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THE
BOSTON BOOK.

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THE GREAT TREE - BOSTON HARBOUR.

BOSTON.

LIGHT & HORTON;

1836.

THE
BOSTON BOOK.

BEING

SPECIMENS OF METROPOLITAN LITERATURE,

OCCASIONAL AND PERIODICAL.

BOSTON:
LIGHT AND HORTON.
1836.

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PREFACE.

COMPILATIONS are daily increasing, both in number and variety. Generally speaking, we believe they are deservedly deemed admirable means of diffusing knowledge and extending the empire of thought and sentiment. That a portion of these works are of doubtful utility, is indeed obvious; but that many are appropriate and valuable is equally apparent. There are few, we apprehend, better calculated to subserve the cause of improvement than such as, with the advantage of a local name and interest, are designed to embody and disseminate the more finished specimens of periodical literature. In this country, especially, where some of the best results of mind are thus presented, the adoption of this method is singularly important.

This volume comprises specimens, of comparatively recent date, gleaned from the writings of some of the prominent contributors to the transient literature of this metropolis. It contains, with but one accidental exception, the names of natives, or

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present or past residents of Boston. The original plan embraced all who have become, in any measure, identified with the standard or periodical literature of the city, but the design was found incompatible with the proposed limits of the present publication.

Among the difficulties attending the preparation of this volume, not the least arose from the abundance of political and theological matter, and the lack of that of a purely literary nature. The former being the offspring of some of the master minds of our community, and in frequent instances, their sole product existing in print, while the editor deeply felt their value, both as specimens of writing and results of thought, he could not be unaware of their want of adaptation to the pages of a literary miscellany.

The idea of selecting the best specimens from each writer, has been secondary to that of choosing such as, being of average merit and sufficiently characteristic, are not altogether familiar to the generality of readers. The selection and arrangement of the articles have been made with constant reference to the obvious principles upon which such a work should be based, in order to secure the intellectual and moral excellence calculated to give it

real value, and the variety so requisite to render it interesting. Omissions and errors, in attempts of this kind, are almost unavoidable; yet, if a sincere desire to avoid them, and an earnest intention to amend in a subsequent edition, the faults of the present, may atone for their committal, there can be little just cause of animadversion; and it is hoped that an opportunity will yet be afforded of doing justice to such as have been unintentionally neglected. It is also proper to observe, that the order in which the articles appear, when not altogether accidental, has been dictated with a view to the succession of subjects, rather than of authors. It will be perceived that the design is essentially republican.

The limits of the present design, rendered it impossible to embody many remarkable specimens of Boston literature of a date anterior to any which appear in this collection. Several belle-lettre curiosities of the colonial era, and numerous productions of somewhat later origin are yet to be collated under the same general plan. To realize what may be accomplished in this way, we have but to remind ourselves of the almost unique species of writing which characterized the times of Mather, of the practical essays of Dr. Franklin and some of

his cotemporaries, and of the beautiful compositions to which the Anthology Club gave birth. The occasional fruits of Buckminster's elegant mind and Tudor's racy pen, would alone furnish delightful materials to illustrate a subsequent period in the brief history of our metropolitan literature.

In the process of compiling a volume of this nature, the characteristics of the literary spirit of a community are impressively evinced. The dearth of excellent humorous articles, either in prose or verse, is worthy of observation. The few examples of this character which it was found possible to glean for the following pages, sufficiently evidences this fact. Something of the pilgrim fondness for the useful, the vigorous and the practical, and something of the pilgrim antipathy to "vanities," seems to characterize even the literary taste of the Bostonians. But perhaps there is no more pleasing feature thus suggested, than the deep interest manifested in the great subject of humanity. The proportionate number of minds whose forte lies in the illustration of this sublime theme, is indeed remarkable. The didactic articles of this volume will generally be found to pertain, more or less directly, to the philosophy of man; and the most eloquent specimens of composition are those in

which human liberty, genius, poetry and character—the higher attributes and wants of human nature—are under discussion.

This volume bears no inconsiderable testimony to an important truth. It exemplifies the practicability of promoting literature without detriment to the demands of active duty. These demands are singularly imperative and absorbing in our community. "Let literature be an honorable augmentation to your arms, not constitute the coat or fill the escutcheon," was the advice of Coleridge, and circumstances have rendered its practical adoption among us, a measure of necessity. Yet what can be accomplished in the domain of intellect and sentiment, during the intervals of business or professional labor, these pages not ineloquently proclaim. They bear the names of those who minister at our altars, superintend our press, are engaged in the administration of justice or in the cause of education,—and many who, to a greater or less extent, are

—————"to life's coarse service sold,
Where thought lies barren and nought breeds but gold."

Some of the most gifted of those of whose labors we have thus availed ourselves, have gone from

among us, in all the dewy freshness of promise. Their memories are embalmed amid the touching associations of early death. The little they were able to effect in the garden of our local literature should be held sacred. And these gleanings from that pleasant spot—fugitive and fragmentary as many of them are—will not have thus been presented in vain, if they awaken any mind to renewed effort, or excite in a single bosom a well-founded interest in intellectual pursuits.

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THE BOSTON BOOK.

THOUGHTS ON POLITENESS.

By Geo. S. Hillard.

THE common notion about politeness is, that it is a thing of the body and not of the mind, and that he is a polite man who makes certain motions in a graceful manner, and at proper times and places. We expect the dancing master to teach our children "manners," as well as the art of cutting awkward capers to music; and we pay him on the same compound principle, by which the sage McGrawler was compensated for his instructions to Paul Clifford,—“two bobs for the Latin, and a sice for the vartue.” But the truth is, that we degrade politeness by making it anything less than a cardinal virtue. The happiness of life is made up of an infinite number of little things, and not of startling events and great emotions; and he who daily and hourly diffuses pleasure around him by kind offices, frank salutations and cheerful looks, deserves as well of his species, as he, who, neglecting or despising all these, makes up for it by occasional acts of generosity, justice or benevolence. Besides, the opportunity of doing great things but rarely occurs, while a man has some dozens of chances, every day of his life, to

show whether he be polite or not. The value of a thing, too, is great in proportion to its rarity; and true politeness is a very rare thing, gentle reader, stare though you may. I have seen many graceful men, many agreeable, many who were even fascinating, but very few who were polite, as the word is defined in my dictionary. Sometimes there is a deficiency in certain things; sometimes the quality extends to a certain point, after which you enter into that "kingdom of me," spoken of in one of Dryden's plays, and a large kingdom it is too. Sometimes there is a fault of omission and sometimes of commission; so that, on the whole, the quality is about as rare as greatness, and, indeed, they have many ingredients in common. A truly polite man must, in the first place, have the gift of good sense, for without that foundation, it is idle to think of rearing any, even the smallest superstructure. He must know when to violate that code of conventional forms, which common consent has established, and when not to; for it is equally a mark of weakness to be a slave to these forms or to despise them. He must have penetration and tact enough to adapt his conversation and manner to circumstances and individuals; for that which is politeness in the drawing-room, may be downright rudeness in the bar-room or the stage-coach, as well as the converse. Above all, he must have that enlarged and catholic spirit of humility, which is the child of self-knowledge, and the parent of benevolence, (indeed, politeness itself is merely benevolence, seen through the little end of a spy-glass,) which, not content with bowing low to this rich man or that fine lady, respects the rights, and does justice to the claims of every member of the great human family. As for the fastidious and exclusive persons, who look down upon a man created and upheld by the same power as themselves, and heir to the same immortal destinies, because he does not dress in a particular style or visit in

certain houses, they are out of the question. If they are too weak to perceive the grotesque absurdity of their own conduct, they have not capacity enough to master the alphabet of good manners. If angelic natures be susceptible of ludicrous emotions, we know of nothing more likely to call them forth, than the sight of an insect inhabitant of this great ant-hill, assuming airs of superiority over his brother emmet, because he has a few more grains of barley in his granary, or some other equally cogent reason.

Of the gentlemen, young and old, whiskered and unwhiskered, that may be seen in Washington street any sunshiny day, there is not one who does not think himself a polite man, and who would not very much resent any insinuation to the contrary. Their opinion is grounded on reasons something like the following. When they go to a party, they make a low bow to the mistress of the house, and then look round after somebody that is young and pretty to make themselves agreeable to. At a ball, they will do their utmost to entertain their partner, unless the fates have given them to some one who is ugly and awkward, and they will listen to her remarks with their most bland expression. If they are invited to a dinner party, they go in their best coats, praise their entertainer's wine, and tell the lady they hope her children are all well. If they tread on the toes of a well dressed person, they will beg his pardon. They never spit on a carpet; and in walking with a lady they always give her the inside; and, if the practice be allowable, they offer her their arm. So far, very good; but I must always see a man in certain situations, before I decide whether he be polite or no. I should like to see how he would act, if placed at dinner between an ancient maiden lady, and a country clergymen with a small salary and a rusty coat, and with some distinguished person opposite to him. I

want to see him on a hot and dusty day, sitting on the back seat of a stage-coach, when the driver takes in some poor lone woman, with may be a child in her arms, and tells the gentlemen that one of them must ride outside and make room for her. I want to be near him when his washer-woman makes some very good excuse to him for not bringing home his clothes at the usual time, or not doing up an article in exactly the style he wished. I want to hear the tone and emphasis with which he gives orders to servants in steamboats and taverns. I mark his conduct, when he is walking with an umbrella on a rainy day, and overtakes an old man, or an invalid, or a decent looking woman, who are exposed without protection to the violence of the storm. If he be in company with those whom he thinks his inferiors, I listen to hear if his conversation be entirely about himself. If some of the number be very distinguished, and some quite unknown, I observe whether he acts as if he were utterly unconscious of the presence of these last.

These are a few, and but a few, of the tests by which I try a man; and I am sorry to say there are very few who can stand them all. There is many a one who passes in the world for a well-bred man, because he knows when to bow and smile, that is down in my tablets for a selfish, vulgar, unpolite monster, that loves the parings of his own nails better than his neighbor's whole body. Put any man in a situation where he is called upon to make a sacrifice of his own comfort and ease, without any equivalent in return, and you will learn the difference between true politeness, that sterling ore of the heart, and the counterfeit imitation of it which passes current in drawing-rooms. Any man must be an idiot not to be polite in society, so called, for how else would he get his oysters and Champagne?

Politeness is a national as well as an individual characteristic; and it would be a curious subject of speculation to inquire what degree of cultivation and refinement is most favorable to it, for the extremes both of civilization and savageness do not seem to be propitious. I am inclined to think the Greeks were a more polite people than any of modern times, when we take into consideration the advantage we have in the greater respect which women now both deserve and receive, and the favorable influence exerted upon our manners in consequence. There is something extremely touching in the respect they paid to old age. If I were inclined to display a little learning, I might illustrate my position by examples drawn from their history; but there are many that every school boy is familiar with, and they need not be repeated here for the ten thousandth time. The Jews were a polite people, and the Old Testament (with reverence I say it) contains many striking instances of it. Indeed, it is a striking peculiarity of the Scriptures, that all the graces and embellishments of life may be learned from them, as well as its most solemn duties and highest obligations, and that they contain everything requisite to form a perfect man. How delicate and feeling is the conduct of Jacob, at his first meeting with Rachel, at the well of Haran, and how unlike what would be expected in our refined times. The self-denial of David, recorded in the eleventh chapter of the first book of Chronicles, in refusing to drink of the water which his "three mightiest" captains had procured with the peril of their lives, is an instance of politeness sublimed into magnanimity. And, to mention but one example more, how beautiful and touching is the behaviour of the three friends of Job, who "sat down with him upon the ground, seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great."

We call ourselves a polite people, and, comparatively speaking, perhaps we are so. It is allowed, I believe, that Americans, both at home and abroad, are remarkably attentive to women, though Capt. Hall thinks otherwise. Still we commit some offences against good breeding. We have a bad trick of staring at strangers, as any one must have noticed, who has been in a country church when any one entered. And then we ask a great many idle, and not a few impertinent questions. The habit we have of cutting and defacing every fixture that is penetrable to steel, is so universal and so abominable, that it deserves to be scourged out of us by a pestilence or a famine. The manners, too, of our common people towards each other, are marked by great roughness, and an entire inattention to all the little courtesies of life. Perhaps we owe this to our English descent; for John Bull thinks that if a man is polite to him, he has a design upon his purse.

There are a great many little offences committed against good manners, which people are hardly aware of at the time. It is not polite, for instance, to tease a person to do what he has once declined; and it is equally impolite to refuse a request or an invitation in order to be urged, and accept afterwards. Comply at once: if your friend be sincere, you will gratify him; if not, you will punish him, as he deserves to be. It is not polite, when asked what part of a dish you will have, to say, "any part—it is quite indifferent to me;" it is hard enough to carve for one's friends, without choosing for them. It is not polite to entertain our visitors with our own family history, and the events of our own household. It is not polite for married ladies, to talk in the presence of gentlemen, of the difficulty they have in procuring domestics, and how good-for-nothing they are when procured. It is not polite to put food upon the plate of your guest, without asking

his leave, nor to press him to eat more than he wants. It is not polite to stare under ladies' bonnets, as if you suspected they had stolen the linings from you. It is—but let me remember it is not polite to be a bore, especially in print.

It does not seem to me that the world has gained much in politeness during the last two or three hundred years. It is all surplusage to the Utilitarian philosophy. There is a lofty and chivalrous spirit of courtesy that hangs over the age of Queen Elizabeth, like a rose-colored atmosphere. What a contrast there is between the warriors, the courtiers and the statesmen, the Sydneys, the Raleighs and the Essexes, of the court of the Virgin Queen, and the modern fine gentlemen, the disciples of Brummel, and the admirers of Pelham! It reminds us of the difference between our rectangular habits and round black beavers, and the silks, velvets and plumes, in which the gallants of those days were wont to ruffle. What a beautiful and touching instance of genuine politeness, is that well known anecdote recorded of Sir Philip Sydney, in the last moments of his life, and how few of the *preux chevaliers* of the nineteenth century are there, capable, I will not say, of imitating it, but even of admiring it as it ought to be admired. A sublime indifference to all sublunary things, except himself, seems to be the distinguishing characteristic of the fine gentleman, now-a-days. But perhaps the progress of society has had the same effect here as in other things; it has made the generality of men more polite, though there are not such splendid individual instances of the quality. But to come nearer home, our own generation does not seem to have the advantage, in this respect, of that which preceded it. I am an admirer of the old school of manners, as it is commonly called. I like the minute attentions, the uniform, though formal courtesy, and the mingled dignity

and benevolence of manner which characterize it. The few specimens of it that are left among us, appear like Corinthian columns, to which time has lent a touching grace, independent of their intrinsic beauty. They connect us with an age, in which far more stress was laid upon dress and manner, and all external things, than now; to an age of wigs and knee-buckles, of flowered waistcoats and hooped petticoats, of low bows and stately courtesies; and I shall be sorry when they are all gone.

Let no man imagine that his rank, or station, or talents, excuse him from an attention to those rules of good breeding, which cost nothing but a little care, and which make a great deal of difference in the sum total of human happiness. They are as imperative as the rules of morality; and there is no one, however great or high, that does not owe to society a liberal recompense for what he receives from it. There is now and then a man so weak as to affect to be rough, or forgetful, or absent, from a notion that his deficiencies in these little things will be ascribed to the largeness of the objects with which he is habitually conversant, and that his mind will be supposed unable to come down from the airy regions of contemplation, to such low matters. But such a one should be put into the same state-room of the great Ship of Fools, with those who twisted their necks to look like Alexander, or spoke thick to resemble Hotspur. A man that can do great things and not little ones, is an imperfect man; and there is no more inconsistency between the two, than there is in a great poet's being able to write a promissory note, or a great orator's having the power to talk about the weather.

I will only remark, in conclusion, that good-breeding should form a part of every system of education. Not that children should be made to barter their native simplicity for a set of artificial airs and graces, but that

they should be early impressed with the deformity of selfishness, and the necessity of thinking of others as well as themselves. Care should be taken that their intercourse with each other be in a spirit of courtesy and mildness. He, who has been reared in a brawling and ill-mannered nursery, can hardly be expected to ripen into a polite man. The elder members of a family should bear in mind that the influence of their own conduct will encircle the children like an atmosphere. There can be little happiness in that household, in which the minutest offices are not dictated by a spirit of thoughtful courtesy and delicate consideration for others. How many marriages are made wretched by a neglect of those little mutual attentions, so scrupulously paid in the days of courtship. Let it be borne in mind, that the cords of love, which bind hearts so closely together, that neither Life, nor Death, nor Time, nor Eternity, can sever them, are woven of threads no bigger than a spider's web.

THE BIRD OF THE BASTILE.

By E. E. Thatcher.

One prisoner I saw there, who had been imprisoned from his youth, and was said to be occasionally insane in consequence of it. He enjoyed no companionship, (the keeper told me,) but that of a beautiful tamed bird. Of what name or clime it was, I know not—only that he called it, fondly, his dove—and seemed never happy but when it sang to him.

MS. of a Tour through France.

Come to my breast, thou lone
And weary bird!—one tone
Of the rare music of my childhood!—dear
Is that strange sound to me;
Dear is the memory
It brings my soul of many a parted year.

Again, yet once again,
O minstrel of the main!—
Forms of fore'er-remembered beauty throng
Unto my waking eye;
And voices of the sky
Sing from these cells of death unwonted song.

Nay, cease not—I would call,
Thus, from the haunted hall
Where memories spell-bound sleep, the joys of old:—
Beam on me yet once more,
Ye blessed eyes of yore,
Pouring life-blood through all my being cold!

Ah! cease not—phantoms fair
Fill thick the dungeon's air;
They wave me from its gloom—I stand, I stand
Again, upon that spot,
Which ne'er hath been forgot
In all time's tears, my own green, glorious land!

There, on each noon-bright hill,
 By fount and flashing rill,
 Slowly the faint flocks sought the breezy shade ;
 There gleamed the sunset's fire,
 On the tall tapering spire,
 And windows low, along the upland glade.

Sing, sing!—I do not dream—
 I see mine own blue stream,
 Far down, where whited walls bespot the vale ;—
 I know it by the hedge
 Of rose-trees on its edge,
 Vaunting their crimson clusters to the gale :

There, there, mid teeming leaves,
 Glimmer my father's eaves,
 And the worn threshold of my youth beneath ;—
 I know them by the moss—
 And the old elms that toss
 Their lithe arms up—and by the winding wreath.

Sing, sing!—I am not mad—
 Sing! that the visions glad
 May smile that smiled, and speak that spake but now ;
 Sing, sing!—I might have knelt
 And prayed ; I might have felt
 Their breath upon my bosom and my brow.

I might have pressed to this
 Cold bosom, in my bliss,
 Each dear dim form that ancient hearth beside ;
 O heaven ! I might have heard,
 From living lips, one word—
 Thou mother of my childhood—and have died !

Nay, nay—'t is sweet to weep
 Ere yet in death I sleep ;
 It minds me I have been, and am again,—
 And the world wakes around ;
 It breaks the madness bound,
 While I have dreamed, these ages, on my brain.

And sweet it is to love
 Even this gentle dove,
 This breathing thing from all life else apart:—
 Ah! leave me not the gloom
 Of mine eternal tomb
 To bear alone—alone!—come to my heart,

My bird!—*Thou* shalt go free;
 And come, oh! come to me
 Again, when from the hills the spring-gale blows;
 So shall I learn, at least,
 One other year hath ceased,
 And the long wo throbs lingering to its close.

THE BUGLE.

By Grenville Melton.

But still the dingle's hollow throat
 Prolonged the swelling Bugle's note;
 The owlets started from their dream,
 The eagles answered with their scream;
 Round and around the sounds were cast,
 Till Echo seemed an answering blast.

Lady of the Lake.

O wild, enchanting horn!
 Whose music, up the deep and dewy air,
 Swells to the clouds, and calls on Echo there,
 'Till a new melody is born.

Wake, wake again; the night
 Is bending from her throne of Beauty down,
 With still stars beaming on her azure crown,
 Intense, and eloquently bright!

Night, at its pulseless noon!
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long,
Barks at the melancholy moon!

Hark! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,
With lone halloo and roundelay.

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart—
And my stirred spirit hears thee with a start,
As boyhood's old remembered shout!

Oh! have ye heard that peal,
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around ye steal?

Or have ye, in the roar
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
Shriller than eagle's clamor to the skies,
Where wings and tempests never soar?

Go, go; no other sound,
No music that of air or earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On midnight's fathomless profound!

THE MAGIC ROCK.

By Park Benjamin.

THE glory of old Spain has not yet departed. A thousand associations of green and undecayed beauty still twine around the relics of her fallen grandeur, and every cloud-wrapt mountain and vine-nursing valley is enriched with oft-repeated legends of the olden time. The traveller, in the region of Cordova, when, wayworn and wearied, he turns aside into the cottage of a *pobre aldeano*, is hospitably entertained, not only with an abundance of good cheer, but, if he be favorably disposed, with stories about accidents and disasters, terrible thunder-claps and supernatural visitations. It is also not unfrequent to hear some of these story-tellers, with that love of the strange and wonderful for which the Spanish people are so remarkable, relate certain auto-adventures, which, while they stagger belief, cause the warm blood to recoil, and the current of feeling to rush back upon the heart, and stagnate, coldly and heavily, there.

I have a pleasant friend who has journeyed through the mountainous region of Cordova, and he has often lightened for me the burthen of a sombre evening by his vivid description of the wild and picturesque scenery, which lay everywhere spread before his path, and by his glowing recitals of the legendary tales which flow like fountains from the lips of the Spanish peasant.

There occurred one day a severe thunder storm, among the mountains. Near the close of a sultry afternoon, an enormous black cloud rose slowly from the verge of the horizon, and gradually unrolled its immense volumes over the western sky. Only a few rays of sunlight struggled

through the gloom of the tempest, and it seemed as if the firmament were about to be rent asunder like a scroll. There had been no rain for several days, and though thunder showers were the frequent precursors of the setting sun, yet the heavens had long worn the silvery veil of a summer mist, and no sound of the elements had been heard louder than the whisper of a gentle breeze. Storms, whose coming we should have regarded with terror, are gazed upon by the Spanish peasant with little apprehension; but when this immense cloud rolled upward, so fearfully dark, every eye quailed, and every form trembled, and men looked one upon another, as if expecting to hear, with the first crash of the thunder, the shrill blast of the archangel's trumpet.

The trees upon the mountains were dry and withered,—yet no drop fell! The sultriness was insupportable. The slightest shrub stood motionless; and the tall cedars lifted up their noble forms, unmoved and majestic, like proud victims awaiting the sentence of their destruction. Suddenly the lightning leaped gloriously from the firmament, and the dark cloud seemed a heaving mass of fire. A moment—and the live thunder burst from its prison house, and the echoes among the mountains sent it back, in a continuous roar, like the voices of a thousand unchained lions. Another burst succeeded, and another,—yet no rain fell. One more—and a noise was heard, like the crash of an unsphered planet. A large mass of rock was hurled from the side of a mountain into the ravine below. Then the flood rushed from the “windows of heaven,” and the waters poured unremittingly down for the space of half an hour, accompanied with the gleams of the lightning and the constant reverberations of the thunder.

In ten minutes more—“the sky seemed never to have borne a cloud,” and softly flowed in the beautiful drapery

of its Eden hours. And upon those wild, gray rocks, which so lately seemed "altars burning with fire," the richest incense of heaven descended. The cool breeze sprang up delightfully, and wafted a delicious fragrance, sweet as that which lingers amid

"The flowery gardens of enchanted Gul."

The morning subsequent to this storm, news came to the village where my friend had remained during the night, that a huge fragment of rock, celebrated among the peasantry by the name of "The Magic Rock," had been thrown down by a thunderbolt. My friend (unlike our own travelling countrymen, who convert their pleasure into toil, and hurry onward, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, as if the world should be passed over as rapidly as it was made) hesitated not to delay his journey, for a season, if such delay gratified his curiosity with the sight of any extraordinary *lusus*, or wonderful passage in the great book of Nature.

"If the Señor," said Pedro de Ceballo, an old man, with silvery hairs, who was my friend's host, "if the Señor would like to go and see the work of the storm, and will take an old man for his guide, I shall be well pleased to lead the way,—for I am told the Magic Rock has been torn down."

"Well, make ready, good host," said my friend,— "and suffer this little curly-headed grandson to procure from my baggage some bottles of Tintilla; for a walk of two hours this warm day will doubtless make them acceptable."

The mountain was at the distance of about five miles; and after making the necessary preparations, the trio set forth—the old man and his grandson leading the way and carrying the wine in a basket, and my friend following with a fowling-piece over his shoulder.

On arriving at the foot of the mountain, they halted to rest awhile, and to gaze on the effects of the last night's storm. In the bed of a torrent, which rushed along beneath their feet, lay the shattered masses of the fallen rock, and the torn and ragged appearance of the mountain's side displayed the path of the destructive fluid. The smaller rocks were rent and blackened,—and the tall trees of larch and cedar were thrown from their lofty heights, and lay scattered around, stripped of their foliage and blasted and scorched with fire.

"'T was a fearful storm!" exclaimed the old man, with a visible shudder.

"Does the remembrance of it make you tremble, then, good host?" asked my friend.

"Indeed, Señor, yes. Five years ago, there was a tempest like last night's, and from that time till now, no storm has been heard half so terrible;—and, Señor, in that dreadful night, this boy's father, my son, was standing on the rock which now lays beneath our feet, thrown from the wide gap yonder, up the mountain."

"How was it possible?" exclaimed my friend, in a tone of evident surprise.

"It was truly so," replied Pedro, "and it was an awful thing for human feet to approach that rock after the shadows of night had fallen; for horrible tales are told about it,—and it is said a magician dwelt near it, and cursed it with his magic—and none of our peasants dared even to touch it. How does the hand of Providence overthrow every wicked thing! Heaven be praised! If the Señor will honor my poor house till to-morrow, he shall hear what befell my son when he stood upon that rock, in the night of that fearful storm."

"I will gladly wait and hear your story," replied my friend, "for I shall not willingly leave such game as I see

rustling among the bushes yonder:" and the report of the fowling-piece echoed among the hills.

After a successful hunt of three hours, Pedro de Ceballo thought it expedient to broach the Tintilla. My friend was content with one bottle, while Pedro consumed the other three. They then replenished the basket with the excellent mountain game, (pheasants, *rari aves in terra* among us, but abounding in Cordova, though not the less prized on that account,) and proceeded on their return homeward—my friend being particularly careful to pocket, as a memento, a bit of the "Magic Rock."

"We shall have a dinner fit for a prince, Señor," said Pedro de Ceballo, as they set out, "with the birds you have killed, and the Tintilla you have brought!" And Pedro said nothing more on the way, doubtless employed with delightful reflections on the delicacies of the forthcoming dinner;—for he was totally undisturbed by the occasional crack of the gun, and the consequent absence of the little boy, in pursuit of the fallen prize.

Before my friend's departure, he was regaled with a recital of the following adventure, which we shall take the liberty to relate in our own way.

Mariano de Ceballo, the son of Pedro de Ceballo, my friend's host, was, at the age of twenty, a wild youth, who could never brook opposition, and therefore, contrary to the wishes of his father, he fell in love with a beautiful girl, whose station in life was inferior to his own. He had two motives for doing this; the first was, that he was set upon thwarting "the old gentleman," who had betrothed him some sixteen years before to his neighbor's daughter; and the second was, that he delighted above all earthly blessings in Doloris d'Allende—in taking stolen walks with her, in writing verses to her, and in standing under her window with his guitar, and singing her to sleep of a moonlight night.

One delicious evening, as Mariano was strolling with Doloris, he said softly to her—"Dear Doloris, I love you better than life!"

"Well, Mariano," replied the sweet maiden, "is that anything strange? and I love *you* with my whole soul,"—and she turned up her full, dark, swimming eyes, and gazed into his. Oh, that I were a poet, to describe that gaze of unutterable affection, that "look of speechless tenderness," when two foolish young persons drink up each other's eyes, till their blended hearts melt in a delirium of transport and joy!

"And, Doloris," continued her lover, "how beautiful you are!—you are more lovely than yonder star, which is alone and apart in the firmament."

"You have told me so a thousand times, dear Mariano; and every girl says you are the handsomest fellow in the province."

"Lovely Doloris, will you marry me?"

"Certainly; tell your father I am ready, any day."

"Alas! dearest—he will never consent; he has betrothed me to another."

"Oh dear!" cried the affectionate girl—and she burst into tears at the thought of such an unexpected barrier to her happiness. "What shall we do, Mariano?"

"My best love, we must run away."

"Run away! oh well—very well—we will run away then; but when shall we go—whither shall we run?"

"Tomorrow night, sweetest. I will come for you at this hour—be prepared!"

"Oh yes—certainly I will. Good Night! dear Mariano!"

"Good night, my blessing!"

And he printed a kiss on her pretty lips, (pray do not be shocked, ladies, you know they were engaged,) and they parted. Runaway matches are got up with a won-

derful facility in Spain ;—you have only to escape to the house of some priest, three miles distant, and the business is ended.

Never did hours pass so sluggishly to Mariano de Ceballo and Doloris d'Allende, as those whose sands were running slowly out before the appointed time of their departure. The joyful period at length arrived—but, sorrowful to tell, the heavens gave sad presage of an approaching storm. The clouds lay along the sky, in darkened volumes, and the sun sank down among them with a lurid blaze. Yet did the lovers prefer to brave the anger of the tempest, than to endure the agony of a longer suspense.

Mariano had provided two tried and trusty steeds, and as he was familiarly acquainted with every mountain defile which it was necessary for them to traverse, they set out under no great apprehension of danger from the storm, that every moment grew blacker and blacker before them. But away they bounded, and thoughts of fear were banished by the syren spells of Hope and Joy and Love.

They soon came in safety to the base of a lofty mountain, which they proposed to pass over for the double purpose of avoiding pursuit on the morrow, and of arriving quicker at the residence of the *padre*, who was to bind them together in bands that Earth may not sunder. They had ascended half way up the mountain, when the storm, whose nearer approach Mariano had for some time been regarding with emotions he dared not communicate to his companion, burst with unrestrained fury upon their heads. Their horses, though accustomed to travel through severe tempests, became restive and frightened at the incessant flashes of lightning and continued bursts of the thunder. At last, a tall tree, a short distance from them, was shivered to atoms.

Mariano, on perceiving that their steeds would soon become unmanageable, assisted Doloris to alight, and released the foaming animals, who very deliberately turned round and ran furiously down the mountain, in the direction of their own comfortable dwellings.

“Alas! dear Mariano, what will become of the beautiful ribbons you gave me!—and my new embroidered petticoat, too, *that* will be totally ruined!” exclaimed Doloris in an agony of grief. Oh woman! woman! thy vanity is coeval with thy fortitude. Thou art like the cypress tree, which sways unbroken to the storm, and seems only to regret that it cannot behold its graceful figure in the perturbed streamlet gliding beneath its feet!

The first care of the lovers was to find shelter from the rain, which now began to pour down in torrents. It was almost certain death for them to remain among the trees, numbers of which were constantly falling beneath the lifted arm of the tempest—and, guided by the broad glare of the lightning, they attained shelter in the wide cleft of a protruding rock. Here they remained perched, like twin eagles, till the storm rolled away and Night walked forth, all lovely and serene, robed in sable majesty, with the crescent upon her brow, and heralded by all

“her gorgeous blazonry of stars!”

“I will descend first, dear Doloris,” said Mariano, “and then assist you to come down.” But Mariano could not descend! He attempted to raise his feet—but in vain. There he stood, fastened!—yet his hands were free—his body was free—but his feet he could not stir. He gazed around him with astonishment; but imagine his horror when he found that he was standing on “the Magic Rock!” He expected every moment to see some terrible vision rise before him. He told Doloris that he was bewitched—that Heaven had inflicted this punishment

upon him, because he had deserted his old father and had stolen money from him to provide for their flight. He counted his rosary—he signed the cross—he repeated the *Ave Maria*, the *Pater Noster*, and all the Latin prayers he had ever learned from boyhood—but to no purpose.

What increased his terror was, that Doloris descended with perfect ease, while he could not move an inch. At last, emboldened by the sight of his beloved, and encouraged by her entreaties, he made one more desperate attempt to extricate himself from the rock. The strife was effectual. He gave one mighty spring, and fell headlong, fifteen feet upon the green sward at the feet of Doloris—sustaining no injury save the loss of his boots, which still remained standing on the fatal spot!

“My own dear Doloris,” said Mariano, when he had recovered from his trance of fear, “let us return home. I will go to my father and beg his forgiveness.” The disconsolate youth was confirmed in this praiseworthy resolution, by the reflection that they had no means of proceeding farther. The horses were gone, and with them the baggage. Their flight would soon be discovered, at any rate,—and, moreover, he did not relish the idea of walking barefoot over the mountain road—for there stood his boots as firmly as if they had become a part of the rock itself.

The pair (of lovers, not of *boots*) forthwith descended the mountain, and plodded their uneasy way back to their native village. Doloris had read in novels how naughty lovers always threw themselves at their fathers’ feet—and she suggested the expediency of doing so at the present juncture. Mariano acceded to this,—and they arrived at their father’s house, just as the old man was in the midst of a violent burst of sorrow on learning that his son had eloped, and that his horses had returned without a rider, during the storm.

Pedro de Ceballo, heaving a deep sigh of resignation, raised his eyes to Heaven, and beheld—his lost son with Doloris d'Allende hanging tenderly on his arm. This vision threw the father into an uncontrollable fit of passion.

“You reprobate scoundrel!” roared he—“why did you steal my money and run away with your sweetheart?” The lovers then threw themselves (*à la Radcliffe*) at the feet of the enraged sire.

“Forgive us, dear father,” said the repentant son; “your money is safe—I will never do the like again—and you would not punish me, if you knew how I had expiated my crime.”

“Forgive you!” exclaimed the old man—his anger beginning to cool as he recollected his former grief—“to be sure I will forgive you,—and you shall marry Doloris;—kiss me, my daughter;—you scoundrel—that you shall; for know to your sorrow, that your betrothed eloped this morning—to be revenged on you doubtless—with a young *cabaliero*, who has been two days in the village!”

What love-stricken maiden does not anticipate the catastrophe of our tale?

The story was told my friend by Mariano himself—while Pedro de Ceballo, Doloris, still beautiful in matronly garb, the little curly-headed boy, (he employed himself in rocking a cradle,) and two sweet girls, were attentive listeners.

When Mariano had concluded, the old man put in this moral for the benefit of my friend and his grandson. “This event teaches us in what inscrutable ways those who do wrong are punished; and likewise serves as a warning to young men never to run away with their sweethearts, without first informing their fathers.”

Meanwhile my friend, being curious to see a specimen of this wonderful rock, drew forth the small fragment

which he had brought—and found adhering thereunto, the blade of his penknife and certain bits of iron, that were contained in the same pocket. The truth burst upon him, like an electric shock,—and he roared forth in a prodigious laugh, in the midst of his good host's moral; and it was with the greatest difficulty he could restrain his mirth, when he saw that the good people were getting angry—not being able to divine the cause of such repeated cachinnatory explosions.

It is the custom in Cordova, for the young men, like our own race of dandies, to wear *iron* heels to their boots, as well as a thin rim of the same metal extending round the soles. Our hero, on that memorable night, was invested with pedestrial ornaments of this description; and, dearly beloved reader, “the Magic Rock,” whereon he stood enchained like Andromeda, possessed strong *magnetic* attraction, being, as *mon ami* was afterwards credibly informed by a celebrated mineralogist and a very Munchausen at travelling, neither more or less, than solid, *bonâ fide* loadstone!

TO SPRING.

By Albert Pike.

O THOU delicious Spring!
Nursed in the lap of thin and subtle showers,
Which fall from clouds that lift their snowy wing
From odorous beds of light-inked flowers,
And from enmassed bowers,
That over grassy walks their greenness fling,—
Come, gentle Spring!

Thou lover of young wind,
That cometh from the invisible upper sea
Beneath the sky, which clouds, its white foam, bind,
And, settling in the trees deliciously,
Makes young leaves dance with glee,
Even in the teeth of that old sober hind,
Winter unkind,—

Come to us ;—for thou art
Like the fine love of children, gentle Spring!
Touching the sacred feelings of the heart—
Or like a virgin's pleasant welcoming ;
And thou dost ever bring
A tide of gentle but resistless art
Upon the heart.

Red Autumn from the south
Contentends with thee ;—alas! what may he show?
What are his purple-stained and rosy mouth,
And browned cheeks, to thy soft feet of snow,
And timid, pleasant glow—
Giving earth-piercing flowers their primal growth,
And greenest youth?

Gay Summer conquers thee ;—
 And yet he has no beauty such as thine :
 What is his ever-streaming, fiery sea,
 To the pure glory that with thee doth shine ?
 Thou season most divine,
 What may his dull and lifeless minstrelsy
 Compare with thee ?

Come, sit upon the hills,
 And bid the waking streams leap down their side,
 And green the vales with their slight-sounding rills ;
 And when the stars upon the sky shall glide,
 And crescent Dian ride,
 I too will breathe of thy delicious thrills,
 On grassy hills.

Alas ! bright Spring—not long
 Shall I enjoy thy pleasant influence ;
 For thou shalt die the summer heat among,
 Sublimed to vapor in his fire intense,—
 And, gone forever hence,
 Exist no more—no more to earth belong,
 Except in song.

So I who sing shall die—
 Worn unto death perchance by care and sorrow ;
 And, fainting thus with an unconscious sigh,
 Bid unto this poor body a good morrow,
 Which now sometime I borrow,
 And breathe of joyance keener and more high,
 Ceasing to sigh !

MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

By H. T. Tuckerman.

Out from the azure depths, at twilight's verge,
Pure fleecy clouds, as fairy lands, emerge—
And round their dewy forms the sunbeams pour
Effulgent floods, as waves upon the shore ;
They rise all radiant o'er the airy isle,
Till all, in one bright flush of glory, smile.
Thus, from the spirit's deep, blest visions rise—
And, like the visitants of peaceful skies,
Kindle sublimely, as Attention's eye
Intently beams upon their majesty.
Such are the fertile thoughts, which wake and spring
Beneath the nurture of Devotion's wing—
And such the holy throng, which gather where
The soul dissolves, and whelms itself in prayer ;
And these attend, with ministry divine,
When man pours forth his love at nature's shrine.
And such, my Mother ! is the thought of thee—
A thought of joy, yet full of mystery.
If, from the precincts of their sainted home,
The ascended ones are suffered e'er to roam,
Then art thou round me ;—winged with mother's love,
Thy spirit leaves its blissful rest above,
In the still watchings of a seraph's care,
To guard thy son, and gently guide him there !
Happy the thought that thou art ever nigh,
The guardian angel of my destiny !

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

By William J. Suelling.

I WAS once so unfortunate as to be benighted while hunting the buffaloe. I started early in the morning, though it was so cold that each particular hair of my whiskers accreted a portion of my vital moisture in the form of an icicle, and a stranger might have taken me for the Genius of Winter, direct from the North Pole, on a visit. Nevertheless, I kept on the even tenor of my way, though the temperature was lower than human charity,—confiding in my Indian mittens and hunting shirt.

I wandered far into the bare prairie, which was spread around me like an ocean of snow, the gentle undulations here and there having no small resemblance to the ground swell. When the sun took off his night-cap of mist (for the morning was cloudy) the glare of the landscape, or rather snowscape, was absolutely painful to my eyes; but a small veil of green crape obviated that difficulty. Toward noon I was aware of a buffaloe, at a long distance, turning up the snow with his nose and feet, and cropping the withered grass beneath. I always thought it a deed of mercy to slay such an old fellow, he looks so miserable and discontented with himself. As to the individual in question, I determined to put an end to his long, turbulent and evil life.

To this effect I approached him as a Chinese malefactor approaches a mandarin—that is to say, prone, like a serpent. But the parity only existed with respect to the posture; for the aforesaid malefactor expects to receive

pain, whereas I intended to inflict it. He was a grim-looking barbarian—and, if a beard be a mark of wisdom, Peter the Hermit was a fool to him. So, when I had attained a suitable proximity, I appealed to his feelings with a bullet. He ran—and I ran; and I had the best reason to run—for he ran after me, and I thought that a pair of horns might destroy my usual equanimity and equilibrium. In truth, I did not fly any too fast, for the old bashaw was close behind me, and I could hear him breathe. I threw away my gun—and, as there was no tree at hand, I gained the centre of a pond of a few yards area, such as are found all over the prairies in February. Here I stood secure, as though in a magic circle, well knowing that neither pigs nor buffaloes can walk upon ice. My pursuer was advised of this fact also, and did not venture to trust himself on so slippery a footing. Yet it seemed that he was no gentleman; at least he did not practise forgiveness of injuries. He perambulated the periphery of the pond till I was nearly as cold as the ice under me. It was worse than the stone jug or the black hole at Calcutta. Ah! thought I, if I only had my gun, I would soon relieve you from your post. But discontent was all in vain. Thus I remained, and thus he remained, for at least four hours. In the mean while, I thought of the land of steady habits; of baked beans, and pumpkins, and codfish on Saturdays. There, said I to myself, my neighbor's proceeding would be reckoned unlawful, I guess; for no one can be held in custody without a warrant and sufficient reason. If ever I get back, I wont be caught in such a scrape again.

Grief does not last forever; neither does anger—and my janitor, either forgetting his resentment, which, to say the truth, was not altogether groundless, or thinking it was useless, or tired of his self-imposed duty, or for some

reason or other, bid me farewell with a loud bellow, and walked away to a little oasis that was just in sight, and left me to my meditations. I picked up my gun and followed. He entered the wood—and so did I, just in time to see him fall and expire.

The sun was setting, and the weather was getting colder and colder. I could hear the ground crack and the trees split with its intensity. I was at least twenty miles from home; and it behoved me, if I did not wish to wake in the morning and find myself dead, to make a fire as speedily as possible. I now first perceived that, in my very natural hurry to escape from my shaggy foe, I had lost the martin-skin wherein I carried my flint, steel and tinder. This was of little consequence; I had often made a fire by the aid of my gun before, and I drew my knife, and began to pick the flint. Death to my hopes,—at the very first blow I struck it ten yards from the lock, and it was lost forever in the snow.

Well, said I to myself, I have cooked a pretty kettle of fish, and brought my calf's head to a fine market. Shall I furnish those dissectors, the wolves, with a subject, or shall cold work the same effect on me that grief did upon Niobe? Would that I had a skin like a buffaloe! Necessity is the spur as well as the mother of invention; and, at these last words, a new idea flashed through my brain like lightning. I verily believe that I took off the skin of my victim in fewer than ten strokes of my knife. Such a hide entire is no trifle; it takes a strong man to lift it;—but I rolled the one in question about me, with the hair inward, and lay down to sleep, tolerably sure that neither Jack Frost nor the wolves could get at me through an armor thicker and tougher than the seven-fold shield of Ajax.

Darkness closed in, and a raven began to sound his note of evil omen from a neighboring branch. Croak

on, black angel, said I; I have heard croaking before now, and am not to be frightened by any of your color. Suddenly a herd of wolves struck up at a distance, probably excited by the scent of the slain buffaloe. Howl on, said I; and, being among wolves, I will howl too—for I like to be in the fashion:—but that shall be the extent of our intimacy. Accordingly, I uplifted my voice, like a pelican in the wilderness, and gave them back their noise, with interest. Then I laid down again, and moralized. This, thought I, is life. What would my poor mother say, if she were alive now? I have read books of adventures, but never read anything like this. I fell asleep, without farther ado.

Then I dreamed—oh, such a dream! Methought my slain enemy rose slowly to his feet, skinless as he was, and gave me such a look as I have heard called a tanyard grin, in which the double distilled essence and essential oil of spite seem to be concentrated. Anon he approached me, and tried to gore me with his horns—and turned me over and over with his nose and feet. At last he sat down on my breast, and looking me deliberately in the eye, bellowed, “Give me my skin—give me my skin.” I awoke in a cold sweat; and to enhance my vexation, I heard an Indian drum, accompanied by several voices, on the other side of the wood. Now, thought I, I have lain down supperless, when there was a wigwam within a quarter of a mile, where I might have claimed hospitality. I strove to rise; but my coverlid was now frozen, and kept me as close as if I had been cased in mortar. I grinned with fretfulness to think that I should be obliged to lie till noon the next day before the sun would effect my release, and for a moment I thought I would cry to my swarthy neighbors for assistance. Unwilling, however, to be the laughing-stock of savages, I summoned all

my philosophy, and slept again. It should not be forgotten that the raven kept up his ominous noise all the while, as though he were my evil spirit. I slept, I said; but, upon reflection, I recall the assertion; such a state of the faculties cannot be called sleep. The buffaloe rose again, and stood beside me. I could feel his hot breath upon my face; methought it savored of sulphur—and I could see every vein and muscle, even the hole where my bullet had entered, just as my knife had laid them bare. I strove to cry out; but my utterance was choked, by a mouthful of wool, and I was compelled to be silent. My tormentor did not give me much time to reflect; for he suddenly pricked up his ears and perked up his tail, and bellowed loud and long—and at his summons a vast herd of his fellows came bounding into the wood, and ranged themselves around me, and joined in the note of the leader. Somehow or other, I thought they were and were not buffaloes, at one and the same time. They had horns, and shaggy hair, and tails, and four legs apiece; yet, as I looked at them, I thought I could discover exaggerated resemblances of the human face divine. One of them looked like Powers, who was hanged for murder. I was frightened at their aspects, and involuntarily looked up to my friend the raven. Strange to tell, his beak gradually elongated as I gazed, till it was as long as, and very like a hautbois. How he kept his seat I know not; but he grasped it with all his claws, which looked like those of a Bengal tiger.

This was enough; I wished to see no more of him: but now, the quadrupeds were quadrupeds no longer. A score or two had reared upon their hinder legs, and each gallantly given his hoof to his partner. All at once the piper on the tree struck up, and the animals began to dance. Fast and furious was their mirth; negroes at a

corn-husking are fools in comparison. The creature I had shot was preeminent for his superior size and supernatural agility, and remarkable for his bare and beggarly looks, as well as for the vitrified appearance of his eyes, which put me in mind of two holes burnt in a blanket. I shut my eyes, and prepared for death; for it seemed inevitable that I must be trampled to pumice in the twinkling of an eye. They bounded about me, and grazed me at every step. The naked rascal, especially, sprang aloft repeatedly, directly over me, and how he failed to alight on my carcass I cannot tell. I have seen a mountebank dance among eggs without breaking any—and it was wonderful; but how I escaped being trampled upon, was still more so.

At last the figure was complete; but the dancers did not stand still. They resumed their natural position, and pushed at me with their horns, and flung up their heels at me. A hundred times my nose was grazed by them; but still, as if by a miracle, the skin remained unbroken. My arch enemy seemed to take peculiar pleasure in this pastime, which he practised, I thought, with the same feeling that makes an Indian try how close he can stick his arrows to a prisoner without hitting him. I could do nothing; so I grinned, and bore it like a martyr.

The piper struck up again, and the dance recommenced; but the air was now changed for one more lively—and as they vaulted, they bellowed in chorus, but still their voices were like the human voice, and I could distinguish the burthen of the ditty,

“ Rouse him about, and touze him about,
And frighten him out of his skin.”

I am unable to say how long the sport continued; but at the time, it seemed to last a century.

All things must have an end ; and at last the entertainment was over, and the gambols ceased. "A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." I thought the horns of my persecutors straightened and changed into ears, their hoofs dropped off and gave place to claws, their wool uncurled and became gray, their snouts lengthened, and their tails grew bushy. In short, they were honest *bonâ fide* wolves ; but still the same fiendish resemblance to humanity blasted my eyesight. My arch enemy was still distinguished by the absence of epidermis and cuticle. Suddenly he howled, long, loud and shrill. That howl thrills through my brain now, and I shall never forget it. Then came another dance, and the very trees reeled with affright. Snapping, snarling, and gnashing of teeth succeeded ; and it was all at me ! I would have given the world to have been able to close my eyes and shut out the hideous spectacle—but no ; I could not so much as wink ; I was fascinated, and could not help staring at these accumulated horrors.

At the conclusion of the dance, they all stood round me in silence. The skinless leader barked sharply ; and at the signal, they all shook themselves, in the manner of a dog coming out of the water. There they stood, and shook, and shook, and shook, till I thought they would shake themselves out of their skins also. At every shake, showers of fleas fell upon me ; the atmosphere seemed full of them. Then, at another bark of the leader, the wolves all disappeared.

I had been flea-bitten three times in the course of my life—but that was cakes and gingerbread to what I now suffered. I was stung all over ; I think the point of a pin placed on any part of my body could not have missed a puncture. I was maddened with the pain, and prayed mentally for Death to end my misery—but he would not

come. I thought of the cattle stung in hot weather by horseflies—and my heart pitied them. The worst was yet to come. The fleas entered my ears, and devoured my brain. They ascended my nostrils, and thence finding their way down my throat, preyed on my vitals. This passage being open, keeping my mouth shut was of no avail. I looked upward to the raven; and his duplicate sat beside him—and still as I gazed his figure seemed to multiply, till every branch of the tree bent under a flock of ravens. This was not all; their number still increased, till the air was literally alive with them. They flew round me, and alighted on my body, and pecked at me, and croaked in every sharp and flat of the gamut; and I had no power to resist. There I lay, bound hand and foot, enduring, what with fleas, and what with ravens, torments than which the Inquisition has none greater; and all for having deprived an old buffaloe of his skin.

Again I heard the howl; and again the fiend wolves hurried around me. They fell upon me; and my old enemy flew at my throat, and tore out my windpipe, and bolted it before my face;—then they shifted the attack to my feet; they tore away the covering, and gnawed my toes—nay, they snapped them off, joint by joint, and I could hear them snap and snarl for each as it fell to the ground. I am not sure that I could have survived this treatment much longer; but to my great relief I heard a human voice—and my tormentors fled, as if the mammoth of the Big Bone Licks was behind them. I opened my eyes—and with unspeakable joy beheld a young Indian with whom I was perfectly acquainted, standing over me, and the sun riding high above the tree-tops. He speedily unrolled me, and released me from my durance, laughing heartily all the while. At another time I could have trimmed his ears for his impertinence; but now I was

glad even to be laughed at. I rose to my feet with some difficulty, and stamped a reasonable quantum of caloric into my toes. They were so cold that I did not wonder they had seemed to be bitten off. A further survey convinced me that my other impressions had not been altogether erroneous. A herd of buffaloes had indeed been walking about me all night, as was apparent from their tracks in the snow, and it was marvellous that none had trod on me. There was no need to tell me that the wolves had paid me a visit; for they had devoured my buffaloe, and had nearly eaten my counterpane off me into the bargain. The circumstance of the ravens I am unable to explain.

Ye who shall read this tale of truth, take warning by my sufferings, which are engraven on the tablet of my memory with a pen of steel, and are not to be sneezed at. Whenever ye shall hunt the buffaloe on a cold day, give your flint-screw an extra turn!

THE BLIND MOTHER.

By N. P. Willis.

GENTLY, dear mother, here
The bridge is broken near thee, and below
The waters with a rapid current flow—
Gently, and do not fear.
Lean on me, mother—plant thy staff before thee ;
For she who loves thee most is watching o'er thee.

The green leaves, as we pass,
Lay their light fingers on thee unaware,
And by thy side the hazels cluster fair,
And the low forest grass
Grows green and lovely where the woodpaths wind—
Alas, for thee, dear mother, thou art blind !

And nature is all bright ;
And the faint gray and crimson of the dawn,
Like folded curtains from the day are drawn ;
And evening's dewy light
Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—
Alas, dear mother, for thy clouded eye !

The moon's new silver shell
Trembles above thee, and the stars float up
In the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
Is pencilled passing well,
And the swift birds on brilliant pinions flee—
Alas, dear mother, that thou canst not see !

And the kind looks of friends
Peruse the sad expression in thy face,
And the child stops amid his bounding race,
And the tall stripling bends
Low to thine ear with duty unforgot—
Alas, dear mother, that thou seest them not !

But thou canst hear—and love
 May richly on a human tone be poured,
 And the slight cadence of a whispered word
 A daughter's love may prove ;
 And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
 Albeit thou dost not see my face the while.

Yes—thou canst hear—and He,
 Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
 To the attentive ear like harps hath strung
 Heaven, and earth, and sea !
 And 't is a lesson to our hearts to know,
 With but one sense the soul may overflow !

THE ABSENT HUSBAND.

By J. O. Rockwell.

WIFE, who in thy deep devotion,
 Puttest up a prayer for one
 Sailing on the stormy ocean—
 Hope no more,—his course is done !
 Dream not, when upon thy pillow,
 That he slumbers by thy side,
 For his corse beneath the billow
 Heaveth with the restless tide.

Children, who, as sweet flowers growing,
 Laugh amid the sorrowing rains—
 Know ye many clouds are throwing
 Shadows on your sire's remains ?
 Where the hoarse, gray surge is rolling
 With a mountain's motion on,
 Dream ye that its voice is tolling
 For your father—lost and gone ?

When the sun looked on the water,
As a hero on his grave,
Tinging with the hue of slaughter
Every blue and leaping wave—
Under the majestic ocean,
Where the giant currents rolled,
Slept thy sire without emotion,
Sweetly by a beam of gold.

And the violet sunbeams slanted,
Wavering through the crystal deep,
Till their wonted splendors haunted
Those shut eyelids in their sleep.
Sands, like crumbled silver gleaming,
Sparkled through his raven hair—
But the sleep that knows no dreaming
Bound him in its silence there.

So we left him ; and to tell thee
Of our sorrow, and thine own,
Of the woe that then befel thee,
Came we weary and alone.
That thine eye is quickly shaded,
That thy heart's blood wildly flows,
That thy cheek's clear blood is faded—
Are the fruits of these new woes.

Children, whose meek eyes, inquiring,
Linger on your mother's face,
Know ye that she is expiring—
That ye are an orphan race?
God be with you on the morrow!
Father—mother—both no more!
One within a grave of sorrow,
One upon the ocean's floor!

THOUGHTS ON MOORE'S BYRON.

By G. W. Blagden.

NOTHING can be more evident, than that many writers of splendid talents, and high, and in many respects correct views of the beautiful and sublime, have been remarkable for the grandeur of their conceptions of the natural attributes of Jehovah, as well as for their expression of many of those natural emotions which the contemplation of such attributes is calculated to call forth—while their moral characters have been far from what they ought to have been, and in most instances, were flagrantly bad. Thomas Paine himself might be cited as an instance of the truth of this remark. Lord Byron is an instance of a more refined and noble kind ; but he is one in whom the same principle is fully developed. There are many passages in his writings, where there are bursts of high and sublime ideas of God, which, had they been connected with as high and sublime ideas of the glory of his moral attributes, and accompanied with corresponding moral feelings, would have left Lord Byron to be honored by future ages, as one, who, like the Roman warriors after victory, came forth laden with the “*spolia opima*” of genius, and hung them as the trophies of his prowess, upon the column of eternal truth. But he has not done this. It would have required on his part, a self-denial and a meek endurance of the cross, which he was unwilling to exercise. His poetry will not live so long as if he had done it. For, in the literary as truly as in the moral world, the righteous only shall be held in everlasting remembrance. We do not affirm, that so far as his high ideas of the natural attributes of the Deity, accompanied with their corres-

ponding emotions, have been truly expressed, they will not be admired. We do not mean to affirm, that, besides these, there are not in his writings true and mighty exhibitions of the workings of human nature in its stormiest passions, and thrilling and melting expressions of its softer emotions. We do not mean to affirm that, dissect him as you may with the keen knife of moral criticism, there will not be found still the "dissecta membra" of a great poet. But, we do mean to record it as our opinion, that for want of the salt of moral principle, his works, great as they may be in these respects, will present, at last, only a body of corruption which in the lapse of years shall entirely decay; and that on this account, such works as Cowper's will be read, when those of Byron are forgotten. In the literary, as truly as in the moral world, error will inevitably fall into the extreme of an effeminate sentimentalism on the one hand, or of a raging and unnatural fanaticism on the other; it is only truth, which can so preserve the even tenor of her way, as to walk in the strait and narrow path that leadeth unto life. As an illustration as well as corroboration of these remarks, we cannot but present our readers with the contrast exhibited between those views of God as seen in his works, expressed by Byron in his *Prayer of Nature*, and those represented by Cowper in his *Task* as the meditations of "the freeman whom the truth makes free." In the one, there is manifested a kind of unhappy skepticism and misanthropy, which evinces that the soul is restless even in prayer; in the other, there is the calm, sweet, yet dignified and firm composure of a mind filled with all joy and peace in believing.

"He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.

5*

His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—' My Father made them all.' ”

While upon this part of our subject, we would venture one other remark:—There is every reason to believe, from many passages which might be cited from the work before us, as well as from other sources of information, of which, were it necessary, we might avail ourselves, that his lordship was one of that class of writers, who rely much for the energy of their writings, upon the excitement which is produced by strong physical stimuli. If all the whispers we have heard are true, there are literary and even moral writers, both in this country and in Europe, who are not entire strangers to this deleterious habit. To our own mind, it appears to be very probable, if not quite true, that either poets, or orators, or writers in prose, who rely for inspiration upon any unnatural excitement of the physical system, thus produced by artificial means, will not, in the nature of things, live long. The peculiarity of their ideas, the tremendous, bold, perhaps blasphemous flights of their imaginations may, and probably will, excite attention and produce sublime admiration for a time; but when the public mind shall have returned to the realities of truth, such men must die. They are like awful meteors—gazed on, admired, and often feared for a moment, but they must soon go out in darkness. The marks they leave upon society, like the relics of such bright but bursting phenomena of nature, will be but the ashes and the cinders of intense and consuming fires of passion. It is only the poet, it is only the orator, it is only the writer of any kind whatever, who, in the calm self-possession of a sound mind in a sound body, looks at things as they are,

and binds down all his theories to sober fact, by the ligaments of truth, who will live and be read, long after he shall have departed from the scenes of earth, and his hand shall have mouldered amid the clods of the valley. There is an emotion of the morally sublime produced in our mind, as we thus contemplate the calm and sure triumph of truth over error in the history of man. After all the dark and disastrous tempests of human passions, which have been, and are still often aroused, for a season, by the restlessness of unholy, and therefore disordered minds—it is a sweet and heavenly sight, to behold meek-eyed, mild, benignant truth, emerging from amid all the turmoil, and like the beautiful star of night, shining forth, clearly and brightly, after the tempest has departed.

There is yet another subject connected with this biography of Byron—and, like other points on which we treat, having some bearing upon the biographer himself, which claims a degree of our attention. We allude to the tendency of the work, throughout, to merge the reprehension which is due to vice, in the admiration with which we regard exalted talents. If we mistake not the signs of the times, this single habit of mind, so much encouraged by Mr. Moore, throughout the whole of this work, and too often encouraged also by leading literary men of purer moral principles, is one which threatens no little danger to the welfare of the community. While we wish never to cultivate that spirit of censoriousness which is unwilling to acknowledge and admire talent, wherever it exists—still we have no idea of embracing any one, whatever talents he may possess, in the arms of such a mistaken charity, as shall evince to those over whom our example may have any influence, that for the sake of great intellectual powers, we are willing to excuse, if we do not love, the enormity of vice itself. And we solemnly protest, as those who may have some power, by means of

the press, in the formation and preservation of the public character, against this habit of exalting vicious talent above the demands of moral law. We would reprobate, if we could, in tones of condemnation, which should be heard far, and remembered long, this tendency, in whatever form it may be manifested, whether in the department of poetry or politics, to forget the blackness of private character, in the splendor of public talents or public services. We have no sympathy with him who would speak of the conduct of Lord Byron in Italy, and particularly of what Shelly is pleased to call, in the technical language of refined, European depravity, "his permanent sort of *liaison* with the contessa Guiccioli," in any other terms than those of the most unqualified condemnation. And when Mr. Moore, however he may reprehend it occasionally, and apparently to save his credit, still treats of it, in the general tenor of his remarks, as a light thing, and endeavors to render it almost commendable, if not worthy of imitation—we are disposed to think concerning him, with Montgomery, that were there less of this winking at gross vice in his writings, "the name of the bard would never have been degraded under that of Little, much less under that of Moore."

It is in keeping with this part of our observations, and forms an appropriate introduction to the final remarks we have to make on it, to dwell, for a moment, on the very different aspect which the character of Lord Byron assumes in this biography, the moment he emerges from a life of selfish and guilty enjoyment, to one of comparative usefulness and benevolence. This is to some extent the case, even when in Italy he begins to take a part in the transactions of those, who, from whatever motives, were anxious to do something for the cause of liberty. But, when he leaves his wretched paramour, and begins

to labor for the independence of Greece, what a change do we immediately perceive in the style of his letters, and in the tenor of his conversation, and in the nature of his acts! He, who was a little while before the besotted debauchee, becomes the comparatively dignified and energetic man; and, instead of telling us, in his journal or his letters, of a visit to the countess, or, at other times, of his eating to a surfeit, or drinking gin—he writes thus:

“Awake! (not Greece—she is awake!)
Awake my spirit! think through whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?
The land of honorable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest!”

There breathes, indeed, throughout the whole of this last poem which Lord Byron wrote, (however we may disapprove of some of its sentiments,) a melancholy and noble resolution to devote himself to something useful to man, and, at least externally, acceptable to God. The same spirit also manifests itself in his letters. He writes like one who has something to do, other than to indulge himself in sensuality. Were there time, we should like here to record a few thoughts on the connection which exists between moral character and the style of writing, which we believe to be founded upon fact, and which ought therefore to be regarded. Concerning two men of

equal talents, in other respects, we should not hesitate to affirm, that he would express himself in a far more energetic, and clear, and noble manner, whether we regard the figures of speech, or the forms of expression he might use, who was an actively benevolent man, than he who was a selfish and a sinful one. The poetry and beautiful style of the Bible, become very interesting in this view. High and holy moral principle suggests strong and noble figurative language; while low and impure principles suggest that which is turgid on the one hand, or whining and effeminate on the other. The effect of moral character on literary taste, in this respect, is not, we fear, sufficiently considered. And it is remarkable that the pieces both of Moore and of Byron, which, in our opinion at least, will live longest, and contribute most to the reputation of each, are to be found in the sacred melodies of the one, and the Hebrew melodies of the other. The inspiration which indited both of them was drawn more from "Siloa's brook," than from the waters of Helicon.

TO A SISTER.

By Edward Everett.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train
Of those around thy homage pay ;
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that's far away ?
Thy form, thy eye, thine angel smile,
For many years I may not see ;
But wilt thou not sometimes the while,
My sister dear, remember me ?

But not in Fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all,—
O, think not, think not of me there.
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
And hushed the voice of senseless glee,
And all is silent, still and lone,
And thou art sad, remember me.

Remember me—but, loveliest, ne'er,
When, in his orbit fair and high,
The morning's glowing charioteer
Rides proudly up the blushing sky ;
But when the waning moon-beam sleeps
At moonlight on that lonely lea,
And nature's pensive spirit weeps
In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
When every brake hath found its note,
And sunshine smiles in every flower ;
But when the falling leaf is sear,
And withers sadly from the tree,
And o'er the ruins of the year
Cold Autumn weeps, remember me.

Remember me—but choose not, dear,
 The hour when, on the gentle lake,
 The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,
 Soft rippling, to the margin break ;
 But when the deafening billows foam
 In madness o'er the pathless sea,
 Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam
 Across them, and remember me.

Remember me—but not to join
 If haply some thy friends should praise ;
 'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine
 To echo what the stranger says.
 They know us not—but shouldst thou meet
 Some faithful friend of me and thee,
 Softly, sometimes, to him repeat
 My name, and then remember me.

Remember me—not, I entreat,
 In scenes of festal week-day joy,
 For then it were not kind or meet,
 Thy thought thy pleasure should alloy ;
 But on the sacred, solemn day,
 And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
 When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,
 Sweet spirit, then remember me.

Remember me—but not as I
 On thee forever, ever dwell,
 With anxious heart and drooping eye,
 And doubts 't would grieve thee should I tell ;
 But in thy calm, unclouded heart,
 Where dark and gloomy visions flee,
 Oh there, my sister, be my part,
 And kindly there remember me.

THE WRITINGS OF COLERIDGE.

By R. C. Waterston.

ONE of the first distinguishing traits of Coleridge, is his versatility. True, there is one mind visible through all, yet few have written so much with so little sameness. There is the Hymn to Mont Blanc, with its unrivalled grandeur, and Genevieve, with its ravishing beauty, the energetic wildness of the Ancient Mariner, and the supernatural witchery of Christabel, all distinct in their character, yet all perfect in their kind. The style is always in exact accordance with the subject, and the subject is ever varied. Now we gaze upon the aerial forms of spirits, now are bewildered by magnificent scenery, and now look quietly upon his little child. Now his thoughts are conveyed in the simplest form, and now in the antique stateliness of the olden time.

His next distinguishing attribute is his inimitable mastery of language, his exquisite and liquid melody of diction. We know of no writer, since the age of Elizabeth, who owes so much to this single element of power. He stands here absolutely alone. While we read, we seem to be accompanied by a quiet and dreamy music. We might quote passages of exceeding sweetness from almost every page, to show how nearly akin to music mere words may be made to flow. Whatever he touches, seems to breathe forth with the same magical power. We might recommend, then, the study of Coleridge to all who would know the true value of language, and the perfect mellowness of versification, with which a gifted mind may pour forth its conceptions.

Another marked feature of his poetry is condensation. He always implies more than he expresses. His writings throughout have a sinewy strength of expression. He gathers up vast treasures of thought, and melts them all down to a single line. With one tone he electrifies the soul. His sentences are pictures. His very words live and breathe, and send forth, now low murmurs of joy, and now the piercing wail of grief. He never dwells long on one thought. He strikes the key-note, and leaves the echo of its melody to swell on in the mind of the reader. Thus, through the whole flow of his poetry, there is a deep under-current of thought. And while the careless reader may amuse himself with the rainbow-painted bubbles that float upon the surface, the reflecting mind will behold bright and beautiful conceptions, flashing upward from below. He will feel as the mariner would feel, if the waters of the unfathomable ocean should become transparent like pure ether, and he could gaze down upon its groves of coral, and its amber-fretted caves.

Still another attribute of Coleridge, and not the least distinguishing, is his originality. Here, if we mistake not, is one reason, why his works have not been more appreciated. Originality is like new coin; people hardly know its real worth. It bears not the usual image and superscription; and though the metal may be of triple value, they hesitate to receive it. Thus the very thing, which should gain a crown for its possessor, too often hangs like a millstone about his neck. Coleridge has gone into the secret chambers of his own mind, both for his style, and for his thoughts. He is an enthusiastic admirer of his friend Wordsworth; yet he feels the fallacy of much of his poetic theory, and has not followed its principles. He has also no small portion of the German spirit, yet nothing that looks like plagiarism, or even

imitation. He was first led to embody his poetical feelings, by a volume of Bowles's sonnets, given him by a school-fellow, when he was a boy of seventeen. These sonnets he studied with intense interest, and transcribed them upwards of forty times within eighteen months, that he might present them to his friends. Yet where, in the mysterious twilight shade that hangs around his productions, can we find aught that in the least resembles even his most favorite author? We know, in fact, of no living writer, who possesses so much originality.

Other striking characteristics of Coleridge, are his picturesqueness, his graphic delineation, his distinct and vivid description. They may not be found in equal degree in all his poetry, but still they give a freshness and life to all his productions. While we read, real scenes are made visible to us. We see distinct and definite pictures, without any effort of the mind, and they stand out like a present reality. We can actually look upon the dark rocks, and see the yellow leaves of the ash quivering in the wind, or into the distant and quiet valley, where the silver stream flows silently along, over its soft bed of verdure. We might give interesting extracts from almost all his writings;—but, as many of them may be quite familiar, we will only present a few from one of his Tragedies.

“You cannot err, it is a small green dell,
Built all around with high off-sloping hills;
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood, that branches over,
And makes a kind of fairy forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end,
A puny cataract falls on the lake;
And there, a curious sight! you see its shadow,
Forever curling like a wreath of smoke
Up through the foliage of those fairy trees.
His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.”

Could Salvator have pictured this more distinctly ?—
Then mark the following :

“ ’Tis a poor Idiot Boy,
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,
His weak eyes seethed in most unmeaning tears ;
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head,
And staring at his bough, from morn to sunset ;
See-saws his voice in inarticulate noises ! ”

Listen to Lord Valdez, while he speaks of his son :

“ My Alvar loved sad music from a child.
Once he was lost ; and, after weary search,
We found him at an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely moving notes : and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw,
Stretched on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank ;
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy’s dog. It pleased me,
To mark how he had fastened round the pipe
A silver toy, his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then looked,—
Even so !—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.”

Yet his pictures are never *mere* pictures. He does not so much notice the outward form, as the indwelling life. His most graphic descriptions, though clear and distinct, have no external glitter. There is no hard crystallization of fancy, encrusting them over. All is natural and mellow ;—all has life and feeling. With a true Promethean spirit, he gives a living soul to inanimate things, and makes external objects the types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions.

In these preliminary remarks, we cannot but allude to the habitual spirit of love that pervades his writings. The words, which he has put into the mouth of his Ancient Mariner, beautifully express the feeling which he ever delights to cherish :

“ He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

Thus his whole heart is filled with universal benevolence. The vast creation is to him crowded with beauty, and life. He feels a sympathy, while he listens to the whispering leaves, or the glad murmur of the distant brook as it leaps onward to the ocean. He loves the very clouds, as they wander away through the blue ether, and looks with tenderness upon the delicate wild flowers that smile at his feet. He is familiar with the sweet songs of Nature, and is soothed by them into a quiet and holy joy, while, in the accents of affection, he exclaims,

“ Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things, in a world so filled ;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is Music, slumbering on her instrument.”

Thus he tempers his mind, and baptizes it at the sacred well-spring of affection. But his love for Nature does not absorb his love for his fellow-beings. He does not gather from her bitterness of spleen, or pampered refinement, or frozen misanthropy. His feelings are ennobled and enlarged. The love, that has entered so deeply into his bosom beneath the broad sky, has given him a keener sympathy for his own kindred. It has thrown a rich hue over all his writings, and enabled him to breathe out with peculiar sweetness “the low, sad music of humanity.”

Again, (and it should never be forgotten,) his writings exhibit throughout, a deep religious spirit. His heart has been kindled by fire from the heavenly altar. He feels that Christian faith is the perfection of human reason, and that without it, the fountains of the heart would be sealed, and its hopes forever blighted. This is

in fact the root of all his greatness—Christian love and Christian benevolence;—and it is the only atmosphere in which true poetry can exist. Without it, Nature is empty, and her beauty is dust. We believe that none can be so susceptible of poetic feeling as he, who has gathered inspiration from the Book of Life, and dwells perpetually with a sense of the Divine Presence. *He* needs not to wander amid a forest of spices, where sweet citron and golden furze distil incense. Place him on desert sands, amid barrenness and desolation,—give him but one parched shrub, and even *that* to him will be eloquent of God. It will carry his thoughts into the Eternal World, and soothe his spiritual nature and devout contemplation. We trust that this truth will, at no distant day, be more widely felt. It is the essence of all that is great and good in the natural, as well as in the spiritual world. The man must become as the little child. He must feel his dependence upon God, and then, and not till then, will he feel the exceeding glory that shines out from the works of Creation. And thus it is with Coleridge; and thus it is, in the eloquent language of Sir Philip Sidney—“he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty, to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith.” To him, every creature and thing bears the impress of the Great Maker,—and therefore awakens awe and reverence in his mind. He never forgets that the same Power, who kindles with fire the stars of heaven, gives life and instinct to the most diminutive reptile that crawls in the dust. He sees Infinity mirrored in the drop of dew, as visibly as in the waters of the ocean. The leaf, that quivers in the sunlight, is to him a problem, of which God Omnipresent is the only solution. He feels that it is linked to the universe, holding living connection with the earth, the

air, and the dew, and the distant sun; and in each of these he beholds the mysterious design and benevolence of Divine Majesty; and his thoughts stretch on, as it were, star by star, till he is overwhelmed by the thought of that Being, the least of whose attributes his finite mind is inadequate to compass.

It has been said that Coleridge's works are fragments; that they have no unity. We think it is not so. His works, taken singly, are fragments; put together, they make a whole. His poetry is a part of his philosophy. It is the golden clasp, that connects the chain. It is his philosophy, after he has breathed into it a living soul. In his "Aids to Reflection," he says, "religion is not a theory, but a *life*;"—so it is with his philosophy; and in his poetry he shows this. He shows how it changes the whole man, and opens the inward perceptions. In fact, throughout his whole poetry his Christian philosophy flows, like the sap, into every branch, and leaf, and blossom. Those who would study the one, then, should study the other. They are the productions of one mind. They unfold the same principles—and explain and support each other.

Again, in his poetry we find perfect truth. Nature is represented as it really is; not dry and dead, but full of meaning. It not only has form, but life. He never veils Nature—but unveils it, that we may see the light from within. Matter is to him full of spirit. It is an instrument in God's hand to develop the soul. Harmony and loveliness, in the book of Nature, are the counterparts to "God is love," in the book of Revelation. The Creation is an embodying of God's character. All its varied works are the symbols of his attributes; and we must look through them to Him. God is omnipresent, and the unfolding of a flower is a direct revelation from the Most

High. "Adam walked with God in the garden." Earth is not now more distant. He is with us, though we may not be with Him. "In our Father's house are many mansions." This world is one, and He fills it; but to know Him and feel Him, we must become spiritualized, and possess a power superior to the senses. "The kingdom of God is within us." It is this, which gives such value to the writings of Coleridge. It is this, which makes him, not merely a moral writer, but strictly a religious writer. Not that he always writes upon religious subjects, but that he writes upon all subjects in a religious way. He has the religious spirit—the heavenly spirit—the spirit of love. Thus his writings are good; they purify, they elevate, they quicken, they impart himself.

The works of such a writer are of no country; they are the world's. They belong to no age,—but to all men of all ages. They contain truth,—and truth is eternal. They are written with reference to the life to come, and have therefore a spiritual power. For the character of such a writer, we can hardly feel too great a reverence. He has brought out the inner man. He has made the senses do homage to the spirit. He has drunk in from Nature and Revelation, till they have expanded and beautified his soul. He sees the subtle analogy between the spiritual and the natural, and makes the one illustrate and develop the other. He feels the superiority of the inward to the outward, and therefore never sinks himself into mere materialism, but reaches upward to the Infinite. The eye of his soul is not upon the opinions of others, but upon truth; and he crushes the hardest problems, and pierces the most hidden depths, that he may know things as they are. His eye is upon God, and he feels that God's eye is upon him; and he looks with profound awe

upon His moral government, and seeks humbly to illustrate the ways of His Providence. Thus he has done much good. At the time when the tide of scepticism was sweeping over the continent of Europe, he stood forth like a bulwark. At a time when the feelings of mankind were tending to materialism, he still revered the Unseen, as the Eternal. And in all his works he has sought to give "information, that opens to our knowledge a kingdom that is not of this world, thrones that cannot be shaken, and sceptres that cannot be broken or transferred." His work, then, has been a holy work,—and it is now nearly completed. The circle of his earthly life must ere long be finished. The light of the material world will fade before the light of a higher. The soul that has transmitted to us beauty and truth, will pass away,—but the beauty and truth will remain—and it is for us to make them our own.

THE PAINT KING.

By Washington Allston.

FAIR Ellen was long the delight of the young ;
No damsel could with her compare ;
Her charms were the theme of the heart and the tongue,
And bards without number, in ecstasies, sung
The beauties of Ellen the fair.

Yet cold was the maid ; and, though legions advanced,
All drilled by Ovidean art,
And languished and ogled, protested and danced,
Like shadows they came, and like shadows they glanced
From the hard, polished ice of her heart.

Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore
A something that could not be found ;
Like a sailor she seemed on a desolate shore,
With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound but the roar
Of breakers high dashing around.

From object to object still, still would she veer,
Though nothing, alas ! could she find ;
Like the moon, without atmosphere, brilliant and clear,
Yet doomed, like the moon, with no being to cheer
The bright barren waste of her mind.

But, rather than sit like a statue so still,
When the rain made her mansion a pound,
Up and down would she go, like the sails of a mill,
And pat every stair, like a wood-pecker's bill,
From the tiles of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement inclined,
Passed a youth with a frame in his hand.
The casement she closed, not the eye of her mind,
For, do all she could, no, she could not be blind ;
Still before her she saw the youth stand.

“ Ah, what can he do ”—said the languishing maid,
 “ Ah, what with that frame can he do ? ”
 And she knelt to the goddess of secrets, and prayed,
 When the youth passed again, and again he displayed
 The frame and a picture to view.

“ Oh, beautiful picture ! ” the fair Ellen cried,
 “ I must see thee again, or I die.”
 Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied,
 And after the youth and the picture she hied,
 When the youth, looking back, met her eye.

“ Fair damsel,” said he, (and he chuckled the while,)
 “ This picture, I see, you admire :
 Then take it I pray you ; perhaps ’t will beguile
 Some moments of sorrow, (nay, pardon my smile,)
 Or, at least, keep you home by the fire.”

Then Ellen the gift, with delight and surprise,
 From the cunning young stripling received.
 But she knew not the poison that entered her eyes,
 When, sparkling with rapture, they gazed on her prize ;
 Thus, alas, are fair maidens deceived !

’T was a youth o’er the form of a statue inclined,
 And the sculptor he seemed of the stone ;
 Yet he languished as though for its beauty he pined,
 And gazed as the eyes of the statue so blind
 Reflected the beams of his own.

’T was the tale of the sculptor Pygmalion of old
 Fair Ellen remembered, and sighed :
 “ Ah, couldst thou but lift from that marble, so cold,
 Thine eyes too imploring, thine arms should unfold,
 And press me this day as thy bride.”

She said : when, behold, from the canvass arose
 The youth, and he stepped from the frame ;
 With a furious transport his arms did enclose
 The love-plighted Ellen ; and, clasping, he froze
 The blood of the maid with his flame.

She turned, and behold on each shoulder a wing.
 "O heaven!" cried she, "who art thou?"
 From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer ring,
 As frowning, he thundered, "I am the Paint King!
 And mine, lovely maid, thou art now!"

Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift
 The loud screaming maid like a blast;
 And he sped through the air like a meteor swift,
 While the clouds, wandering by him, did fearfully drift
 To the right and the left as he passed.

Now suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,
 With an eddying whirl he descends;
 The air all below him becomes black as night,
 And the ground where he treads, as if moved with affright,
 Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

"I am here!" said the fiend, and he thundering knocked
 At the gates of a mountainous cave;
 The gates open flew, as by magic unlocked,
 While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro, rocked
 Like an island of ice on the wave.

"O, mercy!" cried Ellen, and swooned in his arms;
 But the Paint King, he scoffed at her pain.
 "Prithee, love," said the monster, "what mean these alarms?"
 She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms,
 That work her to horror again.

She opens her lids, but no longer her eyes
 Behold the fair youth she would woo;
 Now appears the Paint King in his natural guise;
 His face, like a palette of villanous dyes,
 Black and white, red and yellow, and blue.

On the skull of a Titan, that Heaven defied,
 Sat the fiend, like the grim giant Gog,
 While aloft to his mouth a huge pipe he applied,
 Twice as big as the Eddystone light-house, descried
 As it looms through an easterly fog.

And anon, as he puffed the vast volumes, were seen,
 In horrid festoons on the wall,
 Legs and arms, heads and bodies, emerging between,
 Like the drawing-room grim of a Scotch Sawney Beane,
 By cannibals dressed for a ball.

"Ah me!" cried the damsel, and fell at his feet,
 "Must I hang on these walls to be dried?"
 "O, no," said the fiend, while he sprang from his seat,
 "A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet;
 Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!"

Then seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair,
 An oil jug he plunged her within.
 Seven days, seven nights, with the shrieks of despair,
 Did Ellen in torment convulse the dun air,
 All covered with oil to the chin.

On the morn of the eighth, on a huge sable stone
 Then Ellen, all reeking, he laid;
 With a rock for his muller, he crushed every bone,
 But, though ground to jelly, still, still did she groan;
 For life had forsook not the maid.

Now reaching his palette, with masterly care
 Each tint on its surface he spread;
 The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,
 And the pearl and the white of her forehead so fair,
 And her lips' and her cheeks' rosy red.

Then, stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,
 "Now I brave, cruel fairy, thy scorn!"
 When, lo! from a chasm wide-yawning there came
 A light tiny chariot of rose-colored flame,
 By a team of ten glow-worms upborne.

Enthroned in the midst, on an emerald bright,
 Fair Geraldine sat without peer;
 Her robe was a gleam of the first blush of light,
 And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,
 And a beam of the moon was her spear.

In an accent that stole on the still charmed air
Like the first gentle language of Eve,
Thus spake from her chariot the fairy so fair :
" I come at thy call, but, O Paint King, beware,
Beware if again you deceive."

" 'T is true," said the monster, " thou queen of my heart,
Thy portrait I oft have essayed ;
Yet ne'er to the canvass could I with my art
The least of thy wonderful beauties impart ;
And my failure with scorn you repaid.

" Now I swear by the light of the Comet King's tail,"—
And he towered with pride as he spoke,—
" If again with these magical colors I fail
The crater of Etna shall hence be my jail,
And my food shall be sulphur and smoke.

" But if I succeed, then, O fair Geraldine,
Thy promise with justice I claim,
And thou, queen of fairies, shalt ever be mine,
The bride of my bed ; and thy portrait divine
Shall fill all the earth with my fame."

He spake ; when, behold, the fair Geraldine's form
On the canvass enchantingly glowed ;
His touches, they flew like the leaves in a storm ;
And the pure pearly white, and the carnation warm,
Contending in harmony, flowed.

And now did the portrait a twin-sister seem
To the figure of Geraldine fair :
With the same sweet expression did faithfully teem
Each muscle, each feature ; in short, not a gleam
Was lost of her beautiful hair.

'T was the fairy herself ! but, alas, her blue eyes
Still a pupil did ruefully lack ;
And who shall describe the terrific surprise
That seized the Paint King when, behold, he descries
Not a speck of his palette of black !

"I am lost!" said the fiend, and he shook like a leaf;
When, casting his eyes to the ground,
He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief
In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief
Whisk away from his sight with a bound.

"I am lost!" said the fiend, and he fell like a stone;
Then, rising, the fairy, in ire,
With a touch of her finger, she loosened her zone,
(While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan,)
And she swelled to a column of fire.

Her spear, now a thunderbolt, flashed in the air,
And sulphur the vault filled around;
She smote the grim monster: and now, by the hair
High-lifting, she hurled him, in speechless despair,
Down the depths of a chasm profound.

Then over the picture thrice waving her spear,
"Come forth!" said the good Geraldine;
When, behold, from the canvass descending, appear
Fair Ellen, in person more lovely than e'er,
With grace more than ever divine!

THE NOTARY.

By H. W. Longfellow.

You must know, gentlemen, that there lived some years ago, in the city of Perigueux, an honest Notary Public, a descendant of a very ancient and broken down family, and the occupant of one of those old, weather-beaten tenements, which remind you of the times of your great grand-father. He was a man of an unoffending, sheepish disposition; the father of a family, though not the head of it; for in that family "the hen over-crowded the cock;" and the neighbors, when they spake of the Notary, shrugged their shoulders, and exclaimed—"Poor fellow! his spurs want sharpening." In fine, you understand me, gentlemen, he was a hen-pecked man.

Well—finding no peace at home, he sought it elsewhere, as was very natural for him to do; and at length discovered a place of rest, far beyond the cares and clamors of domestic life. This was a little *café estaminet*, a short way out of the city, whither he repaired every evening, to smoke his pipe, drink sugar-water, and play his favorite game of domino. There he met the boon companions he most loved; heard all the floating chit-chat of the day; laughed when he was in merry mood; found consolation when he was sad; and at all times gave vent to his opinions without fear of being snubbed short by a flat contradiction.

Now, the Notary's bosom friend was a dealer in claret and cognac, who lived about a league from the city, and always passed his evenings at the *estaminet*. He was a

gross corpulent fellow, raised from a full-blooded Gascon breed. He was remarkable for nothing but his good humor, his love of cards, and a strong propensity to test the quality of his own liquors, by comparing them with those sold at other places.

As evil communications corrupt good manners, the bad practices of the wine-dealer won insensibly upon the worthy Notary ; and before he was aware of it, he found himself weaned from domino and sugar-water, and addicted to piquet and spiced wine. Indeed, it not unfrequently happened, that, after a long session at the *estaminet*, the two friends grew so urbane, that they would waste a full half-hour at the door in friendly dispute, which should conduct the other home.

Though this course of life agreed well enough with the sluggish, phlegmatic temperament of the wine-dealer, it soon began to play the very deuce with the more sensitive organization of the Notary, and finally put his nervous system completely out of tune. He lost his appetite, became gaunt and haggard, and could get no sleep. Legions of blue gentry haunted him by day, and by night strange faces peeped through his bed curtains, and the night-mare snorted in his ear. The worse he grew, the more he smoked and tiddled ; and the more he smoked and tiddled—why, as a matter of course, the worse he grew. His wife alternately stormed—remonstrated—entreated ; but all in vain. She made the house too hot for him—he retreated to the tavern ; she broke his long-stemmed pipes upon the andirons—he substituted a short-stemmed one, which, for safe keeping, he carried in his waistcoat pocket.

Thus the unhappy Notary ran gradually down at the heel. What with his bad habits and his domestic grievances, he became completely hipped. He imagined that

he was going to die, and suffered, in quick succession, all the diseases that ever beset mortal man. Every shooting pain was an alarming symptom;—every uneasy feeling after dinner, a sure prognostic of some mortal disease. In vain did his friends endeavor to reason, and then to laugh him out of his strange whims;—for when did ever jest or reason cure a sick imagination? His only answer was—“Do let me alone; I know better than you what ails me.”

Well, gentlemen, things were in this state, when one afternoon in December, as he sat moping in his office, wrapped in an over-coat, with a cap on his head, and his feet thrust into a pair of furred slippers, a cabriolet stopped at the door, and a loud knocking without aroused him from his gloomy revery. It was a message from his friend the wine-dealer, who had been suddenly attacked, the night before, with a violent fever, and, growing worse and worse, had now sent in the greatest haste for the Notary to draw up his last will and testament. The case was urgent, and admitted neither excuse nor delay; and the Notary, tying a handkerchief round his face, and buttoning up to the chin, jumped into the cabriolet, and suffered himself, though not without some dismal presentiments and misgivings of heart, to be driven to the wine-dealer's house.

When he arrived, he found everything in the greatest confusion. On entering the house, he ran against the apothecary, who was coming down stairs, with a face as long as your arm, and a pharmaceutical instrument somewhat longer; and a few steps farther, he met the house-keeper—for the wine-dealer was an old bachelor—running up and down, and wringing her hands, for fear that the good man should die—without making his will. He soon reached the chamber of his sick friend, and found him

tossing about under a huge pile of bed-clothes, in a paroxysm of fever, calling aloud for a draught of cold water. The Notary shook his head; he thought this a fatal symptom; for ten years back, the wine-dealer had been suffering under a species of hydrophobia, which seemed suddenly to have left him.

When the sick man saw who stood by his bed side, he stretched out his hand, and exclaimed:

“Ah! my dear friend! have you come at last?—You see it is all over with me. You have arrived just in time to draw up that—that passport of mine. Ah! how hot it is here! Water—water—water! Will nobody give me a drop of cold water?”

As the case was an urgent one, the Notary made no delay in getting his papers in readiness; and in a short time, the last will and testament of the wine-dealer was drawn up in due form, the Notary guiding the sick man’s hand as he scrawled his signature at the bottom.

As the evening wore away, the wine-dealer grew worse and worse, and at length became delirious, mingling in his incoherent ravings the phrases of the Credo and Pater-noster with the shibboleth of the dram-shop and the card-table.

“Take care! take care! There now—*Credo in*—pop! ting-a-ling-ling! give me some of that. Cent-é-dize! Why you old publican, this wine is poisoned—I know your tricks!—*Sanctam ecclesiam catholicam*. Well, well, we shall see. Imbecil! To have a tierce-major and a seven of hearts, and discard the seven. By St. Anthony, capot! You are lunched—Ha! ha! I told you so. I knew very well—there—there—do n’t interrupt me—*Car-nis resurrectionem et vitam eternam!*”

With these words upon his lips, the poor wine-dealer expired. Meanwhile, the Notary sat cowering over the

fire, aghast at the fearful scene that was passing before him, and now and then striving to keep up his courage by a glass of cognac. Already his fears were on the alert; and the idea of contagion flitted to and fro through his mind. In order to quiet these thoughts of evil import, he lighted his pipe, and began to prepare for returning home. At that moment the apothecary turned round to him, and said—

“Dreadful sickly time, this! The disorder seems to be spreading.”

“What disorder!” exclaimed the Notary, with a movement of surprise.

“Two died yesterday, and three to-day”—continued the apothecary, without answering the question. “Very sickly time, Sir,—very.”

“But what disorder is it? What disease has carried off my friend here so suddenly?”

“What disease? Why scarlet fever, to be sure.”

“And is it contagious?”

“Certainly!”

“Then I am a dead man!” exclaimed the Notary, putting his pipe into his waistcoat pocket, and beginning to walk up and down the room in despair. “I am a dead man!—Now do n’t deceive me—do n’t, will you!—What—what are the symptoms?”

“A sharp, burning pain in the right side,” said the apothecary.

“Oh, what a fool I was to come here! Take me home—take me home, and let me die in the bosom of my family!”

In vain did the housekeeper and the apothecary strive to pacify him;—he was not a man to be reasoned with; he answered, that he knew his own constitution better than they did, and insisted upon going home without

delay. Unfortunately, the vehicle he came in had returned to the city; and the whole neighborhood was a-bed and asleep. What was to be done? Nothing in the world but to take the apothecary's horse, which stood hitched at the door, patiently waiting his master's will.

Well, gentlemen; as there was no remedy, our Notary mounted this raw-boned steed, and set forth upon his homeward journey. The night was cold and gusty, and the wind set right in his teeth. Overhead the leaden clouds were beating to and fro, and through them the newly-risen moon seemed to be tossing and drifting along like a cock-boat in the surf; now swallowed up in a huge billow of cloud, and now lifted upon its bosom, and dashed with silvery spray. The trees by the road-side groaned with a sound of evil omen, and before him lay three mortal miles, beset with a thousand imaginary perils. Obedient to the whip and spur, the steed leaped forward by fits and starts, now dashing away in a tremendous gallop, and now relaxing into a long hard trot; while the rider, filled with symptoms of disease, and dire presentiments of death, urged him on, as if he were fleeing before the pestilence.

In this way, by dint of whistling and shouting, and beating right and left, one mile of the fatal three was safely passed. The apprehensions of the Notary had so far subsided, that he even suffered the poor horse to walk up hill; but these apprehensions were suddenly revived again with tenfold violence, by a sharp pain in the right side, which seemed to pierce him like a needle.

"It is upon me at last!" groaned the fear-stricken man. "Heaven be merciful to me, the greatest of sinners! And must I die in a ditch after all?—He! Get up—get up?"

And away went horse and rider at full speed—hurry-skurry—up hill and down—panting and blowing like all

possessed. At every leap, the pain in the rider's side seemed to increase. At first it was a little point like the prick of a needle—then it spread to the size of a half-franc piece—then covered a place as large as the palm of your hand. It gained upon him fast. The poor man groaned aloud in agony; faster and faster sped the horse over the frozen ground—farther and farther spread the pain over his side. To complete the dismal picture, the storm commenced,—snow mingled with rain. But snow, and rain, and cold were nought to him; for though his arms and legs were frozen to icicles, he felt it not; the fatal symptom was upon him; he was doomed to die,—not of cold, but of scarlet fever!

At length, he knew not how, more dead than alive, he reached the gate of the city. A band of ill-bred dogs, that were serenading at a corner of the street, seeing the Notary dash by, joined in the hue and cry, and ran barking and yelping at his heels. It was now late at night, and only here and there a solitary lamp twinkled from an upper story. But on went the Notary, down this street and up that, till at last he reached his own door. There was a light in his wife's bed-chamber. The good woman came to the window, alarmed at such a knocking, and howling, and clattering at her door so late at night; and the Notary was too deeply absorbed in his own sorrows to observe that the lamp cast the shadow of two heads on the window curtain.

“Let me in! let me in! Quick! quick!” he exclaimed, almost breathless from terror and fatigue.

“Who are you, that come to disturb a lone woman at this hour of the night?” cried a sharp voice from above. “Begone about your business, and let quiet people sleep!”

“Oh, sacré!—come down! come down and let me in! I am your husband. Don't you know my voice? Quick, I beseech you; for I am dying here in the street!”

After a few moments of delay and a few more words of parley, the door was opened, and the Notary stalked into his domicil, pale and haggard in aspect, and as stiff and straight as a ghost. Cased from head to heel in an armor of ice, as the glare of the lamp fell upon him, he looked like a knight-errant mailed in steel. But in one place his armor was broken. On his right side was a circular spot, as large as the crown of your hat, and about as black!

“My dear wife!” he exclaimed, with more tenderness than he had exhibited for many years; “Reach me a chair. My hours are numbered. I am a dead man!”

Alarmed at these exclamations, his wife stripped off his over-coat. Something fell from beneath it, and was dashed to pieces on the hearth. It was the Notary’s pipe! He placed his hand upon his side, and lo! it was bare to the skin!—Coat, waistcoat and linen were burnt through and through, and there was a blister on his side as large over as your head!

The mystery was soon explained, symptom and all. The Notary had put his pipe into his pocket without knocking out the ashes! And so ends my story.

THE VISION OF LIBERTY.

By Henry Ware, Jr.

The evening heavens were calm and bright ;
No dimness rested on the glittering light,
That sparkled from that wilderness of worlds on high.
Those distant suns burned on with quiet ray ;
The placid planets held their modest way ;
And silence reigned profound o'er earth, and sea, and sky.

Oh what an hour for lofty thought !
My spirit burned within ; I caught
A holy inspiration from the hour.
Around me man and nature slept ;
Alone my solemn watch I kept,
Till morning dawned, and sleep resumed her power.

A vision passed upon my soul.
I still was gazing up to heaven,
As in the early hours of even ;
I still beheld the planets roll,
And all those countless sons of light
Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the moonless night.

When, lo, upon the plain,
Just where it skirts the swelling main,
A massive castle, far and high,
In towering grandeur broke upon my eye.
Proud in its strength and years, the ponderous pile
Flung up its time-defying towers ;
Its lofty gates seemed scornfully to smile
At vain assault of human powers,
And threats and arms deride.
Its gorgeous carvings of heraldic pride
In giant masses graced the walls above,
And dungeons yawned below.
Yet ivy there and moss their garlands wove,
Grave, silent chroniclers of time's protracted flow.

Bursting on my steadfast gaze,
 See, within, a sudden blaze!
 So small at first, the zephyr's slightest swell,
 That scarcely stirs the pine-tree top,
 Nor makes the withered leaf to drop,
 The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell.

But soon it spread—
 Waving, rushing, fierce and red,
 From wall to wall, from tower to tower,
 Raging with resistless power;
 Till every fervent pillar glowed,
 And every stone seemed burning coal,
 Instinct with living heat, that flowed
 Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole.

Beautiful, fearful, grand,
 Silent as death, I saw the fabric stand.
 At length a crackling sound began;
 From side to side, throughout the pile it ran;
 And louder yet, and louder grew,
 Till now in rattling thunder-peals it grew;
 Huge shivered fragments from the pillars broke,
 Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke.
 The shattered walls were rent and riven,
 And peacemeal driven,
 Like blazing comets through the troubled sky.
 'Tis done; what centuries had reared,
 In quick explosion disappeared—
 Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye.

But in their place,—
 Bright with more than human grace,
 Robed in more than mortal seeming,
 Radiant glory in her face,
 And eyes with heaven's own brightness beaming,
 Rose a fair majestic form,
 As the mild rainbow from the storm.

I marked her smile—I knew her eye ;
And when, with gesture of command,
She waved aloft the cap-crowned wand,
My slumbers fled mid shouts of " Liberty ! "

Read ye the dream ? and know ye not
How truly it unlocked the word of fate ?
Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,
And spreads it not, and burns in every state ?
And when their old and cumbrous walls,
Filled with this spirit, glow intense,
Vainly they rear their impotent defence—
The fabric falls !
That fervent energy must spread,
Till despotism's towers be overthrown ;
And in their stead,
Liberty stands alone !

Hasten the day, just Heaven !
Accomplish thy design ;
And let the blessings thou hast freely given,
Freely on all men shine ;
Till equal rights be equally enjoyed,
And human power for human good employed ;
Till law, not man, the sovereign rule sustain,
And peace and virtue undisputed reign.

CHARACTER OF LAFAYETTE.

By N. L. Frothingham.

“WHILST he lived, he was not moved with the presence of any prince, neither could any bring him into subjection.” What a train of the crowned and the discrowned, now for the most part but shades of kings, passes before us at the repetition of these words. They brought their importunities to him, or they laid their orders upon him; but they found him just as he has now been described. What was royalty, in its threats or persuasions, to the royal law in his own breast? A German sovereign once, and a deposed monarch driven from two thrones long afterwards, were taught by him that the vengeance of the one and the intercessions of the other were alike vain, when they would urge him to crouch to a galling necessity, or dissemble his cherished sentiments, or compromise his pure fame. In his own city, five princes reigned, from the time when he first entered into its busy affairs, to the day when he closed his eyes upon it forever. We have only to look at his intercourse with them, to perceive that there was something in him above their regal state.

The first, and most unhappy, both leaned upon him and feared him; and might have been rescued by him a second time, if it had not been thought too much to be indebted to him a second time for deliverance. The next was that wonderful chief, who almost dazzled the world blind with the blaze of his conquests. But there was one, who kept fixed upon him a searching and sorrowful look, as unshrinking as his own, and, as the event proved, more than equal to his own. He had retired quietly to his country home. He refused even an interview with the “emperor and king,” in his palace hall, since he had assumed to be a despot over his brethren. Palaces! He had seen all

their hollowness and false lustre. He was entitled to them as his resort from his early youth, and he had witnessed more wretchedness than he had ever beheld elsewhere in their envied inmates. The places that had been the objects of his boyish delight, he knew as dwellings of bitter cares and sorrows, before they were burst open by violence and spotted with blood. And is it strange, if he should have lost something of his reverence for courts? But let me add, that, when the conqueror was subdued,—when the city, that had well nigh been made the capital of the earth, was traversed and encamped in by insolent foes,—he endeavored earnestly to befriend the fallen majesty, whose domination he had resisted. He had no hostility against the imperial fugitive, now that his ambition had overleaped itself, and was no longer a terror. His indignation was turned to the opposite side; and when the English ambassador offered peace on the condition of delivering him up to the invaders, he replied, “I am surprised, my lord, that in making so odious a proposition to the French nation, you should have addressed yourself to one of the prisoners of Olmutz.”

The third figure that rises, is that of an unwieldy pretension to royalty, set up by foreign hands, and speaking what he was told to speak, and almost as helpless while he reigned, as the phantom he seems to us now. His infatuated successor is an exile, one hardly remembers where, from an authority that he neither knew how to limit nor maintain. What could he, of whom we are now thinking, have to do with pageants like these,—except to warn them that they must pass away?

Another interval of murderous contention, and another king is in the seat that had been so rapidly and ominously left empty. Him he met as an adviser, and not as an inferior, as a patron rather than as a dependant. But his deed and intention returned to him void, and his expectations were once more baffled.

Let it be so. He has at length gone where there is no more disappointment, and where his faithful works will faithfully follow him. We will not wish that he had remained for further trials. We cannot bear to think of his furnishing opportunities for cavil, to those who do not revere and cannot understand him, by any falterings that might possibly have crept along with his old age,—by any clouding of his clear judgment, any declension of his well-used strength. Let him pass upward in peace to the King of kings and the Lord of lords, by the signs of whose “presence” he was always “moved,” and to whose holy Providence he brought himself cheerfully “into subjection.”

No; we will not desire him back. He has done enough; endured enough; enjoyed enough. It is time he was translated. But we will write up his name as on a banner. We will plead that his memory may be sacredly appreciated and never forgotten. His example should shine out, as a lesson, in these days of political profligacy and greedy gain—when Elias has been carried up in his chariot of glories, and they who never felt his spirit, and even scoffed at his immortal services, presume to connect themselves with his fame.

The bones of the disciple-prophet were said to awaken the dead. “He did wonders in his life, and at his death were his works marvellous.” The miracle is done over again yet, and more nobly done. The name and character and deeds of the just are often a living and divine touch, after “their bodies are buried in peace.” May it be so with him! May the memory of that Eliseus, whom I have endeavored to bring to your hearts to-day, stir up a community, that is already turning into corruption, to a fresh and purer life!

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

By Isaac McLeilan, Jr.

I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history. The world know it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will remain forever.

Webster's Speech.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD! New England's dead!

On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife, made red
By bloody victory.
Each valley, where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
And on the southern plain,—
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought—
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviours of the land!
Oh, few and weak their numbers were—
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half-garnered, on the plain,
And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress,
To right those wrongs, come weal, come wo,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?

And where are ye to-day?

I call:—the hills reply again,

That ye have passed away;

That on old Bunker's lonely height,

In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,

The grass grows green, the harvest bright,

Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast

Shall muster them no more;

An army now might thunder past,

And they heed not its roar:—

The starry flag, 'neath which they fought,

In many a bloody day,

From their old graves shall rouse them not,

For they have passed away.

THE INDOLENT FAIRY.

By Mrs. Child.

ONCE there was a little fairy remarkable for her impatience and indolence. They are generally a busy little race ; but as there are drones in a beehive, so there have been, as it is said, lazy fairies. I will call her Papillon ; because she dearly loved to be dressed in gaudy colors, to sleep in the rich chambers of the fox-glove, and flutter over the fragrant mignonette. In truth, she was a luxurious little fairy as ever the sun shone upon ; and so much did she love her ease, that she would not even gather a dew-drop to bathe her face, or seek a fresh petal of the rose for a napkin.

The queen of the fairies observed the faults of Papillon, and resolved to correct them. She summoned her one day, and ordered her to go to a cavern in Ceylon, and there remain until she had fashioned a purer and more brilliant diamond than had ever rested on the brow of mortal or fairy. Papillon bowed in silence, and withdrew ; but when she was out of the presence of the queen, she burst into a passionate flood of tears. "Months and months, and years and years, I shall have to watch that diamond," said she ; "and every day I must turn it over with my wand, that the crystals may all form even. Oh, it is an endless labor to make a diamond ! Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! I am a most wretched fairy."

Thus she sat, and sobbed, and murmured, for many minutes ; then she jumped up, and stamped her foot on the ground so furiously, that the little blue-eyed grass trembled. "I won't endure it," she said ; "I won't live under the authority of such a tyrant any longer. I will

go and live among the fairies of the air. I am sure they will glory in my beauty, and willingly be slaves to my pleasure. As for making a diamond, it is an impossible thing for such a little fairy as I am." As she looked up, she caught a glance of her image reflected in a brook; and she saw that the splendid green of her wings was changed, and that the silver spots were all dim; for if the fairies indulge any evil passions, their wings always droop, and their beauty fades. At this sight, Papillon again wept aloud with vexation and shame. "I suppose the tyrant thinks I will not go away in this plight," said she; "but I will go out of spite; just to let her see I do n't care for her." As she spoke, the silver spots disappeared entirely, and her wings became a deeper and dirtier brown. She waved her wand impatiently, and called—

"Humming bird! humming bird, come nigh, come nigh,
And carry me off to the far blue sky!"

In an instant the bird was at her feet; and she sprang upon his back, and they flew away to the golden clouds of the West, where the queen of the air-fairies held her court. At her approach the queen and all her train vanished; for they saw by her garments that wicked feelings had been busy at her heart, and that she was in disgrace at home.

Everything around her was beautiful. The clouds hung like a transparent tissue of opal, and the floor was paved with fragments of the rainbow, thousands of gorgeous birds fluttered in the sunlight, and a multitude of voices filled the air with sweet sounds. Papillon, fatigued with the journey, and lulled by the music, fell into a gentle slumber; and as she slept, she dreamed that a tiny bird, smaller even than the humming bird, was building its nest beside her. Straw after straw, and shred

after shred, the patient little creature brought and fitted into its place; and then away she flew, far over the hills and fields, to bring a fresh supply. "She is a foolish little thing," muttered Papillon. "How much labor she takes upon herself; and she never will get it done, after all." But the bird worked away diligently, and never stopped to think how long it would take her; and very soon she finished a warm, soft nest, fit for a fairy to sleep in.

Papillon peeped into it, and exclaimed, "Oh, what a pretty thing!" Immediately she heard the tinkling of a guitar, and a clear voice singing—

"Little by little the bird builds her nest."

She started up, and the queen of the air-fairies stood before her, in a robe of azure gossamer, embroidered with the feathers of the butterfly. "Foolish fairy," she said, "return to your own queen. We allow no idlers about our court. Time and patience can accomplish all things. Go, make your diamond, and you shall then be welcome here."

Papillon was about to remonstrate, by urging how very, very long it took to make a diamond; but the queen flew away, touching her guitar, and singing—

"Little by little the bird builds her nest."

Papillon leaned her head upon her wand for a few minutes. She began to be ashamed of being an indolent fairy; and she felt half disposed to set about her appointed task cheerfully. She called the humming bird, and returned to earth. She alighted on the banks of "Bonnie Doon," close by the verdant little mound where her offended queen resided. Near her the bees were at work in a crystal hive. Weary and sad at heart, she watched them as they dipped into the flowers to gather their little

load of pollen. "I wish I was as industrious," thought she; "but as for the diamond, it is in vain to think of it. I should never get it done."

Then a delightful strain came from within the mound, and she heard a whole chorus of voices singing—

"Grain by grain the bee builds her cell."

Papillon could have wept when she heard these familiar voices; for she longed to be at home, dancing on the green sward with her sister fairies. "I will make the diamond," murmured she; "I shall get it done some time or other; and I can fly home every night, to join in the dance, and sleep among the flowers." Then a strain of joyful music rose on the air; and she heard—

"Welcome, sister, welcome home!
Soon the appointed task is done."

Alas! bad habits are not easily cured. Papillon again began to think how hard she should have to work, and how many times she must turn the crystals, and how far she must fly to join her companions in the dance. "I never can do it," said she; "I will go to the queen of the ocean-fairies and see if her service is not easier."

Mournful notes came from within the mound, as Papillon turned toward the sea shore; but she kept on her course; and when she came to the beach, she waved her wand thrice, saying—

"Argonaut! Argonaut! come to me,
And carry me through the cold green sea!"

A delicate pearly boat floated along the ocean, and a moment after, a wave landed it at her feet. And down,

down they went; the dolphin guarded them, and the sharks and the sea-serpents feared to cross the fairy's path.

The argonaut rested in a coral grove among the lone islands of the Pacific. Magnificent was the palace of the ocean queen! Coral pillars were twisted in a thousand beautiful forms; pearls hung in deep festoons among the arches; the fan-coral and the sea-moss were formed into cool, deep bowers; and the hard, sandy floor was tessellated with many-colored shells.

But as it had been in the air, so it was in the ocean; the palace was deserted at the approach of the stranger.

"Oh, how beautiful is all this!" exclaimed Papillon. "How much more beautiful than our queen's flowery arbor. The giants must have made these pillars!"

As she spoke, her eyes were nearly blinded by a swarm of almost invisible insects; and she saw them rest on a half finished coral pillar at a little distance. While she looked and wondered, there was a sound as of many Tritons blowing their horns, and she heard the chorus—

"Mite by mite the insect builds her coral bower!"

The sound came nearer and nearer; and a hundred fairies floating on beautiful shells drew near. At their head was the queen, clothed in a full robe of wave-colored silk, just taken from the loom of her blind manufacturer. It was as thin as the spider's web, and the border was gracefully wrought with the tiniest pearls. "Foolish Papillon, return to your duty," said she. "We allow no idlers about our court. Look at the pillars of my palace! They were made by creatures smaller than yourself; labor and patience did it all!"

She waved her wand, and the hundred shells floated away; and ever and anon they sung in full chorus—

“Mite by mite the insect builds her coral bower!”

“Well,” said Papillon, sighing, “all are busy—on the earth, in the air, in the water. I will make my diamond; and it shall be so brilliant that our queen will be proud to wear it in her hair.”

Papillon sought the deep caverns of Ceylon. Day by day she worked as busy as the coral insect. She grew very cheerful and happy; her green wings resumed their lustre, and the silver spots became so bright that they seemed like sparks of fire. Never had she been half so beautiful; never half so much beloved. After several years had passed away, Papillon, proud of her treasure, knelt at the feet of her queen, and offered her diamond. It was splendid beyond anything earth had ever produced. It is still among the regalia of the fairies; and to this day they distinguish it by the name of Papillon’s diamond.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

By Mrs. Hale.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam ;
And thou must go ; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray :
Like the meteor's flash, 't will deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire :
'T will burn, 't will burn, forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam ;
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home ;—

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright ;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 't will gild the name ;
But the heart ne'er felt its ray ;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come !
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF GOD.

By Miss E. Townend.

“ I go forward, but he is not there ; backward, but I cannot perceive him.”

Where art thou?—*Thou!* Source and support of all
That is or seen or felt; Thyself unseen,
Unfelt, unknown—alas! unknowable!
I look abroad among thy works—the sky,
Vast, distant, glorious, with its world of suns—
Life-giving earth—and ever-moving main—
And speaking winds—and ask if these are Thee!
The stars that twinkle on, the eternal hills,
The restless tide's outgoing and return,
The omnipresent and deep-breathing air,
Though bailed as gods of old, and only less,
Are not the Power I seek; are Thine, not Thee!
I ask Thee from the past, if in the years
Since first intelligence could search its source,
Or in some former unremembered being,
(If such perchance were mine,) did they behold Thee?
And next interrogate futurity—
So fondly tenanted with better things
Than e'er experience owned—but both are mute;
And past and future, vocal on all else,
So full of memories and phantasies,
Are deaf and speechless here! Fatigued, I turn
From all vain parley with the elements,
And close mine eyes, and bid the thought turn inward,
From each material thing its anxious guest,
If, in the stillness of the waiting soul,
He may vouchsafe himself spirit to spirit!
Oh Thou, at once most dreaded and desired,
Pavilioned still in darkness, wilt Thou hide Thee?
What though the rash request be fraught with fate,
Nor human eye may look on Thine and live?

Welcome the penalty ! let that come now,
Which soon or late must come. For light like this
Who would not dare to die ?

Peace, my proud aim,
And hush the wish that knows not what it asks.
Await his will, who hath appointed this,
With every other trial. Be that will
Done now, as ever. For thy curious search,
And unprepared solicitude to gaze
On Him—the Unrevealed—learn hence, instead,
To temper highest hope with humbleness.
Pass thy novitiate in these outer courts,
Till rent the veil, no longer separating
The holiest of all—as erst, disclosing
A brighter dispensation ; whose results
Ineffable, interminable, tend
E'en to the perfecting thyself—thy kind—
Till meet for that sublime beatitude,
By the firm promise of a voice from heaven
Pledged to the pure in heart !

MOUNT AUBURN.

By Nehemiah Adams.

THERE is a spot within a few miles of Boston, which is destined to be distinguished as a burying place. "Sweet Auburn" was familiarly known as a place of favorite resort; its shady and intricate retreats, affording opportunity for social or solitary rambles, and its botanic richness a field for pastime and study. The place has been purchased by an Association, and consecrated as a cemetery, with the name of *Mount Auburn*. Its distant appearance was formerly better than at present, many of the trees now being removed. It looked like a large mound rather than a hill, its central elevation being surrounded by deep glens and valleys, whose tree tops preserved a regular ascent, and reduced the otherwise prominent height of the centre to the slope of a large dome. It always seemed as though it were destined to some important and solemn use. From the bridge across Charles river in Cambridge, at sunset, when the horizontal light rayed into it, and the glowing western sky showed in relief the quick motion of the leaves in the fresh evening air, it has appeared like a solemn and mournful place, enlivened against its will by the voices and joy of a multitude, and showing, as it assumed its natural shades, that it was of a melancholy and sorrowing spirit. Now, its dense woods are thinned, and from the common road to the place, and within a fraction of a mile where the last house on the left leaves the view unbroken, you see a large white object with a black centre peering out from the side of a hill, the nature and object of which a stranger is not at a loss to know as the Egyptian Portal

of the grounds, appearing before him with its inscription, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

There have been a large number of avenues and paths laid through the place. The paths wind through romantic recesses. It was with a peculiar sensation that we walked through the place when the avenues were first made. It was like viewing a great but mournful conquest. Man had invaded a hitherto sacred and safe retreat, and the axe and plough-share had let in the common sun. The turf had just been removed from the ways, exposing a glebe made rich by the decay of a thousand autumns. The robins were rejoicing over a strange supply of food. The sound of the workman's implements from different parts of the place showed that "Sweet Auburn" was no longer a safe retreat, and the sudden appearance of a trench, with blocks of granite near, and other preparations for a tomb, made known the change that had taken place in the character of this beautiful retirement.

The avenues and paths are designated by the names of different trees, shrubs and vines. There is, among others, the Sweetbriar path, the Hawthorn path, the Beech avenue, the Sumac path, the Ivy, Catalpa, Hazel and Woodbine paths, and the Larch avenue. These names add greatly to the interest of the place, and being all of a woodland or rural kind, and meeting you suddenly, occasion not only an agreeable surprise, but a softened and continually changing pleasure, corresponding to your associations with the name of the tree, shrub or vine. Walking through one of the broad avenues soon after the opening of the grounds, we entered the "Hemlock path." This name being found so often in connection with "Night-shade," prepares the mind to see a correspondence with the latter in the path itself, which is immediately realized. Some of the trees have lately been

removed, but once it was the most solemn and impressive spot in the enclosure. It was like the valley of the shadow of death. Tall firs stood close together on either side, like the shades of the kings who crowded around the king of Babylon, as he entered Hades, saying, "Art thou become like unto us?" The thick branches let in a fretted light, and pale by its reflection from the sickly green of the undergrowth. A constant murmur in the tops, like the noise of the sea-shore, adds greatly to the impression of the place. It is a spot in which a visiter will either pause to meditate, or hasten through with all possible speed.

In one part of the ground, a large pool of water has been made an ornament to the place, by taking away its feculent matter, and laying around its margin a border of turf. The natural shape of the pool has been preserved, and its green, bended margin is a pleasant sight. Here we have seen in a clear morning the most distinct reflections of trees and sky that we have ever beheld, the depth of the valley shutting out the wind, and the shaded light falling on the surface in just the degree to make it a perfect mirror. There are several smaller pools, over which foot bridges have been thrown. Here the ground is in a state of cultivation, and displays much taste and skill.

The surface of Mount Auburn is so broken, that it is difficult to find a level from which to estimate the height of the summit. It is calculated, however, to be about fifty feet, measuring from the nearest level of any considerable extent. It has been proposed to build an observatory upon the elevation, and we doubt not that subscriptions for this purpose could be easily obtained. The prospect from the summit, except in the fall or spring, is obscured by the foliage; but from an observatory, there would be an uninterrupted and noble view of the surrounding country.

Towards the north, there is an extensive woodland enclosing a large and well known pond ; and further still, in the midst of the woodland scenery, are some of the dwellings and the spire of West Cambridge. Turning to the north and east, there is the university, and Cambridge village, and nearly to the eastward, a part of the city is seen through the trees. The sound from its streets, and the noise of wheels over its bridges, is distinctly heard in a still day, and forms a contrast to the suppressed and whispering sound of the trees around the summit. There, all is life and activity, and voices loud in business or joy ; and here is the repose of the dead, who "have no more a portion in all that is done under the sun ; also their love and their hatred, and their envy is now perished."

The number of tombs is rapidly increasing in the cemetery, not only from the constant multiplication of the dead, but from the anticipations of many who build desolate places for themselves. Many of the tombs are surmounted with handsome marble or granite, bearing the family name, and in some instances the names of the few that have been laid there to rest. Affection has here and there enclosed the spot with flowering shrubs, and has otherwise marked the place by the careful preparations with which the love that survives the tomb is oftentimes expressed. We doubt not, that to many there is a spot in these grounds, which next to the fireside, is more endeared than any spot on earth ; and whither, in the intervals of business, and in the watches of the night, the thoughts involuntarily wander. If it is possible by natural means to lose the dreadful associations of dissolution in the grave, a burial in some one of the lovely places of Mount Auburn seems sure to assist it. All that meets the eye there above and around the grave, is pure and beautiful. Either the Spring is playing there, like an unconscious child ; or Summer is spreading out her thousand diver-

tisements of grief; or Autumn, by a general decay, gives the heart an impression of universal sympathy; or Winter, that seems to disinfect the grave, relieves the thoughts for a season from their unpleasant associations, and gives a feeling of security by the protection of its mighty cold and frost. As we must return to dust, it is not unpleasant to some to feel that they can mingle with one of the loveliest places of earth, and be surrounded in death by the manifold proofs of the wisdom and love of an omnipresent God. "For," as was said by the woman of Tekoa to David, "though we must needs die, and are as water spilt upon the ground which cannot be gathered up again, neither doth God regard any person, yet" in such a burial place as this, full of his presence, "doth he devise means that his banished be not expelled from him;" and if Hagar could say in a desert, "Thou God seest me," a place like this is fitted to make us feel that death does not separate the body from the care of God. Here his common providence, displayed in the works of his hands, is manifest wherever you turn; and the products of his wisdom and skill, springing forth profusely from the grave of saint and sinner, illustrate an important principle of his administration. Is there in the enclosure the grave of one who lived and died without God? There the flowers unfold as rich perfumes and hues, the birds are as cheerful and thrilling in their songs, the winds are as mild, the grass as unstained, and the sun looks through the trees as gladly as at the grave of one who died in hope. Thus He maketh his sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sendeth his rain upon the just and unjust.

TRUTH.

By H. W. Longfellow.

Oh holy and eternal Truth! Thou art
An emanation of the Eternal Mind!
A glorious attribute—a noble part
Of uncreated being! Who can find,
By diligent searching—who can find out thee,
The Incomprehensible—the Deity!

The human mind is a reflection caught
From thee, a trembling shadow of thy ray.
Thy glory beams around us, but the thought
That heavenward wings its daring flight away,
Returns to where its flight was first begun,
Blinded and dark beneath the noon-day sun.

The soul of man, though sighing after thee,
Hath never known thee, saving as it knows
The stars of heaven, whose glorious light we see,
The sun, whose radiance dazzles as it glows;
Something, that is beyond us, and above
The reach of human power, though not of human love.

Vainly Philosophy may strive to teach
The secret of thy being. Its faint ray
Misguides our steps. Beyond the utmost reach
Of its untiring wing, the eternal day
Of truth is shining on the longing eye,
Distant—unchanged—changeless—pure and high!

And yet thou hast not left thyself without
A revelation. All we feel and see
Within us and around, forbids to doubt,
Yet speaks so darkly and mysteriously
Of what we are and shall be evermore,
We doubt, and yet believe, and tremble and adore!

RESPONSIBILITY OF AMERICANS.

By E. S. Gannett.

THE christian world is passing through a momentous crisis. A struggle has begun, such as the kingdoms of Europe have never before known. The elements of revolution no longer slumber in any one of them. Ever and anon they break forth in tumult and bloodshed. Smothered, they are not idle; pent up in the confinement which sovereigns impose on them, they are but accumulating strength for new eruptions. Two parties exist throughout all the states of Europe, with the exception perhaps of imperial Russia,—the popular party, and the party that support old institutions, either because they know that if these fall they shall be buried in the ruins, or because habit has so accustomed them to subjection, that they feel no wish to part with their chains. The cause of freedom, of human rights, and the world's improvement, depends on the fidelity of the popular party to the principles which they have undertaken to sustain. A fearful contest must ensue, with reciprocal defeat, and mutual obstinacy. If the popular party should prevail, it can only be after long and desperate efforts, under which they will need every encouragement. With this party our sympathies are inseparably linked. From our example came the first ray that penetrated the darkness, from which they have awoke. Under its steady influence, they hope to press on to the accomplishment of their wishes. If its aspect should be changed, their disappointment would be severe, it might be fatal. The eyes of Europe are upon us, the monarch from his throne watches us with an angry countenance, the peasant turns his gaze on us with joyful faith; the writers on politics quote our condition as a proof of the possibility of popular government, the heroes of freedom animate their followers by reminding them of

our success. At no moment of the last half century has it been so important, that we should send up a clear and strong light, that may be seen across the Atlantic. An awful charge of unfaithfulness to the interests of mankind will be recorded against us, if we suffer this light to be obscured by the mingling vapors of passion, and misrule, and sin.

But not Europe alone will be influenced by the character we give to our destiny. The republics of the south have no other guide towards the establishment of order and freedom than our example. If this should fail them, the last stay would be torn from their hope. We are placed under a most solemn obligation to keep before them this motive to perseverance in their endeavors to place free institutions on a sure basis. Shall we leave those wide regions to despair and anarchy? Better that they had patiently borne a foreign yoke, though it bowed their necks to the ground.

Citizens of the United States, it has been said of us with truth, that we are at the head of the popular party of the world. Shall we be ashamed of so glorious a rank? or shall we basely desert our place, and throw away our distinction? Forbid it, self-respect, patriotism, philanthropy. Christians, we believe that God has made us a name and a praise among the nations. We believe that our religion yields its best fruits in a free land. Shall we be regardless of our duty as creatures of the divine power, and recipients of his goodness? Shall we be indifferent to the effects which our religion may work in the world? Forbid it, our gratitude, our faith, our piety.

In one way only can we discharge our duty to the rest of mankind; by the purity and elevation of character that shall distinguish us as a people. If we sink into luxury, vice or moral apathy, our brightness will be lost, our prosperity deprived of its vital element, and we shall appear disgraced before man, guilty before God.

IMMORTALITY.

By Charles Sprague.

AND is it fancy all? can reason say
Earth's loves must moulder with earth's mouldering clay?
That death can chill the father's sacred glow,
And hush the throb that none but mothers know?
Must we believe those tones of dear delight,
The morning welcome and the sweet good night,
The kind monition and the well-earned praise,
That won and warmed us in our earlier days,
Turned, as they fell, to cold and common air?—
Speak, proud philosophy, the truth declare.

Yet no, the fond delusion, if no more,
We would not yield for wisdom's cheerless lore;
A tender creed they hold, who dare believe
The dead return, with them to joy or grieve.
How sweet, while lingering slow on shore or hill,
When all the pleasant sounds of earth are still,
When the round moon rolls through the unpillared skies,
And stars look down as they were angels' eyes,
How sweet to deem our lost, adored ones nigh,
And hear their voices in the night-wind's sigh.
Full many an idle dream that hope had broke,
And the awed heart to holy goodness woke;
Full many a felon's guilt in thought had died,
Feared he his father's spirit by his side;—
Then let that fear, that hope control the mind,
Still let us question, still no answer find;
Let Curiosity of Heaven inquire,
Nor earth's cold dogmas quench the ethereal fire.

THE WEST.

By Lyman Beecher.

No opinion is more false and fatal than that mediocrity of talent and learning will suffice for the West; that if a minister is a good sort of a man, but somehow does not seem to be popular, and find employment, he had better go to the West. No; let him stay at home; and if among the urgent demands for ministerial labor here, he cannot find employment, let him conclude that he has mistaken his profession.

But let him not go to the West. The men who, *somehow*, do not succeed at the East, are the very men who will succeed still less at the West. If there be in the new settlements at the West a lack of schools and educated mind, there is no lack of shrewd and vigorous mind; and if they are not deep read in Latin and Greek, they are well read in men and things. On their vast rivers, they go everywhere, and see every body, and know everything, and judge with the tact of perspicacious common sense. They are disciplined to resolution and mental vigor by toils, and perils, and enterprises; and often they are called to attend as umpires to the earnest discussions of their most able and eloquent men, which cannot fail to throw prosing dullness in the ministry to a hopeless distance. Nowhere, if a minister is deficient, will he be more sure to be "weighed in the balance and found wanting." On the contrary, there is not a place on earth where piety, and talent, and learning, and argument, and popular eloquence are more highly appreciated, or rewarded with a more frank and enthusiastic admiration. There are chords in the heart of the West which vibrate

to the touch of genius, and to the power of argumentative eloquence, with a sensibility and enthusiasm nowhere surpassed. A hundred ministers of cultivated mind and popular eloquence, might find settlement in a hundred places, and without the aid of missions, and only to increase the demand for a hundred more.

Most unquestionably the West demands the instrumentality of the first order of minds in the ministry, and thoroughly furnished minds, to command attention, enlighten the understanding, form the conscience, and gain the heart, and bring into religious organization and order the uncommitted mind and families of the great world; and many a man who might guide respectfully a well-organized congregation here of homogenous character, and moving onward under the impetus of long continued habits, might fail utterly to call around him the population of a new country.

Of course, the institutions which are to lead in this great work of rearing the future ministry of the West, should be second to none in their endowments and adaptation to this end. For it is such a work in magnitude as human instrumentality was never before concentrated upon. All other nations have gone up slowly from semi-barbarism to a civilized manhood, while our nation was commenced with the best materials of a nation, at that time the most favored nation in the world, and yet was delayed in its growth, through two centuries, by policy, and power, and war, and taxation, and want of capital. It is less than fifty years since our resources have begun to be developed in great power, and we have entered upon the career of internal improvement and national greatness; and at the East, until recently, these movements were slow, as capital gradually increased, and agriculture, and commerce, and art led the way. But the West is filling up as by ocean waves; and such is her prospective

greatness, that the capital of the East and of Europe hold competition for her acceptance and use, so that in a day, she is rising up to the high eminence that all other nations have approached progressively through the revolution of centuries.

But what will become of the West, if her prosperity rushes up to such a majesty of power, while those great institutions linger which are necessary to form the mind, and the conscience, and the heart of that vast world. It must not be permitted. And yet what is done must be done quickly; for population will not wait, and commerce will not cast anchor, and manufactures will not shut off the steam nor shut down the gate, and agriculture, pushed by millions of freemen on their fertile soil, will not withhold her corrupting abundance.

We must educate! We must educate! or we must perish by our own prosperity. If we do not, short from the cradle to the grave will be our race. If in our haste to be rich and mighty, we outrun our literary and religious institutions, they will never overtake us; or only come up after the battle of liberty is fought and lost, as spoils to grace the victory, and as resources of inexorable despotism for the perpetuity of our bondage. And let no man at the East quiet himself, and dream of liberty, whatever may become of the West. Our alliance of blood, and political institutions, and common interests, is such, that we cannot stand aloof in the hour of her calamity, should it ever come. Her destiny is our destiny; and the day that her gallant ship goes down, our little boat sinks in the vortex!

THE SHOWER.

By James W. Miller.

THE pleasant rain!—the pleasant rain!
By fits it plashing falls
On twangling leaf and dimpling pool,—
How sweet its warning calls!
They know it—all the bosomy vales,
High slopes, and verdant meads;
The queenly elms and princely oaks,
Bow down their grateful heads.

The withering grass, and fading flowers,
And drooping shrubs look gay;
The bubbly brook, with gladlier song,
Hies on its endless way;
All things of earth—the grateful things!
Put on their robes of cheer,
They hear the sound of the warning burst,
And know the rain is near.

It comes! it comes! the pleasant rain!
I drink its cooler breath,
It is rich with sighs of fainting flowers
And roses' fragrant death;
It hath kissed the tomb of the lily pale,
The beds where violets die,
And it bears their life on its living wings—
I feel it wandering by.

And, yet it comes! the lightning's flash
Hath torn the lowering cloud,
With a distant roar, and a nearer crash,
Out bursts the thunder loud.

It comes, with the rush of a god's descent,
On the hushed and trembling earth,
To visit the shrines of the hallowed groves
Where a poet's soul had birth.

With a rush, as of a thousand steeds,
Is the mighty god's descent ;
Beneath the weight of his passing tread
The conscious groves are bent.
His heavy tread—it is lighter now—
And yet it passeth on ;
And now it is up, with a sudden lift,—
The pleasant rain hath gone.

The pleasant rain!--the pleasant rain!
It hath passed above the earth,
I see the smile of the opening cloud,
Like the parted lips of mirth.
The golden joy is spreading wide,
Along the blushing west,
And the happy earth gives back her smiles,
Like the glow of a grateful breast.

As a blessing sinks in a grateful heart,
That knoweth all its need,
So came the good of the pleasant rain,
O'er hill and verdant mead.
It shall breathe this truth on the human ear,
In hall and cotter's home,
That to bring the gift of a bounteous heaven
The pleasant rain hath come.

GENIUS.

By Orville Dewey.

THE favorite idea of a genius among us, is of one who never studies, or who studies, nobody can tell when—at midnight, or at odd times and intervals—and now and then strikes out, *at a heat*, as the phrase is, some wonderful production. This is a character that has figured largely in the history of our literature, in the person of our Fieldings, our Savages, and our Steeles—“loose fellows about town,” or loungers in the country, who slept in ale-houses and wrote in bar-rooms, who took up the pen as a magician’s wand to supply their wants, and when the pressure of necessity was relieved, resorted again to their carousals. Your real genius is an idle, irregular, vagabond sort of personage, who muses in the fields or dreams by the fire-side ; whose strong impulses—that is the cant of it—must needs hurry him into wild irregularities or foolish eccentricity ; who abhors order, and can bear no restraint, and eschews all labor ; such an one, for instance, as Newton or Milton ! What ! they must have been irregular, else they were no geniuses.

“The young man,” it is often said, “has genius enough, if he would only study.” Now the truth is, as I shall take the liberty to state it, that genius will study, it is that in the mind which does study ; that is the very nature of it. I care not to say that it will always use books. All study is not reading, any more than all reading is study. By study I mean—but let one of the noblest geniuses and hardest students of any age define it for me : “*Studium*,” says Cicero, “*est animi assidua et vehemens ad aliquam rem applicata magnâ cum voluntate occupatio*,

ut philosophiæ, poeticiæ, geometriæ, literarum." Such study, such intense mental action, and nothing else, is genius. And so far as there is any native predisposition about this enviable character of mind, it is a predisposition to that action. That is the only test of the original bias; and he who does not come to that point, though he may have shrewdness, and readiness, and parts, never had a genius. No need to waste regrets upon him, as that he never could be induced to give his attention or study to anything; he never had that which he is supposed to have lost. For attention it is, though other qualities belong to this transcendent power,—attention it is, that is the very soul of genius; not the fixed eye, not the poring over a book, but the fixed thought. It is, in fact, an action of the mind which is steadily concentrated upon one idea or one series of ideas,—which collects in one point the rays of the soul till they search, penetrate, and fire the whole train of its thoughts. And while the fire burns within, the outward man may indeed be cold, indifferent, negligent,—absent in appearance; he may be an idler, or a wanderer, apparently without aim or intent: but still the fire burns within. And what though "it burst forth" at length, as has been said, "like volcanic fires with spontaneous, original, native force?" It only shows the intenser action of the elements beneath. What though it breaks like lightning from the cloud? The electric fire had been collecting in the firmament through many a silent, calm, and clear day. What though the might of genius appears in one decisive blow, struck in some moment of high debate, or at the crisis of a nation's peril? That mighty energy, though it may have heaved in the breast of a Demosthenes, was once a feeble infant's thought. A mother's eye watched over its dawning. A father's care guarded its early growth. It soon trod with youthful step the halls of learning, and found other fathers to wake and

to watch for it,—even as it finds them here. It went on ; but silence was upon its path, and the deep strugglings of the inward soul marked its progress, and the cherishing powers of nature silently ministered to it. The elements around breathed upon it, and “ touched it to finer issues.” The golden ray of heaven fell upon it, and ripened its expanding faculties. The slow revolutions of years slowly added to its collected treasures and energies ; till, in its hour of glory, it stood forth embodied in the form of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence ! The world wonders at the manifestation, and says—“ Strange, strange that it should come thus unsought, unpremeditated, unprepared !” But the truth is, there is no more a miracle in it, than there is in the towering of the pre-eminent forest tree, or in the flowing of the mighty and irresistible river, or in the wealth and the waving of the boundless harvest.

Fathers and Guardians of our youthful learning !—behold it here—the germ of all that glorious power, in the strong and generous and manly spirits of the rising youth around you ; and say, if you would relinquish an office, so honored, and so to be rewarded, for the sceptre of any other dominion. Youthful aspirants after intellectual eminence !—forget, forget, I entreat you ; banish, banish forever, the weak and senseless idea, that anything will serve your purpose, but study ; intense, unwearied, absorbing study ; “ *animi assidua et vehemens occupatio.*”

THE WASP AND THE HORNET.

By O. W. Holmes.

THE two proud sisters of the sea,
In glory and in doom !
Well may the eternal waters be
Their broad unsculptured tomb ;
The wind that rings along the wave,
The clear unshadowed sun,
Are torch and trumpet o'er the brave
Whose last green wreath is won.

No stranger hand their banners furled,
No victor's shout they heard ;
Unseen above them ocean curled,
Save by his own pale bird ;
The gnashing billows heaved and fell,
Wild shrieked the midnight gale ;
Far, far beneath the morning swell
Were pennon, spar and sail.

The land of freedom ! sea and shore
Are guarded now as when
Her ebbing tide to victory bore
Fair barks and gallant men ;
Oh, many a ship of prouder name
May wave her starry gold,
Nor trail with deeper light of fame
The paths they swept of old !

CLAIMS OF LITERATURE UPON AMERICANS.

By A. H. Everett.

INDEPENDENCE and liberty, the great political objects of all communities, have been secured to us by our glorious ancestors. In these respects, we are only required to *preserve* and transmit unimpaired to our posterity, the inheritance which our fathers bequeathed to us. To the present, and to the following generations, is left the easier task of enriching, with arts and letters, the proud fabric of our national glory. Our Sparta is indeed a noble one. Let us then do our best for it.

Let me not, however, be understood to intimate, that the pursuits of literature or the finer arts of life, have been, at any period of our history, foreign to the people of this country. The founders of the Colonies, the Winthrop, the Smiths, the Raleighs, the Penns, the Oglethorpes, were among the most accomplished scholars and elegant writers, as well as the loftiest and purest spirits of their time. Their successors have constantly sustained, in this respect, the high standard established by the founders. Education and Religion,—the two great cares of intellectual and civilized men,—were always with them the foremost objects of attention. The principal statesmen of the Revolution were persons of high literary cultivation; their public documents were declared, by Lord Chatham, to be equal to the finest specimens of Greek and Roman wisdom. In every generation, our country has contributed its full proportion of eminent writers. Need I mention names in proof of this? Recollect your Edwards, erecting in this remote region, the standard of Orthodoxy, for enlightened Protestant Europe.

Recollect your Franklin, instructing the philosophers of the elder world in the deepest mysteries of science; her statesmen in political economy, her writers in the forms of language. In the present generation, your Irvings, your Coopers, your Bryants, with their distinguished contemporaries, form, perhaps, the brightest constellation that remains in the literary hemisphere, since the greater lights to which I have pointed your attention already were eclipsed; while the loftier heights of mathematical, moral and political science are occupied with not inferior distinction, by your Bowditches, your Adamases, your Channings, your Waylands and your Websters.

In this respect then, our fathers did their part; our friends of the present generation are doing theirs, and doing it well. But thus far the relative position of England and the United States has been such, that our proportional contribution to the common literature was naturally a small one. England, by her great superiority in wealth and population, was of course the head-quarters of science and learning. All this is rapidly changing. You are already touching the point when your wealth and population will equal those of England. The superior rapidity of your progress will, at no distant period, give you the ascendancy. It will then belong to your position to take the lead in arts and letters, as in policy, and to give the tone to the literature of the language. Let it be your care and study not to show yourselves unequal to this high calling,—to vindicate the honor of the new world in this generous and friendly competition with the old. You will perhaps be told that literary pursuits will disqualify you for the active business of life. Heed not the idle assertion. Reject it as a mere imagination, inconsistent with principle, unsupported by experience. Point out to those who make it, the illustrious characters who have reaped in every age the highest honors of

studious and active exertion. Show them Demosthenes, forging by the light of the midnight lamp those thunderbolts of eloquence, which

“Shook the arsenal and fulminated over Greece—
To Macedon and Artaxerxes’s throne.”

Ask them if Cicero would have been hailed with rapture as the father of his country, if he had not been its pride and pattern in philosophy and letters. Inquire whether Cæsar, or Frederic, or Bonaparte, or Wellington, or Washington, fought the worse because they knew how to write their own commentaries. Remind them of Franklin, tearing at the same time the lightning from heaven, and the sceptre from the hands of the oppressor. Do they say to you that study will lead you to scepticism? Recall to their memory the venerable names of Bacon, Milton, Newton and Locke. Would they persuade you that devotion to learning will withdraw your steps from the paths of pleasure? Tell them they are mistaken. Tell them that the only true pleasures are those which result from the diligent exercise of all the faculties of body, and mind, and heart, in pursuit of noble ends by noble means. Repeat to them the ancient apologue of the youthful Hercules, in the pride of strength and beauty, giving up his generous soul to the worship of virtue. Tell them your choice is also made. Tell them, with the illustrious Roman orator, you would rather be in the wrong with Plato, than in the right with Epicurus. Tell them that a mother in Sparta would have rather seen her son brought home from battle a corpse upon his shield, than dishonored by its loss. Tell them that your mother is America, your battle the warfare of life, your shield the breastplate of Religion.

AFFINITY.

By Geo. W. Light.

OCEANS with seas unite—
Winds with the waters—rivers with the streams—
And clouds with clouds, tinged by the sun's bright beams
 With gold and crimson light ;
Stars rise and set together in the sky,
And seem to shine more pure and brilliantly,
 Because they never part :
All things in nature are to union given,
And everything is joined in love to Heaven.
 When heart unites with heart,
And God is made the centre of all love,
He looketh from his lofty throne above,
 And blesses what is done :
His spirit leads them to the pastures green,
Where crystal streamlets freshly flow between,
 And sparkle in the sun ;
And when their spirits leave this earthly home—
Left not to wander with not where to roam,
 Or seek a darker sphere—
While worldly scenes are fading from their view,
They will not falter, as they bid adieu,
 And wish to linger here ;
But like two stars from a dim cloud ascending,
Their brilliant rays in soft communion blending,
 From this dark orb they'll rise,
Until they're lost amid the light divine,
That from the glorious lamp of Heaven doth shine,
 In God's own Paradise.

THE IDEA OF THE SUBLIME.

By Francis Wayland.

PHILOSOPHERS have speculated much concerning a process of sensation, which has commonly been denominated the emotion of sublimity. Aware that, like any other simple feeling, it must be incapable of definition, they have seldom attempted to define it; but, content with remarking the occasions on which it is excited, have told us that it arises, in general, from the contemplation of whatever is vast in nature, splendid in intellect, or lofty in morals. Or, to express the same idea somewhat varied, in the language of a critic of antiquity—"that alone is truly sublime, of which the conception is vast, the effect irresistible, and the remembrance scarcely if ever to be erased."

But although philosophers only have written about this emotion, they are far from being the only men who have felt it. The untutored peasant, when he has seen the autumnal tempest collecting between the hills, and, as it advanced, enveloping in misty obscurity, village and hamlet, forest and meadow, has tasted the sublime in all its reality; and, whilst the thunder has rolled and the lightning flashed around him, has exulted in the view of nature moving forth in her majesty. The untaught sailor boy, listlessly hearkening to the idle ripple of the midnight wave, when on a sudden he has thought upon the unfathomable abyss beneath him, and the wide waste of waters around him, and the infinite expanse above him, has enjoyed to the full the emotion of sublimity, whilst his inmost soul has trembled at the vastness of its own

conceptions. But why need I multiply illustrations from nature? Who does not recollect the emotion he has felt, whilst surveying aught, in the material world, of terror or of vastness?

And this sensation is not produced by grandeur in material objects alone. It is also excited on most of those occasions in which we see man tasking, to the uttermost, the energies of his intellectual or moral nature. Through the long lapse of centuries, who, without emotion, has read of LEONIDAS and his three hundred throwing themselves as a barrier before the myriads of Xerxes, and contending unto death for the liberties of Greece!

But we need not turn to classic story to find all that is great in human action; we find it in our own times and in the history of our own country. Who is there of us that even in the nursery has not felt his spirit stir within him, when with child-like wonder he has listened to the story of WASHINGTON? And although the terms of the narrative were scarcely intelligible, yet the young soul kindled at the thought of one man's working out the deliverance of a nation. And as our understanding, strengthened by age, was at last able to grasp the detail of this transaction, we saw that our infantile conceptions had fallen far short of its grandeur. Oh! if an American citizen ever exults in the contemplation of all that is sublime in human enterprise, it is when, bringing to mind the men who first conceived the idea of this nation's independence, he beholds them estimating the power of her oppressor, the resources of her citizens, deciding in their collected might that this nation should be free, and through the long years of trial that ensued, never blenching from their purpose, but freely redeeming the pledge which they had given, to consecrate to it, "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor."

“Patriots have toiled, and in their country’s cause
Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,
Proud of her treasure, marches with it down
To latest times ; and sculpture in her turn
Gives bond, in stone and ever-during brass,
To guard them and immortalize her trust.”

It is not in the field of patriotism only that deeds have been achieved to which history has awarded the palm of moral sublimity. There have lived men, in whom the name of patriot has been merged in that of philanthropist ; who, looking with an eye of compassion over the face of the earth, have felt for the miseries of our race, and have put forth their calm might to wipe off one blot from the marred and stained escutcheon of human nature ; to strike off one form of suffering from the catalogue of human wo. Such a man was HOWARD. Surveying our world, like a spirit of the blessed, he beheld the misery of the captive, he heard the groaning of the prisoner. His determination was fixed. He resolved, single handed, to gauge and to measure one form of unpitied, unheeded wretchedness, and, bringing it out to the sunshine of public observation, to work its utter extermination. And he well knew what this undertaking would cost him. He knew what he had to hazard from the infection of dungeons, to endure from the fatigues of inhospitable travel, and to brook from the insolence of legalized oppression. He knew that he was devoting himself upon the altar of philanthropy, and he willingly devoted himself. He had marked out his destiny, and he hastened forward to its accomplishment, with an intensity “ which the nature of the human mind forbade to be more, and the character of the individual forbade to be less.” Thus he commenced a new era in the history of benevolence. And hence the name of HOWARD will be associated will all

that is sublime in mercy, until the final consummation of all things.

Such a man is CLARKSON, who, looking abroad, beheld the sufferings of Africa, and, looking at home, saw his country stained with her blood. We have seen him, laying aside the vestments of the priesthood, consecrate himself to the holy purpose of rescuing a continent from rapine and murder, and of erasing this one sin from the book of his nation's iniquities. We have seen him and his fellow philanthropists for twenty years never waver from their purpose. We have seen them persevere amidst neglect, and obloquy, and contempt, and persecution, until the cry of the oppressed, having roused the sensibilities of the nation, the "Island Empress" rose in her might, and said to this foul traffic in human flesh,—Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER ?

By Geo. W. Doane.

WHAT is that, mother ?—

The lark, my child.—

The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother ?—

The dove, my son.—

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother ?—

The eagle, boy,

Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm in his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?—

The swan, my love.—

He is floating down from his native grove,
 No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
 He is floating down by himself to die;
 Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
 Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
 Live so, my love, that when Death shall come,
 Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

By Rufus Dawes.

Yes! still I love thee—Time who sets
 His signet on my brow,
 And dims my sunken eye, forgets
 The heart he could not bow;—
 Where love, that cannot perish, grows
 For one, alas! that little knows
 How love may sometimes last;
 Like sunshine wasting in the skies,
 When clouds are overcast.

The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose,
 Within its robe of light,
 Can never touch a leaf that blows,
 Though *seeming*, to the sight;
 And yet it still will linger there,
 Like hopeless love without despair,—
 A snow-drop in the sun!
 A moment finely exquisite,
 Alas! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart
Think momentarily of me,—
Nor would I tear the cords apart,
That bind me so to thee ;
No ! while my thoughts seem pure and mild,
Like dew upon the roses wild,
I would not have thee know
The stream that seems to thee so still,
Has such a tide below !

Enough ! that in delicious dreams
I see thee and forget—
Enough, that when the morning beams,
I feel my eye-lids wet !
Yet, could I hope, when Time shall fall,
The darkness for creation's pall,
To meet thee—and to love,—
I would not shrink from aught below,
Nor ask for more above.

DEATH OF LAFAYETTE.

By Edward Everett.

It was of the greatness of Lafayette, that he looked down on greatness of the false kind. He learned his lesson in the school of Washington, and took his first practice in victories over himself. Let it be questioned by the venal apologists of time-honored abuses—let it be sneered at by national prejudice and party detraction—let it be denied by the admirers of war and conquest, by the idolators of success,—but let it be gratefully acknowledged by good men,—by Americans,—by every man who has sense to distinguish character from events, who has a heart to beat in concert with the pure enthusiasm of virtue.

But it is more than time that I commit this great and good man to your unprompted contemplation. On his arrival among you, ten years ago,—when your civil fathers, your military, your children, your whole population poured itself out, as one throng, to salute him,—when your cannons proclaimed his advent with joyous salvos,—and your acclamations were responded from steeple to steeple, by the voice of festal bells, with what delight did you not listen to his cordial and affectionate words :—“ I beg of you all, beloved citizens of Boston, to accept the respectful and warm thanks of a heart, which has for nearly half a century been devoted to your illustrious city !” That noble heart,—to which, if any object on earth was dear, that object was the country of his early choice, of his adoption, and his more than regal triumph,—that noble heart will beat no more for your welfare. Cold and motionless, it is already mingling with the dust.

While he lived, you thronged with delight to his presence,—you gazed with admiration on his placid features and venerable form, not wholly unshaken by the rude storms of his career; and now that he is departed, you have assembled in this cradle of the liberties, for which, with your fathers, he risked his life, to pay the last honors to his memory. You have thrown open these consecrated portals to admit the lengthened train which has come to discharge the last public offices of respect to his name. You have hung these venerable arches, for the second time since their erection, with the sable badges of sorrow. You have thus associated the memory of Lafayette in those distinguished honors, which but a few years since you paid to your Adams and Jefferson; and could your wishes and mine have prevailed, my lips would this day have been mute, and the same illustrious voice, which gave utterance to your filial emotions over their honored graves, would have spoken also, for you, over him who shared their earthly labors, enjoyed their friendship, and has now gone to share their last repose, and their imperishable remembrance.

There is not, throughout the world, a friend of liberty, who has not dropped his head, when he has heard that Lafayette is no more. Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland, the South American republics,—every country where man is struggling to recover his birthright,—has lost a benefactor, a patron in Lafayette. But you, young men, at whose command I speak, for you a bright and particular lodestar is henceforward fixed in the front of heaven. What young man that reflects on the history of Lafayette,—that sees him in the morning of his days the associate of sages, the friend of Washington,—but will start with new vigor on the path of duty and renown?

And what was it, which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated

his memory in hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of his days with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness;—to the sanctity of plighted faith, to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your revolutionary fathers, of your pilgrim sires, the great principle of the age, was the rule of his life :—*The love of liberty protected by law.*

You have now assembled within these renowned walls, to perform the last duties of respect and love, on the birth day of your benefactor, beneath that roof which has resounded of old with the master voices of American renown. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the place;—the temple worthy of the new name, which we now behold inscribed on its walls. Listen, Americans, to the lesson, which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites. Ye winds, that wafted the pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom;—Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground;—Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days;—Glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvass;—Speak, speak, marble lips, teach us **THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW!**

THE DEPARTED.

By Park Benjamin.

"'Tis sweet to believe of the absent we love,
If we miss them below, we shall meet them above."

THE departed ! the departed !
They visit us in dreams ;
And they glide above our memories,
Like shadows over streams :
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed—the departed
Can never more return.

The good, the brave, the beautiful !
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep :
Or where the mournful night-winds
Pale winter's robes have spread,
Above their narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead !

I look around and feel the awe
Of one, who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days,
In dismal ruin strown.
I start to hear the stirring sounds
From the leaves of withered trees ;
For the voice of the departed
Seems borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice ! it mingles with
Each gay and careless strain---
I scarce can think Earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again.
The glad song of the summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me
As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall :
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy,
With their angel plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate
To think that they are gone !

POETRY.

By William E. Channing.

WE agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigor, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, power of original

and ever growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it "makes all things new" for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature; imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendors of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colors which the passions throw over it, and depicts the mind in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendor, beauty and happiness, for which it was created.

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or

misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward nature and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware, that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poe-

try renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earth-born prudence. But passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labors and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fullness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire;—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this he does

well ; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence, and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not as formerly for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life.

ADDRESS TO THE MERMAID.

By EDUCATOR BAILEY.

"WHAT have we here? a man or a fish? a fish; he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell!—A strange fish!—I shall laugh myself to death at this PUPPY-HEADED MONSTER—a most scurvy monster!"

ART thou indeed, what thou wouldst seem to be,
Imprisoned in that curious box of thine,
A veritable daughter of the sea,
Like Aphrodité born in foam and brine?
Though, I must say, were *such* the queen of Love,
I marvel greatly at the taste of Jove.

But thou, perhaps, some ages since, wast fair,
The envy of all mermaids far around;
Then that bald pate of thine with azure hair,
That undulated with the waves, was crowned;
Thou art, howe'er, a mermaid's mummy now,
And with a wig shouldst hide that wrinkled brow.

Hast thou e'er sported in the coral bowers,
That deep beneath the Indian waters grow,
Where gems bud forth, and wave the sea-green flowers,
With graceful motion, as the currents flow?
For there the tempests have no power, that sweep
With madness o'er the surface of the deep.

Perchance 't was thy delight, in former times,
To rest by moonlight on the ocean-rocks,
And to the hum of waters chant thy rhymes,
Or with those fingers curl thy humid locks;
Then wo to any luckless bark for aye,
Whose pilot listened to thy treacherous lay.

Is it not glorious to behold the gems
That shine like stars in ocean's crystal caves?
The groves, where emeralds bud on amber stems,
Moving harmonious with the rocking waves?
And all the gorgeous mysteries, that sleep
Beneath the endless waters of the deep?

There, we may guess, the Nereids delight
To build their garnished grottoes, fair to see,
With domes of living diamonds, that as bright
Shine out, as suns in the immensity
Of heaven, while all their ruby pavements blush,
As through their clefts the shouting waters rush.

There shells of pleasant forms and nameless hues
To alabaster columns cling; and there
Such flowers spring up, as never drank the dews,
Nor breathed the freshness of the upper air;
But fairer, lovelier far, their tints that glow
On the pure sand, like rainbow hues on snow.

And mighty Argosies, that moved in pride,
Like living things, along the troubled deep,
Lie many a fathom now beneath the tide;
And gallant chiefs, and fearless sailors sleep,
In kingly state, on beds of pearl and gold,
Who for a biscuit had their birthrights sold.

Oh! couldst thou tell,—if thou indeed hast seen,
“For in those eyes there is no speculation,”—
The wonders hid beneath the ocean green,
’T would mad the knowing ones with admiration,
And many a learned bachelor would swear
That thou, *in spite of all thy teeth*, art fair!

But why should I ask questions of a thing,
That hears not, sees not, knows not,—only grins?
And grin you may, so long as *quarters* ring,
For, says the adage, “let him laugh that wins!”
Being a siren, well may you entice
The unwary once,—you cannot cheat me twice.

Would I possessed a charm to ope the cell
Of glass, when thou art fastened like a reel
Within a bottle : I could never tell
How this got in ; but could my fingers feel
That scaly skin of thine, there's "a shrewd doubt"
'T would be no puzzle *why* you 'll not come out.

But go in peace, thou thing of "shreds and patches"—
Go not, howe'er, where Doctor Mitchill is ;
For he will mangle thee, if he but catches
A glimpse of thy uncouth and monkey phiz,
And then will swear, in spite of thy long tail,
Thou art no more a fish than was his whale !

THE DESTINY OF OUR REPUBLIC.

By Geo. B. Hillard.

LET no one accuse me of seeing wild visions and dreaming impossible dreams. I am only stating what may be done, not what will be done. We may most shamefully betray the trust reposed in us—we may most miserably defeat the fond hopes entertained of us. We may become the scorn of tyrants and the jest of slaves. From our fate, oppression may assume a bolder front of insolence, and its victims sink into a darker despair. In that event, how unspeakable will be our disgrace—with what weight of mountains will the infamy lie upon our souls. The gulf of our ruin will be as deep, as the elevation we might have attained, is high. How wilt thou fall from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning. Our beloved country with ashes for beauty, the golden cord of our union broken, its scattered fragments presenting every form of misrule, from the wildest anarchy to the most ruthless despotism, our “soil drenched with fraternal blood,” the life of man stripped of its grace and dignity, the prizes of honor gone, and virtue divorced from half its encouragements and supports—these are gloomy pictures, which I would not invite your imaginations to dwell upon, but only to glance at, for the sake of the warning lessons we may draw from them. Remember that we can have none of those consolations, which sustain the patriot, who mourns over the undeserved misfortunes of his country. Our Rome cannot fall and we be innocent. No conqueror will chain us to the car of his triumph—no countless swarm of Huns and Goths will bury the memorials and trophies of civilized life beneath a living

tide of barbarism. Our own selfishness, our own neglect, our own passions, and our own vices will furnish the elements of our destruction. With our own hands we shall tear down the stately edifice of our glory. We shall die by self-inflicted wounds.

But we will not talk of themes like these. We will not think of failure, dishonor and despair. We will elevate our minds to the contemplation of our high duties and the great trust committed to us. We will resolve to lay the foundations of our prosperity on that rock of private virtue, which cannot be shaken, until the laws of the moral world are reversed. From our own breasts shall flow the salient springs of national increase. Then our success, our happiness, our glory will be as inevitable as the inferences of mathematics. We may calmly smile at all the croakings of all the ravens, whether of native or foreign breed. The whole will not grow weak by the increase of its parts. Our growth will be like that of the mountain oak, which strikes its roots more deeply into the soil, and clings to it with a closer grasp, as its lofty head is exalted and its broad arms stretched out. The loud burst of joy and gratitude, which this, the anniversary of our Independence, is breaking from the full hearts of a mighty people, will never cease to be heard. No chasms of sullen silence will interrupt its course—no discordant notes of sectional madness mar the general harmony. Year after year will increase it, by tributes from now unpeopled solitudes. The farthest West shall hear it and rejoice—the Oregon shall swell it with the voice of its waters—the Rocky mountains shall fling back the glad sound from their snowy scalps.

THE TAMED EAGLE.

By Mrs. Wells.

He sat upon his humble perch, nor flew
At my approach ;
But as I nearer drew,
Looked on me, as I fancied, with reproach,
And sadness too :

And something still his native pride proclaimed,
Despite his wo ;
Which, when I marked—ashamed
To see a noble creature brought so low—
My heart exclaimed,

Where is the fire that lit thy fearless eye,
Child of the storm,
When from thy home on high,
Yon craggy-breasted rock, I saw thy form
Cleaving the sky ?

It grieveth me to see thy spirit tamed ;
Gone out the light
That in thine eye-ball flamed,
When to the mid-day sun thy steady flight
Was proudly aimed !

Like the young dove forsaken, is the look
Of thy sad eye,
Who in some lonely nook,
Mourneth upon the willow bough her destiny,
Beside the brook ;

While somewhat sterner in thy downward gaze
Doth seem to lower,
And deep disdain betrays,
As if thou cursed man's poorly acted power,
And scorned his praise.

Oh, let not me insult thy fallen dignity,
 Poor injured bird,
 Gazing with vulgar eye
 Upon thy ruin;—for my heart is stirred
 To hear thy cry—

And answereth to thee, as I turn to go,
 It is a stain
 On man!—Thus, even thus low
 Be brought the wretch, who could for sordid gain
 Work thee such wo!

THE LAST REQUEST.

By E. B. Thatcher.

Bury me by the ocean's side—
 Oh! give me a grave on the verge of the deep,
 Where the noble tide,
 When the sea-gales blow, my marble may sweep—
 And the glistening surf
 Shall burst o'er the turf,
 And bathe my cold bosom, in death as I sleep!

Bury me by the sea—
 That the vesper at eve-fall may ring o'er my grave,
 Like the hymn of the bee,
 Or the hum of the shell in the silent wave!
 Or an anthem-roar
 Shall be rolled on the shore
 By the storm, like a mighty march of the brave!

Bury me by the deep—
Where a living footstep never may tread ;—
And come not to weep—
Oh! wake not with sorrow the dream of the dead ;
But leave me the dirge
Of the breaking surge,
And the silent tears of the sea on my head!

And grave no Parian praise ;—
Gather no bloom for the heartless tomb ;—
And burn no holy blaze,
To flatter the awe of its solemn gloom !
For the holier light
Of the star-eyed night,
And the violet morning, my rest will illumine :—

And honors, more dear
Than of sorrow and love, shall be strewn on my clay
By the young green year,
With its fragrant dews, and its crimson array ;—
Oh! leave me to sleep
On the verge of the deep,
Till the skies and the seas shall have passed away !

ARCHITECTURE.

By Daniel Webster.

NEW taste and a new excitement are evidently springing up in our vicinity, in regard to an art, which, as it unites in a singular degree, utility and beauty, affords inviting encouragements to genius and skill. I mean Architecture. Architecture is military, naval, sacred, civil, or domestic. Naval architecture, certainly, is of the highest importance to a commercial and navigating people, to say nothing of its intimate and essential connection with the means of national defence. This science should not be regarded as having already reached its utmost perfection. It seems to have been some time in a course of rapid advancement. The building, the rigging, the navigating of ships have, to every one's conviction, been subjects of great improvement within the last fifteen years. And where, rather than in New England, may still further improvements be looked for? Where is ship building either a greater business, or pursued with more skill and eagerness?

In civil, sacred, and domestic architecture, present appearances authorize the strongest hopes of improvement. These hopes rest, among other things, on unambiguous indications of the growing prevalence of a just taste. The principles of architecture are founded in nature, or good sense, as much as the principles of epic poetry. The art constitutes a beautiful medium, between what belongs to mere fancy, and what belongs entirely to the exact sciences. In its forms and modifications, it admits of infinite variation, giving broad room for invention and genius; while in its general principles, it is founded on that which long

experience and the concurrent judgment of ages have ascertained to be generally pleasing. Certain relations, of parts to parts, have been satisfactory to all the cultivated generations of men. These relations constitute what is called *proportion*, and this is the great basis of architectural art. This established proportion is not to be *followed* merely because it is ancient, but because its use, and the pleasure which it has been found capable of giving to the mind, through the eye, in ancient times, and modern times, and all civilized times, prove that its principles are well founded, and just; in the same manner that the *Iliad* is proved, by the consent of all ages, to be a good poem.

Architecture, I have said, is an art that unites, in a singular manner, the useful and the beautiful. It is not to be inferred from this, that everything in architecture is beautiful, or is to be so esteemed, in exact proportion to its apparent utility. No more is meant, than that nothing which evidently thwarts utility can or ought to be accounted beautiful; because, in every work of art, the design is to be regarded, and what defeats that design, cannot be considered as well done. The French rhetoricians have a maxim, that in literary composition, "nothing is beautiful which is not true." They do not intend to say, that strict and literal truth is alone beautiful in poetry or oratory; but they mean that that which grossly offends against probability, is not in good taste, in either. The same relation subsists between beauty and utility in architecture, as between truth and imagination in poetry. Utility is not to be obviously sacrificed to beauty, in the one case; truth and probability are not to be outraged for the cause of fiction and fancy, in the other. In the severer styles of architecture, beauty and utility approach, so as to be almost identical. Where utility is more strongly than ordinary, the main design, the proportions which produce it, raise the sense or feeling of beauty, by a sort of

reflection or deduction of the mind. It is said that ancient Rome had perhaps no finer specimens of the classic Doric, than were in the sewers which ran under her streets, and which were of course always to be covered from human observation : so true is it, that cultivated taste is always pleased with justness of proportion ; and that design, seen to be accomplished, gives pleasure. The discovery and fast increasing use of a noble material, found in vast abundance, nearer to our cities than the Pentelican quarries to Athens, may well awaken, as they do, new attention to architectural improvement. If this material be not entirely well suited to the elegant Ionic, or the rich Corinthian, it is yet fitted, beyond marble, beyond perhaps almost any other material, for the Doric, of which the appropriate character is strength, and for the Gothic, of which the appropriate character is grandeur.

It is no more than justice, perhaps, to our ancestors, to call the Gothic the English classic architecture ; for in England, probably, are its most distinguished specimens. As its leading characteristic is grandeur, its main use would seem to be sacred. It had its origin, indeed, in ecclesiastical architecture. Its evident design was to surpass the ancient orders, by the size of the structure and its far greater heights ; to excite perceptions of beauty, by the branching traceries and the gorgeous tabernacles within ; and to inspire religious awe and reverence by the lofty pointed arches, the flying buttresses, the spires, and the pinnacles, springing from beneath, stretching upwards towards the heavens with the prayers of the worshippers. Architectural beauty having always a direct reference to utility, edifices, whether civil or sacred, must of course undergo different changes, in different places, on account of climate, and in different ages, on account of the different states of other arts, or different notions of convenience. The hypethral temple, for example, or temple without a

roof, is not to be thought of in our latitudes ; and the use of glass, a thing not now to be dispensed with, is also to be accommodated, as well as it may be, to the architectural structure. These necessary variations, and many more admissible ones, give room for improvements to an indefinite extent, without departing from the principles of true taste. May we not hope, then, to see our own city celebrated as the city of architectural excellence ? May we not hope to see our native granite reposing in the ever during strength of the Doric, or springing up in the grand and lofty Gothic, in forms which beauty and utility, the eye and the judgment, taste and devotion, shall unite to approve and to admire ? But while we regard sacred and civil architecture as highly important, let us not forget that other branch, so essential to personal comfort and happiness,—domestic architecture, or common house building. In ancient times, in all governments, and under despotic governments in all times, the convenience or gratification of the monarch, the government, or the public, has been allowed, too often, to put aside considerations of personal and individual happiness. With us, different ideas happily prevail. With us, it is not the public, or the government, in its corporate character, that is the only object of regard. The public happiness is to be the aggregate of the happiness of individuals. Our system begins with the individual man. It begins with him when he leaves the cradle ; and it proposes to instruct him in knowledge and in morals, to prepare him for his state of manhood : on his arrival at that state, to invest him with political rights, to protect him in his property and pursuits, and in his family and social connections ; and thus to enable him to enjoy as an individual, moral, and rational being, what belongs to a moral and rational being. For the same reason, the arts are to be promoted for their general utility, as they effect the personal happiness and well-being of the

individuals who compose the community. It would be adverse to the whole spirit of our system, that we should have gorgeous and expensive public buildings, if individuals were at the same time to live in houses of mud. Our public edifices are to be reared by the surplus of wealth, and the savings of labor, after the necessities and comforts of individuals are provided for; and not, like the pyramids, by the unremitting toil of thousands of half starved slaves. Domestic architecture, therefore, as connected with individual comfort and happiness, is to hold a first place in the esteem of our artists. Let our citizens have houses cheap, but comfortable; not gaudy, but in good taste; not judged by the portion of earth which they cover, but by their symmetry, their fitness for use, and their durability.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

By N. P. Willis.

THE Roman sentinel stood helmed and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers to the city mart was done ;
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust—
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall,
To bask his scaly circles in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier leaned, and kept
His drowsy watch ; and as his waking dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his lips
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumberously dozed on.

'T was now high noon.

The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city—the sad sound of feet
Unmixed with voices—and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide street, along whose paved way
A mourning throng wound slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And by the throng, that in the burning heat
Walked with forgetful sadness—'t was of one
Mourned with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear point downward, as the bearers passed,
Bending beneath their burden. There was one,
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her withered hands,
Followed an aged woman. Her slow steps
Faltered with weakness, and a broken moan

Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Followed apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kinsman. She had lived alone—
A widow with one son. He was her all,
The only tie she had in the wide world—
And this was he. They could not comfort her.

Jesus drew near to Nain, as from the gate
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
With the noon's fainting heat. The beaded sweat
Stood on his forehead; and about the worn
And simple lachets of his sandals lay
Thick the white dust of travel. He had come
Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not
To wet his lips in green Bethsaida's pool,
Nor wash his feet in Kishon's silver springs,
Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side,
To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze.
Genesareth stood cool upon the east,
Fast by the sea of Galilee, and there
The weary traveller would rest till eve;
And on the alders of Bethulia's plains
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild;
Yet turned he not aside, but gazing on
From every swelling mount, beheld afar
Amid the hills the humble spires of Nain—
The place of his next errand; and the path
Touched not Bethulia; and a league away
Upon the east, lay breezy Galilee.
He thought but of his work. And ever thus,
With god-like self-forgetfulness, he went
Through all his mission, healing sicknesses
Where'er he came, and never known to weep
But for a human sorrow, or to stay
His feet, but for some pitying miracle.
And in the garden, when his spirit grew
"Exceeding sorrowful," and those he loved

Forgot him in his agony, and slept—
How heavenly gentle was his mild reproach—
“Could ye not watch with me one hour? Sleep on!
Sleep on!”

Forth from the city gate the throng
Followed the aged mourner. They came near
The place of burial; and with straining hands
Closer upon her breast she clasped the pall,
And with a hurried sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin gray lashes of her fevered eye,
She passed where Jesus stood beside the way.
He looked upon her, and his heart was moved.
“Weep not!” he said; and as they stayed the bier,
And at his bidding set it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her hands,
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute crowd drew near,
And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and prayed. Then, taking the cold hand,
He said “Arise!”—and instantly the breast
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flash
Ran through the lines of the divided lips;
And with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled, and sat upright in his shroud;
And while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

By Clement Durgin.

NATURAL HISTORY is not the amusement of a day, but it opens an inexhaustible fund of enjoyment, by enabling us to perceive the beauties of nature. It unseals that book, in which are written the wonders of creation; it raises the thoughts and feelings, refines the taste, corrects and improves the judgment, gives mildness to temper, and amiableness to disposition, which soothe the frequent pangs along the rugged paths of life, and strew the vale of declining years with many a thornless flower, in the recollection of innocent enjoyments. It is the fountain of inspiration to the poet and orator, being the great source of metaphorical language, which gives a brilliancy to the imagination, and force to eloquence. It inspires genius by giving it the elements of its action. It is the origin of painting, sculpture and engraving; and to every art that dignifies or adorns, it furnishes the material, and suggests the model. In teaching Natural History to children, then, we do but obey the dictates of nature, in introducing them to her countless wonders and varying scenes, where, if they wander, it is in innocence and light; we do but follow the footsteps of philosophy to her refreshing fountains, on whose flowery banks manhood may pause to contemplate and admire, and age at the harvest become renovated by a remembrance of the past, and be blest in the anticipations of a spring when itself and all things shall be clothed in loveliness and beauty.

I'LL TRY MY LUCK AGAIN.

By H. F. Harrington.

WHY should we grieve when trouble lowers,
And steep our days in wo?
Oh rather gaily pass life's hours,
In pleasure as they flow!
Oh not one tear shall dim my eye,
Though life be fraught with pain!
I'll bid the past a kind "Good bye!"
And try my luck again!

I'll court dame Fortune's soft caress,
Each flattering lure display;
And if my votive prayer she bless,
I'll dance life's hours away.
But if she do not smile on me,
And all my prayers are vain—
I'll laugh and quaff in merry glee,
And—try my luck again!

I'll seek a friend where honor glows—
Unswayed by falsehood's wile,
To cheer my heart when damped by woes,
Smile with me when I smile;
But if he prove a heartless one—
A scoffer at my pain,
I'll bid the treacherous knave begone,
And—try my luck again!

I'll pay my vows at Beauty's shrine,
Where sparkling black eyes gleam;
And if propitious hope be mine,
I'll revel in love's dream.
But if she frown, my pretty belle,
And all my vows disdain,
I'll, smiling, take my last farewell,—
And—try my luck again!

And when death sets his seal on me,
 And moors my shattered bark,
 And fate is struggling to set free
 Life's faintly lingering spark—
 Oh not one tear shall dim my eye,
 That life is on the wane!
 That I must bid the world "Good-bye!"
 Nor—try my luck again!

SONG OF THE BEE.

By O. C. Wyman.

Away, away, to the anxious flower
 That droops and pines for its truant bee;
 With beauty renewed like the morning hour,
 'T will wait for my coming with anxious glee.
 Ah! little, but little, the rose-spirit dreams
 Of the last dear place of her wanderer's rest—
 Like the evening dew, in the mountain streams,
 She would waste should I tell of the tulip's breast.
 Away, away, for the earliest kiss
 Must be mine from the freshest and sweetest rose;
 Oh! there's nought upon earth like the young bee's bliss,
 When the morning rose-leaves over him close.
 Hid from the beam of his rival—Sun,
 Crouched in the bosom of beauty's flower,
 He rests, till its choicest treasures are won,
 From the scorching ray or the drenching shower.

DUTIES OF WINTER.

By F. W. P. Greenwood.

THE long winter nights! Dark, cold and stern as they seem, they are the friends of wisdom, the patrons of literature, the nurses of vigorous, patient, inquisitive and untiring intellect. To some, indeed, they come particularly associated, when not with gloom, with various gay scenes of amusement, with lighted halls, lively music, and a few (hundred) friends. To others, the dearest scene which they present, is the cheerful fireside, instructive books, studious and industrious children, and those friends, whether many or few, whom the heart and experience acknowledge to be such. Society has claims; social intercourse is profitable as well as pleasant; amusements are naturally sought for by the young, and such as are innocent they may well partake of; but it may be asked, whether, when amusements run into excess, they do not leave their innocence behind them in the career; whether light social intercourse, when it takes up a great deal of time, has anything valuable to pay in return for that time; and whether the claims of society can in any way be better satisfied than by the intelligence, the sobriety and the peaceableness of its members? Such qualities and habits must be acquired at home; and not by idleness even there, but by study. The winter evenings seem to be given to us, not exclusively, but chiefly, for instruction. They invite us to instruct ourselves, to instruct others, and to do our part in furnishing all proper means of instruction.

We must instruct ourselves. Whatever our age, condition, or occupation may be, this is a duty which we can-

not safely neglect, and for the performance of which the season affords abundant opportunity. To know what other minds have done, is not the work of a moment; and it is only to be known from the records which they have left of themselves, or from what has been recorded of them. To instruct ourselves is necessarily our own work; but we cannot well instruct ourselves without learning from others. The stores of our own minds it is for ourselves to use for the best effects and to the greatest advantage; but if we do not acquire with diligence, from external sources, there would be very few of us who would have any stores to use. Let no one undervalue intellectual means, who wishes to effect intellectual ends. The best workman will generally want the best tools, and the best assortment of them.

We must instruct others. This duty belongs most especially to parents. All who have children, have pupils. The winter evening is the chosen time to instruct them, when they have past the tenderest years of their childhood. Those who have school-tasks to learn, should not be left to toil in solitude; but should be encouraged by the presence, and aided by the superior knowledge of their parents, whose pleasure as well as duty it should be to lend them a helping hand along the road, not always easy, of learning. While the child is leaning over his book, the father and the mother should be nigh, that when he looks up in weariness or perplexity, he may find, at least, the assistance of sympathy. They need not be absolutely tied to the study-table, but they should not often hesitate between the calls of amusement abroad, and the demands for parental example, guidance and companionship at home. They will lose no happiness by denying themselves many pleasures, and will find that the most brilliant of lustres are their own domestic lamp, and the cheerful and intelligent eyes of their children.

But all have not children; and the children of some are too young to be permitted to remain with their parents beyond the earliest hours of evening; and the children of others are old enough to accompany their parents abroad. For all those who think they could pleasantly and profitably receive instruction of a public nature, and for this purpose spend an hour or two away from their homes, there is, happily, a plenty of instruction provided. Winter is the very season for public instruction; and it must be said, to their honor, that our citizens have excellently improved it as such. Opportunities of gaining useful knowledge have been provided, and they have not been neglected by those for whom the provision has been made. The fountains of waters have been opened, and the thirsty have been refreshed. Though home-instruction is to be placed at the head of all instruction, yet there are numbers who have not instruction at home, and numbers who have none at home to whom they may communicate instruction; and there are numbers who find it convenient and useful to mingle public and domestic instruction together, or alternate the one with the other. And when it is considered that the public lectures referred to, are charged with little expense to the hearers; that they are delivered by the best and ablest men among us; that hundreds of youth resort to them, many of whom are in all probability saved from idleness, and some from vice and crime; and that to all who may attend them they afford a rational employment of time, we may look to the continuance of such means of knowledge and virtue as one of the most inestimable of benefits.

I come now to the second great duty of winter, that of charity. Winter is the peculiar season of charity. The sun, that generous friend of the poor, is summoned to withdraw his heat, and seems to say to us, that we must keep our hearts the warmer toward them till he returns

with it again. The piercing cold finds an easy entrance through the broken panes and wide seams of the day-laborer's room or hovel, and little fire on his hearth to tame its severity. The price of fuel is high. The children fall sick, from cold, and scantiness of clothing, and insufficient food; and by and by the father or the mother is obliged to give up labor and lie down on the bed of pain. This is the season for charity. If they who are in plenty, think not now and act not for those who are destitute, I believe that they will one day rue their insensibility. I know that difficulties surround this whole subject. I know that the benevolent are frequently imposed upon by the most outrageous falsehoods. I know that improvidence, intemperance and multifold vices are the prolific causes of pauperism and misery. I know all this well, because I have seen it. I know that if we give ever so cautiously, we shall sometimes give to the undeserving. I have been imposed upon myself, and perhaps laughed at by the objects of my pity. Every one has been imposed upon who has listened to the suggestions of his heart; and if he has not been imposed upon at all, I believe that he has greatly imposed upon himself. I would rather be deceived once, twice, thrice, than to know that through my neglect, or my excessive caution, a fellow being had been frozen or starved, or had suffered severely through cold and hunger. It is certainly our duty to examine as well as to give, and make a wide difference, both in our regards and donations, between laziness and crippled industry—between the vicious poor and the virtuous poor. But when the most degraded cry out for food and clothing and fire, shall they be refused? Surely they err in every point of view, when they forsake the path of honesty and truth; for they inevitably lose by it. But ignorance, dark ignorance is some excuse, and pinching want is a strong and present temptation. And then how stands our own account with

Heaven? Are we ready that our own offences should be strictly marked, and severely visited?

These circumstances are all worthy of consideration, as are others connected with the same subject, which I have no time even to hint at. And after all our views on this side and on that, after all our doubts and weighings, and balancings, the prevailing arguments for immediate action are in the season, on the duties of which we are speaking. Frost, and ice, and snow, and sickness, make forcible appeals. When the loud winds preach of charity, and the frequent storms call for alms, they must be heard.

And they are heard. There are many who hear them. Witness the large number of charitable associations which have been formed, and are pleading for means with those who possess means, almost every week through the winter, by addresses, and sermons, and circulars; and witness too those more private societies and circles, who make no public appeals, but carry on their work of charity in God's domestic temples, their own homes. Some are wont to complain of this multiplication of societies; but how is it to be well avoided in a large and increasing population. The subdivision of charities becomes, like the subdivision of labor, necessary; it is a subdivision of labor; and while the widows and the fatherless are both numerous and both to be visited, there is no reason why the wants and the sufferings of the one should not be attended to by one society, and those of the other by another. No doubt these charities also are sometimes abused; but perhaps not so often as some vexatious instances we have known or heard of, may lead us to suppose. What good thing should we attempt, if the probability of its abuse were to stop our proceedings? What good thing should we receive from the Source of good, if that consideration should stop the blessings which are flowing down to us in perpetual streams? Certainly

it is very bad that a poor self-forsaken being should take the pittance which is given to him for food or clothing, and purchase with it the intoxicating draught. It is almost too bad for charity herself to bear—did not charity bear all things. But there are greater abuses than this. I must say it plainly, though with no sentiment, I trust, stronger than that of sorrow, that a case of far greater abuse is the case of him who is in the possession of every comfort and luxury, and who devotes them all to the pampering of self, and bestows little or no thought on those who would bless him for his crumbs and leavings, and are shivering and sickening for the want of them. As I am in the presence of God, I had rather be the former than the latter, to stand before him in judgment.

I have no immediate purpose in these remarks. I am writing for no charitable occasion. My only object is to lead feeling and sober reflection to the general duty of charity at this season.

Is it asked, where will be the end of all these efforts and of the demands for them? "The poor ye have always with you." Heaven and earth will pass away before that word. Poverty will always exist; and yet its amount, in comparison with population, may be constantly decreasing in extent, or severity, or both. It must decrease in some proportion with the diffusion of knowledge, and the judicious efforts of charitable men. More is to be hoped for from the diffusion of knowledge, particularly of religious knowledge, than from anything else whatever. But this is too wide a field to enter upon now. One position may safely be assumed,—that were not aid extended in the mean time to the poor; were not food and fuel bought for them, and clothing made for them, and medicines and medical attendance provided for them,—there would be a scene of desperation, violence and death around us, too terrible to think of. It would be well for those who sneer

at societies, and at the same time will make no personal exertion or sacrifice, to consider this, and admit the possibility, to say the least, that those whose efforts they are deriding, are contributing not a little to secure to them the possession which they love so dearly.

If some things are dark and perplexing in relation to this subject, one thing seems to be very clear, which is, that we should help one another through the short season of this our life. The winter of death will soon shut in upon the brightest and warmest prospects of the gayest and most flourishing. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord endureth forever." If we look for a renovating and perpetual spring to chase the gloom, it must be in sole reliance on the word and power of God. The ice of that winter is so fast that nought but his breath may loosen it. "He sendeth out his word and melteth them; he bloweth with his wind and the waters flow." What will procure us the enjoyment of that eternal spring? What will bring our souls into the full and gladdening beams of life's Source and Sun? What can it be, but obedience to his great law of charity?

THE NOVEL READER.

By Charles Sprague.

Look now, directed by yon candle's blaze,
Where the false shutter half its trust betrays—
Mark that fair girl, reclining in her bed,
Its curtain round her polished shoulders spread :
Dark midnight reigns, the storm is up in power ;
What keeps her waking in that dreary hour ?
See where the volume on her pillow lies—
Claims Radcliffe or Chapone those frequent sighs ?
'T is some wild legend—now her kind eye fills,
And now cold terror every fibre chills ;
Still she reads on—in fiction's labyrinth lost,
Of tyrant fathers, and of true love crossed ;
Of clanking fetters, low, mysterious groans,
Blood-crust'd daggers, and uncoffined bones,
Pale, gliding ghosts, with fingers dropping gore,
And blue flames dancing round a dungeon door ;—
Still she reads on—even though to read she fears,
And in each key-hole moan strange voices hears,
While every shadow that withdraws her look,
Glares in her face, the goblin of her book ;
Still o'er the leaves her craving eye is cast,
On all she feasts, yet hungers for the last ;
Counts what remain, now sighs there are no more,
And now even those half tempted to skip o'er ;
At length, the bad all killed, the good all pleased,
Her thirsting curiosity appeased,
She shuts the dear, dear book, that made her weep,
Puts out her light, and turns away to sleep.

CHARACTER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By O. W. B. Peabody.

WHATEVER the cause may be, it is too late to deny the fact, that men have hastened to bow down to the literary as well as warlike idols, who insult and spurn them. We have followed with insane admiration the march of conquerors, even when their path of blood and fire has gone over our own dwellings. We have hung with rapture on the lips of the poetical philosophers, who laugh at virtue as a dream, and blot out the realities of a better life. All that makes up the value of our being here, and the infinitely higher hope of a hereafter, have been flung, as a worthy offering, upon their unholy altars. It is true, the fault is ours; we have no right to complain of the infictions which we invite and welcome. But in these cases, as in many others, something is needed to save us from ourselves. And there is no greater benefactor than he, who corrects and ennobles human sentiment, by casting a healing bough into the poisoned waters. Such was Sir Walter Scott. He did not retreat behind a frozen misanthropy, to cast a midnight shade of mystery around his name; he did not court the favor of man, by defiance of his God; he did not withdraw himself from the public view, that familiarity might not destroy the impression of his presence;—his conversation in the world was that of one alive to every human sympathy; of a heart full of kindness and good will to men. There is no fit emblem of such a spirit in the unhealthy light, which rises from the gloomy marshes, only to guide the traveller into the fens from which it sprung. His course was rather the ascension of a star, shining out from its still watch-towers,

and regarded by the voyager with religious veneration, as it directs him in his pathway through the sea. He has taught us, that the way of fame is not less bright to human eyes, because it is illuminated with a holy light. We may now see, that the powers which Providence has given are not elevated, when they are applied to the purposes of injury and ruin; that he ill accomplishes the end of being, who leaves no trace behind him, but such as the lightning leaves in its fiery track: and we may not unreasonably hope, that men will hereafter be more true to themselves, more faithful to the destinies and glory of their race, than to look with cold esteem on the noble coalition of intellect and virtue. It is for this, that we reverence the memory of Scott; it is this which brings him to our recollections, like a welcome and familiar friend. We remember him, as we call to mind the venerable features of the honored guardians of our early years, who have gone down to death, and left no bitter thought behind them, but the single one, that we shall see their face no more.

The same unaffected superiority pervaded both the heart and intellect of this extraordinary man. In poetry and romance, he was a great reformer; but he went not forth to battle, animated by the spirit, or clad in the steel of many who have borne the name; he was mighty to pulling down the strong holds of false taste and vitiated feeling, only by the eloquent persuasion of high example. This was so kind and gentle, so like the meadow gale of spring to the sick and weary frame, that men hardly knew its power. Yet never was intellect more clear and penetrating; every object in nature, every element in character, was presented to his mind in its true colors and just proportions; nothing was magnified through a mist, or half hid in the uncertain morning twilight. When he describes the works of God, or the beings which inhabit

them, the folds of mist roll upward from the valley, and the sunbeams dart from their tabernacle of purple and golden clouds ; everything stands forth in the broad light of truth. Men saw that he had led them back to nature ; others had shown them the outward man, or man as he is under the influence of wild passion, while he revealed him under every aspect of existence, and in every variety of action ; his characters are no Master Peter's puppet show, which ask the aid of an interpreter ; his scenes are no mummeries, showing bravely only by candlelight ; wherever he leads us, whether to the cottage or the palace, whether to the Glasgow Tolbooth or the Highlands, we are sure to meet with man and nature.

It is impossible to doubt, that the private qualities of such a man were fitted to spread an atmosphere of happiness around him. A poet's character is so legibly impressed upon his works, that other testimony respecting it need scarcely ever be asked for. Take for example Burns ; a man of great powers he undoubtedly was ; deep tenderness and kind sensibility often broke through the midnight gloom of his ordinary feeling ; but the repose of such a mind is the weariness of exhausted effort. We see at once that quietness and just thought are not the prevailing habit of his soul. The quick sensibility of genius, instead of being the vital heat which nourishes, is the flame which consumes it. Scott had little of this ; had he possessed it, it would have been no less fatal to his power of estimating character, than to his domestic peace. Nor had he, on the other hand, that cold, ironical propensity, which mocks enthusiasm. He was a keen observer of his fellow men ; but he saw their weakness without scorn or anger : he did not labor to find selfishness at the bottom of the current of their generous feeling ; he saw them as they were ; and the judgment of the truest observer is most likely to be kind. Perhaps these feelings are not

preserved with difficulty by those who are happy in their constitution, so long as the world goes well. In the case of Scott, they were sternly tried by adversity; but in the severest hour of trial, he was still true to himself; the sunshine of his heart grew brighter, as the shadows fell on all around him. There is a sorrow, which accompanies the downfall of the great; but far deeper and more enduring is that which follows the departure of the good; and when he died, he was lamented less for his exalted genius, than the many excellencies of his heart.

In one of his fine tales of border chivalry, he has represented nature as lamenting when the poet dies, and uniting with man to celebrate the obsequies of her departed worshipper. A beautiful fiction indeed it is, that the places, over which the light of genius has been shed, shall partake of human sympathy when it is withdrawn, and when he, whom they once knew, shall be known to them no more. And for whom should nature mourn, if not for him, who has made her dear to many hearts,—who has thrown a charm over all the scenery of his native land, which shall live when ages shall have passed away? On every one of her mountains he has set a crown of glory, like that which is flung upon them by the morning sunbeam; he has converted her valleys into a holy land, towards which the footsteps of the literary pilgrim tend; at his call, her bards and heroes have awoken, and brought back all that delights us in the legendary tale, or thrills us in romance or chivalry. If it be forbidden to inanimate nature to mourn for such a worshipper, his memory will not fail in any Scottish heart; but not to Scotland only will his name and praise be limited:—they have gone forth beyond the boundaries of nations, to the remotest islands of the sea; and they will endure, when those of the proudest conquerors shall have passed into oblivion.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

By S. G. Goodrich.

FATHER OF LAKES, thy waters bend
Beyond the eagle's utmost view,
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep the forests weave
Their twilight shade thy borders o'er,
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale Silence, mid thy hollow caves,
With listening ear in sadness broods,
Or startled Echo, o'er thy waves,
Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes, that glide
Across thy breast like things of air,
Chase from thy lone and level tide,
The spell of stillness reigning there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,
To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings
Its grisly arms athwart the sky,
A sudden, startling image brings
To the lone traveller's kindled eye.

The gnarled and braided boughs, that show
Their dim forms in the forest shade,
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw
Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes, round this shore,
 Have caught a strange and gibbering tone;
 For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
 Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adieu;
 Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds and woods;
 Roll on, thou element of blue,
 And fill these awful solitudes.

Thou hast no tale to tell of man;—
 God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves,
 Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan
 Deems as a bubble all your waves.

TO A FRIEND DEPARTING FOR ITALY.

By R. C. Waterston.

YES—you will thrill with rapture while you gaze
 On the rich relics of that sacred shore,
 Made holy by the tales of classic lore,
 And its own dream-like beauty. You will stand
 In the lone places of that distant land,
 And see its crumbling temples,—while the rays
 Of the glad sun will fall on Arno's rills,
 And bathe with gold fair Tempe's leafy floor,
 And the old towers of Rome's imperial hills,
 And Tuscan vales, and Istria's sandy shore.
 Yes, fairer scenes than ours will greet thy eyes,
 Beneath the azure of Italian skies;
 But let not these win thy affections more
 Than the bleak rocks that gird thy native shore.

INSTITUTIONS OF BOSTON.

By Josiah Quincy.

FOR the advancement of the three great objects which were the scope of the policy of our ancestors,—intellectual power, religious liberty, and civil liberty,—Boston has in no period been surpassed, either in readiness to incur, or in energy to make useful, personal or pecuniary sacrifices. She provided for the education of her citizens out of the general fund, antecedently to the law of the Commonwealth making such provision imperative. Nor can it be questioned, that her example and influence had a decisive effect in producing that law. An intelligent generosity has been conspicuous among her inhabitants on this subject, from the day when, in 1635, they “entreated our brother Philemon Pormont to become school-master, for the teaching and nurturing children with us,” to this hour, when what is equivalent to a capital of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is invested in school-houses, eighty schools are maintained, and seven thousand and five hundred children educated at an expense exceeding annually sixty-five thousand dollars. No city in the world, in proportion to its means and population, ever gave more uniform and unequivocal evidences of its desire to diffuse intellectual power and moral culture through the whole mass of the community. The result is every day witnessed, at home and abroad, in private intercourse and in the public assembly; in a quiet and orderly demeanor; in the self-respect and mutual harmony prevalent among its citizens; in the general comfort which characterizes their condition; in their submission to the laws; and in that wonderful capacity for self-government which postponed for

almost two centuries, a city organization ;—and this, even then, was adopted more with the reference to anticipated, than from experience of existing evils. During the whole of that period, and even after its population exceeded fifty thousand, its financial, economical, and municipal interests were managed, either by general vote, or by men appointed by the whole multitude ; and with a regularity, wisdom, and success, which it will be happy if future administrations shall equal, and which certainly they will find it difficult to exceed.

The influence of the institutions of our fathers is also apparent in that munificence towards objects of public interest or charity, for which, in every period of its history, the citizens of Boston have been distinguished, and which, by universal consent, is recognized to be a prominent feature in their character. To no city has Boston ever been second in its spirit of liberality. From the first settlement of the country to this day, it has been a point to which have tended applications for assistance or relief, on account of suffering or misfortune ; for the patronage of colleges, the endowment of schools, the erection of churches, and the spreading of learning and religion,—from almost every section of the United States. Seldom have the hopes of any worthy applicant been disappointed. The benevolent and public spirit of its inhabitants is also evidenced by its hospitals, its asylums, public libraries, alms-houses, charitable associations,—in its patronage of the neighboring University, and in its subscriptions for general charities.

With respect to religious liberty, where does it exist in a more perfect state, than in this metropolis ? Or where has it ever been enjoyed in a purer spirit, or with happier consequences ? In what city of equal population are all classes of society more distinguished for obedience to the institutions of religion, for regular attendance on its wor-

ship, for more happy intercourse with its ministers, or more uniformly honorable support of them? In all struggles connected with religious liberty, and these are inseparable from its possessions, it may be said of the inhabitants of this city, as truly as of any similar association of men, that they have ever maintained the freedom of the gospel in the spirit of christianity. Divided into various sects, their mutual intercourse has, almost without exception, been harmonious and respectful. The labors of intemperate zealots, with which, occasionally, every age has been troubled, have seldom, in this metropolis, been attended with their natural and usual consequences. Its sects have never been made to fear or hate one another. The genius of its inhabitants, through the influence of the intellectual power which pervades their mass, has ever been quick to detect "close ambition varnished o'er with zeal." The modes, the forms, the discipline, the opinions, which our ancestors held to be essential, have, in many respects, been changed or obliterated with the progress of time, or been countervailed or superseded by rival forms and opinions. But veneration for the sacred Scriptures, and attachment to the right of free inquiry, which were the substantial motives of their emigration and of all their institutions, remain, and are maintained in a christian spirit, (judging by life and language) certainly not exceeded in the times of any of our ancestors. The right to read those Scriptures is universally recognized. The means to acquire the possession and to attain the knowledge of them are multiplied by the intelligence and liberality of the age, and extended to every class of society. All men are invited to search for themselves concerning the grounds of their hopes of future happiness and acceptance. All are permitted to hear from the lips of our Saviour himself, that "the meek," "the merciful," "the pure in heart," "the persecuted for righteousness"

sake," are those who shall receive the blessing, and be admitted to the presence of the Eternal Father; and to be assured from those sacred records, that, "in every nation, he who feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." Elevated by the power of these sublime assurances, as conformable to reason as to revelation, man's intellectual principle rises "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot," and, like an eagle soaring above the Andes, looks down on the cloudy cliffs, the narrow, separating points, and flaming craters, which divide and terrify men below.

It is scarcely necessary, on this occasion, to speak of civil liberty, or tell of our constitutions of government; of the freedom they maintain and are calculated to preserve; of the equality they establish; the self-respect they encourage; the private and domestic virtues they cherish; the love of country they inspire; the self-devotion and self-sacrifice they enjoin;—all these are but the filling up of the great outline sketched by our fathers, the parts in which, through the darkness and perversity of their times, they were defective, being corrected; all are but endeavors, conformed to their great, original conception, to group together the strength of society and the religious and civil rights of the individual, in a living and breathing spirit of efficient power, by forms of civil government, adapted to our condition, and adjusted to social relations of unexampled greatness and extent, unparalleled in their results, and connected by principles elevated as the nature of man, and immortal as his destinies.

STANZAS.

By William Russell.

“ — that ye, through his poverty, might be rich.”

Low in the dim and sultry west
Is the fierce sun of Syria's sky ;
The evening's grateful hour of rest,
Its hour of feast and joy, is nigh.

But he, with thirst and hunger spent ;
Lone, by the wayside faintly sinks ;
A lowly hand the cup hath lent,
And from the humble well he drinks.

* * * * *

On the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And o'er the waters drearily
Sweeps the bleak evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest ;
The wandering beast hath sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind ;
And, from his lone, unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp on the wind.

Why seeks not he a home of rest ?
Why seeks not he the pillowed bed ?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest ;—
He hath not where to lay his head !

Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race ;
And, through his poverty, there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

ADVENT.

By William Croswell.

Now gird your patient loins again—
Your wasting torches trim!
The chief of all the sons of men!
Who will not welcome him?
Rejoice! the hour is near. At length
The journeyer on his way
Comes in the greatness of his strength,
To keep his holy day.

With cheerful hymns and garlands sweet,
Along his wintry road,
Conduct him to his green retreat—
His sheltered safe abode;
Fill all his court with sacred songs;
And from the temple wall
Wave verdure o'er the joyful throngs
That crowd his festival.

And still more greenly in the mind,
Store up the hopes sublime
Which then were born for all mankind,
So blessed was the time;
And underneath these hallowed eaves,
A Saviour will be born,
In every heart that him receives,
On this triumphal morn.

ASSOCIATIONS OF YOUNG MEN.

By John A. Bolles.

THE sudden acquisition of confederated energy by a once powerless class of the community, is an event not a little remarkable, and, while we may regard it as the legitimate effect of our free institutions and of the improvements which have recently been made in the science of education, cannot but be looked upon as destined to exercise a momentous influence upon our future history. There are those now living,—nay, in the freshness of mid-life, who can recollect the contempt showered down from all quarters on the young men of this good city, in consequence of an attempt on their part to celebrate some public festival during the political life of the departed patriot, John Adams. The effort was considered the result of juvenile folly and impertinence, and as such, received with universal rudeness by the older classes of society. Among other occurrences of that day, we remember to have heard the following related by one who was perfectly familiar with all the facts. The young men appointed a committee of two, consisting of young gentlemen of the most respectable character and connections, of whom, if we mistake not, Mr. Francis J. Oliver was one, to wait on Mr. John Adams, in Quincy, and invite him to honor the celebration by his attendance. They discharged their duty to the best of their ability, but met a refusal delivered in a manner which provoked their indignation; although it was probably such as any other eminent man would have then bestowed on what was considered an upstart generation, who knew not their proper sphere.

The change is indeed wonderful. Moral and political power are no longer concentrated in the ranks of the gray-

haired and care-wrinkled. They have settled towards the base of society, and are now wielded more fully perhaps by the class whose ages extend from twenty years to six and thirty, than by any other. We cannot but feel deeply anxious for the event of this revolution. Antiquity from her garnered store-house of experience furnishes no information of the probable result. The case is new in human history; and while we continue to remember that hitherto counsel and system have been confined to the aged, and that the young have walked in a path, and acted on a plan, marked out for them by their seniors, or that the fiery elements which glow in the bosom of young men are continually in rebellion against their immature and unpractised judgments, and of course likely to lead them into untried and perilous paths, we must continue to watch over the present peculiar phenomena of society with the most anxious concern.

The great defect in our present systems of education is this:—they do not teach young men to reflect, to turn their attention inward, to exercise fearlessly their own understandings, and govern themselves boldly and solely by their own consciences. Hence, in a vast majority of cases, young men have in fact no real character, no fixed principles, no stability of purpose, but are the creatures of circumstances, knowing no difference between reputation, or the opinions which are entertained of them by others, and character itself, which is a man's essence. To such the lofty principle which Sallust declares to have been the governing rule of Cato, "*ESSE QUAM VIDERI*"—*to be rather than to seem*,—is frigid and unearthly stoicism. They appear to live on the sentiment which Horace in compliment addressed to his friend,

"Tu recte vivis, si curas esse quod audis,"

and are so much the creatures of other people's opinions, that no one can place an hour's reliance upon them. They are like the drunken Tinker "Sly" in the Induction to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," who being taken up while asleep from the gutter into which he had rolled from his cups, and carried into a palace, placed upon a sumptuous couch, surrounded by obsequious attendants, and on waking addressed as "*my Lord*," was fool enough to doubt his own identity, forswear, as a sickly dream, his former low-lived adventures, and believe himself indeed a lord. They know themselves only from the lips of others.

Great efforts are necessary, and should be made, to remedy this evil,—to inspire young men with a spirit of *mental independence*, to give them force of character, to arm them with a moral courage invulnerable to everything but fear of vice. And this is another grand object of such associations.

We look upon cities, not as necessarily great moral and political nuisances, but as the hearts of the social system to which they belong,—in which, from the active intercourse of mind with mind, springs up almost every grand movement by which the condition of society at large is affected,—in which alone can be found that energy which is necessary to give impulse at the outset to every enterprise of magnitude and difficulty,—where begins the pulsation which shall eventually force the principle of life through every channel of the great system around it. Such are cities,—but not such alone. It is a part of the purpose of the Associated Young Men's Societies to reduce them to this simplicity of character. And they feel that he who denounces cities as intolerable evils, must, in the extension of that principle, abandon all social and political compacts, on the theory of Robert Owen.

IMPROMPTU,

ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE UPON LOVE.

By Nathaniel Greene.

NAY, lady, ask me not to dwell
Upon the theme you gave;
For, living only in the past,
I could but hope to save
Some relic from oblivion's shore,
Which time is stealing from my store.

In earlier and in happier days,
When life was bright and new,
I yielded all my heart to love,
And felt and wrote like you.
But now, my friend, that dream is past—
A dream too sweet, too pure to last.

Alas, it is a saddening thought
That life's delightful spring,
With all its fresh and budding hopes,
So soon should spread its wing—
Deserting hearts, one moment blest,
Then left to wither in the breast.

But thus it is;—and memory
Is all that can remain—
The Indian summer of the soul,
That kindly comes again—
Reviving, with its souvenirs,
The loves and hopes of early years.

LEGEND OF THE NORTH END.

By Isaac McLellan, Jr.

MIKE WILD was a substantial grocer, and flourished in the good old days of Boston. He has for many years been peacefully gathered to his fathers; as a small gray tablet, very much defaced by the hand of time and the idle school-boy, will testify. This memorial of Mr. Wild's mortality may be seen by the curious antiquary, in the Old Granary church-yard, bearing a pithy inscription, which denotes the years and days of Mike's mortal career, and is disfigured by the customary cherub and seraph of church-yard sculpture.

Mike was known to be a hard man, miserly and penurious; but it was never clearly proved that he was dishonest. If his crafty and calculating spirit could discriminate nicely between a sure and a doubtful speculation, it could determine with equal accuracy how far to overreach his neighbor, and yet escape the hazard of becoming obnoxious to the charge of fraud. But he valued himself most upon his shrewdness and caution, professing to hold in utter contempt the folly of credulity—and when he read, or heard of any imposition practised upon his neighbors, he used to say—"Folks must be up betimes to overreach Mike Wild."

One stormy evening, about the close of the autumn of 1776, Mike was enjoying his customary household comforts, his can and pipe, in the little back parlor of his dwelling, number —, North End; being the house next to that occupied by Mr. Peter Rugg, famous in story. The night was dark without as the "throat of the black

wolf," and as turbulent as that animal, when a long snow-storm upon the hills has driven him mad with famine.

This obscure chamber was the theatre of his earthly felicity. It was here that he counted over his accumulating gains, with every returning night, indulged in the precious remembrance of past success, and rioted in the golden visions of future prosperity. Therefore with this room were associated all the pleasing recollections of his life.

It was the only green spot in his memory—the refreshing oasis in the barren desert of his affections. It was there alone that the solitary gleam of consolation touched and melted the ice of his soul. It was natural, then, considering his selfish nature, that he should keep it sacred and inviolate. The foot of wife or child was never permitted to invade this sanctum. Such approach on their part would have been deemed high treason, and punished as such without "benefit of clergy." Such intrusion by a neighbor would have been esteemed a declaration of hostilities, and would have been warmly repelled. It were indeed safer to have bearded "the lion in his den," or the puissant Douglas in his hall; for Mike possessed all those physical virtues which can keep the head from harm, if the absence of better qualities at any time provoke assault.

The besom of the thrifty housewife never disturbed the venerable dust and cobwebs that supplied its only tapestry. From generation to generation, the spider had reigned unmolested in the corners and crevices of the wall; and so long had the territory been held and transmitted from sire to son, that if a title by custom and prescription could ever avail against the practical argument of the broom, there was little fear of a process of ejectionment.

As the old lamp at the gate creaked dismally, and the crazy shutters of his chamber rattled still more noisily in the wind, the mercury of Mike's spirits rose higher—a physical phenomenon not easily explained. Perhaps, as the elemental war grew sharper, his own nature grew more benign in the consciousness that a secure shelter was interposed between his own head and the elements.

The last drops of the good liquor had disappeared from Mike's silver tankard; the last wavering wreath of smoke had dissolved in the air, and the dull embers of his hearth were fast dying away in the white ashes, when Mike, upon raising his eyes suddenly, was much startled to observe that he had company in his solitude. He rubbed his eyes, and shook himself, to ascertain his personal identity; but still the large strong figure of a man was seated in the old leather chair directly opposite to him. Whence he came, by what means he had entered, what were his purposes, were mysteries too deep for Mike's faculties at that time to fathom. There *he* sat, however, motionless as a statue, with his arms folded, and a pair of large, lustrous, black eyes fastened full upon him. There was a complete fascination in that glance, which sent a thrill through his whole frame, and held him as with an iron chain to his chair.

Mike, like a good general, soon rallied his routed faculties, re-animated his fugitive thoughts, and resolved, though possessing a faint heart, to show a bold front—a cheat often successfully practised by better tacticians. He thereupon plucked up heroism, and soon ascertained that his visitor was of very affable and benignant bearing.

He communicated his business briefly, in which virtue of brevity we shall condescend to be an imitator. He revealed that he was indeed of unearthly nature—a disembodied spirit; and that during his earthly sojourn, he

had secreted a most precious treasure, which had been unlawfully acquired, under the old elm tree in the centre of the Common. He could not rest quietly in the grave, till he had imparted the secret to some human being; and as Mike was a man after his own heart, he had selected him as the object of his bounty. Mike thanked him sincerely for the compliment and kindness, and promised to go forth without delay in search of the treasure. He sallied forth, with his "spiritual guide," his mind intoxicated with the thought of the heavy ingots and bars of gold, and the rich foreign coin, which he believed would be shortly his own. The night was black and rainy; the scattered sleet swept furiously along the streets, pursued by the screaming wind; but the wrath of the elements was disarmed by the glorious vision of riches and honors that possessed him.

They arrived at length, after much wading and tribulation, at the old elm, now the "trysting place" of young people on the days of Election festivity. In those days, it was sometimes used as a gallows for want of a better; and it is said, at this very day, that, on dark and tempestuous nights, the ghosts of those who perished on its branches are seen swinging, and heard creaking in the wind, still struggling in the last throes and torment of dissolution, in expiation of crimes committed long ago.

When Mike paused at the roots of the old tree, he requested his guide to designate the particular spot that contained the treasure; but receiving no response to this very natural inquiry, he looked round and saw that his genius had vanished—"into the air," probably, like Macbeth's witches. He was not to be disheartened or daunted, however; so he resolutely commenced delving, with the zeal of an ardent money-digger. He turned up many a good rood of soil, without meeting the precious ore, when

his fears got the better of his discretion, and his fancy busily peopled the obscure tops and limbs of the old tree, with all manner of grotesque shapes and gibbering monsters; and he fancied that the evil spirits of departed malefactors were celebrating their festival orgies, and making merry with their infernal dances around him.

His fear had increased to agony. The spade dropped from his powerless hand, his hair bristled with terror, and his great eyes nearly leaped from his head, in his endeavor to penetrate the gloom that surrounded him. Once more his mysterious guide stood before him; but one glance at his awfully altered face, completed the climax of his fright. Those large, black, lustrous eyes now kindled like two balls of flame; and as their fiendish lustre glared upon him, he shrunk back, as from a scorching flame. A nose, enormous, and rubicund as the carbuncle of the East, protruded "many a rood" from the face of his evil spirit; and immense whiskers, rough and shaggy as the lion's mane, flowed around his visage. The gold-monster continued to frown upon him fearfully, till at length the bewildered eyes of Mike could look no longer, and he fell to the earth utterly senseless.

When Mike awoke, the morning sun was looking cheerfully into his own chamber window, and the birds that make merry in every bright summer morning, were singing gaily on the house-eaves above his head. He rubbed his eyes in astonishment, and was in doubt whether he had not lost his senses, or whether the visitor, the money, the walk at midnight, and the horrible goblin, were not all the mere creations of a dream.

While lost in these doubts and difficulties, a neighbor opportunely stepped in, to whom he related the whole scene, adding at the same time suitable embellishments to

the appearance of the fiend-like apparition, which had haunted him.

His friend heard him patiently for a time expatiate on the miraculous adventure, but at length could preserve his gravity no longer, and burst forth into loud ha! ha! ha's! When he had recovered sufficient breath to articulate, he confessed to the electrified Mike that his visitor was no other than himself, and that he had practised the hoax, in order to decide a wager with mine host of the Boar's Head, who had bet a dozen of his choicest binn, that no one could get the better of shrewd Mike Wild of the North End.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

By John Pierpont.

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they?

The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore ;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the May-Flower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide ;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name !
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;—
But the pilgrim—where is he ?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest :
When the summer 's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast ;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled :
It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-Flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

ITALIAN LANDSCAPE.

By J. O. Sargent.

O, would that I might breathe the kindly air
Purpling beneath thy skies, delicious clime,
And, a forgetful dreamer, pass my time
In the luxurious gardens blooming there ;
Or idly straying with a dark-eyed fair,
Where sweet winds with far sweeter voices chime,—
Bind chaplets for her flowing raven hair,
And in her praises weave the joyous rhyme.
It were a bliss even for an hour to dwell
Beneath the shade of thy vine-circled bowers,
To breath the fragrance of thy blushing flowers,
And listen to the soft harmonious tune
Of running waters in the month of June,
Soothing the senses with a quiet spell !

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

By J. G. Palfrey.

A good daughter!—there are other ministries of love more conspicuous than hers, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond.—There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's affection for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad, and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection, that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sun-light, and his evening star. The grace, and vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending, but all-expressive proofs of love. And

then what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener of a mother's cares! what an ever present delight and triumph to a mother's affection! Oh how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests on them, bring rapture to a parent's heart. A true love will almost certainly always greet their approaching steps. That they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be not to have it a love merely, which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense, and overflowing, by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as ungrateful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

CHILDHOOD.

By Miss E. P. Peabody.

THou spirit bright! though wishes only show
How weak we are—how little 't is we know;
My heart will wish that childhood's sacred power
Could still prolong for thee its consecrating hour.

Yet what is time? I know the spirit pure
That breathes in childhood's bosom, may endure
The shock of years; and that its sunny eye
Doth tell of that within that may refuse to die;

For childhood's bosom is the poet's dream;
The soul undarkened yet by earth; the gleam
Of light that was in Paradise; the tree
Whose fruit is genius, power, and immortality!

But ah! how many turn aside and eat
The tree of death. Unfortified to meet
The giant spirit of the earth, they die
To all that makes life blest, beneath his withering eye!

Oh! rush not thou so blindly into life,
Nor ask too early for the giant strife;
Still dwell secure, while love and joy grow strong,
'Mid childhood's trusting prayers, and sacred fear of wrong.

'T is thus the saint, the hero, and the sage,
Preserve the unfallen man from age to age;
With childhood's asking heart still looking up,
Till he, the source of good, hath filled the o'erflowing cup.

And hence, the artist and the poet draw
Their power to charm, to elevate, to awe;
Faithful to childhood's love and interests, lo!
On beauty calling,—Paradise again doth glow!

And is it thus? And is the gifted eye
 The unfettered flow of pure humanity?
 And doth the Eternal Beauty, Truth and Good
 Thus o'er the fountain-head of soul forever brood?

Then ever be a child! in this one prayer
 I ask for all the loftiest man can share,—
 The spirit free from "custom's frosty weight,"
 And open to each thought that makes the human being *great*.

DEATH,

AS REPRESENTED IN A BEAUTIFUL ANTIQUE.

By Henry Pickering.

OH Death! so long the cause of all our tears,
 Art thou in earth thus beautiful and fair?
 Then let me haste to that pale region, where
 The myriad sons of men of other years
 Have laid them down. If such thou art, our fears
 Are vain; and sweet it were with thee to share
 The grave's repose. But why that pensive air,
 When youth eternal on that brow appears?
 For nothing else seems mortal in thy mien.
 In thee methinks the beauteous type I see
 Of that bright being man himself should be,
 When, from a sleep as breathless as serene,
 He wakes, save that upon his radiant face
 Languor and sorrow then shall leave no trace.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

By H. G. Osis.

THE history of the Town House, considered merely as a compages of brick and wood, is short and simple. It was erected between the years 1657 and 1659; and was principally of wood, as far as can be ascertained. The contractor received six hundred and eighty pounds, on a final settlement in full of all contracts. This was probably the whole amount of the cost, being double that of the estimate—a ratio pretty regularly kept up in our times. The population of the town sixty years afterwards was about ten thousand, and it is allowing an increase beyond the criterion of its actual numbers at subsequent periods, to presume that at the time of the first erection of the Town House, it numbered three thousand souls. In 1711, the building was burnt to the ground, and soon afterwards built with brick. In 1747, the interior was again consumed by fire, and soon repaired in the form which it retained until the present improvement, with the exception of some alterations in the apartments made upon the removal of the Legislature to the new State House. The eastern chamber was originally occupied by the Council, afterwards by the Senate. The Representatives constantly held their sittings in the western chamber. The floor of these was supported by pillars, and terminated at each end by doors, and at one end by a flight of steps leading into State Street. In the daytime the doors were kept open, and the floor served as a walk for the inhabitants, always much frequented, and during the sessions of the courts, thronged. On the north side were offices for the clerks of the supreme and inferior courts. In these

the judges robed themselves and walked in procession, followed by the bar, at the opening of the courts. Committee rooms were provided in the upper story. Since the removal of the Legislature, it has been internally divided into apartments, and leased for various uses in a mode familiar to you all ; and it has now undergone great repairs ; the second floor being adapted to the accommodation of the City Government, and principal officers, while the first floor is allotted to the post-office, news room, and private warehouses.

In this brief account of the natural body of the building, which it is believed comprehends whatever is material, there is nothing certainly dazzling or extraordinary. It exhibits no pomp of architectural grandeur or refined taste, and has no pretensions to vie with the magnificent structures of other countries, or even of our own. Yet is it a goodly and venerable pile—and with its recent improvements, is an ornament of the place, of whose liberty it was once the citadel. And it has an interest for Bostonians who enter it this day, like that which is felt by grown children for an ancient matron by whom they were reared, and whom visiting after years of absence, they find her in her neat, chaste, old fashioned attire, spruced up to receive them, with her comforts about her, and the same kind, hospitable and excellent creature whom they left in less flourishing circumstances. But to this edifice there is not only a natural, but “ a spiritual body,” which is the immortal soul of Independence. Nor is there on the face of the earth, another building, however venerable for its antiquity, or stately in its magnificence—however decorated by columns and porticos, and cartoons, and statues and altars, and outshining “ the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,” entitled in history to more honorable mention, or whose spires and turrets are surrounded with a more glorious halo, than this unpretending building.

This assertion might be justified, by a review of the parts performed by those who have made laws, for a century after the first settlement of Boston—of their early contention for their chartered rights—of their perils and difficulties with the natives—of their costly and heroic exertions in favor of the mother country in the common cause. But I pass over them all, replete as they are with interest—with wonder and with moral. Events posterior to those, growing out of them indeed, and taking from them their complexion, are considered by reflecting men as having produced more radical changes in the character, relations, prospects, and (so far as it becomes us to prophesy) in the destinies of the human family, than all other events and revolutions that have transpired since the Christian era. I do not say that the principles which have led to these events originated here. But I venture to assert that here, within these walls, they were first practically applied to a well-regulated machinery of human passions, conscious rights, and steady movements, which, forcing these United States to the summit of prosperity, has been adopted as a model by which other nations have been, and will yet be propelled on the railroad which leads to universal freedom. The power of these engines is self-moving, and the motion is perpetual. Sages and philosophers had discovered that the world was made for the people who inhabit it; and that kings were less entitled in their own right to its government, than lions, whose claims to be lords of the forest are supported by physical prowess. But the books and treatises which maintained these doctrines were read by the admirers of the Lockes, and Sidneys, and Miltons, and Harringtons, and replaced on their shelves as brilliant theories. Or if they impelled to occasional action, it ended in bringing new tyrants to the throne, and sincere patriots

to the scaffold. But your progenitors who occupied these seats, first taught a whole people systematically to combine the united force of their moral and physical energies—to learn the rights of insurrection, not as written in the language of the passions, but in codes and digests of its justifiable cases—to enforce them under the restraints of discipline—to define and limit its objects—to be content with success, and to make sure of its advantages. All this they did, and when the propitious hour had arrived, they called on their countrymen, as the angel called upon the apostles—“Come, rise up quickly; and the chains fell from their hands.” The inspiring voice echoed through the welkin in Europe and America, and awakened nations. He who would learn the effects of it, must read the history of the world for the last half century. He who would anticipate the consequences, must ponder well the probabilities with which time is pregnant, for the next. The memory of these men is entitled to a full share of all the honor arising from the advantage derived to mankind from this change of condition, but yet is not chargeable with the crimes and misfortunes, more than is the memory of Fulton with the occasional bursting of a boiler.

THE ICEBERG.

By I. C. Pray, Jr.

A STATELY ship is sailing out
Upon our bright, blue, lovely bay,
And round it, waves, with tiny shout,
Like fairies dance, then leap—away!
Her sails are white before the breeze,
And many a watcher on the shore,
With tearful eyes, the proud ship sees,
Uttering his "farewell" o'er and o'er.

The twilight of the fourth night came,
And vanished when the burning moon
Went up the sky with reddening flame—
And vanished, but alas! too soon.
For sleep—deep sleep soon bound the crew,
While onward sailed the ship so fast,
Above her prow the spray she threw—
A silver bow around her mast.

No fear was at the helmsman's heart,
No form he saw upon the main,
He mused till fancy's magic art
Had borne him to his home again.
One moment!—and strange fear arose,
Hope changed to dark and wild despair,
O'er the proud ship the waters close—
The iceberg whelmed each mortal there!

Then southward moved it calmly on,
Its peaks tranlucent—and like gold
Amid a bed of jewels shone
Its ribs of ice—of height untold.
Ah! Hope shall look for many a day,
Waiting to see that proud ship's sail,
And friends shall for its safety pray—
But hope and prayer will not avail!

RETIREMENT.

By P. B. Hill.

Now we will seek the glen
That blossoms in rich beauty, like the fields
Of classic Tempe in their loveliness.
It is a place meet for the home of those
Who leave the busy world—and in the pure—
The blest communion of each other's hearts,
Live in their hallowed intercourse with Him
Who giveth them the boon of sweet content.
Of old, such haunts as this the wood-nymphs sought,
And, when the burning noon looked hotly down,
Met with the Naiades of the neighboring streams ;
These blew their wreathed shells, the others joined
With delicate trumpets made of hollow flowers,
And fragrance mingled with the blending notes.

Here oft I sit, when eve, with silent pace,
Steals on—when only here and there a star
Emits a doubtful ray, as though it were
Some gentle spirit coming forth to see
This earth by summer twilight—then I love
To listen to the music issuing out
In untaught freedom from each gushing fount,
And to the melody among the leaves
Of the green woods. For fancy then can deem
These sounds the low responsive utterings
From nature's temple to her worshippers.
Here thou mayst woo the spirit of poesy,—
Here shalt thou find her, in her gentler moods.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

By Samuel Kettel.

YANKEE-LAND, or the New England portion of the United States, does not make a great figure in the map of the American Republic; yet the traveller who leaves it out of his route can tell you but little of what the Americans are.

It is in New England that you find Jonathan at home. In the other states there is a mixture, greater or less, of foreign population; but in New England the population is homogeneous and native—the emigrant does not settle there—the country is too full of people, while the more fertile soil of the west holds out superior attractions to the stranger. It is no lubber-land; there is no getting half-a-dollar a day for sleeping, in Massachusetts or Vermont; the rocky soil and rough climate of this region require thrift and industry in the occupant. In the West he may scratch the ground, throw in the seed, and leave the rest to nature; but here his toil must never be remitted; and as valor comes of sherris, so doth prosperity come of industry.

While the Yankees are themselves, they will hold their own, let politics twist about as they will. They are like cats; throw them up as you please, they will come down upon their feet. Shut their industry out from one career, and it will force itself into another. Dry up twenty sources of their prosperity, and they will open twenty more. They have a perseverance that will never languish while anything remains to be tried; they have a resolution that will try anything, if need be; and when a Yankee says "I'll try," the thing is done.

It is remarkable that the descendants of the rigid, and, as we are apt to call them, bigoted puritans, should have become the most tolerant in religion of all the American people. There is a liberty of conscience, it is true, throughout the Union, but religious prejudice is mighty in many parts. In Boston, the severe and strait-laced Calvinism of former times has disappeared. The Unitarians now form the largest sect in the city, and, as is well known, number in their ranks some of the ablest men in the western world. With this sect there is no intolerance; the opposing sects have learned forbearance from their example, and the *odium theologicum* has lost its bitterness here. The Yankee is cool, cautious, and calculating; he wants a reason for everything; an old prejudice is no obstacle in his way of improvement; his opinions must rest upon solid, tangible ground. His religion must be a religion of the understanding. He is not credulous; he is not enthusiastic. There are no Catholics in New England, save a few foreigners, and there never will be any. A New Englander is eminently a religious man, but his religion never will be a religion of ceremonies.

In European countries, he that is born a peasant will be a peasant all his life; his chance of forming an exception to the rule is exceedingly small. But, on beholding the most rustical clown of all Yankee-land, it would not be safe to affirm that he would not be numbered, at some future day, among the most eminent men of the country. There is no burying a man of genius here; the humblest birth shuts out no one either from the hopes or the facilities of rising to that station for which his native talent has qualified him. Rare, indeed, is it, to find an individual who cannot read and write; every one has, therefore, that modicum of knowledge placed within his reach, which will enable him to obtain more, should his wishes aspire.

Clowns, properly speaking, there are none among the Yankees; a Yankee is emphatically a civil man, though his civility may not produce all the bows, and grimaces, and unmeaning compliments which accompany or constitute that quality among the French; rudeness of manners could be charged against these people only by those who know nothing about them. "Countries," says Goldsmith, "wear very different appearances to persons in different circumstances. A traveller who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and a pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions." Now, sundry people have been whirled from Boston to New York in a mail-coach, and said I know not what about manners. I have travelled over the New England States on foot—over highways and byways; supped in the most splendid hotels and the most paltry inns; entered every farmer's door that offered as a resting place; and crossed any man's garden, or corn-field, or orchard, that lay in my way, without receiving an uncivil word on my whole route. On one occasion, I lost myself in the woods among the Green Mountains of Vermont, where I imagined there was no living creature to be encountered for miles, except black bears, catamounts, and similar country gentlemen; but on a sudden I emerged from the wood into an open spot where stood a log hut. A little flaxen-headed urchin espied me coming, and began to scramble with all speed—to hide himself, as I supposed; but no—it was to gain the summit of an immense log of wood, which lay by the little pathway, where he greeted me, as I passed, with as profound a bow as I ever received.

In travelling over the kingdom of Naples, and contemplating the wonders of that favored land, its fertile soil, its genial climate, its admirable capacities for commerce, and the sloth and ignorance of its population, its beggars, and its brigands—I have been struck with the whimsical

imagination of the scene that might ensue, were a plain Yankee taken from his plough tail and placed on the throne of the Two Sicilies. His majesty would begin a regular overhaul of the whole body politic the morning after his coronation. "What's this I see?" says the king. "Where are your overseers of the highways—your school-committees—your selectmen? What idle fellows are these in the streets? What are these bells ringing for every day? What means this crowd of ships lying behind the mole with nothing to do? or this *marina*, the water's edge of my great city, where I see no piles of merchandise, no trucks nor dray-carts driving about with goods, nor half the business doing in a month that is done on Boston Long Wharf in two hours? Come, bustle, occupy; set the lazzaroni to work upon the roads; send the children to school; make a railroad here and a turnpike there; bridge this river, and canal that; hang the Calabrian robbers; give the monks a rouse; go into the churches and strip me those trumpery shrines; sell the gold and silver jewels with which they are heaped, and the interest of the money will support all the poor in the kingdom, for I'll have no beggars nor idlers while my title is Jonathan the First. People shall mind their business, for I will abolish these *festas*, which come every other day, and are good for nothing but to promote idleness. Henceforth there shall be no *festas* but fast, thanksgiving and independence. Set me up a newspaper in every town; take me the census of the population; fine every district that don't send a representative to the general court. I'll have everything thrashed and sent a-bucking, even to the vernacular speech, for *dolce far niente* shall be routed from the Italian."

THOUGHTS IN A DISSECTING ROOM.

By B. D. Winslow.

At fearful length upon the surgeon's table,
With nought of state, the shroudless corpse is laid ;
No mourners crowd, arrayed in decent sable,
No solemn rites of funeral pomp are paid—
Rites of affection, which the most unable
To yield to death would shudder to have stayed ;
No requiems sad—no dirges due are said
By white-robed priests above the friendless dead.

He grasps the knife—and with unerring art,
Calmly proceeds before our sight to bare
The hidden workings of the fleshy heart,
And all the secret wonders gathered there.
Nerves, veins, and arteries—each peculiar part
To ends adapted by great Nature's care ;
And thus imparts, to those unskilled, the plan—
The springs—wheels—structure of the creature man.

Doubtless 't is well—'t is right, that we should know
All that may save us from some future harm,
Why people on their legs are wont to go,
Or what it is lifts up the hand or arm.
Yet, can we sit and view this deathly show,
Without some deep emotion of alarm—
Nay—deem it fit of *enivai* to beguile,
And meet that ghastly object with a smile ?

Gray hairs are sprinkled o'er thy pallid brow,
Which cannot be the work of many years,
Since on thy cheek and forehead even now,
'Mid signs of death, manhood's full flush appears.
Yet other things than time, the form can bow—
Grief changes hair, and eyes are dimmed by tears ;
Doubtless 't was thine to feel some hidden grief,
Which hoped not, sought not, could not find relief.

Within that breast gushed deep affections warm,
Or throbb'd that heart in unison with one
Who would have met with thee life's every storm,
And when at length death's haven thou hadst won,
With friendly care consigned to dust thy form,
Then o'er it raised the monumental stone,
The passer by, with honied words to tell—
The dead how dear—the living loved how well!

Perchance, when evening shadows hover dark,
To shroud in gloom the waveless summer sea,
Shall friendly ears amid the silence hark,
To catch the notes of far off melody,
Borne by the gentle breezes from the bark,
Which to thy home deserted, wafteth thee—
Yet must they hearken, wearily, in vain—
Their loved, their lost, shall never come again.

Would it were mine to snatch thee from the view
Of this cold, careless, scientific crowd,
Who burn alone with zeal for knowledge true,
And scoff at decent coffin, hearse, and shroud,
With grass-grown tomb beneath some spreading yew,
Where priestly requiems echo long and loud;
Who deem it well, when fitful life is done,
To hang up here, a ghastly skeleton.

It may be weakness—but when mine shall close,
When from my vision fades each earthly thing,
Consign me gently to my long repose,
Where hands of friends (if such survive) may fling
Above the sod, the lily, violet, rose,
Or drop one tear—true sorrow's offering.
Yes! these the boons, which dying I would crave,
The world's oblivion—and a quiet grave.

A WANDERER'S LIFE.

By Edwin Buckingham.

MANY years ago I left my native city, for the purpose of transacting business in foreign parts. I was young, thoughtless, happy. No cares had bound my brow with wrinkles, or taken the freshness of youth from my cheeks. Labor had not destroyed the buoyancy of my spirits, nor had disease broken down my athletic form. I left at my departure the happiest of homes, many warm friends, and many dear associates, not thinking that I was saying farewell for the last time, to so many, who were then cheerful and busy about me. My last adieu was reserved for one with whom every anticipation of happiness and success was connected,—one whose attachment to me was of a nature warmer than even a sister's affection. But this adieu was said, and I departed.

For years I wandered about in Europe, engaged in the all-absorbing pursuit of money. The highest peaks of the mountain were attainable to me and my agents, and the lowest valleys were made plain paths. Seas tossed their angry billows in vain; for the fidelity with which I worshipped and pursued one deity, made me dare all dangers and perils. Quiet rivers and rural scenery wasted their charms, for when my path led by them, my mind was a whirlwind, making all nature wear her roughest garb. I saw no happiness in villages, for it was my ambition to convert them into cities. When streams babbled to the rushes on their banks, I wished to hear the echo of the seaman's song, for by his comfortless voyages over the great deep, my interests were advanced tenfold. Whole towns rose as by necromantic power, when I loosed my purse strings; and I never drew them close again without increasing the precious burden. The laborers dependent

on me would have peopled a city ; and although poverty pressed them hard, I ground them to the very earth, for my behests must be obeyed, and my gains must be increased. I was a hard master, but I served *my* master faithfully, hoarding, and saving, and multiplying.

Success attended me ; business was profitable ; adventures returned the only sound that pleased me. Wherever I advanced, I was welcomed by my idol. Wherever I retreated, the necessity of supplying my demands seemed to have gone before me, and the acceptable offerings were ready. Man seldom meets with equal success ; man seldom pursues one object with so little thought for the future.

I grew tired of this round of toil ; for what I had at first labored to attain, I found it more difficult to dispose of profitably ; and although I had retained my health while in the most hazardous and fatiguing occupations, it preyed upon my spirits and hardened my heart, to think there was no more poverty in the world, no more with a bare competency, no more to be lured within my toils, no more food to glut my usury. I had lived an easy life, until I became rich. I had acquired property with too little labor. The products of the earth were upturned for me as with a magic spade ; the seas surrendered all their treasures to my avaricious necessities, and all tangible substances seemed but to come in contact with me, to be transmuted into gold.

I thought to increase my happiness by returning to my native land. Upon the passage I had full time for reflection ; and memory was indeed busy. The home of my infancy,—years had passed away since I had received tidings from the family mansion, but I knew that my parents were not there to enjoy my riches. The friends whose confidence I enjoyed at my departure,—I retained their very forms, their parting looks,—but the time which had elapsed, rendered it probable that the wanderer, who

left them in his youth, and had left them for years without advice of his existence, had passed from their memories. But now that I had given up my only occupation, the memory of my early years was doubly strong, and I was pleased with fancying the surprise I should create among my old associates by a sudden return. In reviewing my early life, however, there was one remembrance that smote upon my conscience; there was one form and one face of which, warmly as I drew it upon the tablet of an almost insensible heart, I dared not imagine the present condition. Full plainly could I see again the tears which added crystals to the eye, without diminishing its lustre; full well could I see the bosom swelling with a language to which the tongue can give no utterance, and which is to be read only by the eye of affection; full well could I see the smile which mantled on that face, as hope gave her aid to soothe our troubled feelings, and was successful. Much as I loved to gaze inward, (for within me was the only portrait I now possessed,) I could not do it without pain. I had the living substance in my heart, but it was in such a frame and case of conscience, that I could not behold the pleasant picture for any length of time, without fancying the bright face overshadowed with care and sorrow, or the full and beauteous form fallen away. I had left my home to provide the means for happiness. I had provided the means, but when there was sufficient, I had forgotten the object, and now that there was a superfluity, it might be impossible to carry the original intention into effect. The latter thought was a torture, but it was one of my own invention. I had worn the chain of roses which first bound me; I had voluntarily severed its links for the purpose of re-uniting them more firmly, and the thought that I had not fulfilled my promise was maddening. A thousand apprehensions followed it, and nothing brought a balm for this wound. I could only promise to myself, that if possible, all should

be amended ; but that *if* was a point upon which too much depended. It was to my heart more troublous than the storms upon the ocean ; for with their horrors they brought a natural and physical grandeur, while my horrors of suspense were accompanied only by the remembrance of my own folly and meanness.

The vessel arrived at its destined haven ; but the sight of the cheerful owners, as they greeted her returns, the busy hum of those occupied in the seaport, and the carelessness with which I was regarded as I passed, all which would once have been the highest gratification, now afforded none. I had no share in the proceeds of all the business I saw about me ; the laborers were not in my employment, and no overseer cringed to me, that he might in turn abuse his inferiors. A listlessness followed, that was truly painful. In the crowds that thronged the avenues, I saw no familiar face, no agent, no man that "owed me moneys." This made me feel a want of occupation. No man that hated me, bowed, because it was in my power to administer to his necessities or his luxuries ; and I took by the hand no man, whom I despised, that I might make him my debtor. These things had once been familiar to me. My power had been known, and I was envied, feared and hated. I knew my power, and I despised, was selfish and hypocritical.

I endeavored to throw away this train of associations, and live for the sake of living. I looked around for my friends. Some were gone to other lands, possibly following in the very track I had myself marked out ; and some had gone to their final settlement. A few were still to be found ; but I started with a feeling not only of surprise and dread, but with something of a supernatural fear, as I found the first familiar voice and face, the first old associate, to be a man far advanced in life, and surrounded with his worldly happiness, as well as his worldly gains. I remembered none but young men, nothing but saplings

and green trees ; but I found them dried, root and branch. Love had been withered by misfortunes, and from some, which were but aged stumps, although they were my school-fellows, had proceeded vigorous and thrifty branches bearing and producing in the regular order of nature. This stirred up again the fountains of memory within me, and they sent forth bitter waters. What might I have been ? What am I ? I continually asked myself, and I could not give a soothing answer, for I felt that this loneliness was the result not only of folly, but of actual crime.

In a cheerful hour, I visited again the habitation of my family. As I approached the gate, I saw within the yard my father's children playing, as I left them ; the piano sounded from the very room in which my sister formerly played. I heard the laugh of merriment, and distinguished the very voices of my sister, and of Marian ; and every sound and every appearance about the house, exactly as I left them. I raised the latch silently, and entered, that I might be in the midst of the circle before discovery. The youngest, a chubby child, tottled to meet me, and it was not until I raised the boy to kiss his brow, that I saw he bore no likeness to my family ; another and another came, and I knew none of them. The laughing girls were *not* of my family—no sister was there—no Marian—no father—no mother ;—but all beheld me with astonishment. I could but make the family an apology for my intrusion, —I could not master my feelings, and the children gazed with wonder, to see a stern and rugged man shed tears, like one of them. I could not help it. My father's fires had burned out upon his hearth-stone. Himself and the partner of his life had gone down to the grave, and no son at the bedside to close their eyes. My sister had removed to a distant place, and I stood, the sole representative of a departed family. Not being able, at that moment, to realize my situation, I left the house to its new inmates.

A funeral procession passed me, and entered the cemetery beneath a church. I followed from impulse, not from thought, for I had just received a living proof that my family was almost extinct, and I did not wish to visit their graves at that time. Entering through an arch, the procession turned into a place of deposit. I passed on by a long range of tombs, and entered the most distant one that received light from the candles, which burned as if themselves oppressed, by the damps of the place, for they flickered and again blazed up brighter for an instant, like the departing spirit, which glows more intensely before it is extinguished forever. I know not what prompted me to look at the coffins in this, to me, dreadful place; but I voluntarily examined the plate of an old one; the name of a female, either was not distinct or legible, or I did not examine it very closely; but the age arrested my attention,—“Æt. 17.” I could not resist the desire I felt to see the form which had been arrested thus early in life, and which had been in this damp and cold receptacle, for thirty years. I raised the lid—the dress which had encompassed the body was still there, rotten and decayed; but almost the only vestige of mortality, the only evidence that the narrow crib had ever received its tenant, was a thin blue mould, which clung to the inside of the lid, like a creeping vine. I was satisfied that the natural decomposition had taken place. The pure body of this girl had apparently soared with the pure spirit which it encompassed, to realms beyond the skies. Surprised at the unnatural phenomenon, I carefully replaced the covers as I found them, but, in moving the lid, I accidentally rubbed off the dust, and read the name of “**MARIAN** ——.”

I cannot describe my feelings. I was gratified to discover, even in this horrible manner, that she had not perished in sorrow for my neglect, and that she was a ministering spirit, where I felt that I should need a mediator.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

By Mrs. Hale.

The mother's love—there 's none so pure,
So constant and so kind,
Nor human passion doth endure
Like this within the mind.

Lightly a soft cheek presses here,
Soft as a nestling dove,
And through her thrilling bosom stirs
A mother's tender love.

Now pile your gold like Inca's high,
Unveil Golconda's mine,
But not for wealth that thrones might buy
Would she her child resign.

How hushed she sits beside its bed,
And watches o'er its rest,
While oft its little helpless head
Is pillowed on her breast.

Her thankful tears, a gentle shower,
Her smiles of love are given
To fall upon her human flower,
Like light and dew from heaven.

And while its charms, to her so fair,
Expand beneath her gaze,
She reckons not her nights of care,
Nor counts her anxious days.

The conscious smile, the kiss returned,
And "Mother," sweetly spoken,
These are the pure delights she's earned,
Pleasures of God the token.

TO THE CHANTING CHERUBS.

A MARBLE GROUP BY GREENOUGH.

By R. H. Dana.

Whence came ye, Cherubs? from the moon
Or from a shining star?
Ye, sure, are sent, a blessed boon,
From kinder worlds afar;
For while I look, my heart is all delight:
Earth has no creatures half so pure and bright.

From moon, nor star, we hither flew;
The moon doth wane away;
The stars—they pale at morning dew:
We 're children of the day;
Nor change, nor night, was ever ours to bear;
Eternal light, and love, and joy, we share.

Then, sons of light, from heaven above,
Some blessed news ye bring.
Come ye to chant eternal love,
And tell how angels sing,
And in your breathing, conscious forms to show,
How purer forms above, live, breathe, and glow?

Our parent is a human mind;
His winged thoughts are we;
To sun, nor stars, are we confined:
We pierce the deepest sea.
Moved by a brother's call, our father bade
Us light on earth: and here our flight is stayed.

CLAIMS OF MUSIC.

By S. A. Elliot.

WE must learn in this, as in other things, to distinguish between the use and abuse, the proper and natural connection, and the artificial and unnecessary combination. If there is danger in the character of the public amusement, let the child be interested in the domestic concert; and what more charming picture of innocent and improving relaxation can be presented to the mind's eye, than that of a family, happy enough to have acquired in youth the requisite skill, and combining their several powers and attainments in the production of heavenly harmony? It can hardly fail to produce that harmony of heart, of which that of their voices is a sweet and suitable emblem.

It certainly will not fail; for music has a moral power which, under such circumstances, cannot be resisted by any human heart. Who, indeed, can resist its power under any circumstances? Can we hear animated music without cheerfulness, or sad music without sympathy, or solemn music without awe? Is there any feeling of our nature to which music is not or may not be addressed, and which, when properly adapted, it does not heighten and increase? One is almost ashamed to state a proposition so like a truism. Its power is, in some degree or other, acknowledged by all, while it is, of course, most felt by those whose sensibility has been improved by cultivation.

Whatever may be said of the power of music over the emotions and feelings, will be liable to the charge of exaggeration from those who are less sensible to it; and at the same time, it is so great over the majority of persons,

as hardly to be susceptible of exaggeration. If the mind is to be excited or soothed, thrilled with horror or with delight, touched with kindness, or hardened into severity, softened with pity, or filled with awe, or stirred to sudden mutiny against the better affections, what can produce these effects with more certainty or power than music? Even language, unaided by music, has perhaps less effect than music without the aid of language. But when they are combined for a given purpose, when melody is wedded to immortal verse, then it is that every feeling is under the control of the musician, and he can rouse or subdue every emotion of the human breast. This must necessarily be stated in general terms, as there is not time to illustrate the position in detail. But I appeal to the recollection of every one. I ask if there is anything which has left upon your memory a deeper impression of tenderness, of reverence, of awe, of beauty or of sublimity, than has been produced by the concerted pieces, the accompanied airs and choruses, of eminent composers.

Does the mother ever fail to soothe the little irritations of infancy by her gentle song? Was ever a soldier insensible to the angry blast of the trumpet? Is it possible to listen without strengthened affection to the voices of those we love? Or is there any doubt that music has given additional power to the seductions of vicious amusement, as well as greater strength to the aspirations of our holier feelings? We must cultivate music of a pure and refined character, not merely to counteract the effect of that which is not so, but that we may give a new power to the better tendencies of our nature, that we may have its aid in raising what in us is low, reforming what is wrong, and carrying forward to perfection whatever is praiseworthy.

TO THE URSA MAJOR.

By Henry Ware, Jr.

With what a stately and majestic step
That glorious constellation of the north
Treads its eternal circle! going forth
Its princely way among the stars in slow
And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail!
I joy to see thee on thy glowing path
Walk, like some stout and girded giant—stern,
Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.
The other tribes forsake their midnight track,
And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave;
But thou dost never close thy burning eye,
Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on,
While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds
Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.
The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.
Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit
Thy long appointed watch; but sleepless still,
Dost guard the fixed light of the universe,
And bid the north forever know its place.

Agès have witnessed thy devoted trust,
Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God
Sent forth that shout of joy which rang through heaven,
And echoed from the outer spheres that bound
The illimitable universe, thy voice
Joined the high chorus; from thy radiant orbs
The glad cry sounded, swelling to his praise,
Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,
Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd
Of splendors that enrich his firmament.
As thou art now, so wast thou then the same.

Ages have rolled their course, and time grown gray ;
 The earth has gathered to her womb again,
 And yet again, the myriads that were born
 Of her uncounted, unremembered tribes.
 The seas have changed their beds—the eternal hills
 Have stooped with age—the solid continents
 Have left their banks—and man's imperial works—
 The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung
 Their haughty honors in the face of heaven,
 As if immortal—have been swept away—
 Shattered and mouldering, buried and forgot.
 But time has shed no dimness on thy front,
 Nor touched the firmness of thy tread ; youth, strength,
 And beauty still are thine—as clear, as bright,
 As when the Almighty Former sent thee forth,
 Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,
 To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim
 The eternal chorus of eternal Love.

I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,
 Undimmed, unquenched,—just as I see it now,—
 Has issued from those dazzling points, through years
 That go back far into eternity.

Exhaustless flood ! forever spent, renewed
 Forever ! Yea, and those refulgent drops,
 Which now descend upon my lifted eye,
 Left their far fountain twice three years ago.
 While those winged particles, whose speed outstrips
 The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth
 Compassed its tedious circuit round and round,
 And, in the extremes of annual change, beheld
 Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.
 So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve !
 So vast the void through which their beams descend !

Yea, glorious lamps of God ! He may have quenched
 Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night
 Rest on your spheres ; and yet no tidings reach
 This distant planet. Messengers still come
 Laden with your far fire, and we may seem

To see your lights still burning ; while their blaze
But hides the black wreck of extinguished realms,
Where anarchy and darkness long have reigned.

Yet what is this, which to the astonished mind
Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought
Confounds? A span, a point, in those domains
Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars
Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight
Embraces all at once ; yet each from each
Recedes as far as each of them from earth.
And every star from every other burns
No less remote. From the profound of heaven,
Untravelled even in thought, keen, piercing rays
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense
Systems and worlds unnumbered. Take the glass,
And search the skies. The opening skies pour down
Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire—
Stars, crowded, thronged, in regions so remote,
That their swift beams—the swiftest things that be—
Have travelled centuries on their flight to earth.
Earth, sun, and nearer constellations ! what
Are ye, amid this infinite extent
And multitude of God's most infinite works !

And these are suns !—vast, central, living fires,
Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds
That wait as satellites upon their power,
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,
And meditate the wonder ! Countless suns
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds !—
Worlds in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
And drink the bliss of being from the fount
Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know,
What tongue can utter, all their multitudes !
Thus numberless in numberless abodes !
Known but to thee, blessed Father ! Thine they are,
Thy children, and thy care—and none o'erlooked
Of thee ! No, not the humblest soul that dwells
Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course

Amid the giant glories of the sky,
 Like the mean mote that dances in the beam
 Among the mirrored lamps, which fling
 Their wasteful splendor from the palace wall—
 None, none escape the kindness of thy care ;
 All compassed underneath thy spacious wing,
 Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs! as from your throne,
 Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
 Your sway---what beings fill those bright abodes ?
 How formed, how gifted ? What their powers, their state,
 Their happiness, their wisdom ? Do they bear
 The stamp of human nature ? Or has God
 Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
 And more celestial minds ? Does Innocence
 Still wear her native and untainted bloom ?
 Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,
 And sowed corruption in those fairy bowers ?
 Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire ?
 And Slavery forged his chains ? and Wrath, and Hate,
 And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust,
 Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth,
 And scatter wo where Heaven had planted joy ?
 Or are they yet all paradise, unfallen
 And uncorrupt ? existence one long joy,
 Without disease upon the frame, or sin
 Upon the heart, or weariness of life—
 Hope never quenched, and age unknown,
 And death unfeared ; while fresh and fadeless youth
 Glows in the light from God's near throne of love ?

Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair !
 Speak, speak ! the mysteries of those living worlds
 Unfold !---No language ? Everlasting light,
 And everlasting silence ?---Yet the eye
 May read and understand. The hand of God
 Has written legibly what man may know,
THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines,
 Ineffable, unchangeable ; and man,

Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
May know and ask no more. In other days,
When death shall give the encumbered spirit wings,
Its range shall be extended ; it shall roam,
Perchance, among those vast mysterious spheres,
Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each,
Familiar with its children—learn their laws,
And share their state, and study and adore
The infinite varieties of bliss
And beauty, by the hand of power divine
Lavished on all its works. Eternity
Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight ;
No pause of pleasure or improvement ; world
On world still opening to the instructed mind
An unexhausted universe, and time
But adding to its glories : while the soul,
Advancing ever to the Source of light
And all perfection, lives, adores and reigns
In cloudless knowledge, purity and bliss.

NAHANT.

By N. P. Willis.

IF you can imagine a buried Titan lying along the length of a continent, with one arm stretched out into the midst of the sea—the spot to which I would transport you, reader mine, would be, as it were, in the palm of the giant's hand. The small promontory to which I refer, which becomes an island in certain states of the tide, is at the end of one of the long capes of Massachusetts, and is still called by its Indian name, *Nahant*. Not to make you uncomfortable, I beg to introduce you, at once, to a pretentious hotel, "squat like a toad," upon the unsheltered and highest point of this citadel in mid sea, and a very great resort for the metropolitan New Englanders. Nahant is, perhaps, literally measured, a square half mile, and it is distant from what may fairly be called main land, perhaps a league.

Road to Nahant there is none. The *oi polloi* go there by steam. But when the tide is down, you may drive there with a thousand chariots over the bottom of the sea. If the Bible had been a fiction, (not to speak profanely,) I should have thought the idea of the destruction of Pharaoh and his host had its origin in some such wonder of nature.

Nahant is so far out into the ocean, that what is called "the ground swell"—the majestic heave of its great bosom, going on forever, like respiration, (though its face may be like a mirror beneath the sun, and a wind may not have crisped its surface for days and weeks,) is as broad and powerful within a rood of the shore as it is a

thousand miles at sea. The promontory itself is never wholly left by the ebb. But from its western extremity there runs a narrow ridge, scarce broad enough for a horse-path, impassable for the rocks and sea-weed, of which it is matted, and extending, at just high-water mark, from Nahant to the main land. Seaward from this ridge, which is the only connection of the promontory with the continent, descends an expanse of sand, left bare six hours out of the twelve by the retreating sea, as smooth and hard as marble, and as broad and apparently as level as the plain of the Hermus. For three miles it stretches away, without shell or stone, a surface of white, fine-grained sand, beaten so hard by the eternal hammer of the surf, that the hoof of a horse scarce marks it, and the heaviest wheel leaves it as printless as a floor of granite. This will easily be understood, when you remember the tremendous rise and fall of the ocean-swell, from the very bosom of which, in all its breadth and strength, roll in the waves of the flowing tide, breaking down on the beach, every one, with the thunder of a host precipitated from the battlements of a castle. Nothing could be more solemn and anthem-like than the succession of these plunging surges. And, when the "tenth wave" gathers far out at sea and rolls onward to the shore, first with a glossy and heaving swell, as if some mighty monster were lurching inland beneath the water, and then, bursting up into foam, with a front like an endless and sparry crystal wall, advances and overwhelms everything in its progress, till it breaks, with a centupled thunder, on the beach, it has seemed to me, standing there, as if thus might have beaten the first surge on the shore after the fiat which "divided sea and land." I am not naturally of a religious turn, but the sea, (myself on shore,) always drives me to Scripture for an illustration of my feelings.

The promontory of Nahant must be based on the earth's axle. Else I cannot imagine how it should have lasted so long. In the mildest weather, the ground-swell of the sea gives it a fillip at every heave that would lay the "castled crag of Drachenfels" as low as Memphis. The wine trembles in your beaker of claret, as you sit after dinner, at the hotel; and, if you look out at the eastern balcony, (for it is a wooden pagoda, with balconies, virandas and colonnades *ad libitum*.) you will see the grass breathless in the sunshine upon the lawn, and the ocean as polished as "Miladi's brow" beyond, and yet the spray and foam dashing fifty feet into the air between, and enveloping the "Devil's Pulpit," a tall rock split off from the promontory's front,) in a perpetual kaleidoscope of mist and rainbows. Take the trouble to transport yourself there! I will do the remaining honors on the spot.

A cavern as cool, (not as silent,) as those of Trophonius lies just under the brow of yonder precipice, and the waiter shall come after us with our wine. You have dined with the Borromeo, in the grotto of Isola Bella, I doubt not, and know the perfection of *art*. I will show you that of *nature*. (I should like to transport you for a similar contrast from Terni to Niagara, or from San Giovanni Laterano to an aisle in a forest of Michigan; but the Dædalian mystery, alas, is unsolved. We "fly not yet.")

Here we are, then, in the "Swallow's Cave." The floor descends by a gentle declivity to the sea, and, from the long, dark cleft stretching outward, you look forth upon the broad Atlantic—the shore of Ireland the first *terra firma* in the path of your eye. Here is a dark pool left by the retreating tide for a refrigerator, and, with the champagne in the midst, we will recline about it like the soft Asiatics, of whom we learned luxury in the east, and drink to the small-featured and purple-lipped Mignons of

Syria, those fine-limbed and fiery slaves, adorable as Peris, and by turns languishing and stormy, whom you buy for a pinch of piastres, (say five pounds and five shillings,) in sunny Damascus. Your drowsy Circassian, faint and dreamy, and your crockery Georgian, fit puppets for the sensual Turk, are to him who would buy *soul*, dear at a *para* the hecatomb.

We recline, as it were, in an ebon pyramid, with a hundred feet of floor and sixty of wall, and the fourth side open to the sea. The light comes in mellow and dim, and the sharp edges of the rocky portal seem let into the pearly arch of heaven. The tide is at half ebb, and the advancing and retreating waves, which, at first, just lifted the fringe of crimson dulse at the tip of the cavern, now dash their spray-pearls on the rock below; the "tenth" surge alone rallying, as if in scorn of its retreating fellows; and, like the chieftain of Culloden-moor, rushing back singly to the contest. And now that the waters reach the entrance no more, come forward and look on the sea! The swell lifts! would you not think the bases of the earth rising beneath it? It falls! Would you not think the foundations of the deep had given way? A plain, broad enough for the navies of the world to ride at large, heaves up evenly and steadily as if it would lie against the sky, rests a moment, spell-bound, in its place, and falls again as far—the respiration of a sleeping child is not more regular and full of slumber. It is only on the shore that it chafes! Blessed emblem! It is at peace with itself. The rocks war with a nature so unlike their own, and the hoarse din of their border onsets resounds through the caverns they have rent open; but beyond, in the calm bosom of the ocean, what heavenly dignity! what godlike unconsciousness of alarm! I did not think we should stumble on such a moral in the cave!

By the deeper bass of its hoarse organ, the sea is now playing upon its lowest stops, and the tide is down. Hear! how it rushes in beneath the rocks, broken and stilled in its tortuous way, till it ends with a washing and dull kiss among the sea-weed; and, like a myriad of small, tinkling bells, the dripping from the crags is audible. There is fine music in the sea!

And now the beach is bare. The cave begins to cool and darken, and the first gold tint of sunset is stealing into the sky, and the sea looks of a changing opal, green, purple and white, as if its floor were paved with pearl, and the changing light struck up through the waters. And there heaves a ship into the horizon, like a white winged bird, lying, with dark breast, on the waves, abandoned of the sea-breeze within sight of port, and repelled even by the spicy breath that comes with a welcome off the shore. She comes from "merry England." She is freighted with more than merchandize. The home-sick exile will gaze on her snowy sail as she sets in with the morning breeze, and bless it; for the wind that first filled it on its way swept through the green valley of his home! What links of human affection brings she over the sea! How much comes in her that is not in her "bill of lading," yet worth, to the heart that is waiting for it, a thousand times the purchase of her whole venture.

Mais montons nous! I hear the small hoofs of Thalaba. My stanhope waits. We will leave this half bottle of champagne, that remainder biscuit, and the echoes of our philosophy, to the Naiads who have lent us their drawing-room. Undine or Egerea! Lurly or Arethusa! whatever thou art called, nymph of this shadowy cave! adieu!

Slowly, Thalaba! Tread gingerly down this rocky descent! So—here we are, on the floor of the vasty deep! What a glorious race-course! The polished and printless

sand spreads away before you as far as the eye can see; the surf comes in below, breast-high ere it breaks, and the white fringe of the sliding wave shoots up the beach, but leaves room for the marching of a Persian phalanx on the sands it has deserted. Oh how noiselessly runs the wheel, and how dreamily we glide along, feeling our motion but in the resistance of the wind, and the trout-like pull of the ribands by the excited animal before us! Mark the color of the sand! White at high-water mark, and thence deepening to a silvery gray as the water has evaporated less—a slab of Egyptian granite in the obelisk of St. Peter's not more polished and unimpressible. Shell or rock, weed or quicksand there is none, and mar or deface its bright surface as you will, it is ever beaten down anew, and washed even of the dust of the foot of man, by the returning sea. You may write upon its fine-grained face with a crow-quill. You may course over its dazzling expanse with a troop of chariots.

Most wondrous and beautiful of all, within twenty yards of the surf, or for an hour after the tide has left the sand, it holds the water without losing its firmness, and is like a gray mirror, bright as the bosom of the sea. (By your leave, Thalaba!) And now lean over the dasher and see those small fetlocks striking up from beneath—the flying mane, the thorough-bred action, the small and expressive head as perfect in the reflection as in the reality. Like Wordsworth's swan, he

“Trots double, horse and shadow.”

You would think you were skimming the surface of the sea. And the delusion is more complete, as the white foam of the “tenth wave” skims in beneath wheel and hoof, and you urge on, with the treacherous element gliding away visibly beneath you.

We seem not to have driven fast, yet three miles, fairly measured, are left behind, and Thalaba's blood is up. Fine creature! I would not give him

"For the best horse the sun has in his stable."

We have won champagne ere now, Thalaba and I, trotting on this silvery beach, and if ever old age comes on me, as I intend it never shall on aught save my mortal coil, (my spirit vowed to perpetual youth,) I think these vital breezes, and a trot on these exhilarating sands, would sooner renew my prime, than a rock in St. Hilary's cradle, or a dip in the well of Kanathos.

TO AN INSECT.

By O. W. Holmes.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid !
Thou 'raindest me of gentle folks—
Old gentle folks are they—
Thou sayest an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid !
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill.
I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree—
A knot of spinster Katydids—
Do Katydids drink tea ?

O tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do ?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked, too ?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one ?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me ! I'll tell you all about
My fuss with little Jane
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
So often down the lane ;

And all that tore their locks of black,
Or wet their eyes of blue—
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
What did poor Katy do?

Ah no! the living oak shall crash,
That stood for ages still;
The rock shall rend its mossy base,
And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever murmuring race!
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings,
Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

By H. H. Weld.

HE had been to the Pension Office. The generosity—if generosity consists in deferring a benefit until the recipient is past the enjoyment of it,—or the justice—if justice consists in withholding the veteran's due till he is ready to go down to the grave, (generosity or justice—call it what you will, we can call it neither,) had at last awarded him his pension. An infirm old man! The burden of old age and hope deferred had made him sick at heart, and sick of life. The death film was even now measurably drawn over the eye, once sparkling; the pace which was once firm and confident in the strength of youth, and the pride of patriotism, had become irregular and tottering; and the manly form, once erect and commanding, was bowed down—age and suffering had done it. He was a stranger in the metropolis; infirmity and neglect had broken down his *body*, but his spirit could better sustain itself; and a bitter sense of the neglect he had suffered from those who should have remembered him, had kept him in solitude. He would not offer a living comparison between the men who achieved, and the men who have profited by the achievement without exertion of their own. The conscious victim of cruel neglect and ingratitude, he considered the tardy justice of his country a mockery, and nought but his abject poverty and a wish to die “square with the world,” had induced him to apply for it. He had applied and received. “And now,” said he, “I will pay my debts—and die.” The change of objects in the city bewildered him. He gazed upon the spacious and elegant

edifices which had in his absence superseded old and familiar objects,—but he gazed with hurried and uncertain glances, as if doubting his senses. The bustling forms of a generation who have forgotten the revolution, flitted past him without heeding him—the pensioner was alone in the city! Amazed that the lapse of time had wrought such wonders, he felt like a stranger in a strange land, and that, too, on the very soil he had defended.

His venerable appearance attracted the notice of a passer-by, who, perceiving the old man was bewildered, tendered his services to conduct him home. “Home! I have no home. I was at home *here* in '76, but I am forgotten now!” A transient glance of anger flashed in the veteran's eye—but in a moment it passed away, and the vacancy of his countenance returned. “Where am I? Oh, I have been to take the *gift* of Congress—let me go pay my debts before I die.” The *gift*!—here again his eye was lighted—and his bearing spoke the proud and wounded spirit—broken, but not subdued. An honest feeling of indignation mastered him. Striving, as if strong in the pride of youth to avoid the unfeeling and impertinent curiosity of the crowd who surrounded him, he sank exhausted to the pavement.

“Take him to *the Police Office for a vagrant!*” said one of the crowd.

“Take yourself off, for an unfeeling brute!” said the honest fellow who had first addressed the veteran. “But,” (catching him by the collar as he essayed to walk away,) “stop, first, and give me the old man's pocket book! I saw you take it,—hand over, or I'll tear you limb from limb!” “Throttle him,” cried one of the crowd; “a scoundrel! rob a pensioner!” “Down with him!” “Strip him!” “Take *him* to the Police!” and the old man's wallet fell from the culprit in the scuffle.

The pensioner was recognized by some one in the crowd, and he passively suffered himself to be put in a coach. He was conveyed to a shelter, and having happily fallen into good hands, attention for a couple of days partially restored his exhausted energies. An indistinct remembrance of the events we have narrated flitted occasionally across his mind, but he remembered the events of '76 better than those of yesterday, and the countenances of those who had been his companions in arms were more distinctly marked in his memory, than the new ones he had seen the day before. When about to be put on board the stage to be conveyed home, the old man's mind again wandered. "That's right, carry me to Congress: give me my due, I have fought for it! Congress said I should have it!" The old man's wallet was put into his hand.—"Oh, yes, I knew I should get it: they could not so soon forget the old soldier: but so late—let me pay my debts and die! I can live no longer! But somebody stole it—they got it away from me; they could n't do it fifty years ago; but I've got it now, hav'n't I?—no, they did n't keep it;—they would steal the old man's money! They could not keep it—the God of battles would blast them for it. God have mercy on them—they did n't fight for it! Let me pay my debts and die; my children are all dead; my wife died in—in the poor house,—and me—I do n't want to live any longer,—nobody knows me now—let me die!"

The stage stopped at ——. Hitherto during the ride the old man had been silent. Forgetful of the present, inattentive to things about him, his mind was back among other scenes. A long, long reverie,—and one from which he was never to awaken! His lips moved rapidly, though no sound was audible; involuntary and spasmodic emotions evinced the activity of his mind. He was busily communing with his friends, and reviewing the events of

his youth. Poor old man! fifty years since seemed to him but as yesterday. One of the lone and isolated survivors of another and a better race, he had no communion with those about him. Dwelling upon the hardships, the privations, the dangers, the escapes, the victories of another age, his frame, infirm and old, could not support the *recollection*, as once in the day of his strength he withstood the *reality*!

“Hark!” murmured the old man. All eyes turned towards him. He raised himself on his staff and leaned forward. His eyes beamed with supernatural animation, and contrasted fearfully with his shrunken countenance; his hat had fallen, and his silver locks moved on the light air,—his lips compressed—his posture firm! Oh, God! was it his death struggle? The roll of a distant drum fell on his ear—he grasped his staff firmly as once he had held his firelock. A bugle sounded clear and full beside the coach—“For Congress and the People, cha’—!” His voice ceased; he fell back to his seat; a husky rattling in his throat succeeded—

The spirit of the revolutionary patriot had departed!

WHAT SHALL I BRING THEE, MOTHER?

By Miss Frances S. Locks.

WHAT shall I bring to thee, mother mine,—
What shall I bring to thee?
Shall I bring thee jewels, that burn and shine,
In the depths of the sunless sea?

Shall I bring the garland, a hero wears,
By a wondering world entwined,
Whose leaves can cover a thousand cares,
And smile o'er a clouded mind?

Shall I bring thee deep and sacred stores
Of knowledge, the high and free,
That thrills the heart, on the hallowed shores
Of classic Italy?

What are jewels, my boy, to me?
Thou art the gem I prize,
And the richest spot in that fearful sea,
Will be where thy vessel lies!

The wreath the hero loves is won,
By the life-blood of the brave,
And his brow must lose, ere it wear the crown,
The smile that mercy gave!

Dearly earned is the volume's wealth,
That opes to the lamp, at night,
While the fairer ray of hope and health,
Goes out by the sickly light!

Bring me that innocent brow, my boy—
Bring me that shadowless eye—
Bring me the tone of tender joy,
That breathes in thy last "good bye!"

SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS.

By James T. Austin.

It is our opinion, that a cultivated intellectual society cannot find much gratification in reciprocating nonsense, and practising *gourmanderie*; and that where such occupations form the constituents of pleasure, the society in which they are found, has little just pretension to intellectual distinction. We admit, that assembling in society is for amusement; and we not only concede, but maintain, that amusement is, in itself, as necessary to human virtue, as sleep is to human life; but amusement may be creditable or discreditable, elevated or low, intellectual or vulgar. Now, if it must be had, let it be had according to the taste and inclination of those who are to enjoy it; and do not let him, who finds and can find no pleasure in elegant conversation, seek to get amusement by trying to talk; if he finds all his sensibilities attracted to the supper-table, let him feast at it in moderation, and content himself with the refinements of oysters and champagne; but if this is the great cause of his entertainment, do not let him make any pretension to superiority of intellectual cultivation.

A better tone of society would change all this; and what now strikes us as a laborious and hard task, that of maintaining an easy, playful, elegant, and instructive conversation, an interchange of thoughts worthy to be remembered, and a development of sentiment and opinion that might be remembered with satisfaction, would then become easy and popular. Instead of the costly display of materials for eating and drinking, disgusting by their quantity, and dangerous to the habits and character of the young and aged, whom they tempt beyond moderation, a

lighter refection would soon become quite as satisfactory, and be vastly less prejudicial to health and to the mind. Let the dance go on, let music increase its fascinations, let youth enjoy its halcyon days, with all that can render life gay, cheerful and happy ; but take care, that in the excess of your kindness, you do not ruin the animated and lovely beings, whom you draw to a bright and shining light, that may destroy them.

Put no obstacle in the way of the enjoyment of everything that wealth and liberality can contribute to divert the spirits, and gratify the imagination, and elevate the heart ; but let it be remembered, that over all these preparations, the spirit of intelligence and discretion should preside ; and that there can be no permanent happiness where there is a departure from propriety. He is not the kindest friend, who pours forth the most liberally of his abundance ; but he who so manages his contributions, that, while he promotes the innocent hilarity, he does not jeopardize the moral habits of the companions collected around him.

We are getting to be more dull, and grave, and phlegmatic, than is wise or prudent. The plan of our association is too strictly utilitarian. We prune off, and pare down, until the fruit, as well as foliage, is in danger of destruction. We are very little of an imaginative people. There is not much that seems to us expedient, unless its exact value is first mathematically ascertained. The maypole and the liberty-pole are cut down ; the sports and gambols of merry England, the jocund hilarity of beautiful France, the song, the dance, the improvisatore of romantic Italy, are out of season and out of climate ; and our public days are too often days of disgraceful intemperance, because there are no national games, no lawful, pleasurable pastimes, which may be honestly substituted for the daily labor of life. If a chaplet of flowers should

be suspended over the grave of a departed friend, there would be no sympathy in the public mind to preserve them as the tribute of mourning affection; the first passer-by would wonder if it was thought the inanimate dust could be sensible of their perfume; they would be more likely to be stolen than to wither. Monuments of the dead can scarcely escape being mutilated in the mere wantonness of the folly or the ignorance of the gazers.

We have heard wonder expressed why our chief executive magistrate marched in public procession with a military guard, when there was no danger from an enemy! In all the forms and ceremonies of civil and religious duty, a simplicity, almost on the Quaker plan, is encroaching on the rites and pageantry of former times.

A young couple went, not long since, into the study of a late judge of our supreme court, who, by virtue of a commission as justice of the peace, was authorized to solemnize marriages, and desired him to marry them. "Very well," said his honor, whom they found writing, "pass me your certificate, and you may go." The man handed a certificate that the banns were published, but remained. The judge continued his employment, until the impatient bridegroom again announced the intention of his visit. "Very well," said the judge, and again pursued his task. After some further delay, the neglected applicants once more reminded his honor of their desire to be married. "Why, go home," said the magistrate; "you have been married this half hour." And it was true. The law only requires an acknowledgment of present intention before a justice of the peace, and a recognition of that intention by the justice in his official capacity. There is no form of words necessary to the purpose, nor any ceremony, other than a simple declaration, which the judge did not permit, for a moment, to disturb his meditations.

Ceremonies, and parade, and decorations, and a pageantry which it would be difficult to justify by any syllogistic argument, have ever been found necessary to influence the conduct of mankind. No doubt these are supplements to weakness. Men are stronger and firmer who can do without them; but they are not wiser who affect to do without them, and fail for want of their assistance. No doubt they may be excessive. The mummeries that have been practised on the credulity of mankind in other countries, have brought the whole system into contempt; and here, too, many a man has passed for a wise man, rather from the size of his wig than the capacity of his brain. But we are not intellectual enough to dispense with all the machinery that moves the mind. The passions, the affections, the imagination, are to be consulted as well as the reason. They are all parts of that complicated contrivance, by which the human will is to be influenced; they are the gifts of a Providence that has bestowed nothing in vain; they are not to be eradicated as noxious, or neglected as useless, but directed, and controlled, and employed, as necessary instruments in the formation of character and the promotion of happiness.

THE STOLEN RING.

By J. O. Sargent.

WELL, lady, take again the ring,
To deck that lily hand of thine,
And with it take the gift I bring
To lay on beauty's golden shrine.

With every joy and pleasure gay,
May all thine hours roll swift along,
And life in beauty glide away,
Like the rich cadence of a song.

May friendship shed its gentle rays,
To make the path before thee bright,
And love serenely gild thy days
With a more deep and brilliant light.

And in that future happy time,
Thine earlier friends perchance forgot,
Say, wilt thou read this careless rhyme,
And him who wrote remember not?

Remember not! and can it be
That joyous memories ever die?
That all my heart can feel for thee
Is but a lightly whispered sigh?

Ay! it is written on our lot,
That lot so varied, dark and strange,
To meet, to pass and be forgot,
In painful and perpetual change.

But dash this idle gloom away,
And be again the gay and free;
Thou must not, to thy dying day,
Forget this stolen ring and me!

NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING.

By T. Gray, Jr.

It is at once a beautiful and melancholy season, when, at the close of the year, we meet together, the long known and the well loved, at the banquet and before the altar, at the social board and in the temple of the Eternal. They whom interest, or distance, or perhaps unkindness, has estranged from the family board, meet together now; hand grasps hand, and heart responds to heart. I well remember with what eagerness I used to anticipate the return of this anniversary, when, after the morning service, which to me never seemed so long / as on this occasion, we met at the family board, from the hoary grandsire, down to the noisy members of a third or even a fourth generation.

As this anniversary approached, for a week beforehand all in the precincts of the kitchen was bustle and activity. The air was reeking with the savory smell of hot pies and goodly preparations. The portly pumpkin, with its round alderman-like belly, was disembowelled. The meek squash, with its drooping, downcast head, was decapitated. Rosy-cheeked apples were mercilessly flayed, and even the humble potato was unrelentingly stripped of his rusty coat. The cock, the drake and the gander, scanned with silent wonder their diminished families; while sundry cacklings of their distant members, led forth to be executed, were heard towards nightfall, occasionally answered by a sympathetic cackle or two from the drowsy male, whose sympathy, however, extended no farther. Above all, the angry interrogatory gobble of the turkey-cock might be heard, the members of whose family were

at this time in particular request; since without roasted turkey and plum-pudding, there could be no orthodox thanksgiving dinner.

Then, when the grand festival was over, and evening had closed around the cheerful circle, there was the annual game of blind-man's buff, where the oldest were happy to become children again, and the wise and the aged to lay aside wisdom and years, and return once more to the spirit of days that for them had long passed away. And when the youngest of the party had reluctantly retired, and the evening circle was enlarged by the addition of a few invited friends, the merry dance succeeded, where the light foot vied with the lighter heart, and many a laughing girl took her partner for a longer dance. And music too was there—and there might be seen the youth, bending over the fair and favorite performer of some favorite air, its sweetest notes sweeter, that they were breathed from loved and lovely lips, that sent every note thrilling home to his heart. All were there—the watchful mother and the blooming maiden; youth with its high and generous feelings, manhood with its calm and thoughtful brow, and age living over again the past in the present. There too might be seen, amid the general blending of joy, the private feeling or policy of the individuals;—where esteem had ripened to admiration, and admiration kindled into love—its doubting, timid advances, or even more eloquent avoidance of its object, the silent watchfulness of the mother, the blushing consciousness of the maiden, the artful manœuvring of friends or opposers, to unite or separate them, the keen glances of the lover, noting everything, while apparently observing nothing, and the affected unconsciousness of all. On the contrary, where private animosity existed, the marked politeness, easy address, and nice observance of the slightest etiquette—all were there—

and all are now gone. The ardor of that love is quenched in age, or buried in death. The busy tongue has gone down to the house of silence. Friends have forgotten their friendship, and foes have buried their hatred under the green sod of the valley. All are gone; or if here and there some scattered few remain, they are but as the solitary leaf that the autumn winds have spared; they have withstood the tempest indeed for a time, but now, when the tree trembles, they must fall.

But joy comes not always when called for, nor comes unmingled, even in her brightest hours. Happy indeed is that circle, in which this anniversary finds no vacant place—when the memory of no lost one dims over the bright mirror of enjoyment with tears. Who has not sometime had occasion to say, when this day has recurred—“The last time he was here!” There is no hour like the hour devoted to enjoyment—when, instead of those who once shared it with us, we turn to the places henceforth to be vacant along the pathway of our life; when Time stands pointing to the frame whence the picture has been stolen;—to the empty casket whence the diamond is rifled and gone. Happy, indeed, when this anniversary finds no blank in the aching heart; when it leaves the uncounted, perhaps unvalued, untouched treasure in its sacred deposit, untouched and sacred still.

From the verge of the horizon of life, it is pleasant and well to look back to its early days; to blot out the years we have lived, and to breathe once more amid the shadows of our youth—loved friends, proud expectations, desolated prospects, and disappointed hopes. The feelings of youth will remain when youth has departed, and beautiful recollections of distant days linger in the memory, like the setting sunbeam on the far-off hill top.

And there is something sad in the thought that our rejoicing is over the grave of the season. We know

indeed that decay *must* follow change, and that death *will* tread on decay. Trees put forth their leaves, and they are scattered even by the summer breeze. The rose tree hangs out her blossoms to the sun, and the south wind blows over them, and the garden is strewed with their beautiful ruins. And the wild bird sports amid the summer branches; and he too has the wings of our hopes, and when the winter comes, he flies away.

And we shrink not the less from decay, that we know not the hour when the spoiler will call for his prey. And it seems a bitter mockery, when he chooses that hour that man has set apart for joy; when they whom we love depart with the fading flowers and the falling leaves; and we weep at their desertion the more, that we weep hopeless, and desolate, and alone—that fresh leaves shall return, and flowers burst forth again in the spring, and we turn in to the loneliness of our own deserted hearts, and feel, “They went with the flowers, but they return not with them.” These are thoughts that come up amid the joy of the feast, like the death’s head at the banquet of the monarch of yore, and utter yet a deeper and sterner language; for they tell us not that *we* are mortal, but that the chill of mortality is breathed over the flowers that are rooted the deepest in our hearts—that “Death” is written over the portals, even of our life of life. True, the *day* of rejoicing may come, but where the arrow is driven, the poor heart will ache on. The note of thanksgiving is indeed heard, but who can enter the secret sanctuary—who can number the tears that are *not heard*—who can measure the bitterness of the despair that is buried among the ruins of the broken heart? As the wounded deer seeks in the dark covert a shelter alike from its companions and from man, so the spirit buries in its own dark depths, the wound on which it shrinks from communion with aught save its God.

There is, I am persuaded, at the bottom of every heart, this tinge of strong, perhaps romantic feeling. We may bury it deep from the observation of others—we may throw over it the veil of icy manners and cold pride—we may conceal the weakness of the heart in the heart's most secret chambers, till it is hidden even from our own eyes—but when unexpected circumstances have suddenly called it into being, then his slumbers will be shaken from the sleeping lion. The feelings we had vainly chained in the prison-house of our hearts, will rush forth like the tempest. The barriers we had idly heaped before them will be whirled away like the autumn leaves, and the strong feelings of nature will break forth as the earthquake breaks forth, bearing destruction before, leaving desolation behind them.

But these are recollections and feelings that are fast passing away. Time crumbles the diamond to dust; and one by one it sweeps away our hopes and our idols, till it has left us alone in the world—hoping nothing, loving nothing, fearing nothing;

“without the tie
For which we loved to live, or feared to die.”

We have stood, perhaps, like some goodly tree, that has long reared its head in the pride of its beauty; but bud after bud is blighted, blossom after blossom falls, leaf after leaf is scattered, branch after branch the storm rends away, the hand of Time is busy at the heart, and it falls—in the loneliness of the desert it falls, and its graceful ruins cumber the spot it was wont to freshen with its shade.

And yet so gradual are the footsteps of change and decay, that we hardly notice their approach, till the recurrence of these anniversaries warns us, as it were, to breathe for a moment from our course, and to look back

to those who started for the goal with us, and who but now were at our sides and in our hearts. But their names have been blotted from the records of life; and if still treasured in our memory, it is but to add them to the sad catalogue of broken and forgotten friendships. Then it is that the past rises before us, and feelings that have long slumbered in the grave of years, bound into being again. Oh! there is no voice like the voice of the dead, when from the shoreless sea it calls back to us who yet linger behind, and with our sails trimmed, wait but the breeze that is to speed us onward and homeward with them.

So it must still be. They who were many as the snow-flakes around me, have melted away like them. The past is now but an empty dream; and the world of spirits and the valley of shadows are before me. And as my feet stumble on the dark mountains, and I go forth alone on my homeward path, there is a stern consolation in the thought that, surviving all, there are left no ties that the heart trembles to break. I would not that it were otherwise. Unmourned, unmourning, I would depart. And as the chains that once bound my spirit to the earth are broken, I wait but the summons to spurn their fragments from me, and speed away, where rejoicing is without trembling, and thanksgiving is unmingled with tears.

THE BUBBLE AND BALLOON.

By Grenville Mellen.

I SLUMBERED AS THE SUN WENT DOWN.

'T was a rich summer evening, and the light
Lay pillowèd on the mountains and the clouds,
Unwilling to depart. But as it went,
And drew its radiance home from earth and heaven,
There was a sadness came around my thoughts,
Hallowing my visions.—

I slept. But these ineffable bright hues
Were busy with my fancy. I dreamt. Off
In the warm ocean of the western sky,
I saw two beautiful strange orbs, that seemed
To sail among the zephyrs, and to catch
The glories of the air in which they bathed.
The one was delicate as thought—just seen,
Clear as the eyes of angels—and as fair!
And round its thin circumference there went
The shifting wonders of the rainbow—fire,
And sky, and ocean, landscape, men, and trees,
And blossoms, and gold fruits—crystals and gems—
Those thousand, thousand luxuries of light,
That play upon a bubble's gossamer,
And make that brilliant trifle of the earth
The frailest and most lovely beneath heaven!
The fairy creature rolled along in joy!

Its fellow seemed of different element.
It boasted no such glories in its course,
Miraculous transparencies and change.
The dull light of departing day was all
That kissed its silken canopy, and gave
One solitary hue to all the sphere!

Wrapt in high wonder with these lustrous things,
What was their make, and where their journeying,
In such delightful company—and how
A very bubble should have lived so long,
To flaunt its splendors in the upper sky,
Were mysteries that pressed my fevered brain!

Still flashed those glories o'er that lesser globe,
Never the same—and still more beautiful
At every winged return!—hues that would make
The limner weep and wonder—so laid on,
By that sweet artist, Nature, as if all
The treasures of her beauties wanted there!

And now some daring being of the earth
Seemed hanging to the other—buoyed aloft,
And reddening in the sunbeams—stretching out
His little arms among the clouds, as glad
That he had soared so high above his kind!

Sudden a deathly change was on them both!—
Amid its pride and glitter, that thin sphere,
Riding beside the sun in pageantry,
Exploded on the air—and vanished!
And from the crimson clouds the proud balloon,
Headlong, precipitate to earth came down,
Dragging its master—shuddering, to death!

Panting I issued from my frenzied dream!
And bore it not a lesson to my soul?
How like a bubble is this gay-dressed world,
To him who ponders on its shifting fate:
How wonderful it hangs in endless space,
Catching from this gold sun its countless hues,
And through the mysteries of the Infinite,
Playing before a witnessing universe,
The drama of its colors!—Oh, how fair
The tints of beauty glow upon its shell!
How generations of bright things come out,
And glitter on its surface, to grow dim

And fade before some other fantasy,
Of more complete enchantment! How it rolls
Its glancing splendors to the air, as though
Its hues should be eternal and unchanged,
Until, in all its peerless promises,
When 't has outdone the rainbow in its pride,
It bursts amid its glory in the heavens,
And melts upon the element!—

Are ye ambitious! look at that dim sphere
And him it has enthroned. See ye there
Ambition and its creature. He has stepped
Into the car of greatness—and up-borne
By plaudits and vain-glory, sweeps away
Above the grosser regions of the world,
Into the sun-lit provinces of space,
Until his nature reels at his vast height!
He flings to earth those grave appendages
That weigh on rash impatience, and, buoyed up
By godless, deadly attributes, he floats
In solitary power among the clouds.
But here are no companions—and the air
Falls chill and desolate around him, till
Grown desperate in his wildness, he forgets
The world below him, that the storms have veiled,
And sees, above, the light for which he pants!
Ah! doom-devoted wretch! one effort more—
Higher or death! The bubble bursts, and down,
Shrieking and mad, through clouds and wrecks of pride,
Dashed to the hated earth he spurned before,
He lies a mangled corpse upon the hills!

THE PRESS.

By J. T. Buckingham.

Look abroad over the face of this vast and almost illimitable continent, and behold multitudes, which no man can number, impatient of the slow process of education, wrestling with the powers of nature and the obstructions of accident, and, like the patriarch, refusing to let go their hold till the day break, and they receive the promised blessing and the recompense of the struggle. You will perceive, too, in the remotest corners where civilization has planted her standard, there the Press, the mightiest engine ever yet invented by the genius of man, is producing a moral revolution on a scale of grandeur and magnificence, unknown to all former generations. By it, information of every transaction of government and of all important occurrences in the four quarters of the world, is transmitted with a degree of speed and regularity, that the most sagacious could not have foreseen, nor the most enthusiastic have dared to hope for, fifty years ago. By the Press, every cottage is supplied with its newspaper and elementary books in the most useful sciences, and every cradle is supplied with tracts and toy-books to teach the infant to lisp lessons of wisdom and piety, long before his mind has power to conceive or firmness to retain their meaning. The power of this engine, in the moral and intellectual universe, is inconceivable. There is no ordinary operation of the physical elements to which its mighty influence can be compared. We can find only in the visions of the apocalyptic saint, a parallel to its tremendous action. Guided by truth and reason, like the

sound of the seventh trumpet, it opens the temple of God in heaven, and shows to the eye of the faithful and regenerated spirit, within the veil of that temple, in the presence-chamber of the Almighty, the ark of his testament. Controlled by falsehood and fraud, its force, like the opening of the sixth seal of the mystic volume, produces earthquakes, turns the sun to sackcloth, and the moon to blood, moves every mountain and island out of their places, and causes even the heaven we hope for to depart as a scroll when it is rolled together.

ODE FOR THE FUNERAL OF SPURZHEIM.

By John Pierpont.

STRANGER, there is bending o'er thee
Many an eye with sorrow wet:
All our stricken hearts deplore thee:
Who, that knew thee, can forget?
Who forget what thou hast spoken?
Who, thine eye---thy noble frame?
But, that golden bowl is broken,
In the greatness of thy fame.

Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither
On the spot where thou shalt rest;
'T is in love we bear thee thither,
To thy mourning mother's breast.
For the stores of science brought us,
For the charm thy goodness gave
To the lessons thou hast taught us,
Can we give thee but a grave?

Nature's priest, how pure and fervent
Was thy worship at her shrine!
Friend of man, of God the servant,
Advocate of truths divine,—
Taught and charmed as by no other
We have been, and hoped to be;
But, while waiting round thee, brother,
For thy light---'t is dark with thee.

Dark with thee!—No; thy Creator,
All whose creatures and whose laws
Thou didst love,—shall give thee greater
Light than earth's, as earth withdraws.
To thy God thy godlike spirit
Back we give, in filial trust:
Thy cold clay—we grieve to bear it
To its chamber—but we must.

LINES IN THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST.

By E. B. Thatcher.

THERE are two classes of men; those who learn, and those who are taught; the inquisitive, who are at the same time active in procuring the means of gratifying the thirst for knowledge and improvement, and who will, at all events, succeed; and the quiet and passive spirits, on the other hand, who are content to stand still in the midst of this bustling life,—satisfied with just the share of information and influence which may be constituted from the accretion of a sort of alluvial character. These latter are of the great mass whom John Foster describes as made up of layers of foreign influences, successively spread over them like the scales of a thick skinned animal. Their character is, of course, superficial. It is changeable. It is shed, like the epidermis of the animal, and a fresh aspect springs forth vividly from beneath, only to partake in due time of the same transformation: or it gives place, perhaps, to the development of an older layer, which now becomes the external surface of the mind. These people may be taken to pieces, like a watch, and put together again in the same way. Nay, you may peel them like a leek. They are more vegetable, almost, than animal—much more than intellectual. Their progress is indicated only, as the age of a tree is, by the rings in the trunk, and the moss upon the branches.

Not so the inquisitive and active class. They remain in one position only so long as it may be better made available to the gratification of curiosity, and energy, and ambition—and the conscientious aspiration for usefulness,

and happiness, and improvement—than another; unless, indeed, they are compelled to remain in it,—and then they make the most and the best of it. They will get sustenance from a barren rock, in the midst of the solitary seas. The air feeds them; and they send out energies upon the ambient elements—like the ravens that nourished the hermit in the wilderness—to bring them back, from all the ends of the earth, the bread, and the green fruit, of lonely thought. You cannot starve such men. You cannot stint their growth. You may have them born, ostrich-like, in Saharan sands. You shall give them no schools, no models or masters, no maps or charts or instruments, no books, no society even. You shall leave them alone with nature, and the ministers of nature. You may fasten them down, besides, to an employment they are not fit for; transfix them to a trade; fetter their faculties with myriads of Lilliputian ties, as Gulliver was bound by every hair of his head;—they will awake from the supine slumber of a moment, and wriggle themselves out of all. What you have denied them they will find or make,—opportunities, facilities, almost faculties themselves.

Let me illustrate. I have a subject in my eye,—a living one. He was a Boston boy, but derived little benefit in his early years, such as boys of even the same humble condition derive now, from the instruction of city schools. He was sent, while yet very young, to a small town in what was then the District of Maine, and placed under the care of a robust artillery-major, his uncle,—a man of the same unpoetical caste with Opie's father, and with the sensible old lady who boxed the ears of Michael Angelo when a boy, for ingeniously moulding a lump of butter, which he was sent to purchase, into the figure of a lion rampant. The modes of the major and the minor were quite as contrary. The latter played truant from school, *to draw figures on the smooth sand of the river-side*—such

was the earliest breaking out of the ruling passion;—and the artillery-man, little given to the fine arts, rewarded his precocious diligence with a premium of stripes. One or two attempts to abscond from the care of this kindly patron, which proved more adventurous than successful, and a narrow escape from being drowned through the ice of the river—with the ordinary sports and scenes of childhood in the Downingville country—filled up the interval of three years, which preceded his departure for Connecticut, where, by this time, his father's family had removed. A pair of the best aunts in the world, who had always fed him with sweetmeats when the bellicose major had flogged him, (by the way of balance of power,) fastened him up in a suit of gray casinet, big enough for his grandfather; planted a *fur* hat on his head—with a wide brim and low crown—the first he had ever worn—and set him forth in a two-horse wagon, under the care of somebody who, for a miracle, was going all the way to Boston. He was a second Gil Blas, “seeking his fortune.” The journey to the city, the visit there, and the ride to Hartford, need not to be described. The boy found himself once more at home. He was sent to school again, and again played truant to draw on the sand in the sunshine. Here also was new scenery, and a fresh set of characters, to study. One of the adventures of this period occurred in company with a lad, who was tempted, in the course of their rambles through a richly-laden orchard in the early fall, by the glowing cheeks of what the painter remembers as a cluster of round, red apples, lusciously relieved against the dark foliage of a tall tree. The boy climbed the trunk, and perched himself, in lazy leisure, among the boughs,—his mouth already watering with the sight of these golden dainties. The owner of the orchard, unluckily, had caught sight of him, and crept up under the tree, with a horse-whip in his hand. Our hero stood apart, and saw the whole, but it was too graphic to be lost; it

was a *scene*. The thief satisfied his appetite and descended, with his pockets and hat filled. The proprietor sprang forth, and commenced a chase, lashing the legs of his game without mercy. He stumbled and fell; the hat went in one direction, and the apples in another; while the old gentleman plied the whip lustily, until the urchin succeeded in scrambling to his knees, and found voice to implore him in these moving tones to spare him: "Oh, don't! don't! there's all I've got; oh, don't—I won't do so again—*will I, Sam?*"—patiently subjoining this last and most pathetic appeal, when he discovered his more fortunate companion gaping at him over the fence, with his face in a broad grin!

This was not the end of the matter. His "cyphering" in school the next day consisted, in a greater proportion than usual, of caricaturing; and prominent, of course, in his sketches, was the scene most freshly remembered. The man of letters, who presided over the little kingdom, looked down from the eyrie of his desk, and scanned, like Jupiter in Homer, the things below. He approached cautiously. The arithmetician noticed a snug giggle going the round of the benches, but imputed it solely to his own skill. The dominie, meanwhile, having inspected his performance over his shoulder, returned to his elevation, called out the luckless fellow who had stolen the apples, *and flogged him*. The painter—that was to be—stood aghast. His own *turn* came next; one good one certainly deserved *another*. He was called out, and received for his morning's labor a kind of recompense, which, if it were liberally awarded somewhat oftener than it has been, the world would be far less worried with bad pictures than it is.

Years passed on, and misfortune entered the happy family;—sickness, poverty, persecution, distress: and they were compelled to take their Penates in their arms, and return to Boston once more. The voyage need not be dwelt on. The father was disabled. The mother,—a

lovely woman,—fell into a melancholy consumption, and pined away: day by day, the bloom ebbed from her cheek, like the sand from the glass. She would take, sometimes, the little hand of her eldest boy in her own, and casting a sad glance at the sick-bed of the pale companion of her life, and then at the poor children so soon to be alone in the wide world—the tears came fast in her eyes, and they fell like rain on the head of the homeless orphan. He found employment, young and tender as he was, with a type-founder, with whom he remained some months; and great was his joy at this time, every Saturday night, to place the pittance of his hard earnings in his mother's hands. She blessed him, and wept with delight; and he sprang to his task again, as if God had given him the strength of a giant. He found more could be earned, by harder labor, in a book-store; he engaged himself there, and remained six months; thence he went to a cabinet-maker's, where he could have the means of *carving in wood*; then to a house-painter's, where brushes and paints were first allowed him. These he revelled in, till his generous master, seeing his bent, got him a place with an ornamental painter in Cornhill, where he rose almost immediately to the head of the establishment. But clouds came over his skies again. His mother was no more. She had faded from life, like a star from the morning. The father survived her but three months. The younger children were divided among friends. The painter failed. The boy went to another, and staid three weeks with him—as wretched as we could make him, but not yet broken down. As he rambled about town, one bright Sunday morning, with his best clothes on, he noticed a beautiful little girl pointing at him, and heard her say, “Oh, what a pretty little *sailor*!” It gave a new direction to his destiny. He pondered upon all the dreamy charms of foreign countries, and sunny isles amid the seas, and a life of change, and danger, and freedom. I will be a sailor,

thought he, and he engaged on board a New York packet the next morning. In that city, he searched for an old house, near which he had once been run over by a stage-coach and four horses, but only injured by a cut upon his tongue, which made him lisp some years after. I should have mentioned before, that he lived in New York previous to his going to Maine. Here he heard a curious conversation between a lad like himself, and an old tar who had left his friends at ten years of age, and never heard of them since,—which determined him on a voyage to India. He enlisted before the mast; returned to Boston to bid his friends farewell; visited the graves of his parents, alone, at night; slept with his two brothers, kissed his little sisters, and started back for New York on the seventeenth of June, 1824,—the day of the Lafayette celebration,—on board a schooner, which began with running a-ground upon Chatham bar, (where she nearly went to pieces;) then was run into and shattered fore and aft, near Hurl-gate, by a large sloop going with the wind and tide; and finally was set on fire by the bursting of some demijohns of aquafortis, among straw, in the course of the confusion of these events. However, they arrived. The voyage to India was exchanged for one to Charleston. He found himself on board a ship, with a crew of all colors and nations: the first mate, a ruffian, and afterwards hanged for murder; the captain, a complete brute in human form; his own limbs so tender still, that, in pulling a rope, the blood would gush out from between his fingers, and run down his arms; and the food on board, stale beef, and bread, that absolutely crawled, eaten by the men, with jack-knives, from a filthy tub, called the “kid” on deck. The cook, an old man, had his arm broken with a club, by one of these scoundrels in office, and another was put in jail by the steward, on reaching Charleston—after encountering a storm in the night, off Cape Hatteras—for abusing his wife. There, he and another boy ran away.

They hid on shore, ventured out, and were caught—our artist not being able to refrain, in the midst of his flight from the constable, from laughing so heartily, as to disable him, at the uncouth figure cut by this long-legged functionary in hot pursuit, as he cried after him, with his cane over his head—“Stop! curse ye, stop!” This civil gentleman treated them to some refreshments at a shop, and then escorted them to jail. Here they were received with equal politeness. “Walk in, gentlemen!” cried the turnkey, seeing them hesitate; “do n’t stand for ceremony, at all;” and he shewed them into a large room, just white-washed, where were a dozen other sailors, in the same predicament with themselves. It was a dismal company, but our hero was resolved to make the best of it. He found a piece of charcoal, mounted the small end of a barrel, and sketched upon the clean wall a huge spread-eagle, writing beneath, “Liberty and Independence forever!” This excited great laughter. It roused an Irish gentleman, confined in the next room. He inquired for the artist, learned his history, and invited him to the free use of his books and pencils, and gave him a bed besides. Here the profession was resumed. He drew a pattern of a summer dress, for the jailor’s daughter—a charming, rosy little girl, not much younger than himself. It pleased; and he made the acquaintance of the family, and told his story to the mother and daughter with the ingenuous eloquence of an honest heart, stung with suffering, until it brought tears in the eyes of both. After this, came good dinners; and the damsel, tender-hearted, brought confits daily to his grate, and listened again and again. It was a new life to him. Finally, she offered him, one day when the jailor was abroad, the key of his freedom. He refused to accept it at the cost of her danger. She urged him with tears, in vain. He awaited the captain’s constables, and sullenly returned—after secreting himself to no purpose—to the vessel. Here, he and his comrade met once

more, and he spurred him on to another escape. They concluded to swim ashore, in the night,—over two miles, where he had seen a shark bite a dog in two pieces, at the ship's side—with his clothes fastened to his neck; both mates lying all the while on deck, with loaded arms. They start off, steering by the moonlight; the boat, after a while, pursues them; they increase their efforts; voices, and the plashing of oars, approach; our hero, with difficulty, climbs the wharf; his comrade slowly follows, stretches his hand up, and cries, "Save me!" he drags him up, and he falls senseless to the ground, while the boat passes by, at a few rods' distance. A series of flights and narrow escapes ensue, but the ship finally sails, and the boy is no longer obliged to dodge under a board-fence, and to cure the headache by bleeding himself with the dull edge of a rusty lance.

Not yet discouraged, he shipped for Marseilles, and sailed—saw a mutiny—was put on an allowance; lived a fortnight on water, which age had thickened to a jelly; and survived a four days' hurricane,—all which, seems to have been counterbalanced by a luscious bunch of glowing grapes, tossed to him by a beautiful lady from a barge, in Marseilles harbor. The adventures ashore must be passed over, as well as the ornamenting of the captain's boat, at his first leisure, with brushes furnished from the hair on his own head; only remarking, that nothing in France was so admirable to the young sailor as the wonderful workmanship of some of the *shop-signs*: he 'was never weary of gazing at them; they were the first *pictures* he had ever seen! The sequel is, that the ship, by an accident, sailed without him. He was left with two five-franc pieces, three sous, the clothes on his back, and four shirts at a washer-woman's. He knows no French—has no employment. What does he but offer his services as a painter of wood-work to the widow of the boarding-house, where the captain had tarried. Thus, from hand to

mouth, he lives four months ; eating what he could get—sleeping, when the house was full, on board scows, perhaps—once on a keilson, in a rain, with the water half a foot deep on either side the narrow timber, which served him for a bed ; and when he had nothing to do, sitting days together on a hill, near the harbor's mouth, feasting his eyes on the *scenery* of the splendid sea, and the fairest land the sun ever smiled on,—but watching always for an American craft. The starry flag is descried at last. He leaps with joy, and can scarcely refrain from plunging into the water. He jumps on board at the quay—seizes the captain's hand—dances like a dervis—bursts into tears. His whole age was worth living for that moment. The captain accepts his services, and he plunges into the hold, to throw out the cargo, with the crew. One month more, and he is on the route home, by way of South America ; and the captain so much his friend as to promise him, privately, all the interest he could make to get him an apprenticeship with his brother, a cooper, in New York ! The painter of signs thanked him most kindly, and gnashed his teeth with horror, that made him foam at the mouth.

The rest of my ground must be stalked over. I must forbear dwelling on the feelings excited by the first view of the Canary Islands, in the fervor of a superb twilight. It was the realization of all the romance of the mariner's childhood. I must pass over the hard abuse of his patron, the captain—driving him about on the yards in a gale of wind, with both thighs stabbed, so that the deck is spotted with the blood, which trickles from his toes. Behold him on the other continent, at Porto Cabello, bidding the crew farewell, and starting off across the mountains, a hundred miles, on foot, alone, for La Guyra—knowing no Spanish—without arms, attendant, road ; furnished only with fifty cents, a testament, a pair of shoes, a lead pencil, and a small portrait of Bolivar—slung over his

shoulder by a stick. He escapes being shot by sentinels, robbed by banditti, starved to death in the fastnesses of mountains never before traversed. His feet bleed at every step, but he walks on. He finds an old Spanish hamlet among the hills, where a white man was never seen before ; is entertained as a curiosity ; caressed by the softer sex, who pity his pale face and his torn feet ; worshipped almost by the astonished crowd around him, when he pronounces the Saviour's name from his testament, in good Spanish, ten-fold emphasized :—" *O buen Christiano !*"—was there ever such a prodigy ! But when he draws Christ on the Cross for them,—and shews Bolivar, —they dance about him like a war-party of Mohawks, and "the lofty aisles of the dim wood ring," to the rude reverence of the barbarous amateurs. These adventures alone would make a volume, but must be passed over, as my hero passed over the earthquake ruins of Caracas,—stopping in the city only to buy two coppers' worth of cakes, (his last money,) and pressing on to sleep on a heap of stones, at the door of a woman in the wilderness, afraid to admit him—probably, as a lady in Prussia was afraid to admit the Rev. Mr. Dwight, for fear of being scalped by an American savage ! A curious encounter with English travellers in the mountains ; a tremendous thunder-storm, seen far below him ; the first sight of La Guyra, on the shore of the sea, and of the American shipping,—there must be an end somewhere. See him, then, once more at sea, bound for Baltimore, working his passage, and earning, by painting the ship's boats, a new fortune, the enormous sum of eight dollars—half which he gives for his first week's board on shore, which he disdains to accept as a boon from a comrade. He goes to work again ; gets his fame up by signs ; is employed six months ; finds his way, by a series of strange chances, to Connecticut, travelling the last thirty miles on foot in one day, with two buns for his fare, and half a cent left at the end of the

journey. But we have him at last in a corner,—the Flibbertigibbet! He “sets up” painting mason’s aprons, and advances to standards; finally induces his neighbor to sit for his portrait; succeeds; opens a portrait shop in the upper loft of a tumble-down old wooden castle, with a three-legged chair, and a board nailed to the wall. But the locality organ revolts again. He packs up, and paints his passage to Boston. He sees, with feelings not to be described, the Stuart collection at the Athenæum; paints on; travels all over Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts; visits New York, and then Charleston; and is advanced, meanwhile, from five dollars a head gradually to fifty. With a thousand dollars or more, he leaves for England, in the *Boston*; is burnt out at sea, with Admiral Coffin, and rows two days on the waves in the boats—the Admiral flat on his back, with the gout, trying to sing “Coal black Rose,” at one end, and the body of a poor girl, frightened to death in her brother’s arms, at the other! They are taken up. He gets into Boston, money and clothes all gone; visits his friends, gets new clothes, *sails again!* and arrives in England, with twenty-five dollars in his pocket, part of the price of the Admiral’s portrait, taken at the Tremont, and now at the Atheneum. He lives in London six months, nobody knows how, but contrives to keep in the galleries half his time, until he is reduced to *sixpence*. It feeds him a whole week, on two potatoes a day, and he drops down stairs, senseless. Patronage comes in the shape of a *lady* again, a kind soul. He recruits; paints in bed; visits the country; fills his pockets, returns to the city, searches for a passage home; meets, first of all, at the American coffee-house, the identical captain he had swam away from, at Charleston; takes passage with him to Boston, and hears from his own lips, on the voyage, the whole story about the little rascal who cut that monstrous caper! Our history is growing tedious. Five years yet remain to be told, and the hero

of the tale is at this time in his *twenty-fifth*! He is painting, while I write, in the room of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, the head of Mr. Van Buren; and Clay, Calhoun, and Preston, and a bevy of rosy beauties, Councillors and Commodores, Plenipotentiaries and Secretaries, hang cozily together on the walls beside him. Such has been the career of OSGOOD!

Was I wrong in saying, there are some men who learn, as well as some who are taught? Are there not spirits that cannot be fastened, frightened, or starved? They will make bridges of expedients over chasms of calamities, as cane-ladders enable the traveller to pass the cliffs of the Andes; and an obstacle no sooner runs between them and their purpose, than they baulk it, by boring a circuit, like the tunnel of the Thames, beneath. You may render them no aid: deprive them of "appliances and means to boot": cast them adrift, alone, on the waves of life; Nature will take the world's orphan kindly by the hand, and lead him, though with bleeding feet, and with tears, to the high places in the midst of the glory of her own majestic school-room. The thunder storm shall teach him its colors—and the sunlight of the hill, and river, and forest, midnight and morn, and dewy eve,—and the sweet isles of the sea,—and

The woodbine, the primrose, the violet dim,
And lily that gleams by the fountain's brim.

Oh! Nature is rich indeed, and the least of these shall not be lost to him. The walls of the world will be his Vatican; and genius—the divine vision—the camera, to reflect and treasure them all!

SHAKSPEARE.

By Charles Sprague.

THEN Shakspeare rose!—
Across the trembling strings
His daring hand he flings,
And lo! a new creation glows!—
There clustering round, submissive to his will,
Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.

Madness with his frightful scream,
Vengeance leaning on his lance,
Avarice with his blade and beam,
Hatred, blasting with a glance,
Remorse that weeps, and Rage that roars,
And Jealousy that dotes but dooms, and murders yet adores.

Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit,
Waking Laughter's merry swell,
Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,
That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his bell.
From the feudal tower pale Terror rushing,
Where the prophet bird's wail
Dies along the dull gale,
And the sleeping monarch's blood is gushing.

Despair that haunts the gurgling stream,
Kissed by the virgin moon's cold beam,
Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes,
And swan-like there her own dirge breathes,
Then broken-hearted sinks to rest,
Beneath the bubbling wave that shrouds her maniac breast.

Young Love, with eye of tender gloom,
Now drooping o'er the hallowed tomb,

Where his plighted victims lie,
Where they met, but met to die :—
And now, when crimson buds are sleeping,
Through the dewy arbor peeping,
Where beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,
To youth's devoted tale is listening,
Rapture on her dark lash glistening,
While fairies leave their cowslip cells, and guard the happy spot.

Thus rise the phantom throng,
Obedient to their master's song,
And lead in willing chain the wondering soul along.
For other worlds war's great one sighed in vain—
O'er other worlds see Shakspeare rove and reign !
The rapt magician of his own wild lay,
Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey ;
Old ocean trembles, thunder cracks the skies,
Air teems with shapes, and tell-tale spectres rise :
Night's paltering hags their fearful orgies keep,
And faithless guilt unseals the lip of sleep :
Time yields his trophies up, and death restores
The mouldered victims of his voiceless shores.
The fireside legend, and the faded page,
The crime that cursed, the deed that blessed an age,
All, all come forth,—the good to charm and cheer,
To scourge bold vice, and start the generous tear ;
With pictured folly gazing fools to shame,
And guide young Glory's foot along the path of fame.

THE COLISEUM.

By H. T. Tuckerman.

OF all impressions from antiquity, derived from the ruins of Rome, none is more vivid and lasting than that inspired by the Coliseum, when viewed under circumstances best calculated for effect. Such are the quiet and mystery, the shadowy aspect and mild illumination of moonlight. Availing myself of a season like this, it was with something of awe that I approached to partake of a pleasure, in its very nature melancholy, yet in the highest degree attractive to the imagination, and calculated to awaken many of the deepest sentiments, especially those by which the fellow-feeling of our race is nurtured and sustained. And as the scene, in all its actual beauty, environed by associations more impressive than its past magnificence, and reposing in a light more tender than gleamed from the eager eyes which once shone out from its now dim arches, broke upon my sight, I seemed to have come forth to hold communion—not with the material form, but with the very spirit of antiquity. There,—its massive walls circling broadly, pre-eminent in lingering pride, stands the Coliseum. As the monarch of ruins, its dark outline seems defined with most commanding prominence, while surrounding objects are lost or blended in shade. Its many arched recesses are rendered still more obscure by the veil of shadow, or partially revealed in the congenial light. Through some of them the silent stars may be seen at their far-off vigils in the heavens; and again, a fragment, which the hand of time has spared, abruptly bars the view. Over some, the long grass, that

sad frieze which antiquity ever attaches to the architecture of man, hangs motionless, and, as a lattice, divides the falling moonbeams; or waves gently in the night breeze. But it is when standing beneath one of those arches, and vainly scanning the length of the half-illuminated corridor, or looking down upon the grass-grown area, marked by a single path, that a sense of the events and times of which this ruin is a monument, and its suggestions the epitaph, gradually gains upon the attention, like the home thoughts which a strain of familiar music has aroused. The gorgeous spectacle of Rome's congregated wisdom and beauty thronging the vast galleries, now lost or crumbling through age, the glitter of wealth, the pomp of power, the eagerness of curiosity, and the enthusiasm of varied passions, which once rendered this a scene of unequalled pageantry,—all come, at the call of memory, to contrast themselves with the same scene now, clad in the solemnity of solitude and decay.

But yet another retrospection, inducing deeper emotions, occupies the mind, and throws over the scene a higher interest. What an amount of human suffering have these dark walls witnessed! Could they but speak, what a tale of horror would be unfolded! How often has man, in all his savage or his cultivated dignity, been abandoned, in this wide area, to the beasts of the forest,—more solitary when surrounded by his unpitiful kind, than when alone with the lordly brute, in his desert domain! How much of human blood has this damp earth drunk, and how often upon its clammy surface has the human form been stretched in agony or death! Nor was this the theatre of effort and wo only to the physical nature. Who can estimate the pangs of yearning affection which have wrung the departing spirit, the feeling of utter desolation with which the barbarian has laid down his unsus-

ported head, and died in the midst of his enemies? Who can distinctly imagine the concentration of every sentiment in that of the love of existence, which has nerved the arm of the combatant, and the stern despair with which he has at length relinquished his dearly sold life? Far less might one hope to realize the deep energy with which the martyr to his faith has here given proof of its power. There is something holy in a spot which has witnessed the voluntary sacrifice of existence to the cause of christianity. Of beautiful and sublime, as well as terrible spectacles, has this been the scene. Where has youth seemed so pure in its loveliness, or manhood so noble in its might, or age so venerable in its majesty, as here? If, in this ruined amphitheatre, humanity has been most debased, by the despoiling hand of cruelty, where has she exhibited more of the sublimest of her energies—the spirit of self-sacrifice? Often as this air has wafted the sigh and groans of suffering and remorse, has it not likewise borne upward the prayer of faith, and the thanksgiving of joyful confidence? Though glances of ferocity and revenge have been turned, in impotent malignity, through this broad opening to the smiling sky above, how often have eyes, beaming with forgiving love, or fixed in religious fervor, looked into its blue depths, from the awful death of the Coliseum!

And yet, while the abandonment and decay of Flavian's amphitheatre plainly indicate the departure of those ideas and customs in accordance with which it was reared, the question forcibly suggests itself to the observer of its remains, has the principle, which sustained so long an institution like this, utterly and forever departed? Have we nothing in *our* experience, resembling what seems to have originated in a deeper sentiment than caprice, and from its long continuance and popularity, has

an apparent foundation in our nature? The reply to such self-interrogations is affirmative. What student of humanity, or observer of man, does not recognize the same principle operating eternally. Those who hold the system of christianity, in its purity, hold the whole philosophy of the principle. . . Individual man has arrayed against him the varied force of circumstances without, and passion within. Of the insidiousness, the power of these opponents, who is ignorant? And there are, too, spectators—too often as heartless, curious, and cold lookers on, as those which thronged the galleries of the Coliseum.

THE GENUINE PORTRAIT.

NATURE AND ART.

By J. F. Clarke.

Ask you why this portrait bears not
The romance of those lips and lashes?
Why that bosom's blush it shares not,
Mirrors not her eyes' quick flashes?
Is it false in not revealing
Her girlish consciousness of beauty—
The graceful, half-developed feeling,
Desire—opposing fancied duty?

For on the canvass, shadowy hair
Floats backward from an earnest face;
The features one expression bear,
The various lines one story trace.
And what is their expression?—Love.
Not wild-fire passion—bright but damp,—
A purer flame which points above,
Though kindled at an earthly lamp.
Call it Devotion—call it Joy;
'Tis the true love of woman's heart,
Emotion, pure from all alloy,
Action, complete in every part.

Blame not the artist, then, who leaves
The circumstances of the hour—
Within the husk the fruit perceives,
Within the bud the future flower:
He took the one pervading grace
Which charms in all, and fixed it here,
The deepest secret of her face,
The key to her locked character;
The spirit of her life, which beats
In every pulse of thought and feeling—
The central fire which lights and heats,
Explaining earth, and heaven revealing.

NOVEL WRITING.

By William Sullivan.

THE word *novel*, is said to be derived from the Italian word *novella* (news.) It is now used to signify works of imagination, in which persons and scenes are represented. Works of this character are *new*, in comparison with many other literary productions; yet their adaptation to interest, and to please, is founded in human qualities, well known in most ages and countries. The power of rational beings to associate themselves with persons and events, long gone by; sympathy in the woes and joys of others; propensity to follow out a chain of occurrences; forgetfulness of one's own physical existence, while the mind is ranging wheresoever fancy can lead the way, may be among the reasons why novels are always read with avidity.

The novel is limited to descriptions and narrations of persons and scenes, within the range of *probability*. When this limit is transcended, the department of romance is invaded, in which German genius has so much distinguished itself.

As novels address themselves to the most excitable feelings of our nature, and deal with the strongest passions, they deserve praise or censure, according to the effects which they produce. *Love* is the basis of all novels; we recollect but one exception in the English language. They are, therefore, read by those who are in love, or who hope to be. Thus, many young persons have their heads turned, and their hearts perverted. Many have devoured novels in secret, who would blush, as well they might, to have their parents know that such books had been in their

hands. Novelists often seem not to know, or not to regard, how much their captivating fiction may affect parental hopes, fears, and realities. They can, and often do, so adorn vice and folly, as to make them seem to be deservedly imitable; while virtue and good sense are made uninteresting, if not disagreeable.

If those who possess this descriptive power, would use it to show, (through the charms of a fine style and an inventive fancy,) how virtue can triumph in adversity; and how honorable and praiseworthy conduct is sure of lasting consolation, if not reward; and how vice and folly are sure to suffer in the miscarriage of their projects, or in the consequences of success, they would hold a far higher rank in the literary and moral world, than they have hitherto attained.

The English led the way in novel writing. They have been imitated by those whose native tongue is not English, but not very successfully. If there were any respectable novels earlier than Richardson's *Pamela*, (1741), they are not now recollected. Fielding and Goldsmith followed him; and, since their time, there have been hundreds who appeared only to vanish; while others, as Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth, seem likely to be long in view. The English, as they were the first in these works of fancy, so they have maintained their pre-eminence. Imitations on the continent have done nothing to overshadow them; though they have been abundant in book-making Germany. We recollect to have heard of only two or three (though there may be more) good novels among the French; because we cannot give that praise to any novel, which leaves the mind less pure than it was, however attractively and ingeniously imitable vice and folly are portrayed.

We will not assume to pronounce, whether English men, or English women, are entitled to the palm in novel

writing ; nor will we attempt to settle the rank of sexes in history, or poetry ;—nor can we forget the eminence which one English lady has attained to, in mathematical science. But we are sure, that in the tender scenes in which *love* is to be pictured, the pen of the female frequently excels. Love is that passion in the female heart, which subdues, and converts to its own use, all others. A woman's pure, generous, genuine love is the most intense feeling which the human heart can experience. It may, therefore, be expected that she can best describe it, who can feel it most. Maternal tenderness is a proverb ; and some place it in the first rank, because it is so common. Refined, cultivated sensibility is best qualified to describe the operations of this tenderness ; and it would be safer to trust a mother to tell what a mother feels, (when she knows how to do it,) than to trust that office to a father. Men are superior in those delineations which appertain to their own sex. War, politics, business, and the administration of justice, are affairs from which women are excluded. The art of novel writing consists in making *pictures* by means of words. The reader should be enabled to see, what the writer imagines. A novelist may be considered deficient in the power most necessary to the purpose, who has not this graphic art. Nor is it enough to exercise this art in a single case ; for every character should be always the same character, whatever variety of form it may have occasion to assume.

THE CHILD'S WISH, IN JUNE.

By Mrs. Gilman.

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play,
Prithee let me be idle to-day.
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.
See how slowly the streamlet glides ;
Look how the violet roguishly hides ;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.

Poor Tray is asleep in the noonday sun,
And the flies go about him one by one ;
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.
There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,
But very lazily fieth he,
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy ; but, mother, hear
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near ;
And the soft west wind is so light in its play
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.
I wish, oh, I wish I was yonder cloud,
That sails about in its misty shroud ;
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

THE SPIRIT'S SONG OF CONSOLATION.

By F. W. P. Greenwood.

DEAR parents, grieve no more for me;
My parents, grieve no more;
Believe that I am happier far
Than even with you before.
I've left a world where wo and sin
Swell onwards as a river,
And gained a world where I shall rest
In peace and joy forever.

Our Father bade me come to him,
He gently bade me come,
And he has made his heavenly house
My dwelling place and home.
On that best day of all the seven,
Which saw the Saviour rise,
I heard the voice you could not hear,
Which called me to the skies.

I saw, too, what you could not see,
Two beauteous angels stand;
They smiling stood, and looked at me,
And beckoned with their hand;
They said they were my sisters dear,
And they were sent to bear
My spirit to their blessed abode,
To live forever there.

Then think not of the mournful time
When I resigned my breath,
Nor of the place where I was laid—
The gloomy house of death;
But think of that high world, where I
No more shall suffer pain,
And of the time when all of us
In heaven shall meet again.

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

By George Ticknor.

WE are permitted to see one, who, by the mere force of principle, by plain and resolved integrity, has passed with perfect consistency, through more remarkable extremes of fortune than any man now alive, or perhaps, any man on record. We are permitted to see one who has borne a leading and controlling part in two hemispheres, and in the two most important revolutions the world has yet seen, and has come forth from both of them without the touch of dishonor. We are permitted to see that man, who first put in jeopardy his rank and fortune at home, in order to serve as a volunteer in the cause of free institutions in America, and afterwards hazarded his life at the bar of the national Assembly, to arrest the same cause, when it was tending to excess and violence. We are permitted to see the man, who, after three years of unbroken political triumph, stood in the midst of half a million of his countrymen, comprehending whatever was great, and wise, and powerful in the nation, with the *oriflamme* of the monarchy at his feet, and the confidence of all France following his words, as he swore on their behalf to a free constitution; and yet remained undazzled and unseduced by his vast, his irresistible popularity. We are permitted to see the man, who, for the sake of the same principles to which he had thus sworn, and in less than three years afterwards, was condemned to such obscure sufferings, that his very existence became doubtful to the world, and the place of his confinement was effectually hidden from the inquiries of his friends, who sent emissaries over half Europe to discover it; and yet remained unshaken and undismayed,

constantly refusing all appearance of compromise with his persecutors and oppressors. We are, in short, permitted to see a man, who has professed, amidst glory and suffering, in triumph and in disgrace, the same principles of political freedom on both sides of the Atlantic; who has maintained the same tone, the same air, the same open confidence, amidst the ruins of the Bastile, in the Champ de Mars, under the despotism of Bonaparte, and in the dungeons of Olmutz.

We rejoice, too, no less in the effect which this visit of General Lafayette is producing upon us *as a nation*. It is doing much to unite us. It has brought those together, who have been separated by long lives of political animosity. It helps to break down the great boundaries and landmarks of party. It makes a holiday of kind and generous feelings in the hearts of the multitudes that throng his way, as he moves in triumphal procession from city to city. It turns this whole people from the bustle and divisions of our wearisome elections, the contests of the senate house, and the troubles and bitterness of our manifold political dissensions; and instead of all this, carries us back to that great period in our history, about which opinions have long been tranquil and settled. It offers to us, as it were, with the very costume and air appropriate to the times, one of the great actors, from this most solemn passage in our national destinies; and thus enables us to transmit yet one generation further onward, a sensible impression of the times of our fathers; since we are not only permitted to witness ourselves one of their foremost leaders and champions, but can show him to our children, and thus leave in their young hearts an impression, which will grow old there with their deepest and purest feelings. It brings, in fact, our revolution nearer to us, with all the high-minded patriotism and self-denying virtues of our forefathers; and therefore naturally turns our thoughts more

owards our posterity, and makes us more anxious to do for them what we are so sensibly reminded was done, with such perilous sacrifices, for us.

We may be allowed, too, to add, that we rejoice in General Lafayette's visit, *on his own account*. He enjoys a singular distinction; for it is a strange thing in the providence of God, one that never happened before, and will, probably, never happen again, that an individual from a remote quarter of the world, having assisted to lay the foundation of a great nation, should be permitted thus to visit the posterity of those he served, and witness on a scale so vast, the work of his own sacrifices; the result of grand principles in government, for which he contended before their practical effect had been tried; the growth and maturity of institutions, which he assisted to establish, when their operation could be calculated only by the widest and most clear-sighted circumspection. We rejoice in it; for it is, we doubt not, the most gratifying and appropriate reward that could be offered to a spirit like his. In the beautiful phrase which Tacitus has applied to Germanicus, *fruitur fama*; for he must be aware, that the ocean which rolls between us and Europe, operates like the grave on all feelings of passion and party, and that the voice of gratitude and admiration, which now rises to greet him, from every city, every village, and every heart, of this wide land, is as pure and sincere as the voice of posterity.

RECORDS AT SEA.

By E. Barent, Jr.

THE DEPARTURE.

AGAIN thy winds are pealing in mine ear!
Again thy waves are flashing in my sight!
Thy memory-haunting tones again I hear,
As, through the spray, our vessel wings her flight!
On thy cerulean breast, now swelling high,
Again, thou broad Atlantic, am I cast!
Six years, with noiseless tread, have glided by,
Since the unsounded deep I traversed last.
The sea-birds o'er me wheel, as if to greet
An old companion; on my naked brow,
The sparkling foam-drops not unkindly beat;
Flows through my hair the fresh'ning breeze—and now
Th' horizon's ring enclasps me; and I stand,
Gazing where fades from view, cloud-like, my father-land!

TO A LAND BIRD.

Thou wanderer from green fields and leafy nooks!
Where blooms the flower and toils the honey bee—
Where odorous blossoms drift along the brooks,
And woods and hills are very fair to see—
Why hast thou left thy native bough to roam,
With drooping wing, far o'er the briny billow?
Thou canst not, like the osprey, cleave the foam,
Nor, like the petrel, make the wave thy pillow.
Thou 'rt like those fine-toned spirits, gentle bird!
Which, from some better land, to this rude life
Seem borne;—they struggle, 'mid the common herd,
With powers unfitted for the selfish strife!
Haply, at length, some zephyr wafts them back
To their own home of peace, across the world's dull track.

NIGHT.

But, oh! the night—the cool, luxurious night,
 Which closes round us when the day grows dim,
 And the sun sinks from his meridian height,
 Behind the ocean's occidental rim!
 Clouds, in thin streaks of purple, green and red,
 Gather around his setting, and absorb
 The last rich rays of glory, that are shed,
 In wide profusion, from his failing orb.
 And now the moon, her lids unclosing, deigns
 To smile serenely on the charmed sea,
 That shines as if inlaid with lightning chains,
 From which it hardly struggled to be free.
 Swan-like, with motion unperceived, we glide,
 Touched by the downy breeze, and favored by the tide.

TO ———.

Leagues of blue ocean are between us spread;
 And I cannot behold thee, save in dreams!
 I cannot hear the music round thee shed,
 I do not see the light that from thee gleams.
 Fairest and best! 'mid summer joys, ah, say,
 Dost thou e'er think of one, who thinks of thee—
 Th' Atlantic-wanderer—who, day by day,
 Looks for thy image in the deep, deep sea?
 Long months, and years perchance, may pass away,
 Ere he shall gaze upon thy face again;
 He cannot know what rocks and quicksands lay
 Before him, on the Future's shipless main;
 But, thanked be Memory! there are treasures still,
 Which the triumphant mind holds subject to its will.

EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

By L. M. Sargent.

LET me appeal to the fond father, who has watched the progress of intemperance in a much-loved and amiable child, from the first moment of aberration, until that hour—an age of agony—when the terrible conviction sunk and settled in a father's heart, that his child was lost! Let me appeal to the brother, who is doomed to call him brother, who is called drunkard by the world!—to the sister, who is constrained to shun, in the bloated and ungovernable monster in her path, the brother of her childhood, the companion, the playmate of her days of infancy!—to the worse than widowed wife!—to the still more miserable husband! Let us pass on. But there is another, the widowed mother of an only son; and I appeal to her. He was her stay and her staff, the support of her declining years. The ruddy glow of health has given place to the feverish flush; that brow, until of late so calm and untroubled, is checkered by the finger of anxiety; the latch is lifted at a later hour, and more stealthily from night to night; a mother's anxious inquiries are evaded; the kind good-night of a dutiful child is exchanged for that bearing of shame and defiance, which seems to anticipate a parent's frown. He ascends to his apartment—her suspicions are awakened. But can it be thus? Can the precept, the admonition of years, have been thrown so utterly away? She creeps softly and silently to the bedside of her sleeping boy. There he lies—but the parched lip, and the hectic fire upon his altered countenance! the laboring breath and the heaving chest, and those eyelids half open, and that starting limb! Can ex-

hausted nature be repaired by such unprofitable slumbers? The mother gazes with tenderest anxiety upon the object before her; but another image is presented upon the tablet of her memory, sadly contrasted with the reality in view. How often has she approached that same bed, and knelt by its side, in silent prayer for the preservation of her child! How often, as she rose, has she taken her last look, for the night, at the pride of her heart, the image of one who was no more! Then his slumbers, calm and unruffled, were the sleep of peace, and happiness, and health; but now they are the workings of a troubled spirit. Yet a mother can love on, and hope on, when the world is ready to despair;—she bends in anguish over the form of her unhappy child—she is yet unwilling to believe the worst—she moistens his cheek with her tears—and, as she advances her lips to his, the pestilential vapor, the tainted breath, reveals the miserable truth:—she suddenly recoils—even a mother recoils, when she realizes, in this, the destruction of her hopes on earth, and the ruin of her only child. In such a cause as ours, we invoke the influence of this unhappy, forsaken being. Her voice may be of no avail, but there is an imperative argument in her tears of misery, which is recorded in heaven, and is entitled to be respected on earth.

THE GREEK GIRL'S LAMENT.

By T. Gray, Jr.

SOLDIER! thy fight is ended—heart! thy last, sad home, is here;
Thou com'st as only heroes come, on glory's hallowed bier.
Nor mourn I that thou art not mine, that death is on thy brow;
A life of love had *then* been thine—eternal glory *now*.
I ask for thee no prouder doom, for me no happier lot;
Thy sleep shall be in glory's tomb, thy name be ne'er forgot.
No! though this aching heart may bleed, no woman's tear shall
start:
No sigh that Freedom's march should lead across that noble
heart.

For honored does the hero fall, in honored dust is laid:—
To Greece, to God, I owed my all; and well the debt is paid.
Though Moslem footsteps o'er thee tread, there too shall Love's
repair;
And well Affection's eye may shed Affection's tribute there.
No lingering pang, no fond regret, shall wring one starting tear;
Nor Grecian maiden's eye be wet above her soldier's bier.
This soul may bleed—this heart may break—but proud that
grief shall be;
Who dies for Greece, for glory's sake, shall ne'er be wept by me.

And yet one lingering wish will rise, one thought that still is
thine—
That thou had'st closed thy dying eyes upon this heart of mine;
That heart on which thy throbbing brow so oft was lulled to
rest—
Not the dull leaden sleep that now weighs down that cold, cold
breast.
Then shroud from me that manly face, that noble heart so true;
I could have spared Love's first embrace, but not its last adieu.
Farewell! the heart I gave to thee, to thee I still resign;
Thy lips but *pledged* thy vows to me, but Death hath *sealed*
them mine.

THE LIFE OF THE SOUL.

By Richard H. Dana.

SIN clouds the mind's clear vision ; man, not earth,
Around the self-starved soul, has spread a dearth.
The earth is full of life : the living Hand
Touched it with life ; and all its forms expand
With principles of being made to suit
Man's varied powers, and raise him from the brute.
And shall the earth of higher ends be full ?—
Earth which thou tread'st !—and thy poor mind be dull ?
Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep !
Thou " living dead man," let thy spirits leap
Forth to the day ; and let the fresh air blow
Through thy soul's shut up mansion. Wouldst thou know
Something of what is life, shake off this death ;
Have thy soul feel the universal breath
With which all nature's quick ! and learn to be
Sharer in all that thou dost touch or see.
Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance ;
Give thy soul air, thy faculties expanse :—
Love, joy, e'en sorrow,—yield thyself to all !
They make thy freedom, man, and not thy thrall.
Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind
To dust and sense, and set at large thy mind !
Then move in sympathy with God's great whole ;
And be, like man at first, " a living soul."

CONFESSIONS OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

By L. F. Apthorp.

This is confessedly the age of confession—the era of individuality—the triumphant reign of the first person singular.

Blackwood.

THE sufferings of country schoolmasters have been so often given to the public, that I, whose mortal career has certainly been shortened, if not sweetened by the “delightful task,” resolved at one time not to “renew the sad remembrance of my fate,” but to let a speedy oblivion cover those calamities, “all of which I saw,” and less fortunate than Æneas, “all of which I was.” My story, I feared, would be treated like the certificates of our modern beggars. Public sympathy is nearly exhausted by the drafts already made upon it by that degraded class of beings to which I belong, and any more from the same quarter, are liable to be protested. The following circumstance altered my resolution. Catching up an old newspaper the other day, in a fit of ennui, I summoned energy enough to peruse, for the third time, the pathetic tale of a fellow pedagogue, which had attracted much notice on its first appearance; and it is evidently the production of a masterly pen. By this it seems he was actually in peril of dying an hungered. What! starvation in a country town of New England! The leading idea of his piece now struck me as a palpable absurdity. To all his assertions, my own experience gave the lie direct. The winning pathos of the writer, his admirable humor, and the fascinations of his style in general, all conspire to make upon the reader a deep but incorrect impression of the manner in which our country people treat “the master.” To

efface this, is my present object. Novelty I have none to offer—artifice I scorn—eloquence ne'er sat upon my lips—my sole attractions are misery and truth.

At the close of the year 1825, my diabolical destiny sent me to H——, a village on the sea coast of a New England state, inhabited by certain amphibious bipeds, who call themselves farmer-fishermen. Here I had contracted to spend eight wintry weeks in cultivating whatever of intellect there might be in forty-five children—if they can claim the name—of both sexes. Fool that I was—as if the “young idea” could shoot in winter more than any other weed, and that too in a soil of the consistency of granite. But a few days of fruitless flogging prompted me to spare my own feelings—the only ones affected by that exercise—and to employ my ferule in ruling the writing books instead of the scholars; and I did desist soon after, upon discovering that my merits as instructor were estimated by my clemency to the pupils—that is to say, my popularity with the children, and, which is natural a consequence in H—— with their parents, was in the inverse ratio of flagellations dispensed. One great point was already gained; but another of equal magnitude, though in a cheering state of progression, remained to be fully accomplished; namely, to render myself agreeable as a member of the family where I happened to board. This is no less essential to complete success, than to spare the rod and spoil the child. In justice to myself, however, it should here be remarked, that I am free from the guilt of fulfilling the latter half of Solomon's maxim; for the children were all spoiled to my hand. The second important qualification of a country preceptor is, that he be able to demolish any given quantity of provisions. This is indispensable. Our country people never starve the master, though I admit, with most cheerful alacrity, that they may sometimes stuff him to death. Among them, no

abstemious man can be a favorite. Who ever asserts the contrary, either wilfully misrepresents, or is deplorably ignorant. The maw of Ichabod Crane, that pink of pedagogues, we are told, possessed "the diluting powers of an anaconda," and the consequence was, that he ate himself into the good graces of all in sleepy Hollow. In like manner, no teacher can be popular in H——, if he have not the appetite of a shark. The agent's house, at which I tarried night and morning, was a mile and a half distant from the anatomy of a building where my pupils daily assembled to shiver—not with terror, but with cold—for all the birch consumed in school, was consumed by the fire, and I have the satisfaction to know, that as it was never employed to produce heat by impulse, so it never yielded any at a sensible distance.—But, a mile and a half was too far to travel for a dinner. I was therefore kindly permitted to dine at Mrs. ——, in the vicinity of the school house. The first forenoon was spent in an idle attempt to learn forty-five christian, I would say, barbarous names, compared with which, the names of Oliver Cromwell's jury dwindle into absolute propriety. At twelve o'clock, I retreated to Mrs. ——, where a hearty welcome awaited me. Dinner shortly appeared—but as this is the meal that in a week's time had well nigh sunk me to the grave, it merits a particular description. It will be sufficient to enumerate the articles spread before me on the first occasion, for I can say to the reader, "ex uno disce omnes"—which is, being interpreted, there was no variation during twenty-eight days. First came on an unknown quantity of tea, contained in a coffee-pot that might have served for a moderate sized lighthouse. Secondly, a plate of what Mrs. ——, with apparent sincerity, called sliced pork, but what I suspected, from its color and tenacity, to be gum-elastic. This was followed by a quart bowl of real pork in a state of fusion. Some one had previously

told me, by way of encouragement, that all schoolmasters lived upon the fat of the land. Alas! the ambiguity of language—till now I had never understood this expression. On one corner of the table stood an article that would have staggered Heliogabalus, namely, a conical turret of dough-nuts. This detestable esculent, the pride of our country dames, sometimes resembles one of your inflexible little soup dumplings; at others, it appears to be a kind of mongrel pan-cake. The opposite corner was defended by a turret of similar shape, and nearly as formidable, consisting of minced dun-fish. A plate of brown bread, an irregular mass of junk beef, an apple pie resembling the top of an overgrown toad-stool, a bowl of corpulent potatoes in violent perspiration, and a batter pudding of cylindrical shape, livid complexion, and the most appalling specific gravity, completed the dinner. It is difficult to find a simile for this pudding—the reader may obtain a faint idea of its appearance and constitution, by inspecting a leaden clock weight. I sat down with the stubborn resolution of eating till the family were satisfied—a sure but terrible path to popularity.

“Come, Master,” said Mrs. —, “reach to and help yourself; when you are among poor folks, you must put up with poor folks’ fare.” I strove to alleviate the good woman’s anxiety, by word and deed. I seized a potatoe, squashed it upon my plate, and gazed in silent agony on the four spoonsful of liquid pork poured upon it under the name of gravy. A reputation and twenty-eight dollars being at stake, it would have been rashness in me to refuse the half pound of minced fish, four cups of tea, ninety degrees of apple pie, and eleven dough-nuts, which were thrust upon me with distressing kindness. It is said that the North Carolina militia, when commanded to fire, shut their eyes, banish thought, and pull trigger.—A feeling somewhat similar, prompted me to close mine as each

mouthful was conveyed to its predestined place, and my jaws labored mechanically, like any other grist-mill.

By dint of these conclusive efforts, all the articles just mentioned were soon made to disappear; and now thought I, I have made a deep impression in my favor. Delusive idea! as evanescent as the provender that vanished before the knife and fork of Mrs. ——'s son, a promising young Vulcan, whose operations I was watching with a jealous eye—and my heart sank within me at the comparative insignificance of my own exploits. The despondence created by this scene was heightened by an exclamation from Mrs. ——;

“Ah! Master, you wont make out a dinner. I am afeard you do n't like our fare.” At that instant I wished myself an Esquimaux or an ostrich. As it was, I made one more effort, and devoured two more dough-nuts; but here a symptom of strangulation rendered me stiff-necked against all farther solicitations. I had realized and could demonstrate an absolute plenum. I pass over the difficulty of walking two rods to the school house, and merely remark, that had I gone to the agent's for dinner, my pupils would have gained half a holiday. Let me stop a moment to remind the reader that this narrative is not written for applause—that sympathy is not expected—that a smile would be an insult, for, to me it is a memento of anything but the ludicrous. He may bear in mind, also, that I have disclaimed exaggeration, and professed to be the advocate of truth. These reflections will enable him to meet, without a sneer, the solemn assurance that, in six successive days, I devoured seventeen meals of equal magnitude with the one described. Nor can my sacrifices be fairly censured as extravagant. For although the demon of popularity may be conciliated at dinner, yet his favor is easily lost at supper or breakfast. His votaries must be consistent in their piety. From an imperfect

register of these offerings, it appears that, among other articles, I consumed, during the first week, six pounds of mince fish, two gallons of tea, a pint and a half of melted pork, a cubic foot of solid ditto, five apple pies, and one hundred and nineteen dough-nuts.

On Saturday morning, three of the agent's hogs followed me to school. I thought of the pork I had eaten, and ever and anon cast a timid glance at the swine. "Their tameness was shocking to me." But it shortly ceased to be so; for after this, they followed me with canine regularity; and without any inclination to be witty, I regarded them as intolerable bores. A week had now elapsed, and not only found me in existence, but also brought along with it a pleasure I had long been a stranger to—that was, the benefit of eating. My popularity was unparalleled, and built upon a foundation too solid for premature decay. Well has a modern writer contended, that the stomach is the seat of the soul. It is an ingenious and plausible doctrine, and not without its advocates; for in H——, at least, they estimate a man's intellectuals by the capacity of his bread basket. The whole district rang with my praises. "The Master," said they, "is a fine accommodating man—he is n't a mite partikler about his vittles." So much accomplished in a single week would have puffed up anybody, and meekness herself might have pardoned the innocent strut that conveyed me to the neighboring village of B——, on Saturday afternoon. An acquaintance met me in the street—was struck with my altered appearance, and expressed much sarcastic regret to find that I had fallen into consumptive habits. Taunts and jeers, however, affected me not. An honest pride supported me. But pride must have a fall, and the fall of mine was a heavy one. During that memorable Saturday night, fancy, in the shape of the incubus, caused me to execute a somerset, the like of which was never performed but

once, and then it was done by Lucifer. The tumble, however, being only a part of my involuntary freaks and sufferings on the night aforesaid, I shall take the liberty to narrate them in order and at large. As for the reader, be he never so sleepy, the night-mare shall keep him awake while we are in company; but if he has not the patience to read a description of it, I heartily wish him the reality, and leave him to his slumbers. At nine o'clock I found myself in bed, and in a few minutes after, in the desert of Zahara—for the night-mare is an excellent traveller. Notwithstanding the short period of time occupied in passing the Atlantic, my side ached horribly. I was no less jaded than if the journey had been performed on a trip-hammer. I strained my eyes in vain to find a place of shelter. There was nothing to be seen but a circular plain of reddish sand, bounded by the horizon. Suddenly the heavens assumed a tempestuous aspect; but I hailed this symptom of rain water with ecstasy, for hitherto a burning sun had consumed the outward man, and a burning thirst the inward. Oh! how I longed for one of those well saturated clouds, that seemed to withhold their moisture on purpose to tantalize me. In ten minutes I could have made a dry sponge of the whole atmosphere. My contemplation of the skies was all at once interrupted by the most frightful grunts, proceeding from myriads of swine, who encompassed me round about in consecutive circles, and gnashed their tusks in vengeance. They were apparently broiled by the sun, and were destitute of bristles. The latter of these misfortunes they suffered in common with myself, for terror had made me shed all my hair. Yes—I was attacked, literally, by a legion of live pork. The horrid circle contracted rapidly around me. Flight, in any sense of the word, was impossible. In this agonizing moment the clouds opened and discharged a tremendous shower of—dough-nuts. Henceforth let no melan-

cholic victim of ennui complain of feeling blue, till he has felt the "pelting of the pitiless storm." Every nut seemed to strike like the ball of a nine pounder. I was reduced to paste in a twinkling. In a short time the clouds began to slacken fire, when I ventured to raise my head, which had been pummelled into the sand, and take a peep at the horizon. But, oh! horror of horrors, the circle of hogs remained unbroken. They had stopped but a moment to riot on the meal which had fallen to invigorate them, and to seal my fate. I watched them awhile, without the power of motion. They soon prepared for another onset, and I was quietly resigning myself to destiny, when my natural gravitating powers were suddenly suspended. For me this world had lost its attraction. I fell into the air, rent asunder the dense canopy of dough-nuts, tumbled head over heels through space, and landed flat upon my back on the broad side of Saturn's belt. The planet, which to my inexpressible dismay, I now found to be an immense batter pudding, of thousands of miles in diameter, was jostled out of its orbit—instantly rolled over my carcass, and left it, a slap-jack. The crash awoke me. I was lying on my back, with the pillow on my face. After looking out of the window to assure myself that the universe was in good order, I crawled into bed; and there awaited the dawn of day in a state between sleeping and waking—a state from which I sincerely hope the complaisant reader is exempt.

THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

By Thomas Power.

SHE was a fair and lovely being. Dear
And blissful were the dreams a mother told
Of coming years of useful, happy life ;
And schemes of future joy, unmingled with pain,
Expelled each rising fear. Alas ! too soon
Her languid eye betrayed that sleepless nights
And days of suffering dimmed its gentle light—
That wasting sickness paled her furrowed cheek.

How watched a mother then, with soul intense,
Each change where hope might live ! How filled her heart
With dark forebodings, when her tearful eye
Saw still departing from her gentle charge
Each lineament that ruddy Health had traced—
Each radiant smile that told how her young heart
Clung to the bright and beauteous things of earth !
It was her daughter. 'T was her only one.
She languished, wasted, died. Her little grave
Tells what a chilling world may coldly mark,
A humble, sad memorial, that there lived
A fair and gentle being, who has left
Upon a mother's heart a stamp of grief,
That ne'er in future time shall be effaced.

Cold, silent grave ! How strongly dost thou bind
The past, the present, and the future, as
An unseen power, controlling by its touch
The thoughts, conditions, and the destinies
Of myriads bending at its chilling grasp !
Cold, silent grave ! All that was beautiful,
And fair, and bright—all that is dear in grief,
When Contemplation seeks the narrow house—
All that will be fruition to the hopes
Of calmer life in immortality—
All centre at the lonely dwelling, where
The living learn to value human life.

WORKING FOR NOTHING.

By Geo. W. Light.

As it is understood to be now generally conceded—without reference to authorities in natural history—that a printer is a *bona-fide* human being, a sermon in his behalf is perhaps in little danger of being considered in advance of the age.

A large number of the patrons of our periodical literature are among the best men of the community: I mean, too, *periodically* speaking—notwithstanding a laxity in cancelling subscription accounts is one of the great besetting sins of the land. They pay. They are none of your men that subscribe to *patronize* merely—and therefore are struck aghast or run mad at your want of gratitude in sending a bill for a work they simply wished to see flourish, and to which, on that account alone, they were willing to lend the influence of their names. They do not need to have it proved to them that a printer is a man of flesh and bones like themselves,—(though that is not always the case,)—and is sustained, whenever he happens to be sustained, by the same system of sustenance with all other men; nor that a person is less likely to run into bankruptcy when hardly anybody pays him for working at the press, than an individual most of whose debtors prove to be bad pay in any other department. When they buy a journal of him—receive it, read it, have their happiness increased, and are made more intelligent and better by it—they think it is the part of a man to let it be seen that they have some understanding of the means by which an editor, as well as anybody else, is obliged to live. They pay, too, in season. They do not wait till the printer is dead, or is obliged to run away to get rid

of the constable,—or till he has used up more paper than the amount of subscription, in writing polite, imploring, and perhaps to them insulting duns. They learn the terms, buy their intellectual goods, and then, like any other gentlemen, hand over the cash. These men—as the facts above stated abundantly prove—are no less distinguished by their intelligence and right understanding of the importance of periodical publications, than by their honor and general uprightness, even in those minor concerns of life where self-interest or reputation is ever so little at stake. By such persons, and by them alone—and it is no mean encomium upon their characters—is the periodical press of the country supported as well as it is. All other self-named patrons, not only obstruct the operation of this great intellectual engine of the age, but are the occasion of embarrassment and blasted prospects among an intelligent and industrious class, which, if fully understood, would make men of no more moral purity than themselves even, tremble to contemplate.

But I may be considered a little too severe, without some qualification, upon a certain class of the community which needs to be noticed apart from others of the non-paying or pay-any-time subscribers to periodicals. This is a class of men who *have* honor and moral principle, and who exhibit them in most of the relations of life—but who, nevertheless, are so influenced by the too general opposition to an editor's breathing through the usual preliminary means, that they care little about giving him his due in time to keep him out of the limboes, and are indifferent at least whether he hears from them at all, except by way of clamorous communications because the "paper does not come." These men mean no great harm. They would dislike as much to see a poor fellow of an editor starving to death as anybody else. "But a five dollar bill—what's that?—a sum like this will make no great difference, sent

one time or another, or not at all. Let him wait my convenience!" Individuals of this stamp prove the greatest enemies to many a printer's success. He confides in their general good reputation—lays out his plans with reference to it—and goes on in the execution of them with as little fear of famine before his eyes as any good citizen who is willing to work hard and maintain a good conscience. I need not detail the whole story. At the end of the year he has received about half the amount of his expenses. About double what he owes is due him, with half a dollar on each subscription besides—which he may whistle for with the principal amount—because not paid within the year. No paper, perhaps, is to stop till all arrearages are paid up—though few moons pass before it *has* to stop, from the fact that the type founder, paper maker, et cetera, are too wise to support the establishment a great while for the public merely to *subscribe*. In some three years he receives possibly a quarter part of the sum due him; and if he is not in jail, poor fellow, it is because he was not fool enough to continue to work for nothing and find himself, and has sought some less speculative occupation. In this way our literature, science and arts are suffered to languish. Able and sensible men are constantly either going out or keeping out of such, in the general, ill-recompensed employment.

As regards that class of subscribers who never *mean* to pay for a periodical, I shall say but little about them. Every publisher at the present day is as much to blame for opening an account with a man whom neither he nor his agent knows anything about, as the person who trusts him for any other article of trade.

Of another rather numerous class of patrons to periodicals—namely, the ladies—I am bound to say a word. As to them—and I need not say they are the last persons that should be insulted by flattery—I have the pleasure of

being able to testify favorably. They belong, so far as my knowledge extends, as a body,—I mean those who are intelligent enough to want a periodical,—to the class first alluded to—who *pay*: sufficient proof to a printer, bachelor or no bachelor, that they are the best gift of Heaven, whether first or last in the order of creation—a matter he cares little about if he but finds them enrolled on his list of subscribers.

It is not necessary to discuss at large in this paper the general subject of the press. Everybody feels its influence and acknowledges its importance. In the form of the periodical publications of the day, it must be considered as the most powerful engine in this wide republic, for the promotion of good or of evil. Take it from the land—imperfect and ill-supported as it is—and you blot out the great intellectual light of the nation. Through the Reviews, the Magazines and the Newspapers of the day, it collects the scattered beams of knowledge from the most distant regions of religion and philosophy, and spreads them far and wide, enlightening and gladdening everything within the pale of its influence.

Yet it is with a poor grace that the people of this country boast of the freedom of the press, while it meets with such comparatively meagre support from so many of its votaries. Allow to every department of life its due weight of importance: but let not the glory of the land, the best safeguard of the people, the high hope of the world, call forth the disrespect and the ingratitude of those who are benefited and blessed by its agency. The light of the press is like the light of the sun. Its voice is like the sound of many waters. Its results are like the rising into existence of a new creation.

NEW ENGLAND.

By S. G. Bulfinch.

Home of the good, the brave, the wise,
Bold youth and beauty bright,
The sun, as on his course he hies,
Beholds no lovelier sight.
Italia's vales with perfume glow
From every flowery tree,
But ne'er those lovely valleys know
The breath of Liberty.

Bright beams the sun on Syria's plains,
Where ancient prophets trod,
And held, in Nature's forest fanes,
High converse with their God.
But holier are the hills that bind
Thy stormy ocean shore,
For there the sacred human mind
Knows its own strength once more.

There, in the cottage and the hall,
As bursts the morning ray,
The hymn of praise ascends from all
To him who gives the day.
There, as the evening sun declines,
They join in harmless glee;
On all the beam of pleasure shines,
For all alike are free.

THE SELF-EDUCATED.

By B. B. Edwards.

It is worthy of deep and careful consideration, whether our country does not demand a new and higher order of intellect, and whether the class, whose character I am considering, cannot furnish a vast amount of materials. It is not piety alone which is needed, nor strength of body, nor vigor of mind, nor firmness of character, nor purity of taste ; but all these united. Ought not this subject to awaken the attention of our most philanthropic and gifted minds? Ought not social libraries to be collected with this main purpose—to furnish stimulants to call forth all possible native talents and hidden energies? Should not the lyceum lay hold of this subject in every village in our land? Ought not the systems of discipline and instruction at all our colleges, to be framed, and to be administered, with a distinct and declared regard to the benefits which self-taught genius, with the superadded effects of thorough instruction, can confer upon the millions of our country? Every parent, and every instructor, should employ special means to bring his children or his pupils into such circumstances, and place in their way such books and other means, as will develop the original tendencies of their minds, and lead them into the path of high attainment and usefulness. Every educated man is under great responsibilities to bring into the light and to cherish all the talent which may be concealed in his neighborhood. Genius lies buried on our mountains and in our valleys. Vast treasures of thought, of noble feeling, of pure and generous aspirations, and of moral and re-

ligious worth, exist unknown—are never called forth to adorn human nature, and to bless and save mankind. Shall not an effort now be made to bring into action all the available intellect and piety in the country? In the lapse of a few years, more than one hundred millions of human beings, on this continent, will speak the English language. To provide intellectual and moral sustenance for such an amazing population, requires an enlargement of thought, and an expansiveness of philanthropy, such as has never yet been exhibited on our earth. One division of this country is as large as that realm over which Augustus Cæsar swayed his sceptre, and which Hannibal tried in vain to conquer. What immense tides of immortal life are to sweep over this country, into the gulf of eternity. We are called to think and to act on a grander scale than ever fell to the lot of man. This nation needs what was conferred on Solomon, “wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea-shore.” How pitiable and how deplorable are all the contests between political parties, and benevolent societies, and religious denominations. While thus contending with one another, we are losing forever the favorable moment for effort; and we are preparing to have heaped upon our heads the curses of an unnumbered posterity. We are the representatives of millions. We are acting for masses of human beings. To live simply as individuals, or as insulated beings, is a great error, and a serious injustice to our posterity. We must take our stand on fundamental principles. We must set those great wheels in motion, which, in their revolution, are to spread light, and life, and joy through the land. While we place our whole dependence on the goodness and the grace of the Ruler of the universe, we must act as those who recollect their origin at the Plymouth rock, and from

Saxon ancestry, and who are conscious of the high destiny to which Providence calls them.

Let us come up to our great and most interesting work. Let us lift our eyes on the fields, boundless in extent, and white already to the harvest. Here in this age, here in this new world, let the tide of ignorance be stayed; let the great mass of American sentiment be thoroughly purified; let human nature assume its renovated form; let the flame of human intellect rise, and sweetly mingle with the source of all mental light and beauty; let our character and labors be such, that we shall send forward to the most distant posterity, a strong and steady light. We must take no middle ground. We must bring to the great work of illuminating this country, and of blessing mankind, every capability of mind, and of heart, which we possess—every possibility of the power which God has given to us.

THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

By Jacob Abbot.

SOME centuries ago, a large, a very large company were travelling northwardly in early summer, through a lovely country, whose hills and valleys were clothed with the fig-tree, the olive, and the vine. They journeyed slowly, and without anxiety or care, for their route lay through a quiet land, the abode of peace and plenty. Friends and acquaintances were mingled together in groups, as accident or inclination might dictate, until the sun went down, and the approach of evening warned them to make preparations for rest. While the various families were drawing off together for this purpose, the attention and the sympathy of the multitude were excited by the anxious looks and eager inquiries of a female, who was passing from group to group, with sorrow and agitation painted on her countenance. It was a mother, who could not find her son. It was her only son, and one to whom, from peculiar circumstances, she was very strongly attached. He had never disobeyed her ;—he had never given her unnecessary trouble, and the uncommon maturity of his mental and moral powers had probably led her to trust him much more to himself than in any other case would be justifiable. He was twelve years old, and she supposed that he had been safe in the company, but now night had come, and she could not find him. She went anxiously and sorrowfully from family to family, and from friend to friend, inquiring with deep solicitude—“Have you seen my son ?”

He was not to be found. No one had seen him ; and the anxious parents left their company, and inquiring carefully by the way, went slowly back to the city whence they had come.

The city was in the midst of a country of mountains and valleys. Dark groves upon the summits crowned the richly cultivated fields which adorned their sides. The road wound along the glens and vales, sharing the passage with the streams, which flowed towards a neighboring sea. The city itself spread its edifices over the broad surface of a hill, one extremity of which was crowned with the spacious walls and colonnades of a temple, rising one above another, the whole pile beaming probably in the setting sun, as these anxious parents approached it, in all the dazzling whiteness of marble and splendor of gold. The parents, however, could not have thought much of the scene before them. They had lost their son.

With what anxious and fruitless search they spent the evening and the following morning, we do not know. They at last, however, ascended to the temple itself. They passed from court to court, now going up the broad flight of steps which led from one to the other, now walking under a lofty colonnade, and now traversing a paved and ornamented area. At last, in a public part of this edifice, they found a group collected around a boy, and apparently listening to what he was saying ; the feeling must have been mingled interest, curiosity and surprise. It was their son. His uncommon mental and moral maturity had by some means shown itself to those around him, and they were deeply interested in his questions and replies.

His mother, for the narrative, true to nature and to fact, makes the mother the foremost parent in everything con-

nected with the search for their son, does not reproach him. She could not reproach one who had been such a son. She asked him why he had staid behind, and gently reminded him of the sorrow and suffering he had caused them. He gave them a reply which she could not fully understand, and the feelings with which twelve years of intercourse, such as no mother ever before had with a son, had inspired her for him, forbade her pressing him for an explanation. "*She laid his words up in her heart.*"

THE ART OF AGRICULTURE.

By T. G. Fessenden.

ALL hail the art, to which we owe
Whate'er gives happiness below :
The source of all, in church or state
Or social life, that 's good or great.
For should our agriculture stop,
Society must shut up shop ;
Our brightest belles and beaux must please
To dwell in caves and hollow trees ;
On roots and acorns dine, like shoats,
And sup on leaves and buds, like goats.
Woodchucks would burrow in State street,
And gaunt wolves prowl where merchants meet !—
Churches by catamounts be haunted,
And gruff bears growl where hymns are chanted,
Owls hoot church airs with pipe sonorous,
And croaking crows caw caw the chorus !

Should cultivators fail, their fall
Would implicate and ruin all ;
For as old Atlas bears the pack
Of all the heavens on his broad back,
The farmer by his care and pains
The sublunary world sustains ;
And if by some mischance he stumbles,
The whole wide world to ruin tumbles !

THE LAST OF THE COCKED HATS.

By S. P. Holbrook.

WE weep at the death of an old friend, and why should we not lament the extinction of a favorite fashion? There is but one reason for tolerating the present shrivelled state of the civic helmets we call hats, and that is the increased security of the sylvan people—the beavers—whose own furs are as dangerous to them as the poisoned garment was to Hercules.

O Sam Rogers, and the Pleasures of Memory! How many sweet and bitter remembrances hang upon the corner of an old cocked hat! What a catenation of murdered joys and misspent happy hours, extends from it, like the long line of kings in Banquo's posterity! That respectable old beaver is a chronicle of the olden time; it is a page in history; it is an anchor in the great sea of time, that drags up drowned antiquity by the locks. It is a monument of the Augustan age of English literature, and of the golden age of morals and politeness. A part of that era Mr. Webster has called the age of Franklin. Out upon that thrifty old curmudgeon, for he represented his country at Paris in a little vile round hat, instead of the broad sky-scraper of his fathers;—and fie upon the pretty French ladies, who wasted so much flattery upon Poor Richard in such a hat.

The head is the principal part of the man; the hat is the main part of the head; and your cocked hat is to the man what the dome is to Saint Peter's, or the capital to the Corinthian column! Alas, for the age of courtesy, which succeeded that of chivalry. Both are passed with

the stately politeness of Sir Charles Grandison, and the courtly vivacity of Will Honeycomb!

"The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their hats."

The cocked hat was indeed the symbol of courtesy; but why lament the emblem, when the thing no longer exists. The men who flourished under it lived in a favored time. The present is the age of Brummel and of brass, (for though Brummel is deposed, his principles are in force;) it is the brazen age of impudence and ease, the evil days of Paul Clifford, tight fits, and round hats. But, thank fortune, it is also the age of revolutions, and our modes are now at a stage when every change must be advantageous. I am republican in sentiment and practice, yet I would fain see the time when every citizen should be so far aristocratic as to cover his bleached or raven locks with a three-cornered hat.

It is now about four hundred years since hats have covered the heads of all civilized men; and for more than half that term the cocked hat has maintained its civil and military ascendancy; nor is that or virtue yet entirely extinct. There are even now *in aliquo abdito et longinquo rure*, some secluded nooks of New-England, or of the image of New England, Ohio, (*matre pulchra filia pulchrior*,) where the tri-cornered hats come forth at least one day in seven, to excite glorious recollections and vain regrets that the present race of hats and heroes is so much inferior to the past. O, sorrow! that I must grieve for the good old schoolmaster, whose hat, not whose life, I have depicted. He died lamented by many, but *nullo flebilior* than by me. It was from him, whom I was wont to call Uncle Hugh, that I received all the Latin I have, and which I now delight to render back to its source, by illustrating him and his hat. He clung to that beaver,

not with obstinacy, but with tenacity. He would give up any "time-honored" prejudice, but his hat was a part of his being—a moiety of his heart. "Bury me," said he, "where you will, but let me die, like the great Napoleon, in the cocked hat."

It rouses my earliest and latest affections, to behold any of these remnants of the ancient days, that remind me of my grandfather's family. Every member of it resisted innovation like a Turk; and they had a chronology of their own. They reckoned time from the remarkable events that marked the fortunes of the family. Thus my own age was computed from the year in which Uncle Hugh lost his great hat in a puff of wind on Long Wharf. Another era was the year in which Jowler was killed on suspicion of worrying sheep. A favorite point of time, from which my grandfather measured the succeeding years, was when the thief cut open his pocket and attempted his tobacco box. This was at a commencement in the last century, just as the old gentleman had taken his hands from his pockets to applaud my first and last speech, a discourse upon *Absence of Mind*. The "balloon year" is also often quoted in our annals, and it indicates the time when the whole family, closely packed in the covered wagon, came to the city to see the ascent of a balloon, and went back disappointed. These recollections are to me better than silver or gold, for they recall the forms of those that I shall never see again. When they lived, I neglected to return their kindness, and now when they are no more, I think of my ingratitude with unavailing regret. But they have all their epitaphs, in which their virtues are not omitted; and over Uncle Hugh is the semblance of a sable three-cornered beaver, and a legend, purporting that he who slumbers below may be well called the *Last of the Cocked Hats*.

THE PAST AND COMING YEAR.

By J. G. Whittier.

WAVE of an awful torrent, thronging down,
With all the wealth of centuries, to the cold
Embraces of Eternity, o'erstrown
With the great wrecks of empire, and the old
Magnificence of nations, who are gone,—
Thy last, faint murmur—thy departing sigh,
Along the shore of being, like a tone
Thrilling on broken harp-strings, or the swell
Of the chained wind's last whisper—hath gone by,
And thou hast floated from the world of breath
To the still guidance of o'er-mastering Death—
Thy pilot to eternity.—Farewell!

Go, swell the throngful past—Go, blend with all
The garnered things of Death; and bear with thee
The treasures of thy pilgrimage—the tall
And beautiful dreams of Hope—the ministry
Of Love and high Ambition. Man remains
To dream again as idly; and the stains
Of passion will be visible once more.
The winged Spirit will not be confined
By the experience of thy journey. Mind
Will struggle in its prison house, and still,
With Earth's strong fetters binding it to ill,
Unfurl the pinions fitted but to soar
In that pure atmosphere, where spirits range—
The home of high existences—where change
And blighting may not enter. Love again
Will bloom—a fickle flower—upon the grave
Of old affections; and Ambition wave
His eagle-plume most proudly, for the rein
Of Conscience will be loosened from the soul
To give his purpose freedom. The control

Of reason will be changeful, and the ties
 Which gather hearts together, and make up
 The romance of existence, will be rent :
 Yea, poison will be poured in Friendship's cup ;
 And for Earth's low familiar element,
 Even Love itself forsake its kindred skies.

But not alone dark visions !—happier things
 Will float above existence, like the wings
 Of the starred bird of paradise ; and Love
 Will not be all a dream, or rather prove
 A dream—a sweet forgetfulness—that hath
 No wakeful changes—ending but in Death.
 Yea, pure hearts shall be pledged beneath the eyes
 Of the beholding heaven, and in the light
 Of the love-hallowed moon. The quiet Night
 Shall hear that language underneath the skies
 Which whispereth above them, as the prayer
 And the deep vow is spoken. Passing fair
 And gifted creatures, with the light of truth
 And undebarr'd affection, as a crown,
 Resting upon the beautiful brow of youth,
 Shall smile on stately manhood, kneeling down
 Before them, as to Idols. Friendship's hand
 Shall clasp its brother's ; and Affection's tear
 Be sanctified with sympathy. The bier
 Of stricken love shall lose the fears, which Death
 Giveth his fearful work, and earnest Faith
 Shall look beyond the shadow and the clay—
 The pulseless sepulchre—the cold decay ;
 And to the quiet of the spirit-land
 Follow the mourned and lovely. Gifted ones,
 Lighting the Heaven of Intellect, like suns,
 Shall wrestle well with circumstance, and bear
 The agony of scorn—the preying care,
 Wedded to burning bosoms ; and go down
 In sorrow to the noteless sepulchre,
 With one lone hope embracing like a crown
 The cold and death-like forehead of Despair,

That after times shall treasure up their fame
Even as a proud inheritance and high ;
And beautiful beings love to breathe their name
With the recorded things that never die.

And thou, gray voyager to the breezeless sea
Of infinite Oblivion—speed thou on :
Another gift of Time succeedeth thee
Fresh from the hand of God ; for thou hast done
The errand of thy Destiny ; and none
May dream of thy returning. Go—and bear
Mortality's frail records to thy cold,
Eternal prison-house ;—the midnight prayer
Of suffering bosoms, and the fevered care
Of worldly hearts—the miser's dream of gold—
Ambition's grasp at greatness—the quenched light
Of broken spirits—the forgiven wrong
And the abiding curse—ay, bear along
These wrecks of thy own making. Lo—thy knell
Gathers upon the windy breath of night,
Its last and faintest echo. Fare thee well !



