

Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION.—Jackson.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS

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WHOLE NO. 357.

TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksburg Register is published in Clarksburg, Va., every Friday morning, at \$2.00 per annum in advance, or at the expiration of six months from the time of subscribing; after which \$2.50 will invariably be charged. No subscription will be received for a less period than six months. The price of the paper is not to be discontinued except at the option of the proprietors, until all arrears are paid up—and those who do not order their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

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APPEAL TO A BACHELOR.

Dear Charles, be persuaded to wed,
For a sensible fellow like you
It's high time to think of a wife,
And mullin and coffee for two;
So have done with your doubts and delaying,
With a soul so adapted to mingle,
No wonder the neighbors are saying
"Tis singular you should be single!

Don't say you haven't got time—
That business demands your attention,
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention.
Don't tell me about "other fish"
Your duty is done when you buy 'em!
And you never will relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

You may dream of political fame—
But your wishes may chance to miscarry,
The best way of sending one's name
To posterity, Charles, is to marry!
And here I am willing to own,
After soberly thinking about it,
I'd very much rather be known
By a beautiful woman than a sonnet.

Then, Charles, bid doubting good bye,
And dismiss all fantastic alarms,
I'll be bound you've a girl in your eye,
"Tis your duty to have one in your arms.
Some trim little maiden of twenty,
A beautiful azure eye-elf;
With virtuous and graces in plenty,
And no failing but loving yourself.

Don't search for an "angel" a minute—
For granting you win in the sequel,
No joy, after all, would be in it,
With a union so very unequal;
The angels, it must be confessed,
In this world are rather uncommon;
And allow me dear Charles, to suggest,
You'll be better content with a woman.

Then, there's the economy, dear,
By poetical algebra shown—
If your wife has a grief or a tear,
One-half by the laws, is your own;
And as to the joys by division,
They're nearly quadrupled, 'tis said—
(Though I never could see the allusion
Quite plain in the item of bread.)

WIND RIPPLES.

The swamy sea was sinking in the west;
The wave that broke upon the strand
Seemed but a wrinkle on the breast
Of the fair lake, and when it reach'd the land
It rippled gently, The beach caressed
And thanked it, for its offering of sand!

And then as though its loamy forked,
That it, a little wave should seek the shore,
It ripped back, and, in evening shadows hid,
"Twas lost to me—lost for ever more:
Yet o'er the surface of the water sped
Another wave, and it was wrinkled as before.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

King Francis was a hearty king, and lov'd a royal sport,
And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count De Looze, with one for whom he sigh'd;

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.
Ramp'd and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit they glar'd, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd on one another
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thousander another;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
Said Francis then, "Faith gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Looze's love o'erheard the King, a beautiful lively dam,
With smiling face and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same;
She thought, "this Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love to me;

Kind, ladies, lovers all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine."
She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love, then look'd at him and smiled;
He bow'd and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild;

The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regain'd his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"By Heaven!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love!" quoth he "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

THE LAST VICTIM OF THE GAUNTLET.

An imperial receipt, bearing the date of the 20th of August, 1854, and the signature of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, has abolished for evermore within the realms of the whole Austrian empire that terrible chastisement—running the gauntlet. Terrible it was in deed—a cruel and barbarous remnant of those dark and dismal times called the middle ages. I witnessed the last execution of this kind, and record it for the benefit of those who still cling with a strange fondness even to the worst legacies of by-gone centuries.

On an autumn morning, in the year 1851, the garrison of the fortress of the Reschenstadt, on the Eger river, in Bohemia, was formed in a large square on the spacious place before the residence of the commandant. In the middle of the square, drawn up in file, stood a company of a rifle battalion, to which the delinquent belonged. It was unarmed, each private (there were three hundred) being provided with a switch, and placed at a small distance from his next man. At the tenth stroke of the clock the drums were beaten, and amidst a silence deep and oppressive the prisoner was marched into the square.

He was as fine looking a man as ever I set eyes upon—tall, powerful, and well formed. His handsome features, to which a black mustache gave a bold and martial expression, shone forth in the full glow and vigor of manhood, only they were of a deadly paleness.

He was a non-commissioned officer and during the last campaign in July, 1849, he had distinguished himself in such a manner that his superior officers had recommended him for promotion—Austria is more generous than England towards those that shed their blood in her service, and he would have been made a commissioned officer long since—in spite of his humble origin and his poverty—it had not been for a fatal impediment. This impediment was his own passionate temper; he was a very choleric man; harsh and brutal towards his inferiors, morose and stubborn towards his superiors; whenever they deemed it necessary to check or rebuke him. He was hated by the men to the utmost. There was not a private in the whole battalion that had never made one friend, nor did he care to have one. Strict in the performance of his military services—the most unflinching in the most arduous duties, he was discharged with the utmost execration—he went his own way, proud, reserved, solitary. Innumerable were the punishments which he had brought upon the men; for however slight the offence might be, he was sure not to pass it off in silence.

His superior officers respected him for his usefulness, his ability, and his exactitude, but they did not like him. The evident lack of humanity in the man made him an object of doubt rather than love. Moreover, there was vague rumors about his having once struck at his own officer in the midst of a pell mell caused by a hand-to-hand encounter with the enemy. The report never took a clear shape, the officer having been killed in the engagement, and the gossipings of a few wounded soldiers having been much too incoherent and contradictory to lead to a formal investigation of the matter; besides it was at the victory of Navarra. He had greatly distinguished himself, and old Field-Marshal Radetzky had, with his own hands, struck the gold medal on his breast. The rumor, however, together with the knowledge of his harsh and violent temper, caused his name to be erased from the list of those that were recommended for higher promotion.

When this incident was made known to him he became even more sullen, more rigid, more cruel than ever; but always, as it was well understood, for the benefit of the service, the slightest demand of which he performed with the same immutable strictness as he enforced them to be done by others.

A few weeks previous to the dreadful punishment which he had now to undergo he was mounting guard in the outskirts with some twenty or twenty-five men of his own company. It was a chilly, rainy night; and when the sentries were relieved they were glad to stretch themselves—wet as they were—upon the floor near the large stove in the middle of the guard-room. The floor not being very clean, (floors seldom are in these localities) and the white uniforms of the men being wet, it was no wonder that the dirt adhered to them with a tenacity that defied all exertions to get it off. When the sentries were aroused by this sergeant to prepare for standing guard once more. The more they tried to rub their clothes clean the more sturdily he lent a helping hand to their endeavors by an application of the sad equipment of every Austrian non-commissioned officer—the stick—Whilst he was fully at work, cutting away at the men with a powerful arm, the door opened, and the officer on duty entered the guard-room.

"A tent!" commanded the sergeant and saluting his superior, made the usual report that nothing worth remarking had happened. The officer, a young ensign, fresh from the Military school, and almost a boy, took no notice whatever of this important news but asked the sergeant in a brisk and somewhat impetuous manner, "What he was again striking the men for?"

The sergeant, already much annoyed at this interference, gave a surly and unwilling answer; and when the young officer rebuked him, in a severe and perhaps somewhat haughty manner, the violent and passionate man, losing all self-control, lifted up his hand against his officer.

It was but one fatal moment, quick as lightning, the uplifted hand never descended; it was caught by a dozen powerful arms. He fell to the ground

and disarmed. Half an hour afterwards he found himself in irons in the case-mates. Lifting the arm against a superior is considered a capital crime. In this case it had been committed, whilst both parties were on duty, and the Austrian military laws are the very last in the world to be trifled with. The following day he was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot. When the sentence was forwarded to the competent authority for ratification, it happened to be the superior's anniversary day; capital punishment was commuted, the criminal had to run the gauntlet.

A cruel act of grace was this commutation! When the first sentence had been read over to him, he had remained cold and impassible; not a muscle of his proud face stirred. He did not fear death; he had looked it in the face many a time without flinching, and to die in the open air, pierced by a dozen balls—a soldier's death—what should he care for that? But when he was informed that he had to run the gauntlet twice through his company, after having been previously degraded, he trembled for the first time in his life. He knew of many a soldier who had run the gauntlet thrice through a whole battalion, and not been the worse for it after all; he knew of some that had even married afterwards, and brought up families of children; he was fully aware that the issue of this terrible torture depended entirely upon the dispositions of the men. Dreadful reflection! Above all, he thought of the shame, the dishonor—and his proud heart was well nigh giving way.

On the evening previous to the punishment, the second rifle battalion of Kiebnheller infantry would have been in Austria is more generous than England towards those that shed their blood in her service, and he would have been made a commissioned officer long since—in spite of his humble origin and his poverty—it had not been for a fatal impediment. This impediment was his own passionate temper; he was a very choleric man; harsh and brutal towards his inferiors, morose and stubborn towards his superiors; whenever they deemed it necessary to check or rebuke him. He was hated by the men to the utmost. There was not a private in the whole battalion that had never made one friend, nor did he care to have one. Strict in the performance of his military services—the most unflinching in the most arduous duties, he was discharged with the utmost execration—he went his own way, proud, reserved, solitary. Innumerable were the punishments which he had brought upon the men; for however slight the offence might be, he was sure not to pass it off in silence.

When the latter tore off from his uniform the golden lace and galleons—the marks of his military rank—throws them, together with the gold medal, at his feet, the face of the unfortunate man became purple, and his dark eye flashed fire. When he was stripped of his coat and shirt, and placed at the entry of the terrible street through which he had to pass, he became pale as gain. Two soldiers went ahead of him; they marched backward, with their bayonets presented to his breast, so as to force him to keep measure to a drum which brought up the rear. The drum was muffled; its slow and dismal beats sounded like the music of a funeral procession.

When he received the first stroke his features assumed an expression of pain, and his firm set lip quivered slightly—This was, however, the only sign of sensation. Crossing his arms over his breast and pressing his teeth close together, his proud face remained henceforth invulnerable. His merciless enemies enjoyed by an incomplete triumph after all; they might stab his body in pieces, but his proud and indomitable spirit they could not break. The blows descended with a careful violence upon him. After the first dozen, blood came; but never did he utter one single exclamation of pain; never, not even with a look—did he implore for mercy. An expression of scorn and disdain was deeply set on his face, as pale as death. When he had reached at last the left wing of the company, his lacerated back presented a frightful appearance. Even his most exasperated enemies might well have been satisfied now; if it had been possible, the commanding officer himself would have interceded in his behalf; but this was not even to be thought of; the law must have its course. They faced him right about; he had to make the same way back again.

There was one thing forcibly connected with this punishment which was a cruel, barbarous and shameful mockery; the delinquent had to thank his executioners for his tortures.

When the victim had arrived at the file leader of the right wing of his company, and the dreadful execution was over at last, he threw one last, long look full of contempt, at his tormentors. Then he was seen staggering like a drunken man towards the commanding officer. His eyes swollen with blood, beamed with an unnatural brightness, his respiration was short and painful; touching his head with his right hand, in token of the military salute he said in a voice that came out of his throat, with a rattling sound, but that was nevertheless distinctly audible all over the place, "I have to thank your honor for this exquisite punishment," and fell down dead.

Wheeling Creek in consequence of the great drought, has become stagnant and is now almost as foul as the Thames.—South.

Mr. Charles Irving and Thos. P. Chisman were the seconds in the duel which came off last Friday at Fairfield, near Richmond. Mr. Irving for Mr. Clemens, and Mr. Chisman the friend of Mr. Wise.

THE SWAFER'S PRAYERS; OR, HIS OATH Explained.

What! a swearer pray? Yes, whether thou thinkest so or not, each of these oaths is a prayer—an appeal to the holy and almighty God, whose name thou dar'st so impudently to take into thy lips.

And what! thinkest thou, swearer that thou dost call for, when the awful impressions damn and damnation, roll so frequently from thy profane tongue? Tremble swearer, while I tell thee—thy prayer contains two parts; thou prayest, first, that thou mayest be deprived of eternal happiness; secondly, that thou mayest be plunged into eternal misery.

When, therefore, thou callest for damnation dost thou not, in fact, say as follows: "Oh God! thou hast power to punish me in hell forever, therefore let not one of my sins be forgiven! Let every oath that I have sworn, every lie that I have told, every Sabbath that I have broken, and all the sins that I have committed, either in thought, word or deed, rise up in judgment against me, and eternally condemn me! Let me never partake of thy salvation! May my soul and body be deprived of all happiness both in this world and that which is to come. Let me never enjoy thy favor and thy friendship, and let me never enter into the kingdom of heaven!"

This is the first of thy prayer. Let us hear the second.

"Oh God, let me not only be shut out of heaven, but also shut me up in hell—May all the members of my body be tortured with inconceivable agony, and all the powers of my soul tormented with horror and despair, inexpressible and eternal! Let my dwelling be in the blackness, and my companions accursed devils! Pour down thy hottest anger; execute all thy wrath and curse upon me; arm and send forth all thy terrors against me; and fierce, thy fiery, thy fearful indignation rest upon me! Be mine eternal enemy and plague; punish and torment me in hell for ever, and ever!"

Swearer, this is thy prayer! Oh dreadful imprecation! Oh, horrible! Oh, horrible! Oh, horrible! Blaspheming man! dost thou like thy petition? Art thou desirous of eternal torment? If so, swear on—swear hard. The more oath the more misery, and perhaps the sooner thou mayest be in hell. Art thou shocked at this language? Dost thou barrow up thy soul? Does the very blood run cold in thy veins? Art thou convinced of the evil of profane swearing? How many times hast thou asked God to damn thee in the course of a year, a month, a day; nay, how many times in a single hour, hast thou called for damnation? Art thou set in hell? Wonder, O heavens, and by astonish ed. O earth, at the good and suffering of that God whose great name swearing persons so often and so awfully profane! Swearer, be thankful that God has not answered thy prayer, thy tremendous prayer, that his mercy and patience have withheld the request of thy polluted lip! Never let him hear another oath from thy unhalloved tongue, but it should be thy last expression upon earth, and thy swearing prayer should be answered in hell. Oh, let him who has turned to supplications! Repent and turn to Jesus who died for sinners as well as for his murderers. And then, oh then (though thou mayest have sworn as many oaths as there are stars in the heavens, and sands upon the sea shore innumerable,) then thou shalt find, to thy eternal joy, that there is love enough in his heart, and merit sufficient in his blood to pardon thy sins, and save thy soul for ever.

Swearer! canst thou ever again blaspheme such a God and Savior as this?—Does not thy conscience cry—God forbid! Even so, Amen.—British Messenger

[From the Sunday Dispatch.]
DEMOSTHENES, THE GRECIAN ORATOR.

Twenty-two centuries have passed away since Demosthenes, the prince of orators, lived and flourished. During that interval vast empires have risen, prospered, and faded into oblivion; yet his fame remains as fresh and pre-eminent in the republic of letters to this hour, as when he moved in person on the tragic scene. Nor has he any superior in genius and glory even among the most powerful of those intellects which Greece so prolific of great men, produced; nor occupies so second place beside Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, or Plato. It is truly a sublime spectacle to behold how such gifted master-spirits as these have defied the oblivion of the grave; how they still resist the surges of the Lethæan flood of time; how they spring up immortal from age to age, seeming to be inscribed with an intellectual vitality which cannot die; and how they appear destined to live in timeless beauty and power hereafter, as long as the human race continues to run its mysterious and clinkered career on this planet. Such colossal minds furnish an unanswerable proof that man may justly claim to hold in the scale of the vast universe, a rank but little lower than the angels.

Demosthenes was born three hundred and eighty-five years before Christ, in the borough of Peaneia, Attica. His father, who bore the same name, was an upstart manufacturer of arms, and not a common blacksmith, as has been frequently asserted. When in his seventh year the future orator lost his father; and soon the very considerable patrimony which he had inherited began to waste away beneath the rapacity and imbecility of the guardians to whose care it had been entrusted. When he was sixteen years of age, a trial of considerable interest engaged the attention of the Athenians; and Calistratus, the most distinguished orator of the day, was employed to conduct it. A vast crowd of citizens were present, and the youthful Demosthenes was among the number. It was on this

occasion, when listening to the soborous and pleasing eloquence of Calistratus, that the ambition of Demosthenes was first aroused; and he determined to devote his life to the attainment of distinction as an orator. He immediately commenced a course of laborious study under the direction of Isæus and Plato.

An opportunity soon afforded in which he was enabled to test his adaptation of mind and person to his new pursuit. When seventeen years old he appeared before the public tribunals to prosecute his guardian for the waste and plunder of his patrimony; and so ably did he conduct the suit that he gained a triumph over them, and at the same time impressed his audience with a just conception of his oratorical abilities. Deceived and flattered by this result, he undertook, on a subsequent occasion, to address the general assembly of the citizens; and completely failed. Overcome probably by indignation from the novelty and difficulty of the task which he had assumed, his voice was feeble, his delivery confused, his respiration interrupted, his gestures awkward and inappropriate, and his utterance stammering. He excited the general ridicule and laughter of the assembly, and he returned home overwhelmed with mortification and shame. It is recorded that at this bitter moment he was visited by a benevolent old man named Sicyon, who had been a witness of his failure, and had detected its cause. He requested Demosthenes to repeat before him a certain passage from a dramatic poet. He did so in the rapid, confused, and unimpressive manner of ordinary readers. When he had finished, Sicyon himself read the passage with the dramatic skill which usually characterized his profession; and he at once opened the eyes of Demosthenes to a new world of knowledge, as to the importance of the art of elocution to public speakers. He instantly resolved to commence and pursue a thorough course of training which should overcome every defect, and render him master of every art and qualification which could be attained.

The industry and perseverance with which Demosthenes carried out this purpose has passed into a proverb, which has long been familiar through all the civilized world. Though gifted by nature with talents of the highest order, he had the greatest physical defects to overcome. He was an inveterate stammerer whenever he became excited. To remedy this defect he practised speaking with pebbles in his mouth. He was unable to pronounce the letter R with clearness; but by endless repetitions and trials he obtained so singular a mastery over the difficult letter, and in subsequent times the impressiveness with which he pronounced it won the attention and the applause of his hearers. His features became often very distorted when thinking; and to correct this deformity he declaimed before a mirror. He had a habit of elevating his left shoulder awkwardly when speaking. To cure himself of this he suspended a naked sword above the offending part, so that its point struck the forehead whenever it was unduly elevated. His voice and lungs were weak; and to strengthen them he practiced declaiming while running up high hills and over rugged pathways. The noise and bustle of a popular assembly confused him; but to accustom himself to this peculiarity of the theatre of his peculiar efforts, he spoke for hours upon the sea shore, and especially when a violent storm lashed its waves in fury. To prevent his auditors from being interrupted, he constructed a subterranean apartment, where he sometimes remained secluded three months at a time. There, by the glimmering light of his lamp, he copied and recopied at least ten times all the orations which are scattered through the works of Thucydides, in order to acquire a familiarity with the best style of oratory. And at last, to prevent his ambition from getting the better of his prudence, and inducing him to curtail his preparatory studies, he shaved off the hair from one side of his head, that he might not be tempted to go abroad. Eight years of unwarmed industry, of theoretical culture, and of practical experiment, were employed by this remarkable man in labors such as these; after which, at the age of twenty-five, he reappeared on the stage of action, possessing a degree of oratorical skill and art which no other youthful speaker ever attained.

Only a short time elapsed before Demosthenes assumed a prominent position among the statesmen of Athens. At the period when he commenced his public career, the ancient glory of Attica had in a great measure passed away; the public spirit and patriotic pride of that once glorious and free State were at the lowest ebb; luxury, indolence and venality had taken the place of the primitive sturdy industry and probity which had once adorned the Athenians; and the virtues of their forefathers were no longer emulated by the cotemporaries of the youthful orator. The Athenian Republic was tending to the ruin of its liberties; and at this very time an able, crafty and unscrupulous enemy was coming upon the stage of action, who threatened the worst consequences to the interests of Greece, and especially to those of Athens, the acknowledged head of the Grecian confederacy. Demosthenes whose patriotism was superior to that of most of his countrymen, soon arrayed himself against the person and plans of Philip of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great; and fourteen years of his public career were employed in his resolute efforts to counteract the operations and projects of that monarch. He constantly related him in the assembly of citizens, and some of his orations were pronounced against this able sovereign; and in this service he may be said to have exhibited the

most exalted and accomplished powers of eloquence which have been possessed by any human being.

Neither ancient nor modern history presents a more remarkable history, in which the consummate powers of a master-spirit were called forth into complete and successful operation on a memorable occasion, the importance of which was worthy of the exercise of the highest of human faculties, than the case of Demosthenes pleading with his countrymen at this critical crisis of their fate, and urging them to union, to fortitude and to patriotism, at the risk of endangering his own personal safety, his popularity, and his future interests through life. Let us briefly consider the details of one of those extraordinary occasions, and view Demosthenes as he appears in the scene of his greatest glory. The crafty and ambitious Philip, having become the bitter enemy of Athens and having resolved to accomplish her ruin, has sent ambassadors to the city, commissioned by him to propose certain insidious measures of alliance and amity. The citizens are assembled for public deliberation in the large and capacious area known by the epithet of the *Pyxæ*, capable of holding ten thousand persons. At the extremity of this space the lofty *Bema*, or rostrum, arose, from which the orators of the republic were accustomed to address the multitude on questions of national interest. This rostrum was an eminence shaped like an altar, hewn out of the solid rock, beneath the open heavens. On the right of this position, at no great distance, toward the far famed Acropolis, whose spacious summit was covered by the matchless form of the Parthenon, or temple of Minerva, the most magnificent edifice ever devoted to the mythology of Greece. Near to this eminence also appeared the less aspiring Hill of Mars, the same from which the sainted Paul, at a later date, proclaimed with a nobler enthusiasm the glorious mysteries of a sublimer creed. In the distance the white cliffs which gird the famous sea of Salamis might be seen, glittering in the sun, at the base of which the Persian fleet of a thousand sail had once been vanquished by Athenian valor. In the fore ground, and close at hand, the beautiful proportions of the temple of Theseus charmed the eye; while scattered around, in appropriate and picturesque positions, might be observed other architectural master pieces of Pyndas and Polycleetus, adorned within by the immortal works of Praxiteles, Apelles and Zeuxippus. To the left of the rostrum were seen the Gymnasium, where Socrates taught; the groves of the Academy, where Plato expounded the doctrines of a philosophy which, for many centuries, has enlightened the intellectual world; the Porch; the Odeum of Pericles; and the stately temple of the omnipotent Jove. The palaces and private residences of the citizens filled the far extending streets on every hand around; making the whole circumference of the city of Cecrops amount to many miles.

Before that rostrum, on the occasion in question, were assembled an audience such as no other country on the globe could have produced. In the front, and standing at the very foot of the stage, were probably the ambassadors of the bold and treacherous Philip, who had been sent to bribe, cajole and terrify the Athenians into submission to the will of their master. Their fierce and defiant looks are vainly intended to intimidate the hostile orator. Moving to and fro among the intelligent and witty crowd might have been observed the dignified form of *Æchines*, an orator inferior in ability and celebrity to Demosthenes alone. But he has been secretly bribed by the gold of Philip; and he now goes about telling the citizens that Demosthenes urges them on to war with the King of Macedon, only that he may rise to supreme power on the ruins of the liberties of the republic. There, too, might be seen the published assassin of the orator of the day; timid and retiring in his nature, unfit for the stormy contests of the forum, but yielding to the most elegant and multifarious pen in Greece. He gazes intently upon the rostrum, and is eager to see his favorite pupil arise, and display his wonderful powers on an occasion so worthy their highest exercise. There, too, doubtless, was *Xenias*, the illustrious painter, attracted from his studio by the brilliant fame of the orator; and Praxiteles, the most accomplished of sculptors, who has deserted the unfinished statue of the *Venus Anidus*—a work whose divine perfections, under the modern name of the *Venus de Medici*, still continue, after the lapse of many ages, to charm and enchant the cultivated world; even if Praxiteles has left behind him, to listen to the consummate displays of the great historician. Soldiers, generals, statesmen, philosophers, and a crowd of citizens, constitute the remainder of the audience.

It is now past mid day. The heralds come forward and announce that the deliberations will begin; and that Demosthenes will address the Athenians in reference to the propositions already made known to them by the ambassadors of Philip. A universal stillness immediately prevails. A tall, slender man, with full brow and flashing eye, is seen slowly ascending the rock-hewn steps of the rostrum. He reaches the summit; he adjusts his robe; he frees his right arm from its ample folds; and he then surveys the vast assemblage for some moments in silence. At length he speaks—His utterance at first is slow, but it is clear, and his voice is audible to every person present. As he progresses he grows more animated and impassive; he becomes more animated and impassive; and he delivers celebrated *Æchines* Philip in which, after having narrated the infamous tyrant of Macedon had offered to present to the Athenians the gov-

ernment of the island of Halonessus, on condition that they would resign to him the office of Protector of the seas, he proceeds to argue vehemently against the proposed arrangement, to expose its perils and pernicious effects and to scourge with the lash of a scorpion the boundless peridy, the villainy and the insatiable ambition of their covertice. During two hours the orator holds that vast multitude spell-bound by his magic wand. The excitable Athenians, at his skillful bidding, alternately defy, ridicule, and execrate the absent tyrant; and there is scarcely a person present who is not wrought up to the intensest pitch of patriotic enthusiasm. And when at length Demosthenes concludes, and the vote is taken, a unanimous sea of upturned hands proclaims that King Philip is a dangerous enemy of the State, that his proposition is indignantly rejected, and that the men of Athens will in future hold no commerce with him. The orator has accomplished his purpose; and Athens, his native land, the favorite abode of art, science, poetry, philosophy and eloquence, still remains glorious and free!

Several of the signal triumphs of Demosthenes were gained in his contests with private citizens. One of these was his victory over *Æchines*, his rival in eloquence. The grateful Athenians had bestowed on Demosthenes, in return for his services, the highest honor known to the State—a crown of gold. *Æchines* opposed this measure, either from principle or jealousy, and a memorable combat of eloquence took place between the rivals in reference to it. The speech of *Æchines* on this occasion was his best; and it is only surpassed, in the whole range of ancient eloquence, by that of Demosthenes on the same occasion. The latter prevailed in the ballot that ensued; and *Æchines*, not having received a fifth part of their votes, by a law the existing became an exile from Attica for having procured a false accusation against a citizen. He retired to Rhodes, and there opened a school for eloquence. On a certain occasion his ability exerted from his pupils an expression of surprise that one so gifted as he could have been overcome even by Demosthenes; *Æchines* replied, "Had you heard that wild beast yourself, you would soon cease to wonder."

In his maturer years this great orator was compelled to experience the usual gradations of republics. He was accused of bribery and condemned to imprisonment. Having effected his escape, he fled to *Ægina*, whence he could behold the distant shores of his beloved native land, and where he constantly protested his innocence. He became a exile as before in his patriotic endeavors against the encroachments of Macedon. But Antipater, who was then at the head of affairs in that kingdom, determined to strike at the heart of Greece through the person of her noblest son. He succeeded by his bribes and intrigues in obtaining a decree of banishment against the orator; so that, when he became a fugitive in a foreign land, he might fall the easy certain victim of the assassin's dagger. Conscious, therefore, of his approaching fate, Demosthenes fled to the island of Calaur, near the coast of Argolis, reached the friendly shelter of a temple of Neptune, and succeeded in taking poison just in time to escape the grasp of the cruel agents of Antipater. He expired in the sixty first year of his age; and it is somewhat singular that the two greatest orators of Greece and Rome should both have ended their memorable careers by a violent and unjust death, the dictation of which threw an eternal stigma upon their ungrateful countries.

The peculiar qualities of the eloquence of Demosthenes were his simplicity and clearness in the structure of his sentences, his elegance and purity of diction, his earnestness, power and rapidity of thinking, his masculine force and strength, his withering sarcasm, his boldness, grasp and thoroughness of discussion. The arrangement of his sentences possessed singular harmony and sweetness of cadence—a quality admirably adapted to captivate the fancy of the polished and fastidious inhabitants of Athens. Yet he pretended to no superior learning; he exhibited no glaring ornaments; he was destitute of the power of touching the tender sentiments of the heart by soft and melting appeals; and he rarely indulged in humorous wit. His delivery was the most accomplished and perfect which human genius has ever displayed; and hence, when asked what the first and greatest requisite of an orator was, he replied, "Delivery." When the inquiry was repeated in reference to the second and third qualities of eloquence, he still answered, "Delivery;" not "Action," as has been usually asserted; for the word "action" was used in English in merely a misconstruction of the Latin term *actio* as used by Cicero when narrating the incident, and is no fair rendering of the Greek phrase originally employed by Demosthenes.

The eloquence of Demosthenes may justly be compared to a tempest in which floods, torrents, and thunderbolts, combine to overwhelm the object of his hostility. Yet he was not unwilling, when occasion served, to use the most artificial expedients of oratory in order to attain his end. This fact is illustrated by an incident which occurred in the delivery of his masterpiece "On the Crown." In endeavoring to fix the charge of bribery on *Æchines*, who, he contended, had accepted the secret gold of Philip, he declared that he was willing to rest the justice of his cause on the truth of this one assertion, and even to submit the question to the immediate decision of the Assembly. "I call this," said he to *Æchines*, "the hiring, first to Philip, and now of Alexander, and all those who are here present agree in sentiment with me.—