
Or do up your collars and things so nice.

What do you think of my machine?
Ain't it the best that ever was seen?
'Tisn't a clumsy, mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy?
With a turn for gossip, and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sewing of tears.

Tut, tut—don't talk. I see it all—
You needn't keep winking so hard at the wall;
I know what your fidgety fumblings mean,
You would like, yourself, a sewing machine!
Well, get one, then—of the same design—
There were plenty left when I got mine!

TRUE MANHOOD.—*By Henry Ward Beecher, 1859.*

All around about you are men whom you despise and
call shiftless—empty bags who never will stand up although
you fill them ever so many times. Don't you suppose it is
a misfortune for a man to be born limpsy; don't you sup-
pose it is unfortunate for a man to be so built that his
thoughts can not touch each other, and can not form a
concatenation? Shiftlessness is one of the greatest mis-
fortunes, yet somebody ought to pity shiftless persons, for
surely there are enough of them. Yet men that are not
shiftless are wont to despise those who are. Those me-
thodical men who know how, by looking at a thing, to
adapt their minds to it, and to press on, step by step, with
executive wisdom, clear through to the end—those men should use the gift which God has given them to take care of those persons who have not got it. Every man should be like those little tug-boats which come down the North River with three or four barges on each side, and with other barges attached to them, till for half a mile almost the river is covered with the barges which they are carrying. Now, when God has given great executive power to a person, he is to be a tow, and to take down the stream hundreds of those blunt-bowed, slow-sailing barges. It is very easy for a man to find fault with other men in those respects in which he is excellent, so that one seeing the depression there, shall see the mountain here; but this is not Christ-like.

Now are you or a quiet temper, then it is not for you to laugh at your neighbor who is very quick and hasty. Yet oftentimes men employ this very patience as a means of annoying those persons whom they know to be irritable—they like to make them sparkle and strike fire. You that are strong are to help that man who can not control his temper; his skin and your skin may be different; it may be that you are made tough, while he is made very tender. Now you are not, because that man there is palpitating always—you are not to make him the subject of your amusement. You are not to make him the butt and object of your ridicule, but you are to throw around about him the kindness of your heart. If he does not know how to hold himself, do you help him to hold himself; if he can not extinguish the conflagration that tends to break out, do you bring the engine of your sympathy and help him to put out the fire.

You are firm—your neighbors call it even obstinacy. God has made you to stand out firm that there may be some vine-like men clinging to you with the tendrils of affection, who will thus be able to stand, when otherwise they would have fallen prostrate to the ground, Don’t you despise them. A man ought to thank God when he finds other men creeping upon him for support, instead of making it a matter of derision, instead of showing them on one side and leaving them alone. Thank God that you have this strong testimony, that you are living like a Christian! When men come to you naturally and spontaneously, saying, “help me bear my burdens,” it is the
greatest compliment that can be paid to you this side of heaven.

Are you hopeful? God knows there are enough people in this world who are desponding. Now distribute that feeling among those desponding ones who need it. Are you buoyant, cheerful, and courageous; are you a happiness-maker; has God given you a temperament to stand in life that will make everybody happier for your being there?

In the long, dreary, wet, chilly days, the whole house smells moldy—the most cheerful room looks sad and dismal. But by and by the clouds part, and there! see! what is that which dances on the wall? Sure as I live there is a bright sun-stroke! And as the rays of the sun come out from the clouds, how bright and cheerful the old gloomy room looks now! And what the bright sunlight breaking through the clouds, scattering the darkness and gloom, is to you, so is the face of that man that is buoyant with hope, and cheerful with courage, to the despairing hearts of other men.

I think men who are mirthful, men that are buoyant and sanguine, are said to be visionaries; but if there had been no visionaries the world would not have been where it is now. Men who are mirthful should be thankful that God has given them such a divine endowment, and they should remember that it is to be used for the benefit of others. To shut it up within oneself is exactly what David would have done if he had taken his harp and said: "Lock this up, it is a frivolous and useless instrument." But David struck the strings of his harp, and not only his own soul rejoiced, but the world sings on, and will until the judgment day, the song which David sang. Now if God gave to you a heart with strings of cheer, take this lute and go down into the places where men die for lack of music, and cheer them with the sweet tones of your lyre. And remember that man has not lived a day amiss, who has made that day happier to one single soul.
THE MYSTERY OF LIFE. By Rev. Dr. Chapin. 1859.

I remark, then, that in all natural and spiritual operations, so far as they come within the sphere of human agency, there is a threefold element, or we may say that there are three distinct elements—there is an element of Endeavor, of Mystery, and of Result. In other words, there is something for man to do; there is something beyond his knowledge and control; there is something achieved by the co-operation of these two. For illustration of this take any act—take one of the most familiar acts, the moving of the fingers, or the arm. We are conscious of our own will; we know the result; but we can not tell why that result should follow. We can not see the subtle connection that runs between the willing mind and the obedient muscles. Here, now, is a mystery, and a great mystery, involved with this most familiar performance. You may think of it again and again, and you will find that middle term of mystery impossible to explore—why, at the first jet of your thought, there should be a response at the end of your finger. We are delighted with the efforts of some great musician—with the exquisite music which he evokes from the keys of the piano. But there is something far more wonderful, though far more common, than the music. It is the process by which that music is created, the means by which the melodies and accordances in the artist's soul are brought out of the instrument; the way in which every little nerve and minute fiber of the fingers obeys the artist's will, and makes a few slips of wire and of cold ivory to throw off jets of brilliant sound and volleys of human expression, and strike upon chords of far and mysterious suggestion, and pour out a stream of harmony that lifts up and floats a thousand souls. There, again, is the act of utterance, a condition that exists between you and myself. I speak, and you hear; but how? The words issue from my lips and reach your ears; but what are those words? Volumes of force communicated to the atmosphere, whose elastic waves carry them to fine recipients in your own organism. But still, I ask, how? How is it that these volumes of sound should convey articulate meaning, and carry ideas from my mind into your own? Man sows the seed—he reaps the harvest—but between these two points occurs the middle condition of mystery. He casts the seed into the
ground; he sleeps and rises, night and day; but the seed springs and grows up, he knows not how; yet, when the fruit is ripe, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come. That is all he knows about it. There is something for him to do, something for him to receive, but, between the doing and receiving there is a mystery.

THE UPS AND DOWNS.—By Anon.

A CHAP once told St. Patrick's dean,
While rising from his seat, "I mean
To set up for a wit."
"Ah!" quoth the dean, "if that be true,
The very best thing you can do
Is down again to sit."

Too many, like that would-be wit,
Set up for what they are not fit
And always lose their aim;
Set up for wisdom, wealth, renown,
But end the farce by sitting down,
With poverty and shame.

A middling farmer thinks he can
Set up to be a gentleman,
And then sit down content;
But after many a turn and twist,
Is set down on the pauper list,
A fool, not worth a cent.

When farmers' wives and daughters fair
Set up with silks and bonnets rare,
To look most wondrous winning,
They sit upon a slippery stand,
Till indigence, with iron hand
Upsets their underpining

Some city ladies, too, whose gear
Has made them to their husbands dear,
Set up to lead the ton;
Though they sit high on fashion's seat,
Age, death, or poverty, albeit
Will set them down anon.
Some fools set up to live by law
And though they are "all over jaw,"
   Soon fail for lack of brains;
But had the boobies only just
Known where they ought to sit at first,
   They'd saved a world of pains.

A quack sets up the doctor's trade,
But could he use the sexton's spade
   No better than his pills,
The man might moil from morn to night,
And find his match with all his might
   To bury half he kills.

You may set up for what you choose,
As easily as wear old shoes,
   If e'er so low at present;
But when you have set up in vain,
And find you must sit down again,
   Tis terribly unpleasant.

THE TRULY GREAT.*—By Rev. Dr. Adams. 1859.

The astronomer who sounds the depths of space with his telescope, is overwhelmed, not so much by his discoveries as by the thought of the realms which are yet beyond the reach of mortal vision. The contemplation of great men in this world may properly have the same effect on us with regard to intelligent spirits superior to man. This is God's host! When we consider them we may well say, What is man! Reason, as we possess it, which lifts us above the brutes, shows in a certain sense our inferiority to angels; for the very necessity of reasoning, as we do, reveals that we are below those in whom processes of thought are electrified into lightning speed, or are wholly superseded by intuitions. Though we stand in awe before a great man here, we should cease to do so could we look upon the unfallen sons of God. "Strength and beauty are in his tabernacle." We trace divine wisdom and skill by the microscope down where mortal discern-

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*Preached on occasion of the death and burial of Rufus Choate, at Boston, July 17 1859.
ment taints;—but there are yet worlds of minute things still beyond our search. Now, if God has employed his omnipotence in that direction, how must it be toward the opposite pole? Will He reduce animated life down to sponges and barnacles, leaving us in doubt whether they deserve the name of living things? If so, where will He stop when He creates intelligent spirits in his own image and in his own likeness? "Is there any number of his armies? And on whom doth not his light arise?"

The great man, as we call him, dies. We will suppose him to have been a Godless man. "His breath goeth forth; he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish." He enters the world of spirits. He was a distinguished statesman. But where was he when the morning stars sang together and all the Sons of God shouted for joy? He was a great orator. But the spirit of God gave inspiration to the first-born spirits in heaven, whose words, compared with those from the most eloquent lips of man, are like sunbeams on a street lamp which is left burning after sunrise. He was a great poet; he was a master of song; "The Creation," "The Messiah," are his. But there was a "Creation" sung when God laid the foundations of the earth. And when he bringeth in his first begotten into the world, was there not a "Messiah," for, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him. The music of heaven for a period beyond our computation, ascriptions framed by angelic minds, the learning, the renown, the beauty and majesty of those that excel in strength, "the helmed cherubim and sworded seraphim," and, withal, the accomplishments conferred by divine knowledge and moral beauty on the very humblest of the heavenly host, make the spirit of the great man from earth feel how poor a thing mere human greatness is, and that nothing is truly great, in heaven, which is not—first, last, midst—good; that the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; that to acquire the spiritual image of the Redeemer on earth, is the great end for which life was given. To be "a great man" in this world is, of itself, and viewed in connection with endless life, no more than to be a greater worm. A chameleon, or bird of paradise, or peacock, or a magnolia, or a giraffe, or cedar in Lebanon, are the peers of "a great man" who does not fear God and keep his commandments. "Like sheep they are laid in the grave;
death shall feed on them; and the upright shall have do-
minion over them in the morning;" and "their beauty
shall consume in the grave from their dwelling;" "as a
dream when one awaketh, so, O Lord, when thou awakest
thou shalt despise their image."

THE SAME.—Idem.

A man of genius is a proper occasion of special praise to
God, for his sovereign power and goodness. Men seldom
think of this. They worship and serve the creature more
than the Creator, who is over all, God blessed forever.
They should rather feel disposed to address great men in
these words, and for mutual admonition: "And what hast
thou that thou didst not receive? For who maketh thee
to differ from another? Now if thou didst receive it, why
dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?" Gifts of
genius are as really the special gifts of God as the miracu-
los gifts which led the two Apostles at the Beautiful gate
of the Temple to say, "Ye men of Israel, why look ye so
earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness
we had made this man to walk?" A wonderful mind is
merely an uncommon efflorescence in one of a number of
plants of the same species, whose structure is ordained by
the all-wise God; and we are to receive the rare product
like every creature of God, with thanksgivings. It is a
new illustration of that divine benevolence which even in
this world of sin and deserved misery, strives to teach us
that God is love. But we do not find it to be a common
thing for those who read the great poets and prose writers,
and look upon works of art, and listen to eloquence and
music, and reverence statesmanship, and great military
talent, and medical sagacity, and surgical skill, and the
fruits of mechanical genius, to praise and bless Him who
made heaven, earth, and seas, and the fountains of waters.
Yet the same hearts, many of them, are led to think of
God by viewing the firmament.

Now, when we see the bright hosts which adorn the in-
tellectual and moral firmament, we should give thanks to
Him that made great lights in the moral as well as the nat-
ural world. To show his power, God is pleased to adorn
the world of mind, now and then, with galaxies, clusters,—but we say, the age produced them; the times made them. Who made the age? Our times—are they not in His hand? One great man in a century might have sufficed; but lo! that same divine wisdom and love of excellence, which everywhere else at times rejoices to overflow all their banks, makes one land after another the object of affluent goodness in the bestowment of great men in companies; so that the constellations themselves are not more classified and marshaled than these great lights of their respective lands and times. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men." In the realms of thought, where God, who is a spirit, should specially be recognized and adored, shall we set up idols? As one of the curses upon idolaters, it is said; "Then God gave them up to worship the hosts of heaven." It was a sublime and fascinating kind of idolatry; in the intellectual world it has not ceased. Let men turn their thoughts to God as often as they contemplate a great mind among their fellows. Their worship is due to Him who made Arcturus, Orion, and the chambers of the South; to Him who made great lights; for His mercy endureth forever.

THE SAME.—Idem.

Great men are special gifts of God to a nation, and through it to the world. They are special efforts of that same divine benevolence which gives us Apennines, and Alps, and Lebanon, and Himalayas. These the utilitarian and materialist will admonish us are needful parts of the world's mechanism. None the less on that account, a devout mind recognizes them as proofs of goodness in the Deity. The mechanism of human society, for all the practical purposes of life, might work well if there had been no Homer, no Shakspeare, no Milton; but the wisdom and goodness which ordained that the eye and mind should not be wearied with uniform dead levels, and therefore set up the corner-stones of the globe with a view to the benevolent effect upon the earth and its inhabitants, of hills and mountains, is pleased here and there to endow men with transcendent genius for the good of the race. They have an eleva-
ting effect upon mankind by raising the standard of excellence; they rebuke our groveling thoughts, purify and enoble our conceptions, shed a charm over things which otherwise would be tame and wearisome; they are the wine of life; they are angels on the ladder with God Almighty above it, filling even our dreams, as well as our waking hours, with assurances that there is something better in reserve for all who seek it than they have reached. But these gifts of God, these men of genius, are capable of perversion by us, like all his gifts. Occasional large crops may excite impatience and discontent in the young man, through his desire for a region where profuse vegetation is the general rule. Those special seasons in which God is pleased to turn the attention of men in great numbers to the subject of religion, tempt some to neglect Christian effort, and to look continually after phenomenal events in the religious world. Thus the fame of genius awakens in some the desire to shine in the view of men, to the neglect of slow, patient industry, as providential success in business tempts others to make adventures at the risk of their regular calling and their integrity. But these abuses do not stay the ordinances of heaven. In every department of life, God bestows upon some men certain things which, however cultivated and improved by effort, are, in a special sense, native endowments; they are born in these men, and with their features and structure, are written in God’s book.

EARLY RETIRING AND RISING. By Dow, Jr.

TEXT.—Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

My HEARERS: The text I have chosen for my present discourse is most beautifully homely; but it contains the keen kernels of truth, without husk, or chaff. All the brute creation close their peepers at the setting of the sun, save such as see best in the dark, and whose deeds are evil: why should man be an exception, since he is not an owl, nor a bat, that sleeps through the day for the want of properly adapted optics? I see no reason under the planet of Jupiter, why you should not go to bed as soon as Evening empties her soot-bag upon the earth, and get
out of it at the first brush of morn. Even ten hours' sleep would do you no harm, after you get used to it; and I know that most of you are able to bear almost twice the quantity without a grunt.

My dear friends, look at that man, the early riser. The rose of health blooms upon his cheek; his eye sparkles with the fire and glow of youth; his step is as elastic as though his legs were set with wire spiral-springs, and his body composed of india-rubber. He is strong, too; ay, stronger than last winter's butter—stronger than an argument—stronger than a horse, and tougher than bull-beef. He can outjump, outwalk, outrun, and outlive any human being that never leaves his bed-chamber until nine o'clock, I don't care where you bring him from—whether from the hardy Greenland, or from the soft, sunny clime of the equator. He is insusible. He is not to be fried in his own fat by the melting heat of a midsummer's sun; and he can bare his bosom to the bitter northern blast, with no more sign of a shake or a shiver, than the Bunker-Hill Monument in a snow-storm.

Oh, you puny, sickly, saffron-skinned sluggards, that never see the sun rise! You lose a glorious sight—an exhibition that affords more delight to both eye and soul than all the shows ever presented to mortal view, the Northern Lights and Barnum's Museum not excepted. I can't paint the picture. When I think of it, discouraged Fancy drops her pencil at once, and says it's no use. Try and get up and take a peep for yourselves, for once in your lives; then, if you think it a humbug, go to bed again and snooze till the day of judgment, for aught I care. But how do you feel, shaking your feathers, with the sun hard upon the meridian? Rather streaked, I imagine—almost afraid to venture into the streets, for fear your shadows should laugh at you. You muster up courage to sally out. "Shocking steamboat accident that, according to the accounts in the morning papers!" says an acquaintance whom you happen to meet. "What ab—oh—oh, yes, shocking, very shocking, indeed!—good-day," and on you speed, with a most nervous rapidity, for fear of being further interrogated about what you ought to have known hours before. You morning sleepers! know you not that you lose by dribbles the very honey of life, the very quintessence of all that is bright, lovely, and joyful in existence? You do, while
others are alive, stirring about, securing health, accumulating wealth, happy and merry as larks; you lie as dead as so many logs, intellectually decaying, morally rotting, and corporeally consuming. Arise ye! Arise ye! Shake off sloth, even as the lion shaketh the dew from his mane; go out and behold the beauties of the morn in all their glory and magnificence, and become healthier, wealthier, wiser, and handsomer human beings than you are.

ARTEMAS WARD'S ORATION.* July 4, 1859.

FELLER CITTERSUNS—I hav bin onerded with a invite to orate be4 you on this grate & gellorious day. The feelins which I feel on this occasion is more easier imagined than described. Wethersfield is justly distinguished for her onyuns and patertime the Wurld over, and to be requested to paws and address you on this, my putt perfeshernal tower to New Englan, rayther takes me down and fills my sole with various kinds of emoshuns. I cum befour you with no hily manured intellec. You wont git no floury langwide out of me. Ime a plane man—a exhibier of startlin curiositis, livin wild Beests & sich like, & what I shall say will be rite strate out and to the pint.

Ime no pollytishun, I have no enemys to reward or frends to spunge. Ime a Union man. I luv this Union from the Bottom of my Hart. I luv every hoop pole in Maine and every sheep ranch in Texas. The cow pastures of New Hampshire is as dear to A. Ward as the rice plantashuns of Mississippi. There is mean critters in both of them air. States and there is likewise good men and troo. It don’t look very putt for a lot of inflammerty indivuduals who never liftid their hands in defence of Ameriky or did the fust thing towards skewerin our independunce to git their backs up and sware they’ll dissolve the Union.

Two mucht good Blud was spilt in courtin and marryin that hily respectable female, the Goddess of Liberty, to get a divorce from her at this late day. The old gal hav behaved herself two well to cast her off now; at the re-

* These three extracts are one oration, and can be spoken consecutively as such. We have arranged the “Oration” into three parts, for the convenience of the boy who can not spare the time to learn the whole.
quest of a parsul of addle-braned men and he wimin, who
never did nobody no good and never will again. Ime sor-
ry the picter of the Goddess never give her no shoes or
stockins, but the band of stars around her hed must con-
tinuer to shine briter and briter so long as this Erth re-
solves round on her own axle tree. Ime for the Union
now and forever, and may the hand of the fast onery cuss
whither who attempts to bust her up.

THE SAME.

FELLER CITTERSUNS—I hain’t time to notis the growth
of Ameriky frum the time when the Mayflayers cum over
in the Pilgrim and brawt Plymmuth Rock with them, but
every skool boy nose our kareer has bin tremenjis. You
will excuse me if I don’t prase the erly settlers of the Kol-
onies. Peple which hung idiotic old wimin for witches,
burnt holes in Quakers’ tongues, and consigned their feller
critters to the tredmill and pillery on the slitest provo-
cashun, may hav bin very nice folks in their way, but I
must confess I don’t admire their stile and will drop them
all. I spose they ment well, and so, in the novel and
technin’ langwide of the nusepapers, “pese to their ashes.”
Thare was no diskount, however, on them brave men who
fit, bled, and died in the American Revolushun.

We needn’t be afraid of setting ’em up two steep. Like
my Show, they will stand a heep of prase. G. Washing-
ton was aboit the best man this world ever sot eyes on,
and I hope them noble ladies (may their shadders never
grow less!) who are tryin to purchis his old humsted will
hurry up their cakes, as if they don’t it is hily proberble
the present owner will dig up his grate namesake’s bones,
put them in a glass cage, and go into partnership with
sum enterprisin showman. I think the shivalrus man is
adequate for any thing in a money-makin line.

To resoom—G. Washington was a clear heded, warm
harted, brave and stidy goin man. He never sloop over!
The prevailin weakness of most publick men is to SLOP
OVER! They git filled up & slop. They Rush Things.
They travel two mutch on high presher principle. They
git onto the fast poplar hoby hoss whitch trots along, not
carin a sent whether the beest is even goin, clear sited,
and sound, or spavined, blind, and bawky. Of course they
git throwed eventooally if not sooner. When they see
the multitood goin it blind, they go Pel Mel with it, instid
of exertin theirselves to set it right.

They cant see that the crowd which is now bearing
them triumphantly on its shoulders will soon diskiver its
error and cast them into the hoss pond of Oblivyun with-
out the slitest hesitashun. Washington never Slopt Over.
That wasn't George's stile. He luved his country dearly.
He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angil in a 3
kornered hat and knee britches and we shan't see his like
right away. My friends, we can't all be Washington's but
we kin all be patriots & behave ourselves in a human and
a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down
hill to Ruin let us not give him a push, but let us seeze
rite hold of his coat-tail and drag him back to Morality.

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THE SAME.

FELLER CITTERSUNS—Be sure and vote at least once at
all elecshuns. Buckle on yer Armer and go to the Poles.
See too it that yer naber is there. See that the kripples
are provided with carriages. Go to the poles and stay all
day. Bewair of the infamus lise which the Opposishun
will be sartin to git up fur perlitercal effecck on the eve of
elecshun. To the poles! to the poles! & when you git
there vote jest as you darn please. This is a privilege we
all persess and it is 1 of the booties of this grate and free
land.

I see much to admire in New Englan. Your gals in
particklar are abowt as snug-built peaces of Caliker as I
ever saw. They are fully equal to the corn fed gals of
Ohio and Injijanny and will make the bestest kind of wives.
It sets my Buzzum on fire to look at 'em.

Pe still my sole, be still,
& you Hart, stop cuttin up.

Whitch affeckttin lines is either from the pen of Govner
Morrill of Maine or Doctur Watts, I disremember whitch.
I like your skool houses, your meetin houses, your en-
terprise, gumpshum, &c., but your favorit Bevridge I des-
pise. I allude to New Englan Rum. It is wus nor the
korn whisky of Injijanny, which eats throw stun jugs,
and will turn the stummuck of the most shiftlis Hog. I seldom seek consolashun in the flowin Bole, but tother day I wurrid down sum of your Rum. The fast glass indued me to swere like an inforriated trooper. On takin' the seckund glass I was seizad with a desire to brake winders, and arter imbibin the third glass, I knockt a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New York Ledger, and wildly kummenced readin Sylvanus Kobb's last Tail. I verily do bleeve that if I'd histed in another glass I should hav bin desperit enuff to attack the Mount Vernon Papers.

Its dreffulstuff—a sort of lickwid littlein gut up under the personal supervishun of the devil—tears men's innards all to peacees and makes their noses blossom as the Lobster. Shun it as you wood a wild hyeny with a fire brand tide to his tale, & while you are abowt it you will du a fast rate thing for yourself and everybody abowt you by shunnin all kinds of intociatin lickers. You don't need 'em no more'n a cat needs 2 tales, sayin nothin abowt the trubble and sufferin they cause. But unless your innards air cast iron avoid New Englan's favorite bevrige.

My friends, Ime dun. I tare myself away from you with tears in my eyes & a pleasant odor of Onyuns abowt my close. In the langwidge of Mr. Catterline to the Rumuns, I go but perhaps I shall cum back agin. Adoo, pepel of Wethersfield. Be virtuous & you'll be happy.

TRUE NATIONALITY.—Rufus Choate. 1858.

The Ethics of a true nationality teach the true subordination, and the true reconciliation of apparently incompatible duties. These only are the casuists, or the safest casuists for us. Learn from them how to adjust this conflict between patriotism and philanthropy. To us, indeed, there seems to be no such conflict, for we are philanthropist, in proportion as we are unionists. Our philanthropy we venture to say, is a just philanthropy. That is all. It loves all men, it helps all men, it respects all rights, keeps all compacts, recognizes all dangers, pities all suffering, ignores no fact, master and slave it enfolds alike. It happens thus that it contracts the sphere of our duty somewhat, and changes not the nature but the time, the place, the mode of performing them. It does not make our love cold,
but it makes it safe; it naturalizes it, it baptizes it into our life; it circumscribes it within our capacities and our necessities; it sets on it the great national public seal. If you say that thus our patriotism limits our philanthropy, I answer that ours is American philanthropy. Be this the virtue we boast, and this the name by which we know it. In this name, in this quality, find the standard and the utterance of the virtue itself. By this, not by broad phylacteries and chief seats; the keener hate, the gloomier fanaticism, the louder cry, judge, compare, subordinate. Do they think that nobody is a philanthropist but themselves? We, too, look up the long vista and gaze wrapt at the dazzling ascent; we, too, see towers rising, crowned, imperial, and the tribes coming to bend in the opening of a latter day. But we see peace, order, reconciliation of rights along that brightening future. We trace all along that succession of reform, the presiding instrumentalities of national life. We see our morality working itself clearer and clearer; one historical and conventional right or wrong, after another, falling peacefully and still; we hear the chain breaking, but there is no blood on it, none of his whom it bound, none of his who put it on him; we hear the swelling chorus of the free, but master and slave unite in that chorus and there is no disordant shriek above the harmony; we see and we hail the blending of our own glory with the eternal light of God, but we see, too, shapes of love and beauty ascending and descending there as in the old vision!

Hold fast this hope; distrust the philanthropy, distrust the ethics which would, which must, turn it into shame. Do no evil that evil may come. Perform your share, for you have a share, in the abolition of slavery; perform your share, for you have a share, in the noble and generous strife of the sections—but perform it by keeping, by transmitting, a united, loving and Christian America.

But why, at last, do I exhort, and why do I seem to fear, on such a day as this? Is it not the nation's birthday? Is it not this country of our love and hopes, which celebrates it? This music of the glad march, these banners of pride and beauty, these memories so fragrant, these resolutions of patriotism, so thoughtful, these hands pressed, these congratulations and huzzasings and tears, this great heart throbbing audibly,—are they not hers, and do they not assure us? These forests of masts, these singing
workshops of labor, these fields and plantations whitening for the harvest, this peace and plenty, this sleeping thunder, these bolts in the closed, strong talon, do not they tell us of her health, her strength, and her future? This shadow that flits across our grasses and is gone, this shallow ripple that darkens the surface of our broad and widening stream, and passes away, this little perturbation which our telescopes can not find, and which our science can hardly find, but which we know can not change the course or hasten the doom of one star; have these any terror for us? And he who slumbers not, nor sleeps, who keeps watchfully the city of his love, on whose will the life of nations is suspended, and to whom all the shields of the earth belong, our father's God, is he not our God, and of whom, then, and of what shall we be afraid?

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OUR NATAL DAY.—Idem.

It is well that in our year, so busy, so secular, so discordant, there comes one day when the word is, and when the emotion is, "our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country." It is well that law—our only sovereign on earth—duty, not less the daughter of God, not less within her sphere supreme—custom not old alone, but honored and useful—memories, our hearts, have set a time in which—scythe, loom, and anvil stilled, shops shut, harvests silent, the flag—our flag unrent—the flag of our glory and commemoration waving on mast-head, steeple, and highland, we may come together and walk hand in hand, thoughtful, admiring, through these galleries of civil greatness: when we may own together the spell of one hour of our history upon us all; when faults may be forgotten, kindnesses revived, virtues remembered and sketched unblamed; when the arrogance of reform, the excesses of reform, the strifes of parties, the rivalries of regions, shall give place to a wider, warmer, and juster sentiment; when turning from the corners and dark places of offensiveness, if such the candle lighted by malignity or envy, or censoriousness, or truth has revealed anywhere; when turning from these, we may go up to the serene and secret mountain-top, and there pause, and there unite in the reverent exclamation, and in the exultant prayer,
"How beautiful at last are thy tabernacles! What people at last is like unto thee! Peace be within thy palaces and joy within thy gates! The high places are thine, and there shalt thou stand proudly, and innocently, and securely."

INTELLIGENCE THE TRUE BASIS OF LIBERTY.—*Idem.*

How well said Washington—who said all things, as he did all things, well—"that in proportion as governments rest on public opinion, that opinion must be enlightened." There must then be intelligence at the foundation. But what intelligence? Not that which puffeth up, I fancy, not flippancy, not smartness, not sciolism, whose fruits, whose expression, are vanity, restlessness, insubordination, hate, irreverence, unbelief, incapacity to combine ideas, and great capacity to overwork a single one. Not quite this. This is that little intelligence and little learning which are dangerous. These are the characteristics, I have read, which pave the way for the downfall of States; not those on which a long glory and a long strength have towered. These, more than the General of Macedon, gave the poison to Demosthenes in the Island Temple. These, not the triumvirate alone, closed the eloquent lips of Cicero. These, before the populous North had done it, spread beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands in the downward age; these, not Christianity, not Goth, not Lombard, nor Norman, rent that fair one, Italy, asunder, and turned the garden and the mistress of the earth into a school, into a hiding place of assassins—of spies from Austria, of spies from France, with gold to buy and ears to catch and punish the dreams of liberty whispered in sleep, and shamed the memories and hopes of Machiavel and Mazzini, and gave for that joy and that beauty, mourning and heaviness. This is not the intelligence our Constitution means, Washington meant, our country needs. It is intelligence which, however it begins, ends with belief, with humility, with obedience, with generation, with admiration, with truth; which recognizes and then learns and then teaches the duties of a comprehensive citizenship; which hopes for a future on earth and beyond earth, but turns habitually, reverently, thoughtfully to the old paths, the great men,
the hallowed graves of the fathers; which binds in one bundle of love the kindred and mighty legend of revolution and liberty, the life of Christ in the Evangelists, and the Constitution in its plain text; which can read with Lord Chatham, Thucydides and the stories of master states of antiquity; yet holds with him that the papers of the Congress of 1776 were better; whose patriotism grows warm at Marathon, but warmer at Monmouth, at Yorktown, at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga; which reforms by preserving, serves by standing and waiting, fears God and honors America.

SOLFERINO.—By Anon.

Won is the battle;
Fearful its history,
Making plain mystery
Unto the dead.
Swift, marching silently,
Strong as the flood
Of old ocean, their destiny
Letter'd in blood,
They move on. See! They meet
With a terrible shock.
As the waves are thrown back
From the ocean-bound rock
Are they hurl'd to their doom,
And the cry of despair,
As they fall, goes to God
In its wail through the air.

Bright plumes are waving,
Strong men are braving
Death by the shot,
And the shell,
And the spear,
Crying and moaning,
Gasping and groaning:
What is it for?
And why are they here?
Swords cross'd, are flashing,
Cannon-balls crashing,
Bayonets clashing,
Crimson'd with gore;
Death demons hovering,
Cries for life smothering,
Fiends of the battle
Hold revel once more.

Awful the penalty—
Wide yawns the grave—
Thousands are dying—
Nothing can save.
Grim shadows falling
Fast on the sight,
Darkness appalling—
The blackness of night.

Hark! it is music—
A requiem sad
For the slain on the field
In their war-trappings clad.
How solemn the tone—
Its harmony broke
By the death-shriek alone
Or the black vulture's croak.

Mothers are weeping,
Fathers look stern,
Orphans are shrieking,
Fair maidens mourn;
Sorrow they all
For the loved ones afar,
Crush'd to the earth
By the bloodhounds of war.
Dark is the future
With heart-aching fears,
Sad are their epitaphs
Written in tears,
THE WAR.—By Alfred Tennyson.

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder of war;
Well if it do not roll our way.
Storm! storm! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
Be not gull'd by the despot's plea!
Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?
How should a despot set men free?
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Let your reforms for a moment go,
Look to your butts and take good aims,
Better a rotten borough or so,
Than a rotten fleet or a city in flames!
Form! form! riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's:
True, that we have a faithful ally,
But only the Devil knows what he means.
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.—By Tennyson.

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

Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred,
For up came an order which
Some one had blunder'd.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Take the guns," Nolan said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Forward the Light Brigade!
No man was there dismay'd,
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare
Flash'd all at once in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

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,
AFTER THE BATTLE.

While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

AFTER THE BATTLE.—From Chambers' Journal. 1859.

The drums are all muffled; the bugles are still;
There's a pause in the valley—a halt on the hill;
And the bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill
Where the sheaves of the dead bar the way;
For a great field is reap'd, heaven's garners to fill,
And stern Death holds his harvest to-day.

There's a voice on the winds like a spirit's low cry—
'Tis the muster-roll sounding—and who shall reply?
Not those whose wan faces glare white to the sky,
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,
As they wait that last trump which they may not defy,
Whose hands clutch the sword-hilt so grimly.

The brave heads late lifted are solemnly bow'd,
And the riderless chargers stand quivering and cow'd,
As the burial requiem is chanted aloud,
The groans of the death-stricken drowning;
While Victory looks on, like a queen, pale and proud,
Who waits till the morrow her crowning.

There is no mocking blazon, as clay sinks to clay;
The vain pomps of the peace-time are all swept away
In the terrible face of the dread battle-day:
Nor coffins nor shroudings are here;
Only relics that lay where thickest the fray—
A rent casque and a headless spear.
Far away, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the foe,
Like a storm-wave's retreating—spent, fitful, and slow,
With sounds like their spirits that faint as they go
By yon red-flowing river whose waters
Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled—they are gone; but oh! not as they came,
In the pride of those numbers they staked on the game,
Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of Fame,
Never lift the stain'd sword which they drew;
Never more shall they boast of a glorious name,
Never march with the leal and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and lorn,
They stole on our ranks in the mists of the morn,
Like the giants of Gaza, their strength it was shorn
Ere those mists had roll'd up to the sky:
From the flash of our steel a new day-break seem'd born
As we sprang up—to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death-lots are cast;
And the heroes of battle are slumbering their last,
Do ye dream of yon pale form that rode on the blast?
Would ye free it once more, O ye brave?
Yes! the broad road to Honor is red where ye pass'd,
And of Glory ye asked but—a grave!

THE GLASS RAILROAD.—By George Lippard.

[This fine piece is to be recited as if the speaker were simply telling his dream to a circle of friends, with no effort, or oratorical display.]

It seemed to me as though I had been suddenly aroused from my slumber. I looked around and found myself in the center of a gay crowd. The first sensation I experienced was that of being borne along, with a peculiar motion. I looked around and found that I was in a long train of cars which were gliding over a railway, and seemed to be many miles in length. It was composed of many cars. Every car, open at the top, was filled with men and women, all gayly dressed, and happy, and all laughing, talking, and singing. The peculiarly gentle motion of the cars interested me. There was no grating such as we usually hear on the
railroad. They moved along without the least jar or sound. This, I say, interested me. I looked over the side, and to my astonishment found the railroad and cars made of glass. The glass wheels moved over the glass rails without the least noise or oscillation. The soft gliding motion produced a feeling of exquisite happiness. I was happy! It seemed as every thing was at rest within—I was full of peace.

While I was wondering over this circumstance, a new sight attracted my gaze. All along the road on either side, within a foot of the track, were laid long lines of coffins on either side of the railroad, and every one contained a corpse dressed for burial, with its cold white face turned upward to the light. The sight filled me with horror; I yelled in agony, but could make no sound. The gay throng who were around me only redoubled their singing and laughter at the sight of my agony, and we swept on, gliding on with glass wheels over the railroad, every moment coming nearer to the bend of the road, which formed an angle with the road far, far in the distance.

"Who are those?" I cried at last, pointing to the dead in the coffins.

"These are the persons who made the trip before us," was the reply of one of the gayest persons near me.

"What trip?" I asked.

"Why, the trip you are now making; the trip on this glass railway," was the answer.

"Why do they lie along the road, each one in his coffin?" I was answered with a whisper and a half laugh which froze my blood:

"They were dashed to death at the end of the railroad," said the person whom I addressed.

"You know the railroad terminates at an abyss which is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end it precipitates its passengers into the abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are brought here and placed in the coffins as a warning to other passengers; but no one minds it, we are so happy on the glass railroad."

I can never describe the horror with which those words inspired me.

"What is the name of the glass railroad?" I asked.

The person whom I asked, replied in the same strain:
"It is very easy to get into the cars, but very hard to get out. For, once in these, everybody is delighted with the soft, gliding motion. The cars move gently. Yes, this is a railroad of habit, and with glass wheels we are whirled over a glass railroad towards a fathomless abyss. In a few moments we'll be there, and they'll bring our bodies and put them in coffins as a warning to others; but nobody will mind it, will they?"

I was choked with horror. I struggled to breathe—made frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle I awoke. I know it was only a dream, and yet whenever I think of it, I can see that long train of cars moving gently over the glass railroad. I can see cars far ahead, as they are turning the bend of the road. I can see the dead in their coffins, clear and distinct on either side of the road; while the laughing and singing of the gay and happy passengers resound in my ears, I only see the cold faces of the dead, with their glassy eyes uplifted, and their frozen hands upon their shrouds.

It was, indeed, a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars, gliding over a glass railway, freighted with youth, beauty, and music, while on either hand are stretched the victims of yesterday—gliding over the railway of habit toward the fathomless abyss.

"There was a moral in that dream."

"Reader, are you addicted to any sinful habit? Break it off ere you dash against the rocks."

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THE CASE OF MR. MACBETH.—By F. A. D.

In Macbeth, Shakspeare seems to have designed a display of the disadvantages of being henpecked; for Mrs. Macbeth, though a Scotchwoman, is also a Tartar. She was the original Mrs. Caudle, and her curtian lectures changed her husband from a quiet performer on the Scottish violin and an ardent lover of rappee, to an ambitious seeker after royalty. As there is a long step between his original position and that of the monarch of Scotland, he determines to succeed in his, or rather in his wife's object, by imitating the Catholic Priests, and cutting off all the heirs (heirs) to the Crown. Hence he receives Duncan into
his castle with the cheerful politeness manifested by the spider to the fly:

"Won't you walk into my parlor?"
"Said the spider to the fly."

Duncan goes to bed. Macbeth, in what we always supposed to be an access of delirium tremens, sees double,—that is, he sees a dagger in the air and another in his own hand. He walks into his guest's room, the door of which the latter has forgotten to lock, without stumbling over his boots in the entry, and giving him his quietus, walks out again as if he had performed rather a meritorious action. When the deed is discovered, he lynchés a couple of servants whom he charges with the crime. We forgot to mention that his success had been predicted to him by three old maiden ladies who met him and told his fortune on what Shakspeare, with the reprehensible coarseness of his period, calls a "blasted heath," Macbeth giving them half a crown to insure him a whole one. By force of habit as well as principle, he next has his friend Banquo killed—but the latter gentleman amuses himself by rising from the grave and reappearing to Macbeth at the supper-table, with all sorts of unpleasant faces, making himself as disagreeable as possible, until he disappears under the stage by means of a trap-door, to wash off the red-ochre and bury his cares and countenance in a pot of porter. After coming a variety of naughty games, and rendering himself liable to numerous indictments, this "fine old Scottish gentleman" is driven into a corner by one Mr. Macduff, a very spunky and wrathy individual, who does not think the usurper a nice man, and declares the means by which he obtained the gilt-paper coronet that is stuck on the top of his black wig, "very tolerable and not to be endured." To be sure, Macduff is rather prejudiced against the other Mac, from the fact that the latter has chosen to while away a tedious half-hour by putting Mrs. Macduff, and all the little Masters and Misses Macduff "out of their misery;" consequently he flares up and fires away and bestows many opprobrious epithets upon Mr. Macbeth, calling him, among other things, a "hell kite," and using other expressions unbecoming a gentleman and a scholar. The upshot of it is, that the two Mr. Mc's have a pitched battle. Some commentators have supposed that previous to this fight Macbeth had become reduced in his circum-
stances and sought employment as an hostler, from the fact that he talks about “dying with harness on his back;”—but as we have discovered that harness and armor are synonymous, we have come to the conclusion that he might more properly be termed a mail-carrier. Macbeth had relied upon getting the best of it, because the three maiden ladies above referred to assured him that

“No man of woman born
Could harm Macbeth.”

But Macduff being a self-made man, succeeds in flooring his ferocious adversary. What became of the body—whether it was sold to the surgeons, or given to the friends of the deceased (if he had any—we are inclined to infer that he had not, from Macduff’s “hitting him”), neither history nor Shakspeare states. In fact, it is of very little importance; and the moral the drama teaches, is the danger of one’s permitting his better-half to wear those habiliments which are the distinguishing characteristics of the costume of the male sex.

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THE PROFESSOR ON PHRENOLOGY.—By Dr Holmes.

I shall begin, my friends, with the definition of a Pseudo-science. A Pseudo-science consists of a nomenclature, with a self-adjusting arrangement, by which all positive evidence, or such as favors its doctrines, is admitted; and all negative evidence, or such as tells against it, is excluded. It is invariably connected with some lucrative practical application. Its professors and practitioners are usually shrewd people; they are very serious with the public, but wink and laugh a good deal among themselves. The believing multitude consists of women of both sexes, feeble-minded inquirers, poetical optimists, people who always get cheated in buying horses, philanthropists who insist on hurry ing up the millennium, and others of this class, with here and there a clergyman, less frequently a lawyer, very rarely a physician, and almost never a horse-jockey or a member of the detective police. I did not say that Phrenology was one of the Pseudo-sciences.

A Pseudo-science does not necessarily consist wholly of

*From the Atlantic Monthly for August, 1859.
lies. It may contain many truths, and even valuable ones. The rottenest bank starts with a little specie. It puts out a thousand promises to pay on the strength of a single dollar, but the dollar is very commonly a good one. The practitioners of the Pseudo-sciences know that common minds, after they have been baited with a real fact or two, will jump at the merest rag of a lie, or even at the bare hook. When we have one fact found us, we are very apt to supply the next out of our own imagination. (How many persons can read Judges xv. 16, correctly the first time?) The Pseudo-sciences take advantage of this. I did not say that it was so with Phrenology.

I have rarely met a sensible man who would not allow that there was something in Phrenology. A broad, high forehead, it is commonly agreed, promises intellect; one that is "villainous low" and has a huge hind head back of it, is wont to mark an animal nature. I have as rarely met an unbiased and sensible man who really believed in the bumps. It is observed, however, that persons with what the Phrenologists call "good heads" are more prone than others toward plenary belief in the doctrine.

It is so hard to prove a negative, that, if a man should assert that the moon was in truth a green cheese, formed by the coagulable substance of the Milky Way, and challenge me to prove the contrary, I might be puzzled. But if he offer to sell me a ton of this lunar cheese, I call on him to prove the truth of the caseous nature of our satellite, before I purchase.

It is not necessary to prove the falsity of the phrenological statement. It is only necessary to show that its truth is not proved, and cannot be, by the common course of argument. The walls of the head are double, with a great air-chamber between them, over the smallest and most closely crowded "organs." Can you tell how much money there is in a safe, which also has thick double walls, by kneading its knobs with your fingers? So when a man fumbles about my forehead, and talks about the organs of Individuality, Size, etc., I trust him as much as I should if he felt of the outside of my strong-box and told me that there was a five-dollar, or a ten-dollar bill under this or that particular rivet. Perhaps there is; only he doesn't know any thing about it. But this is a point that I, the Professor, understand, my friends, or ought to, certainly,
better than you do. The next argument you will all appreciate.

I proceed, therefore, to explain, the self-adjusting mechanism of Phrenology, which is very similar to that of the Pseudo-sciences. An example will show it most conveniently.

A. is a notorious thief. Messrs. Bumpus and Crane examine him and find a good-sized organ of Acquisitiveness. Positive fact for Phrenology. Casts and drawings of A. are multiplied, and the bump does not lose in the act of copying. I did not say it gained. What do you look so for? (to the audience).

Presently B. turns up, a bigger thief than A. But B. has no bump at all over Acquisitiveness. Negative fact; goes against Phrenology. Not a bit of it. Don’t you see how small Conscientiousness is? That’s the reason B. stole.

And then comes C., ten times as much a thief as either A. or B.,—used to steal before he was weaned, and would pick one of his own pockets and put its contents in another, if he could find no other way of committing petty larceny. Unfortunately, C. has a hollow, instead of a bump, over Acquisitiveness. Ah, but just look and see what a bump of Alimentiveness! Did not C. buy nuts and gingerbread, when a boy, with the money he stole? Of course you see why he is a thief, and how his example confirms our-noble science.

At last comes along a case which is apparently a settler, for there is a little brain with vast and varied powers,—a case like that of Byron, for instance. Then comes out the grand reserve-reason which covers everything and renders it simply impossible ever to corner a Phrenologist. “It is not the size alone, but the quality of an organ, which determines its degree of power.”

Oh! oh! I see. The argument may be briefly stated thus by the Phrenologist. “Heads I win, tails you lose.” Well, that’s convenient.

It must be confessed that Phrenology has a certain resemblance to the Pseudo-sciences. I did not say it was a Pseudo-science.

I have often met persons who have been altogether struck up and amazed at the accuracy with which some wandering Professor of Phrenology had read their charac-
ters written upon eir skulls. Of course the Professor acquires his information solely through his cranial inspections and manipulations. What are you laughing at? (to the audience). But let us just suppose, for a moment, that a tolerably cunning fellow, who did not know or care any thing about Phrenology, should open a shop and undertake to read off people's characters at fifty cents or a dollar apiece. Let us see how well he could get along without the "organs."

I will suppose myself to set up such a shop. I would invest one hundred dollars, more or less, in casts of brains, skulls, charts, and other matters that would make the most show for the money. That would do to begin with. I would then advertise myself as the celebrated Professor Brainey, or whatever name I might choose, and wait for my first customer. My first customer is a middle-aged man. I look at him,—ask him a question or two so as to hear him talk. When I have got the hang of him, I ask him to sit down, and proceed to fumble his skull, dictating as follows:

**SCALE FROM 1 TO 10.**

(Aside observations.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Faculties</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Amativeness, 7</td>
<td>Most men love the conflicting sex, and all men love to be told they do.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alimentiveness, 8</td>
<td>Don't you see that he has burst off his lowest waistcoat button with feeding,—hey?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acquisitiveness, 8</td>
<td>Of course. A middle-aged Yankee.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Approbativeness, 7 ½</td>
<td>Hat well brushed. Hair ditto.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Self-esteem, 6</td>
<td>Mark the effect of that plus sign.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benevolence, 9</td>
<td>His face shows that.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conscientiousness, 8 1-2</td>
<td>That'll please him.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mirthfulness, 7</td>
<td>That fraction looks first-rate.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ideality, 9</td>
<td>Has laughed twice since he came in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Form, Size, Weight, Color, Locality, Eventuality, etc., etc., 4 to 6</td>
<td>That sounds well.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

And so of the other faculties.

Of course, you know, that isn't the way the Phrenologists do. They go only by the bumps. What do you keep laughing so for? (to the audience). I only said that is the way I should practice "Phrenology" for a living.
ANNABEL LEE.—By Edgar A. Poe.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee.
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In a kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Were envying her and me,
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea),
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of man far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above
Nor the demon down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

WASHINGTON'S NAME.—By James G. Percival.

At the heart of our country the tyrant was leaping,
To dye there the point of his dagger in gore,
When Washington sprang from the watch he was keeping,
And drove back that tyrant in shame from our shore:
The cloud that hung o'er us then parted and roll'd its wreaths far away, deeply tinctured with flame;
And high on its fold
Was a legend that told
The brightness that circled our Washington's name.

Long years have roll'd on, and the sun still has brighten'd
Our mountains and fields with its ruddiest glow;
And the bolt that he wielded so proudly, has lighten'd,
With a flash as intense, in the face of the foe:
On the land and the sea, the wide banner has roll'd
O'er many a chief, on his passage to fame;
And still on its fold
Shine in letters of gold
The glory and worth of our Washington's name.

And so it shall be, while Eternity tarries,
And pauses to tread in the footsteps of Time;
The bird of the tempest, whose quick pinion carries
Our arrows of vengeance, shall hover sublime:
Wherever that flag on the wind shall be roll'd,
All hearts shall be kindled with anger and shame,
If e'er they are told
They are careless and cold,
In the glory that circles our Washington's name.
THE SAILOR BOY'S SYREN.—Ohio Paper.

A sailor boy lay in his hammock at rest,
With visions of loved ones around his rope nest,
Nor knew he the tempest abroad on the deep,
Nor the Syren that chanted this song in his sleep:

"Sleep on! sleep on! sailor boy! calm be thy sleep;
The waves are fierce rolling, and dark is the deep:
Thy covering is warm, press'd close to thy breast—
And firm is the fast'ning of thy close-netted nest:
Sleep on! sleep on!

"Sleep on! for there are wailings above and below,
And darkness and terror are wild in their woe;
The brave ship is staggering heavily on,
But thy hammock shall buoy thee safely along:
Sleep on! sleep on!

"Sleep on! for stout hearts on deck are at prayer,
Wild shouting and shrieking for mercy and care;
The rigging is loosed to the howl and the storm,
But thy nest is firm fastened, thy covering warm:
Sleep on! sleep on!

"Ay! sleep on, sailor boy, though the wreck strew the gale,
There's many a tongue to tell the sad tale;
Thy hammock shall bear thee, down, down in the deep,
Though its fastening is loosed, sleep on, I will keep:
Sleep on! sleep on!"

And he woke from his sleep with the hiss of the wave
Calling aloud for a strong arm to save;
But the glare of the light revealed him afloat
Far away from his comrades in the life-boat;
With hammock around him he sank in the deep,
While the Syren that kept him, sang—sleep, sleep, sleep—
Sleep on! sleep on!
Fellow-Republicans and Fellow-Sufferers: I am a plain and modest man, born at an early period of my existence. I have struggled from the obscurity, to which an unlucky star had doomed me, till I have risen like a bright exhalation in the evening to the summit of human greatness and grandeur. Gentlemen, I profess no principles—unfortunately I have none. On the unhappy occasion of my birth, a dismal and melancholy man, clothed in the somber hues of mourning, swapped me for another baby, and subsequently lost me at a raffle. Sad event; But who can control his fate? We are the creatures of destiny—"there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." I was intended by nature for a great statesman. Had I lived in the days of Hannibal, I should have beaten that great chieftain in crossing the Alps; and it is a dead certain thing, that I could have distanced Cortez in crossing the Isthmus. He never performed the feats I have did; he never came up the Chagres River in a canoe, with a deaf and dumb "hombre," without a red cent, or change of summer apparel. "But a light heart and a thin pair of breeches goes merrily through the world."

Sir, every man who has come here is a Columbus! He comes here to discover new diggins. I am a Columbus. I was dead broke at home, as Columbus was, and I have come here to strike a new vein. But I am not going to the mines! Oh, no. You don't catch me up to my waist in ice-water with a juvenile pick-axe and an incipient crowbar, laboring under a sun of one hundred degrees in the shade, to dig out filthy lucre. No, sir! I am not on that lay. I hate labor—it was an invention to vex mankind. I prefer an office, one that is lucrative and not laborious; what you call a sinecure. And if I can not get one myself, I will go in for any man who will divide on the dead level and no splits. Sir, where will you find a glorious country like this? Talk not of the oriental gorgeousness of eastern countries. Tell us not of the fairy scenes which poets, who revel in the great warm bath of heavenly imaginations, paint with golden pens on leaves of satin. The description of this beautiful country should be written with the golden wand of an angel dipped in the softest
rays of a sunbeam, upon the blushing and delicate surface of a rose leaf. Excuse me, gentlemen, I except only the rainy season and the time when the dust flies. We love our native land, we honor her flag,—and would rob the custom-house, if we had a fair show. But Congress must not put on airs, or we will take charge of the custom-house and post-office, and make a muss generally. Them is my sentiments, gentlemen.

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A DUTCH CURE.—By Anon.

Ven I lays myself down in my lonely pet-room,  
Und dries for to sleep very sound;  
De treams, oh, how into my het dey vill come  
Till I wish I was under de ground.

Sometimes, ven I eats von big supper, I treams,  
Dat my stomack is filt full of shtones,  
Und out in my sleep, like de night-owl I schreams  
Und kicks off te ped-clothes and groáns.

Den dare, ash I lay mit te pet clothes all off,  
I kits myself all over froze;  
In de morning I vakes mit de het-ache an’ koff,  
Und I’m shick from mine het to mine toes.

Oh, vat shall pe dun for a poor man like me—  
Oh, vat for I eat such a life!  
Some shays dere’s a cure for dis trouble of me—  
Dink I’ll try it—and kit me a vife.

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THE WEATHER.—By O. W. Holmes.

It’s far in June—its late in June—  
The month of leaves and roses—  
And pleasant light should meet the eyes,  
And pleasant smells the noses;  
They say that time is on the wing,  
And on the autumn gaining,  
But who would know it when it is Perpetually raining;
I got my summer pantaloons
A month ago o’ Monday,
And I have never had a chance
To sport ’em even one day;
It’s time for all the pleasant things,
For walking, riding, training,
But there is nothing in the world,
But raining, raining, raining.

There’s Jane has stay’d at home until
She’s white as an albino,
And simple Sue is in a fret
To wear her Navarino;
“The wash” is soaking in the tub,
The cambric muslins staining,
And human nature’s in the dumps
With raining, raining, raining.

The weathercock has rusted East,
The blue sky is forgotten,
The earth’s a saturated sponge,
And vegetation’s rotten,
I hate to see the “darkest side,”
I hate to be complaining,
But hang me if my temper stands
This raining, raining, raining.

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THE HEATED TERM.—By Enos B. Reed.

The sun is very hot to-day.
And every one we meet,
Makes exclamations tending to
Intensify the heat.

One’s not inclined to take a spree
And roam the streets about;
’Tis foolish taking “hot within.”
When ’tis so “hot without.”

There’s neighbor Jones the other day
Was struck down in a trice,
And had to keep his body cool
By packing it in ice.
And neighbor Smith fell in a fit,  
While walking on the street;  
Some say 'twas caused by what he eat,  
But we say 'twas the heat.

'Tis death to stay within the house,  
And death to go outside—  
He who escapes the heated term,  
Should straight be deified.

'Tis folly to attempt to sleep—  
To make a faint, and snore,  
'Tis best to seek a shady spot,  
On some soft cellar-door.

"Keep cool!" exclaims a mother'd friend;  
But surely 'tis a joke,  
For how, we ask, can one keep cool,  
When ice is seen to smoke?

The very air we breathe is hot,  
And as it comes and goes,  
Our bodies seem like ovens in  
A lot of smoking clothes.

We've read of icebergs and the like,  
Within the frozen pole—  
We're half inclined to emigrate,  
To keep our body whole

We can not read—we can not write—  
We're wedged as in a vice:  
We'll have to cease this iceless verse  
Till Blair sends down some ice.

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PHILOSOPHY APPLIED—By Dr. Le Grand.

Heigh-ho! what a world is this—  
Full of thorns and flowers:  
How few the moments of exquisite bliss—  
How many the weary hours.
AN OLD BALLAD.

A Hope laughs in our face to-day—
    A grief is here to-morrow;
While vainly we bid the cherish'd to stay
    To chase away our sorrow,

A love is here—but the Loved is gone
    Over the Lethian river,
And we weep to struggle with life alone,
    Chiding the good All Giver,

Endure, O' soul, the heart should know
    Tears are the boon of living;
Then, ever content as onward we go,
    Let us be always giving.

Giving of hope to the weary and sad—
    And gold where Hunger holds revel—
Giving of smiles to the joyous and glad—
    And—giving false maids to the ——.

The speaker retiring ere the word is spoken.

AN OLD BALLAD.

There was an old lady,
    And what do you think?—
She lived upon nothing
    But victuals and drink;
Victuals and drink
    Were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old lady
    Could never be quiet.

This little old lady,
    On dying, we find,
Left nothing, except
    A large fortune behind;
So pity her fate,
    Gentle hearers, and say
Such women are not
    To be found every day.
PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.—By Rev. Stowell
Brown, of Liverpool.

The "penny wise and pound foolish" principle is often illustrated by the system on which many people act in almost all their purchases. The rage for cheap things seems to be the order of the day. Under the shelter of this word "cheap," the vilest trash, in food, in drink, in clothing, in furniture, in implements, is sold in enormous quantities. Perhaps there is not a more delusive word in our language, for, generally speaking, the cheapness of an article is the result of deterioration; in proportion to its cheapness, is its nastiness, its worthlessness. What you buy dirt cheap, usually is dirt. I have heard of a gentleman who went into a great clothing establishment in London, and bought himself a suit, at a remarkably low figure. He was delighted with his purchase, and next morning saluted forth for his office in the city, dressed in his new toggery, and pleased to observe how well it fitted him, and how becoming it was in all respects; but he had not proceeded far, when first one seam and then another gave way; in a few minutes he was in rags, and was compelled to take refuge in a cab, and be driven back in confusion to his lodgings, convinced that he for one had been "penny wise and pound foolish." In one way or another, I dare say we have all of us made a discovery of the folly which prompts people to patronize the dirt-cheap system. It is always the most expensive in the long run—for a good article will always command a good price; and that which is very low in figure, proclaims itself low in quality as well; and many of the things that are paraded before the gaping public as extraordinarily cheap, would really be very dear at any price. I often see advertisements headed "Great Bargains!" What am I to make of such an announcement? for a bargain may be good or bad. Our friend who bought the clothes which fell to tatters in the street, had a very great bargain, but a great bad one. If the advertisement were headed "good bargains," there would be some sense in it; though even then it would remain to be decided whether the good bargain was on the side of the customer or of the shopkeeper, and I incline to think it is generally in favor of the latter; at all events, in this puffing age, when, of a multitude of shopkeepers, every
one declares that his is the best and cheapest house in the trade, that his stock is unrivaled in the world, that he is selling off to make alterations in the premises, and that such an opportunity seldom presents itself, &c., it may be well to remember our old proverb, lest, enticed and tempted by such promises, and by the fine appearance which, by various artful dodges, is given to every vile piece of trumpery, and especially to the vilest, we should discover, when too late, that we have been "penny wise and pound foolish."

TRUE CLEANLINESS.—*Ibid.*

But I have said that cleanliness is a word which bears a moral, as well as a physical signification; and it is its moral signification chiefly that brings cleanliness up to its honorable proximity to godliness. One can scarcely walk far in the streets without perceiving that there are not only many dirty faces, but also many dirty tongues; how many there are whose "mouths are full of cursing and bitterness, and under whose lips is the poison of asps." Dirt meets the eye, dirt meets the nose, and the very foulest dirt meets the ear. It is bad enough when a violent provocation calls forth a burst of angry profanity, but infinitely worse when blasphemy and filth are uttered in cold blood, and constitute the ordinary forms of speech. To other sins a man may be incited by temptation, but I do not see what can tempt a man to garnish his speech with the effal and filth of language; yet it is very common, and common among men, young men, who pride themselves on being neat, on being well dressed, who would be ashamed of a dirty face, who brush their hats and their coats, and are particular even about the cleanliness of their boots; they take a pride in being nice in their personal appearance—an equal pride in being as nasty as possible in their speech; thus illustrating Swift's rather severe remark—"A nice man is a man of nasty ideas." My friends, will you set yourselves resolutely against this abomination? You know better than I how prevalent it is, and what a dirty tone conversation often assumes when young men get together, in their workshops and in their social gatherings. When Sir Christopher Wren was building St. Paul's,
he made it a rule that every man guilty of profane language should be instantly dismissed by the clerk of the works. I do not appeal to employers in this matter, but to the men themselves; you know that such language is utterly detestable, and I do not speak merely of profane expressions, but of dirty expressions, which are still more common. Do you wish to be regarded, not as fools, but as men of common-sense?—then give them up. Do you wish to be considered, not blackguards, but gentlemen?—then give them up. Do you wish to have credit, not for a vicious, but for a highly moral tone of feeling?—then give them up and discourage such language in every possible way. Don’t on any occasion allow it to be addressed to you; consider yourself insulted when any foul-mouthed fool speaks to you in this the devil’s language. If you have any right moral sense, to say nothing of religious principle, such language will be offensive and disgusting; set a good example yourselves; let the words of your lips be pure words, and advocate among your companions the total abolition of all nasty speech; try to purify the circles in which you move. The faculty of speech is one of the noblest you possess; consider who gave it to you, and for what purpose it was given, and never prostitute it by making it the channel of filthy communication. For this, as for all other gifts, we shall be held, and most righteous-ly shall we be held, responsible.

SATURDAY NIGHT’S ENJOYMENTS.—*Ibid.*

My dear young friends, there is something for us to do in our leisure, wiser, manlier, nobler, in all respects better, than to amuse ourselves, and engage in the preposterous and dreadful work of killing time. There is something weak, something effeminate, something contemptible, in this excessive love of pleasure, though the pleasure loved be neither expensive nor immoral. If, evening after evening, you crave after the excitements of public amusements, it is very evident that your intellectual and moral nature is in a deplorable state of weakness and disease. How are you to become intelligent as men of business, how are you to become wise as citizens of a great and free nation, how is your religious life to be developed, if those golden hours
of leisure are to be frittered away in amusements? It is
not a sufficient apology to say that your recreations are
harmless, that there is nothing in them that can shock the
most fastidious virtue or offend the most earnest piety.
These amusements do not fulfill the purpose of your life.
When we become men, we should put away childish
things, and bend our energies to earnest pursuits. Let
Saturday evening, therefore, be sometimes spent in harm-
less pleasure, but not always. Set before yourselves some
higher object than this, and let Saturday evening be
often more devoted to the acquisition of substantial and prof-
itable knowledge, and the exercise of your mental powers.
Read, but do not read solely for amusement, as so many
do; read that you may become wiser, abler, better men.
And there is another reason why the Saturday night should
not be given solely to pleasure, however innocent, and it
is this, that the Saturday night precedes that day which
ought to be especially consecrated to the service of the
Supreme Being. In some reflection upon this, and prepa-
ration for this, the Saturday evening will be most ration-
ally and profitably spent. The skeptic may sneer at that
exquisite poem, one of the best that Burns ever wrote—
"The Cotter's Saturday Night," in which the father of a
family is represented as turning over "the big ha' Bible,"
and reading to his assembled family

"How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed,
How he who bore in heaven the Second name.
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head.

*   *   *   *

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear;
Together singing their Creator's praise,
In such society, but still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere."
"IN A JUST CAUSE."—Louis Kossuth.

To prove that Washington never attached to his doctrine of neutrality more than the sense of temporary policy, I refer to one of his letters, written to Lafayette, wherein he says:—"Let us only have twenty years of peace, and our country will come to such a degree of power and wealth that we will be able, in a just cause, to defy whatever power on earth."

"In a just cause!" Now in the name of eternal truth, and by all that is sacred and dear to man, since the history of mankind is recorded, there has been no cause more just than the cause of Hungary! Never was there a people, without the slightest reason, more sacrilegiously, more treacherously, and by fouler means, attacked than Hungary! Never have crime, cursed ambition, despotism, and violence, in a more wicked manner, united to crush down freedom, and the very life, than against Hungary! Never was a country more mortally outraged than Hungary. All your sufferings, all your complaints, which, with so much right, drove your forefathers to take up arms, are but slight grievances, compared with those immense, deep wounds, out of which the heart of Hungary bleeds! If the cause of my people is not sufficiently just to insure the protection of God, and the support of good-willing men, then there is no just cause, and no justice on earth; then the blood of no new Abel will move towards Heaven; the genius of charity, Christian love and justice, will mourningly fly the earth; a heavy curse will upon mortality fall, oppressed men despair, and only the Cains of humanity walk proudly, with impious brow, above the ruins of Liberty on Earth!

You have attained that degree of strength and consistency, when your less fortunate brethren of mankind may well claim your brotherly, protecting hand. And here I stand before you, to plead the cause of these, your less fortunate brethren—the cause of humanity. I may succeed, or I may fail. But I will go on, pleading with that faith of martyrs by which mountains were moved; and I may displease you, perhaps; still I will say, with Luther, "May God help me—I can do no otherwise!" Woe, a thousandfold woe, to humanity, should there be nobody on earth to maintain the laws of humanity! Woe to humanity,
should even those who are as mighty as they are free not feel interested in the maintenance of the laws of mankind, because they are laws, but only in so far as some scanty money interests would desire it! Woe to humanity, if every despot of the world may dare trample down the laws of humanity, and no free Nation arise to make respected these laws! People of the United States, humanity expects that your glorious Republic will prove to the world that Republics are formed on virtue. It expects to see you the guardians of the law of humanity!

NO PEACE WITH OPPRESSION.—By Louis Kossuth.

Is the present condition of Europe peace? Is the scaffold peace?—the scaffold, on which, in Lombardy, the blood of three thousand seven hundred and forty-two patriots was spilled during three short years! Is that peace? Are the prisons of Austria, filled with patriots, peace? Or is the murmur of discontent from all the Nations peace? I believe the Lord has not created the world to be in such a peaceful condition. I believe He has not created it to be the prison of humanity, or the dominion of the Austrian jailer. No! The present condition of the world is not peace! It is a condition of oppression on the European Continent,—and because there is this condition of oppression there can not be peace; for so long as men and Nations are oppressed, and so long as men and Nations are discontented, there can not be peace—there can not be tranquillity. War, like a volcano, boiling everlastingly, will, at the slightest opportunity, break out again, and sweep away all the artificial props of peace, and of those interests which on peace depend. Europe is continually a great battle-field,—a great barrack. Such is its condition; and, therefore, let not those who call themselves men of peace say they will not help Europe because they love peace! Let them confess truly that they are not men of peace, but only the upholders of the oppression of Nations. With me and with my principles is peace, because I will always faithfully adhere to the principles of liberty; and only on the principles of liberty can Nations be contented, and only with the contentment of Nations can there be peace on the earth. With me and with my principles there is peace,—lasting peace,—consistent peace! With the tyrants of the world there is oppression, struggles, and war.
A TALE OF A MOUSE.—A rhymed story for children.

Last night as I tumbled and toss'd in my bed,
Half roasted, half toasted, and nearly quite dead,
I heard a slight wriggle, and then a loud rap,
And I said to myself, "There's a mouse in the trap!"
So I jump'd up and lighted my small chamber lamp,
And quickly discover'd the precious young scamp.
I held up the box, and a pair of bright eyes
Look'd hard in my face with a midnight surprise,
And a brief little tail was coil'd up there so snug,
I thought that the mouse was a common-sized bug.

There sat the young sinner, exceedingly slim,
He wondering at me, and I wondering at him!
"And don't you consider yourself a great rogue?"
I said, imitating the mouse-people's brogue,
"And very great villain, not honest at all?"
Said the mouse with a whine, "I'm exceedingly small!
Just look at my figure, examine my face,
I am young, my dear sir, to be caught in this case,
And if you'll but let me get out of this 'fix,'
With the best of good mice, sir, in future I'll mix."

"Not so," I replied, "you have troubled me sore
In short, Mister Mouse, you're a terrible bore;
You've nibbled my closet, you've nibbled my nose
You've eaten away all the ends of my toes,
And if on my cheese, sir, unharmed you should sup,
You'd grow to a giant, and then eat me up.

The mouse gave a sigh, as I took up the box,
But he felt like a culprit just put in the stocks:
Then I went to the window and look'd on the night,—
The heat was terrific, the stars were all bright;
I look'd down the court and espied a tall cat,
Who was fanning her whiskers while cooking a rat,
So said I "Mistress Pussy, allow me to add
A bit to your meal in shape of a sad,
But I hope very tender and delicate mouse,
The last of his tribe, so I trust in the house."

The cat mew'd her thanks, and uplifted her paws,
So I shook out the plague just over her claws—
Then rose a faint struggle, and then a short scream—
No harm to the mouse though,—’twas all like a dream,
For I saw him run off as the cat raised her tail,
And the moon dropped a beam on the tip of his tail.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.—By Dr. Le Grand.

My Friends: Thanksgiving Day comes, by statute, once a year; to the honest man it comes as frequently as the heart of gratitude will allow, which may mean every day, or once in seven days, at least.

The preachers say we are a poor set of sinners at best; but who believes that? I know that occasionally, in meeting perhaps, a layman confesses that he is a poor miserable sinner, but you tell that same person the same fact, out of doors, and he will get mad and tear round dreadfully; which proves that after all he is not a sinner. We are all honest, good, conscientious people, my friends, no matter what the preachers say.

Now, I propose, my friends, to state a few of the things for us to be thankful for—when we are in the mood, of course; for when we are not inclined, who can make us give thanks for any thing?

We should be thankful that we knew more than anybody else, for, are we not capable of talking and giving lectures upon every subject ever talked of? I should like to see the male or female in this audience who didn’t know a great deal more than any body has any idea of!

We should be thankful that we are all good looking. Ain’t we? Just look around this audience, and see if you can “spot” the person who is, in their own estimation, not good looking? It would be a curious study, to be sure, to find in what particular some people are good looking; but its none of our personal business if a man has carothy hair, eyes like a new moon, nose like a split pear, mouth like a pair of waffle irons, chin like a Dutch churn, neck like a gander’s, and a body like a crow-bar:—comparatively, he is good-looking; that is, there are homelier men and animals than he; so everybody is good looking, and has a right to put on airs. Let us be very thankful, my friends, that this is so, for otherwise some of us would be shut up in “homes for the scarecrows,” which government would have to provide.
We should be thankful that we are more pious than anybody else. That we are pious is evident from the manner in which we treat poor creatures who have most unfortunately been driven to sin; from the fact that we pay our preachers occasionally, and always require them to be unexceptionable, in all respects; that we don't read papers any worse than the "New York Ledger," that never publishes any thing which can outrage our least moral sentiments; from the fact that we don't work on Sunday, and eat the big dinners which it has made the women-folks almost tired to death to prepare. Who is the person in this room that is not pious? I do not care to know him for the present.

We should give thanks that our house is, in many respects, superior to our neighbors'. True, it may not be as big, nor as fine-looking, nor, indeed, as attractive generally; but it is superior, nevertheless, as we always inform any man who wants to purchase:—we should be very thankful that we can wind things so favorably for our own interests.

We should be thankful that our teachers and our editors, and doctors, and lawyers are such superior men, as we learn they are, when they come to die and have their epitaphs written.

We should be thankful, in fact, that this world was especially created for our own comfort, convenience, and use; that we have a perfect right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,—no matter if these do conflict with some other persons' wishes, and happiness, and rights.

I hope you will thank me for this recognition of your good qualities, your rights, your glory; and trust I shall be permitted to say of myself, when I retire,

"Here lies an honest young man."

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THE COST OF RICHES.—By William Howitt.

There was a little village boy—
Oh! but his heart was full of joy,
Had he a stick to whistle on;
A bag of marbles and a kite,
Surely there never was delight
Like that of Johnny Littleton.
But time flew on—a boy no longer,
Up he grew, taller, stouter, stronger,
And then you would admire;
For he had made a splendid marriage,
And he rode in a shining carriage—
John Littleton, Esquire!

No doubt you think this very grand
But I must make you understand—
A very different case;
Though shrewdest heads might not have found,
Had they survey’d this great man round,
Misfortune in his face.

And yet he was most sad—for riches
Have something in them that bewitches,
And fills with large pretenses:
While, like a terrible disease,
They rob us of our mirth and case,
Our faculties and senses.

And this was not his case: for he
Had lost his sight; he could not see
Some things, however nigh:
The friends and playmates of his youth—
He could not see them, though, in truth,
Some stood full six feet high.

And then his hearing went—Oh! none
Had ears as quick as little John
For neighbors in their need;
But now, if sorrow cries and roars,
What hope to pierce a dozen doors,
And ears most deaf indeed?

And soon he lost his common-sense,
Puff’d up with most absurd pretense,
He hoped abroad to find
Each better man, in poorer case,
Bow down unto the dust his face—
He was so out of mind.

His peace of mind expired in glooms,
He built a house of many rooms—
Of many, and most grand:
But through them all he sought in vain;
He could not find his peace again,
In all his house and land.

Next memory waver'd and withdrew,
The more estate and body grew,
Still grew his memory thinner;
Until he even could not tell:
Without a good resounding bell,
His common hour of dinner.

So, on his house-top it was hung,
And loudly, duly was it rung,
To summon him to dine;
As well as that the poor might be
Assured, as they were drinking tea,
That he was drinking wine.

Alas! what matter'd wine, or food?
Oh! but he was in different mood
By his own mother's door,
With porringer of milk and bread;—
But now, his appetite had fled;
And it return'd no more.

No! not though dishes did abound;
Though powder'd lackeys stood around,
In jackets quaintly dress'd;
With scarlet collar, scarlet vest,
And buttons stamp'd with a great beast—
John's true armorial crest.

This beast he on his trinkets wore;
On harness; on his carriage-door;
And on his sealed letters:
Upon his bead, upon his chair,
This beast was figured everywhere—
A beast in golden fetters.

Lost eye and ear; lost heart and health;
Good name; good conscience;—save his wealth,
What loss could still befall?
Alas! to crown the dismal whole,
He died!—'tis fear'd he lost his soul—
The heaviest loss of all!
GREAT LIVES IMPERISHABLE.—Edward Everett.

To be cold and breathless,—to feel not and speak not,—this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts’ blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington, indeed, shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these can not die. The hand that traced the charter of Independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, “make it life to live,” these can not expire:

“These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o’er, and worlds have pass’d away;
Cold in the dust the perish’d heart may lie,
But that which warm’d it once can never die.”

THE PROPHECY FOR THE YEAR.—Anon.

My hearers, your ears, if you please, if you please
While I tell what my eye of prophecy sees—
What there is in the future for each and for all,
The plenty in store for the greatest and small:

Plenty of changes, and all for the worse,
Plenty of blessings exchanged for one curse;
Plenty of nostrums that never were tried,
Plenty of liberty, all on one side.
Plenty to overturn, few to uphold,
Plenty of poverty, great lack of gold;
Plenty of promise and nothing to hand,
Plenty of paupers all gaping for land;
Plenty of dupes to a handful of knaves,
Plenty of freemen fast verging to slaves,
Plenty of atheists scoffing at God,
Plenty of faction at home and abroad;
Plenty of colonies cutting adrift,
Plenty of demagogues lending a lift;
Plenty of newspapers springing the mine,
Plenty of readers to think it all fine.

Plenty of projects with misery fraught,
Plenty of fools by no precedents taught;
Plenty of Quixotry—still in the wrong,
Plenty of humming, that can not last long;
Plenty of lawgivers, "tatter'd and torn,"
Plenty of delegates fetter'd and sworn;
Plenty of gentlemen cutting their throats,
Plenty of waverers turning their coats;
Plenty of rogues with it all their own way,
Plenty of honest men skulking away;
Plenty of Whigs to send England to ruin,
Plenty of Tories to let them be doing.

Plenty of meddling without a pretense,
Plenty of war that is all for "offense;"
Plenty of miters that tottering sit,
Plenty of churches with notice to quit.
Plenty of ancestry, just to disown,
Plenty of rats undermining the throne;
Plenty to-day to work mischief and sorrow,
Plenty to vote a Republic to-morrow.
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A National Song,
Answer to a Thousand a Year,
Answer to Kate Kearney,
A Thousand a Year,
Belle Brandon
Ben Bolt,
Blind Orphan Boy's Lament,
Bob Ridley,
Bold Privateer,
Do They Miss me at Home?
Don't be Angry, Mother,
Down the River,
E Pluribus Unum,
Evening Star,
Faded Flowers,
Gentle Annie,
Gentle Jenny Gray,
Glad to Get Home,
Hard Times,
Have You Seen my Sister,
Heather Dale,
Home Again,
I am not Angry,
I Want to Go Home,
Juney at the Gate,
Kate Kearney,
Kiss me Quick and Go,
Kitty Clyde,
Little Blacksmith,
My Home in Kentucky,
My Own Native Land,
Nelly Gray,
Nelly was a Lady,
Old Dog Tray,
Our Mary Ann,
Over the Mountain,
Poor Old Slave,
Red, White, and Blue,
Root, Hog, or Die,
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Song of the Sexton,
Star-Spangled Banner,
The Age of Progress,
The Dying Californian,
The Hills of New England,
The Lake-Side Shore,
The Miller of the Dee,
The Marseilles Hymn,
The Old Folks we Loved Long Ago,
The Old Farm-House,
The Old Play-Ground,
The Rock of Liberty,
The Sword of Bunker Hill,
The Tempest,
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Minnie Dear,
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My Love is a Saileur Boy,
My Mother Dear,
My Grandmother's Advice,
My Mother's Bible,
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Oh! Scorn not thy Brother,
O! the Sea, the Sea,
Old Siding Hill,
Our Boyhood Days,
Our Father Land,
Peter Gray,
Rory O'More,
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The Farmer Sat in his Easy Chair,
The Farmer's Boy,
The Irishman's Shanty,
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I am a Freeman,
I'll hang my Harp on a Willow-Tree,
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Johnny is Gone for a Soldier,
Jolly Jack the Rover,
Kate was once a little Girl,
Kitty Tyrrel,
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Linda's Gone to Baltimore,
Maud Adair, and I,
Molly Bawn,
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My Boyhood's Home,
Nora, the Pride of Kildare,
O, God! Preserve the Mariner,
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