



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

The gift of

David McCord

10

Permelia B Adams.

From J. F. Nutting 1850.

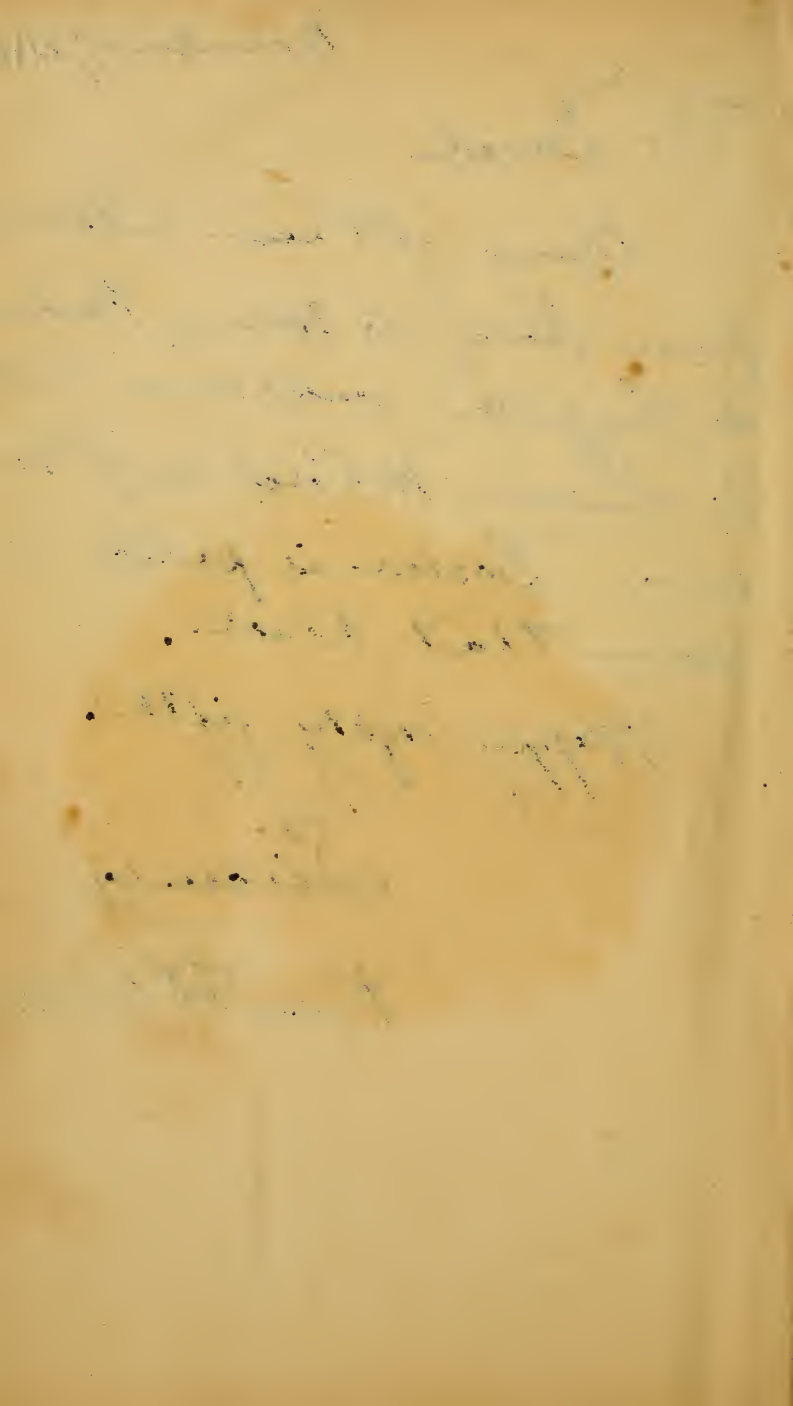
November 15, 1982

To David

Many of these authors
from Quincy to Holmes, Parkman
to Longfellow would have wished
to consider McCord one of their
own. Boston is proud to
claim that honor.

Happy eighty fifth.

Sincerely,
Kevin F. White



THE

WATERWORKS OF THE CITY OF BOSTON



DESIGNED BY
WILLIAM BARRETT AND WILLIAM
W. WOODS



THE
BOSTON BOOK.

BEING SPECIMENS OF

METROPOLITAN LITERATURE.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

MDCCCL.

R-B PS549.B6B6

1850

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by
TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

BOSTON:
THURSTON, TORRY AND COMPANY,
31 Devonshire Street.

P R E F A C E .

THE first volume of the Boston Book, edited by Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, was published in 1836; the second, edited by Mr. Benjamin B. Thatcher, appeared in 1837; and the third and last, edited by Mr. George S. Hillard, was published in 1841. A new volume having been very generally called for, and as some years have elapsed since the last one was issued, a continuation of the series is deemed desirable.

Several of the articles here published are now printed for the first time, their authors kindly furnishing original contributions, both in prose and verse. The productions of many well known writers, whose names would greatly enhance the value of any publication, the limits and design of this volume compel the Editor reluctantly to omit. At some future time, he trusts, a more extended work may allow greater justice to all our Boston authors.

NOVEMBER, 1849.

C O N T E N T S .

| | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|-----|
| The Old Latin School House . | GEORGE S. HILLARD . | 1 |
| Boston Church Bells | O. W. HOLMES | 9 |
| Drowne's Wooden Image . | NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE . | 13 |
| The Syrens | JAMES R. LOWELL | 30 |
| The Literature of Mirth . | EDWIN P. WHIPPLE | 32 |
| Kathleen | JOHN G. WHITTIER | 39 |
| Minute Philosophies | N. P. WILLIS | 44 |
| Morning and Night | HARRIET WINSLOW | 69 |
| The Solitary of Shawmut . | J. L. MOTLEY | 72 |
| July | THOMAS W. PARSONS, JR. . | 82 |
| Cochituate Lake | NEHEMIAH ADAMS | 84 |
| The Morning Visit | O. W. HOLMES | 89 |
| The Fatal Secret | DANIEL WEBSTER | 93 |
| The Jingko Tree | JACOB BIGELOW | 96 |
| The Seen and the Unseen . | EPHRAIM PEABODY | 100 |
| Santa Croce | EDWARD EVERETT | 106 |
| Washington and The Union . | ROBERT C. WINTHROP . . . | 110 |
| Mount Auburn | CHARLES SPRAGUE | 114 |

| | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|-----|
| Thomas Chalmers | DANIEL SHARP | 116 |
| Resignation | HENRY W. LONGFELLOW | 123 |
| The Chase | FRANCIS PARKMAN, JR. . . . | 126 |
| Forget Me Not | EPES SARGENT | 134 |
| Character of Walter Scott | WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT | 136 |
| Dedication of a Lyceum Hall | JOHN PIERPONT | 142 |
| Value of Mechanical Industry | RUFUS CHOATE | 144 |
| Mary | HENRY T. TUCKERMAN | 152 |
| That Gentleman | EDWARD EVERETT | 154 |
| The Atlantic Steamer | JAMES F. COLMAN | 167 |
| Washington Allston | CHARLES SUMNER | 171 |
| Labor | FRANCES S. OSGOOD | 178 |
| Goodness | F. D. HUNTINGTON | 180 |
| The Ocean | RICHARD H. DANA | 191 |
| Recollections of Cooper | JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM | 193 |
| The Wind | GEORGE LUNT | 208 |
| Nature | RALPH WALDO EMERSON | 210 |
| Song | NATHANIEL GREENE | 217 |
| The Lost Colony | JOHN S. SLEEPER | 218 |
| To a Lady | THOMAS W. PARSONS, JR. . . . | 223 |
| A Picture of War | THEODORE PARKER | 225 |
| Love | WILLIAM W. STORY | 231 |
| Prejudice | SAMUEL G. GOODRICH | 232 |
| On a Book of Sea-Mosses | JAMES T. FIELDS | 239 |
| The Yankee Zincali | JOHN G. WHITTIER | 240 |
| Home | ISAAC McLELLAN | 253 |
| Clerks and Employers | DANIEL N. HASKELL | 255 |

CONTENTS.

vii

| | | |
|---|---------------------------------|-----|
| Charles James | CHARLES SPRAGUE | 261 |
| Early Days of John Ledyard | JARED SPARKS | 264 |
| My Little Daughter's Shoes | CHARLES JAMES SPRAGUE | 277 |
| First Impressions of a Sailor | RICHARD H. DANA, JR. | 279 |
| To Scotland | ROBERT C. WATERSTON | 286 |
| Guy Linden's First Book | GEORGE LUNT | 289 |
| Be Happy | ELIZUR WRIGHT | 313 |
| Room and Work Enough | GEORGE R. RUSSELL | 316 |
| To my Namesake | WILLIAM CROSWELL | 323 |
| A Welcome to Dickens | JOSIAH QUINCY, JR. | 325 |
| Concord Monument | RALPH WALDO EMERSON | 333 |
| The Successful Scholar | GEORGE PUTNAM | 334 |
| My Youngest | DANIEL SHARP | 339 |
| Recollections of Greenwood | N. L. FROTHINGHAM | 341 |
| Love and Fame | ANNA H. PHILLIPS | 345 |
| The Last Supper | HANNAH F. LEE | 348 |
| A Winter Morning | ANDREWS NORTON | 355 |
| Footprints of Angels | HENRY W. LONGFELLOW | 358 |



THE BOSTON BOOK.

THE OLD LATIN SCHOOL HOUSE.

BY GEORGE S. HILLARD.

As an old pupil of the Latin School, I cannot witness the destruction of the School House, which is now going on, without a swelling of the heart. How many memories and associations are shattered by the ruthless pickaxes which I see at work upon those bricks and stones! An attachment to the place, where our young minds were fed with the food of knowledge, is one of the universal instincts of humanity. The man who can pass without emotion by the play-place and study-place of his early years, must have a heart thoroughly petrified by worldly cares or worldly pleasures. It is this feeling, which gives its charm to Gray's fine ode on a distant prospect of Eton College, and their vivid truth to the pictures in Cowper's *Tirocinium*. The popularity of such poetry is owing to the prevalence of the emotions to which it appeals. In

every bosom there is a chord which vibrates to that gentle touch. It is one of the wants of our country, that we have so few material objects to link the present with the past. Few persons live in the houses in which their fathers lived before them. Few persons send their children to the schools where they themselves were taught. Few of our pine academies survive one generation. The Latin School House is but little more than thirty years old, yet, as all things are old and new by comparison, it had always a venerable aspect to my eye.

Certainly there were no intrinsic charms in the building to commend it to the affectionate remembrances of the boys. There never was any thing more bare, more tasteless, more uncouth. The walls were the blankest, the seats the hardest, the desks the most inconvenient, that could be imagined. "Going out" was such a farce. It was only exchanging a room with a roof, for one without; and really not big enough for a well grown boy to swing a kitten in. But what did we care for all this? Youth, and hope, and light hearts, are such mighty magicians. How they gilded and colored those walls! What more than regal tapestry they hung round their naked desolation; with what roses they empurpled that dusty floor; what beauty they shed round that narrow staircase!

There is nothing on earth like a large public school. It is the nearest possible approach to the palace of truth. The bar is said to be a good place to take the conceit out of one, but it is nothing to

a school. It is delightful to see how well and how quickly the operation is there performed; how the full-blown bladder of self-conceit is pricked; how the towering crest of pride is brought low. There is no place where shams and masks, and lies of all kinds, thrive so ill. There is never any mistake about the extent of a boy's capacity. The proofs are too palpable and too constant. A dunce can never be any thing more or less than a dunce. Wise looks, solemn shakes of the head, judicial gravity, discreet silence — all will not do. The murder will out, every time he stands up to recite. And what a fierce democracy a school is; how little does wealth or station avail. A primitive respect is paid to purely personal qualities; to the strong hand, the generous temper, the warm heart, the clever brain. A boy is never in a false position towards his fellows. He receives just what he deserves, and no more. The unconscious justice which prevails in a large school, the stern law of equivalents which is there enforced, is a matter not beneath a wise man's notice.

There is no better illustration of Homer than the daily course of a public school. His heroes are grown-up boys. Like them, they call names. Like them, they weep honest tears, and laugh hearty laughs. Like them, they speak out the whole truth. When a boy chances to make an ass of himself by word or deed, with what distinctness is the fact communicated to him. He is never left to grope his way by inferences. Would that we could

all be boys again for one day. What faces we should see in Court Street and in State Street!

I pass daily in the streets many of my old school-fellows. To me they are always boys. I see the blooming looks of childhood through those strong and manly lines. And yet how many are changed. Such cold, money-getting eyes are turned upon me. Some have protuberant waistcoats, and are growing almost gouty. Some have that compressed lip and furrowed brow which speak of suppressed grief — of that unspoken sorrow, whose darkling current mines away the heart unseen. In some, the natural face is so changed that it looks like a mask. Some, many, are unaltered. With them the flavor of youth is unimpaired. Towards them the dark cloud has not been turned. With them the boy has flowed into the man, as the brook expands into the river. As I pass by these early companions, with a cold nod of recognition, I have often longed to stop them and say to them, "Tell me, in ten words, your history — where do you feel the pinch of life?"

All, however, are not left. The reaper Death has gathered many of those blooming forms into his harvest. As I pass by the spot, I see again those young faces which have passed into the sky, and hear again those joyous voices which have long since ceased to wake the echoes of earth. S——* reappears to me as he was in those days — that rare,

* William W. Sturgis.

bright, stainless creature ; so firm, and yet so gentle ; whose fine mind and lovely character impressed even the rude perceptions of schoolboys with a peculiar feeling of reverence ; as if an angel were visibly guiding those steps that never went astray. I greet, from the land of shadows, J——,* cordial, warm-hearted, and true, but not yet showing those marked intellectual qualities which afterwards gave such rare promise of professional distinction. C——† is again before me, the faithful, conscientious scholar, putting a sense of duty into all his life, and subsequently adorning his sacred calling, during the brief period in which he was permitted to exercise it, with all the Christian graces. The glowing face of E——‡ again beams upon me — overshadowed with his early-gathered laurels — that express image of a young scholar — with invention ever new, and wild wit, whose random shafts sometimes drew blood, full of bright fancies and various knowledge, writing even then in a style whose airy grace awakened our admiration and despair, and charming eye and ear alike with his beautiful elocution. They all throng round me again, these dim shadows. The present disappears, and I live only in the past.

The gentleman who was at the head of the school in my day, is still living among us. For this reason I cannot speak of him as I would, or express the extent of our obligations to him. Far

* James Jackson, Jr. † George Chapman. ‡ Charles C. Emerson.

distant may the day be, when we shall be permitted to utter his eulogy. But his own works are daily praising him in the gates, and the character of the pupils whom he has trained is covering his name with silent benedictions. But of some of those who were associated with him we may speak more freely, for the touch of death has unsealed our lips. There was L——,* that excellent scholar and good man, who labored so faithfully and so fatally in his vocation, with an organization too sensitive, and a nervous temperament too irritable, to endure the wear and tear of teaching.

My eyes grow dim, as I recall the face and form of S——,† for he called out all the love and gratitude of my young heart. He was a man of rare faculties. How wisely, calmly, nobly, he discharged his trust. We all loved him, but the holding up of his finger would quell the boldest of our spirits. He had a most discriminating glance, and seemed to know the very spot where every boy could be most judiciously touched. All instruction came mended from his lips, such was the magnetism of his manner. He gave an impulse to my mind which it has never lost, and I never met his smile of encouragement without a bounding of the heart. He died too early for the community fully to appreciate their loss; but they, who knew him, will feel the truth of all I have said — and that much more might be said without extravagance.

* Frederic P. Leverett.

† J. Greele Stevenson.

I have wandered far from the point from which I started, and naturally enough, for we grow garrulous as we get on in life. I could not see the prostration of those walls, without giving them the meed of a sigh. The very young will hardly sympathize with the emotions which I feel. They are not sentimental. Sorrow and disappointment have not beaten upon their hearts till they have turned soft and womanish under the staggering blows. But my contemporaries and elders will feel with me, I am sure. They cannot pass by those unsightly ruins all unmoved.

New associations will cling round the old place, and the old feelings will be transferred to a new locality. In every respect the pupils will have gained by the change. They are better off than we were. With motives as strong, and love of knowledge as keen, they have the advantage of far better helps and appliances, and a higher standard of culture. We were compelled to feed on such husks as the Gloucester Greek Grammar, Lempriere's Dictionary, and a Delphin Virgil with an *ordo* meandering along the margin; things now as much out of date as wigs and three-cornered hats. I hear now in the school a sound of "logical predicates," as strange to my ear as nouns and verbs were to Jack Cade's. These fine lads are striding after us with seven-leagued boots. I rejoice that they are to know so much more than we. May the car of Time thus ever bear improvement on its wheels. Blessings be upon those young hearts and minds,

that are now in quiet retreats, cropping the flowery food of knowledge. They have small occasion to envy us. But such is not their feeling. They strain, like greyhounds on the slip, to join the race of active life. Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

BOSTON CHURCH BELLS.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

THE air is hushed ; the street is holy ground ;
Hark ! The sweet bells renew their welcome sound ;
As one by one awakes each silent tongue,
It tells the turret whence its voice is flung.

The Chapel, last of sublunary things
That shocks our echoes with the name of Kings,
Whose bell, just glistening from the font and forge,
Rolled its proud requiem for the second George,
Solemn and swelling, as of old it rang,
Flings to the wind its deep, sonorous clang ;—
The simpler pile, that, mindful of the hour
When Howe's artillery shook its half-built tower,
Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,
The iron breastpin which the " Rebels " threw,
Wakes the sharp echoes with the quivering thrill
Of keen vibrations, tremulous and shrill ;—
Aloft suspended in the morning's fire,
Crash the vast cymbals from the Southern spire ;—
The giant, standing by the elm-clad green,
His white lance lifted o'er the silent scene,
Whirling in air his brazen goblet round,
Swings from its brim the swollen floods of sound ;—

While, sad with memories of the olden time,
The Northern Minstrel pours her tender chime,
Faint, single tones, that spell their ancient song,
But tears still follow as they breathe along.

Child of the soil, whom fortune sends to range
Where man and nature, faith and customs change,
Borne in thy memory, each familiar tone
Mourns on the winds that sigh in every zone.
When Ceylon sweeps thee with her perfumed breeze
Through the warm billows of the Indian seas ;
When, — ship and shadow blended both in one, —
Flames o'er thy mast the equatorial sun,
From sparkling midnight to refulgent noon
Thy canvas swelling with the still monsoon ;
When through thy shrouds the wild tornado sings
And thy poor seabird folds her tattered wings,
Oft will delusion o'er thy senses steal,
And airy echoes ring the Sabbath peal !
Then, dim with grateful tears, in long array
Rise the fair town, the island-studded bay,
Home, with its smiling board, its cheering fire,
The half-choked welcome of the expecting sire,
The mother's kiss, and, still if aught remain,
Our whispering hearts shall aid the silent strain —

Ah, let the dreamer o'er the taffrail lean
To muse unheeded, and to weep unseen ;
Fear not the tropic's dews, the evening's chills,
His heart lies warm among his triple hills !

DROWNE'S WOODEN IMAGE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ONE sunshiny morning, in the good old times of the town of Boston, a young carver in wood, well known by the name of Drowne, stood contemplating a large oaken log, which it was his purpose to convert into the figure-head of a vessel. And while he discussed within his own mind what sort of shape or similitude it were well to bestow upon this excellent piece of timber, there came into Drowne's workshop a certain Captain Hunnewell, owner and commander of the good brig called the Cynosure, which had just returned from her first voyage to Fayal.

"Ah! that will do, Drowne, that will do!" cried the jolly captain, tapping the log with his rattan. "I bespeak this very piece of oak for the figure-head of the Cynosure. She has shown herself the sweetest craft that ever floated, and I mean to decorate her prow with the handsomest image that the skill of man can cut out of timber. And, Drowne, you are the fellow to execute it."

"You give me more credit than I deserve, Captain

Hunnewell," said the carver, modestly, yet as one conscious of eminence in his art. "But, for the sake of the good brig, I stand ready to do my best. And which of these designs do you prefer? Here," pointing to a staring, half length figure, in a white wig and scarlet coat — "here is an excellent model, the likeness of our gracious king. Here is the valiant Admiral Vernon. Or, if you prefer a female figure, what say you to Britannia with the trident?"

"All very fine, Drowne; all very fine," answered the mariner. "But as nothing like the brig ever swam the ocean, so I am determined she shall have such a figure-head as old Neptune never saw in his life. And what is more, as there is a secret in the matter, you must pledge your credit not to betray it."

"Certainly," said Drowne, marvelling, however, what possible mystery there could be in reference to an affair so open, of necessity, to the inspection of all the world, as the figure-head of a vessel. "You may depend, captain, on my being as secret as the nature of the case will permit."

Captain Hunnewell then took Drowne by the button, and communicated his wishes in so low a tone, that it would be unmannerly to repeat what was evidently intended for the carver's private ear. We shall, therefore, take the opportunity to give the reader a few desirable particulars about Drowne himself.

He was the first American who is known to have attempted, — in a very humble line, it is true, —

that art in which we can now reckon so many names already distinguished, or rising to distinction. From his earliest boyhood, he had exhibited a knack — for it would be too proud a word to call it genius — a knack, therefore, for the imitation of the human figure, in whatever material came most readily to hand. The snows of a New England winter had often supplied him with a species of marble as dazzling white, at least, as the Parian or Carrara, and if less durable, yet sufficiently so to correspond with any claims to permanent existence possessed by the boy's frozen statues. Yet they won admiration from maturer judges than his schoolfellows, and were, indeed, remarkably clever, though destitute of the native warmth that might have made the snow melt beneath his hand. As he advanced in life, the young man adopted pine and oak as eligible materials for the display of his skill, which now began to bring him a return of solid silver, as well as the empty praise that had been an apt reward enough for his productions of evanescent snow. He became noted for carving ornamental pump-heads, and wooden urns for gate-posts, and decorations, more grotesque than fanciful, for mantel-pieces. No apothecary would have deemed himself in the way of obtaining custom, without setting up a gilded mortar, if not a head of Galen or Hippocrates, from the skilful hand of Drowne. But the great scope of his business lay in the manufacture of figure-heads for vessels. Whether it were the monarch himself, or some

famous British admiral or general, or the governor of the province, or perchance the favorite daughter of the ship-owner, there the image stood above the prow, decked out in gorgeous colors, magnificently gilded, and staring the whole world out of countenance, as if from an innate consciousness of its own superiority. These specimens of native sculpture had crossed the sea in all directions, and been not ignobly noticed among the crowded shipping of the Thames, and wherever else the hardy mariners of New England had pushed their adventures. It must be confessed, that a family likeness pervaded these respectable progeny of Drowne's skill; that the benign countenance of the king resembled those of his subjects, and that Miss Peggy Hobart, the merchant's daughter, bore a remarkable similitude to Britannia, Victory, and other ladies of the allegoric sisterhood; and, finally, that they all had a kind of wooden aspect, which proved an intimate relationship with the unshaped blocks of timber in the carver's workshop. But, at least, there was no inconsiderable skill of hand, nor a deficiency of any attribute to render them really works of art, except that deep quality, be it of soul or intellect, which bestows life upon the lifeless, and warmth upon the cold, and which, had it been present, would have made Drowne's wooden image instinct with spirit.

The captain of the *Cynosure* had now finished his instructions.

"And Drowne," said he, impressively, "you must lay aside all other business, and set about this

forthwith. And as to the price, only do the job in first rate style, and you shall settle that point yourself."

"Very well, captain," answered the carver, who looked grave and somewhat perplexed, yet had a sort of smile upon his visage. "Depend upon it, I'll do my utmost to satisfy you."

From that moment, the men of taste about Long Wharf and the Town Dock, who were wont to show their love for the arts, by frequent visits to Drowne's workshop, and admiration of his wooden images, began to be sensible of a mystery in the carver's conduct. Often he was absent in the day-time. Sometimes, as might be judged by gleams of light from the shop windows, he was at work until a late hour of the evening; although neither knock nor voice, on such occasions, could gain admittance for a visitor, or elicit any word of response. Nothing remarkable, however, was observed in the shop at those hours when it was thrown open. A fine piece of timber, indeed, which Drowne was known to have reserved for some work of especial dignity, was seen to be gradually assuming shape. What shape it was destined ultimately to take, was a problem to his friends, and a point on which the carver himself preserved a rigid silence. But day after day, though Drowne was seldom noticed in the act of working upon it, this rude form began to be developed, until it became evident to all observers, that a female figure was growing into mimic life. At each new visit they

beheld a larger pile of wooden chips, and a nearer approximation to something beautiful. It seemed as if the hamadryad of the oak had sheltered herself from the unimaginative world within the heart of her native tree, and that it was only necessary to remove the strange shapelessness that had incrustated her, and reveal the grace and loveliness of a divinity. Imperfect as the design, the attitude, the costume, and especially the face of the image, still remained, there was already an effect that drew the eye from the wooden cleverness of Drowne's earlier productions, and fixed it upon the tantalizing mystery of this new project.

Copley, the celebrated painter, then a young man, and a resident of Boston, came one day to visit Drowne; for he had recognized so much of moderate ability in the carver, as to induce him, in the dearth of any professional sympathy, to cultivate his acquaintance. On entering the shop, the artist glanced at the inflexible image of king, commander, dame, and allegory that stood around; on the best of which might have been bestowed the questionable praise, that it looked as if a living man had here been changed to wood, and that not only the physical, but the intellectual and spiritual part, partook of the stolid transformation. But in not a single instance did it seem as if the wood were imbibing the ethereal essence of humanity. What a wide distinction is here, and how far would the slightest portion of the latter merit have out-valued the utmost degree of the former!

“My friend Drowne,” said Copley, smiling to himself, but alluding to the mechanical and wooden cleverness that so invariably distinguished the images, “you are really a remarkable person! I have seldom met with a man, in your line of business, that could do so much, for one other touch might make this figure of General Wolfe, for instance, a breathing and intelligent human creature.”

“You would have me think that you are praising me highly, Mr. Copley,” answered Drowne, turning his back upon Wolfe’s image in apparent disgust. “But there has come a light into my mind. I know, what you know as well, that the one touch, which you speak of as deficient, is the only one that would be truly valuable, and that, without it, these works of mine are no better than worthless abortions. There is the same difference between them and the works of an inspired artist, as between a sign-post daub and one of your best pictures.”

“This is strange!” cried Copley, looking him in the face, which now, as the painter fancied, had a singular depth of intelligence, though, hitherto, it had not given him greatly the advantage over his own family of wooden images. “What has come over you? How is it that, possessing the idea which you have now uttered, you should produce only such works as these?”

The carver smiled, but made no reply. Copley turned again to the images, conceiving that the sense of deficiency, so rare in a merely mechanical character, must surely imply a genius, the tokens

of which had been overlooked. But no ; there was not a trace of it. He was about to withdraw, when his eyes chanced to fall upon a half-developed figure which lay in a corner of the workshop, surrounded by scattered chips of oak. It arrested him at once.

“What is here ? Who has done this ?” he broke out, after contemplating it in speechless astonishment for an instant. “Here is the divine, the life-giving touch ! What inspired hand is beckoning this wood to arise and live ? Whose work is this ?”

“No man’s work,” replied Drowne. “The figure lies within that block of oak, and it is my business to find it.”

“Drowne,” said the true artist, grasping the carver fervently by the hand, “You are a man of genius !”

As Copley departed, happening to glance backward from the threshold, he beheld Drowne bending over the half created shape, and stretching forth his arms as if he would have embraced and drawn it to his heart ; while, had such a miracle been possible, his countenance expressed passion enough to communicate warmth and sensibility to the lifeless oak.

“Strange enough !” said the artist to himself. “Who would have looked for a modern Pygmalion in the person of a Yankee mechanic !”

As yet, the image was but vague in its outward presentment ; so that, as in the cloud-shapes around the western sun, the observer rather felt, or was led

to imagine, than really saw what was intended by it. Day by day, however, the work assumed greater precision, and settled its irregular and misty outline into distincter grace and beauty. The general design was now obvious to the common eye. It was a female figure, in what appeared to be a foreign dress; the gown being laced over the bosom and opening in front, so as to disclose a skirt or petticoat, the folds and inequalities of which were admirably represented in the oaken substance. She wore a hat of singular gracefulness, and abundantly laden with flowers, such as never grew in the rude soil of New England, but which, with all their fanciful luxuriance, had a natural truth that it seemed impossible for the most fertile imagination to have attained without copying from real prototypes. There were several little appendages to this dress, such as a fan, a pair of ear-rings, a chain about the neck, a watch in the bosom, and a ring upon the finger, all of which would have been deemed beneath the dignity of sculpture. They were put on, however, with as much taste as a lovely woman might have shown in her attire, and could therefore have shocked none but a judgment spoiled by artistic rules.

The face was still imperfect; but, gradually, by a magic touch, intelligence and sensibility brightened through the features, with all the effect of light gleaming forth from within the solid oak. The face became alive. It was a beautiful, though not precisely regular, and somewhat haughty aspect,

but with a certain piquancy about the eyes and mouth which, of all expressions, would have seemed the most impossible to throw over a wooden countenance. And now, so far as carving went, this wonderful production was complete.

“Drowne,” said Copley, who had hardly missed a single day in his visits to the carver’s workshop, “if this work were in marble, it would make you famous at once; nay, I would almost affirm that it would make an era in the art. It is as ideal as an antique statue, yet as real as any lovely woman whom one meets at a fireside or in the street. But I trust you do not mean to desecrate this exquisite creature with paint, like those staring kings and admirals yonder?”

“Not paint her?” exclaimed Captain Hunnewell, who stood by; “not paint the figure-head of the Cynosure! And what sort of a figure should I cut in a foreign port, with such an unpainted oaken stick as this over my prow? She must, and she shall, be painted to the life, from the topmost flower in her hat down to the silver spangles on her slippers.”

“Mr. Copley,” said Drowne, quietly, “I know nothing of marble statuary, and nothing of the sculptor’s rules of art. But of this wooden image — this work of my hands — this creature of my heart” — and here his voice faltered and choked, in a very singular manner — “of this — of her — I may say that I know something. A well-spring of inward wisdom gushed within me, as I wrought upon the

oak with my whole strength, and soul, and faith. Let others do what they may with marble, and adopt what rules they choose. If I can produce my desired effect by painted wood, those rules are not for me, and I have a right to disregard them."

"The very spirit of genius!" muttered Copley to himself. "How otherwise should this carver feel himself entitled to transcend all rules, and make me ashamed of quoting them!"

He looked earnestly at Drowne, and again saw that expression of human love which, in a spiritual sense, as the artist could not help imagining, was the secret of the life that had been breathed into this block of wood.

The carver, still in the same secrecy that marked all his operations upon this mysterious image, proceeded to paint the habiliments in their proper colors, and the countenance with nature's red and white. When all was finished, he threw open his workshop, and admitted the towns-people to behold what he had done. Most persons, at their first entrance, felt impelled to remove their hats, and pay such reverence as was due to the richly dressed and beautiful young lady, who seemed to stand in a corner of the room, with oaken chips and shavings scattered at her feet. Then came a sensation of fear; as if, not being actually human, yet so like humanity, she must therefore be something preternatural. There was, in truth, an indefinable air and expression that might reasonably induce the query—who and from what sphere this daughter

of the oak should be. The strange rich flowers of Eden on her head ; the complexion, so much deeper and more brilliant than those of our native beauties ; the foreign, as it seemed, and fantastic garb, yet not too fantastic to be worn decorously in the street ; the delicately wrought embroidery of the skirt ; the broad gold chain about her neck ; the curious ring upon her finger ; the fan, so exquisitely sculptured in open work, and painted to resemble pearl and ebony ;—where could Drowne, in his sober walk of life, have beheld the vision here so matchlessly embodied ! And then her face ! In the dark eyes, and around the voluptuous mouth, there played a look made up of pride, coquetry, and a gleam of mirthfulness, which impressed Copley with the idea that the image was secretly enjoying the perplexing admiration of himself and other beholders.

“ And will you,” said he to the carver, “ permit this master-piece to become the figure-head of a vessel ? Give the honest captain yonder figure of Britannia, — it will answer his purpose far better, — and send this fairy queen to England, where, for aught I know, it may bring you a thousand pounds.”

“ I have not wrought it for money,” said Drowne.

“ What sort of a fellow is this ?” thought Copley. “ A Yankee, and throw away the chance of making his fortune ! He has gone mad ; and thence has come this gleam of genius.”

There was still further proof of Drowne’s lunacy, if credit were due to the rumor that he had been seen kneeling at the feet of the oaken lady, and

gazing with a lover's passionate ardor into the face that his own hands had created. The bigots of the day hinted that it would be no matter of surprise if an evil spirit were allowed to enter this beautiful form, and seduce the carver to destruction.

The fame of the image spread far and wide. The inhabitants visited it so universally, that, after a few days of exhibition, there was hardly an old man or a child who had not become minutely familiar with its aspect. Had the story of Drowne's wooden image ended here, its celebrity might have been prolonged for many years, by the reminiscences of those who looked upon it in their childhood, and saw nothing else so beautiful in after life. But the town was now astounded by an event, the narrative of which has formed itself into one of the most singular legends that are yet to be met with in the traditionary chimney-corners of the New England metropolis, where old men and women sit dreaming of the past, and wag their heads at the dreamers of the present and the future.

One fine morning, just before the departure of the *Cynosure* on her second voyage to Fayal, the commander of that gallant vessel was seen to issue from his residence in Hanover street. He was stylishly dressed in a blue broadcloth coat, with gold lace at the seams and button-holes, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, a triangular hat, with a loop and broad binding of gold, and wore a silver-hilted hanger at his side. But the good captain might have been arrayed in the robes of a prince, or the

rags of a beggar, without in either case attracting notice, while obscured by such a companion as now leaned on his arm. The people in the street started, rubbed their eyes, and either leaped aside from their path, or stood as if transfixed to wood or marble in astonishment.

“Do you see it?—do you see it?” cried one, with tremulous eagerness. “It is the very same!”

“The same?” answered another, who had arrived in town only the night before. “Who do you mean? I see only a sea-captain in his shore-going clothes, and a young lady in a foreign habit, with a bunch of beautiful flowers in her hat. On my word, she is as fair and bright a damsel as my eyes have looked on this many a day!”

“Yes; the same!—the very same!” repeated the other. “Drowne’s wooden image has come to life!”

Here was a miracle indeed! Yet, illuminated by the sunshine, or darkened by the alternate shade of the houses, and with its garments fluttering lightly in the morning breeze, there passed the image along the street. It was exactly and minutely the shape, the garb, and the face, which the towns-people had so recently thronged to see and admire. Not a rich flower upon her head, not a single leaf, but had its prototype in Drowne’s wooden workmanship, although now their fragile grace had become flexible, and was shaken by every footstep that the wearer made. The broad gold chain upon the neck was identical with the one represented on the image,

and glistened with the motion imparted by the rise and fall of the bosom which it decorated. A real diamond sparkled on her finger. In her right hand she bore a pearl and ebony fan, which she flourished with a fantastic and bewitching coquetry, that was likewise expressed in all her movements, as well as in the style of her beauty and the attire that so well harmonized with it. The face, with its brilliant depth of complexion, had the same piquancy of mirthful mischief that was fixed upon the countenance of the image, but which was here varied and continually shifting, yet always essentially the same, like the sunny gleam upon a bubbling fountain. On the whole, there was something so airy and yet so real in the figure, and withal so perfectly did it represent Drowne's image, that people knew not whether to suppose the magic wood etherealized into a spirit, or warmed and softened into an actual woman.

"One thing is certain," muttered a Puritan of the old stamp. "Drowne has sold himself to the devil; and doubtless this gay Captain Hunnewell is a party to the bargain."

"And I," said a young man who overheard him, "would almost consent to be the third victim, for the liberty of saluting those lovely lips."

"And so would I," said Copley, the painter, "for the privilege of taking her picture."

The image, or the apparition, whichever it might be, still escorted by the bold captain, proceeded from Hanover-street through some of the cross-

lanes that make this portion of the town so intricate, to Ann-street, thence into Dock-square, and so downward to Drowne's shop, which stood just on the water's edge. The crowd still followed, gathering volume as it rolled along. Never had a modern miracle occurred in such broad daylight, nor in the presence of such a multitude of witnesses. The airy image, as if conscious that she was the object of the murmurs and disturbance that swelled behind her, appeared slightly vexed and flustered, yet still in a manner consistent with the light vivacity and sportive mischief that were written in her countenance. She was observed to flutter her fan with such vehement rapidity, that the elaborate delicacy of its workmanship gave way, and it remained broken in her hand.

Arriving at Drowne's door, while the captain threw it open, the marvellous apparition paused an instant on the threshold, assuming the very attitude of the image, and casting over the crowd that glance of sunny coquetry which all remembered on the face of the oaken lady. She and her cavalier then disappeared.

"Ah!" murmured the crowd, drawing a deep breath, as with one vast pair of lungs.

"The world looks darker, now that she has vanished," said some of the young men.

But the aged, whose recollections dated as far back as witch times, shook their heads, and hinted that our forefathers would have thought it a pious deed to burn the daughter of the oak with fire.

“If she be other than a bubble of the elements,” exclaimed Copley, “I must look upon her face again!”

He accordingly entered the shop; and there, in her usual corner, stood the image, gazing at him, as it might seem, with the very same expression of mirthful mischief that had been the farewell look of the apparition when, but a moment before, she turned her face towards the crowd. The carver stood beside his creation, mending the beautiful fan, which by some accident was broken in her hand. But there was no longer any motion in the life-like image, nor any real woman in the workshop, nor even the witchcraft of a sunny shadow, that might have deluded people's eyes as it flitted along the street. Captain Hunnewell, too, had vanished. His hoarse, sea-breezy tones, however, were audible on the other side of a door that opened upon the water.

“Sit down in the stern sheets, my lady,” said the gallant captain. “Come, bear a hand, you lubbers, and set us on board in the turning of a minute-glass.”

And then was heard the stroke of oars.

“Drowne,” said Copley, with a smile of intelligence, “you have been a truly fortunate man. What painter or statuary ever had such a subject! No wonder that she inspired a genius into you, and first created the artist who afterwards created her image.”

Drowne looked at him with a visage that bore

the traces of tears, but from which the light of imagination and sensibility, so recently illuminating it, had departed. He was again the mechanical carver that he had been known to be all his lifetime.

“I hardly understand what you mean, Mr. Copley,” said he, putting his hand to his brow. “This image! Can it have been my work? Well, — I have wrought it in a kind of dream; and now that I am broad awake, I must set about finishing yonder figure of Admiral Vernon.”

And forthwith he employed himself on the stolid countenance of one of his wooden progeny, and completed it in his own mechanical style, from which he was never known afterwards to deviate. He followed his business industriously for many years, acquired a competence, and, in the latter part of his life, attained to a dignified station in the church, being remembered in records and traditions as Deacon Drowne, the carver. One of his productions, an Indian chief, gilded all over, stood during the better part of a century on the cupola of the Province House, bedazzling the eyes of those who looked upward, like an angel of the sun. Another work of the good deacon’s hand, — a reduced likeness of friend Captain Hunnewell, holding a telescope and quadrant, — may be seen, to this day, at the corner of Broad and State streets, serving in the useful capacity of sign to the shop of a nautical instrument maker. We know not how to account for the inferiority of this quaint old figure, as com-

pared with the recorded excellence of the Oaken Lady, unless on the supposition, that in every human spirit there is imagination, sensibility, creative power, genius, which, according to circumstances, may either be developed in this world, or shrouded in a mask of dullness until another state of being. To our friend Drowne, there came a brief season of excitement, kindled by love. It rendered him a genius for that one occasion, but, quenched in disappointment, left him again the mechanical carver in wood, without the power even of appreciating the work that his own hands had wrought. Yet who can doubt, that the very highest state to which a human spirit can attain, in its loftiest aspirations, is its truest and most natural state, and that Drowne was more consistent with himself when he wrought the admirable figure of the mysterious lady, than when he perpetrated a whole progeny of blockheads?

There was a rumor in Boston, about this period, that a young Portuguese lady of rank, on some occasion of political or domestic disquietude, had fled from her home in Fayal, and put herself under the protection of Captain Hunnewell, on board of whose vessel, and at whose residence she was sheltered until a change of affairs. This fair stranger must have been the original of Drowne's Wooden Image.

THE SYRENS.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

THE sea is lonely, the sea is dreary,
The sea is restless and uneasy ;
Thou seekest quiet, thou art weary,
Wandering thou knowest not whither ; —
Our little isle is green and breezy,
Come and rest thee ! O come hither !
Come to this peaceful home of ours,

Where evermore

The low west wind creeps panting up the shore
To be at rest among the flowers ;
Full of rest, the green moss lifts,
As the dark waves of the sea
Draw in and out of rocky rifts,
Calling solemnly to thee
With voices deep and hollow, —

“ To the shore

Follow ! O follow !

To be at rest for evermore !

For evermore ! ”

Look how the gray, old Ocean
From the depth of his heart rejoices,
Heaving with a gentle motion,
When he hears our restful voices ;

List how he sings in an undertone,
 Chiming with our melody ;
 And all sweet sounds of earth and air
 Melt into one low voice alone,
 That murmurs over the weary sea, —
 And seems to sing from everywhere, —
 “ Here mayest thou harbor peacefully,
 Here mayest thou rest from the aching oar ;
 Turn thy curvèd prow ashore,
 And in our green isle rest for evermore !
 For evermore ! ”

And Echo half wakes in the wooded hill,
 And, to her heart so calm and deep,
 Murmurs over in her sleep,
 Doubtfully pausing and murmuring still,
 “ Evermore ! ”

Thus, on Life's weary sea,
 Heareth the marinere
 Voices sweet, from far and near,
 Ever singing low and clear,
 Ever singing longingly.

Is it not better here to be,
 Than to be toiling late and soon ?
 In the dreary night to see
 Nothing but the blood-red moon
 Go up and down into the sea ;
 Or, in the loneliness of day,
 To see the still seals only
 Solemnly lift their faces gray,
 Making it yet more lonely ?
 Is it not better, than to hear
 Only the sliding of the wave
 Beneath the plank, and feel so near

A cold and lonely grave,
 A restless grave, where thou shalt lie
 Even in death unquietly ?
 Look down beneath thy wave-worn bark,
 Lean over the side and see
 The leaden eye of the side-long shark
 Upturnèd patiently,
 Ever waiting there for thee :
 Look down and see those shapeless forms,
 Which ever keep their dreamless sleep
 Far down within the gloomy deep,
 And only stir themselves in storms,
 Rising like islands from beneath,
 And snorting through the angry spray,
 As the frail vessel perisheth
 In the whirls of their unwieldy play ;
 Look down ! Look down !
 Upon the seaweed, slimy and dark,
 That waves its arms so lank and brown,
 Beckoning for thee !
 Look down beneath thy wave-worn bark
 Into the cold depth of the sea !
 Look down ! Look down !
 Thus, on Life's lonely sea,
 Heareth the marinere
 Voices sad, from far and near,
 Ever singing full of fear,
 Ever singing drearily.

Here all is pleasant as a dream ;
 The wind scarce shaketh down the dew,
 The green grass floweth like a stream
 Into the ocean's blue :
 Listen ! O listen !

Here is a gush of many streams,
A song of many birds,
And every wish and longing seems
Lulled to a numbered flow of words, —

Listen! O listen!

Here ever hum the golden bees
Underneath full-blossomed trees,
At once with glowing fruit and flowers crowned; —
The sand is so smooth, the yellow sand,
That thy keel will not grate, as it touches the land;
All around, with a slumberous sound,
The singing waves slide up the strand,
And there, where the smooth, wet pebbles be,
The waters gurgle longingly,
As if they fain would seek the shore,
To be at rest from the ceaseless roar,
To be at rest for evermore, —

For evermore.

Thus, on Life's gloomy sea,
Heareth the marinere
Voices sweet, from far and near,
Ever singing in his ear,
"Here is rest and peace for thee!"

Nantasket.

THE LITERATURE OF MIRTH.

BY EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

THE ludicrous side of life, like the serious side, has its literature, and it is a literature of untold wealth. Mirth is a Proteus, changing its shape and manner with the thousand diversities of individual character, from the most superficial gaiety, to the deepest, most earnest humor. Thus, the wit of the airy, feather-brained Farquhar glances and gleams like heat lightning; that of Milton blasts and burns like the bolt. Let us glance carelessly over this wide field of comic writers, who have drawn new forms of mirthful being from life's ludicrous side, and note, here and there, a wit or humorist. There is the humor of Goethe like his own summer morning, mirthfully clear; and there is the tough and knotty humor of old Ben Jonson, at times ground down at the edge to a sharp-cutting scorn, and occasionally hissing out stinging words, which seem, like his own Mercury's, "steeped in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle

like salt in fire." There is the incessant brilliancy of Sheridan, —

“ Whose humor, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
 Played round every subject, and shone as it played ;
 Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
 Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.”

There is the uncouth mirth, that winds, stutters, wriggles and screams, dark, scornful, and savage, among the dislocated joints of Carlyle's spavined sentences. There is the lithe, springy sarcasm, the hilarious *badinage*, the brilliant, careless disdain, which sparkle and scorch along the glistening page of Holmes. There is the sleepy smile that sometimes lies so benignly on the sweet and serious diction of old Isaak Walton. There is the mirth of Dickens, twinkling now in some ironical insinuation, — and anon winking at you with pleasant maliciousness, its distended cheeks fat with suppressed glee, — and then, again, coming out in broad gushes of humor, overflowing all banks and bounds of conventional decorum. There is Sydney Smith, — sly, sleek, swift, subtle, — a moment's motion, and the human mouse is in his paw ! Mark, in contrast with him, the beautiful heedlessness with which the Ariel-like spirit of Gay pours itself out in benevolent mockeries of human folly. There, in a corner, look at that petulant little man, his features working with thought and pain, his lips wrinkled with a sardonic smile ; and, see ! the immortal personality has received its last point and polish in that toiling brain, and, in a strait, luminous

line, with a twang like Scorn's own arrow, hisses through the air the unerring shaft of Pope, — to

“Dash the proud gamester from his gilded car,
And bare th' base heart that lurks beneath a star.”

There, a little above Pope, see Dryden keenly dissecting the inconsistencies of Buckingham's volatile mind, or leisurely crushing out the insect life of Shadwell, —

“owned, without dispute,
Throughout the realms of Nonsense, absolute.”

There, moving gracefully through that carpeted parlor, mark that dapper, diminutive Irish gentleman. The moment you look at him, your eyes are dazzled with the whizzing rockets and hissing wheels, streaking the air with a million sparks, from the pyrotechnic brain of Anacreon Moore. Again, cast your eyes from that blinding glare and glitter, to the soft and beautiful brilliancy, the winning grace, the bland banter, the gliding wit, the diffusive humor, which make you in love with all mankind, in the charming pages of Washington Irving. And now for another change, — glance at the jerks and jets of satire, the mirthful audacities, the fretting and teasing mockeries, of that fat, sharp imp, half Mephistopheles, half Falstaff, that cross between Beelzebub and Rabelais, known in all lands as the matchless Mr. Punch. No English statesman, however great his power, no English nobleman, however high his rank, but knows that every week he may be pointed at by the scoffing

finger of that omnipotent buffoon, and consigned to the ridicule of the world. The pride of intellect, the pride of wealth, the power to oppress, — nothing can save the dunce or criminal from being pounced upon by Punch, and held up to a derision or execration, which shall ring from London to St. Petersburg, from the Ganges to the Oregon. From the vitriol pleasantries of this arch-fiend of Momus, let us turn to the benevolent mirth of Addison and Steele, whose glory it was to redeem polite literature from moral depravity, by showing that wit could chime merrily in with the voice of virtue, and who smoothly laughed away many a vice of the national character, by that humor which tenderly touches the sensitive point with an evanescent grace and genial glee. And here let us not forget Goldsmith, whose delicious mirth is of that rare quality which lies too deep for laughter ; which melts softly into the mind, suffusing it with inexpressible delight, and sending the soul dancing joyously into the eyes to utter its merriment in liquid glances, passing all the expression of tone. And here, though we cannot do him justice, let us remember the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne, deserving a place second to none in that band of humorists, whose beautiful depth of cheerful feeling is the very poetry of mirth. In ease, grace, delicate sharpness of satire, in a felicity of touch which often surpasses the felicity of Addison, in a subtlety of insight which often reaches farther than the subtlety of Steele, — the humor of Hawthorne

presents traits so fine as to be almost too excellent for popularity, as, to every one who has attempted their criticism, they are too refined for statement. The brilliant atoms flit, hover, and glance before our minds, but the subtle sources of their ethereal light lie beyond our analysis, —

“And no speed of ours avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.”

And now, let us breathe a benison on these our mirthful benefactors, these fine revellers among human weaknesses, these stern, keen satirists of human depravity. Wherever Humor smiles away the fretting thoughts of care, or supplies that antidote which cleanses

“ the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart, — ”

wherever Wit riddles folly, abases pride, or stings iniquity, — there glides the cheerful spirit, or glitters the flashing thought, of these bright enemies of stupidity and gloom. Thanks to them, hearty thanks, for teaching us that the ludicrous side of life is its wicked side, no less than its foolish ; that in a lying world there is still no mercy for falsehood ; that Guilt, however high it may lift its brazen front, is never beyond the lightnings of scorn ; and that the lesson they teach, agrees with the lesson taught by all experience, that life, in harmony with reason, is the only life safe from laughter, that life, in harmony with virtue, is the only life safe from contempt.

KATHLEEN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OH Norah! lay your Basket down,
And rest your weary hand,
And come and hear me sing a song
Of our Old Ireland.

There was a Lord of Galaway,
A mighty Lord was he ;
And he did wed a second Wife,
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,
And soe in evil spite,
She baked the black Bread for his kin,
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the Maids, and starved the kern,
And drove away the poor ;
“Ah, woe is me !” the old Lord said,
“ I rue my bargain sore ! ”

This Lord he had a Daughter faire,
Beloved of old and young,
And nightly round the shealing fires
Of her the Gleeman sung.

“As sweet and good is young Kathleen
As Eve before her fall;”
So sang the Harper at the Fair,
So harped he in the Hall.

“Oh, come to me, my Daughter dear!
Come sit upon my knee,
For looking in your face, Kathleen,
Your Mother’s own I see!”

He smoothed and smoothed her Hair away,
He kissed her Forehead fair:
“It is my darling Mary’s brow,
It is my darling’s hair!”

Oh, then spake up the angry Dame,
“Get up, get up,” quoth she,
“I’ll sell ye over Ireland,
I’ll sell ye o’er the sea!”

She clipped her glossy Hair away,
That none her rank might know,
She took away her Gown of silk
And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town,
And to a Captain sold
This Daughter of an Irish Lord,
For ten good Pounds in gold.

The Lord he smote upon his breast,
And tore his beard so gray ;
But he was old, and she was young,
And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee howled
To fright the evil Dame,
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,
With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through the Trees,
And glimmering down the Hill ;
They crept before the dead-vault Door,
And there they all stood still !

“ Get up, old Man ! the wake-lights shine ! ”
“ Ye murdering Witch,” quoth he ;
“ So I ’m rid of your tongue, I little care
If they shine for you or me.”

“ Oh whoso brings my Daughter back,
My gold and land shall have ! ”
Oh, then spake up his handsome Page,
“ No gold nor land I crave !

“ But give to me your Daughter dear,
And by the Holy Tree
Be she on Sea or on the Land,
I ’ll bring her back to thee.”

“ My Daughter is a lady born,
And you of low degree,
But she shall be your Bride the day
Ye bring her back to me.”

He sailed East, he sailed West,
And North and South sailed he,
Until he came to Boston town,
Across the great salt Sea.

“ Oh have ye seen the young Kathleen,
The flower of Ireland ?
Ye ’ll know her by her eyes so blue,
And by her snow-white hand ! ”

Out spake an ancient man, “ I know
The Maiden whom ye mean ;
I bought her of a Limerick man,
And she is called Kathleen.”

“ No skill hath she in household work,
Her hands are soft and white,
Yet well by loving looks and ways
She doth her cost requite.”

So up they walked through Boston town,
And met a Maiden fair,
A little Basket on her arm
So snowy-white and bare.

“ Come hither Child, and say hast thou
This young man ever seen ? ”
They wept within each other’s arms,
The Page and young Kathleen.

“ Oh give to me this darling child,
And take my purse of gold : ”
“ Nay, not by me,” her Master said,
“ Shall sweet Kathleen be sold.”

“ We loved her in the place of one
The Lord hath early ta'en ;
But since her heart 's in Ireland,
We give her back again ! ”

Oh for that same the Saints in Heaven
For his poor Soul shall pray,
And Holy Mother wash with tears
His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland,
As you go up Claremore
Ye 'll see their Castle looking down
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old Lord's Wife is dead and gone,
And a happy man is he,
For he sits beside his own Kathleen,
With her darling on his knee.

MINUTE PHILOSOPHIES.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

“ Nature there
Was with thee ; she who loved us both, she still
Was with thee ; and even so didst thou become
A silent poet ; from the solitude
Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart
Still couchant, an inevitable ear,
And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.”

WORDSWORTH.

A SUMMER or two since, I was wasting a college vacation among the beautiful creeks and falls in the neighborhood of New York. In the course of my wanderings, up stream and down stream, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, and never without a book for an excuse to loiter on the mossy banks, and beside the edge of running water, I met frequently a young man of a peculiarly still and collected eye, and a forehead more like a broad slab of marble than a human brow. His mouth was small and thinly cut ; his chin had no superfluous flesh upon it ; and his whole appearance was that of a man whose intellectual nature prevailed over the animal. He was evidently a scholar. We had

met so frequently at last, that, on passing each other one delicious morning, we bowed and smiled simultaneously, and, without further introduction, entered into conversation.

It was a temperate day in August, with a clear but not oppressive sun, and we wandered down a long creek together, mineralizing here, botanizing there, and examining the strata of the ravines, with that sort of instinctive certainty of each other's attainments which scholars always feel, and thrusting in many a little wayside parenthesis, explanatory of each other's history and circumstances. I found that he was one of those pure and unambitious men, who, by close application and moderate living while in college, become in love with their books; and, caring little for any thing more than the subsistence, which philosophy tells them is enough to have of this world, settle down for life into a wicker-bottomed chair, more contentedly than if it were the cushion of a throne.

We were together three or four days, and when I left him, he gave me his address, and promised to write to me. I shall give below an extract from one of his letters. I had asked him for a history of his daily habits, and any incidents which he might choose to throw in,—hinting to him that I was a dabbler in literature, and would be obliged to him if he would do it minutely, and in a form of which I might avail myself in the way of publication.

After some particulars, unimportant to the reader, he proceeds:—

“I keep a room at a country tavern. It is a quiet, out-of-the-way place, with a whole generation of elms about it; and the greenest grass up to the very door, and the pleasantest view in the whole country round, from my chamber window. Though it is a public house, and the word ‘HOTEL’ swings in golden capitals under a landscape of two hills and a river, painted for a sign by some wandering Tinto, it is so orderly a town, that not a loungee is ever seen about the door; and the noisiest traveller is changed to a quiet man, as if it were by the very hush of the atmosphere.

“Here, in my pleasant room, upon the second floor, with my round table covered with choice books, my shutters closed just so much as to admit light enough for a painter, and my walls hung with the pictures which adorned my college chambers, and are therefore linked with a thousand delightful associations,—I can study my twelve hours a day, in a state of mind sufficiently even and philosophical. I do not want for excitement. The animal spirits, thanks to the Creator, are enough at all times, with employment and temperate living, to raise us above the common shadows of life; and after a day of studious confinement, when my mind is unbound, and I go out and give it up to reckless association, and lay myself open unreservedly to the influences of nature,—at such a time, there comes mysteriously upon me a degree of pure joy,

unmingled and unaccountable, which is worth years of artificial excitement. The common air seems to have grown rarer; my step is strangely elastic; my sense of motion full of unwonted dignity; my thoughts elevated; my perceptions of beauty acuter and more pleasurable; and my better nature predominant and sublime. There is nothing in the future which looks difficult, nothing in my ambition unattainable, nothing in the past which cannot be reconciled with good: I am a purer and a better man; and though I am elevated in my own thoughts, it will not lead to vanity, for my ideas of God, and of my fellow-men, have been enlarged also. This excitement ceases soon; but it ceases like the bubbling of a fountain, which leaves the waters purer for the influence which has passed through them, — not like the mirth of the world, which ebbs like an unnatural tide, and leaves loathsomeness and disgust.

“Let no one say that such a mode of life is adapted to peculiar constitutions, and can be relished by those only. Give me the veriest worldling, — the most devoted, and the happiest of fashionable ephemera, and if he has material for a thought, and can take pride in the improvement of his nature, I will so order his daily round, that, with temperance and exercise, he shall be happier in one hour spent within himself, than in ten wasted on folly.

“Few know the treasures in their own bosoms, — very few the elasticity and capacity of a well-regulated mind for enjoyment. The whole world of

philosophers, and historians, and poets, seem, to the secluded student, but to have labored for his pleasure; and as he comes to one new truth and beautiful thought after another, there answers a chord of joy, richer than music, in his heart, which spoils him for the coarser pleasures of the world. I have seen my college chum, — a man, who, from a life of mingled business and pleasure, became suddenly a student, — lean back in his chair, at the triumph of an argument, or the discovery of a philosophical truth, and give himself up for a few moments to the enjoyment of sensations, which, he assured me, surpassed exceedingly the most vivid pleasures of his life. The mind is like the appetite, — when healthy and well-toned, receiving pleasure from the commonest food; but becoming a disease, when pampered and neglected. Give it time to turn in upon itself, satisfy its restless thirst for knowledge, and it will give birth to health, to animal spirits, to every thing which invigorates the body, while it is advancing by every step the capacities of the soul. Oh! if the runners after pleasure would stoop down by the wayside, they might drink waters better even than those which they see only in their dreams. They will not be told that they have in their possession the golden key which they covet; they will not know that the music they look to enchant them, is sleeping in their own untouched instruments; that the lamp which they vainly ask from the enchanter, is burning in their own bosoms!

“When I first came here, my host’s eldest daughter was about twelve years of age. She was, without being beautiful, an engaging child, rather disposed to be contemplative, and, like all children, at that age, very inquisitive and curious. She was shy at first, but soon became acquainted with me; and would come into my room in her idle hours, and look at my pictures and read. She never disturbed me, because her natural politeness forbade it; and I pursued my thoughts or my studies just as if she were not there, till, by-and-by, I grew fond of her quiet company, and was happier when she was moving stealthily around, and looking into a book here and there in her quiet way.

“She had been my companion thus for some time, when it occurred to me that I might be of use to her in leading her to cultivate a love for study. I seized the idea enthusiastically. Now, thought I, I will see the process of a human mind. I have studied its philosophy from books, and now I will take a single original, and compare them, step by step. I have seen the bud, and the flower full blown, and I am told that the change was gradual, and effected thus, leaf after leaf. Now I will watch the expansion, and while I water it and let in the sunshine to its bosom, detect the secret springs which move to such beautiful results. The idea delighted me.

“I was aware that there was great drudgery in the first steps, and I determined to avoid it, and connect the idea of my own instruction with all

that was delightful and interesting to her mind. For this purpose I persuaded her father to send her to a better school than she had been accustomed to attend, and, by a little conversation, stimulated her to enter upon her studies with alacrity.

“She was now grown to a girl, and had begun to assume the *naïve*, womanly airs which girls do at her age. Her figure had rounded into a flowing symmetry, and her face, whether from associating principally with an older person, or for what other reason I know not, had assumed a thoughtful cast, and she was really a girl of most interesting and striking personal appearance.

“I did not expect much from the first year of my experiment. I calculated justly on its being irksome and commonplace. Still I was amused and interested. I could hear her light step on the stair, always at the same early hour of the evening, and it was a pleasure to me to say ‘Come in’ to her timid rap, and set her a chair by my own, that I might look over her book, or talk in a low tone to her. I then asked her about her lessons, and found out what had most attracted her notice, and I could always find some interesting fact connected with it, or strike off into some pleasant association, till she acquired a habit of selection in her reading, and looked at me earnestly to know what I would say upon it. You would have smiled to see her leaning forward, with her soft blue eye fixed on me, and her lips half parted with attention, waiting for my ideas upon some bare fact in geography or history ;

and it would have convinced you that the natural, unstimulated mind takes pleasure in the simplest addition to its knowledge.

“All this time I kept out of her way every thing that would have a tendency to destroy a taste for mere knowledge, and had the pleasure to see that she passed with keen relish from her text-books to my observations, which were as dry as they, though recommended by kindness of tone and an interested manner. She acquired gradually, by this process, a habit of reasoning upon every thing which admitted it, which was afterwards of great use in fixing and retaining the leading features of her attainments.

“I proceeded in this way till she was fifteen. Her mind had now become inured to regular habits of inquiry, and she began to ask difficult questions and wonder at common things. Her thoughts assumed a graver complexion, and she asked for books upon subjects of which she felt the want of information. She was ready to receive and appreciate truth and instruction, and here was to begin my pleasure.

“She came up one evening with an air of embarrassment approaching to distress. She took her usual seat, and told me that she had been thinking all day that it was useless to study any more. There were so many mysterious things ; so much, even that she could see, which she could not account for, and, with all her efforts, she got on so slowly, that she was discouraged. It was better,

she said, to be happy in ignorance, than to be constantly tormented with the sight of knowledge to which she could not attain, and which she only knew enough to value. Poor child! she did not know that she was making the same complaint with Newton, and Locke, and Bacon, and that the wisest of men were only 'gatherers of pebbles on the shore of an illimitable sea.' I began to talk to her of the mind. I spoke of its grandeur, and its capacities, and its destiny. I told her instances of high attainment and wonderful discovery; sketched the sublime philosophies of the soul, the possibility that this life was but a link in a chain of existences, and the glorious power, if it were true, of entering upon another world, with a loftier capacity than your fellow-beings for the comprehension of its mysteries. I then touched upon the duty of self-cultivation, the pride of a high consciousness of improved time, and the delicious feelings of self-respect and true appreciation.

"She listened to me in silence, and wept. It was one of those periods, which occur to all delicate minds, of distrust and fear; and when it passed by, and her ambition stirred again, she gave vent to her feelings with a woman's beautiful privilege. I had no more trouble to urge her on. She began the next day with the philosophy of the mind, and I was never happier than while following her from step to step in this delightful study.

"I have always thought that the most triumphant intellectual feeling we ever experience, is felt upon

the first opening of philosophy. It is like the interpretation of a dream of a lifetime. Every topic seems to you like a phantom of your own mind, from which a mist has suddenly melted. Every feature has a kind of half-familiarity, and you remember musing upon it for hours, till you gave it up with an impatient dissatisfaction. Without a definite shape, this or that very idea has floated in your mind continually. It was a phenomenon without a name, a something which you could not describe to your friend, and which, by-and-by, you came to believe was peculiar to yourself, and would never be brought out or unravelled. You read on, and the blood rushes to your face in a tumultuous consciousness; you have had feelings in peculiar situations which you could not define, and here are their very features; and you know now that it was jealousy, or ambition, or love. There have been moments when your faculties seemed blinded or reversed. You could not express yourself at all when you felt you should be eloquent. You could not fix your mind upon the subject, of which, before, you had been passionately fond. You felt an aversion for your very partialities, or a strange warming in your heart toward people or pursuits that you had disliked; and when the beauty of the natural world has burst upon you, as it sometimes will, with an exceeding glory, you have turned away from it with a deadly sickness of heart, and a wish that you might die.

“These are mysteries which are not all soluble even by philosophy. But you can see enough of the machinery of thought to know its tendencies; and like the listener to mysterious music, it is enough to have seen the instrument, without knowing the cunning craft of the player.

“I remembered my school-day feelings, and lived them over again with my beautiful pupil. I entered, with as much enthusiasm as she, into the strength and sublimity which I had wondered at before; and I believe that, even as she sat reading by herself, my blood thrilled, and my pulses quickened, as vividly as her own, when I saw, by the deepening color of her cheek, or the marked passages of my book, that she had found a noble thought or a daring hypothesis.

“She proceeded with her course of philosophy rapidly and eagerly. Her mind was well prepared for its relish. She said she felt as if a new sense had been given her,—an inner eye which she could turn in upon herself, and by which she could, as it were, stand aside while the process of thought went on. She began to respect and to rely upon her own mind, and the elevation of countenance and manner, which so certainly and so beautifully accompanies inward refinement, stole over her daily. I began to feel respectful in her presence, and when, with the peculiar elegance of a woman’s mind, she discovered a delicate shade of meaning which I had not seen, or traced an association which could spring only from an unsullied heart, I experienced a

sensation like the consciousness of an unseen presence, elevating, without alarming me.

“It was probably well that with all this change in her mind and manner, her person still retained its childish grace and flexibility. She had not grown tall, and she wore her hair yet as she used to do, falling with a luxuriant fullness upon her shoulders. Hence she was still a child, when, had she been taller or more womanly, the demands upon her attention, and the attractiveness of mature society, might have divided that engrossing interest which is necessary to successful study.

“I have often wished I was a painter; but never so much as when looking on this beautiful being as she sat absorbed in her studies, or turned to gaze up a moment to my face, with that delicious expression of inquiry and affection. Every one knows the elevation given to the countenance of a man by contemplative habits. Perhaps the natural delicacy of feminine features has combined with its rarity, to make this expression less observable in woman; but, to one familiar with the study of the human face, there is, in the look of a truly intellectual woman, a keen subtlety of refinement, a separation from every thing gross and material, which comes up to our highest dream of the angelic. For myself, I care not to analyze it. I leave it to philosophy to find out its secret. It is enough for me that I can see and feel it in every pulse of my being. It is not a peculiar susceptibility. Every man who approaches such a woman feels it. He may not

define it; he may be totally unconscious what it is that awes him; but he feels as if a mysterious and invisible veil were about her, and every dark thought is quenched suddenly in his heart, as if he had come into the atmosphere of a spirit. I would have every woman know this. I would tell every mother who prays nightly for the peculiar watchfulness of good spirits over the purity of her child, that she may weave round her a defence stronger than steel; that she may place in her heart a living amulet, whose virtue is like a circle of fire to pollution. I am not 'stringing pearls.' I have seen, and I know, that an empty mind is not a strong citadel; and in the melancholy chronicle of female ruin, the instances are rare of victims distinguished for mental cultivation. I would my pen were the 'point of a diamond,' and I were writing on living hearts! for when I think how the daughters of a house are its grace and honor; and when I think how the father and mother that loved her, and the brother that made her his pride, and the sister in whose bosom she slept, are all crushed utterly, by a daughter's degradation, I feel, that if every word were a burning coal, my language could not be extravagant!

"My pupil had, as yet, read no poetry. I was uncertain how to enter upon it. Her taste for the beautiful in prose had become so decided, that I feared for the first impression of my poetical world. I wished it to burst upon her brilliantly, like the entrance to an inner and more magnificent temple

of knowledge. I hoped to dazzle her with a high and unimagined beauty, which should exceed far the massive but plain splendors of philosophy. We had often conversed on the probability of a previous existence, and one evening I opened Wordsworth, and read his sublime ‘Ode upon Intimations of Immortality.’ She did not interrupt me, but I looked up at the conclusion, and she was in tears. I made no remark, but took up Byron, and read some of the finest passages in Childe Harold, and Manfred, and Cain, and, from that time, poetry has been her world!

“It would not have been so earlier. It needs the simple and strong nutriment of truth to fit us to relish and feel poetry. The mind must have strength and cultivated taste, and then it is like a language from Heaven. We are astonished at its power and magnificence. We have been familiar with knowledge as with a person of plain garment and a homely presence, and he comes to us in poetry, with the state of a king, glorious in purple and gold. We have known him as an unassuming friend who talked with us by the wayside, and kept us company on our familiar paths; and we see him coming with a stately step, and a glittering diadem on his brow; and we wonder that we did not see that his plain garment honored him not, and his bearing were fitter for a king!

“Poetry entered to the very soul of Caroline Grey. It was touching an unreached string, and she felt as if the whole compass of her heart were

given out. I used to read to her for hours, and it was beautiful to see her eye kindle, and her cheek burn with excitement. The sublimed mysticism and spirituality of Wordsworth were her delight, and she feasted upon the deep philosophy and half-hidden tenderness of Coleridge.

“I had observed, with some satisfaction, that, in the rapid development of her mental powers, she had not found time to study nature. She knew little of the character of the material creation, and I now commenced walking constantly abroad with her at sunset, and at all the delicious seasons of moonlight, and starlight, and dawn. It came in well with her poetry. I cannot describe the effect. She became, like all who are, for the first time, made sensible of the glories around them, a worshipper of the external world.

“There is a time when nature first loses its familiarity, and seems suddenly to have become beautiful. This is true even of those who have been taught early habits of observation. The mind of a child is too feeble to comprehend, and does not soon learn, the scale of sublimity and beauty. He would not be surprised if the sun were brighter, or if the stars were sown thicker in the sky. He sees that the flower is beautiful, and he feels admiration at the rainbow; but he would not wonder if the dyes of the flower were deeper, or if the sky were laced to the four corners with the colors of a prism. He grows up with these splendid phenomena at work about him, till they have become common, and, in

their most wonderful forms, cease to attract his attention. Then his senses are suddenly, as by an invisible influence, unsealed, and, like the proselyte of the Egyptian pyramids, he finds himself in a magnificent temple, and hears exquisite music, and is dazzled by surpassing glory. He never recovers his indifference. The perpetual changes of nature keep alive his enthusiasm, and if his taste is not dulled by subsequent debasement, the pleasure he receives from it flows on like a stream, wearing deeper and calmer.

“ Caroline became now my constant companion. The changes of the natural world have always been my chief source of happiness, and I was curious to know whether my different sensations, under different circumstances, were peculiar to myself. I left her, therefore, to lead the conversation, without any expression of my feelings, and, to my surprise and delight, she invariably struck their tone, and pursued the same vein of reflection. It convinced me of what I had long thought might be true; that there was, in the varieties of natural beauty, a hidden meaning, and a delightful purpose of good; and, if I am not deceived, it is a new and beautiful evidence of the proportion and extent of God’s benevolent wisdom. Thus, you may remember the peculiar effect of the early dawn; the deep, unruffled serenity, and the perfect collectedness of your senses. You may remember the remarkable purity that pervades the stealing in of color, and the vanishing of the cold shadows of gray; the

heavenly quiet that seems infused, like a visible spirit, into the pearly depths of the east, as the light violet tints become deeper in the upper sky, and the morning mist rises up like a veil of silvery film, and softens away its intensity ; and then you will remember how the very beatings of your heart grew quiet, and you felt an irresistible impulse to pray ! There was no irregular delight, no indefinite sensation, no ecstasy. It was deep, unbroken repose, and your pulses were free from the fever of life, and your reason was lying awake in its chamber.

“There is a hush also at noon ; but it is not like the morning. You have been mingling in the business of the world, and you turn aside, weary and distracted for rest. There is a far depth, in the intense blue of the sky which takes in the spirit, and you are content to lie down and sleep in the cool shadow, and forget even your existence. How different from the cool wakefulness of the morning, and yet how fitted for the necessity of the hour !

“The day wears on and comes to the sunset. The strong light passes off from the hills, and the leaves are mingled in golden masses, and the tips of the long grass, and the blades of maize, and the luxuriant grain, are all sleeping in a rich glow, as if the daylight had melted into gold and descended upon every living thing like dew. The sun goes down, and there is a tissue of indescribable glory floating upon the clouds, and the almost imperceptible blending of the sunset color with the blue sky, is

far up toward the zenith. Presently the pomp of the early sunset passes away; and the clouds are all clad in purple, with edges of metallic lustre; and very far in the west, as if they were sailing away into another world, are seen spots of intense brightness, and the tall trees on the hilly edge of the horizon seem piercing the sky, on fire with its consuming heat. There is a tumultuous joy in the contemplation of this hour, which is peculiar to itself. You feel as if you should have had wings; for there is a strange stirring in your heart to follow on; and your imagination bursts away into that beautiful world, and revels among the unsubstantial clouds till they become cold. It is a triumphant and extravagant hour. Its joyousness is an intoxication, and its pleasure dies with the day.

“The night, starry and beautiful, comes on. The sky has a blue, intense almost to blackness, and the stars are set in it like gems. They are of different glory, and there are some that burn, and some that have a twinkling lustre, and some are just visible and faint. You know their nature, and their motion; and there is something awful in so many worlds moving on through the firmament so silently and in order. You feel an indescribable awe stealing upon you, and your imagination trembles as it goes up among them. You gaze on, and on, and the superstitions of olden time, and the wild visions of astrology, steal over your memory, till, by-and-by, you hear the music which they ‘give out as they go,’ and drink in the mysteries of their hidden

meaning, and believe that your destiny is woven by their burning spheres. There comes on you a delirious joy, and a kind of terrible fellowship with their sublime nature, and you feel as if you could go up to a starry place and course the heavens in company. There is a spirituality in this hour, a separation from material things, which is of a fine order of happiness. The purity of the morning, and the noontide quietness, and the rapture of the glorious sunset, are all human and comprehensible feelings; but this has the mystery and the lofty energy of a higher world, and you return to your human nature with a refreshed spirit and an elevated purpose: see now the wisdom of God! the collected intellect for the morning prayer and our daily duty; the delicious repose for our noontide weariness; and the rapt fervor to purify us by night from our worldliness, and keep wakeful the eye of immortality! They are all suited to our need; and it is pleasant to think, when we go out at this or that season, that its peculiar beauty is fitted to our peculiar wants, and that it is not a chance harmony of our hearts with nature.

“The world had become to Caroline a new place. No change in the season was indifferent to her; nothing was common or familiar. She found beauty in things you would pass by, and a lesson for her mind or her heart in the minutest workmanship of nature. Her character assumed a cheerful dignity, and an elevation above ordinary amusements or annoyances. She was equable and calm, because

her feelings were never reached by ordinary irritations; and, if there were no other benefit in cultivation, this were almost argument enough to induce it.

“It is now five years since I commenced my tutorship. I have given you the history of two of them. In the remaining three there has been much that has interested my mind; probably little that would interest yours. We have read together, and, as far as possible, studied together. She has walked with me, and shared all my leisure, and known every thought. She is now a woman of eighteen. Her childish graces are matured, and her blue eye would send a thrill through you. You might object to her want of fashionable *tournure*, and find fault with her unfashionable impulses. I do not. She is a high-minded, noble, impassioned being, with an enthusiasm that is not without reason, and a common sense that is not a regard to self-interest. Her motion was not learned at schools, but it is unembarrassed and free; and her tone has not been educated to a refined whisper, but it expresses the meaning of her heart, as if its very pulse had become articulate. The many might not admire her; I know she would be idolized by the few.

“Our intercourse is as intimate still; and it could not change without being less so, for we are constantly together. There is — to be sure — lately — a slight degree of embarrassment — and — somehow — we read more poetry than we used to do — but it is nothing at all — nothing.”

My friend was married to his pupil a few months after writing the foregoing. He has written to me since, and I will show you the letter if you will call, any time. It will not do to print it, because there are some domestic details not proper for the general eye; but, to me, who am a bachelor, bent upon matrimony, it is interesting to the last degree. He lives the same quiet, retired life, that he did before he was married. His room is arranged with the same taste, and with reference to the same habits as before. The light comes in as timidly through the half-closed window, and his pictures look as shadowy and dim, and the rustle of the turned leaf adds as mysteriously to the silence. He is the fondest of husbands, but his affection does not encroach on the habits of his mind. Now and then he looks up from his book, and, resting his head upon his hand, lets his eye wander over the pale cheek and drooping lid of the beautiful being who sits reading beside him; but he soon returns to his half-forgotten page, and the smile of affection which had stolen over his features fades gradually away into the habitual soberness of thought. There sits his wife, hour after hour, in the same chair which she occupied when she first came, a curious loiterer to his room; and though she does not study so much, because other cares have a claim upon her now, she still keeps pace with him in the pleasanter branches of knowledge, and they talk as often and as earnestly as before on the thousand topics of a scholar's contemplation. Her cares may and will

multiply ; but she understands the economy of time, and I have no doubt that, with every attention to her daily duties, she will find ample time for her mind, and be always as well fitted as now for the companionship of an intellectual being.

I have, like all bachelors, speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married, as the world said, well ! Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their fine furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes, cheerfully, and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, and, at such times, I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes moving before me in their pride of life, weave a waking dream of her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon that luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now unforbidden tenderness ; and how thrillingly the allowed kiss and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly they will come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay, to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes, even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing

that he would come ; and when he enters at last, and, with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the very tide that goes flowing through his heart, and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself, in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces ripened into dignity, and her bright loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows the same fervent love and delicate attention which first won her ; and fair children are growing up about them, and they go on, full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die !

I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural tendency of feelings touched by loveliness that fears nothing for itself, and, if I ever yield to darker feelings, it is because the light of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling on such changes, and I will not, minutely, now. I allude to it only because I trust that my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who move daily across my path, and I would whisper to them as they glide by, joyously and confidently, the secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar.

It is colored like the fancies of the bride; and many, oh many an hour will she sit, with her rich jewels lying loose in her fingers, and dream such dreams as these. She believes them, too, and she goes on, for a while, undeceived. The evening is not too long while they talk of their plans for happiness, and the quiet meal is still pleasant with the delightful novelty of mutual reliance and attention. There comes soon, however, a time when personal topics become bare and wearisome, and slight attentions will not alone keep up the social excitement. There are long intervals of silence, and detected symptoms of weariness, and the husband, first in his impatient manhood, breaks in upon the hours they were to spend together. I cannot follow it circumstantially. There come long hours of unhappy listlessness, and terrible misgivings of each other's worth and affection, till, by-and-by, they can conceal their uneasiness no longer; and go out separately to seek relief, and lean upon a hollow world for the support which one who was their "lover and friend" could not give them!

Heed this, ye who are winning, by your innocent beauty, the affections of highminded and thinking beings! Remember that he will give up the brother of his heart with whom he has had, ever, a fellowship of mind; the society of his contemporary runners in the race of fame, who have held with him a stern companionship; and frequently, in his passionate love, he will break away from the arena of his burning ambition, to come and listen to the

“voice of the charmer.” It will bewilder him at first, but it will not long; and then, think you that an idle blandishment will chain the mind that has been used, for years, to an equal communion? Think you he will give up, for a weak dalliance, the animating themes of men, and the search into the fine mysteries of knowledge? Oh no, lady, believe me — no! Trust not your influence to such light fetters! Credit not the old-fashioned absurdity that woman’s is a secondary lot — ministering to the necessities of her lord and master! It is a higher destiny I would award you. If your immortality is as complete, and your gift of mind as capable as ours of increase and elevation, I would put no wisdom of mine against God’s evident allotment. I would charge you to water the undying bud, and give it healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun; and then you may hope, that when your life is bound up with another, you will go on equally, and in a fellowship that shall pervade every earthly interest.

MORNING AND NIGHT.

BY HARRIET WINSLOW.

SHE comes! the universe awakes to greet her,
With rapturous joy the heart of nature thrills,
Bright thoughts and buoyant hopes leap forth to meet her,
And life, at her warm glance, the faint heart fills.

The heavens reflect the azure of her eye,
The earth gives back her sweet and radiant smile,
The winds and waters to her voice reply,
And chant the measure of her step the while.

Her airy foot-falls scarcely brush the dews,
And leave, where'er they light, a greener trace,
Her radiant eyes give to the flowers their hues,
Her breath their fragrance, and her touch their grace.

Her lustrous hair has caught the sun's bright beams,
And robbed them of their gay and golden store;
The rainbow she has rifled, and it seems,
Enrobing her, to win one grace the more.

Darkness and sin, beneath her searching glances,
Shrink swiftly, cowering and abashed away,
And fear and cankering care, as she advances,
Vanish like phantoms that avoid the day.

She passes on, and ever in her train
Follows a joyous troop of rosy hours ;
O'er pride and luxury, misery and pain,
O'er rich and poor alike, her wealth she showers.

She stops not at the mansions of the great,
She gladdens the poor sinner's lonely cell,
She lights the lowly hut, the halls of state,
And lingers fondly where her lovers dwell.

Gently she passes from the world away,
And the earth seems a shade less fair and young,
Yet memory of her, throughout the day,
Speeds lightly all the after hours along.

But daylight dies, and lo! a loftier presence
Fills the green courts where late her reign has been ;
Her subjects all forsake their old allegiance,
And offer homage to a rival queen.

She comes not, like her younger sister, calling
The world to welcome her with song and dance ;
Lightly and noiselessly her steps are falling,
And the awed earth is hushed beneath her glance.

A holier radiance lights her earnest eye,
A heavenly halo crowns her paler brow,
The sense was then a captive willingly,
The soul bows down with deeper reverence now.

The moon and stars attend her on her way,
And, by their pale and mystic light, reveal
The grace her every motion doth betray,
The form her shadowy robes would fain conceal.

At her approach the flowers, still bending low,
Incline their graceful heads in silent prayer,
And while her gentle hands sweet dew bestow,
Their fragrant lips anoint her trailing hair.

She brings dear visions to the homesick mind,
And welcome rest to the o'erwearied limbs,
She gives a foretaste of those realms divine,
Whose glory and whose purity she hymns.

Like some sweet strain of music sad and low,
Her presence moves the inmost soul, and seems
To waken memories of long ago,
To image the beloved we meet in dreams.

All high and holy mysteries attend her,
All gentle influences round her throng,
And spiritual beings freely lend her
The glories that to their own spheres belong.

Kind angel! without thy alternate reign,
Morn were no longer beautiful and bright,
Her sunniest smile and glance, her sweetest strain,
Her dearest spell she owes to thee, O Night!

THE SOLITARY OF SHAWMUT.

BY J. L. MOTLEY.

A SOLITARY figure sat upon the summit of Shawmut. He was a man of about thirty years of age, somewhat above the middle height, slender in form, with a pale, thoughtful face. He wore a confused, dark-colored, half-canonical dress, with a gray, broad-leaved hat strung with shells, like an ancient palmer's, and slouched back from his pensive brow, around which his prematurely gray hair fell in heavy curls, far down upon his neck. He had a wallet at his side, a hammer in his girdle, and a long staff in his hand. The hermit of Shawmut looked out upon a scene of winning beauty. The promontory resembled rather two islands than a peninsula, although it was anchored to the continent by a long slender thread of land, which seemed hardly to restrain it from floating out to join its sister islands, which were thickly strewn about the bay. The peak upon which the hermit sat was the highest of the three cliffs of the peninsula; upon the south-east, and very near him, rose another hill of lesser height and more rounded form,

and upon the other side, and towards the north, a third craggy peak presented its bold and elevated front to the ocean. Thus the whole peninsula was made up of three lofty crags. It was from this triple conformation of the promontory of Shawmut, that was derived the appellation of Trimountain, or Tremont, which it soon afterwards received.

The vast conical shadows were projected eastwardly, as the hermit, with his back to the declining sun, looked out upon the sea.

The bay was spread out at his feet in a broad semi-circle, with its extreme headlands vanishing in the hazy distance, while beyond rolled the vast expanse of ocean, with no spot of habitable earth beyond those outermost barriers, and that far distant fatherland, which the exile had left forever. Not a solitary sail whitened those purple waves, and saving the wing of the sea-gull, which now and then flashed in the sunshine, or gleamed across the dimness of the eastern horizon, the solitude was at the moment unbroken by a single movement of animated nature. An intense and breathless silence enwrapped the scene with a vast and mystic veil. The bay presented a spectacle of great beauty. It was not that the outlines of the coast around it were broken into those jagged and cloud-like masses, that picturesque and startling scenery, where precipitous crag, infinite abyss, and roaring surge unite to awaken stern and sublime emotions ; on the contrary, the gentle loveliness of this transatlantic scene inspired a soothing melancholy, more

congenial to the contemplative character of its solitary occupant. The bay, secluded within its forest-crowned hills, decorated with its necklace of emerald islands, with its dark blue waters gilded with the rays of the western sun, and its shadowy forests of unknown antiquity, expanding into infinite depths around, was an image of fresh and virgin beauty, a fitting type of a new world, unadorned by art, unploughed by industry, unscathed by war, wearing none of the thousand priceless jewels of civilization, and unpolluted by its thousand crimes — springing, as it were, from the bosom of the ocean, cool, dripping, sparkling, and fresh from the hand of its Creator.

On the left, as the pilgrim sat with his face to the east, the outlines of the coast were comparatively low, but broken into gentle and pleasing forms. Immediately at his feet lay a larger island, in extent nearly equal to the peninsula of Shawmut, covered with mighty forest trees, and, at that day, untenanted by a human being, although but a short time afterwards it became the residence of a distinguished pioneer. Outside this bulwark, a chain of thickly wooded islets, stretched across from shore to shore, with but one or two narrow channels between, presenting a picturesque and effectual barrier to the boisterous storms of ocean. They seemed like naiads, those islets lifting above the billows their gentle heads, crowned with the budding garlands of the spring, and circling hand in hand, like protective deities about the scene.

On the south, beyond the narrow tongue of land, which bound the peninsula to the main, and which was so slender that the spray from the eastern side was often dashed across it into the calmer cove of the west, rose in the immediate distance, that long, boldly broken, purple-colored ridge, called the Massachusetts, or Mount Arrow Head, by the natives, and by the first English discoverer baptized the Cheviot Hills. On their left, and within the deep curve of the coast, were the slightly elevated heights of Passanogessit or Merry-Mount, and on their right stretched the broad forest, hill beyond hill, away. Towards the west and north-west, the eye wandered over a vast undulating panorama of gently rolling heights, upon whose summits the gigantic pine forests, with their towering tops piercing the clouds, were darkly shadowed upon the western sky, while in the dim distance, far above and beyond the whole, visible only through a cloudless atmosphere, rose the airy summits of the Wachusett, Watatick, and Monadnock Mountains. Upon the inland side, at the base of the hill, the Quinobequin River, which Smith had already christened with the royal name of his unhappy patron, Charles, might be seen writhing in its slow and tortuous course, like a wounded serpent, till it lost itself in the blue and beautiful cove which spread around the whole western edge of the peninsula, and within the same basin, directly opposite the northern peak of Shawmut, advanced the bold and craggy promontory of Mishawum, where Wal-

ford, the solitary smith, had built his thatched and palisaded house. The blue thread of the River Mystic, which here mingled its waters with the Charles, gleamed for a moment beyond the heights of Mishawum, and then vanished into the frowning forest.

Such was the scene, upon a bright afternoon of spring, which spread before the eyes of the solitary William Blaxton, the hermit of Shawmut. It was a simple but sublime image, that gentle exile in his sylvan solitude. It was a simple but sublime thought, which placed him and sustained him in his lone retreat. In all ages, there seem to exist men who have no appointed place in the world. They are before their age in their aspirations, above it in their contemplation, but behind it in their capacity for action. Keen to detect the follies and the inconsistencies which surround them, shrinking from the contact and the friction of the rough and boisterous world without, and building within the solitude of their meditations the airy fabric of a regenerated and purified existence, they pass their nights in unproductive study, and their days in dreams. With intelligence bright and copious enough to illuminate and to warm the chill atmosphere of the surrounding world, if the scattered rays were concentrated, but with an inability or disinclination to impress themselves upon other minds, they pass their lives without obtaining a result, and their characters, dwarfed by their distance from the actual universe, acquire an apparent

indistinctness and feebleness, which in reality does not belong to them.

The impending revolution in church and state, which hung like a gathering thundercloud above England's devoted head, was exciting to the stronger spirits, whether of mischief or of virtue, who rejoiced to mingle in the elemental war, and to plunge into the rolling surge of the world's events; while to the timid, the hesitating, and the languid, it rose like a dark and threatening phantom, scaring them into solitude, or urging them to seek repose and safety in obscurity. Thus there may be men, whose spirits are in advance of their age, while still the current of the world flows rapidly past them.

Of such men, and of such instincts, was the solitary who sat on the cliffs of Shawmut. Forswearing the country of his birth and early manhood, where there seemed, in the present state of her affairs, no possibility that minds like his could develop or sustain themselves—dropping, as it were, like a premature and unripened fruit, from the bough where its blossoms had first unfolded—he had wandered into voluntary exile, with hardly a regret. Debarred from ministering at the altar, to which he had consecrated his youth, because unable to comply with mummery at which his soul revolted, he had become a high priest of nature, and had reared a pure and solitary altar in the wilderness. He had dwelt in this solitude for three or four years, and had found in the contemplation

of nature, in the liberty of conscience, in solitary study and self-communing, a solace for the ills he had suffered, and a recompense for the world he had turned his back upon forever.

His spirit was a prophetic spirit, and his virtues belonged not to his times. In an age which regarded toleration as a crime, he had the courage to cultivate it as a virtue. In an age in which liberty of conscience was considered fearful licentiousness, he left his fatherland to obtain it, and was as ready to rebuke the intolerant tyranny of the nonconformist of the wilderness, as he had been to resist the bigotry and persecution of the prelacy at home. In short, the soul of the gentle hermit flew upon pure white wings before its age, but it flew, like the dove, to the wilderness. Wanting both power and inclination to act upon others, he became not a reformer, but a recluse. Having enjoyed and improved a classical education at the university of Cambridge, he was a thorough and an elegant scholar. He was likewise a profound observer, and a student of nature in all her external manifestations, and loved to theorize and to dream in the various walks of science. The botanical and mineralogical wonders of the new world were to him the objects of unceasing speculation, and he loved to proceed from the known to the unknown, and to weave fine chains of thought, which to his soaring fancy served to bind the actual to the unseen and the spiritual, and upon which, as upon the celestial ladder in the patriarch's vision, he could dream that

the angels of the Lord were descending to earth from heaven.

The day was fast declining, as the solitary still sat upon the peak and mused. He arose as the sun was sinking below the forest-crowned hills which girt his sylvan hermitage, and gazed steadfastly towards the west.

“Another day,” he said, “hath shone upon my lonely path, another day hath joined the buried ages which have folded their wings beneath yon glowing west, leaving in their noiseless flight across this virgin world no trace nor relic of their passage. ’Tis strange, ’tis fearful, this eternal and unbroken silence. Upon what fitful and checkered scenes hath yonder sun looked down in other lands, even in the course of this single day’s career. Events, as thickly studded as the stars of heaven, have clustered and shone forth beneath his rays, even as his glowing chariot-wheels performed their daily course ; and here, in this mysterious and speechless world, as if a spell of enchantment lay upon it, the silence is unbroken, the whole face of nature still dewy and fresh. The step of civilization hath not adorned nor polluted the surface of this wilderness. No stately temples gleam in yonder valleys, no storied monument nor aspiring shaft pierces yonder floating clouds ; no mighty cities, swarming with life, filled to bursting with the ten thousand attendants of civilized humanity, luxury and want, pampered sloth, struggling industry, disease, crime, riot, pestilence, death, all hotly pent within their narrow

precincts, encumber yon sweeping plains ; no peaceful villages, clinging to ancient, ivy-mantled churches ; no teeming fields, spreading their vast and nourishing bosoms to the toiling thousands, meet this wandering gaze. No cheerful chime of vesper bell, no peaceful low of the returning kine, no watch-dog's bark, no merry shout of children's innocent voices, no floating music from the shepherd's pipe, no old familiar sounds of humanity, break on this listening ear. No snowy sail shines on yon eternal ocean, its blue expanse unruffled and unmarred as the azure heaven ; and ah ! no crimson banners flout the sky, and no embattled hosts shake with their martial tread this silent earth. 'Tis silence and mystery all. Shall it be ever thus ? Shall this green and beautiful world, which so long hath slept invisibly at the side of its ancient sister, still wear its virgin wreath unsoiled by passion and pollution ? Shall this new, vast page in the broad history of man, remain unsullied, or shall it soon flutter in the storm-winds of fate, and be stamped with the same iron record, the same dreary catalogue of misery and crime, which fills the chronicle of the elder world ? 'Tis passing strange, this sudden apocalypse ! Lo ! is it not as if the universe, the narrow universe which bounded men's thoughts in ages past, had swung open, as if by an almighty fiat, and spread wide its eastern and western wings at once, to shelter the myriads of the human race ? ”

The hermit arose, slowly collected a few simples

which he had culled from the wilderness, a few roots of early spring flowers which he destined for his garden, and stored them in his wallet, and then grasping his long staff, began slowly to descend the hill.

JULY.

BY THOMAS W. PARSONS, JR.

ORION dimly burns to-night,
I miss the starry seven,
And with a mild restraint of light
Arcturus walks the heaven ;

The frog pipes feebly in the fen,
The whippoorwill is faint
With chanting to regardless men
His petulant complaint.

So, June is over, and the race
Of fire — th' electric fly —
Has come her obsequies to grace,
And welcome in July.

The year's great miracle is done,
The wonder of the spring,
And soon, the liberal-handed sun
His promised fruit shall bring.

Like some fresh marble, the sublime
Work of immortal hands!
Nature before us, in her prime,
Almost completed stands.

And now the dreaming eye foresees
The sculptor's final stroke,
The golden heaps beneath the trees,
The purpling of the oak.

Ah! might we never forward look,
Or be like insects blind,
And in the sunshine and the brook
Sufficient glory find ;

Nor think of icy days to come,
When sun and stream shall fail,
And all these branches, bare and numb,
Creak in December's gale ;

Then might we hail this radiant moon
With more confiding joy,
Nor dread the solemn law that soon
This beauty shall destroy.

So might I, dearest, fast by thee,
And breathing in thy breath,
Forget how soon thy smile must be
The sad, fixed smile of death.

COCHITUATE LAKE.

BY NEHEMIAH ADAMS.

A LARGE extent of water, at some distance from this city, and to most of its inhabitants unknown till within a few years, is soon to be on its way into the streets and dwellings of this place. At what time the fountains were first opened there, and the valley was filled with them, the memory of man gives us no information. Tradition speaks of it as known to the aborigines. The waters, however, have survived all traces of those who roamed over those hills, hid in those swamps, or pursued their game over the frozen lake. For centuries the embosomed water has reflected the image of the heavens from its eye ever lifted upward, as though it were waiting for the purpose of God, in its creation, to appear. That purpose has long been concealed and delayed. The snows of myriads of winters, "likewise the small rain, and the great rain of His strength," have descended into it; secret springs have been contributing to its depth and amplitude; it has been full, year after year; but still the purpose of God with regard to

it has not been made manifest. The leaves of uncounted autumns have fallen round it ; the nuts and berries in successive harvests have perished there ; by it the fowls of heaven have had their habitation, which sing among the branches ; the monthly "changes of the watery star" have passed over it age after age ; but not till the present year has it begun to serve any purpose commensurate with its value.

When the appointed time arrives for the execution of any great purpose of God, that time, could we but understand it, is, in his view, the best time ; as when important purposes are at length about to be fulfilled by us, the need of them, or the preparation for them, and the means to accomplish them, then, and not till then, seem to be complete. In the mean time, God is not unmindful of the end to be accomplished. He regards more interests than we are acquainted with ; he sees the need of preparations, of which we have no conception. So in the delay of introducing the waters of a lake into a city ; we know not how necessary it may have been that the secret springs should have had longer time to strengthen themselves, and wear for themselves larger openings into the lake ; or what slow, chemical changes it was necessary should be accomplished in the waters, before they were in the highest degree fitted for the use of the great city. The utilitarian, as he drinks from this well, may hereafter be tempted to say, in thinking how long the lake has been comparatively useless, and how

much the city has needed it, — “To what purpose is this waste?” He would have all the resources of the earth and sea developed in a day; if there are any more planets in our system undiscovered, he would have them show themselves forthwith; he proposes to cure all the evils of the moral system by a short logic; but still, the ways of Infinite Wisdom, which are deliberate and continually progressive, are the best, and God will hasten every thing in its time. No one of us foresaw that by the delay of our great project until the present year, a considerable amount in the cost of the iron would be saved, through the recent enactment with regard to the tariff. Thus we shall always find, that, if we are not slothful, though we may be disappointed and hindered in the execution of our plans, God’s time is always the best time; it is unwise to hasten it by rash expedients, and when it comes, all things will fall into subserviency to it, and men will be made willing in the day of its power.

An abundant supply of water has been stored up for this city, kept in the good providence of God for the time of our greatest need, and is now on its way to make us glad. Once, few of us were aware what blessings were in store for us in that lake. One of the most interesting things connected with the preparations for the water, is, a ground-plan of the city, prepared in order to ascertain the necessary amount of iron pipe, and to guide the workmen in laying it. The city has thus been accurately surveyed and measured. Each intersection of the

streets and the opening into each court is to be provided with an iron cross-pipe, cast at an angle corresponding with the angle of intersection. Thus, no place where the water will be needed, has been overlooked, the purpose being to bring the water, not merely into the city, but to each man's door.

All things being finished, the joyful day will come, when the waters will make their entrance into the city. The "ashlar" will be in its place, the "arch-stone" will have been secured, the straight and the crooked pipes will all be adjusted, the thirsty reservoirs will wait for their supplies, the beautiful decorations for the fountains will be prepared, and many will be assembled to see the sportive water leaping from them. In the dwellings the approach of the day will excite as much enthusiasm, as the day of national independence and its entertainments. The children will many times have had their hands upon the faucets, tempting the streams, and the whole household will partake of the same pleasurable expectation, perhaps in doubt whether to remain within doors to welcome the coming blessing, or to meet with the eager multitude without. At a given signal, it may be, the waters will be let in, gradually, and with increasing strength, filling the great reservoir within the city, and then descending from it in haste to smile in every household. All at once the city will have an abundant supply of water. "Joy and gladness will be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." Man and beast will receive

a common blessing. The rich will be as grateful as the poor, and the poor will not envy the rich. The distant lake will pour itself abroad upon a hundred thousand grateful hearts; it will stimulate its unseen sources to supply the demands upon its benevolence; and the whole structure, so complicated in its preparation, and composed of such various materials, will become one great monument of divine goodness, and of human energy. When I think of the joy of this whole city at the accomplishment of this work; when I see the influence which it is to exert upon the comfort and the happiness and the welfare of this place, I am tempted to use these words in a different sense, indeed, from that in which they were spoken, and say, "Who shall live when God doeth this?" It will be a favor to live and partake of the joy, and exult in the blessings which are to flow abroad here in such a stream. Let us rejoice and give thanks in anticipation. "Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it." Let us cheer the hearts and encourage the hands of those who are entrusted with this noble enterprise, in such ways as we may, and at last gratefully identify their names and memories with it. As we see the work proceeding, and when it is finished, let us "worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters."

THE MORNING VISIT.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

A sick man's chamber, though it often boast
The grateful presence of a literal toast,
Can hardly claim amidst its various wealth
The right, unchallenged, to propose a health ;
Yet though its tenant is denied the feast,
Friendship must launch his sentiment at least,
As prisoned damsels, locked from lovers' lips,
Toss them a kiss from off their fingers' tips.

The Morning Visit ; — not till sickness falls,
In the charmed circle of your own safe walls ;
Till fever's throb, and pain's relentless rack
Stretch you, all helpless, on your aching back ;
Not till you play the patient in your turn,
The morning visit's mystery shall you learn.

'Tis a small matter in your neighbor's case,
To charge your fee for showing him your face ;
You skip up stairs, inquire, inspect and touch,
Prescribe, take leave, and off to twenty such.

But when at length, by fate's transferred decree,
 The visitor becomes the visitee,
 O then, indeed, — it pulls another string,
 Your ox is gored, — and that's a different thing !
 Your friend is sick ; phlegmatic as a Turk,
 You write your recipe and let it work ;
 Not yours to stand the shiver and the frown,
 And sometimes worse with which your draught goes down ;
 Calm as a clock your knowing hand directs,
Rhei, Jalapæ, ana grana sex,
 Or traces on some tender missive's back,
Scrupulos duos pulveris Ipecac. ;
 And leaves your patient to his qualms and gripes,
 Cool as a sportsman banging at his snipes.

But change the time, the person, and the place,
 And be yourself the “ interesting case,”
 You'll gain some knowledge which it's well to learn,
 In future practice it may serve your turn.
 Leeches, for instance, — pleasing creatures quite,
 Try them,— and, bless you,— don't you find they bite ?—
 You raise a blister for the smallest cause,
 But be yourself the great sublime it draws,
 And trust my statement, you will not deny,
 The worst of draughtsmen is your Spanish Fly !
 It's mighty easy, ordering when you please,
Infusi Sennæ, capiat uncias tres ;
 It's mighty different when you quackle down,
 Your own three ounces of the liquid brown.
Pilula, pulvis, — pleasant words enough,
 When other jaws receive the shocking stuff ;
 But oh, what flattery can disguise the groan,
 That meets the gulp which sends it through your own !

Be gentle, then, though Art's unsparing rules
Give you the handling of her sharpest tools ;
Use them not rashly, — sickness is enough, —
Be always " ready," but be never " rough."

Of all the ills that suffering man endures,
The largest fraction liberal Nature cures ;
Of those remaining, 't is the smallest part
Yields to the efforts of judicious Art ;
But simple *kindness* kneeling by the bed,
To shift the pillow for the sick man's head,
Give the fresh draught to cool the lips that burn,
Fan the hot brow, the weary frame to turn ;
Kindness, — untutored by our grave M. D.s,
But Nature's graduate, whom she schools to please,
Wins back more sufferers with her voice and smile,
Than all the trumpery in the druggist's pile.

Once more, be *quiet*, — coming up the stair,
Don't be a plantigrade, a human bear,
But stealing softly on the silent toe,
Reach the sick chamber ere you're heard below.
Whatever changes there may greet your eyes,
Let not your looks proclaim the least surprise ;
It's not your business by your face to show,
All that your patient does not want to know ;
Nay, use your optics with considerate care,
And don't abuse your privilege to stare.
But if your eyes may probe him overmuch,
Beware still further how you rudely touch ;
Don't clutch his carpus in your icy fist,
But warm your fingers ere you take the wrist ;
If the poor victim needs must be percussed,
Don't make an anvil of his aching bust ;

(Doctors exist within a hundred miles,
 Who thump a thorax as they'd hammer piles.)
 If you must listen to his doubtful chest,
 Catch the essentials and ignore the rest,
 Spare him ; the sufferer wants of you and art
 A track to steer by, not a finished chart ;
 So of your questions, — don't in mercy try
 To pump your patient absolutely dry,
 He's not a mollusc squirming in a dish,
 You're not Agassiz, and he's not a fish.

And last, not least, in each perplexing case,
 Learn the sweet magic of a *cheerful face*,
 Not always smiling, but at least serene,
 When grief and anguish cloud the anxious scene.
 Each look, each movement, every word and tone,
 Should tell your patient you are all his own ;
 Not the mere artist, purchased to attend,
 But the warm, ready, self-forgetting friend,
 Whose genial visit in itself combines
 The best of cordials, tonics, anodynes.

Such is the *Visit*, that from day to day
 Sheds o'er my chamber its benignant ray.
 I give *his* health, who never cared to claim,
 Her babbling homage from the tongue of Fame ;
 Unmoved by praise, he stands by all confest,
 The truest, noblest, wisest, kindest, best !

Boston, May 30, 1849.

THE FATAL SECRET.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

AN aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from

the repose of sleep to the repose of death ! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work ; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard ! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse ! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer ! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder, — no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe !

Ah ! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing, as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place ;

a thousand ears catch every whisper ; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself ; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him ; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal *secret* struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, *it will be* confessed, there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

THE JINGKO TREE ON BOSTON COMMON.

BY JACOB BIGELOW.

THOU queer, outlandish, fan-leaved tree,
Whose grandfather came o'er the sea,
 A pilgrim of the ocean,
Didst thou expect to gather gear
By selling out thy chopsticks here ?
 What a mistaken notion !

Hard times, methinks, have been thy fate,
Such as have played the deuce of late,
 With men's estates and purses,
Since, on thy native mount secure,
Thou deem'dst thy *title* safe and sure,
 Nor dream'dst of such reverses.

They dealt thee many a sturdy thump,
They digged the earth beneath thy stump,
 And left thee high and dry ;
The spot, which once thy roots did bore,
Is now the garret of a store,
 And earth is changed to sky.

They dragged thee sweeping through the street,
 They set thee up upon thy feet,
 And bade thee sink or swim ;
 For many a month 't was quite a doubt,
 If thou could'st possibly hold out,
 Thou look'dst so very slim.

And every morn a motley crew
 Of idling loungers came to view
 Thy withered limbs on high ;
 And many a knowing look was there,
 While some, that thou would'st live, did swear,
 And some that thou would'st die.

Some shook their heads, and hinted fear,
 It cost so much to move thee here,
 That taxes would be cruel ;
 And some exclaimed, what pity 't was,
 In these hard times, t' incur the loss
 Of half a cord of fuel.

But thou, most grave and sapient tree,
 Their idle talk was nought to thee,
 Yet could not be prevented :
 So thou did'st wave thy breezy head,
 And nod assent to all they said,
 And send them home contented.

Meanwhile thou didst resort to toil,
 Send forth small roots in quest of soil,
 And husband well thy gains ;
 Two years thou mad'st but little show,
 But let thy useless *trimmings* go,
 And liv'dst within thy means.

Dear Jingko, in these days of dread,
Methinks a lesson may be read,
 In thy lorn situation ;
Thy story might perhaps impart
To many a vexed and drooping heart
 Some hints of consolation.

Tell them that thou too hast been distressed,
And found thyself at times quite pressed
 For want of friendly propping ;
When none who witnessed thy mishap,
Would lend thee half a gill of sap
 To save thee even from stopping.

Tell them how low thy *credit* sank,
And how they ran upon thy *bank*,
 And cleared thy *vaults* profound ;
How thy *supplies* were all cut off,
And sure thy *stock* was low enough
 When flat upon the ground.

But thou, brave tree, didst not despair,
But heldest up thy head in air,
 And wast not seen to flinch ;
Thou let'st them know for very *spunk*
Thou still hadst something in thy *trunk*
 To serve thee at a pinch.

So when thou hadst *set up* again,
Although thy garb was rather plain,
 Thy garments old and dusted,
Yet men, who saw thy frugal ways,
Remembering such in earlier days,
 Believed thou might'st be *trusted*.

The birds, thy customers of yore,
To thy new stand came back once more
 As an established place ;
It made thy heavy *heart* feel light
When they discharged their *bills* at sight,
 And paid their *notes* with grace.

And so thou hast survived thy fall,
And fairly disappointed all
 Who thought to see thee down ;
And better days are stored for thee,—
Long shalt thou live, triumphant tree,
And spread thy foliage broad and free,
 A *credit* to the town.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

BY EPHRAIM PEABODY.

HERE is a whaling vessel in the harbor, her anchors up and her sails unfurled. The last boat has left her, and she is now departing on a voyage of three, and, perhaps, four years in length. All that the eye sees, is, that she is a strong ship, well-manned and well-provided for the seas. Those on board will spend years of toil, and will then return, while the profits of the voyage will be distributed, as the case may be, to be squandered, or to be added to already existing hoards. So much appears. But there is an unpublished history, which, could it be revealed and brought vividly before the mind, would transfigure her, and enshrine her in an almost awful light.

There is not a stick of timber in her whole frame, not a plank or a rope, which is not, in some mysterious way, enveloped with human interests and sympathies. Let us trace this part of her history, while she circles the globe and returns to the harbor from which she sailed. At the outset, the labor of the merchant, the carpenter, and of all

employed on her, has not been mere sordid labor. The thought of their homes, of their children, and of what this labor may secure for them, has been in their hearts.

And they who sail in her, leave behind, homes, wives, children, parents; and years before they return, those who are dearest to them may be in their tombs. What bitter partings, as if by the grave's brink, are those which take place when the signal to unmoor calls them on board. There are among them, young men, married, perhaps, but a few weeks before, and those of maturer years, whose young children cleave to their hearts as they go. How deeply, as the good ship sails out into the open sea, is she freighted with memories and affections. Every eye is turned towards the receding coast, as if the pangs of another farewell were to be endured. Fade slowly, shores that encircle their homes! Shine brightly, ye skies, over those dear ones whom they leave behind! They round the capes of continents, they traverse every zone, their keel crosses every sea, but still, brighter than the southern cross or the polar star, shines on their souls the light of their distant home. In the calm moonlight rise before the mariner the forms of those whom he loves; in the pauses of the gale he hears the voices of his children. Beat upon by the tempest, worn down with labor, he endures all. Welcome care and toil, if these may bring peace and happiness to those dear ones, who meet around his distant fireside!

And the thoughts of those in that home, compassing the globe, follow him wherever he goes. Their prayers blend with all the winds which swell his sails. Their affections hover over his dreams. Children count the months and the days of a father's absence. The babe learns to love him and to lisp his name. Not a midnight storm strikes their dwelling, but the wife starts from her sleep, as if she heard, in the wailings of the wind, the sad forebodings of danger and wreck. Not a soft wind blows, but comes to her heart as a gentle messenger from the distant seas.

And after years of absence, they approach their native shores. As the day closes, they can see the summits of the distant highlands, hanging like stationary clouds on the horizon. And long before the night is over, their sleepless eyes catch the light glancing across the rim of the seas, from the lighthouse at the entrance of the bay. With the morning they are moored in the harbor. The newspapers announce her arrival. But here again, how little of her cargo is of that material kind which can be reckoned in dollars and cents. She is freighted with human hearts, with anxieties and hopes and fears. Many of the crew have not dared to ask the pilot of home. The souls of many, yesterday full of joyful expectation, are now overshadowed with anxiety. They almost hesitate to leave the ship, and pause for some one from the shore to answer those questions of home and of those they love, which they dare not utter. There are

many joyful meetings, and some that are full of sorrow.

Let us follow one of this crew. He is still a youth. Years ago, of a wild, and reckless, and roving spirit, he left his home. He had fallen into temptations which had been too strong for his feeble virtue. His feet had been familiar with the paths of sin and shame. But during the present voyage, sickness and reflection have "brought him to himself." Full of remorse for evil courses, and for that parental love which he has slighted, he has said, "I will arise and go to my father's house ;" they who gave me birth shall no longer mourn over me as lost. I will smooth the pathway of age for them, and be the support of their feeble steps. He is on his way to where they dwell in the country. As the sun is setting, he can see, from an eminence over which the road passes, their solitary home on a distant hill-side. O scene of beauty, such as, to him, no other land can show ! There is the church, here a school-house, and the abodes of those whom he knew in childhood. He can see the places where he used to watch the golden sunset, not, as now, with a heart full of penitence, and fear, and sorrow for wasted years, but in the innocent days of youth. There are the pastures and the woods, where he wandered full of the dreams and hopes of childhood, — fond hopes and dreams that have issued in such sad realities. The scene to others would be but an ordinary one. But to him, the spirit gives it life. It is covered all over with the golden

hues of memory. His heart leaps forward to his home, but his feet linger. May not death have been there? May not those lips be hushed in the silence of the grave, from which he hoped to hear the words of love and forgiveness. He pauses on the way, and does not approach till he beholds a light shining through the uncurtained windows of the humble dwelling. And even now his hand is drawn back, which was raised to lift the latch. He would see if all are there. With a trembling heart he looks into the window,—and there,—blessed sight!—he beholds his mother, busy as was her wont, and his father, only grown more reverend with increasing age, reading that holy book which he taught his son to revere, but which that son has so forgotten. But there were others; and lo! one by one they enter, young sisters, who, when he last saw them, were but children that sate on the knee, but who have now grown up almost to womanly years. And now another fear seizes him. How shall they receive him? May not he be forgotten? May they not reject him? But he will, at least, enter. He raises the latch; with a heart too full for utterance, he stands silent and timid in the doorway. The father raises his head, the mother pauses and turns to look at the guest who enters. It is but a moment, when burst from their lips the fond words of recognition,—my son! my son! Blessed words, which have told, so fully that nothing remains to be told, the undying strength of parental love. To a traveller,

who might that night have passed this cottage among the hills, if he had observed it at all, it would have spoken of nothing but daily toil, of decent comfort, of obscure fortunes. Yet at that very hour, it was filled with thanksgivings which rose like incense to the heavens, because that "he who was lost, was found; and he that was dead, was alive again."

Thus ever under the visible is the invisible. Through dead material forms circulate the currents of spiritual life. Desert rocks, and seas, and shores, are humanized by the presence of man, and become alive with memories and affections. There is a life which appears, and under it, in every heart, is a life which does not appear, which is, to the former, as the depths of the sea to the waves, and the bubbles, and the spray, on its surface. There is not an obscure house among the mountains, where the whole romance of life, from its dawn to its setting, through its brightness and through its gloom, is not lived through. The commonest events of the day are products of the same passions and affections, which, in other spheres, decide the fate of kingdoms. Outwardly, the ongoings of ordinary life are like the movements of machinery, lifeless, mechanical, common-place repetitions of the same trifling events. But they are neither lifeless, nor old, nor trifling. The passions and affections make them ever new and original, and the most unimportant acts of the day reach forward in their results into the shadows of eternity.

SANTA CROCE.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Not chiefly for thy storied towers and halls,
For the bright wonders of thy pictured walls ;
Not for the olive's wealth, the vineyard's pride,
That crown thy hills, and teem on Arno's side,
Dost thou delight me, Florence ! I can meet
Elsewhere with halls as rich, and vales as sweet ;
I prize thy charms of nature and of art,
But yield them not the homage of my heart.

Rather to Santa Croce I repair,
To breathe her peaceful monumental air ;
The age, the deeds, the honors to explore,
Of those who sleep beneath her marble floor ;
The stern old tribunes of the early time,
The merchant lords of Freedom's stormy prime ;
And each great name, in every after age,
The praised, the wise ; the artist, bard and sage.

I feel their awful presence ; lo, thy bust,
Thy urn, Oh ! Dante, not alas thy dust.
Florence, that drove thee living from her gate,
Waits for that dust, in vain, and long shall wait.

Ravenna! keep the glorious Exile's trust,
 And teach remorseless factions to be just,
 While the poor Cenotaph, which bears his name,
 Proclaims at once his praise, — his country's shame.

Next, in an urn, not void, though cold as thine,
 Moulders a godlike spirit's mortal shrine.
 Oh! Michael, look not down so still and hard,
 Speak to me,* Painter, Builder, Sculptor, Bard!
 And shall those cunning fingers, stiff and cold,
 Crumble to meaner earth than they did mould?
 Art thou, who form and force to clay couldst give,
 And teach the quarried adamant to live,
 Bid, — in the vaultings of thy mighty dome, —
 Pontifical, outvie imperial Rome,
 Portray unshrinking, to the dazzled eye,
 Creation, Judgment, Time, Eternity,
 Art thou so low, and in this narrow cell,
 Doth that Titanic genius stoop to dwell;
 And, while thine arches brave the upper sky,
 Art thou content in these dark caves to lie?

And thou, illustrious sage! thine eye is closed,
 To which their secret paths new stars exposed.
 Haply thy spirit, in some higher sphere,
 Soars with the motions, which it measured here.
 Soft be thy slumbers, Seer, for thanks to thee,
 The earth now turns, without a heresy.
 Dost thou, whose keen perception pierced the cause
 Which gives the pendulum its mystic laws,

* Michael Angelo, when he contemplated the statue of St. Mark, by Donatello, at Orsanmichele, used to say, "Marco, perchè non mi parli?"

Now trace each orb, with telescopic eyes,
 And solve the eternal clock-work of the skies ;
 While thy worn frame enjoys its long repose,
 And Santa Croce heals Arcetri's woes ? *

Nor them alone : — on her maternal breast
 Here Machiavelli's tortured limbs have rest.
 Oh ! that the cloud upon his tortured fame
 Might pass away, and leave an honest name !
 The power of princes o'er thy limbs is staid,
 But thine own " Prince " ; that dark spot ne'er shall fade.
 Peace to thine ashes ; who can have the heart
 Above thy grave, to play the cenosr's part.
 I read the statesman's fortune in thy doom, —
 Toil, greatness, woe ; — a late and lying tomb : †
 Aspiring aims by grovelling arts pursued,
 Faction and self baptized the public good,
 A life traduced, a statue crowned with bays,
 And starving service paid with funeral praise.

Here too, at length the indomitable will
 And fiery pulse of Asti's bard are still.
 And she, — the Stuart's widow, — rears thy stone,
 Seeks the next aisle, and drops beneath her own.
 The great, the proud, the fair, — alike they fall ;
 Thy sickle, Santa Croce, reapeth all !

Yes, reapeth all, or else had spared the bloom
 Of that fair bud, now closed in yonder tomb.

* Galileo, toward the close of his life, was imprisoned at Arcetri, near Florence, by order of the inquisition.

† The monument of Machiavelli in Santa Croce was erected in the latter half of the last century, — The inscription, " tanto homini nullum par elogium."

Meek, gentle, pure ; and yet to him allied,
Who smote the astonished nations in his pride :
“ Worthy his name,” so saith the sculptured line, —
Waster of man, would he were worthy thine ! *

Hosts yet unnamed,— the obscure, the known, — I leave ;
What throngs would rise, could each his marble heave !
But we who muse above the famous dead,
Shall soon be silent, as the dust we tread.
Yet not for me, when I shall fall asleep,
Shall Santa Croce’s lamps their vigils keep.
Beyond the main, in Auburn’s quiet shade,
With those I loved and love my couch be made ;
Spring’s pendent branches o’er the hillock wave,
And morning’s dew-drops glisten on my grave ;
While Heaven’s great arch shall rise above my bed,
When Santa Croce’s crumbles on her dead ;
Unknown to erring or to suffering fame,
So I may leave a pure though humble name.

Florence, May, 1841.

* “ Ici repose Charlotte Napoleon Bonaparte, digne de son nom, 1839.”
The words are translated “ worthy *his* name,” for an obvious reason.

WASHINGTON AND THE UNION.

BY ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

ABOVE all, and before all, in the heart of Washington, was the Union of the States; and no opportunity was ever omitted by him, to impress upon his fellow-citizens the profound sense which he entertained of its vital importance at once to their prosperity and their liberty.

In that incomparable address, in which he bade farewell to his countrymen at the close of his Presidential service, he touched upon many other topics with the earnestness of a sincere conviction. He called upon them, in solemn terms, to "cherish public credit;" to "observe good faith and justice towards all nations," avoiding both "inveterate antipathies, and passionate attachments," towards any; to mitigate and assuage the unquenchable fire of party spirit, "lest, instead of warming, it should consume;" to abstain from "characterizing parties by geographical distinctions;" "to promote institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge;" to respect and uphold "religion and morality;

those great pillars of human happiness, those firmest props of the duties of men and of citizens."

But what can exceed, what can equal, the accumulated intensity of thought and of expression with which he calls upon them to cling to the Union of the States. "It is of infinite moment," says he, in language which we ought never to be weary of hearing or of repeating, "that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, *in any event*, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

The Union, *the Union in any event*, was thus the sentiment of Washington. The Union, *the Union in any event*, let it be our sentiment this day!

Yes, to-day, fellow-citizens, at the very moment when the extension of our boundaries, and the multiplication of our territories are producing, directly and indirectly, among the different members of our political system, so many marked and mournful centrifugal tendencies, let us seize this

occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union; and let us recognize, in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever! Let the column which we are about to construct, be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun,—till that sun shall set to rise no more,—draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic.

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled. Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious Father of his country. Build it to the skies; you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles. Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame. Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot make it purer than his life. Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character.

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column, the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts, and imitating his example. *Similitudine decoremus.* He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians. This wide-spread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its Independence. Uphold its Constitution. Preserve its Union. Defend its Liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality and freedom, to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world; and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly testify our veneration for him; this, this alone, can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

Nor does he need even this. The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone after stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall any where pant, or human tongues shall any where plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues shall prolong the fame, of
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

MOUNT AUBURN

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

“ There was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre.”

WHAT myriads throng, in proud array,
With songs of joy, and flags unfurled,
To consecrate the glorious day,
That gave a nation to the world !

We raise no shout, no trumpet sound,
No banner to the breeze we spread ;
Children of clay ! bend humbly round ;
We plant a City to the Dead.

For man a garden rose in bloom,
When yon glad sun began to burn ;
He fell, — and heard the awful doom, —
“ Of dust thou art, — to dust return ! ”

But HE, in whose pure faith we come,
Who in a gloomier garden lay,
Assured us of a brighter home,
And rose, and led the glorious way.

His word we trust! When life shall end,
Here be our long, long slumber passed;
To the *first* garden's doom we bend,
And bless the promise of the *last*.

REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D.

BY DANIEL SHARP.

HAVING been long acquainted with Dr. Chalmers as an author, and admiring him as a Christian philanthropist, who was ever devising plans for improving the social and moral condition of the poor, on passing over from England to Scotland, in the summer of 1845, it was one of my cherished hopes that I might see and hear him preach.

Nor was I disappointed. On my arrival in Glasgow, the gratifying announcement was made, that he would deliver a discourse the ensuing Sabbath, at the dedication of the Free Church of St. John. On that occasion, I had the uncommon satisfaction of being introduced to and of listening to that eminent minister of Christ. It was to me a delightful sight, to see that house of worship devoted to the voluntary principle, and filled to its utmost capacity with eager listeners to a man who had commenced his ministry in that city just thirty years before. As he entered the church, every eye was fixed upon him with love and reverence. His Scottish Pres-

byterian gown and bands contributed somewhat to his dignified and venerable appearance. But there was a majesty and yet a benignity of countenance, that, had you seen him in a crowd without his clerical robes, you would involuntarily have said, "that is no common man."

His texts were, "Take heed what ye hear," and "Take heed therefore how ye hear." For some fifteen minutes I had a feeling of disappointment; but as he warmed with his subject, there was a comprehensiveness, and discrimination, and clearness of thought, a richness and copiousness of expression, and an unction which charmed and captivated me. His views on the duty of hearers to listen with candor, attention and humility, and to use their own minds in the examination and contemplation of what they hear, were rational and scriptural. He went against the doctrine of man's passivity and the Spirit's exclusive activity, in conversion and in Christian progress. And he showed the delusiveness of the doctrine, which teaches, that man must do nothing in his salvation, so that God may have the glory of doing every thing. It was an able discourse. His style was not ornate, nor so diffuse as I had expected. It was far better. It was simple, clear, forcible, and fervid. Every sentence was delivered with the earnestness of one who believed what he said, and considered it to be of present and eternal importance. He was an eloquent man. During the whole of my visit in Great Britain, I heard nothing from the lips of any

preacher superior to the sermon at the dedication of the Free Church of St. John.

Dr. Chalmers, perhaps, more than any one of his theological views, set the example of a departure from mere dogmatic and systematic preaching. His sermons were not discussions of abstract truths, applying to no one. He preached to the people concerning their social relations, their secular pursuits, their condition and duties. He addressed the mercantile classes, and pointed out their dangers and obligations. He preached to the tradesman and the day-laborer, and to professional men, giving to each a word in season, and showing them how the principles of the gospel were to be carried out in their different callings and pursuits. It was thus he fulfilled his ministry, making himself interesting to all by overlooking none.

For the philosophic infidel, the vicious profligate, and the self-righteous Pharisee, he had words of truth and soberness, not unaccompanied by fervid strains of eloquence. Many preachers fail of extended usefulness, because of their extremely limited and superficial views. They confine themselves to one class of truths ; to one class of sins ; to one class of hearers ; to one class of duties ; and to one class of privileges. Throwing off all these fetters and limitations, Chalmers suited his arguments, appeals and remonstrances to these wide varieties of character. Hence the beggar and the peer, the operative and the barrister, would hear truths deserving of their profoundest attention, because

adapted to their respective circumstances. This was one cause of the interest which all classes felt in his preaching, and of his great success. A strong mind, a liberal education, and a matured experience, had given him large views of the relations of truth and duty. When he prepared himself for the pulpit, his mental treasures, drawn from the literature of the ancients, from the discoveries of modern science, from history and philosophy, afforded him such exuberant and varied illustrations, that he delighted, and of course riveted the attention both of the learned and the illiterate, not only for a few sabbaths, but to the end of a protracted life.

When I heard him, — and he was then sixty-five years of age, — he kept up the unfatigued attention, nay, the ravished interest, of a large audience for one hour and twenty minutes. This he did not by the “start and stare theatric practised at the glass,” but by strong and original thoughts, by brilliant and beautiful illustrations, and by the announcement of immortal and glorious hopes. These broad and just views of truth and duty, and of the endless variety of topics proper to the Christian pulpit, with his rich powers of illustration, gave to his eloquence an influence for good, over all classes, which few preachers have but seldom so extensively diffused.

In describing the power of Dr. Chalmers as a moral and religious teacher, it is proper to add, that his character, demeanor, and principles were all in harmony with his office and duties. No flashes of

wit, no flights of fancy, no bold or vivid descriptions of the imagination, no logical acumen, no power or compass of voice, were it soft and changeful as the Æolian harp, can ever, for a moment, compensate for a defective character.

It is said, that truth is truth, by whomsoever delivered. So it is. But as a wise saying is unseemly in the mouth of a fool, so is a virtuous one from the lips of a vicious man. Men spurn at it; they recoil from it; they are disgusted with it; they contemptuously say, "Physician, heal thyself." It is well that this feeling is so general; for if the splendor of a minister's sermons reconciles them to his follies, they will soon commit, if it suits them, the same follies themselves. One thing is certain; however eloquent such ministers may be, they do nothing to strengthen the faith, to increase the piety, or to improve the morality of their hearers.

Now, that which gave such a beneficent power to the ministry of Dr. Chalmers was, that every one, learned or illiterate, nobleman or commoner, believed him to be a most worthy man. They knew that the breath of suspicion had never whispered aught against him, nor tarnished the brightness of his fame. He stood up before the public without fear and without reproach. There were no whisperings, even from his opponents, that he was no better than he ought to be. As an eloquent orator, he carried with him the firm support of a good name. He had the reputation of being discreet, frank, firm, condescending. He was stable, uni-

form, persevering. There was nothing fitful in his opinions and movements. Hence he was listened to, as an oracle to be trusted; and he was followed as a guide who knew where he was going, because he had seen the end from the beginning.

And then he had the major virtues of truth, honesty, and integrity, blended with courteousness and consideration. He was above all artifice; his honor and purity were untainted. He was a God-fearing and a sin-hating man, regarding with scrupulous delicacy all the proprieties of social and domestic life. With these virtues of mind, manners and morals, can it be a wonder that, in his own country, he was heard every where with respect and confidence; and that, in this country, his writings are read by thousands of our most intelligent Christians, who would not look at a page of them, were there a stain upon his name? This was one of the secrets of Chalmers' power,—the rhetoric of a blameless, nay, of an active, self-sacrificing, exceedingly humane, and benevolent life.

It was not merely the eloquence of Chalmers, although that was great, which, while living, secured for him so much respect, and when he died called forth a nation's tears, and the regrets and homage of all Christendom; but it was his purity, his probity, his piety, his philanthropy, in alliance with great talents, and large views of human relations and duties, and a dignity and persuasiveness of speech, vouchsafed but to few. I was not surprised to learn, that on receiving the news of his decease,

both the "Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland," and the "General Assembly," (from which he, with hundreds of other ministers, had seceded, and perhaps mainly through his influence,) had voted to adjourn, in token of their profound regard and veneration for the character and services of Dr. Chalmers. All differences were forgotten, in the remembrance that the "eloquent orator," who had been the glory of that church, as he had been an honor and a benefactor to his nation, had suddenly passed away.

And it is worthy of perpetual remembrance, as an encouragement for persons to act up to their own convictions, that, seceder as he was from the Established Church of Scotland, and although his pious scruples, in regard to lay patronage, had occasioned much perplexity to those who were attached to the ancient order of things, yet neither he nor his family eventually suffered from his conscientious course. Greatly to her honor, the Queen of Great Britain, from the consideration that Dr. Chalmers had been a distinguished ornament and blessing to his country, settled on his bereaved widow and her family a pension of £200 a year. It adds lustre to this munificent act, that it was unsolicited and unexpected on the part of Mrs. Chalmers and her friends. It was a spontaneous expression of sympathy with the bereaved widow, and of respect for the illustrious dead.

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there !
THERE is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair !

THE air is full of farewells to the dying,
 And mournings for the dead ;
THE heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
 Will not be comforted !

LET us be patient ! these severe afflictions
 Not from the ground arise,
BUT oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.

WE see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
 Amid these earthly damps,
WHAT seem to us but dim funereal tapers
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! what seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair,

Thus we do walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with rapture wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest ;

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE CHASE.

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN, JR.

A SHOUT from Henry Chatillon aroused us, and we saw him standing on the cart-wheel, stretching his tall figure to its full height while he looked toward the prairie beyond the river. Following the direction of his eyes, we could clearly distinguish a large dark object, like the black shadow of a cloud, passing rapidly over swell after swell of the distant plain; behind it followed another of similar appearance though smaller. Its motion was more rapid, and it drew closer and closer to the first. It was the hunters of the Arapahoe camp pursuing a band of buffalo. Shaw and I hastily caught and saddled our best horses, and went plunging through sand and water to the farther bank. We were too late. The hunters had already mingled with the herd, and the work of slaughter was nearly over. When we reached the ground, we found it strewn far and near with numberless black carcasses, while the remnants of the herd, scattered in all directions, were flying away in terror, and the Indians still rushing in pursuit. Many of the

hunters, however, remained upon the spot, and among the rest was our yesterday's acquaintance, the chief of the village. He had alighted by the side of a cow, into which he had shot five or six arrows, and his squaw, who had followed him on horseback to the hunt, was giving him a draught of water out of a canteen, purchased or plundered from some volunteer soldier. Re-crossing the river, we overtook the party who were already on their way.

We had scarcely gone a mile, when an imposing spectacle presented itself. From the river bank on the right, away over the swelling prairie on the left, and in front as far as we could see, extended one vast host of buffalo. The outskirts of the herd were within a quarter of a mile. In many parts they were crowded so densely together, that in the distance their rounded backs presented a surface of uniform blackness; but elsewhere they were more scattered, and from amid the multitude rose little columns of dust where the buffalo were rolling on the ground. Here and there a great confusion was perceptible, where a battle was going forward among the bulls. We could distinctly see them rushing against each other, and hear the clattering of their horns and their hoarse bellowing. Shaw was riding at some distance in advance, with Henry Chatillon. I saw him stop and draw the leather covering from his gun. Indeed, with such a sight before us, but one thing could be thought of. That morning I had used pistols in the chase.

I had now a mind to try the virtue of a gun. Delorier had one, and I rode up to the side of the cart ; there he sat under the white covering, biting his pipe between his teeth and grinning with excitement.

“Lend me your gun, Delorier,” said I.

“Oui, Monsieur, oui,” said Delorier, tugging with might and main to stop the mule, which seemed obstinately bent on going forward. Then every thing but his moccasins disappeared, as he crawled into the cart and pulled at the gun to extricate it.

“Is it loaded?” I asked.

“Qui, bien chargé, you’ll kill, mon bourgeois ; yes, you’ll kill, — c’est un bon fusil.”

I handed him my rifle, and rode forward to Shaw.

“Are you ready?” he asked.

“Come on,” said I.

“Keep down that hollow,” said Henry, “and then they won’t see you till you get close to them.”

The hollow was a kind of ravine, very wide and shallow ; it ran obliquely toward the buffalo, and we rode at a canter along the bottom until it became too shallow ; when we bent close to our horses’ necks, and then finding that it could no longer conceal us, came out of it and rode directly toward the herd. It was within gunshot ; before its outskirts, numerous grizzly old bulls were scattered, holding guard over their females. They glared at us in anger and astonishment, walked toward us a few yards, and then turning slowly

round, retreated at a trot, which afterwards broke into a clumsy gallop. In an instant the main body caught the alarm. The buffalo began to crowd away from the point toward which we were approaching, and a gap was opened in the side of the herd. We entered it, still restraining our excited horses. Every instant the tumult was thickening. The buffalo, pressing together in large bodies, crowded away from us on every hand. In front and on either side we could see dark columns and masses, half hidden by clouds of dust, rushing along in terror and confusion, and hear the tramp and clattering of ten thousand hoofs. That countless multitude of powerful brutes, ignorant of their own strength, were flying in a panic from the approach of two feeble horsemen. To remain quiet longer was impossible.

“Take that band on the left,” said Shaw; “I’ll take these in front.”

He sprang off, and I saw no more of him. A heavy Indian whip was fastened by a band to my wrist; I swung it into the air and lashed my horse’s flank with all the strength of my arm. Away she darted, stretching close to the ground. I could see nothing but a cloud of dust before me, but I knew that it concealed a band of many hundreds of buffalo. In a moment I was in the midst of the cloud, half suffocated by the dust and stunned by the trampling of the flying herd; but I was drunk with the chase, and cared for nothing but the buffalo. Very soon a long dark mass became visible, looming

through the dust; then I could distinguish each bulky carcass, the hoofs flying out beneath, the short tails held rigidly erect. In a moment I was so close that I could have touched them with my gun. Suddenly, to my utter amazement, the hoofs were jerked upward, the tails flourished in the air, and amid a cloud of dust the buffalo seemed to sink into the earth before me. One vivid impression of that instant remains upon my mind. I remember looking down upon the backs of several buffalo dimly visible through the dust. We had run unawares upon a ravine. At that moment I was not the most accurate judge of depth and width, but when I passed it on my return, I found it about twelve feet deep, and not quite twice as wide at the bottom. It was impossible to stop; I would have done so gladly if I could; so half sliding, half plunging, down went the little mare. I believe she came down on her knees in the loose sand at the bottom; I was pitched forward violently against her neck, and nearly thrown over her head among the buffalo, who amid dust and confusion came tumbling in all around. The mare was on her feet in an instant, and scrambling like a cat up the opposite side. I thought for a moment that she would have fallen back and crushed me, but with a violent effort she clambered out and gained the hard prairie above. Glancing back, I saw the huge head of a bull clinging as it were by the forefeet at the edge of the dusty gulf. At length I was fairly among the buffalo. They were less densely

crowded than before, and I could see nothing but bulls, who always run at the rear of a herd. As I passed amid them they would lower their heads, and, turning as they ran, attempt to gore my horse; but as they were already at full speed, there was no force in their onset, and as Pauline ran faster than they, they were always thrown behind her in the effort. I soon began to distinguish cows amid the throng. One just in front of me seemed to my liking, and I pushed close to her side. Dropping the reins I fired, holding the muzzle of the gun within a foot of her shoulder. Quick as lightning she sprang at Pauline; the little mare dodged the attack, and I lost sight of the wounded animal amid the tumultuous crowd. Immediately after, I selected another, and urging forward Pauline, shot into her both pistols in succession. For a while I kept her in view, but in attempting to load my gun, lost sight of her also in the confusion. Believing her to be mortally wounded and unable to keep up with the herd, I checked my horse. The crowd rushed onward. The dust and tumult passed away, and on the prairie, far behind the rest, I saw a solitary buffalo galloping heavily. In a moment I and my victim were running side by side. My firearms were all empty, and I had in my pouch nothing but rifle bullets, too large for the pistols and too small for the gun. I loaded the latter, however, but as often as I levelled it to fire, the little bullets would roll out of the muzzle and the gun returned only a faint report like a squib, as the powder harmlessly

exploded. I galloped in front of the buffalo and attempted to turn her back; but her eyes glared, her mane bristled, and lowering her head, she rushed at me with astonishing fierceness and activity. Again and again I rode before her, and again and again she repeated her furious charge. But little Pauline was in her element. She dodged her enemy at every rush, until at length the buffalo stood still, exhausted with her own efforts; she panted, and her tongue hung lolling from her jaws.

Riding to a little distance, I alighted, thinking to gather a handful of dry grass to serve the purpose of wadding, and load the gun at my leisure. No sooner were my feet on the ground, than the buffalo came bounding in such a rage toward me, that I jumped back again into the saddle with all possible dispatch. After waiting a few minutes more, I made an attempt to ride up and stab her with my knife; but the experiment proved such as no wise man would repeat. At length, bethinking me of the fringes at the seams of my buckskin pantaloons, I jerked off a few of them, and reloading the gun, forced them down the barrel to keep the bullet in its place; then approaching, I shot the wounded buffalo through the heart. Sinking to her knees, she rolled over lifeless on the prairie. To my astonishment, I found that, instead of a fat cow, I had been slaughtering a stout yearling bull. No longer wondering at the fierceness he had shown, I opened his throat, and cutting out his tongue, tied it at the back of my saddle. My mistake was one

which a more experienced eye than mine might easily make in the dust and confusion of such a chase.

Then for the first time I had leisure to look at the scene around me. The prairie in front was darkened with the retreating multitude, and on the other hand the buffalo came filing up in endless, unbroken columns from the low plains upon the river. The Arkansas was three or four miles distant. I turned and moved slowly toward it. A long time passed before, far down in the distance, I distinguished the white covering of the cart and the little black specks of horsemen before and behind it. Drawing near, I recognized Shaw's elegant tunic, the red flannel shirt conspicuous far off. I overtook the party, and asked him what success he had met with. He had assailed a fat cow, shot her with two bullets, and mortally wounded her. But neither of us were prepared for the chase that afternoon, and Shaw, like myself, had no spare bullets in his pouch; so he abandoned the disabled animal to Henry Chatillon, who followed, dispatched her with his rifle, and loaded his horse with her meat.

We encamped close to the river. The night was dark, and as we lay down, we could hear mingled with the howlings of wolves the hoarse bellowing of the buffalo, like the ocean beating upon a distant coast.

“FORGET ME NOT.”

BY EPES SARGENT.

“FORGET me not?” Ah, words of useless warning
To one whose heart is henceforth memory’s shrine!
Sooner the skylark might forget the morning,
Than I forget a look, a tone of thine.

Sooner the sunflower might forget to waken
When the first radiance lights the eastern hill,
Than I, by daily thoughts of thee forsaken,
Feel, as they kindle, no expanding thrill.

Oft, when at night the deck I’m pacing lonely,
Or when I pause to watch some fulgent star,
Will Contemplation be retracing only
Thy form, and fly to greet thee, though afar.

When storms unleashed, with fearful clangor sweeping,
Drive our strained bark along the hollowed sea,
When to the clouds the foam-topped waves are leaping,
Even then I’ll not forget, beloved one, thee!

Thy image, in my sorrow-shaded hours,
 Will, like a sun-burst on the waters, shine ;
 'T will be as grateful as the breath of flowers
 From some green island wafted o'er the brine.

And O, sweet lady, when, from home departed,
 I count the leagues between us with a sigh, —
 When, at the thought, perchance a tear has started,
 May I not dream in heart thou 'rt sometimes nigh ?

Ay, thou wilt sometimes, when the wine-cup passes,
 And friends are gathering round in festal glee,
 While bright eyes flash as flash the brimming glasses,
 Let silent Memory pledge one health to me.

Farewell ! My fatherland is disappearing
 Faster and faster from my baffled sight ;
 The winds rise wildly, and thick clouds are rearing
 Their ebon flags that hasten on the night.

Farewell ! The pilot leaves us ; seaward gliding,
 Our brave ship dashes through the foamy swell ;
 But Hope, forever faithful and abiding,
 Hears distant welcomes in this last farewell !

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

TAKE it for all and all, it is not too much to say, that this character is probably the most remarkable on record. There is no man of historical celebrity that we now recall, who combined, in so eminent a degree, the highest qualities of the moral, the intellectual, and the physical. He united in his own character what hitherto had been found incompatible. Though a poet, and living in an ideal world, he was an exact, methodical man of business; though achieving with the most wonderful facility of genius, he was patient and laborious; a mousing antiquarian, yet with the most active interest in the present, and whatever was going on around him; with a strong turn for a roving life and military adventure, he was yet chained to his desk more hours, at some periods of his life, than a monkish recluse; a man with a heart as capacious as his head; a Tory, brim full of Jacobitism, yet full of sympathy and unaffected familiarity with all classes, even the humblest; a successful author,

without pedantry and without conceit; one, indeed, at the head of the republic of letters, and yet with a lower estimate of letters, as compared with other intellectual pursuits, than was ever hazarded before.

The first quality of his character, or, rather, that which forms the basis of it, as of all great characters, was his energy. We see it, in his early youth, triumphing over the impediments of nature, and, in spite of lameness, making him conspicuous in every sort of athletic exercise; clambering up dizzy precipices, wading through treacherous fords, and performing feats of pedestrianism that make one's joints ache to read of. As he advanced in life, we see the same force of purpose turned to higher objects. A striking example occurs in his organization of the journals and the publishing house in opposition to Constable. In what Herculean drudgery did not this latter business, in which he undertook to supply matter for the nimble press of Ballantyne, involve him! while, in addition to his own concerns, he had to drag along by his solitary momentum a score of heavier undertakings, that led Lockhart to compare him to a steam-engine, with a train of coal wagons hitched to it.

We see the same powerful energies triumphing over disease at a later period, when nothing but a resolution to get the better of it enabled him to do so. "Be assured," he remarked to Mr. Gillies, "that if pain could have prevented my application to literary labor, not a page of *Ivanhoe* would have been

written. Now if I had given way to mere feelings, and ceased to work, it is a question whether the disorder might not have taken a deeper root, and become incurable." But the most extraordinary instance of this trait is the readiness with which he assumed, and the spirit with which he carried through, till his mental strength broke down under it, the gigantic task imposed on him by the failure of Constable.

It mattered little what the nature of the task was, whether it were organizing an opposition to a political faction, or a troop of cavalry to resist invasion, or a medley of wild Highlanders or Edinburgh cockneys to make up a royal puppet-show — a loyal celebration — for "His Most Sacred Majesty" — he was the master-spirit that gave the cue to the whole *dramatis personæ*. This potent impulse showed itself in the thoroughness with which he prescribed, not merely the general orders, but the execution of the minutest details, in his own person. Thus all around him was the creation, as it were, of his individual exertion. His lands waved with forests planted with his own hands, and, in process of time, cleared by his own hands. He did not lay the stones in mortar, exactly, for his whimsical castle, but he seems to have superintended the operation from the foundation to the battlements. The antique relics, the curious works of art, the hangings and furniture, even, with which his halls were decorated, were specially contrived or selected by him; and, to read his letters at this time to his

friend Terry, one might fancy himself perusing the correspondence of an upholsterer, so exact and technical is he in his instructions. We say this not in disparagement of his great qualities. It is only the more extraordinary; for, while he stooped to such trifles, he was equally thorough in matters of the highest moment. It was a trait of character.

Another quality, which, like the last, seems to have given the tone to his character, was his social or benevolent feelings. His heart was an unfailing fountain, which not merely the distresses, but the joys of his fellow-creatures made to flow like water. In early life, and possibly sometimes in later, high spirits and a vigorous constitution led him occasionally to carry his social propensities into convivial excess; but he never was in danger of the habitual excess to which a vulgar mind,—and sometimes, alas! one more finely tuned,—abandons itself. With all his conviviality, it was not the sensual relish, but the social, which acted on him. He was neither *gourmet* nor *gourmand*; but his social meetings were endeared to him by the free interchange of kindly feelings with his friends.

Scott was not one of the little great. His was not one of those dark-lantern visages which concentrate all their light on their own path, and are black as midnight to all about them. He had a ready sympathy, a word of contagious kindness, or cordial greeting, for all. His manners, too, were of a kind to dispel the icy reserve and awe which his great name was calculated to inspire. His frank address

was a sort of *open sesame* to every heart. He did not deal in sneers, the poisoned weapons which came not from the head, as the man who launches them is apt to think, but from an acid heart, or, perhaps, an acid stomach, a very common laboratory of such small artillery. Neither did Scott amuse the company with parliamentary harangues or metaphysical disquisitions. His conversation was of the narrative kind, not formal, but as casually suggested by some passing circumstance or topic, and thrown in by way of illustration. He did not repeat himself, however, but continued to give his anecdotes such variations, by rigging them out in a new "cocked hat and walking-cane," as he called it, that they never tired like the thrice-told tale of a chronic *raconteur*. He allowed others, too, to take their turn, and thought with the Dean of St. Patrick's: —

"Carve to all, but just enough,
Let them neither starve nor stuff:
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbors carve for you."

He relished a good joke, from whatever quarter it came, and was not over-dainty in his manner of testifying his satisfaction. "In the full tide of mirth, he did indeed laugh the heart's laugh," says Mr. Adolphus. "Give me an honest laugh," said Scott himself, on another occasion, when a buckram man of fashion had been paying him a visit at Abbotsford. His manners, free from affectation or artifice of any sort, exhibited the spontaneous move-

ments of a kind disposition, subject to those rules of good breeding which Nature herself might have dictated. In this way he answered his own purpose admirably as a painter of character, by putting every man in good humor with himself, in the same manner as a cunning portrait painter amuses his sitters with such store of fun and anecdote as may throw them off their guard, and call out the happiest expressions of their countenances.

DEDICATION OF A LYCEUM HALL.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

KNOWLEDGE and Virtue ! sister powers,
Who guard and grace a Christian state,
Better than bulwarks, walls, or towers,
To you this hall we dedicate.

Temple of Science ! through thy door,
Now first thrown open, do we throng,
And reverently stand before
Creation's God, with prayer and song.

Father of lights ! thou gav'st us eyes,
Earth, ocean, sun, and stars to see,
And thee in all ; — they roll or rise
To teach us of thy majesty.

Works of his hand ! where'er ye lie,
In earth or heaven, in light or shade,
These walls shall to your voice reply ;
Here shall your wonders be displayed.

Trees! that in field or forest stand,
Flowers! that spring up in every zone,
Winds! that with fragrance fill your hand,
Where trees have leafed, or flowers have blown, —

Suns! in the depths of space that burn,
Planets! that walk around our own,
Comets! that rush to fill your urn
With light out-gushing from his throne, —

Waters! from all the earth that rise,
And back to all its oceans go,
Cooling, in clouds, the flaming skies,
Cheering, in rains, the world below, —

Torrents! that down the mountain rush,
Glaciers! that on its shoulders shine,
Pearls! in your ocean bed that blush,
Diamonds! yet sleeping in your mine, —

Lightnings! that from your cloud leap out,
Thunders! that in its bosom sleep,
Fires! that from Etna's crater spout,
Rocks! that the earthquake's records keep, —

Rainbows! that overarch a storm,
Or dance around a waterfall,
Tornadoes! that earth's face deform, —
Teach us, O teach us, in this hall.

VALUE OF MECHANICAL INDUSTRY.

BY RUFUS CHOATE.

DOUBTLESS, to the higher forms of a complete civilization, a various, extensively developed, intellectual manufacturing and mechanical industry, aiming to multiply the comforts and supply the wants of the great body of the people, is wholly indispensable. Its propitious influence upon the wages and enjoyments of labor; the reasonable rewards which it holds out by means of joint stock, in shares, to all capital, whether the one hundred dollars of the widow and orphan, or the one hundred thousand of their wealthier neighbor; its propitious influence upon all the other employments of society; upon agriculture, by relieving it of over-production and over-competition, and securing it a market at home, without shutting up its market abroad; upon commerce, creating or mainly sustaining its best branch, domestic trade, and giving to its foreign trade variety, flexibility, an enlargement of field, and the means of commanding a needful supply of the productions of other nations, without exhausting drains on our own; its influence upon the comforts

of the poor; upon refinement; upon security; defence; independence; power; nationality; all this is conceded by every body. Senators denounce the means, but they glorify the end. Protective duties make a bill of abominations; but an advanced and diversified mechanical industry is excellent. The harvest is delightful to behold; it is the sowing and fencing only that offends the constitutionalist who denies the power, and the economist who denies the expediency, of reaping any thing but spontaneous growths of untilled soils. While, therefore, a general defence of this class of employments, and this species of industry, would be wholly out of place, there is, however, an illustration or two of their uses, not quite so commonly adverted to, on which I pause to say a word. And one of them is this: that, in connection with the other tasks of an advanced civilization, with which they are always found associated, they offer to every faculty, and talent, and taste, in the community, the specific work best suited to it; and thus effect a more universal development and a more complete education of the general intellect than otherwise would be practicable. It is not merely that they keep every body busy, in the evening and before light as well as in the daytime, in winter as well as in summer, in wet weather as well as in fair, women and children as well as men, but it is that every body is enabled to be busy on the precise thing the best adapted to his capacity and his inclinations. In a country of few occupations, employments go

down by an arbitrary, hereditary, coercive designation, without regard to peculiarities of individual character. The son of a priest is a priest; the son of a barber is a barber; a man raises onions and garlic, because a certain other person did so when the Pyramids were building, centuries ago. But a diversified, advanced, and refined mechanical and manufacturing industry, co-operating with these other numerous employments of civilization which always surround it, offers the widest choice; detects the slightest shade of individuality; quickens into existence and trains to perfection the largest conceivable amount and the utmost possible variety of national mind. It goes abroad with its handmaid labors, not like the elegiac poet into the churchyard, but among the bright tribes of living childhood, and manhood, and finds there, in more than a figurative sense, some mute, inglorious Milton, to whom it gives a tongue and the opportunity of fame; the dauntless breast of some Hampden still at play, yet born to strive with the tyrant of more than a village; infant hands that may one day sway the rod of empire; hearts already pregnant with celestial fire; future Arkwrights, and Watts, and Whitneys, and Fultons, whom it leads forth to a discipline and a career that may work a revolution in the arts and commerce of the world. Here are five sons in a family. In some communities they would all become hedgers and ditchers; in others, shore fishermen; in others, hired men in fields, or porters or servants in noblemen's families. But see what

the diversified employments of civilization may make of them. One has a passion for contention, and danger, and adventure. There are the gigantic game of the sea; the vast fields of the Pacific; the pursuit even "beneath the frozen serpent of the South," for him. Another has a taste for trade; he plays already at bargains and barter. There are Wall-street, and Milk-street, and clerkships and agencies at Manilla, and Canton, and Rio Janeiro, for him. A third early and seriously inclines to the quiet life, the fixed habits, the hereditary opinions and old ways of his fathers; there is the plough for him. Another develops from infancy extraordinary mechanical and inventive talent; extraordinary in degree, of not yet ascertained direction. You see it in his first *whittling*. There may be a Fulton, or an Arkwright; there may be wrapped up the germs of an idea which, realized, shall change the industry of nations, and give a new name to a new era. Well, there are the machine shops at Lowell and Providence for him; there are cotton mills and woollen mills for him to superintend; there is stationary and locomotive steam power for him to guide and study; of a hundred departments and forms of useful art, some one will surely reach and feed the ruling intellectual passion. In the flashing eye, beneath the pale and beaming brow of that other one, you detect the solitary first thoughts of genius. There are the seashore of storm or calm, the waning moon, the stripes of summer evening cloud, traditions, and all the food of the soul, for him. And so

all the boys are provided for. Every fragment of mind is gathered up. Nothing is lost. The hazel rod, with unfailing potency, points out, separates, and gives to sight every grain of gold in the water and in the sand. Every taste, every faculty, every peculiarity of mental power, finds its task, does it, and is made the better for it.

Let me say, that there is another influence of manufacturing and mechanical arts and industry, which should commend them to the favor of American statesmen. In all ages and in all nations they have been the parents and handmaids of popular liberty. If I had said of democratical liberty, I should have expressed myself more accurately. This praise, if not theirs alone, or pre-eminently, they share perhaps with commerce only. I observe, with surprise, that Mr. Calhoun, in his speech in opposition to Mr. Randolph's motion to strike out the minimum valuation on cotton goods, in the House of Representatives, April, 1816, a speech in many respects remarkable and instructive, and to which I shall make frequent reference before I have done,—in that speech Mr. Calhoun gives some slight countenance to the suggestion that “capital employed in manufacturing produced a greater dependence on the part of the employed, than in commerce, navigation, or agriculture.” I think this is contradicted by the history of the whole world. “Millionary manufacturing capitalists,” like all other persons possessed of large accumulations, are essentially conservative, timorous, disinclined to change,

on the side of law, order, and permanence. So are millionaire commercial capitalists, and millionaire cotton-growing and sugar-growing capitalists, and millionaire capitalists of all sorts. But the artisans of towns,—mechanics, manufacturing operatives, that whole city and village population, wherever concentrated, by whom the useful arts of a civilized society are performed,—are among the freest of the free, the world over. They are no man's slaves; they are "no man's men." Brought together in considerable numbers, and forming part of a still larger urban population in immediate contact; reciprocally acting on and acted on by numerous other minds; enjoying every day some time of leisure, and driven by the craving for stimulus which the monotony of their employments, their own mental activity, and all the influences about them, are so well calculated to produce; driven to the search of some external objects of interest, they find these in conversation, in discussion, in reading newspapers and books, in all the topics which agitate the crowded community of which they are part; and thus they become curious, flexible, quick, progressive. Something too in their position and relations; just starting in the world, their fortunes to seek or to make; something in their half antagonistical, half auxiliary connection with their employers; free associated labor employed by large associated capital; something, with unfailing certainty, determines them to the side of the largest liberty. So always it has been. So it was in the freest of the Greek

republics. So too, in the middle ages, after her sleep of a thousand years from the battle of Pharsalia, liberty revived and respired among the handicraftsmen and traders of the small commercial and manufacturing towns of Germany, Italy, and England. There, in sight of the open and glorious sea, law, order, self-government, popular liberty, art, taste, and all the fair variety of cultivated things, sprang up together, and set out together on that "radiant round," never to cease but with the close of time. And where do you feel the pulses of democratical England and Scotland beat quickest and hottest to-day? What are the communities that called loudest for parliamentary reform; and call loudest now for those social and political ameliorations, the fear of which perplexes the throne, the church, and the aristocracy? Certainly, the large and small manufacturing towns. "The two great powers, (I read from the ablest Tory journal in Great Britain,) operating on human affairs, which are producing this progressive increase of democratical influence, are the extension of manufactures and the influence of the daily press." What British periodical is it, which most zealously advocates the cause, asserts the dignity, appreciates the uses and claims, of manufacturing industry? Precisely the most radical and revolutionary of them all. And whose rhymes are those which convey to the strong, sad heart of English labor, "thoughts that wake to perish never," the germs of a culture growing up to everlasting life, the "public and

private sense of a man ;” the dream, the hope, of social reform ; and a better, but not revolutionary liberty ! Whose, but Elliot’s, the worker in iron, the “ artisan poet of the poor ? ”

The real truth is, that manufacturing and mechanical, and commercial industry, is “ the prolific source of democratic feeling.” Of the two great elements, which must be combined in all greatness of national character and national destiny, permanence, and progression, these employments stimulate the latter ; agriculture contributes to the former. They are one of those acting and counter-acting, opposing yet not discordant powers, from whose reciprocal struggle is drawn out the harmony of the universe. Agriculture is the other. The country is the home of rest. The town is the theatre of change. Senators are very fond of reminding us that the census shows so large a preponderance of numbers at work on the land. Then, over and above all the good you do them, by calling off some who would crowd that employment into other business, and providing a better market for those who remain in it, why should you be afraid, on a larger and deeper reason, to temper and attend this by other occupation ? You have provided well for permanence. Be not afraid of the agents of intelligent progress. It is the union of social labors which causes the wealth, develops the mind, prolongs the career, and elevates and adorns the history of nations.

MARY.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

WHAT though the name is old and oft repeated,
What though a thousand beings bear it now ;
And true hearts oft the gentle word have greeted, —
What though 't is hallow'd by a poet's vow ?
We ever love the rose, and yet its blooming
Is a familiar rapture to the eye,
And yon bright star we hail, although its looming
Age after age has lit the northern sky.

As starry beams o'er troubled billows stealing,
As garden odors to the desert blown,
In bosoms faint a gladsome hope revealing,
Like patriot music or affection's tone, —
Thus, thus, for aye, the name of MARY spoken
By lips or text, with magic-like control,
The course of present thought has quickly broken
And stirred the fountains of my inmost soul.

The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,
 The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,
 To my fond fancy, MARY, seem to borrow
 Celestial halos from thy gentle name ;
 The Grecian artist gleaned from many faces,
 And in a perfect whole the parts combined,
 So have I counted o'er dear woman's graces
 To form the MARY of my ardent mind.

And marvel not I thus call my ideal,
 We inly paint as we would have things be,
 The fanciful springs ever from the real,
 As APHRODITE rose from out the sea ;
 Who smiled upon me kindly day by day,
 In a far land where I was sad and lone ?
 Whose presence now is my delight alway ?
 Both angels must the same bless'd title own.

What spirits round my weary way are flying,
 What fortunes on my future life await,
 Like the mysterious hymns the winds are sighing,
 Are all unknown, — in trust I bide my fate ;
 But if one blessing I might crave from Heaven,
 'T would be that MARY should my being cheer,
 Hang o'er me when the chord of life is riven,
 Be my dear household word, and my last accent here.

THAT GENTLEMAN.*

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

AMONG the passengers on board the steamboat Chancellor Livingston, on one of her trips up the North River, last year, a middle-aged gentleman was observed by the captain, whose appearance attracted notice, but whose person and quality were unknown to him. The stranger was dressed in the best made clothing, of the latest style, but without being in the extreme of fashion, or conspicuous for any thing that he did or did not wear. He had not, however, availed himself of the apology of travelling, as many do, to neglect the most scrupulous care of his person, and seemed rather to be on a visit, than a journey. His equipage had been noticed by the porters to correspond with its owner, in appearance. The trunk was made to increase or diminish in capacity, the upper part rising on the under by screws, according to the contents; the whole of it was besides enveloped in a firm canvass. A cloak-bag of the best construction; a writing apparatus, with a most inscrutable lock; an umbrella in a neat

* First published in 1825.

case, a hat in another, ready to take the place of the travelling seal-skin cap, which the stranger wore during the trip, were so many indications of a man, who placed the happiness of life in the enjoyment of its comforts. The greatest of all comforts is yet to be told, and was in attendance upon him, in the shape of a first-rate servant, a yellow man by complexion, taciturn, active, gentle; just not too obsequious, and just not too familiar; not above the name of servant, and well deserving that of friend.

This strange gentleman was quiet, moderate in his movements, somewhat reserved in his manners; all real gentlemen are so. A shade of melancholy settled over his face, but rather lightening into satisfaction, than dark and ominous of growing sorrow. It was a countenance, which care had furrowed, but in which the springing seeds of grief were not yet planted. There was a timid look of one, that had been deceived by appearances, and feared to trust himself to an exterior, that might betray his heart into a misplaced confidence. There was an expression, which one might almost call sly, of a man, who had at length found a secret treasure, which he would not expose, lest it should be torn from him, or he should be disturbed in its enjoyment. Of the beauties of the scene, though plainly a man of cultivated mind, he took little notice. He cast an eye of equal indifference on nature's Cyclopean masonry at the Palisades, and on the elegant erections of art, on the opposite side

of the river. Even the noble entrance into the Highlands scarcely fixed his attention.

With all the appearance of a perfect gentleman, there was nevertheless conspicuous about this personage, a punctuality in obeying the bell, which summoned to the meals, and a satisfaction evinced while at them, which evidently proceeded from some particular association of ideas, to which the spectator wanted the key. It was not ravening appetite; it was not for want of being accustomed at home to what are commonly, and we think correctly, called "good things;" his whole appearance negatived such an idea. But he repaired to the table with a cheerful and active step, as if he were sure he should find things as they ought to be; and he partook of its provisions as if he had found them so. He did not praise the abundance and good quality of what he saw and enjoyed; but maintained the same rather mysterious silence here, as elsewhere on board. But the expression of calm inward satisfaction, which reigned in his face, spoke volumes. In like manner, with respect to every part of the domestic economy of the boat; the commodious berths, the conveniences of the washing apparatus, and of the barber's shop; the boot-brushing quarters, in short, all the nameless accommodations and necessaries, which will suggest themselves without being specified. In regard to them all, you might read in the stranger's looks and mien, that he was perfectly satisfied; and for some reason, which did not suggest itself for want of

knowledge of his history, he evidently enjoyed this satisfaction, with a peculiar *relish*. In fact, the only words, that had been heard to escape from "that gentleman," for so the captain had called him, in pointing him out to the steward; and so the barber had called him in speaking of him to the cook; and so the engineer had designated him, in describing his looks to the fireman; the only words which "that gentleman" had been heard to utter to any one on board, were his remarks to the captain, after having finished a tour of observation round the boat, — "Very convenient, very comfortable."

As they drew near to Albany, this air of satisfaction was evidently clouded. Nothing adverse had happened on board the boat, which was walking cheerily through the water, at the rate of eleven miles and a half per hour. Mr. Surevalve, her engineer, was heard to say that he could double her steam without coming near her proof; "but then," he added to the fireman, "what good would that do, seeing the resistance of the water increases, with the velocity of the boat;" a remark, to which the fireman returned, what may be called, a very *unknowing* look. The weather was fine; the company generally exhilarated with arriving at the journey's end; and all but the stranger rising in spirits, as they drew near to the landing place. He, on the contrary, proceeded about the business of disembarking, with the only discontented look he had worn during the trip:

But in the crowd and hurry of landing two hundred and fifty passengers, with as many trunks, carpet-bags, and handboxes, and the tumult of conflicting porters, draymen, hackmen, and greeting friends, the stranger was lost sight of. Several of the passengers had secretly determined to keep an eye upon him; an idea having got abroad that he was a member of parliament, or some said the Duke of Saxe Weimar, which the engineer averred with an oath to be the case, adding that "it was hard, if he could not tell a Frenchman." It so happened that every man on board had an object of greater interest to look after in the crowd, viz. himself; and which course the stranger took on landing, no one could say.

It was not long, before the captain discovered that the stranger had not gone on shore, for he perceived him occupying a retired seat on the transom, aft in the cabin; and that he appeared to intend returning to New York the next trip. His countenance had recovered its prevailing expression, and he just opened his lips to say that he "believed he should take the boat back." Various speculations, no doubt, were made by the captain, the steward, the engineer, and the fireman, on a circumstance, upon the whole, so singular: but recollecting his clouded aspect, as he approached Albany, they came to the conclusion that he had forgotten something of importance in New York; that the recollection of it did not return to him, till near the arrival of the boat, and consequently he was obliged

to go down the river again. "You see *that* gentleman again," says the engineer to the fireman. "I do," replied Mr. Manyscald. "I suppose he has forgotten something in New York," pursued the engineer; and thus closed a dialogue, which a skilful novelist would have spun out into three pages.

The stranger's demeanor, on the return, was the exact counterpart of that, which he had worn on the ascent; calm, satisfied, retired; perfectly at ease; a mind and senses, formed to enjoy, reposing in the full possession of their objects. To describe his manner more minutely, would be merely to repeat what we have already said, in the former part of this account. But the hypothesis, by which the engineer and fireman had accounted for his return, and his melancholy looks, at Albany, was overthrown by the extraordinary fact, that as they drew near to New York, his countenance was overshadowed by the same clouds that had before darkened it. He was even more perplexed in spirit, than he had before seemed; and he ordered his servant to look to the baggage, with a pettishness that contrasted strangely with his calm deportment. The engineer who had noticed this, was determined to watch him closely; and the fireman swore he would follow him up to the head of Cortlandt street. But just as the steamboat was rounding into the slip, a sloop was descending the river with wind and tide; and some danger of collision arose. It was necessary that the engineer should throw his wheels back, with all possible expedition. This

event threw the fire-room into a little confusion, succeeded by some remarks of admiration, at the precision with which the engine worked, and the boast of the fireman, "how sweetly she went over her centres." This bustle below was followed by that of arriving; the usual throng of friends, porters, passengers, draymen, hackmen, and barrowmen breasting each other on the deck, on the plank which led from the boat, on the slip, and in the street, completed the momentary confusion; and when the engineer and fireman had readjusted their apartment, they burst out at once on each other, with the question and reply, "Did you see which way *that* gentleman went?" "Hang it, no." The captain and the steward were much in the same predicament. "I meant to have had an eye after '*that* gentleman,'" said the captain, "but he has given me the slip."

It was, accordingly, with a good deal of surprise, that, on descending to the cabin, he again saw the stranger, in the old place; again prepared to all appearance to go back to Albany, and again heard the short remark, "I believe, I shall take the boat back." But the captain was well-bred, and the stranger a good customer; so that no look escaped the former, expressive of the sentiments which this singular conduct excited in him. The same decorum, however, did not restrain the engineer and fireman. As soon as they perceived the stranger, on his accustomed walk up and down deck, the engineer cried out, with a preliminary obtestation

which we do not care to repeat, "Mr. Manyscald, do you see '*that* gentleman?'" "Ay, ay," was the answer, "who can he be?" "Tell that if you can," rejoined the engineer, "it ain't every man that's willing to be known; for my own part, I believe it's Bolivar come to tap the dam over the Mohawk, and let the kanol waste out." The fireman modestly inquired his reason for thinking it was Bolivar, but the engineer, a little piqued at having his judgment questioned, merely muttered, that "it was hard, if he could n't tell a Frenchman."

During the passage, nothing escaped the stranger that betrayed his history or errand; nor yet was there any affectation of mystery or concealment. A close observer would have inferred (as is said to be the case with free masonry), that no secret escaped him, because there was none to escape; that his conduct, though not to be accounted for by those unacquainted with him, was probably consistent with the laws of human nature, and the principles of a gentleman. It is precisely, however, a case like this, which most stimulates the curiosity and awakens the suspicions of common men. They think the natural unaffected air but a deeper disguise; and it cannot be concealed, that, in the course of the third passage, very hard allusions were made by the engineer and fireman to the character of Major André, as a spy. The sight of West Point, probably awakened this reminiscence in the mind of the engineer, who, in the ardor of his patriotic feeling, forgot it was time of peace.

The fireman was beginning to throw out a submissive hint, that he did not know, "that in time of peace, even an Englishman could be hung for going to West Point;" but the engineer interrupted him, and expressed his belief, with an oath, that "if General Jackson could catch '*that* gentleman,'" (as he now called him with a little sneer on the word,) "he would hang him, under the second article of the rules of war." "For all me," meekly responded the fireman, as he shouldered a stick of pitch-pine into the furnace.

It is remarked by authors, who have spoken on the subject of juggling, that the very intensity with which an audience eyes the juggler, facilitates his deceptions. He has but to give their eyes and their thoughts a slight misdirection, and then he may, for a moment, do almost any thing unobserved, in full view. A vague impression, growing out of the loose conversation in the fire-room, had prevailed among the attendants and others in the boat, that the gentleman was a foreigner, going to explore, if not to tap, the canal. With this view, they felt no doubt, he would land at Albany; a lookout was kept for him, and though he was unnoticed in the throng at the place of debarkation, it was ascribed to the throng that the gentleman was unnoticed. "I tell you, you'll hear mischief from '*that* gentleman yet,'" said the engineer, throwing off his steam.

What then was their astonishment, and even that of the captain and steward, to find the stranger was still in the cabin, and prepared to all appearance again

to go back to New York. The captain felt he hardly knew how ; we may call it *queer*. He stifled, however, his uneasy emotions, and endeavored to bow respectfully to the stranger's usual remark, "I think I shall take the boat back." Aware of the busy speculation, which had begun to express itself in the fire-room, he requested the steward not to let it be known, that "*that* gentleman" was going down again ; and it remained a secret till the boat was under way. About half an hour after it had started, the gentleman left the cabin to take one of his walks on deck, and in passing along, was seen at the same instant by the engineer and fireman. For a moment they looked at each other with an expression of displeasure and resolution strongly mingled. Not a word was said by either ; but the fireman dropped a huge stick of pine, which he was shouldering into the furnace ; and the engineer as promptly cut off the steam from the engine, and brought the wheels to a stand. The captain of course rushed forward, and inquired if the boiler had *collapsed*, (the modern polite word for *bursting*;) and met the desperate engineer coming up to speak for himself. "Captain," said he, with a kind of high-pressure movement of his arm, "I have kept up steam, ever since there was such a thing as steam on the river. Copper boiler, or iron, high pressure or low ; give me the packing of my own cylinder, and I'll knock under to no man. But if we are to have '*that* gentleman' up and down, down and up, and up and down again, like a sixty

horse piston, I know one, that won't raise another inch of steam, if he starves for it."

The unconscious subject of this tumult had already retreated to his post in the cabin, before the scene began, and was luckily ignorant of the trouble he was causing. The captain, who was a prudent man, spoke in a conciliating tone to the engineer; promised to ask the stranger roundly, who he was, and what was his business, and if he found the least cause of dissatisfaction, to set him on shore at Newburgh. The mollified engineer returned to his department; the fireman shouldered a huge stick of pine into the furnace, the steam rushed into the cylinder, and the boat was soon moving her twelve knots an hour on the river.

The captain, in the extremity of the moment, had promised what it was hard to perform; and now experienced a sensible palpitation, as he drew near to the stranger, to acquit the obligation he had hastily assumed. The gentleman, however, had begun to surmise the true state of the case; he had noticed the distrustful looks of the crew, and the dubious expression of the captain and steward. As the former approached him, he determined to relieve the embarrassment, under which, it was plain, he was going to address him; and said, "I perceive, sir, you are at a loss to account for my remaining on board the boat, for so many successive trips, and, if I mistake not, your people view me with suspicious eyes. The truth is, captain, I believe I shall pass the summer with you."

The stranger paused to notice (somewhat wick- edly) the effect of this intelligence on the captain, whose eyes began to grow round at the intimation ; but in a moment pursued : — “ You must know, captain, I am one of those persons, — favored I will not say, — who being above the necessity of labor- ing for a subsistence, are obliged to resort to some extraordinary means to get through the year. I am a Carolinian, and pass my summers in travelling. I have been obliged to come by land, for the sake of seeing friends, and transacting business by the way. Did you ever, captain, travel by land from Charleston to Philadelphia ? ”

The captain shook his head in the negative. “ You may thank Heaven for that. O ! captain, the crazy stages, the vile roads, the rivers to be forded, sands to be ploughed through, the comfort- less inns, the crowd, the noise, the heat ; but I must not dwell on it. Suffice it to say, I have suffered every thing, both moving and stationary. I have been overturned, and had my shoulder dis- located in Virginia ; I have been robbed between Baltimore and Havre de Grace. At Philadelphia, I have had my place in the mail coach taken up by a way passenger ; I have been stowed by the side of a drunken sailor in New Jersey ; I have been beguiled into a fashionable boarding house, in the crowded season, in New York. Once I have had to sit on a bag of turkeys, which was going to the stage proprietor, who was also keeper of a hotel ; three rheumatic fevers have I caught, by riding in

the night, against a window that would not close ; near Elkton, I was washed away in a gully, and three horses drowned ; at Saratoga, I have been suffocated ; at Montreal, eaten of fleas ; in short, captain, in the pursuit of pleasure I have suffered the pains of purgatory. For the first time in my life, I have met with comfort, ease, and enjoyment, on board the Chancellor. I was following the multitude to the Springs. As I drew near to Albany, my heart sunk within me, as I thought of the little prison, in which I should be shut up, at one of the fashionable hotels. In the very moment of landing, my courage failed me, and I returned to the comforts of another trip, in your excellent boat. We went down to New York ; I was about to step on shore, and saw a well-dressed gentleman run down by a swine, in my sight. I shrunk back again into your cabin, where I have found such accommodations, as I have never before met, away from home ; and if you are not unwilling to have a season passenger, I intend to pass the ensuing three months on board your boat."

The captain bowed ; gratified, and ashamed of his suspicions. He hurried up to put the engineer at ease, who was not less gratified at the high opinion the stranger had of the Chancellor ; and as long as the boat continued to ply for the rest of the season, was used to remark, at least once a trip to the fireman, "'*that* gentleman' knows what's what."

ON THE DEPARTURE OF AN ATLANTIC
STEAMER.

BY JAMES F. COLMAN.

WITH what unconsciously majestic grace,
Like a leviathan half roused from sleep,
Thou movest from thy land-locked trysting-place,
To cleave thy way across the convex deep ;
While Ocean shouts to thee his welcome wild,
And clasps thee in fierce joy, — his fearless child !

Thy mighty pulses play, — thy soul of fire
Paints its black breathings on the cold, blue sky,
And, scoffing at the billows' puny ire, —
As paws the war-horse at the trumpet's cry, —
Thou pantest for a struggle with their wrath,
Trampling thy onward course along their path.

Confided wealth to thee were nothingness, —
Bucephalus weighed not his rider's gold, —
But couldst thou of thy nobler freightage guess,
The bruised and loving soul thine arms enfold,
A mother's yearning tenderness thou 'dst feel,
Thou iron-hearted thing with ribs of steel !

That sorrowing soul ! How many a fitful phase
 Of life hath read its teachings to her eye,
 Since, cradled in the shade of Shakspeare's bays,
 She heard the Muses' whispered lullaby,
 Who with their sister Graces did combine,
 Their flowers in Fate's dark web to intertwine !

How many a heart hath hung upon her words !
 Wit, Art, and Wisdom at her shrine have knelt,
 And on the trembling soul's awakened chords
 The varying melodies of passion felt ;
 For, in Love's school by Truth and Beauty taught,
 That voice embodied all the charms of thought.

All lovely fancies of the poet's brain,
 Which from Imagination's rifled hoards he stole,
 Sprang from the page, informed with life again,
 To claim their empire o'er the loyal soul ;
 And Genius led that visionary band
 To take fresh chaplets from his darling's hand.

There stood sad Constance, — for her murdered boy
 Invoking vengeance, with white, outstretched arms ;
 And sprightly Beatrice, so proudly coy,
 Yet melted at the mischief of her charms ;
 With Henry's wronged, repudiated mate,
 Most queenlike still in her despised estate.

Gentle Ophelia came with willow crown,
 Her dark, dishevelled tresses dripping wet ;
 And wilful Kate, who wins us with a frown,
 Whose temper shall be tamed to sweetness yet.
 There was Cordelia's filial love, and then
 The tender truthfulness of Imogen.

Lo ! through Verona's perfumed orchard-shades,
A girlish vision forms upon the sight,
Which, in those dim, ancestral colonnades,
With starlike beauty makes the darkness bright,
And kneels to her by Fate foredoomed to know
All depths of guiltless tenderness and woe.

Time gives and takes, — wayward alike in all ;
He bears two goblets in his trembling hands,
And where from one bright drops of nectar fall,
Verdure and blossoms clothe life's barren sands ;
And the old graybeard looketh back to smile,
As if amid those bowers he'd pause awhile.

And moments come, when quivering lips must drain
That other goblet's bitter contents dry,
One draught, for years of concentrated pain, —
While his broad pinions stain the azure sky,
And their black shadows on the dewless sod
Hide from our haggard eyes the face of God.

It is that hour for her ; — upon the bleak,
Cold deck she stands, a monument of woe,
While on her speaking brow and bloodless cheek
Thought's struggling forms their giant outlines throw ;
As when, depicted on a marble wall,
Some hidden wrestlers' writhing shadows fall.

Soothe thou thy savageness, thou surly sea !
And, as upon a mother's throbbing breast,
With lion-hearted magnanimity,
Rock her to slumber, — she hath need of rest.
Chain the fierce tempest many a fathom deep,
Down at earth's core, where his pale victims sleep.

That vision fades upon the straining view ;
 Bear her on gently, O thou gallant bark !
And may the dolphins' rainbow-tints imbue,
 Like emblemed Hope, the billows cold and dark ;
Till, to thy port by inward impulse driven,
Thy rest shall symbolize the soul's in heaven.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

BY CHARLES SUMNER.

FROM the grave of the Jurist, at Mount Auburn, let us walk to that of THE ARTIST, who sleeps beneath the protecting arms of those trees which cast their shadow into this church. WASHINGTON ALLSTON died in the month of July, 1843, aged sixty-three, having reached the grand climacteric, that special mile-stone on the road of life. It was Saturday night; the cares of the week were over; the pencil and brush were laid in repose; the great canvass on which for many years he had sought to perpetuate the image of Daniel confronting the idolatrous soothsayers of Belshazzar, was left, with the chalk lines designating the labors to be resumed after the rest of the Sabbath; the evening was passed in the pleasant converse of family and friends; words of benediction had fallen from his lips upon a beloved relative; all had retired for the night, leaving him alone, in health, to receive serenely the visitation of Death, sudden but not unprepared for. Happy lot! thus to be borne away, with blessings on the lips, not through the

long valley of disease, amidst the sharpness of pain, and the darkness that beclouds the slowly departing spirit, but straight upward through realms of light, swiftly, yet gently, as on the wings of a dove!

The early shades of evening had begun to prevail, before the body of the Artist reached its last resting-place; and the solemn service of the church was read in the open air, by the flickering flame of a torch, fit image of life. In the group of mourners, who bore by their presence a last tribute to what was mortal in him of whom so much was immortal, stood the great Jurist. His soul, overflowing with tenderness and appreciation of merit of all kinds, was touched by the scene. In vivid words, as he slowly left the church-yard, he poured forth his admiration and his grief. Never was such an Artist mourned by such a Jurist.

Of Allston may we repeat the words in which Burke has commemorated his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, when he says, — “He was the first who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country.”* An ingenious English writer, who sees Art at once with the eye of taste and humanity, has said, in a recent publication on our Artist: — “It seemed to me, that in him America had lost her third great man. What Washington was as a statesman, Channing as a moralist, *that* was Allston as an Artist.” †

* Prior's Life of Burke, Vol. II., pp. 189, 190.

† Mrs. Jameson's Memoirs and Essays.

And here again we discern the inseparable link between character and works. Allston was a good man, with a soul refined by purity, exalted by religion, softened by love. In manner, he was simple, yet courtly; quiet, though anxious to please; kindly alike to all, the poor and lowly, not less than to the rich and great; a modest, unpretending, Christian gentleman. As he spoke, in that voice of softest utterance, all were charmed to listen, and the airy-footed hours often tripped on far towards the gates of morning, before his friends could break from his spell. His character is transfigured in his works; and the Artist is always inspired by the man.

His life was consecrated to Art. He lived to diffuse beauty, as a writer, as a poet, as a painter. As an expounder of the principles of his art, he will take a place with Leonardo da Vinci, Albert Durer, Joshua Reynolds, and Fuseli. His theory of painting, as developed in his still unpublished discourses, and in that tale of rare beauty, "Monaldi," is an instructive memorial of his conscientious studies. In the small group of painter-poets, — poets by the double title of the pencil and the pen, — he holds an honored place. He was pronounced, by no less a judge than Southey, to be one of the first poets of the age. His Ode on England and America, one of the choicest lyrics in the language, is immeasurably superior to the satirical verse of Salvator Rosa, and may claim companionship with the remarkable sonnets of Michael Angelo.

In his youth, while yet a pupil of the University, his busy fingers found pleasure in drawing; and there is still preserved, in the records of one of our societies, a pen-and-ink sketch from his hand. Shortly after leaving Cambridge, he repaired to Europe, in the pursuit of his art. At Paris were then collected the great masterpieces of painting and sculpture, the spoils of unholy war, robbed from their native galleries and churches, to swell the pomp of the imperial capital. There our Artist devoted his days to the diligent study of his chosen profession, particularly the department of drawing, so important to accurate art. Alluding to these thorough labors at a later day, he said, "he worked like a mechanic." Perhaps to these may be referred his singular excellence in that necessary, but neglected branch, which is to art what grammar is to language. Grammar and design are treated by Aristotle as on a level.

Turning his back upon Paris, and the greatness of the Empire, he directed his steps to Italy, the enchanted ground of literature, of history, and of art, — strown with richest memorials of the past, — touching from scenes memorable in the story of the progress of man, — teaching by the pages of philosophers and historians, — vocal with the melody of poets, — ringing with the music which St. Cecilia protects, — glowing with the living marble and canvass, — beneath a sky of heavenly purity and brightness, — with the sunsets which Claude has painted, — parted by the Apennines, early witnesses

of the unrecorded Etruscan civilization, — surrounded by the snow-capped Alps and the blue, classic waters of the Mediterranean Sea. The deluge of war, which submerged Europe, had here subsided ; and our Artist took up his peaceful abode in Rome, the modern home of art. Strange change of condition ! Rome, sole surviving city of antiquity, who once disdained all that could be wrought by the cunning hand of sculpture, —

“ *Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem : vivos ducent de marmore vultus,*” —

who has commanded the world by her arms, by her jurisprudence, by her church, now sways it further by her arts. Pilgrims from afar, where neither her eagles, her prætors, nor her interdicts ever reached, become the willing subjects of this new empire ; and the Vatican, stored with the precious remains of antiquity, and the touching creations of a Christian pencil, has succeeded to the Vatican whose thunders intermingled with the strifes of modern Europe.

At Rome he was happy in the friendship of Coleridge, and in long walks in his instructive company. We can well imagine that the author of *Genevieve* and *The Ancient Mariner* would find especial sympathies with Allston. We behold these two natures, tremblingly alive to beauty of all kinds, looking together upon those majestic ruins, upon the manifold accumulations of art, upon the marble, which almost spoke, and upon the warmer canvass, —

listening together to the flow of the perpetual fountains, fed by ancient aqueducts, — musing together in the Forum on the mighty footprints of History, — and entering together, with sympathetic awe, that grand Christian church whose dome rises a majestic symbol of the comprehensive Christianity which shall embrace the whole earth. “Never judge of a work of art by its defects,” was one of the lessons of Coleridge to his companion, which, when extended, by natural expansion, to the other things of life, is a sentiment of justice and charity, of higher value than a statue of Praxiteles, or a picture of Raphael.

In England, where our Artist passed several years at a later period, his intercourse with Coleridge was renewed, and he became the friend and companion of Lamb and Wordsworth also. Afterwards, on his return to his own country, he spoke with fondness of these men, and dwelt with delight upon their genius and virtues.

Allston loved excellence for its own sake. He looked down upon the common strife for worldly consideration. With rare beauty of truth and expression, he said, that “Fame is the eternal shadow of excellence, from which it can never be separated.” Here is revealed a volume, prompting to high thought and action, not for the sake of glory, but to advance ourselves in knowledge, in virtue, in excellence of all kinds. Our Artist has here given a fresh utterance to that sentiment which is the highest grace in the life of that great magis-

trate, Lord Mansfield, when, confessing the attractions of popularity, he said, it was that which followed, not which was followed after.

As we contemplate the life and works of Allston, we are inexpressibly grateful that he lived. His example is one of our most precious possessions. And yet, while we rejoice that he has done much, we seem to hear a whisper that he might have done more. His productions suggest a higher genius than they fully display; and we are sometimes disposed to praise the master rather than his works. Like a beloved character in English literature, Sir James Mackintosh, he suddenly closed a career of beautiful but fragmentary labors, leaving much undone which all had hoped he would do. The great painting which had haunted so many years of his life, and which his friends and country awaited with anxious interest, remained unfinished at last. His Virgilian sensibility and modesty would doubtless have ordered its destruction, had death arrested him less suddenly. Titian died, leaving, like Allston, an important picture, on which his hand had been busy down to the time of his death, still incomplete. A pious and distinguished pupil, the younger Palma, took up the labor of his master, and, on completing it, placed it in the church for which it was destined, with this inscription: — “That which Titian left unfinished Palma reverently completed, and dedicated the work to God.” Where is the Palma who can complete what our Titian has left unfinished?

LABOR.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us :
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven !
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing ;
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
More and more richly the Roseheart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

“ Labor is worship ! ”— the robin is singing :
“ Labor is worship ! ”— the wild bee is ringing :
Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower ;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower ;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! — 'T is the still water faileth ;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth !

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labor is glory! — the flying cloud lightens ;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens :

Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune !

Labor is rest — from the sorrows that greet us ;
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.

Work — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
 Work — thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow ;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Wo's weeping willow !

Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Labor is health — Lo! the husbandman reaping,
 How through his veins goes the life-current leaping !
 How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
 True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.

Labor is wealth — in the sea the pearl groweth ;
 Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth ;
 From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth ;

Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not tho' shame, sin and anguish are round thee !
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee !
 Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee :

Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod !

Work — for some good, be it ever so slowly ;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly :

Labor! — all labor is noble and holy :

Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

GOODNESS ALMIGHTY, AND ITS MEMORIAL EVERLASTING.

BY F. D. HUNTINGTON.

THE force with which a man lives, depends on the amount of his virtue, and the depth of his faith; not so much on the penetration of his understanding; far less, on his muscular activity, or his worldly enterprise, or the persistency of his ambition; less still, on any favoritism of fortune. To the worth of a life, the spirit that animates it, and the splendor that attends it, are respectively related, as the kingly temper, and the palace-tapestry, to an empire. He moves, the really strong man, among his fellows, who bears in his bosom a quick conscience, a brave heart, a resolute will for duty, generous affections for humanity, and a filial trust in God. And without these, he were weak and inefficient, though he swung the right arm of Hercules; ignorant and poor, though he wielded Plato's reason, or held the title of Plutus' wealth; shortlived and helpless, though he wore Methusaleh's multitude of days, or Cæsar's crown upon his forehead.

Let the odds be never so greatly on the side of evil, as the eye judges, yet virtue, slender as she seems, carries behind her shield the pledge of an immortal victory. As the seraph Abdiel cried, looking on the apostate in his "sun-bright chariot, armed in adamant and gold,"—

— "Strength and might

There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove

Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable."

This truth finds support in the history of good men and good enterprises. Silently, but effectually, ever since the world began, virtue, a joyous reaper, has been gathering its affluent harvest. The field of its toil has often been obscure and dusty; but still, over all the hills, its sickle rings cheerily against the waving wheat. Among the superb forms of civic station and military glory, its stature has seemed frail; yet in its slender figure has dwelt the majesty of Right. The energy of a giant has clung to its delicate limbs. Whoever had estimated its rank by the magnitude of its pretensions, had sadly misjudged its nature.

Most of the great movements of reform have, at the beginning, seemed insignificant. But by a law of diffusion, certain as any that presides over the growth of animal or vegetable life, they have spread themselves out, in a steadfast organic development, till they arrested the world's attention, and made epochs in its history. Witness the efforts of modern philanthropy; the reformation of the sixteenth century, and the progress of the nineteenth;

and the entire Christian Faith, which, from the despised Nazarene and a few uneducated fishermen, —“the salt of the world,”— went forth, conquering and to conquer; the grain of seed expanding into that tree, the green dome of whose branches bends down over the farthest corners of the earth. Forever, those benignant ideas that uplift and transfigure the race, must have their birth in a manger. From a lowly advent they go up to Jerusalem with an ovation.

A single disinterested act, —some patient suffering, — some disinterested devotion of life or comfort, for another's sake, for truth's sake, for country's sake, — lasts. Men see it shining through dim distances, and their bosoms glow with gratitude. Martyrs for justice; apostles that have held fast their integrity, amidst surrounding shame; the noble-minded; the self-forgetful; incorruptible patriots; faithful friends; —these live forever. The spot where a divine sentiment has had the theatre of its demonstration, like the stony dungeon of Bonnivard, becomes a shrine which after-centuries visit and bless, for the crown of honor it sets on human nature. Goodness makes up, in the intensity of its life, for all deficiencies in the visible ranks of its disciples.

“How far that little candle throws its beams;
So shines a good deed, in a naughty world.”

Form one upright, genuine resolve, and it will uplift into higher air your whole being. Just as a few

great deeds, among a people, will dignify a whole period, and give character to a whole history, so a few heavenly affections will make a whole life divine.

As goodness is the omnipotence of God, and the manliness of man, so it is the only immortality. We are constantly deceived by the fallacy that confounds the mere continuance of time, and the employment of it; by imagining bare existence to be an end, and a good, in itself, apart from those moral exercises which endow it with its only grandeur. In simple fact, it is quite possible so to treat life, that the arithmetical computation of it shall be completely falsified. Crowd the "narrow span" of a single score of years with "wise designs and virtuous deeds," and its dimensions open and expand, till that short career seems lengthened into a protracted age. Waste your threescore and ten in idleness, dissipation, or worldliness, and you dwarf them down to a brief and evanescent day. The young man, whose heart has kept steady beat to high resolves, pure thoughts, and generous sympathies, and has died only because the red blood that warmed that heart has refused to flow, has yielded larger sums of all that makes life truly long,—of all that makes life truly life,—than the hoary-headed debauchee, or worldling, or self-seeker, who is carried forth to burial with the mocked insignia of age upon his brow. Life is to be measured rather by its depth and breadth, than by its length; rather by its contents than its surface. Who would

not say, Give me the fate of Joseph Stevens Buckminster, dying at twenty-eight, but leaving an influence both genial and eternal, and a memory that has no bounds of blessing, — rather than the gray locks spread upon the temples of Aaron Burr, son of blasphemy and crime? A prolonged probation has its value, but only as it is prolonged usefulness. Multiplied experiences are honorable, but only as they bring multiplied occasions for heroism. The hoary head is a crown of glory, but only as it is found in the way of righteousness.

An untimely death, what is it? No human life is long, that wastes its opportunities and perverts its powers. Whenever the bad man dies, though he be superannuated, there is an untimely death. Even in the decrepitude of the body, the death is premature. Out of the world, which it may have gained, goes a lost soul.

On the other hand, the life of goodness never can be brief. It is long of necessity, long without being anxious to be long; long, in its own deep content and satisfying peace; long, in the influence it leaves, sweet as the breath of flowers, to linger in the places that know its outward form no longer, —

“ You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still ; ”

long, in the blessings that grateful lips breathe upon it; long, in its pledge and foretaste of immortality. Righteous men reach their full age; and so do holy

children. The young girl of pure and disinterested heart, and serene trust in Heaven, has no short period among her kindred, though she be borne to her grave with all the dew and bloom of early beauty on her countenance, and its roundness in her unshrunk hand. In her quiet ministry to the affections, in thoughtful manners, and the innocent wisdom of an unspotted mind, she lived long, — long enough to teach us that such a death is no untimely thing. The little child, passing away so soon that it never wrought one of those deeds that men call useful, if it brought one new syllable from the skies, if it wakened one holy impulse or solemn purpose, one prayer to the Father of Spirits, by some speechless, sinless look, has not lived in vain, has not died too soon, has not met an untimely end. Noble affections are spiritual longevity. Voltaire, grown old in the gloomy creed of atheism, died an untimely death. But turn to the lovely young Princess Charlotte, whom the loyal devotion of a kingdom, whom accomplishments and virtues, and the tenderest domestic love, could not keep back from the inexorable tomb; the gentle, sacred light of her beneficent life went down full-orbed, though it hastened to its setting before it had climbed to its noon. Says Sir Thomas Browne, whose spiritual insight is the majesty and the eloquence of his speech, “He cannot be accounted young, who outliveth the old man. He that hath early arrived unto the measure of a perfect stature in Christ, hath already fulfilled the

prime and longest intention of his being ; and one day lived after the perfect rule of piety, is to be preferred before sinning immortality." And so wrote, grandly, another of the wisest of men : " Being made perfect in a short time, he fulfilled a long time. Youth, that is soon perfected, shall condemn the many years and old age of the unrighteous. For honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age."

Thus, too, if we would judge of the *rate* at which we are living, we are to look, not at the growth, or the decay of the frame, the tightening or slackening of the sinews, but at the emotions that play most freely through our hearts, and the actions we achieve. Count, not your birth-days, but the number of hearts you have blessed, and the holy impulses you have set in motion, if you would know how old you are.

" Life's more than breath, and the quick round of blood ;
It is a great spirit, and a busy heart.
We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

The memorial of goodness is everlasting. Whoever bears a working hand and a large love through the world, shall make eternal room for himself in its memory. Whoever speaks fruitful words, so laden with truth that they plant themselves in the hearts of other men with an immovable lodgment,

and strike root there, shall realize the fulfilment of the inarticulate prophecy within him, and shall not wholly die, even out of this scene of his present habitation. Goodness is at once creative and monumental; ideal and form; inspiration and marble. It is one of the finest human traits, that men insist on perpetuating the excellence of their lost companions. Nothing is so sure of an apotheosis, as Christian righteousness. Is there any other immortality worth having?

A shrewd bargainer's opulence may be burnt by fire, or sunk in the sea, or scattered by spendthrift heirs. The costly mansion has no stability, that it should syllable forth its builder's name forever. Children may, one by one, all pass from life, "or, sadder yet, may fall from virtue." But holiness and benevolence, having an independent principle of life, will be fresh and green when the pillars of the earth are shaken.

Following the spiritual laws, your smallest exercise of Christian capability shall tell with its full efficiency somewhere,—somewhere in that boundless realm where our destinies are to be consummated,—somewhere within the cycle of the possibilities of God.

The average of Christian life in society at this moment, is not the result of a few men's extraordinary gifts; it is the growth of slow centuries, and every deed or word, back to the remotest watch of the morning, lent its share of influence to make the child, born to-day, what he is. If it is proved that

every added drop of water swells the whole bosom of the ocean, and that the ripple that drop makes on the surface as it falls, spreads in ever-widening circles, till it lifts the imperceptible wave on the most distant beach; that the falling pebble sends its little shock through the solid centre of the globe; that the motion of our hand scatters vibrations through all the spaces of air, audible, were our hearing only delicate enough to catch them; then how much easier to believe that every thought and act quivers through the spiritual creation, and resounds through the lengthening halls of Time.

The memorial of goodness is an everlasting memorial, because goodness itself is an imperishable thing. There are few truths more animating than this, more practical or more ennobling. Jesus said of Mary's offering, "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her." And so it has been. Wherever the great gospel has gone, with its lofty message and its gracious consolations, there also has gone the story of this woman's reverential affection. The thrilling eulogy on that humility, that devotedness, that significant act so quietly and yet so earnestly done, when the Saviour received his anointing from the lowly woman, has gone out into all the world. It has become a *part* of the "good tidings." The history of that beautiful, unconscious sainthood, has travelled wherever the all-conquering evangel of Christ has travelled, has been borne on the same

wide and rapid wings through kingdoms, has survived with it a thousand revolutions, has looked with it on the tragic course and consummation of many nations' greatness and men's ambition. Simple and unostentatious in itself, such has been its triumphant companionship with the everlasting oracles.

It has happened in accordance with the established order of the spiritual world. And here is encouragement. Every such deed, not this alone, lives on, after the hand that wrought it has changed into fine dust that the wind might drive away. Let him, however humble his lot, who is oppressed with the dark suspicion that he is living to no purpose, dismiss that disheartening doubt. Each honest look and tone of his that wears the stamp of truth, wears also the seal of God; and God knows his own. A thousand times more illustrious than the exploits of valiant commanders, it sinks the brilliant successes of Salamis and Waterloo into stupid failures. It towers up above the golden battlements of commerce, and above even some showy and vain philanthropies.

The charity that ministers its mercy without asking to be seen; the prompt defence of the injured, though hatred and scorn be the first recompense; the example that pleads single-handed, for unbending rectitude, in the face of popular corruptions; the strict abiding by the truth, when falsehood and treachery would buy promotion and fame; simplicity clung to amidst the artifices of an insincere society

which seeks to sanction its impostor-tricks by the flimsy apologies of fashion; purity bearing its angelic testimony where vileness sits as judge; the sufferings of the wronged; the saint's trials; the sick child's patience; the slave's cheerfulness; the aspiration after holiness; the rising prayer of faith; these, and such as these, have no element of decay in them. They are deathless, by the primal ordination of their being. The gathered lightnings of the tropics could not blast, nor mar, their serene beauty. The weight of accumulated mountains could not extinguish the fragrance with which they fill the earth. No blackness of darkness could dim the censers of their unfailing light. Once committed to this actual world, and to the eye of God, they are sure of their eternity. Neither Raphael's pictures, nor Homer's verse, nor Beethoven's music, nor Canova's forms, are so indestructible. Above the brightness of the sun and the stars, they will burn on, when the solemn and long-watching lamps of heaven are gone out.

THE OCEAN.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

Now stretch your eye off shore, o'er waters made
To cleanse the air and bear the world's great trade,
To rise, and wet the mountains near the sun,
Then back into themselves in rivers run,
Fulfilling mighty uses far and wide,
Through earth, in air, or here, as ocean-tide.

Ho! how the giant heaves himself, and strains
And flings to break his strong and viewless chains;
Foams in his wrath; and at his prison doors,
Hark! hear him! how he beats and tugs and roars,
As if he would break forth again and sweep
Each living thing within his lowest deep.

Type of the Infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till 'tis pain
To think; then rests, and then puts forth again.
Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
I feel all soul; and thoughts unmeasured reach

Far back beyond all date. And, O! how old
Thou art to me. For countless years thou hast rolled.
Before an ear did hear thee, thou did'st mourn,
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn ;
Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
At last thou did'st it well ! The dread command
Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing land ;
And then once more, unto the silent heaven
Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.

And though the land is thronged again, O Sea !
Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee.
The small bird's plaining note, the wild, sharp call,
Share thy own spirit ; it is sadness all !
How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down
Yonder tall cliff, — he with the iron crown.
And see ! those sable pines along the steep,
Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy deep !
Like stoled monks they stand and chant the dirge
Over the dead, with thy low beating surge.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FAVORITE ACTOR.

BY JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

“The noblest Roman of them all.” — SHAKSPEARE.

THE decease of any individual, who has occupied a prominent position in society, and who, by the exercise of any uncommon talent, has attracted a large share of public attention, or secured a permanent hold on the hearts of friends and cotemporaries, may properly be followed by a recognition of his claims to respectful remembrance. The writer of the following memoir has endeavored to exhibit the principal incidents in the life of one, concerning whom his personal recollections are vivid and imperishable, and to place on record a memorial, — faint and imperfect, indeed, but sincere and hearty, — of a rich and splendid genius, whose mighty power has often excited his admiration, and opened unexpected and exhaustless sources of intellectual enjoyment.

THOMAS APTHORPE COOPER was born in 1777. His father was a surgeon, who was well established at Harrow-on-the-Hill, near London. Soon after

the birth of his son, he left his situation, and a profitable practice, and went to India. There he acquired a considerable property, but of the greater part of it his family were defrauded at his death, which happened in India. His widow was left destitute of the means of educating her children; and, at nine years old, the subject of this memoir was taken, from motives of friendship, by William Godwin, the celebrated author of an essay on Political Justice, of St. Leon, Caleb Williams, and several other popular novels and romances. Young Cooper was educated by Mr. Godwin, and intended for a writer. He was instructed in the democratic principles of his friend and tutor, and maintained, through life, an affection for republican forms of government, and a dislike, amounting almost to hatred, for the aristocracy of his native country.

Under the tuition of such a master, it is not surprising that the pupil was roused by the French revolution, and delighted with the anticipated success of the principles, which its instigators and leaders professed. Cooper was scarcely seventeen, when his enthusiasm prompted him to abandon the pursuits of authorship, and to ask for a commission in the army of the Great Republic. It was determined that he should seek for distinction under the banners of liberty, when the war broke out between England and France, and clouded his brilliant prospects of military promotion and renown. He relinquished his purpose of entering the French army, and turned his attention to the stage. He commu-

nicated his wishes to his benefactor, but they were met with coldness and regret, and, when at last assented to, were accompanied with decided marks of disapprobation.

But his intention of becoming an actor by profession was found to be invincible. Thomas Holcroft, — in political principles a kindred spirit, and a popular dramatic author, — undertook to prepare him for a first appearance on the stage. When he was thought sufficiently qualified, many difficulties occurred before an acceptable time and place could be obtained for introducing him to the public. At length, Stephen Kemble offered him an opportunity to exhibit his qualities at the theatre in Edinburgh. He was then a raw country youth of about seventeen years of age. On his arrival in Edinburgh, little conscious of his *green* appearance and incompetency, made up in the extreme of rustic foppery, proud of his talents, and not doubting of success, he waited on Mr. Kemble, and presented his letters of introduction. On learning his name and errand, Mr. Kemble's countenance changed from a smile of politeness to a stare of disappointment.

Cooper had been prepared for the part of Young Norval in Home's tragedy of Douglas; but, after a private rehearsal, instead of the expected *eclat*, he received a few cold excuses from the manager, and he had the mortification to see his part filled by an old man and a bad player. He remained with the company through the season, without ever appearing before the audience. From Edinburgh he went

with the company to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he lived as inactive and undistinguished as before, till, owing to the want of a person to fill the part of Malcolm in the tragedy of Macbeth, he was permitted to show himself in that humble character. In such an inferior sphere did HE begin to move, who afterwards became one of the most brilliant luminaries of the theatrical world. But his reception by the public was no more encouraging to his ambition than the chilling and repulsive coldness he had at first met with from the manager. He passed tolerably well through the trifling and unimportant dialogue of the part, till he came to the lines, which conclude the play, —

“ So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.”

To give effect to his pronunciation of these lines, he stretched out his hands, and assumed the attitude and smile of thankfulness; a slight embarrassment checked his utterance, and he paused, still retaining his posture. The prompter was heard by every one, except the bewildered Malcolm, who still continued mute, — every moment of his silence increasing his perplexity. Macduff whispered the words in his ear; Macbeth, who lay slaughtered at his feet, broke the silence of death, to assist his dumb successor; the prompter spoke almost to vociferation; each Thane, dead or alive, joined his voice; but this was only “confusion worse confounded.” If he could have spoken, the amazed prince might

very properly have said, "So thanks to all at once;" but his power of utterance was gone. A hiss broke out in the pit, the clamor became general, and the curtain dropped amidst a universal shout of disapprobation.

Discomfited and humiliated, Cooper returned to London. His friends, Godwin and Holcroft, who believed that he possessed the requisites for an actor, sent him on a tour of probation and improvement among the provincial theatres. They expected that he would thus acquire an acquaintance with the stage, and prepare himself for the theatres of the metropolis. An evil genius still seemed to preside over his fate. He appeared to the managers, in whose company he enlisted, as a raw recruit, with no talents for the profession. Characters of importance were considered utterly beyond his reach. Those of inferior rank he played without success, and he degenerated into a mere letter-carrier. In this manner he spent a few months, starving on a paltry salary, and then, abandoning his irksome and degrading situation, traveled on foot to London.

Cooper's friends now abandoned the idea of his improvement by practice on the provincial stages. Mr. Holcroft again undertook to instruct him; heard him recite passages from Shakspeare's most distinguished characters; and explained their nature and peculiarities, and the passions, by which they are influenced. Thus he was taught the chief attribute of an actor, — to conceive the intention of the

author, to enter into the feelings of the character, and identify himself with it. To this discipline, Cooper paid close and industrious attention, and his extraordinary talents were rapidly evolved. In a few months, he was thought qualified for appearance before a metropolitan audience; and, accordingly, at the age of eighteen, he performed, in one week, the characters of Hamlet and Macbeth on the stage of Covent-Garden Theatre, to overflowing houses, and with the most encouraging applause.

Having met so favorable a reception from a London audience, Cooper was offered a liberal engagement; but, as he was not yet capable of sustaining the first line of characters, he was expected to undertake those of a lower grade. These conditions he declined to accept. Resolved to be "Cæsar or nothing," he refused any secondary situation, and retired to the country, where he employed himself in cultivating his talents, and studying the most important dramatic characters. While he was thus engaged, Mr. Wignell, manager of the Philadelphia theatre, visited England, to raise a reinforcement for his company. He entered into a negotiation with Cooper, which was promptly concluded; and, in a few days, our young tragedian was on the Atlantic, pursuing his voyage to the United States.

Cooper was not fortunate enough at first, to win the universal favor of the Philadelphia audience. His engagement to play the first *line of parts* in tragedy, excluded from those characters their old

and favorite performers. He had also some careless and dissipated habits, that were not adapted to gain respect or secure approbation, an evidence of which was especially manifested on the occasion of his first benefit, for which but few seats were taken. This did not affect his pocket, for the benefit was guaranteed to a certain amount; but it affected his pride; and, resolved to avoid the mortification attendant on "a beggarly account of empty boxes," he secured an overflowing house, by the exhibition of an elephant on the stage,—whose appearance he obtained by a fee of sixty dollars to its owner.

When the winter campaign at Philadelphia had closed, the company made a summer excursion to New-York. Cooper made his first bow to the New-York audience in the character of Pierre, in Otway's tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, and made an indelible impression in his favor. A coldness had some time subsisted between him and Wignell, and he wished to change his situation. His engagement bound him in a penalty of two thousand dollars. The sum was subscribed by several gentlemen, who engaged to advance it, if necessary, and Cooper was transferred to the New-York theatre. There he remained, with the exception of one season at Philadelphia, and a short visit to Boston, till 1803.

In 1798, the celebrated Hodgkinson was the lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, Boston, and, in the course of the summer of that year, appeared there with his company, of which Cooper was a member,

with the intention of performing three months. The yellow fever broke out, and spread consternation throughout the town. The company performed but three or four nights, and then left the place. The writer does not recollect that Cooper played more than twice. He opened in Hamlet, and his second performance was the character of Lord Hastings, in the tragedy of Jane Shore.

When, in 1803, John Kemble had quarreled with the managers of Drury Lane Theatre, and gone to Paris, Cooper was invited to London, and the situation of Kemble was offered to him, if he should appear to satisfy the audience. He accordingly went, but did not succeed equal to the expectation of his friends. His performances were received with a good degree of applause; but the public thought him inferior to their favorites, Cooke and Kemble. After performing Hamlet, Macbeth and Othello, in London, and a few other parts in Liverpool, with approbation, he returned to New-York, and was received with a most hearty welcome. From New-York he went to Philadelphia, where he added to his already large honors, and thence to Boston.

It was in the spring of 1804, just after the regular course of benefits had commenced, that Cooper made his second visit to Boston. After the adjustment of conditions with the performers, who had not taken their benefit nights, he played his principal characters, — some of them twice, — much to the gratification of the town. Before leaving Boston,

he made an engagement with the manager, Mr. Powell, for five months of the next season, commencing the first of October. During this engagement Cooper personated, in tragedy, the characters of Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Coriolanus, Richard III., Zanga, Pierre, Beverly, Glenalvon, Young Norval, Romeo, and Alexander; and in other pieces, Benedick, Octavian, Leon, Sir Edward Mortimer, Duke Aranza, Osmond, and many others, too numerous to mention. For his benefit, in February, he played Falstaff in the First Part of Henry IV. In this part, he spoke the language with great force and propriety. Every word was made to *tell*. But he wanted ease, his limbs seemed to be entirely stiffened by the stuffing out of the *shape* and *doublet*. It is believed that he never attempted the part a second time.

From Boston Mr. Cooper went to New-York, and assumed the management of the Park Theatre. How long he filled this station is not known to the writer; but he immediately began the system of *starring*. In this career, he was eminently successful for a term of more than twenty years. He purchased a beautiful estate at Bristol, in Pennsylvania, on the bank of the Delaware, and this thenceforward became his home. He visited Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia every year, and sometimes extended his tour to Charleston, playing, at each place, his favorite characters.

In the autumn of 1827, Mr. Cooper made another voyage to England, with an intention of performing

a few nights at one of the London theatres. He appeared in the character of Macbeth at Drury Lane, but he was received with indifference. Whether this was caused by any marked defects in the performance, or by a prejudice, which had taken possession of the London public against American actors, is not known. Disappointed at the cool reception he met, he soon returned to the United States. Some unfavorable remarks of London critics had arrived before him, which excited a sentiment in his favor among his friends in Boston. He appeared before them in the same character, in which he had been condemned in London, but which had been considered in Boston and New-York as one of the finest efforts of his genius. He was received with great applause, every body admired, but some doubted whether his faculties were not on the wane, — a doubt, which, probably, was not without justifiable cause, but which might not have entered their minds, if they had not known that the performance had been condemned by transatlantic criticism.

Notwithstanding the somewhat equivocal reception he afterwards met in New-York and Philadelphia, Mr. Cooper pursued his system of starrng for some years. It became evident to his friends that, if his powers were not on the decline, he was negligent and careless, and that his ambition had suffered a lamentable decadence. Indulgence at the social table sometimes extended beyond the exact line of severe sobriety, the consequences

of which were not perfectly concealed from the audience. Under such circumstances, his friends were forced to the conviction, that his "May of life had fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf," and that he could no longer command public admiration, as in his earlier years.

Mr. Cooper at length perceived that his physical faculties had so far failed as to render him unequal to the task of performing his favorite characters, with his former energy and vigor; and, as he had no disposition to "lag superfluous on the stage," or to give occasion for his friends to contrast the feebleness of threescore with the brilliancy and power of the middle age, he relinquished his profession, and retired to his house at Bristol. But he had not been provident enough, in the day of his prosperity, to lay up sufficient to maintain him in his declining years, in the style, in which he had been accustomed to live. The estate on the Delaware was sold, and he took up his residence in Philadelphia. Through the influence of friends, he obtained a situation in the custom-house in that city. Of this he was deprived, when there came a change in the administration of the national government. Another situation, of a similar character, was afterwards obtained for him in New-York. This he enjoyed till his death, which occurred in the spring of 1849.

Mr. Cooper was twice married. By his first marriage he had a son, who received an appointment in the navy of the United States. His second

marriage was with a daughter of James Fairlee, Esq., an alderman of the city of New-York, — an amiable and accomplished lady, possessing superior intellectual powers, and most refined and attractive manners. By this marriage he had several children; one of whom is the wife of Robert Tyler, Esq., son of John Tyler, ex-president of the United States.

The limits, to which the writer is confined, will not allow of an elaborate review of Mr. Cooper's performances; indeed, barely to enumerate them all, would occupy several pages. It is believed that no actor of eminence, on the American stage, had a greater range of parts, or personated so many of the most important characters. The list would probably exceed a hundred.

It is true, indeed, that before his last visit to England, an impression existed to some small extent, even here, that Mr. Cooper's powers were on the decline. It was said, occasionally, that his acting wanted the spirit and energy, which once made it so attracting and popular. If there was some truth, there was more of querulousness, in the suggestion. Any one, who saw him, from year to year, and watched him with a critic's eye, must have perceived a gradual improvement. His style of acting, in 1825, was indeed very different from what it was in 1805; but it was all for the better. There was more of natural tenderness in his Hamlet, more of dignity in his Coriolanus, more of passion in his Othello, more of the terrible sublime in his

Macbeth. There was more of philosophical deliberation in all his parts; and he seldom introduced a change from his former manner, seldom made a deviation from the beaten track, which antiquity and fashion had consecrated, — that had not something plausible, if not convincing, to offer in its vindication.

In certain characters in comedy, Mr. Cooper was much admired, though not generally esteemed superior to some of his contemporaries. Benedick, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and Leon, in the licentious play of *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, were highly finished performances. Joseph Surface, in his hands, was so palpable a hypocrite, that Sir Peter Teazle must have been an idiot not to perceive the cheat, that was practised on him. Of all his attempts in comedy, the part of Duke Aranza, in the *Honey Moon*, was immeasurably the best, and in this part he stood as far above all competition, as he did in *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*.

In tragedy, Mr. Cooper was generally more successful in producing terror, than in exciting sympathy; yet no one saw him in *Othello*, without a sentiment of pity for the wrongs he suffered; and the pathos of *Virginius*, in the scene where he kills his daughter, was sufficient to draw a tear from the most insensible spectator. The strangling of Appius, in the closing scene of that tragedy, was awfully sublime and terrific.

Though *always* elegant, impressive, and graceful, in declamation, his style of speaking was much

improved as his faculties approached to maturity. His Mark Antony was a model of popular eloquence; and his Brutus, in the same tragedy, displayed the calm, unimpassioned, yet persuasive eloquence of the philosopher. In the early part of his theatrical career, he considered Hamlet as the most finished of all his personations, and the public voice seemed to coincide with him in this decision. He undoubtedly bestowed upon it laborious and critical study. But, when his faculties were in their unfaded maturity, Macbeth was, certainly, his masterpiece. He was completely identified with the character. The *dagger scene*, which he played in a style altogether his own, was a sublime effort of histrionic genius. In the fifth act of the piece, when the Thane had "supped full with horrors," the moral reflections, inspired by remorse and fear, were delivered with such exquisite beauty and feeling, that the crimes of the murderer were almost obliterated from the mind, by pity for the wretched victim, writhing under the tortures of conscience.

It would gratify the writer to proceed to reveal the impressions, still deep in his memory, made by Mr. Cooper's personations of Zanga, Richard, Iago, Pierre, Jaffier, and many others; but vain would be the effort to transfer that impression to the minds of others. The genius of an actor can be seen only in the living portraits he presents, — the breathing personifications of the poet, the philosopher, and the moralist: —

Yes, hapless artist! though thy skill can raise
The bursting peal of universal praise, —
Though, at thy beck, Applause delighted stands,
And lifts, Briareus like, her hundred hands, —
Know Fame awards thee but a partial breath;
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of Death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest times the eternal nature feel;
Though blended, *here*, the praise of bard and player,
While more than half becomes the actor's share,
Relentless Death untwists the mingled fame,
And sinks the player in the poet's name.
The pliant muscles of the various face,
The mien, that gave each sentence strength and grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye, that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

THE WIND.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

THE wind has voices, that defy
The spirit's utmost scrutiny ;
We shudder at its sobbing wail,
And shrink when howls the rolling gale,
And even its softest breath is heard
Like some half-muttered, saddening word ;
Of all its tones, there is no voice
That bids the thrilling heart rejoice.

The sailor, on the silent seas,
May long to hail the freshening breeze ;
The blast, that hurls the spattered foam,
Will waft him to his distant home ;
Yet, while the loosening sail he flings,
That gives his floating bird its wings,
His manly breast will often feel
Some strange, dread fancy o'er it steal.

When crouched beside the wintry blaze,
And midnight sings its wonted lays;
The music of the mingling tune,
Now rising high, and falling soon,
The wailing and complaining tone
Might be a laugh, though more a moan;
But wild or sad, or high or low,
It ever takes a note of woe.

I never hear it on the shore,
Concerted with the watery roar,
Or sweeping where the sullen breeze
Glides, like a spirit, through the trees;
Nor listen to its mustering wail,
When wintry tempests swell the gale;
But haunting fancies, dark and wild,
Brood like the dreams that daunt a child.

I've seen it stir the nested rills,
Amid the topmost Crystal hills;
Have watched it drive the clashing clouds,
And scream along the shaken shrouds;
Wild, strange! the same in every hour,
Resistless, formless, unseen power!
A voice that gives us no reply,
A sound that shakes, we know not why!

Yet not the less my battling soul
Springs, like a racer, to its goal;
Can wring a joy, that else were pain,
When hurrying blasts cry o'er the main,
Hear music in the mournful tune
That softens on the gales of June;
And gather, from the fireside tone,
A sad, sweet language all its own.

NATURE.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THERE are days which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection, when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth, make a harmony, as if nature would indulge her offspring; when, in these bleak upper sides of the planet, nothing is to desire that we have heard of the happiest latitudes, and we bask in the shining hours of Florida and Cuba; when every thing that has life gives sign of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts. These halcyons may be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure October weather, which we distinguish by the name of the Indian Summer. The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours, seems longevity enough. The solitary places do not seem quite lonely. At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The

knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he makes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which shames our religions, and reality which discredits our heroes. Here we find nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her. We have crept out of our close and crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. How willingly we would escape the barriers which render them comparatively impotent, escape the sophistication and second thought, and suffer nature to entrance us. The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. The anciently reported spells of these places creep on us. The stems of pines, hemlocks, and oaks, almost gleam like iron on the excited eye. The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles. Here no history, or church, or state, is interpolated on the divine sky and the immortal year. How easily we might walk onward into the opening landscape, absorbed by new pictures, and by thoughts fast succeeding each other, until by degrees the recollection of home was crowded out of the mind, all memory obliterated by the tyranny of the present, and we were led in triumph by nature.

These enchantments are medicinal, they sober and heal us. These are plain pleasures, kindly and native to us. We come to our own, and make

friends with matter, which the ambitious chatter of the schools would persuade us to despise. We never can part with it ; the mind loves its old home ; as water to our thirst, so is the rock, the ground, to our eyes, and hands, and feet. It is firm water ; it is cold flame : what health, what affinity ! Ever an old friend, ever like a dear friend and brother, when we chat affectedly with strangers, comes in this honest face, and takes a grave liberty with us, and shames us out of our nonsense. Cities give not the human senses room enough. We go out daily and nightly to feed the eyes on the horizon, and require so much scope, just as we need water for our bath. There are all degrees of natural influence, from these quarantine powers of nature, up to her dearest and gravest ministrations to the imagination and the soul. There is the bucket of cold water from the spring, the wood-fire to which the chilled traveller rushes for safety,—and there is the sublime moral of autumn and of noon. We nestle in nature, and draw our living as parasites from her roots and grains, and we receive glances from the heavenly bodies, which call us to solitude, and foretell the remotest future. The blue zenith is the point in which romance and reality meet. I think, if we should be rapt away into all that we dream of heaven, and should converse with Gabriel and Uriel, the upper sky would be all that would remain of our furniture.

It seems as if the day was not wholly profane, in which we have given heed to some natural object.

The fall of snowflakes in a still air, preserving to each crystal its perfect form ; the blowing of sleet over a wide sheet of water, and over plains, the waving rye-field, the mimic waving of acres of houstonia, whose innumerable florets whiten and ripple before the eye ; the reflections of trees and flowers in glassy lakes ; the musical steaming odorous south wind, which converts all trees to wind-harps ; the crackling and spurting of hemlock in the flames ; or of pine logs, which yield glory to the walls and faces in the sitting-room, — these are the music and pictures of the most ancient religion. My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of our little river, and with one stroke of the paddle, I leave the village politics and personalities, yes, and the world of villages and personalities behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost for spotted man to enter without novitiate and probation. We penetrate bodily this incredible beauty : we dip our hands in this painted element : our eyes are bathed in these lights and forms. A holiday, a villeggiatura, a royal revel, the proudest, most heart-rejoicing festival that valor and beauty, power and taste, ever decked and enjoyed, establishes itself on the instant. These sunset clouds, these delicately emerging stars, with their private and ineffable glances, signify it and proffer it. I am taught the poorness of our invention, the ugliness of towns and palaces. Art and luxury have early

learned that they must work as enhancement and sequel to this original beauty. I am over instructed for my return. Henceforth I shall be hard to please. I cannot go back to toys. I am grown expensive and sophisticated. I can no longer live without elegance: but a countryman shall be my master of revels. He who knows the most, he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments, is the rich and royal man. Only as far as the masters of the world have called in nature to their aid, can they reach the height of magnificence. This is the meaning of their hanging-gardens, villas, garden-houses, islands, parks, and preserves, to back their faulty personality with these strong accessories. I do not wonder that the landed interest should be invincible in the state with these dangerous auxiliaries. These bribe and invite; not kings, not palaces, not men, not women, but these tender and poetic stars, eloquent of secret promises. We heard what the rich man said, we knew of his villa, his grove, his wine, and his company, but the provocation and point of the invitation came out of these beguiling stars. In their soft glances, I see what men strove to realize in some Versailles, or Paphos, or Ctesiphon. Indeed, it is the magical lights of the horizon, and the blue sky for the background, which save all our works of art, which were otherwise baubles. When the rich tax the poor with servility and obsequiousness, they should consider the effect of men, reputed to be the

possessors of nature, on imaginative minds. Ah! if the rich were rich as the poor fancy riches! A boy hears a military band play on the field at night, and he has kings and queens, and famous chivalry palpably before him. He hears the echoes of a horn in a hill country, in the Notch Mountains, for example, which converts the mountains into an Æolian harp, and this supernatural *tiralira* restores to him the Dorian mythology, Apollo, Diana, and all divine hunters and huntresses. Can a musical note be so lofty, so haughtily beautiful? To the poor young poet, thus fabulous is his picture of society; he is loyal; he respects the rich; they are rich for the sake of his imagination; how poor his fancy would be, if they were not rich! That they have some high-fenced grove, which they call a park; that they live in larger and better garnished saloons than he has visited, and go in coaches, keeping only the society of the elegant, to watering-places, and to distant cities, are the groundwork from which he has delineated estates of romance, compared with which their actual possessions are shanties and paddocks. The muse herself betrays her son, and enhances the gifts of wealth and well born beauty, by a radiation out of the air, and clouds, and forests that skirt the road,—a certain haughty favor, as if from patrician genii to patricians, a kind of aristocracy in nature, a prince of the power of the air.

The moral sensibility which makes Edens and Tempes so easily, may not be always found, but the material landscape is never far off. We can

find these enchantments without visiting the Como Lake, or the Madeira Islands. We exaggerate the praises of local scenery. In every landscape, the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and the earth, and that is seen from the first hillock as well as from the top of the Alleghanies. The stars at night stoop down over the brownest, homeliest common, with all the spiritual magnificence which they shed on the Campagna, or on the marble deserts of Egypt. The uprolled clouds and the colors of morning and evening, will transfigure maples and alders. The difference between landscape and landscape is small, but there is great difference in the beholders. There is nothing so wonderful in any particular landscape, as the necessity of being beautiful under which every landscape lies. Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in every where.

SONG.

BY NATHANIEL GREENE.

WHEN I wrote sonnets to thy brow,
Thine eye was full and bright ;
Thy cheek was not, as it is now,
So thin and very white ;
Thy beauty then inspired the tale,
But, now, my love, thou 'rt very pale.

When first to thee I bent the knee,
I 'd no rheumatic pain,
My curling locks then floated free,
No lady thought me plain ;
But now, like Samson, I bewail
My shavèd head — and thou art pale !

Six weeks ago, and thou, my dear,
Could'st still enjoy a jig ;
Six weeks ago, and I had hair,
But now I wear a wig ;
Six weeks ago — but cease the tale,
I 'm bald — and thou art very pale.

THE LOST COLONY.

BY JOHN S. SLEEPER.

ALTHOUGH now consisting of little else than barren rocks, mountains covered with snow and ice, and valleys covered with glaciers,—although its coasts are now lined with floods of ice, and chequered with icebergs of immense size, Greenland was once easily accessible; its soil was fruitful, and well repaid the cultivation of the earth. It was discovered by the Scandinavians, towards the close of the tenth century, and a settlement was effected on the eastern coast, in the year 982, by a company of adventurers from Iceland, under command of Eric the Red. Emigrants flocked thither from Iceland and Norway, and the results of European enterprise and civilization appeared on different parts of the coast. A colony was established in Greenland, and it bid fair to go on and prosper.

Voyages of exploration were projected in Greenland, and carried into effect by the hardy mariners of those days. Papers have been published by the Danish Antiquarian Society at Copenhagen, which

go far to show that those bold navigators discovered the coast of Labrador, and proceeding to the south, fell in with the Island of Newfoundland; continuing their course, they beheld the sandy shores of Cape Cod, centuries before the American continent was discovered by Christopher Columbus! It is even believed that these Scandinavian adventurers effected a settlement on the shores of what is now known as Narraganset Bay, in Rhode Island, and in consequence of the multitude of grapes which abounded in the woods, they called the new and fruitful country Vinland. But owing to the great number of hostile savages who inhabited these regions, the colonists, after some sanguinary skirmishes, forsook the coast and returned to Greenland.

The colony, however, continued to flourish, and the intercourse between it and the mother country was constant and regular. In the year 1400, it is said to have numbered one hundred and ninety villages, a bishopric, twelve parishes, and two monasteries. During this period of four hundred years, vessels were passing, at regular intervals, between the Danish provinces in Europe and Greenland. But in the year 1406, this intercourse was interrupted in a fatal manner. A mighty wall arose, as if by magic, along the coast, and the navigators who sought those shores, could behold the mountains in the distance, but could not effect a landing. During the greater part of the fifteenth, the whole of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Greenland was

inaccessible to European navigators. The whole coast was blockaded by large masses and islands of ice, which had been drifting from the north for years, and which at length chilled the waters of the coast, and changed the temperature of the atmosphere, and presented an impassable barrier to the entrance in their ports of friend or foe. The sea, at the distance of miles from the land, was frozen to a great depth, vegetation was destroyed, and the very rocks were rent with the cold. And this intensely rigid weather continued for ages!

The colony of Greenland, after this unexpected event took place, never had any intercourse with their friends in the mother country. They were cut off from all the rest of the world. And by this sudden and unanticipated change of climate, they were also doubtless deprived of all resources within themselves. Their fate, however, is a mystery. History is silent on the subject. All which is known of this unfortunate people is, that they no longer exist. The ruins of their habitations and their churches have since been discovered along the coast by adventurous men, who have taken advantage of an amelioration in the climate to explore that sterile country, and establish settlements again on various parts of the coast; and also by missionaries, who have braved hardships and perils to introduce among the aboriginal inhabitants the blessings of civilization and Christianity. No other traces of those early European settlers have been discovered, and we can only speculate upon their fate.

It would require no vivid fancy to imagine the appalling sense of destitution which blanched the features and chilled the hearts of those unhappy colonists, when they began to realize their forlorn condition ; when the cold rapidly increased, and their harbors became permanently blocked with enormous icebergs, and the genial rays of the sun were obscured by fogs ; when the winters became for the first time intensely rigid, cheerless and dreary ; when the summers were also cold, and the soil unproductive ; when the mountains, no longer crowned with forests, were covered with snow and ice throughout the year, and the valleys filled with glaciers ; when the wonted inhabitants of the woods and waters were destroyed or exiled by the severity of the weather, and their places perhaps supplied by monsters of a huge and frightful character.

It were easy to follow this people in fancy to their dwellings ; to see them sad, spiritless, and despairing, while conscious of their imprisoned and cheerless condition, and impending fate ; to watch them as their numbers gradually diminish through the combined influence of want and continual suffering ; to behold them struggling for existence, and striving, nobly striving, to adapt their constitutions, their habits, their feelings and their wants, to their strangely changed circumstances, but all in vain ; to behold them gazing from their icy cliffs, with straining eyes, to the eastward, towards that quarter of the globe, so far distant, where their

friends and relations reside, in a more genial clime, surrounded with all the blessings of life, but compelled to rest their eyes on a vast, dreary, and monotonous sea of ice, a mass of frozen waves, surrounding myriads of icebergs, extending to the utmost limit of their vision.

Fancy might even go farther than this, and portray the last of these unhappy colonists, who had lingered on the stage of life, until he had seen all of his companions, all, of each sex and every age, die a miserable death, the prey of want and despair. Poets have described, in lines of beauty and sublimity, the horrors which may be supposed to surround "the last man;" but there seems to be a remoteness, and indeed an air of improbability about the subject, which robs it of half its force and majesty. But here is an event which has actually occurred, and worthy of being commemorated by the ablest pen in the land. Here, indeed, we may imagine, without offending probability, the wild horrors, invading the very temple of reason, and accumulating, until madness takes possession of the mind. Here we may look for the reality of the fanciful picture, presented with so much terrible distinctness by the poets.

TO A LADY,

WITH A HEAD OF POPE PIUS NINTH.

BY THOMAS W. PARSONS, JR.

My gift went freighted with a hope —
Slight bark upon a doubtful sea !
Yet, under convoy of the Pope,
Successful may the venture be ;
For thus good Pius whispered me,
“ Mi fili, Benedicite ! ”

His blessing now I will transfer
To thee, although I hardly know
What Latin form appropriate were —
“ Cor meum ! ” — shall I call thee so ?
No, let the learned language be,
But, sweetheart, Benedicite !

Your cardinals are blooming yet,
Pride of the brook ! the meadow's gem !
So, ere his sun be wholly set,
I send, in due return for them,
The Pope — hark, love, he says to thee
“ My daughter, Benedicite ! ”

Oh take his blessing then, — for ne'er
Did evil come from holy touch ;
A righteous man's effectual prayer,
As the Saint says, availeth much, —
So, for this once, a Papist be,
Nor scorn his Benedicite !

A PICTURE OF WAR.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

To make the evils of war still clearer, and to bring them home to your door, let us suppose there was war between the counties of Suffolk, on the one side, and Middlesex on the other; this army at Boston, that at Cambridge. Suppose the subject in dispute was the boundary line between the two, — Boston claiming a pitiful acre of flat land, which the ocean at low tide disdained to cover. To make sure of this, Boston seizes whole miles of flats, unquestionably not its own. The rulers on one side are fools, and traitors on the other. The two commanders have issued their proclamations; the money is borrowed; the whiskey provided; the soldiers — Americans, Negroes, Irishmen, all the able-bodied men — are enlisted. The Bostonians wish to seize Cambridge, burn the houses, churches, college halls, and plunder the library. The men of Cambridge wish to seize Boston, burn its houses and ships, plundering its wares and its goods. Martial law is proclaimed on both sides. The men of Cambridge cut asunder the bridges,

and make a huge breach in the mill-dam — planting cannon to enfilade all those avenues. Forts crown the hill-tops, else so green. Men, madder than lunatics, are crowded into the Asylum. The Bostonians rebuild the old fortifications on the Neck; replace the forts on Beacon Hill, Fort Hill, Copps Hill, levelling houses to make room for redoubts and bastions. The batteries are planted, the mortars got ready; the furnaces and magazines are all prepared. The three hills are grim with war. From Copps Hill men look anxious to that memorable height the other side of the water. Provisions are cut off in Boston; no man may pass the lines; the aqueduct refuses its genial supply; children cry for their expected food. The soldiers parade — looking somewhat tremulous and pale; all the able-bodied have come, the vilest most willingly; some are brought by force of drink, some by force of arms. Some are in brilliant dresses — some in their working frocks. The banners are consecrated by solemn words. Your church towers are military posts of observation. Last night the Bostonians made a feint of attacking Charlestown, raining bombs and red-hot cannon balls from Copps Hill, till they have burnt a thousand houses, where the British burnt not half so many. Women and children fled screaming from the blazing rafters of their homes. The men of Middlesex crowd into Charlestown.

In the mean time the Bostonians hastily repair a bridge or two; some pass that way, some over the

Neck — all stealthily by night — and while the foe expect them at Bunker's, amid the blazing town, they have stolen a march and rush upon Cambridge itself. The Cambridge men turn back. The battle is fiercely joined. You hear the cannon, the sharp report of musketry. You crowd the hills, the house-tops; you line the Common, you cover the shore — yet you see but little in the sulphurous cloud. Now the Bostonians yield a little — a reinforcement goes over. All the men are gone; even the gray-headed who can shoulder a firelock. They plunge into battle, mad with rage, madder with rum. The chaplains loiter behind.

“ Pious men, whom duty brought,
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead ! ”

The battle hangs long in even scale. At length it turns. The Cambridge men retreat — they run — they fly. The houses burn. You see the churches and the colleges go up, a stream of fire. That library — founded 'mid want and war and sad sectarian strife, slowly gathered by the saving of two centuries, the hope of the poor scholar, the boast of the rich one — is scattered to the winds and burnt with fire, for the solid granite is blasted by powder, and the turrets fall. Victory is ours. Ten thousand men of Cambridge lie dead; eight thousand of Boston. There writhe the wounded; men who, but few hours before, were poured over the battlefield a lava-flood of fiery valor — fathers, brothers,

husbands, sons. There they lie, torn and mangled ; black with powder ; red with blood ; parched with thirst ; cursing the load of life they now must bear with bruised frames and mutilated limbs. Gather them into hasty hospitals — let this man's daughter come to-morrow and sit by him, fanning away the flies ; he shall linger out a life of wretched anguish unspoken and insupportable, and when he dies his wife religiously will keep the shot which tore his limbs. There is the battle-field ! Here the horse charged ; there the howitzers scattered their shells, pregnant with death ; here the murderous canister and grape mowed down the crowded ranks ; there the huge artillery, teeming with murder, was dragged o'er heaps of men — wounded friends who just now held its ropes, men yet curling with anguish, like worms in the fire. Hostile and friendly, head and trunk are crushed beneath those dreadful wheels. Here the infantry showered their murdering shot. That ghastly face was beautiful the day before — a sabre hewed its half away.

“ The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay must cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent.”

Again 'tis night. Oh, what a night, and after what a day ! Yet the pure tide of woman's love — which never ebbs since earth began — flows on in spite of war and battle. Stealthily, by the pale moonlight, a mother of Boston treads the weary miles to reach that bloody spot ; a widow she —

seeking among the slain her only son. The arm of power drove him forth reluctant to the fight. A friendly soldier guides her way. Now she turns over this face, whose mouth is full of purple dust, bit out of the ground in his extremest agony — the last sacrament offered him by Earth herself; now she raises that form, cold, stiff, stony and ghastly as a dream of hell. But, lo! another comes — she too a woman — younger and fairer, yet not less bold, a maiden from the hostile town to seek her lover. They meet — two women among the corpses; two angels come to Golgotha, seeking to raise a man. There he lies before them; they look, — yes, 'tis he you seek; the same dress, form, features too; — 'tis he, the Son, the Lover. Maid and mother could tell *that* face in any light. The grass is wet with his blood. Yes, the ground is muddy with the life of men. The mother's innocent robe is drabbled in the blood her bosom bore. Their kisses, groans and tears recall the wounded man. He knows the mother's voice; that voice yet more beloved. His lips move only, for they cannot speak. He dies! The waxing moon moves high in heaven, walking in beauty 'mid the clouds, and murmurs soft her cradle song unto the slumbering earth. The broken sword reflects her placid beams. A star looks down and is imaged back in a pool of blood. The cool night wind plays in the branches of the trees shivered with shot. Nature is beautiful — that lovely grass underneath their feet; those pendulous branches of the leafy elm;

the stars and that romantic moon lining the clouds with silver light ! A groan of agony, hopeless and prolonged, wails out from that bloody ground. But in yonder farm the whippoorwill sings to her lover all night long ; the rising tide ripples melodious against the shores. So wears the night away, — Nature, all sinless, round that field of wo.

“The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,
And glowing into day.”

What a scene that morning looks upon ! I will not turn again. Let the dead bury their dead. But their blood cries out of the ground against the rulers who shed it, — “Cain ! where are thy brothers ?” What shall the Fool answer ? What the Traitor say ?

LOVE.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

LOVE never out of Likeness springs,
Joy marries not to Joy ;
The strong unto the gentle clings,
The maiden to the boy.
Around the oak the ivy twines,
The granite fronts the sea ;
Each to its opposite inclines
By strange affinity.

The star into the deep looks down,
The deep dreams of the star ;
Nor distance nor decay are known,
Where love and longing are.
Who shall the mystery unfold,
That maketh hearts agree ?
The secret never will be told,
That bindeth thee to me.

PREJUDICE.

BY SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

AMONG the hardy pioneers who first settled along the borders of the Ohio, was an Englishman, with two sons. These were twins, and his only children. He was half husbandman and half hunter, and the two boys followed his double vocation. They were seldom separated, and never seemed happy but in each other's society. If one was engaged in any employment, the other must share it. If one took his rifle, and plunged into the forest in pursuit of the wild deer, the other, as a matter of course, took his, and became his companion. Thus they grew up together, participating in each other's pleasures and fatigues and dangers. They were therefore united, not only by the ties of kindred and a common home, but by a thousand recollections of sylvan sports, and wild adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, enjoyed or experienced in each other's company.

About the time that these brothers were entering upon manhood, the French and Indian war broke out along our western frontier. In one of the

bloody skirmishes that soon followed, the father and the two sons were engaged. The former was killed, and one of the twins, being taken by the French troops, was carried away.

The youth that remained, returned after the fight to his father's home; but it was to him a disconsolate and desolate spot. His mother had been dead for years: his father was slain, and his only brother, he that was bound to him by a thousand ties, was taken by the enemy and carried away, he knew not whither. But it seemed that he could not live in separation from him. Accordingly, he determined to visit Montreal, where he understood his brother had been taken; but, about this time, he was told that he had died of wounds received in the skirmish which had proved fatal to the father, and brought captivity to the son.

The young man, therefore, for a time abandoned himself to grief; but at last he went to Marietta, and after a few years was married, and became the father of several children. But the habits and tastes of his early life were still upon him, and after some years he migrated farther into the wilderness, and settled down upon the banks of the Sandusky river. Here he began to fell the trees and clear the ground, and had soon a farm of cultivated land, sufficient for all his wants.

But the forester was still a moody and discontented man. His heart was indeed full of kindness to his family; but the death of his brother had left a blank in his bosom, which nothing seemed to fill. Time,

it is true, gradually threw its veil over early memories, and softened the poignancy of regret for the loss of a brother who had seemed a part of himself, and whose happiness was dearer than his own. But still, that separation had given a bias to his mind and a cast to his character, which no subsequent event or course of circumstances could change. He was at heart a solitary man, yearning indeed for the pleasure of society, yet always keeping himself aloof from mankind. He had planted himself in the wilderness, far from any other settlement, as if purposely burying himself in the tomb of the forest.

There was one trait which strongly marked the character of this man; and that was a detestation of every thing French. This, doubtless, originated in the fact, that his brother's captivity and death were chargeable to the French army, and he naturally enough learned to detest every thing that could be associated with the cause of that event which darkened his whole existence. A striking evidence of this deep and bitter prejudice, was furnished by the manner in which the forester treated a Frenchman who lived on the opposite side of the Sandusky river, and who was, in fact, the only person that could be esteemed his neighbor. Being divided by a considerable river, the two men were not likely to meet except by design; and as the Frenchman was advised of the prejudice of his neighbor against his countrymen, there was no personal intercourse between them.

Thus they lived for many years, their families sometimes meeting; but quarrel and altercation almost invariably ensued upon such occasions. In all these cases, it was the custom of the farmer to indulge in harsh reflections upon the French character, and each action of his neighbor was commented upon with bitterness. Every unfavorable rumor touching the Frenchman's character, however improbable, was readily believed; and his actions, that deserved commendation rather than blame, were distorted into evil, by misrepresentation or the imputation of bad motives.

Thus these two families, living in the solitude of the mighty forest, and impelled, it would seem, by the love of sympathy and society, to companionship, were still separated by a single feeling—that of *prejudice*. The two men, so far as they knew, had never met, and had never seen each other; but that strange feeling of the human breast, that judges without evidence, and decides without consulting truth or reason, parted them like a brazen wall. Under circumstances, when every thing around might seem to enforce kindness upon the heart; even here, amid the majesty of nature's primeval forest, and away from the ferment of passions engendered amid towns and villages; to this lone spot the tempter had also migrated, and put into the bosom of man the serpent of an evil passion.

Thus things passed, till the two men had numbered nearly eighty years. At last, the rumor came to the farmer that the Frenchman was dying, and

it was remarked that a smile, as of pleasure, passed over his furrowed face. Soon after, a messenger came, saying that the dying Frenchman wished to see his neighbor, and begging him, in the name of Heaven, to comply with his request. Thus urged, the old man took his staff, proceeded to the river, and being set across in a boat, advanced toward the Frenchman's cabin. As he approached it, he saw the aged man reclining upon a bed of bear-skins, beneath a group of trees, near his house. By his side were his children, consisting of several grown-up men and women. They were kneeling, and in tears, but as the farmer approached, they rose, and at a sign from their dying father, stood a little apart, while the stranger approached. The Frenchman held out his hand, and said in a feeble voice, "Brother, I am dying — let us part in peace."

Our old farmer took the cold hand, and tears, unwonted tears, coursed down his cheeks. For a moment he could not speak. But at last he said, "My friend, you speak English, and you call me brother. I thought you was a Frenchman, and I have ever esteemed a Frenchman as an enemy. And God knows I have cause, for I had once a brother, indeed. He came into life at the same hour as myself, for we were twins; and all our early days were passed in undivided companionship. Our hearts were one, for we had no hopes or fears, no wants or wishes, no pleasures or pastimes, that were not mutually shared. But in an evil hour I was robbed of that brother by the

French army. My father fell in the fight, and since that dark day, my life has been shadowed with sorrow."

A convulsion seemed to shake the emaciated form of the sick old man, and for a time he could not speak. At last, he faltered forth, "Have you never seen your brother since that day?"

"Never!" said the other.

"Then you see him, here!" said the Frenchman, and falling backward upon his couch of skins, a slight tremor ran over his frame, and he was no more.

The explanation of the scene was this. The lifeless man was indeed the brother of the farmer. After being taken by the French troops, as has been related, he was conducted to Montreal, where he was detained for nearly two years. After his release, he retraced his steps to his former home, on the banks of the Ohio, but found his birth-place deserted; he also learned the death of his father and the departure of his brother. For years he sought the latter in vain, and at last returned to Montreal. Here he married, and after some years, removed, with a numerous family, to the borders of the Sandusky. He at length discovered that his nearest neighbor was his brother; but having found himself repulsed as a Frenchman, and treated rather like a robber than a friend, a feeling of injury and dislike had arisen in his breast, and therefore he kept the secret in his bosom, till it was spoken in the last moments of existence.

Thus it happened, in the tale we have told, that prejudice, obstinately indulged, prevented the discovery of an important truth, and kept the mind that was the subject of it, wrapped in gloom and sorrow for years, which might otherwise have been blessed by the realizing of its fondest hopes. And thus prejudice often prevents a man from discovering that the object of his dislike, could he see and know him as he is, is indeed a man, and, as such, a brother.

ON A BOOK OF SEA-MOSSES.

SENT TO AN EMINENT ENGLISH POET.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

To him who sang of Venice, and revealed
How Wealth and Glory clustered in her streets,
And poised her marble domes with wondrous skill,
We send these tributes, plundered from the sea.
These many-colored, variegated forms
Sail to our rougher shores, and rise and fall
To the deep music of the Atlantic wave.
Such spoils we capture where the rainbows drop,
Melting in ocean. Here are broideries strange,
Wrought by the sea-nymphs from their golden hair,
And wove by moonlight. Gently turn the leaf.
From narrow cells, scooped in the rocks, we take
These fairy textures, lightly moored at morn.
Down sunny slopes, outstretching to the deep,
We roam at noon, and gather shapes like these.
Note now the painted webs from verdurous isles,
Festooned and spangled in sea-caves, and say
What hues of land can rival tints like those,
Torn from the scarfs and gonfalons of kings
Who dwell beneath the waters.

Such our Gift,
Culled from a margin of the western world,
And offered unto Genius in the old.

THE YANKEE ZINCALI.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

HARK! a rap at my door. Welcome any body, just now. One gains nothing by attempting to shut out the sprites of the weather. They come in at the key-hole; they peer through the dripping panes; they insinuate themselves through the crevices of the casement, or plump down chimney astride of the rain-drops.

I rise and throw open the door. A tall, shambling, loose-jointed figure; a pinched, shrewd face, sun-brown and wind-dried; small, quick-winking, black eyes. There he stands, the water dripping from his pulpy hat and ragged elbows.

I speak to him, but he returns no answer. With a dumb show of misery, quite touching, he hands me a soiled piece of parchment, whereon I read what purports to be a melancholy account of shipwreck and disaster, to the particular detriment, loss and damnification of one Pietro Frugoni, who is, in consequence, sorely in want of the alms of all charitable Christian persons, and who is, in short, the bearer of this veracious document, duly certified

and endorsed by an Italian consul in one of our Atlantic cities, of a high sounding, but, to Yankee organs, unpronounceable name.

Here commences a struggle. Every man, the Mahometans tell us, has two attendant angels, the good one on his right shoulder, the bad on his left. "Give," says Benevolence, as with some difficulty I fish up a small coin from the depths of my pocket. "Not a cent," says selfish Prudence, and I drop it from my fingers. "Think," says the good angel, "of the poor stranger in a strange land, just escaped from the terrors of the sea-storm, in which his little property has perished, thrown half naked and helpless on our shores, ignorant of our language, and unable to find employment suited to his capacity." "A vile impostor!" replies the left hand sentinel. "His paper, purchased from one of those ready writers in New York, who manufacture beggar credentials at the low price of one dollar per copy, with earthquakes, fires, or shipwrecks, to suit customers."

Amidst this confusion of tongues, I take another survey of my visitant. Ha! a light dawns upon me. That shrewd, old face, with its sharp, winking eyes, is no stranger to me. Pietro Frugoni, I have seen thee before! *Si, Senor*, that face of thine has looked at me over a dirty white neck-cloth, with the corners of that cunning mouth drawn downwards, and those small eyes turned up in sanctimonious gravity, while thou wast offering to a crowd of half-grown boys an extempora-

neous exhortation, in the capacity of a travelling preacher. Have I not seen it peering out from under a blanket, as that of a poor Penobscot Indian, who had lost the use of his hands while trapping on the Madawaska? Is it not the face of the forlorn father of six small children, whom the "mercury doctors" had "pisened" and crippled? Did it not belong to that down-east unfortunate, who had been out to the "Genesee country," and got the "fevern-nager," and whose hand shook so pitifully when held out to receive my poor gift? The same, under all disguises — Stephen Leathers of Barrington — him and none other! Let me conjure him into his own likeness.

"Well, Stephen, what news from old Barrington?"

"O, well I thought I knew ye," he answers, not the least disconcerted. "How do you do, and how's your folks? All well, I hope. I took this 'ere paper, you see, to help a poor furriner, who could n't make himself understood any more than a wild goose. I thought I'd just start him for'ard a little. It seemed a marcy to do it."

Well and shiftily answered, thou ragged Proteus. One cannot be angry with such a fellow. I will just inquire into the present state of his gospel mission, and about the condition of his tribe on the Penobscot; and it may be not amiss to congratulate him on the success of the steam-doctors in sweating the "pisen" of the regular faculty out of him. But he evidently has no wish to enter into idle conver-

sation. Intent upon his benevolent errand, he is already clattering down stairs. Involuntarily I glance out of the window, just in season to catch a single glimpse of him ere he is swallowed up in the mist.

He has gone ; and, knave as he is, I can hardly help exclaiming, "Luck go with him !" He has broken in upon the sombre train of my thoughts, and called up before me pleasant and grateful recollections. The old farm-house nestling in its valley ; hills stretching off to the south, and green meadows to the east ; the small stream, which came noisily down its ravine, washing the old garden wall, and softly lapping on fallen stones and mossy roots of beeches and hemlocks ; the tall sentinel poplars at the gateway ; the oak forest, sweeping unbroken to the northern horizon ; the grass-grown carriage path, with its rude and crazy bridge ; the dear old landscape of my boyhood lies outstretched before me like a daguerreotype from that picture within, which I have borne with me in all my wanderings. I am a boy again ; once more conscious of the feeling, half terror, half exultation, with which I used to announce the approach of this very vagabond, and his "kindred after the flesh."

The advent of wandering beggars, or "old stragglers," as we were wont to call them, was an event of no ordinary interest in the generally monotonous quietude of our farm-life. Many of them were well known ; they had their periodical revolutions and transits ; we could calculate them like eclipses or

new moons. Some were sturdy knaves, fat and saucy; and, whenever they ascertained that the "men-folks" were absent, would order provisions and cider like men who expected to pay for it, seating themselves at the hearth or table with the air of Falstaff — "Shall I not take mine ease in mine own inn?" Others, poor, pale, patient, like Sterne's monk, came creeping up to the door, hat in hand, standing there in their gray wretchedness with a look of heart-break and forlornness, which was never without its effect on our juvenile sensibilities. At times, however, we experienced a slight revulsion of feeling, when even these humblest children of sorrow somewhat petulantly rejected our proffered bread and cheese, and demanded instead a glass of cider. Whatever the temperance society might in such cases have done, it was not in our hearts to refuse the poor creatures a draught of their favorite beverage; and was n't it a satisfaction to see their sad, melancholy faces light up as we handed them the full pitcher, and, on receiving it back empty from their brown, wrinkled hands, to hear them, half breathless from their long, delicious draught, thanking us for the favor, as "dear, good children!" Not unfrequently these wandering tests of our benevolence made their appearance in interesting groups of man, woman and child, picturesque in their squalidness, and manifesting a maudlin affection, which would have done honor to the revellers at Poesie-Nansies, — immortal in the cantata of Burns. I remember some who were evi-

dently the victims of monomania, haunted and hunted by some dark thought, possessed by a fixed idea. One, a black-eyed, wild-haired woman, with a whole tragedy of sin, shame, and suffering written in her countenance, used often to visit us, warm herself by our winter fire, and supply herself with a stock of cakes and cold meat, but was never known to answer a question or to ask one. She never smiled; the cold, stony look of her eye never changed; a silent, impassive face, frozen rigid by some great wrong or sin. We used to look with awe upon the "still woman," and think of the demoniac of Scripture, who had a "dumb spirit."

One — (I think I see him now, grim, gaunt, and ghastly, working his slow way up to our door) — used to gather herbs by the wayside, and call himself Doctor. He was bearded like a he-goat, and used to counterfeit lameness; yet when he supposed himself alone, would travel on lustily as if walking for a wager. At length, as if in punishment of his deceit, he met with an accident in his rambles, and became lame in earnest, hobbling ever after with difficulty on his gnarled crutches. Another used to go stooping, like Bunyan's pilgrim, under a pack made of an old bed-sacking, stuffed out into most plethoric dimensions, tottering on a pair of small meagre legs, and peering out with his wild, hairy face from under his burden like a big-bodied spider. That "Man with the pack" always inspired me with awe and reverence. Huge, almost sublime in its tense rotundity — the father of all packs — never

laid aside and never opened, what might not be within it? With what flesh-creeping curiosity I used to walk round about it at a safe distance, half expecting to see its striped covering stirred by the motions of a mysterious life, or that some evil monster would leap out of it, like robbers from Ali Baba's jars, or armed men from the Trojan horse.

Often, in the gray of the morning, we used to see one or more of these "gaberlunzie men," pack on shoulder and staff in hand, emerging from the barn or other outbuildings, where they had passed the night. I was once sent to the barn to fodder the cattle late in the evening, and climbing into the mow to pitch down hay for that purpose, I was startled by the sudden apparition of a man rising up before me, just discernible in the dim moonlight streaming through the seams of the boards. I made a rapid retreat down the ladder; and was only reassured by hearing the object of my terror calling after me, and recognizing his voice as that of a harmless old pilgrim whom I had known before. Our farm-house was situated in a lonely valley, half surrounded with woods, with no neighbors in sight. One dark, cloudy night, when our parents chanced to be absent, we were sitting with our aged grandmother in the fading light of the kitchen fire, working ourselves into a very satisfactory state of excitement and terror, by recounting to each other all the dismal stories we could remember of ghosts, witches, haunted houses, and robbers, when we were suddenly startled by a loud rap at the door.

A stripling of fourteen, I was very naturally regarded as the head of the household ; and with many misgivings I advanced to the door, which I slowly opened, holding the candle tremulously above my head, and peering out into the darkness. The feeble glimmer played upon the apparition of a gigantic horseman, mounted on a steed of a size worthy of such a rider — colossal, motionless, like images cut out of the solid night. The strange visitant gruffly saluted me ; and, after making several ineffectual efforts to urge his horse in at the door, dismounted, and followed me into the room, evidently enjoying the terror which his huge presence excited. Announcing himself as “ Dr. Brown, the great Indian doctor,” he drew himself up before the fire, stretched his arms, clenched his fists, struck his broad chest, and invited our attention to what he called his “ mortal frame.” He demanded in succession all kinds of intoxicating liquors ; and, on being assured that we had none to give him, he grew angry, threatened to swallow my younger brother alive, and seizing me by the hair of my head, as the angel did the prophet at Babylon, he led me about from room to room. After an ineffectual search, in the course of which he mistook a jug of oil for one of brandy, and, contrary to my explanations and remonstrances, insisted upon swallowing a portion of its contents, he released me, fell to crying and sobbing, and confessed that he was so drunk already that his horse was ashamed of him. After bemoaning and pitying himself to his satisfaction, he wiped

his eyes, sat down by the side of my grandmother, giving her to understand that he was very much pleased with her appearance ; adding, that, if agreeable to her, he should like the privilege of paying his addresses to her. While vainly endeavoring to make the excellent old lady comprehend his very flattering proposition, he was interrupted by the return of my father, who, at once understanding the matter, turned him out of doors without ceremony.

On one occasion, a few years ago, on my return from the field at evening, I was told that a foreigner had asked for lodgings during the night ; but that, influenced by his dark, repulsive appearance, my mother had very reluctantly refused his request. I found her by no means satisfied with her decision. "What if a son of mine was in a strange land ?" she inquired, self-reproachfully. Greatly to her relief, I volunteered to go in pursuit of the wanderer, and, taking a cross-path over the fields, soon overtook him. He had just been rejected at the house of our nearest neighbor, and was standing in a state of dubious perplexity in the street. His looks quite justified my mother's suspicions. He was an olive-complexioned, black-bearded Italian, with an eye like a live coal—such a face as perchance looks out on the traveller in the passes of the Abruzzo—one of those bandit visages which Salvator has painted. With some difficulty I gave him to understand my errand, when he overwhelmed me with thanks, and joyfully followed me back. He took his seat with us at the supper table ; and when

we were all seated around the hearth that cold autumnal evening, he told us, partly by words and partly by gestures, the story of his life and misfortunes, amused us with descriptions of the grape gatherings and festivals of his sunny clime, edified my mother with a recipe for making bread of chestnuts; and in the morning, when, after breakfast, his dark, sullen face lighted up, and his fierce eye moistened with grateful emotion, as in his own silvery Tuscan accent he poured out his thanks, we marvelled at the fears which had so nearly closed our door against him; and, as he departed, we all felt that he had left with us the blessing of the poor.

It was not often that, as in the above instance, my mother's prudence got the better of her charity. The regular "old stragglers" regarded her as an unfailing friend; and the sight of her plain cap was to them an assurance of forthcoming creature comforts. There was indeed a tribe of lazy strollers, having their place of rendezvous in the town of Barrington, N. H., whose low vices had placed them beyond even the pale of her benevolence. They were not unconscious of their evil reputation, and experience had taught them the necessity of concealing, under well contrived disguises, their true character. They came to us in all shapes, and with all appearances save the true one, with most miserable stories of mishap and sickness, and all "the ills which flesh is heir to." It was particularly vexatious to discover, when too late, that our sympathies and charities had been expended upon such

graceless vagabonds as the "Barrington beggars." An old withered hag, known by the appellation of "Hipping Pat," — the wise woman of her tribe — was in the habit of visiting us, with her hopeful grandson, who had "a gift for preaching," as well as for many other things not exactly compatible with holy orders. He sometimes brought with him a tame crow, a shrewd, knavish looking bird, who, when in the humor for it, could talk like Barnaby Rudge's raven. He used to say, he could "do nothin' at exhortin' without a white handkercher on his neck and money in his pocket;" a fact going far to confirm the opinions of the Bishop of Exeter and the Puseyites generally, that there can be no priest without tithes and surplice.

These people have for several generations lived distinct from the great mass of the community, like the gipseys of Europe, whom in many respects they closely resemble. They have the same settled aversion to labor, and the same disposition to avail themselves of the fruits of the industry of others. They love a wild, out-of-door life, sing songs, tell fortunes, and have an instinctive hatred of "missionaries and cold water."

"The proper study of mankind is man;" and, according to my view, no phase of our common humanity is altogether unworthy of investigation. Acting upon this belief two or three summers ago, when making, in company with my sister, a little excursion into the hill country of New Hampshire, I turned my horse's head towards Barrington, for

the purpose of seeing these semi-civilized strollers in their own home, and returning, once for all, their numerous visits. Taking leave of our hospitable cousins in old Lee, with about as much solemnity as we may suppose Major Laing parted with his friends, when he set out in search of desert-girdled Timbuctoo, we drove several miles over a rough road, passed the "Devil's Den" unmolested, crossed a fretful little streamlet, noisily working its way into a valley, where it turned a lonely, half-ruinous mill, and climbing a steep hill beyond, saw before us a wide, sandy level, skirted on the west and north by low, scraggy hills, and dotted here and there with dwarf pitch pines. In the centre of this desolate region were some twenty or thirty small dwellings, grouped together as irregularly as a Hottentot kraal. Unfenced, unguarded, open to all comers and goers, stood that city of the beggars — no wall or paling between the ragged cabins, to remind one of the jealous distinctions of property. The great idea of its founders seemed visible in its unappropriated freedom. Was not the whole round world their own, and should they haggle about boundaries and title-deeds? For them, on distant plains, ripened golden harvests; for them, in far-off work-shops, busy hands were toiling; for them, if they had but the grace to note it, the broad earth put on her garniture of beauty, and over them hung the silent mystery of heaven and its stars. That comfortable philosophy which modern Transcendentalism has but dimly shadowed forth — that

poetic Agrarianism, which gives all to each, and each to all — is the real life of this city of Unwork. To each of its dingy dwellers might be not unaptly applied the language of one, who, I trust, will pardon me for quoting her beautiful poem in this connection: —

“ Other hands may grasp the field or forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine ;
Thou art wealthier — all the world is thine ! ”

But, look ! the clouds are breaking. “ Fair weather cometh out of the north.” The wind has blown away the mists ; on the gilded spire of John-street glimmers a beam of sunshine. And there is the sky again, hard, blue, and cold in its eternal purity, not a whit the worse for the storm. In the beautiful Present, the Past is no longer needed. Reverently and gratefully let its volume be laid aside ; and when again the shadows of the outward world fall upon the spirit, may I not lack a good angel to remind me of its solace, even if he comes in the shape of a Barrington beggar.

HOME.

BY ISAAC Mc. LELLAN.

OFt have my wayward footsteps chanc'd to roam,
A wandering pilgrim, far away from home,
By Seine, or blue Rhone's gay enamell'd shores,
Or where the castled Rhine its tribute pours ;
Trode the bleak wastes, o'er drifting Alpine snows,
Caught sunset's flush when o'er Mount Blanc it glows ;
Have mused o'er Grecia's templed hills and shrines,
Her mournful marbles, flashing thro' the vines ;
Heard Tiber's song, and silver Arno's tale,
Told to the listening gardens of her vale ;
Have track'd the Nile to Cairo's ancient gate,
Deplored, at Cheops, the Egyptian's fate ;
Have viewed the day, o'er Syrian plains, expire,
And with the Arab shared his desert fire.
Mid such high scenes, the minstrel's heart would still,
At thought of home, with warm emotions thrill ;
No scene so bright, no landscape seemed so grand
As the fair borders of his native land ;
To yield the pilgrim's staff, not loth was he,
And tread once more the rough soil of the Free !

Where'er we rove, whate'er betide our lot,
Bright burns the flickering taper of our Home,
Above life's chafing tides, that golden spot
Shines like the blessed beacon o'er the foam.
Year after year may haply intervene,
Far other realms their winning charms may spread,
Still shall we cling to each familiar scene,
And kind old friends, the absent and the dead,
O'er recollection's path will shed a glow
To cheer the darkest mind weigh'd down with woe,
To charm our days with bright seraphic beams,
And gild with heavenly flush our midnight dreams!

CLERKS AND EMPLOYERS.

BY DANIEL N. HASKELL.

THE relations sustained by clerks to their employers are a source of many troubles, and occasion unpleasant thoughts, and oftentimes result in mutual and reciprocal hatred. In many departments of business, the compensation allowed to clerks is so small, that the sons of wealthy men have a monopoly of the places, which operates unfavorably, two ways: it drives away a large and meritorious class of young men, while it introduces another, who, from the very nature of the case, cannot take so active an interest, as those whom want and necessity urge forward. The influence of these rich clerks, in situations where little or no compensation is allowed, is very pernicious, in inducing habits of extravagance, inattention to business, and of substituting the swell manners and flash appearance of the *roué*, for the gentlemanly bearing and manly dignity of the good citizen.

In branches of trade where a compensation is allowed, it is generally too small for the interests of both parties. Enlightened selfishness would

seem to dictate a reform in this matter. We are proverbial for our thrift, and have a character for knowing what investments will produce the best dividends ; and I submit, whether an investment, in the shape of increased salaries, would not exhibit as large returns as any stock known to the board of brokers.

Let any merchant reflect how large a portion of the details of his business is in the hands of clerks, how powerful an agency they exert in his affairs, how often he is the victim of their negligence, incompetency, or dishonesty, and he will perceive the great necessity for care in the selection ; and may we not hope a careful investigation of the subject will lead him most cheerfully to pay ample remuneration for services rendered. Two poorly paid, dispirited clerks are not so valuable as one who takes an active interest in his employer's affairs, and goes to his business in earnest.

A boy whose existence is an experiment, showing the lowest point at which body and soul can be prevented from dissolving their painful connection, is as far from being the living intelligence he was created for, and is as much below the level of his race, as are the jaded and broken-spirited animals, we see carted about in caravan cages, below their brethren of the boundless forest.

The best help, like the dearest law, is the cheapest ; and it will always be found the truest policy to practise the inspired precept, " the laborer is worthy of his hire."

There is a strange want of confidence exhibited in the intercourse between merchants and their clerks. Too frequently their conversation resembles what may be termed *cross-examination*. Confidence begets confidence. No man has so much talent and power as to be above learning many important points of intelligence, respecting both men and business, from his young men. Each of the parties moves in a different circle; and the clerk, from the nature of his young companions, has many opportunities of obtaining valuable information equal to that which his master enjoys.

What would be said of a military commander, and what would be his success and fate, did he not avail himself of all the talent and diversity of character in his subordinate officers? A mechanic is careful to attend to the suggestions of his workmen. A shipmaster should have the most perfect confidence in his mates and crew. And should a merchant lose all the advantages to be obtained from an active exercise of all the talents and means of information his clerks possess?

Another evil, attendant upon this intercourse, is the want of interest manifested by employers respecting their young men, during the time they are away from their places of business. In a very large majority of cases, employers do not trouble themselves about this matter; and yet who does not see that upon this point depends, in a great degree, the value of the services rendered while the clerk is on duty.

I ask clerks, How many of you receive any indications that your services are appreciated? How many of you have ever been invited to meet your employers at a house of worship, even in cases where they are professedly Christian? I ask, again, how many of you are requested, even once a year, to visit your employers at their dwellings for one evening of social intercourse?

I am well aware that the above suggestions will, by many, be regarded as unworthy serious consideration. One wise saying will, in their estimation, explode the whole train of thought, and they will not be induced to make trial of any new plan, fearing, lest "familiarity should breed contempt."

But, until brothers and sisters cease to be bound by the warmest ties; till intimacies are not cherished, and love is extinguished; until friendship is unknown, and children repay their fathers' kindness and their mothers' love and affection with contempt; — then, and not *till* then, will it be admitted that the frank and friendly intercourse between master and clerk, employers and employed, at proper times and under judicious restrictions, will end in any thing but increased interest, mutual respect, and manly confidence.

Another evil, which is more prevalent than formerly, is the false hopes often held out to young men to induce a sacrifice of present good upon the promise of future advancement, — an advancement which is always future and ideal. What greater crime can be committed against society than to

coolly calculate how far one can speculate upon the rising hopes of a young man, by basely holding before him a delusion, which, when exposed, will send him forth to the world a disappointed man, the victim of generous confidence, of human cupidity, and the foulest wrongs.

What punishment is due the niggard, who sunders or weakens the bonds which bind man to his fellow-man in ties stronger than aught save love and affection! What is life worth when honor is gone? And who shall repair the ruin to that mind, cheated of its fondest prospects, and allured to sacrifice its time in vainly chasing a bubble, which bursts ere the hand could grasp its emptiness!

Let no young man for one moment imagine, however, that because his manhood is not acknowledged, and his better nature and nobler impulses are not thus appealed to, there is, on his part, any relaxation of the highest moral obligation to do every thing in his power to advance the interest of his employer.

No neglect or remissness of the employer can obliterate his claims to all the ability and force of character possessed by the young man. His duty is none the less plain, because his life and enjoyments form no portion of the thoughts, and engage not the attention, of the man who claims his time and talents.

Two wrongs will not make *one* right. And the boy, whose daily actions and every movement are

regulated by any such narrow and grovelling standard, fails alike in the duty he owes to another and to himself.

Should negligence and heedlessness become a habit, the injury to the employer is transient and temporary ; while the evils, of which they are the prolific parents, will follow their unfortunate victim through life, and prove a curse, from whose withering influence he will never be disenthralled.

The lessons of the past, and the united voices of reason and revelation, urge the young man forward to his duty in every relation of life. By the constant exercise of fidelity, he will rise superior to the obstacles which seem to arrest his progress, and, by serving others, he will confer lasting benefit upon himself. Enlightened self-interest will press him onward in the path which duty and obligation mark out ; and he will show the world, — and experience, himself, — the wisdom which dictated to a son the wise counsel,—

“ To thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

CHARLES JAMES.*

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THOU cam'st — what pleasures new and bright
Thy coming gave !
THOU 'rt gone — and every young delight
Is laid in thy dark grave !



There is a spot — 't is holy ground
To those who weep,
Where, hushed beneath each lonely mound,
Death's mouldering victims sleep.

Friend, sister, brother, there are laid,
From sorrows free ;
And there a clay-cold bed is made
For thee, Sweet Boy, for thee.

* This poem, written more than thirty years ago, has not been printed with the author's other writings. It appears in this volume with a striking interest, preceding as it does a charming little home-picture (see page 277,) written by a son of the Poet, bearing the name of his buried brother.

EARLY DAYS OF JOHN LEDYARD.

BY JARED SPARKS.

JOHN LEDYARD, the traveller, was the third of that name in lineal descent. His mother, who was the daughter of Robert Hempsted, of Southold, has been described as a lady of many excellences of mind and character, beautiful in person, well informed, resolute, generous, amiable, kind, and, above all, eminent for piety and the religious virtues. Such a mother is the best gift of Heaven to a family of helpless young children. In the present instance, all her courage and all her strength of character were necessary, to carry her through the duties and trials which devolved upon her. The small estate, which had belonged to her husband in Groton, was, by some strange neglect of her friends, or criminal fraud never yet explained, taken from her soon after his death. During a visit to Long Island, the deed, which she had left with a confidential person, disappeared. As this deed was the only evidence of her title to the property, and her claim could not be substantiated without it, the whole reverted to its former owner, her husband's

father, who was still living. The particulars of this transaction are not now known, nor is it necessary to inquire into them. It is enough to state the fact that such an event occurred, and that the widowed mother with four infant children was thus thrown destitute upon the world. In this condition she and her children repaired to the house of her father in Southold, where they found protection and support. The estate at Groton afterwards fell into the hands of Colonel William Ledyard.

It may be supposed that misfortune did not weaken her parental sollicitude, nor make her neglectful of her high trust. The education of her children was the absorbing object of her thoughts and exertions. Her eldest son was now of an age to receive impressions, that would become deeply wrought into his mind, and give a decided bias to his future character. In the marked features of his eventful life, eccentric and extraordinary as it was, full of temptations, crosses, and sufferings, may often be traced lineaments of virtues, and good impulses, justly referred to such a source, to the early cares and counsels of a judicious, sensible, and pious mother. Nor were these counsels scattered in a vacant mind, nor these cares wasted on a cold heart; in his severest disappointments and privations, in whatever clime or among whatever people, whether contending with the fierce snows of Siberia or the burning sands of Africa, the image of his mother always came with a beam of joy to his soul, and was cherished there with delight.

Such of his letters to her as have been preserved are written with a tenderness of filial affection, that could flow only from an acute sensibility and a good heart.

A few years after leaving Groton, and settling at Southold, Mrs. Ledyard was married to a second husband, Dr. Moore, of the latter place. At this time her son John was taken into the family of his grandfather at Hartford, who, from that period, seems to have considered him as wholly under his charge. Tradition tells of peculiarities in his manners and habits at this early age, of acts indicating the bent of his genius, and the romantic disposition that gave celebrity to his after life. But no record of his schoolboy adventures has come down to us, and we are left to conjecture in what manner the wild spirits of a youth like his would exhibit themselves. He attended the grammar school in Hartford, it is to be presumed, with commendable proficiency, since he was at first designed for the profession of the law. Several months were passed by him as a student in the office of Mr. Thomas Seymour, a respectable lawyer of that place, who had married his aunt.

Meantime his grandfather died, and Mr. Seymour became his guardian, and took him to his own house. Whether Ledyard turned his thoughts to the law by his voluntary choice, or by the advice and wishes of his friends, who desired to quiet his temper, by fixing him in some settled pursuit, is not related; most probably the latter, for it was

soon manifest, that neither the profound wisdom, the abstruse learning, nor the golden promises of the law, had any charms for him. It was decided without reluctance on his part, therefore, that he should leave the path, which he had found so intricate, and in which he had made so little progress, and enter upon one more congenial to his inclination, and presenting objects more attractive to his taste and fancy.

Here was a difficult point to be determined. The pursuit, which would accord best with the propensities, temperament, and wishes of John Ledyard, and best promote his future usefulness and success, was a thing not to be decided, even at that time of his life, by the common rules of judging in such cases; it was a preliminary, which no one probably would have been more perplexed than himself to establish. Never was he accustomed to look forward with unwavering predilections, to prepare for contingencies, or to mark out a course from which he would not stray. To be seeking some distant object, imposing and attractive in his own conceptions, and to move towards it on the tide of circumstances, through perils and difficulties, was among the chief pleasures of his existence. On enterprises, in which no obstacles were to be encountered, no chances to be run, no disappointments to be apprehended, no rewards of hazardous adventure to be looked for, he bestowed not a thought; but let a project be started, thickly beset with dangers, and promising success only through toils and sufferings,

deeds of courage, and the resolute efforts of an untiring spirit, and not a man would grasp at it so eagerly, or pursue it with so much intensesness of purpose. The wholesome maxim of providing for the morrow rarely found a place in his ethics or his practice; and as he never allowed himself to anticipate misfortunes, so he never took any pains to guard against them.

He was now at the age of nineteen, with very narrow means, few friends, and no definite prospects. In this state of his affairs, as it was necessary for something to be done, he was compelled to look around him, and for a moment to exercise that foresight, which the tenor of his life proves him to have been so reluctant on most occasions to call to his aid. And, after all, he was more indebted to accident, than to his own deliberations, for the immediate events that awaited him. Dr. Wheelock, the amiable and pious founder of Dartmouth College, had been the intimate friend of his grandfather; and prompted by the remembrance of this tie, he invited Ledyard to enter his institution, recently established at Hanover, New Hampshire, amidst the forests on the banks of the Connecticut river. This offer was accepted, and in the spring of 1772, he took up his residence at this new seat of learning, with the apparent intention of qualifying himself to become a missionary among the Indians.

His mother's wishes and advice had probably much influence in guiding him to this resolution.

In accordance with the religious spirit of that day, she felt a strong compassion for the deplorable state of the Indians, and it was among her earliest and fondest hopes of this her favorite son, that he would be educated as a missionary, and become an approved instrument in the hands of Providence to bring these degraded and suffering heathen to a knowledge of a pure religion, and the blessings of civilized life. When she saw this door opened for the realizing of her hopes, and her son placed under the charge of the most eminent laborer of his day in the cause of the Indians, her joy was complete.

Few memorials remain of his college life. The whole time of his residence at Dartmouth was not more than one year, and during that period he was absent three months and a half, rambling among the Indians. A classmate still living recollects, that he had then some amusing singularities, was cheerful and gay in conversation, winning in his address, and a favorite with his fellow-students. His journey from Hartford to Hanover was performed in a sulky, the first vehicle of the kind that had ever been seen on Dartmouth plain; and it attracted curiosity not more from this circumstance, than from the odd appearance of the equipage. Both the horse and the sulky gave evident tokens of having known better days; and the dress of their owner was peculiar, bidding equal defiance to symmetry of proportions and the fashion of the times. In addition to the traveller's own weight, this ancient vehicle was burdened with a quantity of

calico for curtains, and other articles to assist in theatrical exhibitions, of which he was very fond. From the character of this outfit, we may conclude that he did not intend time should pass on heavy wings at Dartmouth.

Considering the newness of the country, the want of bridges, and the bad state of the roads, this jaunt in a crazy sulky was thought to indicate no feeble spirit of enterprise. The journey might have been performed with much more ease and expedition on horseback, but in that case his theatrical apparatus must have been left behind.

As a scholar at college he was respectable, but not over-diligent. He acquired knowledge with facility, and could make quick progress when he chose; but he was impatient under discipline, and thought nothing more irksome than to go by compulsion to a certain place at certain times, and tread from day to day the same dull circle of the chapel, the recitation room, the commons hall, and the study. It is not affirmed, that he ever ventured to set up any direct hostility to the powers that ruled, but he sometimes demeaned himself in a manner, that must take from him the praise of a shining example of willing subordination. In those primitive times, the tones of a bell had not been heard in the forests of Dartmouth, and the students were called together by the sound of a conch-shell, which was blown in turn by the freshmen. Ledyard was indignant at being summoned to this duty, and it was his custom to perform it with a reluctance and

in a manner corresponding to his sense of the degradation.

The scenic materials, brought with so much pains from Hartford, were not suffered to lie useless. The calico was manufactured into curtains, a stage was fitted up, and plays were acted, in which our hero personated the chief characters. *Cato* was among the tragedies brought out upon his boards, and in this he acted the part of old Syphax, wearing a long gray beard, and a dress suited to his notion of the costume of a Numidian prince. His tragedies were doubtless comedies to the audience, but they all answered his purpose of amusement, and of introducing a little variety into the sober tenor of a student's life. At this period he was much addicted to reading plays, and his passion for the drama probably stole away many hours, that might have been more profitably employed in preparing to exhibit himself before his tutors.

He had not been quite four months in college, when he suddenly disappeared without previous notice to his comrades, and apparently without permission from the president. The full extent of his travels during his absence cannot now be known, but he is understood to have wandered to the borders of Canada, and among the Six Nations. It is certain that he acquired in this excursion a knowledge of Indian manners and Indian language, which was afterwards of essential service to him in his intercourse with savages in various parts of the world. His main object, probably, was to take a

cursory survey of the missionary ground, which he was contemplating as the theatre of his future career; and, judging from what followed, we may suppose that this foretaste put an end to all his anticipations. Nothing more is heard of his missionary projects, although it is not clear at what time he absolutely abandoned them. When three months and a half had expired, he returned to college and resumed his studies.

If his dramatic performances were not revived, as it would seem they were not, his erratic spirit did not sink into a lethargy for want of expedients to keep it alive. In mid-winter, when the ground was covered with deep snow, Ledyard collected a party, whom he persuaded to accompany him to the summit of a neighboring mountain, and there pass the night. Dr. Wheelock consented to the project, as his heart was bent on training up the young men to be missionaries among the Indians, and he was willing they should become inured to hardships, to which a life among savages would frequently expose them. The projector of the expedition took the lead of his volunteers, and conducted them by a pathless route through the thickets of a swamp and forests, till they reached the top of the mountain, just in time to kindle a fire, and arrange their encampment on the snow before it was dark. The night, as may be supposed, was dreary and sleepless to most of the party, and few were they who did not greet the dawn with gladness. Their leader was alert, prompt at his duty, and pleased with his

success. The next day, they returned home, all perfectly satisfied, unless it were Ledyard, with this single experiment of their hardihood, without being disposed to make another similar trial.

After abandoning his missionary schemes, he began to grow weary of college, and the more so, probably, as his unsettled habits now and then drew from the president a salutary admonition on the importance of a right use of time, and a regard for the regulations of the establishment. Such hints he conceived to be an indignity, and fancied himself ill treated. That there was value in rules of order and discipline he did not pretend to deny, but seemed at a loss to imagine why they should apply to him. That the whole subject might be put at rest, without involving any puzzling questions of casuistry, he resolved to escape.

On the margin of the Connecticut river, which runs near the college, stood many majestic forest trees, nourished by a rich soil. One of these Ledyard contrived to cut down. He then set himself at work to fashion its trunk into a canoe, and in this labor he was assisted by some of his fellow-students. As the canoe was fifty feet long and three wide, and was to be dug out and constructed by these unskilful workmen, the task was not a trifling one, nor such as could be speedily executed. Operations were carried on with spirit, however, till Ledyard wounded himself with an axe, and was disabled for several days. When recovered, he applied himself anew to his work; the canoe was

finished, launched into the stream, and, by the further aid of his companions, equipped and prepared for a voyage. His wishes were now at their consummation, and, bidding adieu to these haunts of the Muses, where he had gained a dubious fame, he set off alone, with a light heart, to explore a river, with the navigation of which he had not the slightest acquaintance. The distance to Hartford was not less than one hundred and forty miles, much of the way was through a wilderness, and in several places there were dangerous falls and rapids.

With a bearskin for a covering, and his canoe well stocked with provisions, he yielded himself to the current, and floated leisurely down the stream, seldom using his paddle, and stopping only in the night for sleep. He told Mr. Jefferson, in Paris, fourteen years afterwards, that he took only two books with him, a Greek Testament and Ovid, one of which he was deeply engaged in reading when his canoe approached Bellow's Falls, where he was suddenly roused by the noise of the waters rushing among the rocks through the narrow passage. The danger was imminent, as no boat could go down that fall without being instantly dashed in pieces. With difficulty he gained the shore in time to escape such a catastrophe, and through the kind assistance of the people in the neighborhood, who were astonished at the novelty of such a voyage down the Connecticut, his canoe was drawn by oxen around the fall, and committed again to the water below. From that time, till he arrived at

his place of destination, we hear of no accident, although he was carried through several dangerous passes in the river.

On a bright spring morning, just as the sun was rising, some of Mr. Seymour's family were standing near his house on the high bank of the small river, that runs through the city of Hartford, and empties itself into the Connecticut river, when they espied at some distance an object of unusual appearance moving slowly up the stream. Others were attracted by the singularity of the sight, and all were conjecturing what it could be, till its questionable shape assumed the true and obvious form of a canoe; but by what impulse it was moved forward none could determine. Something was seen in the stern, but apparently without life or motion. At length the canoe touched the shore directly in front of the house; a person sprang from the stern to a rock in the edge of the water, threw off a bearskin in which he had been enveloped, and behold John Ledyard, in the presence of his uncle and connections, who were filled with wonder at this sudden apparition; for they had received no intelligence of his intention to leave Dartmouth, but supposed him still there diligently pursuing his studies, and fitting himself to be a missionary among the Indians.

However unimportant this whimsical adventure may have been in its results, or even its objects, it was one of no ordinary peril, and illustrated in a forcible manner the character of the navigator. The voyage was performed in the last part of April or first

of May, and of course the river was raised by the recent melting of the snow on the mountains. This circumstance probably rendered the rapids less dangerous; but it may be questioned whether there are many persons at the present day, who would willingly run the same hazard, even if guided by a pilot skilled in the navigation of the river.

We cannot look back to Ledyard, thus launching himself alone in so frail a bark upon the waters of a river wholly unknown to him, without being reminded of the only similar occurrence, which has been recorded, — the voyage down the River Niger by Mungo Park, a name standing at the very head of those most renowned for romantic and lofty enterprise. The melancholy fate, it is true, by which he was soon arrested in his noble career, adds greatly to the interest of his situation when pushing from the shore his little boat Joliba, and causes us to read his last affecting letter to his wife with emotions of sympathy more intense, if possible, than would be felt if the tragical issue were not already known. In many points of character there was a strong resemblance between these two distinguished travellers, and they both perished, — martyrs in the same cause, attempting to explore the hidden regions of Africa.

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER'S SHOES.

BY CHARLES JAMES SPRAGUE.

Two little, rough-worn, stubbed shoes,
A plump, well-trodden pair ;
With striped stockings thrust within,
Lie just beside my chair.

Of very homely fabric they,
A hole is in each toe,
They might have cost, when they were new,
Some fifty cents or so.

And yet, this little worn-out pair
Is richer far to me
Than all the jewelled sandals are
Of Eastern luxury.

This mottled leather, cracked with use,
Is satin in my sight ;
These little tarnished buttons shine
With all a diamond's light.

Search through the wardrobe of the world!
You shall not find me there,
So rarely made, so richly wrought,
So glorious a pair.

And why? Because they tell of her,
Now sound asleep above,
Whose form is moving beauty, and
Whose heart is beating love.

They tell me of her merry laugh;
Her rich, whole-hearted glee;
Her gentleness, her innocence,
And infant purity.

They tell me that her wavering steps
Will long demand my aid;
For the old road of human life
Is very roughly laid.

High hills and swift descents abound;
And, on so rude a way,
Feet that can wear these coverings
Would surely go astray.

Sweet little girl! be mine the task
Thy feeble steps to tend!
To be thy guide, thy counsellor,
Thy playmate and thy friend!

And when my steps shall faltering grow,
And thine be firm and strong,
Thy strength shall lead my tottering age
In cheerful peace along!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A YOUNG SAILOR.

BY RICHARD H. DANA, JR.

THE fourteenth of August was the day fixed upon for the sailing of the brig *Pilgrim*, on her voyage from Boston round Cape Horn, to the western coast of North America. As she was to get under weigh early in the afternoon, I made my appearance on board at twelve o'clock, in full sea-rig, and with my chest, containing an outfit for a two or three years' voyage, which I had undertaken from a determination to cure, if possible, by an entire change of life, and by a long absence from books and study, a weakness of the eyes, which had obliged me to give up my pursuits, and which no medical aid seemed likely to cure.

The change from the tight dress coat, silk cap and kid gloves of an undergraduate at Cambridge, to the loose duck trowsers, checked shirt and tarpaulin hat of a sailor, though somewhat of a transformation, was soon made, and I supposed that I should pass very well for a Jack Tar. But it is impossible to deceive the practised eye in these matters; and while I supposed myself to be look-

ing as salt as Neptune himself, I was, no doubt, known for a landsman by every one on board as soon as I hove in sight. A sailor has a peculiar cut to his clothes, and a way of wearing them which a green hand can never get. The trousers, tight round the hips, and thence hanging long and loose round the feet, a superabundance of checked shirt, a low-crowned, well varnished black hat, worn on the back of the head, with half a fathom of black ribbon hanging over the left eye, and a peculiar tie to the black silk neckerchief, with sundry other minutiae, are signs, the want of which betray the beginner at once. Beside the points in my dress which were out of the way, doubtless my complexion and hands were enough to distinguish me from the regular *salt*, who, with a sunburnt cheek, wide step, and rolling gait, swings his bronzed and toughened hands athwart-ships half open, as though just ready to grasp a rope.

“With all my imperfections on my head,” I joined the crew, and we hauled out into the stream, and came to anchor for the night. The next day we were employed in preparations for sea, reeving studding-sail gear, crossing royal yards, putting on chafing gear, and taking on board our powder. On the following night, I stood my first watch. I remained awake nearly all the first part of the night, from fear that I might not hear when I was called; and when I went on deck, so great were my ideas of the importance of my trust, that I walked regularly fore and aft the whole length of the vessel,

looking out over the bows and taffrail at each turn, and was not a little surprised at the coolness of the old salt, whom I called to take my place, in stowing himself snugly away under the long-boat for a nap. That was a sufficient lookout, he thought, for a fine night, at anchor in a safe harbor.

The next morning was Saturday, and a breeze having sprung up from the southward, we took a pilot on board, hove up our anchor, and began beating down the bay. I took leave of those of my friends who came to see me off, and had barely opportunity to take a last look at the city, and well-known objects, as no time is allowed on board ship for sentiment. As we drew down into the lower harbor, we found the wind ahead in the bay, and were obliged to come to anchor in the roads. We remained there through the day and a part of the night. My watch began at eleven o'clock at night, and I received orders to call the captain if the wind came out from the westward. About midnight the wind became fair, and having called the captain, I was ordered to call all hands. How I accomplished this I do not know, but I am quite sure that I did not give the true hoarse, boatswain call of "A-a-ll ha-a-a-nds! up anchor, a-ho-oy!" In a short time every one was in motion, the sails loosed, the yards braced, and we began to heave up the anchor, which was our last hold upon Yankee land. I could take but little part in all these preparations. My little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly given, and so

immediately executed ; there was such a hurrying about, and such an intermingling of strange cries and stranger actions, that I was completely bewildered. There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life. At length those peculiar, long-drawn sounds, which denote that the crew are heaving at the windlass, began, and in a few moments we were under weigh. The noise of the water thrown from the bows, began to be heard, the vessel leaned over from the damp night breeze, and rolled with the heavy ground swell, and we had actually begun our long, long journey. This was literally bidding "good night" to my native land.

The first day we passed at sea was the Sabbath. As we were just from port, and there was a great deal to be done on board, we were kept at work all day, and at night the watches were set, and every thing put into sea order.

I being in the starboard, or second mate's watch, had the opportunity of keeping the first watch at sea. S——, a young man, making, like myself, his first voyage, was in the same watch, and as he was the son of a professional man, and had been in a counting-room in Boston, we found that we had many friends and topics in common. We talked these matters over,—Boston, what our friends were probably doing, our voyage, &c., until he went to take his turn at the lookout, and left me to myself. I had now a fine time for reflection. I felt for the first time the perfect silence of the sea. The

officer was walking the quarter deck, where I had no right to go, one or two men were talking on the forecastle, whom I had little inclination to join, so that I was left open to the full impression of every thing about me. However much I was affected by the beauty of the sea, the bright stars, and the clouds driven swiftly over them, I could not but remember that I was separating myself from all the social and intellectual enjoyments of life. Yet, strange as it may seem, I did then and afterwards take pleasure in these reflections, hoping by them to prevent my becoming insensible to the value of what I was leaving.

But all my dreams were soon put to flight by an order from the officer to trim the yards, as the wind was getting ahead ; and I could plainly see, by the looks the sailors occasionally cast to windward, and by the dark clouds that were fast coming up, that we had bad weather to prepare for, and had heard the captain say that he expected to be in the Gulf Stream by twelve o'clock. In a few minutes eight bells were struck, the watch called, and we went below. I now began to feel the first discomforts of a sailor's life. The steerage in which I lived was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk and ship stores, which had not been stowed away. Moreover, there had been no berths built for us to sleep in, and we were not allowed to drive nails to hang our clothes upon. The sea, too, had risen, the vessel was rolling heavily, and every thing was pitched about in grand confusion. There was a

complete "hurrah's nest," as the sailors say, "every thing on top and nothing at hand." A large hawser had been coiled away upon my chest; my hats, boots, mattress and blankets had all *fetch'd away* and gone over to leeward, and were jammed and broken under the boxes and coils of rigging. To crown all, we were allowed no light to find any thing with, and I was just beginning to feel strong symptoms of sea-sickness, and that listlessness and inactivity which accompany it. Giving up all attempts to collect my things together, I lay down upon the sails, expecting every moment to hear the cry of "All hands ahoy," which the approaching storm would soon make necessary. I shortly heard the rain-drops falling on deck, thick and fast, and the watch evidently had their hands full of work, for I could hear the loud and repeated orders of the mate, the trampling of feet, the creaking of blocks, and all the accompaniments of a coming storm. In a few minutes the slide of the hatch was thrown back, which let down the noise and tumult of the deck still louder, the loud cry of "All hands, ahoy! tumble up here and take in sail," saluted our ears, and the hatch was quickly shut again. When I got upon deck, a new scene and a new experience was before me. The little brig was close hauled upon the wind, and lying over, as it then seemed to me, nearly upon her beam ends. The heavy head sea was beating against her bows with the noise and force almost of a sledge hammer, and flying over the deck, drenching us completely through.

The topsail halliards had been let go, and the great sails were filling out and backing against the masts with a noise like thunder. The wind was whistling through the rigging, loose ropes flying about; loud and, to me, unintelligible orders constantly given and rapidly executed, and the sailors "singing out" at the ropes in their hoarse and peculiar strains. In addition to all this, I had not got my "sea legs on," was dreadfully sick, with hardly strength enough to hold on to any thing, and it was "pitch dark." This was my state when I was ordered aloft, for the first time, to reef topsails.

How I got along, I cannot now remember. I "laid out" on the yards and held on with all my strength. I could not have been of much service, for I remember having been sick several times before I left the topsail yard. Soon all was snug aloft, and we were again allowed to go below. This I did not consider much of a favor, for the confusion of every thing below, and that inexpressible sickening smell, caused by the shaking up of the bilge-water in the hold, made the steerage but an indifferent refuge from the cold, wet decks. I had often read of the nautical experiences of others, but I felt as though there could be none worse than mine; for in addition to every other evil, I could not but remember that this was only the first night of a two years' voyage.

TO SCOTLAND.

BY ROBERT C. WATERSTON.

LAND of my fathers! in my heart
I cherish fervent love for thee;
Land, where the good have borne their part,
And struggled to be free!
Land of the dark brown heath, and rocky glen,
Of glorious mountain heights, and noble hearted men.

Here Solway spreads its sheet of blue,
And Lomond's wave in beauty lies;
And Bracklin's torrent thunders through,
Where shadowy forests rise;
Here peaceful lakes are sleeping in the sun,
And rivers through the glens, like threads of silver, run.

Here patriots lived, and dared to die,
Ay, die, they could not live as slaves,
And now, beneath the arching sky,
A nation venerates their graves;
And ages, yet to come, shall proudly tell
Where Bruce so bravely fought, and noble Wallace fell.

And here the Covenanters stood,
 And died upon the soil they trod,
 For what they deemed their country's good,
 And for the cause of God ;
 Here, in deep caves, and in lone vale and glen,
 They lived as martyrs live, and died as Christian men.

And here have poets sweetly sung,
 The softest strains of Scottish song ;
 Here was King James's wild harp strung,
 And his rare music borne along ;
 While Michael Bruce, and Allan Ramsay, still
 Live in those ancient songs that ring o'er lake and hill.

And Burns, — ay, Burns, whose touching notes
 Are now on every nation's tongue,
 Where'er the voice of music floats,
 Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung ; —
 Here breathed sweet Nature's bard such words of love,
 As move the heart to tears, and raise its thoughts above.

Here the Last Minstrel tuned his lay,
 Here Branksome's towering turrets stood,
 Here warriors met in deadly fray,
 At Flodden Field and Holyrood ;
 Here lived Fitz James ; and here, 'mid mountain brake,
 Floated, in her light skiff, the Lady of the Lake.

Here lived those mighty heirs of fame,
 Whose minds will never be forgot,
 Long as the world can breathe the name,
 Of Burns and Walter Scott ;
 They loved thee ; and made dear thy hills and vales
 By their heroic songs, and legendary tales.

Thus, honored land, within my heart
I cherish fervent love for thee,
Land where the good have borne their part,
And struggled to be free ;
Land of the dark brown heath, and rocky glen,
Of glorious mountain heights, and noble hearted men.

GUY LINDEN'S FIRST BOOK.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

I HAD just published my first volume, and felt very sensibly as if an achievement of some moment had been accomplished. I fully entered into the peculiar opinions of Mr. Godwin on this subject, who conceived that whoever had written a book, had attained a very decided superiority over the rest of mankind; and who, in his "Essay on Sepulchres," by a process savoring perhaps as much of poetical as "Political Justice," develops a scheme, for preserving in one place the memory of all great writers deceased, each in his proper station. I knew there were many individuals who differed very much from Mr. Godwin in these particulars; hard, churlish, unideal persons, who considered an author rather as the enemy than the benefactor of his kind, and regarded the man who had written a book much as though he had picked a pocket. But this was their affair, not mine. There were enough ready to read, estimate, and value good books, and quite enough who enjoyed

bad ones ; and I thought it very hard, if on one score or other I could not hit the popular fancy between wind and water.

My sensations at this conjuncture were peculiar, but pleasing. It was the class of emotions, proper to the young man who, for the first time, opens his new store, or the youthful captain, who commands his first ship. I had gone through no small amount of tedious negotiation with my publisher upon this occasion ; a man, in my opinion, of a deal of unnecessary and ill-timed prudence. Still, he was highly considered in his business, was a popular publisher, and supposed to have acquired a very handsome thing in the way of trade. My performance was a poem, in the Spenserian stanza, "ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME ;" a subject, thought I, evidently of the greatest moment, and one in which every class and condition of mankind are immediately interested. Besides its religious consequence, moralists and philosophers have directed much attention to it from the very earliest ages. It may be considered, in some sense, therefore, rather a trite topic of discussion. Yet I do not perceive that the admonitions of these elder worthies have had much beneficial effect, since there are still a great many idle persons about. It must be, therefore, that the consideration of this truly interesting and important question has not heretofore been attended with all those attractive and forcible persuasives, which I flatter myself are pretty well brought out in a certain series of MS. sheets, soon to con-

centrate the public attention, in the shape of a neat and modest duodecimo volume.

I perceived that my publisher looked rather blank upon glancing at the manuscript, and I pitied his want both of taste and discernment; but he addressed me in his usual courteous and urbane manner.

"This is rather an unpoetical age, I fear, Mr. Linden," said he, "but we must do the best we can for you in our line."

"Very true, sir," replied I, "the age is indeed unpoetical; what with steamships and railways, and other utilitarian mischiefs, men seem to be fairly whirled out of all sobriety, and decent, serious reflection. But, my dear sir, this is the very reason I write. If poets cease to write, because society grows utilitarian and unideal, they certainly help to aggravate, rather than to cure the evil. The clergy might as well leave off preaching, because the world persists in sinning."

"There is some force in your argument, I admit," said he; "the times are perhaps too practical and selfish; and though imagination may be cloyed, yet as the appetite is inherent in our nature, it must necessarily revive, when any thing tempting offers; and I suppose it is proper to use sound argument, on suitable occasions, whether men will listen, for the moment, or not. But how large an edition of this work do you think it advisable to bring out?"

"Why," said I, "I have made some little calculation about this, in anticipation of your question.

It is true, it is a subject in which every man, woman and child, is deeply concerned. But there are a good many persons, in every community, upon whom you cannot safely count in an enterprise of this kind; some who never look beyond their legers, others involved in various kinds of dissipation, besides many of the poorer class, to whom it would be inconvenient to purchase even the cheapest volume, however important. Let me see. The population of the city is something over one hundred thousand,—call it, in round numbers, a hundred thousand, in order to facilitate the computation. Now allow five persons, on an average, to each family, and that gives twenty thousand families, more or less. It would be useful, to be sure, that each individual should possess his own copy, for occasional reference; but still it is not likely, as a general rule, that more than one copy would be purchased by any particular household, except as presents to friends in the country, or the like of that. Making allowance, therefore, for the classes of persons before alluded to, and a liberal deduction to meet unforeseen contingencies, I am inclined to think, with deference to your better judgment, that it would not, on the whole, be judicious to print, for the first impression, more than, say, five thousand copies.”

“Five thousand copies! Mr. Linden,” said he, and if he had not that moment been seized with an immoderate fit of coughing, I should almost have imagined, from the expression of his face, that he

had some design of laughing me out of countenance. But he soon resumed his usual gravity, and observed, "My dear sir, I perceive that you are not aware of the arts of our trade. We make it an invariable rule to print small, and sometimes very small, editions of our best works. We can easily multiply issues of these, according to the public demand; and a book, in this way, often arrives at several editions, with increased fame, which, without this precaution, would never be reprinted at all. We cannot certainly ascertain, beforehand, the probable demand; but, if you will allow me to recommend, I should advise a trial of the market, with a sort of skirmishing party, a light edition, of a few hundreds,—straws, you know, Mr. Linden, to see how the wind blows."

This proposition seemed really so reasonable, that it was difficult to urge any objection, although I confess I was secretly piqued at the unnecessary timidity of my publisher.

"Besides," continued Mr. Oldfile, "you must permit me to suggest to you, my friend, that in your computation, otherwise sufficiently accurate, you appear to me to have omitted one or two very essential considerations. In the first place, many of those unhappy persons, who, as you say, persist in wantonly misspending their time, will hardly be induced to devote themselves to the study of your performance, though generously intended for their special benefit. Then there are, we would hope, a good many conscientious individuals, who think

they already occupy themselves according to their best judgment ; to them the work would be of no service. Others, again, are so constantly engaged in securing their daily bread, that on them I fear your advice would be thrown away ; and then there are in this, as in every community, no small proportion who *will not*, and not a few who *cannot* read. Rely upon it, too, that the world may be divided into two great classes, — those who do not think at all, but are borne passively along, as it were, by the current of events ; and of the much smaller class who do indeed think, the greater number are supremely devoted to the consideration of that most interesting of all subjects, themselves ! Besides, not to enlarge too much on this topic, you must be aware that there are a great many books published every year, claiming various degrees of attention, and many poets too, besides a certain distinguished friend of ours, who on the present occasion shall be nameless. If we are not in fact a poetical people, Mr. Linden, we are sometimes laughingly charged with having more than our due proportion of those, who court the muses with more or less devotedness.”

“ Yes,” replied I, with some indignation, “ I do know that such an accusation is often brought, by some of our newspaper hacks, a parcel of ignorant jackanapes, who cannot tell an iambic from an hexameter, and whose lucubrations would not be read at all if poetry, or any thing else worthy the name of literature, was valued among us. But I deny the

fact. A truly poetical age is necessarily a cultivated, generous, disinterested and heroic age. But we are so swallowed up in scrambling after money, and squabbling about politics, principally, I verily believe, for salaries instead of honors, that the very idea of disinterestedness has become an imaginary quantity amongst us. And as for having more than our due share of poets, such as they are, for my part I think it would be better for the country if we had more and better ones! Why, sir, it is but a few days since I was running over an old book, published in the year of grace 1723, by Giles Jacob, so often quoted by Johnson in his Lives, and which professes to give a catalogue and some sketches of the English poets, from the time of old Chaucer up to his own era; and how many do you think they were? TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR! And this, too, without including some two hundred and fifty dramatic poets. Now, make a little calculation about it. From Chaucer, say A. D. 1350, to A. D. 1723, is three hundred and seventy-three years. From the landing of the Pilgrims, in December, A. D. 1620, to the present time, is two hundred and twenty-three years. The problem then may be thus stated, —

| Years. | Years. | English poets. | American poets. |
|--------|--------|----------------|-----------------------|
| 373 | : 223 | : : 274 | : 163 $\frac{3}{4}$ + |

Now, in Mr. Griswold's book, if I remember right, only eighty individuals are set down as AMERICAN POETS, *par excellence*; it is clear, therefore, as the

Rule-of-Three can make it, that we are still deficient of our just proportion, by the large number of EIGHTY-TWO respectable poets, without reckoning the fraction, which may be considered as representing one or more of the occasional contributors to magazines, journals, and the like."

"The case is certainly worse than I had imagined," said Mr. Oldfile; "but I hope we may mend in this, as in other particulars; a sound literature is some indication of a sound state of the public mind and morals; let us hope for the best, especially as *present auspices are so favorable.*"

With this I left the shop.

I had not neglected such precautions as seemed proper, to ascertain the probable effect of my work upon the public mind. Following the example of Le Sage, I read over the manuscript to my maiden aunt, Hannah, one day after dinner, as she sat knitting, and looking at me occasionally over her spectacles, as I thought with a just and natural pride. Nobody could accuse her of wasting time. Her needles flew with the "fatal facility of the octosyllabic measure;" but she heard me without interruption to the end. Dear soul! she would have listened with exemplary patience to the dullest sermon, out of pure respect to the subject. Her criticism, to be sure, was not very discriminating. She thought the moral good, and suggested that she hoped it might prove of some benefit to the family of our opposite neighbor, Jones, "whose girls," she remarked, "were eternally standing

before the glass, or lolling out of the doors and windows."

I also showed the production to several of my old friends, taking care to select the critical tribunal from persons of different professions or occupations, in order to test the universality of my doctrines. Each one returned it to me with unqualified approbation.

"A very good thing," said Oakes!

"A very good thing," said Stokes!!

"A very good thing," said Noakes!!!

"This looks, indeed," said I, "like the consensual voice of contemporary applause! It might perhaps have been more satisfactory to see the more particular beauties and most striking passages pointed out and commented on; but *que voulez vous?* what can a man ask more than unreserved and entire approbation?"

In the mean time, notwithstanding the usual delays and hindrances of publication, the days shuffled over each other, with the limping gait they always put on in the eyes of an impatient author. Time, however, wore on, and I cheated it of some of its tediousness by indulging in several pleasing reveries. Although I could not tell how, yet it seemed to me, from some indications, that the public attention was already a good deal excited on the subject. I had observed several scrutinizing-looking individuals regard me with marked attention, as I hurried along the street in my daily walks. "Old-file," thought I, "has given these fellows a hint of


what they may expect, before many days are out." I might be mistaken, however. Perhaps it was only the peculiar abstractedness of my demeanor, or something uncommon in the elastic vigor of my hasty step. But they will soon know more about it, said I, and I should not be surprised, if hereafter a little wholesome sensation should be exhibited, when some folks make their appearance abroad! I imagined a crowd at the corner of the street. "There, that's he," says one, "that's Mr. Linden, the poet!" "Where?" says another, "which is he?" "Why, him in the drab overcoat and spectacles, just stepping into Oldfile's shop," says a third.

How happily the days
Of Thalaba went by!

Yet, as the fated moment approached, I could not help growing extremely nervous and fidgety; so much so, indeed, that being unable any longer to remain at home, I engaged a sort of attic, in an old building directly opposite the shop of my publisher, from the windows of which I could conveniently watch the progress of events. As I sat musing here on the evening before publication, it suggested itself to me that considerable inconvenience might ensue, on the next morning, if it should happen that much of a crowd should become collected (for a certain purpose) in and about Oldfile's shop, which is indeed rather a cramped place for a voluminous publisher, and I regretted that I had not made some suggestion to him, by

way of obviating this dilemma. In case of a rush, however, I thought I could easily make him acquainted with my plans from my present quarters, particularly as he is no ways deficient in sharpness, and quite good at taking a hint. And I finally proposed to pin or fasten together several large sheets of paper, and hang the signal out of my window, like a telegraph, with some such directions as the following, written out in a coarse bold hand.

“Put out a notice, — thus : —

 ENTER ON THE RIGHT — SAY ‘LINDEN’S POEM’ —
LAY DOWN YOUR MONEY — PASS OFF
TO THE LEFT.”

My dream that night was certainly a very curious one. I imagined a spacious hall with a lofty pyramid, formed by reams of large-sized paper, piled on end ; upon the summit of which I was perched, gracefully extending a gilt copy of the poem by way of sceptre, and arrayed, somewhat fancifully, in a complete robe and hood, like a monk’s gown, very curiously cut and contrived out of foolscap paper, by the hands of Oldfile’s youngest daughter ; and an incessant throng of men, women and children, passing out and in, each saluting me with a low bow or courtesy, as the case might be.

The morning broke as sweetly and unconsciously as upon occasion of any other great event ; and nothing particular in nature, that I am aware of, would have indicated to an uninterested person, that a great author was about to be launched into

the world of letters, on the wings of Fame! I took my station at the window, having previously ascertained that several of the morning papers, to do them justice, contained notices of the forthcoming work—by way of advertisement, forwarded to them, I suppose, by old Oldfile, the evening before. *The* shop at length was lazily opened, as well as others, in the street. The shutters were slowly taken down, one by one, and deposited in their usual place. The shop-boy sprinkled and swept the floor, occasionally resting on his besom, outside the door, and interchanging Doric ejaculations with his next-door neighbor. Wheels of various descriptions had long been rattling over the pavement, and the throng and current of every-day life commenced. Well dressed men, with anxious faces began to hurry down to their business, and an Irish lad, with scarce a rag to his back, lounged whistling along, munching, at intervals, what looked to me like a cold potato. I observed, as yet, no unusual bustle at Oldfile's shop. But I comforted myself with various considerations: "Rome was not built in a day," though the proverb is somewhat musty; "every thing must have a beginning;" "literary people, whose attention, naturally, must be first attracted to the book, are, I fear, late risers," &c. Towards ten o'clock, a lady, whom I instantly recognized, came jauntily along the street, evidently making towards the point where all my hopes were treasured. It is perhaps a whim; but I could have wished some other person to be the first and most

avored peruser of my poetical meditations; for to tell the truth, I did not hold Miss Olivia Brown in very high estimation. Yet, certainly, she never looked, to me, so interesting as at that moment. Her figure is even now clearly depicted to my "mind's eye," as she minced on her way, in her short gray silk cloak gathered in behind, and her brown bonnet with a little black feather on one side; with long curls worn à la Romantesque, and a sun-screen (though it was winter) held so as partially to conceal a face, considerably beyond that period, when the exact number of years necessary to constitute "a certain age" is so very uncertain. Age is in itself venerable and lovely, for its own sake, upon its own merits, and by reason of its own proper and becoming qualities; but it never looks so unamiable as when tricked out in an unnatural childishness of manner and apparel. I knew that Miss Brown spent her mornings in collecting gossip by wholesale, which she retailed, in a drawling tone, to a chosen few every evening. Her tongue was the terror of friends and foes alike. "No matter," said I, "she'll, at least proclaim our literary existence, like a trumpet; it is something, in our line, to be talked about in any way; let her abuse me, if she likes, and she's sure to do it; I have often thought it of very little consequence whether public characters are abused or praised, or, in fact, whether they deserve praise or censure, if their names are only well sounded in the popular ears."

After a reasonable time spent in Mr. Oldfile's shop, moments to me of much interesting speculation, Miss Brown again made her appearance in the street. She had nothing in her hand which looked like a book, but the package was, probably, to be forwarded to her order.

I looked up and down the street, but though many persons were passing here and there, I could distinguish none whose steps seemed particularly directed *our way*. "But here comes somebody at last," said I, "who may, for what I know, be inclined for a nibble at our line, (poetically speaking,) though certainly never suspected of any very decided literary tendencies." It was Mr. Green, our family grocer, and a very worthy, respectable man, who had served us in this way for a good many years. Notwithstanding the importance of the day, he was dressed in his usual costume; a peculiarly broad-brimmed drab hat on the top of his bald head, a brown coat with broad flaps, yellow waistcoat, and frills to his shirt bosom, in the old style. He was a short and very fat man, who loved a joke, and he stopped a moment to say something to a gray-whiskered man in black, on the opposite sidewalk, at which they both seemed mightily amused. He moved on leisurely with one hand under his coat-tail, and "actually" said I, rubbing my hands, "he has gone in! He owes this attention to the Lindens, certainly, for he can have few better customers than they have uniformly been."

After the lapse of considerable time, a very stately individual, with tremendous whiskers and a very big cane, whom I knew to be the editor of the "Fun and Flash Chronicle," stalked into the important precincts; and shop-boys, as I supposed, of brother booksellers, occasionally darted in and out, now with and now without a volume of some kind in their hands. On the whole, however, the influx did not, as yet, seem to be great. Indeed I sometimes thought there was a determined avoidance of Oldfile's shop, on the part of the public. A little boy in the street was rolling a large snowball along the gutter, which increased by slow accumulations; and this incident, like Bruce's spider, under similar circumstances, afforded me a great deal of encouragement. Patience appeared to me the first of virtues, and deserving of a special celebration in a new poem in the Spenserian stanza.

The days in winter are, as every body knows, uncommonly short; and it was already waxing rather late in the afternoon. I became satisfied that I should have an opportunity of communicating verbally to Oldfile, if necessary, instead of by telegraph, my views in regard to the accommodation of his customers. Not a single soul had entered the fated portal for a very considerable time; and many instances of public ingratitude towards authors in their lifetime, and of gross ignorance of their merits too, had flitted across my imagination. I remembered how Waller, who ought to have known

better, spoke of Milton as "an old blind schoolmaster, who had written a prose poem about Paradise Lost;" and how, when Pope published the "Essay on Man" without his name, and inquired of Mallet the news of the day, he said there was "nothing but a poem on man, written by somebody who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of the subject;" and how Pope mortified him by exposing the authorship. "To be sure," said I, "people cannot bear to be instructed by their contemporaries, especially by their every-day acquaintances; they don't like to believe that others have been *thinking*, while they have been only plodding; still the *employment of time* is a subject so immediately interesting"—at this moment my attention was attracted by a very beautiful young creature tripping directly up to the door of Oldfile's shop. She was indeed the very *beau-ideal* of as much loveliness as imagination could picture; and I was instantly confident, that, if poetry had one true votary left on earth, her heart must indeed beat in earnest sympathy with the spiritual worship. After all, thought I, it is to the unsophisticated we must look to keep alive the ethereal flame of the sacred altar. Old sinners are proverbially the hardest to convert. I believe I must content myself with the approbation of the few who have never lost the simple, childlike sense of good, instead of struggling after the many, who have become wholly given up to the nonsense and nothings of the world. I could imagine the

earnest, yet modest alacrity with which she took from the counter my little volume ;

A POEM

ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

BY GUY LINDEN, ESQ.

“ Mr. Linden,” said she, musing, “ is not he the interesting looking gentleman, in a drab overcoat and spectacles, who has been pointed out to me somewhere? Have the goodness to send this to No — — Street, this evening, if you please. Or stay, I will take this myself, (bless her soft hands) as I am impatient to look it over, and you may send half a dozen copies to my direction, which I shall have occasion to distribute among my friends ! ”

“ Very much obliged to you indeed, Miss, for your patronage,” said Oldfile, with a bow and a simper ; and so much was I interested in the fairy vision I had conjured up, that I started from the window, resolved to follow my unknown patroness, and ascertain where so much loveliness and liberality had found its earthly abode.

At this moment, there was a sort of stumbling along the somewhat dark passage-way that led to my attic, and presently a rap at the door.

“ Come in,” cried I ; and who should enter but my old friend, Noakes, who had returned my manuscript to me, with such decided approbation. I am ashamed to say that I forgot the lady, and advanced to meet him with more than usual cordiality.

“How do you do, this evening, my dear Jack,” said I.

“Why,” replied he, “that is a problem I have not yet solved, after half breaking my neck up your ugly stairs. I have hunted for you, like hound for hare! What on earth possessed you to take up your quarters in this dog-hole of a place?”

“I am sure,” said I, “the situation is not so bad when you get a little accustomed to the passage-way; there is an agreeable prospect from the windows; we can see the passengers in the street; and then (gently insinuating) there is the view of literature opposite, always interesting to a student, you know.”

“You don’t tell me, you have climbed up here,” exclaimed Jack, “to secure the pleasure of gazing at the outside of a bookseller’s windows!”

“Why no, not exactly that,” said I, somewhat abashed, “only I have taken a sort of fancy to the place, at present, that’s all; but come, what’s the news of the day?”

“News,” said he, “I know of nothing particular, unless it be the late storm; I thought my chimneys would come down; I fear we shall hear of it on the coast.”

“Yes,” continued I, considering how I might make this rather unfavorable turn of the conversation auxiliary to the *main subject*, — “not all we could wish for the prospects of literature!”

“Literature,” says he, “what do you mean? I

confess I can't see its connection with last night's storm."

"Why, I mean the communication with the country," said I, "you know trade must suffer, of course, if this is cut off; *the transmission of books* is delayed, and a great deal of disappointment necessarily ensues."

"I suspect the country people can wait for books, till the roads are mended, if they require them," replied Jack, "and I cannot conceive that any very serious consequences are likely to follow the delay of a few hours. The elections are long over, the 'Message' distributed, there is nothing that I am aware of to be circulated 'with speed,' and I know of nothing likely to excite particular interest at the present time."

This was rather a damper; but I persevered.

"Well," cried I, "at any rate it is very pleasant to see the sunshine again, after so much dull weather; *it is like lighting on a brilliant passage in a new poem*, after poring over a stupid book. Have you never remarked the happy influence of the sun in brightening all nature? how the moment it flashes through the cloud, it seems to lift a shadow from the heart? how it seems to inspire you and raise you above sublunary concerns, and make you, as it were, *a poet*, whether you will or no?"

"Of course, it's pleasanter when the sun shines," was Jack's answer, "every body knows that, and feels it too; but something which I can't fathom seems to be the matter with you to-day; you fly

a height above me; have you been up all night? or are you in love, or are you writing a novel? I have it, by Jupiter! Excuse me, my dear fellow, I had entirely forgotten your new poem, though I saw it advertised this morning. Good bye, I'll get it at once, and make amends for my negligence, by criticising it to your heart's content, when I see you again."

As it had now grown rather dusky, I ventured across the road, to Oldfile's shop; into which I sauntered, with a very well assumed air of modest indifference to the tidings, in anticipation of which my very ears tingled.

"Good evening," said I, "Mr. Oldfile; a fine day we have had of it."

"Oh, how d'ye do, Mr. Linden," replied he, with as near an approach to a yawn as it would be possible to make, and miss of it; "rather tired," continued Oldfile, rubbing his hand slowly over his forehead, and down across his chin. This looked well for trade. However, he said nothing.

I fidgeted round for a while, pretending to be employed in examining the various publications on the counter. Seeing no prospect of his commencing the desired conversation, I at length thought it best to begin.

"Well, what success to-day, sir?" said I.

"Success!" said he, "Oh, about the poem," as if suddenly recollecting that there was one subject in which I felt a natural interest, and shuffling among the books on the counter, "I have been

so much engaged to-day in looking over old accounts, — a sad catalogue in these times, Mr. Linden, — that I had really, for the moment, forgotten our new work. Let me see! we have just sold one copy to Mr. Noakes, I think, of Kilby Street.”

“One copy,” cried I, “you surely have sold more than one copy!”

“Hand me the day-book,” said Oldfile, turning to his clerk, who remarked that they had *given* a copy to the editor of the Fun and Flash Chronicle, and he had promised to notice it when he could find time.

“*Time*, indeed!” observed Oldfile, “he must be sadly put to it to find *articles*, if we may judge from the appearance of his columns. I hope your book will do him good, Mr. Linden, for *I* consider him a very idle fellow.”

“But surely,” I observed, “I saw Miss Brown go in at your door this morning.”

“What Miss Brown?” inquired he.

“Why, Miss Olivia Brown, who makes it a point to talk about all the new publications, and indeed, for the matter of that, about every thing else that’s new,” replied I, “and I suppose, therefore, she must read them.”

“I fear that is what the logicians call a *non sequitur*,” remarked Oldfile, “but I did not see her here.”

“Miss Brown,” interposed the clerk, “wished to look over the late pamphlet ‘On the Proper Use of the True Milk of Roses.’”

"My neighbor, Mr. Green, was certainly in," said I, somewhat aghast.

"What, my old friend Green, yes, he came over to ask me to look in at Milsom Street, after tea this evening; it is Henry Green's birthnight, I believe; just a few friends, a glass of old wine, and perhaps, a quiet rubber; these are relaxations you know, Mr. Linden, which business requires, and I think justifies."

"Very true," gasped I, as firmly as I could manage; but finding my articulation becoming somewhat impeded, I darted out of the shop, and have not even seen it since. The beautiful young lady, may, for aught I know, have exhibited a taste for literature similar to Miss Brown's. I make it a point to walk (towards evening) in a different direction from the shop; nor have I since learned a syllable upon the subject, except from the following notice, which duly made its appearance in the Fun and Flash:

"A NEW POEM. We have spent a few moments, ill spared from our more important avocations, in looking over portions of a poem 'On the Employment of Time,' by Guy Linden, Esq. It is in the Spenserian stanza. Some of the passages are, perhaps, as good as could be expected; and there are few things in the sentiment of the production to which we should think it worth while formally to object. Yet we take the liberty to suggest to Mr. Linden, that the usages of society have sanctioned

as respectable, many other modes of spending time than those which he enumerates; and whoever writes a book ought to be certain, that his views correspond with the enlightened taste of the times. Indeed, it is, in our view, rather presumptuous to write a book at all; and whoever does so, is not unlikely to find himself in the condition of Ixion or Jehu, we forget which, who, in old times, undertook to drive his horses in the face and eyes of the sun, without blinders, and got upset for his pains! We may not have told the story exactly right; for we sometimes find a confusion in our mind about these classical reminiscences, resulting, no doubt, from the fabulous character of poetical times, and we do not think very well of those who pretend to know more on these subjects than *us and our contemporaries*. Besides, this is a practical age; and, *therefore*, has little need of poetry. Whoever publishes a book, too, certainly *presumes* to assume, that it will find readers; but the truth is, the world is now too much in a hurry to read books, especially those in verse. *We* cater for the popular taste, and rejoice that the public are sufficiently satisfied with the more *racy* and *piquant* literature which we are able to entertain them with, in the 'Fun and Flash.'

"We hold it the duty of a critic, however, to find some fault; else wherefore criticise at all? and we are sorry to observe in this poem some marks of carelessness which we cannot pass over; such as rhyming 'thimble' with 'tremble,' and 'treble'

with 'quibble,' &c. &c. We have heard of poets, who would not be persuaded to sacrifice a strong thought for the sake of securing an absolutely exact rhyme. Pope, who, for some reason which we could never divine, has been called the most correct of English poets, was of this school, and many instances, like those we have pointed out, may be found in his writings. So we are told; we have no time to read, scarcely to think. But, in our view, the perfection of the rhyme constitutes the chief charm of poetry.

“Upon the whole, we feel constrained to say, in regard to this poem, ‘On the Employment of Time,’ that we cannot but think Mr. Linden might have employed *his* time much better than in writing it.”

BE HAPPY.

BY ELIZUR WRIGHT.

A COMMANDMENT there is so exceedingly broad,
It reaches as far as the finger of God —
A commandment, though often forgotten by men,
As high and as sacred as aught of the ten.
On the sky it is written in letters of light,
And the clouds that would hide it, both morning and night,
Are obliged to confess that the writing is true,
Which they do with a beautiful penitent hue —
Nay, shout it aloud as, in garments of white,
They float at their ease in the measureless blue.
'T is writ on the numberless leaves of the wood,
On the light dancing waves of the fathomless flood,
And the billows that whiten in merrier mood, —
“ Be happy, my creatures, be happy and good.”

Poor toiling immortal, with clouds on thy brow,
Thy heart overloaded with sorrow and care,
Look inward : behold, the commandment is there !
Thy heart is in motion, thou knowest not how :

Quick currents are streaming and ever returning,
The fire of vitality constantly burning,
And systems on systems unceasingly acting —
A task which, for thee, would be sadly distracting;
The hand that so secretly does for thy sake
Such a labor, whilst thou art asleep or awake, —
'T is that of a truly unchangeable friend.
Then hush for a moment, and meekly attend,
To the voice of thy pulse while it tenderly cries,
“ Be happy, my creature, be happy and wise.”

Faint-hearted immortal, recoiling with dread
From a future which threatens to drop on thy head,
While ensconced in the body, a famine of bread,
And terribler ills in the realms of the dead,
Look out on the lilies that laugh in the breeze,
Look out on the larks that rejoice in the sky,
Look out on the ravens that trustingly cry ; —
Behold, there's a Spirit that careth for these : —
And look at the moth, with its glorious wings,
Created anew from the meanest of things,
And look at the sport of the maritime bird,
When the tempests of winter are chillingly heard,
Outcrying to thee from the shelterless cold, —
“ Be happy, thou creature, be happy and bold.”

Poor wandering pilgrim, led often astray
By lights that are false to the heavenward way,
Till the landmarks of morals are nearly washed out
By the fog and the mist and the drizzle of doubt,
From the tracks of thy fellows walk sometimes abroad,
And fasten thine eyes on the signals of God.
In the watches of silence, above thee, behold
The stars in their courses as sure as of old,

Round leading the seasons, as fresh and as fair
As when the winged zephyr first frolicked in air.
Stability firm in perpetual change,
Is the law they obey in their limitless range.
And hark, from the depths of the motionless lake,
Which the aspen o'erhangeth, too drowsy to quake,
Reversing exactly the canopy blue,
The voice of its stillness comes sweetly to you,—
“Be happy, my creature, be happy and true.”

ROOM ENOUGH AND WORK ENOUGH FOR ALL.

BY GEORGE R. RUSSELL.

It is a common complaint, perpetually reiterated, that the occupations of life are filled to overflowing; that the avenues to wealth, or distinction, are so crowded with competitors, that it is hopeless to endeavor to make way in the dense and jostling masses. This desponding wail was doubtless heard, when the young earth had scarcely commenced her career of glory, and it will be dolefully repeated, by future generations, to the end of time. Long before Cheops had planted the basement-stone of his pyramid, when Sphinx and Colossi had not yet been fashioned into their huge existence, and the untouched quarry had given out neither temple nor monument, the young Egyptian, as he looked along the Nile, may have mourned that he was born too late. Fate had done him injustice, in withholding his individual being till the destinies of man were accomplished. His imagination warmed at what he might have been, had his chances been commensurate with his merits;

but what remained for him now, in this worn-out, battered, used-up hulk of a world, but to sorrow for the good old times, which had exhausted all resources!

The Roman youth, as he assumed the "*toga virilis*," and, in all the consciousness of newly acquired dignity, folded about him his fresh insignia of manhood, thought that it should have been put on some centuries earlier. Standing amidst memorials of past glories, where arch and column told of triumphs, which had secured boundless dominion, he felt that nothing was left for the exercise of his genius, or the energies of his enterprise. He saw, sculptured on frieze and architrave, the subjugation of many a nation, and strange garbs and foreign tongues swarmed and sounded around him, as the victims of all lands were summoned to a common captivity. The black children of the sun were there, from beyond the burning sands of the desert, and the unshorn, fur-clad barbarian of the north, even while the ravens were gathering in the halls of Odin, for their "fell swoop." The recesses of Asia gave up the swarthy Indian, and from the "Ultima Thule" came the blue-eyed Briton. All were mingled in the same sad doom, at the bidding of the universal master. What was left for ambition? Conquest had consumed itself, the march of the legion was stayed, and the domesticated eagle crouched among the household gods.

The mournful lamentation of antiquity has not been weakened in its transmission, and it is not

more reasonable now than when it groaned by the Nile and Tiber. There is always room enough in the world, and work waiting for willing hands. The charm that conquers obstacle and commands success, is strong Will and strong Work. Application is the friend and ally of genius. The laborious scholar, the diligent merchant, the industrious mechanic, the hard-working farmer, are thriving men, and take rank in the world, while genius, by itself, lies in idle admiration of a fame that is ever prospective. The hare sleeps or amuses himself by the wayside, and the tortoise wins the race.

Even the gold of California requires hard work. It cannot be had for the gathering, nor is it to be coaxed out with kid gloves. The patents of nobility, on the Sacramento, are the hard hand and the sun-burned face of the laboring man.

Genius will, alone, do but little in this matter-of-fact, utilitarian, hard-working world. He who would master circumstances must come down from the clouds, and bend to unremitting toil. To few of the sons of men is given an exception from the common doom.

“ The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

May glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,”

and yet, in all that space, encounter nothing but air too impalpable to be wrought into a local habitation or a name. His suspended pen may wait in vain for the inspiration that is to bring immortality, and when, at last, it descends on the expectant foolscap,

it is, perhaps, only to chronicle rhymes which shall jingle, for a day, in some weekly newspaper. He who draws on genius alone, is oftentimes answered by — no funds; his drafts are unexpectedly protested, and he finds himself bankrupt, even while unlimited wealth seems glittering around him.

It is not revealed how much of the celebrity of gifted men has been dependent on “hard digging.” The rough draughts of inspiration are not printed; the pen-crossings, those modernized marks of the inverted *stylum*, curl up chimney. There may have been much perplexity, before smooth verses, which fall so harmoniously on the ear, were tortured into existence; many a trial, before the splendid figure could be hammered into shape :

——— “in versu faciendo
Sæpe caput scaberet, vivos et roderet ungues.”

The wondrous efforts of the mightiest masters of art have something in them besides genius. The transfigured divinity of Raphael, and the walls covered over by a pencil which seems to have been dipped in sunbeams, are records not only of the mind, that could image to itself those creations, but of the intense study which, it is known, he devoted to the elements of his art. Not by sudden flashes came the graceful proportions, which give such exceeding beauty to his works. Genius trusted not to itself alone, but gathered from science illustrated in the anatomical room, and from untiring contem-

plation of dead and living model, every auxiliary that could contribute to excellence.

When Michael Angelo hewed out his thought in marble, or personated, in fresco, the awful conceptions of the bard he loved so well, giving material form to more than the ideal of Dante, he produced the result of profound meditation mingled with the severest application to the acquirement of all knowledge that could aid his unrivalled power.

The examples before us bid us work, and the changing present offers ample opportunity. Around us, every where, the new crowds aside the old. Improvement steps by seeming perfection. Discovery upsets theories and clouds over established systems. The usages of our boyhood become matters of tradition, for the amusement of our children. Innovation rises on the site of homes revered for early association. The school-books we used are no longer respected, and it is not safe to quote the authorities of our college days. Science can scarcely keep pace with the names of publications, qualifying or abrogating the past. Machinery becomes old iron, as its upstart successor usurps its place. The new ship dashes scornfully by the naval prodigy of last year, and the steamer laughs at them both. The railroad engine, as it rushes by the crumbling banks of the canal, screams out its mockery at the barge rotting piecemeal. The astronomer builds up his hypothesis, and is comforting himself among the nebulæ, when invention comes to the rescue; the gigantic telescope points

upward, and lo! the raw material of which worlds are manufactured, becomes the centres of systems blazing in the infinite heavens, and the defeated theorizer retreats into space, with his speculation, to be again routed, when human ingenuity shall admit us one hair-breadth further into creation.

The powers of man have not been exhausted. Nothing has been done by him, that cannot be better done. There is no effort of science or art that may not be exceeded; no depth of philosophy that cannot be deeper sounded; no flight of imagination that may not be passed by strong and soaring wing.

All nature is full of unknown things. Earth, air, water, the fathomless ocean, the limitless sky, lie almost untouched before us. The chances of our predecessors have not been greater than those which remain for our successors. What has hitherto given prosperity and distinction, has not been more open to others than to us; to no one, past or present, more than to the young man who shall leave college to-morrow.

Sit not with folded hands, calling on Hercules. Thine own arm is the demi-god. It was given to thee to help thyself. Go forth into the world trustful, but fearless. Exalt thine adopted profession, nor vainly hope that its name alone will exalt thee. Look on labor as honorable, and dignify the task before thee, whether it be in the study, office, counting-room, work-shop, or furrowed field. There is an equality in all, and the resolute will and pure heart may ennoble either.

But no duty requires thee to shut out beauty, or to neglect the influences that may unite thee with Heaven.

The wonders of art will humanize thy calling. The true poet may make thee a better man, and unknown feelings will well up within thee, where the painter's soul glows on canvass, and the almost breathing marble stands a glorious monument of the statuary's skill.

Nature, too, will speak kindly to thee from field and forest, from hill and lake side. Go into glade and woodland, by the waving harvest, and the bright river hurrying to the sea. Look up at the stars in the still night. Listen to the gentle voice of the south wind, as it whispers with the pines. Watch the pulsations of the ocean, as they regularly beat on the sand. Such teachings will tell thee there is consolation in the struggles of this life, and may foreshadow the repose of that which is to come.

TO MY NAMESAKE, ON HIS BAPTISM.

BY WILLIAM CROSWELL.

CHILDE William, I have little skill,
But much of heart and hope,
To clear from every sign of ill
Thy happy horoscope !
The occult gift is hid from me,
Nor may my art divine
Thy life's unfolded destiny
From this sweet palm of thine !

But in thy mother's tender love, —
Thy father's anxious care, —
And, more, the answer from above
To our baptismal prayer, —
In these, a hallowed influence dwells,
A charm that 's heavenlier far
Than might of planetary spells
Or culminating star !

The power of holiest rites, fair boy,
The tears that oft will wet
Thy forehead from excess of joy, —
These be thy amulet!
On these auspicious prospects rest,
These figure out thy fate,
How can they fail to make thee blest, —
Blest, if not fortunate.

A childless man, well may I deem
Thy name my highest pride,
Rich in thy parents' dear esteem,
Though poor in all beside!
Well may my heart with gladness ache,
Flower of a noble stem,
If one will love thee for my sake,
As I have honored them!

A WELCOME TO CHARLES DICKENS.

BY JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.

A YOUNG man has crossed the ocean with no hereditary title, no military laurels, no princely fortune, and yet his approach is hailed with pleasure by every age and condition, and on his arrival he is welcomed as a long known and highly valued friend. How shall we account for this reception? Must we not at the first glance conclude with Falstaff, "If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged: it could not be else,—I have drunk medicines."

But when reflection leads us to the causes of this universal sentiment, we cannot but be struck by the power which mind exercises over mind, even while we are individually separated by time, space, and other conditions of our present being. Why should we not welcome him as a friend? Have we not walked with him in every scene of varied life? Have we not together investigated, with Mr. Pickwick, the theory of Tittlebats? Have we not ridden together to the "Markis of Granby," with old Weller on the box, and his son Samivel on the

dickey? Have we not been rook shooting with Mr. Winkle, and courting with Mr. Tupman? Have we not played cribbage with "the Marchioness," and quaffed the rosy with Dick Swiveller? Tell us not of Animal Magnetism! We, and thousands of our countrymen, have for years been eating and talking, riding and walking, dancing and sliding, drinking and sleeping, with our distinguished guest, and he never knew of the existence of one of us. Is it wonderful that we are delighted to see him, and to return in a measure his unbounded hospitalities? Boz a stranger! Well may we again exclaim, with Sir John Falstaff, "D'ye think we didn't know ye? We knew ye as well as him that made ye."

But a jovial fellow is not always the dearest friend; and although the pleasure of his society would always recommend the great progenitor of Dick Swiveller, "the perpetual grand of the glorious Appollers," in a scene like this; yet the respect of grave doctors and of fair ladies prove that there are higher qualities than those of a pleasant companion to recommend and attach them to our distinguished guest. What is the charm that unites so many suffrages? It is that in the lightest hours, and in the most degraded scenes which he has portrayed, there has been a reforming object and moral tone, not formally thrust forth in the canvass, but infused into the spirit of the picture, with those natural touches whose contemplation never tires.

With what power of delineation have the abuses

of public institutions been portrayed! How have the poor-house, the jail, the police courts of justice, passed before his magic mirror, and displayed to us the petty tyranny of the low-minded official. from the magnificent Mr. Bumble, and the hard-hearted Mr. Roker, to the authoritative Justice Fang, the positive Judge Starleigh! And as we contemplated them, how have we realized the time-worn evils of other systems, and how has our eyesight been sharpened to detect the deficiencies and malpractices of our own.

The genius of chivalry was exorcised by the pen of Cervantes. He clothed it with the name and image of Don Quixotte, and ridicule destroyed what argument could not reach.

This power belongs in an eminent degree to some of the personifications of our guest. A short time ago, it was discovered that a petty tyrant had abused the children who had been committed to his care. No long and elaborate discussion was needed to arouse the public mind. He was pronounced a perfect Squeers, and eloquence could go no further. Happy is he who can add a pleasure to the hours of childhood; but far happier he who, by fixing the attention of the world, can protect or deliver them from their secret sufferings.

But it is not only as a portrayer of public wrongs that we are indebted to our friend. What reflecting mind can contemplate some of those characters without being made more kind-hearted and chari-

table? Descend with him into the very sink of vice; contemplate the mistress of a robber, the victim of a murderer, — disgraced without, polluted within, — and yet, when in better moments her natural kindness breaks through the cloud; when she tells you that no word of counsel, no tone of moral teaching, ever fell upon her ear; when she looks forward from a life of misery to a death by suicide; you cannot but feel that there is no condition so degraded as not to be visited by gleams of a higher nature, and rejoice that He alone will judge the sin who knows the temptation. Again, how strongly are the happiness of virtue, and the misery of vice, contrasted. The morning scene of Sir Mulberry Hawk and his pupil, brings out in strong relief the night scene of Kit Nubbles and his mother. The one in affluence and splendor, trying to find an easier position for his aching head; surrounded with means, and trophies of debauchery, and thinking “there would be nothing so snug and comfortable as to die at once.” The other in the poorest room, earning a precarious subsistence by her labors at the wash-tub; ugly, and ignorant, and vulgar, and poor, with one child in the cradle, and the other in the clothes basket, “whose great round eyes emphatically declared that he never meant to go to sleep any more, and thus opened a cheerful prospect to his relations and friends;” and yet in this situation, with only the comfort that cleanliness and order could impart, kindness of heart, and the determination to be talk-

ative and agreeable, throws a halo round the scene, and as we contemplate it we cannot but feel that Kit Nubbles has attained to the summit of philosophy, when he discovered "there was nothing in the way in which he was made, that called upon him to be a snivelling, solemn, whispering chap, sneaking about as if he could 'nt help it, and expressing himself in a most unpleasant snuffle; but that it was as natural for him to laugh, as it was for a sheep to bleat, a pig to grunt, or a bird to sing." Or, take another example, when wealth is attained, though by different means, and for different purposes. Ralph Nickleby and Arthur Gride are industrious and successful; like the vulture, they are ever soaring over the field, that they may pounce on the weak and unprotected. Their constant employment is grinding the poor, and preying upon the rich. What is the result? Their homes are cold and cheerless; the blessing of him, that is ready to perish, comes not to them; and they live in wretchedness, to die in misery. What a contrast have we in the glorious old twins, brother Charles and brother Ned. They have never been to school, they eat with their knives (as the Yankees are said to do), and yet how they illustrate the truth, that it is better to give than to receive! They acquire their wealth in the honorable pursuits of business. They expend it to promote the happiness of every one within their sphere, and their cheerful days and tranquil nights, show that wealth is a blessing, or

a curse, as it ministers to the higher or lower propensities of our nature.

“ He that hath light within his own clear breast,
 May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day ;
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks, under the mid-day sun ;
 Himself is his own dungeon.”

Such men are powerful preachers of the truth, that universal benevolence is the true panacea of life ; and although it was a pleasant fiction of brother Charles, “ that Tim Linkinwater was born a hundred and fifty years old, and was gradually coming down to five-and-twenty,” yet he who habitually cultivates such a sentiment, will, as years roll by, attain more and more to the spirit of a little child ; and the hour will come, when that principle shall conduct the possessor to immortal happiness and eternal youth.

If, then, our guest is called upon to state what are

“ The drugs, the charms,
 The conjuration, and the mighty magic
 He 's won our daughters with,”

well might he reply, that in endeavoring to relieve the oppressed, to elevate the poor, and to instruct and edify those of a happier condition, he had only “ held the mirror up to Nature, to show virtue her own form, scorn her own image.” That “ this only was the witchcraft he had used ;” and, did he need

proof of this, there are many fair girls on both sides of the water, who, though they might not repeat the whole of Desdemona's speech to a married man, yet could each tell him,

“ That if he had a friend, that loved her,
He should but teach him how to tell *his stories*,
And that would win her.”

I would, gentlemen, it were in my power to present, as on the mirror in the Arabian tale, the various scenes in our extended country, where the master-mind of our guest is at this moment acting. In the empty school-room, the boy at his evening task has dropped his grammar, that he may roam with Oliver or Nell. The traveller has forgotten the fumes of the crowded steamboat, and is far off with our guest, among the green valleys and hoary hills of old England. The trapper, beyond the Rocky Mountains, has left his lonely tent, and is unroofing the houses in London with the more than Mephistophiles at my elbow. And, perhaps, in some well lighted hall, the unbidden tear steals from the father's eye, as the exquisite sketch of the poor schoolmaster and his little scholar brings back the form of that gifted boy, whose “little hand” worked its wonders under his guidance, and who, in the dawning of intellect and warm affections, was summoned from the school-room and the playground for ever. Or to some bereaved mother, the tender sympathies and womanly devotion, the touching purity of little Nell, may call up the form

where dwelt that harmonious soul, which, uniting in itself God's best gifts, for a short space shed its celestial light upon her household, and then, vanishing, "turned all hope into memory."

But it is not to scenes like these, that I would now recall you. I would that my voice could reach the ear of every admirer of our guest throughout the land, that with us they might welcome him, on this his first public appearance to our shores. Like the rushing of many waters, the response would come to us from the bleak hills of Canada, from the savannas of the South, from the prairies of the West, uniting, in an "earthquake voice," in the cheers with which we welcome CHARLES DICKENS to this new world.

ON THE COMPLETION OF THE MONUMENT
AT CONCORD, APRIL, 1836.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THE SUCCESSFUL SCHOLAR.

BY GEORGE PUTNAM.

WE are often told from abroad, in terms not always agreeable, that our literary training in this country is very defective; that a high degree of intellectual cultivation is not to be expected from our systems of education, and seldom proceeds from them. All this may be true. But our greatest want lies not there. The want of our educated and able men, is not so much a higher degree of intellectual cultivation; that is desirable, no doubt, yet not that primarily, not that first, or most, — but principle, and character, to impart wise direction, and beneficent power, to the culture and ability which they have. We have scholars, we have strong men, eloquent men, men richly furnished, and trained to a high mastery and use of noble gifts; but how inadequate a proportion, I had almost said how few of them, have that purity of life, and loftiness of purpose, which win confidence to them, and make them the lights in our sky, and the towers of strength on our borders, which they are commissioned to be if they would. It is sad,

that the great intellect should come short of making a great man, and so be shorn of its glory. It is sad, that our affection and respect cannot oftener go with our admiration. It is a sad sight, to look upon the man of high endowments, a child of the muses, on whom every god of Olympus has smiled and bestowed gifts, whom we would lean upon and look to for wise guidance, and the inspirations that would lift us to generous aims, and move us to noble deeds and lead the way, whom we would that we might trust as the pole-star, and follow as the sun, and almost swear by, — it seems so fit and so possible that it might be so, and so blessed a thing if it might, — it is sad, I say, that it cannot be, as so often it cannot. And why can it not be? It is not from defects in merely intellectual training or attainment, but from the overweening confidence he has placed in these. He has valued himself upon these only. He has felt himself, through these, great enough to put aside the gentle wisdom he imbibed at a mother's knee. He has forgotten the time, for it is likely there was a time, when "his heart in its simplicity and purity conversed with itself, and drew its desires from its own better nature." He comes to deem intellect the master element that makes the man. Learning, eloquence, and power and skill in using them, these things he vainly thinks must insure the true prizes of existence. He goes out into life, and the brilliancy of incipient success, and the hosannas with which the first dawn of genius is ever greeted, dazzle him

more and mislead him farther. Temptation comes, and against the vices that taint and cripple the man he is not provided, nor does he care to be. His aspirations, lofty at first, learn to bend down and shape themselves to the low issues which the world presents. And then, when the vulgar ambitions of the day, for place, popularity and preferment, get possession of him, then the door is wide open for all the rabble rout of earthy passions and petty aims. He sinks into the sensualist, the schemer, or the demagogue. He crawls and shuffles, or towers and blusters, till all his canting of truth and principle, of honor and patriotism, becomes a mockery, too shallow to pass. And then, where is the man? Where and what his intellect is, we know, but where is the *man*? Just where intellect, trusting wholly in its own gifts and culture, will always put a man; on an eminence, indeed, to be seen and heard of all, but a thing for men to shake their heads at, distrustfully and lamentingly. Such men are to be found in all histories and all times; in our own history, and our own time. And they show, that the defect of our systems of education consists not so much in the low standard of intellectual culture, as in the overlooking of that other culture, which is essential to its completeness, and to the fulfilment even of its own issues, the attainment of its own worthy success.

There are few more melancholy contrasts in life, than that presented by the ingenuous young scholar, just passing into adolescence, the charm of

boyhood yet lingering about him, generous thoughts and high aspirations expanding his fair brow, the fire of genius flashing in his soft eye, and the silvery tones of that young, honest eloquence, which sometimes, I know not how, thrills and inspires me more than all other human speech of the strongest or wisest — promise, promise, written on his glowing countenance, in letters of light, read of all beholders with a fond interest, and read by the parental eye and heart with a silent ecstasy of loving and exuberant hope, as delicious an emotion almost, I should think, as ever visits the breast of mortals; the contrast, I say, between that youth, and the same being as he is when a few years have flown, when he has come, I say not to ruin and infamy, (though that would be no extravagant imagination,) but down from his mount of transfiguration to the world's low level, when avarice has laid its gripe on him, and the common lusts of political and social life have mastered him, and the cares and passions incident to vulgar ambition have ploughed their unvenerable furrows in his face, and all that young glory is departed. “How is the gold become dim, and the most fine gold changed.”

Oh, it is not a small thing to make the results of age correspond in beauty and dignity to the promise of youth. It is no ordinary career that makes the almond blossoms of age as beautiful and as desirable as the blooming roses of youth, and the drear autumn of life as lustrous and fair as the sweet spring time, and the satisfactions of the finished

race as dear as the fresh budding hopes that brightened its beginning. *That* is success, and it is no light thing to win it. Intellect alone, genius, learning, eloquence, skill, industry, ambition,—these, alone, never won it since the world has stood, and never will. But it can be won. Let principle, character, and soul accompany, pervade, and underline these great intellectual instrumentalities, and it is won gloriously.

MY YOUNGEST.

BY DANIEL SHARP.

THEY say my youngest is a pet,
And has too much her way ;
It can 't be so I think, and yet
I would not dare say, nay.

For if my memory serve me right,
And truth must be confessed,
Each youngest that has blessed my sight
Has seemed to be loved best.

Thus one by one, has shared the love
Of a fond father's heart,
The youngest tenderer thoughts could move,
Than those who had the start.

The oldest was to me most dear,
So was the next — so all ;
The youngest came my age to cheer,
On her my love did fall.

'T is not that she is loved the most,
But she is loved the last,
The youngest may my fondness boast,
But so could all the past.

My youngest, then, is not a pet,
More than each child before,
I think so, certainly — and yet
They say I love her more.

RECOLLECTIONS OF REV. DR. GREENWOOD.

BY NATHANIEL L. FROTHINGHAM.

THE pulpit was the high field of his faithful labors ; may I not add, of his holy renown ? With what a meek grace, what a beautiful simplicity, what a deep seriousness upon his expressive face, he stood up here and elsewhere and spoke for his Master ! His voice was richly musical, breathing out as from the soul ; his look saintly ; his manner fervidly collected ; his word full of calm power. While he was yet a young man his aspect seemed venerable. It grew more apostolic, when the thin features grew thinner, and the touch of time was upon the locks of his hair. And when the progress of disease had enfeebled and altered the tones of his speech, still as before, and more than ever, they stole the attention of all classes of minds, and went to the heart of every hearer. His topics were various, and each was treated with its becoming method. He was no vague writer. He did not deal in abstractions and unaffecting generalities. He had always a purpose in view, and he moved distinctly towards it. In the discussion of moral

points he showed a nice discernment. He qualified, as he went on, what needed to be set in its just proportions. There was no indiscriminate assertion. There was no empty declamation. He reasoned with ability. He interpreted with good sense. He described with the most skilful hand. But it was in tender and persuasive representations that he most excelled. These were the most congenial with the cast of his reflections, and one must be of a stern nature that could have heard him at such times and remained unmoved. His style of discourse was called a plain one by many. But this could only be because it was so easily understood. It was essentially poetical; figurative in an unusual degree; and though always chaste, abounding with the highest forms of eloquence. It was suited in each several instance to its end. It was never out of place. It was the more clear, and not the less so, for its ornament. He taught the more effectually by the exquisite mastery that he thus displayed of the language in which he wrote. His "Sermons to Children," have interested many other young persons than they to whom they were first addressed. His "Sermons of Consolation" have gone from this public desk, and from the preparations of his sick room, into hundreds of sorrowful chambers, assuaging the griefs and lifting up the souls of those who mourned there in secret. His mind, or, rather, his spirit, unimpaired by the decay of the body, never hurried and seldom perturbed, accomplished more in this department of ministerial

labor than is often done by the most industrious, with all the advantages of their full vigor.

But, most of the things of which I have been attempting to speak are now only memories. That voice is silent. That countenance we shall no more see. That form, after its long languishing, is laid to rest. Never was a tedious decline endured with more perfect patience, more sustaining trust. His last days were not among the least instructive of his life. It was good to converse with his prepared soul. It is good to reflect how peacefully it passed away to God. We read of Stephen the first martyr, that when he confronted his tormentors, "his face was as it had been the face of an angel." Shall I confess that the passage was suggested to me more than once when, under the slower martyrdom of the malady that was exhausting his life, he seemed to be already looking towards heaven, and inwardly saying, "Receive my spirit" whenever it shall be summoned away!

"When I am dead, then bury me in the sepulchre wherein the man of God is buried." The question is often asked with some curiosity, or some uneasiness, Where shall I be buried? An idle question. Of what consequence where? No baneful thing can then harm us. No healing thing can then help us. The desert is no exposure, and the carved monument is no defence. Neighborhood is of no importance where all is but dust. The deep pits of the sea shall give up their dead at the call of God, as easily as the shallowest grave. The

Roman emperor, entombed in the air upon the column of his victories, was not so near to the skies as the poor Christian whom he had permitted to be slain for the Redeemer's sake. Of what consequence in what place, when the fragrance of the earth, and the rays of the sun, and the music of the stream, and the air are alike unheeded? But let me be buried in the moral fellowship of righteous souls. Let me be buried in the affections of them I love. Let me be buried in the memory of those who will honor mine. Let me be buried in faith towards the heavenly Father, in charity with the world, and in hope of the life everlasting.

LOVE AND FAME.

BY ANNA H. PHILLIPS.

It had passed in all its grandeur, that sounding summer
shower
Had paid its pearly tribute to each fair expectant flower,
And while a thousand sparklers danced lightly on the spray,
Close folded to a rose-bud's heart one tiny rain-drop lay.

Throughout each fevered petal had the heaven-brought
freshness gone,
They had mingled dew and fragrance till their very souls
were one ;
The bud its love in perfume breathed, till its pure and starry
guest
Grew glowing as the life-hue of the lips it fondly pressed.

He dreamed away the hours with her, his gentle bride and
fair,
No thought filled his young spirit, but to dwell for ever
there,
While ever bending wakefully, the bud a fond watch kept,
For fear the envious zephyrs might steal him as he slept.

But forth from out his tent of clouds, in burnished armor
 bright,
The conquering sun came proudly in the glory of his
 might,
And, like some grand enchanter, resumed his wand of
 power,
And shed the splendor of his smile on lake, and tree, and
 flower.

Then, peering through the shadowy leaves, the rain-drop
 marked on high
A many-hued triumphal arch span all the eastern sky —
He saw his glittering comrades all wing their joyous flight,
And stand — a glorious brotherhood — to form that bow of
 light!

Aspiring thoughts his spirit thrilled — “ Oh, let me join
 them, love !
I'll set thy beauty's impress on yon bright arch above,
And, as a world's admiring gaze is raised to iris fair,
'T will deem my own dear rose-bud's tint the loveliest color
 there ! ”

The gentle bud released her clasp, — swift as a thought he
 flew,
And brightly mid that glorious band he soon was glowing
 too, —
All quivering with delight to feel that she, his rose-bud
 bride,
Was gazing, with a swelling heart, on this, his hour of
 pride !

But the shadowy night came down at last — the glittering
 bow was gone,
One little hour of triumph was all the drop had won ;
He had lost the warm and tender glow, his distant bud-
 love's hue,
And he sought her sadly sorrowing — a tear-dimmed star
 of dew.

THE LAST SUPPER.

A HISTORY OF LIONARDO DA VINCI'S CELEBRATED PAINTING.

BY HANNAH F. LEE.

ONE day, when the Passion Week had just begun, Lionardo was walking in the beautiful gardens near Milan. His mind was pondering on the subject of his painting. The spring had already awaked the young blossoms from their winter's sleep, and the trees and hedges were crowned with the fresh foliage of the season. "I will paint the scene sacred to our Lord!" he exclaimed, "his last supper with his disciples; would that my pencil were equal to the subject!"

The sun was just setting as he returned home, his mind filled with the vastness of the project. Unconsciously he arrived at the cloister of the Dominicans; the pealing tones of the organ struck upon his ear, while the lofty roof of the church resounded with the chant of the monks. The solemn sound had stilled the tumult of his breast, and his heart was filled with gentle and deeply religious emotions.

"O thou," he cried, "who died for the sins of

the human nature, which is so sinful and passionate in me; how shall my feeble hand portray thy glory! How shall I paint that last sorrowful night when the apostles gathered around thee!"

As he dwelt on the subject, it gradually expanded to his mind; he beheld the long table, and the Saviour in the midst of his disciples, the last rays of evening shining on his head, a mild radiance beaming from his eyes, when he exclaimed, "Verily, I say unto you, one of you shall betray me."

And with what beauty did the group spring to light under the pencil inspired by such emotion! How fresh and yet how soft the coloring! But it was indeed an arduous task. Spring had come round, and two of the heads yet remained unfinished, the Saviour's and that of Judas; the one, because his soul trembled to approach it; the other, because the beautiful purity of his own spirit shrank in horror from the task of portraying fitly such a visage.

In vain Lionardo sat before his easel, with his pencil in his hand, and prayed for divine inspiration to paint the Saviour of the world. His touch was cold and formal; where was the heavenly benevolence that irradiated his face, the pitying forgiveness towards the apostle who he knew would deny him, the glance of divine sorrow unmixed with anger, which he cast upon his betrayer? And the contrast of the traitor, how was he ever to portray it worthily?

The last week arrived, and the heads were yet unfinished.

“Dost thou know the conditions?” exclaimed the exulting monk; “success or death; so said the Duke, and his word is never recalled.”

“I know them well,” replied Lionardo, in a despairing tone.

“Then hasten on thy work,” said the Dominican. “Is life so worthless that thou canst not afford a daub of thy brush to save it? As well might the mighty discovery of painting have slumbered, if it will not do thee this slight service. Come, lend me thy brush; to-morrow is the day; I will furnish thee with a head, and perhaps it may save thine own,” fastening upon him a searching glance, with a flashing expression of conscious power and triumph.

“Ha,” exclaimed Lionardo, “I thank thee, good Sir Prior, for this last offer; thou hast indeed inspired me.”

He hastened to the refectory, closed and secured the door, and through the rest of that day, and the whole solitude of that last night, sat almost without intermission at the glorious work which has immortalized him. The head of Judas was completed before the shades of night came on; but that of the Saviour still remained. There was the beautiful oval, the locks parted on the forehead, but all else of the face was a blank. He felt the task beyond his power; yet his generous spirit would

not profane his own ideal, nor degrade his art, by an unworthy performance.

The last rays of the sun were setting; he turned towards the west. "Andrea," he cried, "now, in this hour of my last extremity of despair, let my voice reach thee among the shades of the palm-trees of paradise!"

As by a sudden inspiration, confidence took possession of his mind; celestial images floated before his imagination; the pealing roof seemed to ring with hosannas; and, in the vacant space, the imagination of the painter beheld the countenance, the divine countenance, which he had been in vain attempting to portray.

Once more he seizes his brush; he has only to follow the traits impressed forever by that single vision-gleam on his memory. Now, indeed, the work was soon completed.

The next morning Lionardo did not make his appearance, nor was any reply returned to the applications of the Prior at the door: it was the day on which the picture was to be exhibited, and his remorseless enemy exulted in the belief, that, in his despair, he had sought the fate of the Judas he had found himself incompetent to depict.

At length the hour arrived, and the Duke Sforza, accompanied by the principal nobility of Milan, proceeded in state to the Dominican monastery, and gave orders that the refectory should be thrown open. The picture, which was upon the wall at one end, was concealed by a curtain; and the artist

stood with his eyes cast down, and an expression of deep dejection. There was a confused murmur of voices. Curiosity and eager expectation were expressed in every countenance but that of the Prior's; on his sat triumphant revenge; the picture, he was confident, was unfinished in the most important figures, as he had himself seen it so on the preceding day.

"Let the curtain be withdrawn," said the Duke.

Lionardo moved not; the deep emotion of the artist rendered him powerless.

The Dominican, unable to comprehend such feelings, was confirmed in the belief that the withdrawing of the curtain would be the death-warrant of Lionardo; he hastily seized the string, and, by a sudden pull, the curtain opened, and the Last Supper of Lionardo da Vinci stood revealed to the world.

Not a sound, for a few moments, broke the stillness that prevailed: at length, murmurs of applause were heard, increasing as the influence of the glorious work fell fuller upon the enthusiastic minds of the Italians, to raptures. The Duke arose and stood before Lionardo. "Well, noble Florentine, hast thou atoned for thy fault; I am proud to forgive thee all. On, on, to glory, to immortality; high rewards shall be thine. But why, holy father," said he to the Prior, who still stood motionless and pale, before the picture, "why stand you speechless there? see you not how nobly he has redeemed his pledge?"

All eyes were turned upon the Dominican, then to the figure of Judas. Suddenly they exclaimed, with one voice, "It is he! it is he!"

The brothers and monks of the cloister, who detested the Prior, repeated, "Yes, it is he; the Judas Iscariot who betrayed his Master!"

After the first surprise was over, suppressed laughter was heard. Pale with rage, the Dominican retreated behind the crowd, and made his escape to his cell, with the emotions of a demon quelled before the radiant power of an angel's divinity, and the reflection that henceforth he must go down to posterity as a second Judas! The resemblance was perfect.

And where now was Lionardo da Vinci—he who stood conspicuous among the nobles of the land—he whose might of genius had cast high birth and worldly honors into obscurity? Now, surely, was the hour of his triumph!

Alas, no! he stood humbled and depressed; bitter tears bedewed his cheeks; and when the cry was repeated again and again, "It is the Prior!" he hastily quitted the presence of the Duke, and in the solitude of his own apartment, on his knees, in an agony of repentance, "O Andrea, my master!" he exclaimed, "how have I sinned against thy memory, our art, and my own soul! I have sinned, I have sinned! It was a sacrilege; in the same hour in which thou didst answer my prayer with the blessed inspiration of the vision of the Redeemer! I am unworthy of thy love, of thy divine

art, and of my own respect. 'Revenge can have no part in a great mind,' was thy last precept; how much better didst thou know me than I knew myself! Strengthen and guide, henceforth, my weak and sinful nature."

Such were the emotions of the artist, while all Milan and Italy rang with the fame of the work which he himself so bitterly repented. All flocked to see it, and his renown was at its zenith. He shunned the applause, and in a humble spirit devoted himself to the pursuit of a nobler triumph than he had already achieved,—the triumph *over himself*.

This is the history of that celebrated painting, the Last Supper of Lionardo da Vinci, which is familiar to all, from the innumerable copies distributed through every civilized country, by the pencil and the burin. It is commonly understood to be a fresco; but it is not. It was painted on the dry plastering, with the use of distilled oils, in a manner invented by Lionardo. This circumstance has caused its decay. It is still in the refectory of the Dominican convent, at Milan; though, having sustained much injury from ill usage, especially when the convent was occupied by French troops at the close of the last century, it gives the traveller now but an indistinct idea of its original glory.

A WINTER MORNING.

BY ANDREWS NORTON.

THE keen, clear air — the splendid sight —
 We waken to a world of ice ;
Where all things are enshrined in light,
 As by some genie's quaint device.

'T is winter's jubilee — this day
 His stores their countless treasures yield ;
See how the diamond glances play,
 In ceaseless blaze, from tree and field.

The cold, bare spot, where late we ranged,
 The naked woods, are seen no more ;
This earth to fairy land is changed,
 With glittering silver sheeted o'er.

A shower of gems is strew'd around ;
 The flowers of winter, rich and rare ;
Rubies and sapphires deck the ground,
 The topaz, emerald, all are there.

The morning sun, with cloudless rays,
His powerless splendor round us streams ;
From crusted boughs, and twinkling sprays,
Fly back unloosed the rainbow beams.

With more than summer beauty fair,
The trees in winter's garb are shown ;
What a rich halo melts in air,
Around their crystal branches thrown !

And yesterday — how changed the view
From what then charm'd us ; when the sky
Hung, with its dim and watery hue,
O'er all the soft, still prospect nigh.

The distant groves, array'd in white,
Might then like things unreal seem,
Just shown a while in silvery light,
The fictions of a poet's dream ;

Like shadowy groves upon that shore
O'er which Elysium's twilight lay,
By bards and sages feign'd of yore,
Ere broke on earth heaven's brighter day.

O God of Nature ! with what might
Of beauty, shower'd on all below,
Thy guiding power would lead aright
Earth's wanderer all thy love to know !

FOOTPRINTS OF ANGELS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It was Sunday morning ; and the church bells were all ringing together. From the neighboring villages came the solemn, joyful sounds, floating through the sunny air, mellow and faint and low, all mingling into one harmonious chime, like the sound of some distant organ in heaven. Anon they ceased ; and the woods, and the clouds, and the whole village, and the very air itself, seemed to pray ; so silent was it every where.

Two venerable old men — high priests and patriarchs were they in the land — went up the pulpit stairs, as Moses and Aaron went up Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation ; for the pulpit stairs were in front, and very high.

Paul Flemming will never forget the sermon he heard that day, — no, not even if he should live to be as old as he who preached it. The text was, “I know that my Redeemer liveth.” It was meant to console the pious, poor widow, who sat right below him at the pulpit stairs, all in black, and her heart breaking. He said nothing of the

terrors of death, nor of the gloom of the narrow house ; but, looking beyond these things, as mere circumstances to which the imagination mainly gives importance, he told his hearers of the innocence of childhood upon earth, and the holiness of childhood in heaven, and how the beautiful Lord Jesus was once a little child, and now in heaven the spirits of little children walked with him, and gathered flowers in the fields of Paradise. Good old man ! In behalf of humanity, I thank thee for these benignant words ! And still more than I, the bereaved mother thanked thee ; and from that hour, though she wept in secret for her child, yet

“ She knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again.”

After the sermon, Paul Flemming walked forth alone into the churchyard. There was no one there, save a little boy, who was fishing with a pin hook in a grave half full of water. But a few moments afterward, through the arched gateway under the belfry, came a funeral procession. At its head walked a priest in white surplice, chanting. Peasants, old and young, followed him, with burning tapers in their hands. A young girl carried in her arms a dead child, wrapped in its little winding-sheet. The grave was close under the wall, by the church door. A vase of holy water stood beside it. The sexton took the child from the girl's arms, and put it into a coffin ; and, as he placed it in the grave, the girl held over it a cross wreathed with

roses, and the priest and peasants sang a funeral hymn. When this was over, the priest sprinkled the grave and the crowd with holy water; and then they all went into the church, each one stopping, as he passed the grave, to throw a handful of earth into it, and sprinkle it with the hyssop.

A few moments afterwards, the voice of the priest was heard saying mass in the church, and Flemming saw the toothless old sexton treading, with his clouted shoes, the fresh earth into the grave of the little child. He approached him, and asked the age of the deceased. The sexton leaned a moment on his spade, and, shrugging his shoulders, replied,

“Only an hour or two. It was born in the night, and died this morning early.”

“A brief existence,” said Flemming. “The child seems to have been born only to be buried and have its name recorded on a wooden tombstone.”

The sexton went on with his work, and made no reply. Flemming still lingered among the graves, gazing with wonder at the strange devices by which man has rendered death horrible and the grave loathsome.

In the temple of Juno at Alis, Sleep and his twin brother, Death, were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funeral monuments of the ancients the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings

folded and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms did the imagination of ancient poets and sculptors represent death. And these men were men in whose souls the religion of Nature was like the light of stars, beautiful, but faint and cold! Strange, that, in later days, this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand into the "land of the great departed, into the silent land," should have been transformed into a monstrous and terrific thing! Such is the spectral rider on the white horse; such the ghastly skeleton with scythe and hour-glass; the Reaper, whose name is Death!

One of the most popular themes of poetry and painting in the Middle Ages, and continuing down even into modern times, was the Dance of Death. In almost all languages is it written, — the apparition of the grim spectre, putting a sudden stop to all business, and leading men away into the "remarkable retirement" of the grave. It is written in an ancient Spanish poem, and painted on a wooden bridge in Switzerland. The designs of Holbein are well known. The most striking among them is that, where, from a group of children sitting round a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand, and is leading it out of the door. Quietly and unresisting goes the little child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only; while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their hands in vain towards their departing brother. It is a beautiful design, in all save the skeleton. An angel had been better, with folded wings, and torch inverted.

And now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak, weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees, and wept. And, O, how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride and unrequited love, were in those tears through which he read, on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription:

“Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart.”

It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright, morning heaven, he said:

“I will be strong!”

Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the Past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the Past shut behind him, as the Divine Poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the Holy Mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

In the life of every man, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us; but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming; and from that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance; no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar.

He resolved henceforward not to lean on others; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed; no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfilment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the Present wisely, alike forgetful of the Past, and careless of what the mysterious Future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong; he was reconciled with himself. His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable sweet feeling rose within him.

“Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps,” said he, “and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is Life,—

‘Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!’

Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience? Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of

happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then comes listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain, a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began."



