

Gifts of Genius eBook

Gifts of Genius

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Contents

Gifts of Genius eBook.....	1
Contents.....	2
Table of Contents.....	6
Page 1.....	8
Page 2.....	10
Page 3.....	12
Page 4.....	13
Page 5.....	15
Page 6.....	16
Page 7.....	17
Page 8.....	19
Page 9.....	21
Page 10.....	23
Page 11.....	25
Page 12.....	27
Page 13.....	29
Page 14.....	31
Page 15.....	33
Page 16.....	35
Page 17.....	37
Page 18.....	38
Page 19.....	39
Page 20.....	40
Page 21.....	41
Page 22.....	43

Page 23.....	45
Page 24.....	47
Page 25.....	49
Page 26.....	51
Page 27.....	53
Page 28.....	55
Page 29.....	57
Page 30.....	58
Page 31.....	60
Page 32.....	62
Page 33.....	64
Page 34.....	66
Page 35.....	68
Page 36.....	70
Page 37.....	71
Page 38.....	73
Page 39.....	75
Page 40.....	76
Page 41.....	77
Page 42.....	79
Page 43.....	81
Page 44.....	83
Page 45.....	85
Page 46.....	87
Page 47.....	89
Page 48.....	91

Page 49.....	92
Page 50.....	93
Page 51.....	94
Page 52.....	96
Page 53.....	98
Page 54.....	99
Page 55.....	100
Page 56.....	101
Page 57.....	102
Page 58.....	103
Page 59.....	104
Page 60.....	105
Page 61.....	106
Page 62.....	109
Page 63.....	111
Page 64.....	112
Page 65.....	113
Page 66.....	115
Page 67.....	116
Page 68.....	117
Page 69.....	119
Page 70.....	122
Page 71.....	124
Page 72.....	125
Page 73.....	127
Page 74.....	128

Page 75.....	130
Page 76.....	132
Page 77.....	133
Page 78.....	135
Page 79.....	136
Page 80.....	137
Page 81.....	139
Page 82.....	141
Page 83.....	143
Page 84.....	145
Page 85.....	147
Page 86.....	149
Page 87.....	151
Page 88.....	152
Page 89.....	154
Page 90.....	156
Page 91.....	158
Page 92.....	160
Page 93.....	161
Page 94.....	163
Page 95.....	165
Page 96.....	166
Page 97.....	168
Page 98.....	170

Table of Contents

Section	Page
Start of eBook	1
INTRODUCTORY,	1
TO THE PUBLIC.	2
INTRODUCTORY.	2
GIFTS OF GENIUS.	4
I.	4
II	6
III.	8
IV.	9
V.	10
VI.	11
VII.	14
VIII.	15
MY SECRET.	15
A LEAF	16
THE RETURN OF THE GODDESS.	21
ON POPULAR KNOWLEDGE.	21
ON RECEIVING A	22
THE PRINCE AT LAND'S END.	23
SEA-WEED.	33
TREFOIL.	34
SIN.	37
THE PEARL.	37
MISERERE DOMINE.	46
THE	47
TRANSLATIONS.	51
I.	51
II.	51
RECOLLECTIONS OF NEANDER,	52
POEMS.	61
I.	61
II.	61
EARTH'S WITNESS.	62
THE NEW ENGLAND	62
THANKSGIVING.	
SONG OF THE ARCHANGELS	64
GABRIEL.	65
TRIO.	65
TRANSLATIONS.	68
I.	68



II.	69
III.	69
PAID FOR BY THE PAGE.	70
WORDS FOR MUSIC.	72
I.	72
II.	72
III.	72
VIRTUE IN OBSCURITY.	73
THE BABY AND THE BOY MUSICIAN.	74
THE ERL-KING.	74
THOUGHTS UPON FENELON.	75
POEMS.	80
I.	80
II.	81
A STORY OF VENICE.	81
I.	81
II.	81
III.	82
IV.	86
V.	88
VI.	89
THE TORTURE CHAMBER.	89
THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.	91
THORWALDSEN'S CHRIST.	93
JUNE TWENTY-NINTH, EIGHTEEN FIFTY-NINE.	94
NO SONGS IN WINTER.	96
I	96
II.	96
III.	96
IV.	96
BOCAGE'S PENITENTIAL SONNET.	98

Page 1

INTRODUCTORY,

Out at elbows.—The story of st. George cleave. By John Esten Cooke,

My secret. (From the French.) By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,

A leaf from my Paris note-book. By H.T. Tuckerman,

On popular knowledge. By George S. Hillard,

*On receiving A privately printed volume of poems from A friend.
By Thomas Buchanan read,*

The prince at LAND'S end. By Caroline Chesebro,

Sea-weed. By James Russell Lowell,

Trefoil. By Evert A. DUYCKINCK,

Miserere Domine. By William H. Burleigh,

*The kingdoms of nature praising god.—A short essay on the 148th
psalm. By C.A. Bartol,*

Translations. By the Rev. Charles T. Brooks,

*Recollections of Neander, the church historian.
By the Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D.,*

Poems. By Julia Ward Howe,

Earth's witness. By Alice B. Haven,

The new England thanksgiving. By the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D.,

Song of the archangels. (From Goethe's Faust.) By George P. Marsh,

A night and day at Valparaiso. By Robert Tones,

Translations. By the Rev. Theodore Parker,

Paid for by the page. By Edward S. Gould,

Words for music. By George P. Morris,

"The Christian greatness." (Passages from a Manuscript Sermon.)
By the Rev. Orville Dewey, D.D.,

The baby and the boy musician. By Lydia Huntley Sigourney,

The Erl-king. (From the German of Goethe.) By Mrs. E.F. Ellet,

Thoughts upon Fenelon. By the Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D.,

Page 2

Poems. By Mrs. George P. Marsh,

A story of Venice. By George William Curtis,

The torture chamber. By William Allen Butler,

The home of Charlotte Bronte. By Francis Williams,

THORWALDSEN'S Christ. By Rev. E.A. Washburn,

June twenty-ninth, eighteen fifty-nine. By Caroline M. Kirkland,

No songs in winter. By T.B. Aldrich,

Beni-Israel. By Oliver Wendell Holmes,

BOCAGE'S penitential sonnet. By William Cullen Bryant,

TO THE PUBLIC.

At the desire of *miss Davenport*, for whose benefit this collection of original Miscellanies by American authors has been made, I write this brief Preface, without having had time to read the contributions which it is designed to introduce. The names of the writers, however, many of which are among the most distinguished in our literature, and are honored wherever our language is spoken, will suffice to recommend the volume to the attention of the reading world.

If this were not enough, an inducement of another kind is to be found in the circumstances of the lady in whose behalf the contents of this volume have been so freely contributed. A few years since, she was a teacher in our schools, active, useful, and esteemed for her skillful communication of knowledge. At that time it was one of her favorite occupations to make sketches and drawings from nature, an art in which she instructed her pupils. A severe illness interrupted her duties, during which her sight became impaired, and finally lost. A kind of twilight came over it, which gradually darkened into utter night, shutting out the face of nature in which she had so much delighted, and leaving her, without occupation, in ill health. In this condition she has already remained for five years.

To this statement of her misfortunes, which I trust will commend her to the sympathies of all who are made acquainted with them, as one who was useful to society while Providence permitted, I have only to add the expression of her warmest thanks to those who have generously furnished the contents of the volume she now lays before the public.

W.C. *Bryant*.

New York, June, 1859.

INTRODUCTORY.

This volume speaks so well for itself that it does not need many words of preface to commend it to a wide circle of readers. Its rich and varied contents, however, become far more interesting when interpreted by the motive that won them from their authors; and when the kindly feeling that offered them so freely is known, these gifts, like the pearls of a rosary, will be prized not only severally but collectively, because strung together by a sacred thread.

Page 3

The story of this undertaking is a very short and simple one. Miss Davenport, who had been for many years an active and successful teacher in our schools and families, especially in the beautiful arts of drawing and painting, was prostrated by a severe illness, which impaired her sight and finally terminated in blindness.

The late Benjamin F. Butler, in a letter dated October 13, 1858, which will have peculiar interest to the many readers who knew and honored that excellent man, writes thus:

“Miss Davenport has for several years been personally known to me. She is now blind and unable to follow the calling by which, before this calamity befell her, she obtained her living. Having lost her parents in early life, and having few relatives, and none able to assist her, she is dependent for her support on such efforts as she is still capable of making. These, were she a person of common fortitude, energy and hopefulness, would be very small, for to her great privation is added very imperfect general health. Yet she has struggled on in the hope of gaining such a competency as should ultimately secure ‘a home that she may call her own.’ I commend Miss Davenport to all who feel for the afflicted and who wish to do good.”

The Rev. Dr. S. Storrs writes: “Miss Davenport is a Christian woman, of great excellence of character, and of many accomplishments, whom God in his providence has made totally blind within a few years past.”

We need add but two remarks to these statements—one in reference to the volume itself, and the other in reference to her for whose welfare it is contributed.

The volume is one of the many proofs which have been gathering for years, of the alliance between literature and humanity. Every good and true word that has been written from the beginning has been a minister of mercy to every human heart which it has reached, whilst the mercy has been twice blessed when the word so benign in its result has been charitable in its intention, and the author at once yields his profits to a friend's need, and his production to the public eye. Thackeray has written well upon humor and charity, but should he undertake to carry out his idea and treat of literature and humanity in their vital relations, he would have his hands and heart full of work for more than a lifetime. Princes who give their gold to generous uses are worthy of honor; but there is a coinage of the brain that costs more and weighs more than gold. The authors of these papers would of course be little disposed to claim any high merit for their offerings, yet any reader who runs his eye over the list of contributors will see at once that they are generally writers whose compositions are eagerly sought for by the public, and among them are some names whose pens can coin gold whenever they choose to move. All these articles are original, and nothing is inserted in this book that has been before published. We are confident that it deserves, and will command wide and choice circulation.

Page 4

A word as to the lady for whose benefit these gifts are brought together. The preface of Mr. Bryant and the letter of Mr. Butler, tell her story with sufficient distinctness, and the readiness with which our men and women of letters have so generally complied with her request, shows what eloquence she bears in her presence and statement. Some certificates from her pupils in drawing, who testify to her love of nature and her delight in sketching directly from nature, so greatly to their improvement in this beautiful art, give peculiar pathos to her case. The organ that was the source of her highest satisfaction is closed up by this dark sorrow, and the gate called Beautiful, to this earthly temple no longer is open to scenes and faces of loveliness. What a fearful loss is this loss of sight—on the whole the noblest of the senses, and certainly the sense of all others most serviceable, alike to the working hand and the creative imagination. The eye may not be so near the fountains of sensibility as the ear, and no impression reaches the sympathy so profoundly as the pathos of living speech, but the eye has a far wider range than the ear and fathoms the heavens and sweeps the earth and sea, whilst the ear hears distinctly but within a very narrow limit, hardly a stone's throw. When the eye, then, loses its marvellous faculty and sees no longer the light of day and the countenances of friends, let the ear do what it can to make up for the loss by every cheering word of sympathy and hope. In God's Providence there is a principle of compensation that aims to balance every privation by some new privilege, as for instance by giving new acuteness to the senses which are called to do the work of the senses lost. But genial humanity is the great principle of compensation, and by this God's children glorify the Father in Heaven. May this volume serve his merciful will, and may the light shed from the stars of our literary firmament do something to lessen the night upon every dark path.

S.O.

GIFTS OF GENIUS.

Out at elbows.

The story of st. George cleave.

By John Esten Cooke, of Virginia.

I.

How good a thing it is to live! The morn is full of music; and Annie is singing in the hall!

The sun falls with a tranquil glory on the fields and forests, burning with the golden splendors of the autumn—the variegated leaves of the mighty oaks are draped about

the ancient gables, like a trophy of banners. The landscape sleeps; all the world smiles
—shall not I?

I sat up late last night at my accounts; to-day I will take a holiday. The squire has
bidden me good morning in his courteous, good-humored way, and gone in his carriage
to attend a meeting of his brother magistrates:—I am away for the time from my noisy
courts—the domain is mine—all the world is still!

Page 5

No;—Annie is singing in the hall.

She sings to herself, I think, this autumn morning, and would not like to be interrupted. I will therefore take a ramble—and you shall accompany me, O friend of my youth, far away in distant lands, but beside me still! Whither shall we go? It is hard to decide, for all the world is lovely. Shall we go to my favorite woodland? It skirts the river, and I love the river; so we pass into the forest.

How regal is the time of the fall of the leaves! A thousand brilliant colors charm the eyes—the eyes of their faithful lovers. How the mighty oaks reach out their knotty, muscular arms to welcome us!—how their ponderous shoulders bear aloft the imperial trappings—trappings of silk and velvet, all orange, blue, and purple! The haughty pines stand up like warriors—or call them spears of nordland heroes, holding on their summits emerald banners! The tulip-trees are lovely queens with flowers in their hair, who bend and welcome you with gracious murmurs; the slender elms sway to and fro, like fairest maidens of the royal blood; and sigh, and smile, and whisper, full of the charming grace of youth, and tenderness, and beauty.

I salute my noblemen, and queens, and princesses; they bow in return to me, their king. Let us wander on.

—Ah! that is well; my river view! Of all my broad domain, I think I like this part the best. Is it not beautiful? That clump of dogwood, however, obstructs the view somewhat; I must cut it down. Let us move a little to the right. Ah! there it is! See my lovely river; surely you must admire my swan-like ships, flying, with snowy canvass spread, before the fresh breeze. And see that schooner breaking the little waves into foam. Is that a telescope which the captain of my vessel points toward us? He salutes me, does he not? But I fear the distance is too great; he could hardly recognize me. Still I shall bow—let us not neglect the laws of courtesy.

My ship is sailing onward. In earlier days I had many barks which sailed from shore; they were freighted with the richest goods, and made me very anxious. So my argosies went sailing, but they never came again. One bore my poem, which I thought would make me very celebrated, but the ship was lost. Another was to bring me back a cargo of such beautiful things—things which make life delightful to so many!—pearls, and silks, and wines, and gold-laced suits—garters, rosettes, and slips of ribbon to be worn at the button-hole. This, too, was lost, and yet it did not grieve me much. The third caused me more regret; I do not think I have yet wholly recovered from its loss. It bore a maiden with sunny hair, and the tenderest, sweetest eyes! She said she loved me—yes a thousand times! and I—I loved her long and dearly. But the ship in which she sailed went down—the strong, good ship, as I regarded it. She died thus,—did she not?—or is it true that she was married to a richer suitor

Page 6

far away from me in foreign lands?... These are foolish tears—let me not think of her with want of charity; she was only a woman, and we men are often very weak. *One* over all, is alone great and good. So, beautiful ship!—I say—that sailed across my path in youth, sail on in peace and happiness! A lonely bark, lonely but not unhappy, sees you, on the distant, happy seas, and the pennon floats from the peak in amicable greeting and salute. Hail and farewell! Heaven send the ship a happy voyage, and a welcome home!

This little soliloquy perhaps wearies you; it is ended. Let us sail for an hour or so on the silver wave; my new pleasure-boat is rocking here beneath in the shadow of the oak. She is built for speed. See how gracefully she falls and rises, like a variegated leaf upon the waves—how the slender prow curves upward—how the gaily-colored sides are mirrored in the limpid surface of the joyous stream! Come, let us step into the little craft, and unfurl the snowy sail.... How provoking! I have left my boat key at the hall; another day we will sail. Let us stroll back to the good old house again.

Are not my fields pleasant to behold? They are bringing in my wheat, which stretches, you perceive, throughout the low-grounds there, in neatly arranged shocks. My crops this year are excellent—my servants enjoy this season, and its occupations. They will soon sing their echoing “harvest home”—and over them at their joyous labor will shine the “harvest-moon,” lighting up field and forest, hill and dale—the whole “broad domain and the hall.” The affection of my servants is grateful to me. Here comes Cato, with his team of patient oxen, and there goes Caesar, leading my favorite racehorse down to water. Cato, Caesar, and I, respectively salute each other in the kindest way. I think they are attached to me. Faithful fellows! I shall never part with them. I think I will give this coat to Caesar; but, looking again, I perceive that his own is better. Besides, I must not be extravagant. The little money I make is required by another, and it would not be generous to buy a new coat for myself. This one which I wear will do well enough, will it not? I ask you with some diffidence, for ’tis sadly out at elbows, and the idea has occurred to me that the coolness and neglect of certain visitors to the hall, has been caused by my coat being shabby. Even Annie——, but I’ll not speak of that this morning. ’Twas the hasty word which we all utter at times—’tis forgotten. Still, I think, I will give you the incident some day, when we ramble, as now, in the fields.

From the fields we approach the honest old mansion, across the emerald-carpeted lawn. The birds are singing, around the sleepy-looking gables, and the toothless old hound comes wagging his tail, in sign of welcome.

’Tis plain that Milo has an honest heart. I think he’s smiling.

II

Page 7

My ancestors were gentlemen of considerable taste. I am glad they built me that wing for my books; my numerous children cannot disturb me when I am composing, either my speech to be delivered in the Senate, or my work which is destined to refute Sir William Hamilton.

Let us stroll in. A strain of tender music comes from the sitting-room, and I recognize the exquisite air of “Katharine Ogie” which Annie is singing. Let us look, nevertheless, at the pictures as we pass.

What a stately head my old grandfather had! He was president of the King’s Council, a hundred years ago—a man of decided mark. He wears a long peruke descending in curls upon his shoulders—a gold-laced waistcoat—and snowy ruffles. His white hand is nearly covered with lace, and rests on a scroll of parchment. It looks like a Vandyke. He must have been a resolute old gentleman. How serene and calm is his look!—how firm are the finely chiselled lips! How proud and full of collected intelligence the erect head, and the broad white brow! He was a famous “macaroni,” as they called it, in his youth—and cultivated an enormous crop of wild oats. But this all disappeared, and he became one of the sturdiest patriots of the Revolution, and fought clear through the contest. Is it wrong to feel satisfaction at being descended from a worthy race of men—from a family of brave, truthful gentlemen? I think not. I trust I’m no absurd aristocrat—but I would rather be the grandson of a faithful common soldier than of General Benedict Arnold, the traitor. I would rather trace my lineage to the Chevalier Bayard, simple knight though he was, than to France’s great Constable de Bourbon, the renegade.

So I am glad my stout grandfather was a brave and truthful gentleman—that grandma yonder, smiling opposite, was worthy to be his wife. I do not remember her, but she must have been a beauty. Her head is bent over one shoulder, and she has an exquisitely coquettish air. Her eyes are blue—her arms round, and as white as snow—and what lips! They are like carnations, and pout with a pretty smiling air, which must have made her dangerous. She rejected many wealthy offers to marry grandpa, who was then poor. As I gaze, it seems scarcely courteous to remain thus covered in presence of a lady so lovely. I take off my hat, and make my best bow, saluting my little grandmamma of “sweet seventeen,” who smiles and seems graciously to bow in return.

All around me I see my family. There is my uncle, the captain in Colonel Washington’s troop. I do not now mean the Colonel Washington of the French wars, who afterward became General Washington of the American Revolution—though my uncle, the captain, knew him very well, I am told, and often visited him at *Mount Vernon*, the colonel’s estate, where they hunted foxes together, along the Potomac. I mean the brave Colonel Washington who fought so nobly in North Carolina. My uncle died there. His company was much thinned at every step by the horrible hail-storm of balls. He was riding in front with his drawn sword, shouting as the column fell, man by man,

“Steady, boys, steady!—close up!”—when a ball struck him. His last words were “A good death, boys! a good death! Close up!” So, you see, he ended nobly.

Page 8

Beside my uncle and the rest of his kith and kin of the wars, you see, yonder, a row of beauties, all smiling and gay, or pensive and tender—interspersed with bright-faced children, blooming like so many flowers along the old walls of the hall. How they please and interest me! True, there are other portraits in our little house at home—not my hall here—which, perhaps, I should love with a warmer regard; but let me not cramp my sympathies, or indulge any early preferences. I must not be partial. So I admire these here before me—and bow to them, one and all. I fancy that they bow in return—that the stalwart warriors stretch vigorous hands toward me—that the delicate beauties bend down their little heads, all covered with powder, and return my homage with a smile.

Why not? Can my shabby coat make the lovely or proud faces ashamed of me? Do they turn from me coldly because I'm the last of a ruined line? Do they sneer at my napless hat, and laugh at my tattered elbows? I do not think of them so poorly and unkindly. My coat is very shabby, but I think, at least I hope, that it covers an honest heart.

So I bow to the noble and beautiful faces, and again they smile in return. I seem to have wandered away into the past and dreamed in a realm of silence. And yet—it is strange I did not hear her—Annie is still singing through the hall.

III.

I promised to tell you of the incident of the coat, the unfortunate coat which I sometimes think makes the rich folks visiting the hall look sidewise at me. It is strange! Am I not *myself*, whether clad in velvet or in fustian—in homespun fabric, or in cloth of gold? People say I am simple—wholly ignorant of the world; I must be so in truth.

But about the coat. I hinted that Annie even saw, and alluded to it; it was not long after my arrival at the hall, and a young lady from the neighborhood was paying a visit to Annie.

They were standing on the portico, and I was leaning against the trunk of the old oak beneath, admiring the sunset which was magnificent that evening. All at once I heard whispers, and turning round toward the young ladies, saw them laughing. Annie's finger was extended toward the hole in my elbow, and I could not fail to understand that she was laughing at my miserable coat.

I was not offended, though perhaps I may have been slightly wounded; but Annie was a young girl and I could not get angry; I was not at all ashamed—why should I have been?

"I am sorry, but I cannot help the hole in my elbow," I said, calmly and quietly, with a bow and a smile; "I tore it by accident, yesterday."



Annie blushed, and looked very proud and offended, and it pained me to see that she suffered for her harmless and, careless speech. I begged her not to think that my feelings were wounded, and bowing again, went up to my room. I looked at my coat, it was terribly shabby, and I revolved the propriety of purchasing another, but I gave up the idea with a sigh. She needs all my money, and my mind is made up; she *shall* have the black silk, and very soon.

Page 9

I very nearly forgot to relate what followed the little scene on the portico. During all that evening, and the whole of the next day, Annie scarcely looked at me, and retained her angry and offended expression. I was pained, but could add nothing more to my former assurance that I was not offended.

Toward evening, I was sitting with a book upon the portico, when Annie came out of the parlor. She paused on the threshold, evidently hesitated, but seemed to resolve all at once, what to do. She came quickly to my side, and holding out her hand said frankly and kindly, with a little tremor in her voice, and a faint rose-tint in the delicate cheeks:

"I did not mean to hurt your feelings, Mr. Cleave, indeed I did not, sir; my speech was the thoughtless rudeness of a child. I am sorry, very sorry that I was ever so ill-bred and unkind; will you pardon me, sir?"

I rose from my seat, and bowed low above the white little hand which lay in my own, slightly agitated,—

"I have nothing to pardon, Miss Annie," I said, "if you will let me call you by your household name. I think it very fortunate that my coat was shabby; had it been a new one, you would never have observed it, and I should have lost these sweet and friendly accents."

And that is the "incident of the coat."

IV.

The week that has just passed has been a pleasant one. I have thought, a hundred times, "how good a thing it is to live!"

I must have been a good deal cramped and confined in the city; but I enjoy the fair landscapes here all the more. The family are very friendly and kind—except Mrs. Barrington, who does not seem to like me. She scarcely treats me with anything more than scrupulous courtesy. The squire and Annie, however, make up for this coldness. They are both extremely cordial. It was friendly in the squire to give me this mass of executorial accounts to arrange. So far it has been done to his entire satisfaction; and the payment for my services is very liberal. How I long for money!

There was a splendid party at the hall on Tuesday. It reminded me of old times, when we, too,—but that is idle to remember. I do not sigh for the past. I know all is for the best. Still, I could not help thinking, as I looked on the brilliant spectacle, that the world was full of changes and vicissitudes. Well, the party was a gay and delightful one; the dancing quite extravagant. Annie was the beauty of the assemblage—the belle of the ball—and she gave me a new proof of the regret which she felt for the speech about my

coat. At the end of a cotillon she refused the arms of half a dozen eager gallants to take mine, and promenade out on the portico.

“Do you ever dance?” she said.

“Oh, yes,” I replied; “that is, I did dance once; but of late years I have been too much occupied. We live quietly.”

Page 10

"You say 'we.'"

"I mean my mother and I; I should have said 'poorly,' perhaps, instead of 'quietly,' And I am busy."

She bowed her head kindly, and said, smiling:

"But you are not busy to-night; and if you'll not think me forward, I will reverse the etiquette, and ask you to dance with me."

"Indeed I will do so with very great pleasure."

"Are you sure?"

"Could you doubt it?"

"I was so very rude to you!"

And she hung her head. That, then, was the secret of her choice of my arm. I could only assure her that I did not think her rude, and I hoped she would forget the whole incident. I was pleased in spite of all—for I like to think well of women. The cynical writers say they are all mean, and mercenary, and cowardly. Was Annie? She had left many finely-dressed gentlemen, faultlessly appointed, to dance with a poor stranger, quite out at elbows.

I saw many cold looks directed at myself; and when Annie took my arm to go into supper, the gloom in the faces of some gentlemen who had been refused, made me smile. When the party was over, Annie gave me her hand at the foot of the staircase. I saw a triumphant light in her mischievous eyes, as she glanced at the departing gallants; her rosy cheeks dimpled, and she flitted up, humming a gay tune.

It is singular how beautiful she is when she laughs—as when she sighs. Am I falling in love with her? I shall be guilty of no such folly. I think that my pride and self-respect will keep me rational. Pshaw! why did I dream of such nonsense!

V.

So—a month has passed.

My coat, it seems, is to be the constant topic of attention.

A day or two since, I was sitting in my chamber, reflecting upon a variety of things. My thoughts, at last, centred on the deficiencies of my wardrobe, and I muttered, "I must certainly have my coat mended soon;" and I looked down, sighing, at the hole in my



elbow.... It had disappeared! There was no longer any rent. The torn cloth had been mended in the neatest manner; so neatly, indeed, that the orifice was almost invisible. Who could have done it, and how? I have one coat only, and—yes! it must have been! I saw, in a moment, the whole secret: that noise, and the voice of Sarah, the old chambermaid.

I rose and went out on the staircase; I met the good crone.

“How did you find my coat in the dark?” I said, smiling; “and now you must let me make you a present for mending it, Sarah.”

Sarah hesitated, plainly; but honesty conquered. She refused the money, which, nevertheless, I gave her; and, from her careless replies, I soon discovered the real truth.

The coat had been mended by Annie!

I descended to the drawing-room, and finding her alone, thanked her with simplicity and sincerity. She blushed and pouted.

Page 11

"Who told you?" she asked.

"No one; but I discovered it from Sarah; she was unguarded."

"Well, sir," said Annie, blushing still, but laughing, "there is no reason for your being so grateful, I thought I would mend it, as I formerly laughed at it—and I hope it is neatly done."

"It is scarcely visible," I said, with a smile and a bow; "I shall keep this coat always to remind me of your delicate kindness."

"Pshaw! 'twas nothing."

And running to the piano, the young girl commenced a merry song, which rang through the old hall like the carol of a bird. Her voice was so inexpressibly sweet that it made my pulses throb and my heart ache. I did not know the expression of my countenance, as I looked at her, until turning toward me, I saw her suddenly color to the roots of her hair.

I felt, all at once, that I had fixed upon her one of those looks which say as plainly as words could utter: "I love you with all the powers of my nature, all the faculties of my being—you are dearer to me than the whole wide world beside!"

Upon my word of honor as a gentleman, I did not know that I loved Annie—I was not conscious that I was gazing at her with that look of inexpressible tenderness. Her sudden blush cleared up everything like a flash of lightning—I rose, set my lips together, and bowed. I could scarcely speak—I muttered "pray excuse me," and left the apartment.

On the next morning I begged the squire to release me from the completion of my task—I had a friend who could perform the duties as well as myself, and who would come to the hall for that purpose, inasmuch as the account books could not be removed—I must go.

The formal and ceremonious old gentleman did not ask my reasons for this sudden act—he simply inclined his head—and said that he would always be glad to serve me. With a momentary pressure of Annie's cold hand, and a low bow to the frigid Mrs. Barrington, I departed.

VI.

Five years have passed away. They have been eventful ones to me—not for the unhopèd for success which I have had in my profession, so much as for the long suffering which drove me, violently as it were, to seek relief in unceasing toil.

The thought of Annie has been ever with me—my pain, though such a term is slight, was caused by my leaving her. I never knew how much I loved her until all those weary miles were thrown between us. My days have been most unhappy, my nights drearier still; for a long time now, I have not thought or said “how good a thing it is to live!”

But I acted wisely, and honorably; did I not? I did my duty, when the temptation to neglect it was exceeding hard to resist. I went away from the woman whom I loved, because I loved her, and respected my own name and honor, too much to remain. It was better to break my heart, I said, than take advantage of my position at the hall, to engage a young girl’s heart, and drag her down, in case she loved me, to the poor low sphere in which I moved. If her father had said to me, “You have abused the trust I placed in you, and acted with duplicity,” I think it would have ruined me, forever, in my own esteem. And would he not have had the right to say it?

Page 12

So I came away from the temptation while I could, and plunged into my proper work on earth, and found relief; but I loved her still.

Shall I speak of the correspondence which ensued between the squire and myself? 'Twas a somewhat singular one, and revealed to me something which I was before quite ignorant of. It is here beneath my hand; let us look at it. It passed soon after my departure:

"Barrington Hall, Nov. 20, 18—.

"My dear young friend:

"Since your somewhat abrupt departure, I have considered that event with some attention, and fear that it was occasioned by a want of kindness in myself, or some member of my family. I saw with regret that Mrs. Barrington did not seem to look upon you with as much favor as I hoped. If any word or action of mine has wounded you, I pray you to forget and pardon it.

"Your friend,

"C. Barrington.

"P.S. Pray present my best regards to your mother, who was many long years ago, a very dear friend of mine."

My reply was in the following words:

"My dear Mr. Barrington:

"Pray set your mind at rest upon the subject of my somewhat hasty departure: 'twas caused by no want of courtesy in any member of the household at the hall, but by unavoidable circumstances. You will not think me wanting in candor or sincerity when I add that I think these circumstances were better not alluded to at present.

"Truly and faithfully,

"St. George cleave."

Thus ended then our correspondence. Three years afterward I received another letter, in a handwriting somewhat tremulous and broken. It contained simply the words:

"I am very ill; if your convenience will permit, may I ask you to come and see me, my young friend?

"C. Barrington."

I need not say that I went at once. As I approached the old manor house a thousand memories knocked at the door of my heart. There were the fields over which I had rambled; there was the emerald lawn where so often I had wandered in the long-gone days of earlier years. The great oak against which I had leaned on that evening to watch the sun in his setting, and where Annie had whispered and pointed to my torn elbow, still raised its head proudly, and embowered the old gables in the bright-tinted foliage of autumn.

I entered. The old portraits I had loved seemed to smile; they saluted me sweetly, as in other hours; the old mansion appeared to welcome me—I saw no change, but Annie was not singing in the hall.

All at once I heard a light tinkling footstep; my heart beat violently, and I felt a blush rise to my cheeks. Was the queenly woman who came to meet and greet me, indeed the Annie of old days? I held the small hand, and looked into the deep eyes for some moments without uttering a word. She was taller, more slender, but her carriage possessed a grace and elegance a thousand times finer than before. Her eyes were filled with the strangest sweetness, and swam with tears as she gazed at me.

Page 13

"Papa has been waiting impatiently for you, Mr. Cleave," she said, in a low, sad voice; "will you come up and see him at once? he is very ill."

And turning away her head, the fair girl burst into uncontrollable sobs, every one of which went to my heart. I begged her earnestly not to yield to her distress, and she soon dried her eyes, and led the way into the parlor, where I was received by Mrs. Barrington, still cold and stiff, but much more subdued and courteous. Annie went to announce my arrival to her father, and soon I was alone with the old man.

I was grieved and shocked at his appearance. He seemed twenty years older. I scarcely recognized in the pale, thin, invalid, the portly country gentleman whom I had known.

The motive for his letter was soon explained. The executorial accounts, whose terrible disarrangement I had aided, five years before, in remedying, still hung over the dying man's head, like a nightmare. He could not die, he said, with the thought in his mind, that any one might attribute this disorder to intentional maladministration—"to fraud, it might be."

And at the word "fraud," his wan cheek became crimson.

"My own affairs, Mr. Cleave," he continued, "are, I find, in a most unhappy condition. I have been far too negligent; and now, on my death-bed, for such it will prove, I discover, for the first time, that I am well-nigh a ruined man!"

He spoke with wild energy as he went on. I, in vain, attempted to impress upon him, the danger of exciting himself.

"I must explain everything, and in my own way," he said, with burning cheeks, "for I look to you to extricate me. I have appointed you, Mr. Cleave, my chief executor; but, above all, I rely upon you, I adjure you, to protect my good name in those horrible accounts, which you once helped to arrange, but which haunt me day and night like the ghost of a murdered man!"

The insane agitation of the speaker increased, in spite of all which I could say. It led him to make me a singular revelation—to speak upon a subject which I had never even dreamed of. His pride and caution seemed wholly to have deserted him; and he continued as follows:

"You are surprised, Sir, that I should thus call upon you. You are young. But I know very well what I am doing. Your rank in your profession is sufficient guaranty that you are competent to perform the trust—my knowledge of your character is correct enough to induce me not to hesitate. There is another tie between us. Do you suspect its nature? I loved and would have married your mother. She was poor—I was equally



poor—I was dazzled by wealth, and was miserably happy when your mother's pride made her refuse my suit. I married—I have not been happy. But enough. I should never have spoken of this—never—but I am dying! As you are faithful and true, St. George Cleave, let my good name and Annie's be untarnished!"

Page 14

There the interview ended. The doctor came in, and I retired to reflect upon the singular communication which had been made to me. On the same evening, I accepted all the trusts confided to me. In a week the sick gentleman was sleeping with his fathers. I held his hand when he died.

I shall not describe the grief and suffering of every one. I shall not trust myself, especially, to speak of Annie. Her agony was almost destructive to her health—and every throb which shook her frame, shook mine as well. The sight of her face had revived, in an instant, all the love of the past, if indeed it had ever slept. I loved her now, passionately, profoundly. As I thought that I might win her love in return, I thrilled with a vague delight.

Well, let me not spin out my story. The result of my examination of Mr. Barrington's affairs, was saddening in the extreme. He was quite ruined. Neglect and extravagant living, with security debts, had mortgaged his entire property. When it was settled, and the hall was sold, his widow and daughter had just enough to live upon comfortably—scarcely so much. They gladly embraced my suggestion to remove to a small cottage near our own, in town, and there they now live—you may see the low roof through the window.

I am glad to say that my reexamination of the executorial accounts, which had so troubled the poor dying gentleman, proved his fears quite unfounded. There was mere disorder—no grounds for “exception.” I told as much to Annie, who alone knew all; and her smile, inexpressibly sweet and filled with thanks, was my sole executorial “commission.”

VII.

I have just been discarded by Annie.

Let me endeavor to collect my thoughts and recall what she said to me. My head is troubled to-day—it is strange what a want of self-control I have! I thought I was strong—and I am weaker than a child.

I told her that I loved her—had loved her for years—that she was dearer, far, to me than all on earth beside my mother. And she answered me—agitated, but perfectly resolved:

“I cannot marry you, Mr. Cleave.”

A long pause followed, in which she evidently labored with great distress—then she continued:



"I will frankly and faithfully say *why* I cannot. I know all—I know your feelings for me once. You went away because you were poor, and you thought I was rich. Shall I be less strong than yourself? I am poor now; I do not regret it, except—pardon me, sir, I am confused—I meant to say, that *you* are now the richer. It humbles me to speak of this—why did you not"—

There she stopped, blushing and trembling.

"Why did I not? Oh! do not stop there, I pray you."

She replied to my words in a broken and agitated voice:

"I cannot finish. I was thinking of—of—the day when I mended your coat!"

Page 15

And a smile broke through the tears in her eyes, as she gazed timidly at me. I shall not prolong the account of our interview. She soon left me, resolute to the last; and I came away, perfectly miserable.

What shall I do? I cannot live without her. My life would be a miserable mockery. To see her there near me, at the window, in the street; to see her tresses in the sunlight, her little slipper as it flits through the flower-enveloped gate; to feel that she is near me, but lost to me! Never could I endure it! But what can I do? Is there anything that can move her?

—Ah! that may! Let me try it. Oh, fortunate accident. To-morrow, or very soon—very soon!

VIII.

A week after my rejection, I went up to my chamber, and drew from the depths of my wardrobe, the old coat which Annie had mended. I had promised her to preserve it. I had kept my promise. Yes, there it was, just as I had worn it at the hall—my shabby old coat of five years ago! I put it on, smiling, and surveyed myself in a mirror. It was strangely old-fashioned; but I did not think of that. I seemed to have returned, all at once, to the past; its atmosphere embraced me; all its flowers bloomed gaily before my eyes.

I looked at the hole in the elbow. There were Annie's stitches—her fingers had clasped the worn, decayed cloth—the old garment had rested on her arm!

I think I must have gazed at the coat for an hour, motionless in the sunlight, and thinking of old days. Then I aroused myself, suddenly, put on my hat, and, with a beating heart, went to ask if Annie remembered.

I shall not relate the details of our interview. She remembered! Oh, word so sweet or so filled with sadness! with a world of sorrow or delight in its sound! She remembered—and her heart could resist no longer. She remembered the poor youth who had loved her so dearly—whom she, too, had loved in the far away past. She remembered the days when her father was well and happy—when his kind voice greeted me, and his smile gave me friendly welcome. She remembered the old days, with their flowers and sunshine—the old hall, and the lawn, and the singing birds. Can you wonder that her soft, tender bosom throbbed, that her heart was “melted in her breast?”

So she plighted me her troth—the dream and joy of my youth. We shall very soon be married. The ship which I sent from the shore long ago has come again to port, with a grander treasure than the earth holds beside—it is the precious, young head which reclined upon my heart!

—And again I can say, as I said long ago: “how good a thing it is to live!”

MY SECRET.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Page 16

My soul its secret has, my life too has its mystery,
A love eternal in a moment's space conceived;
Hopeless the evil is, I have not told its history,
And she who was the cause, nor knew it, nor believed.
Alas! I shall have passed close by her unperceived,
Forever at her side, and yet forever lonely,
I shall unto the end have made life's journey, only
Daring to ask for naught, and having naught received.
For her, though God has made her gentle and endearing,
She will go on her way distraught and without hearing
These murmurings of love that round her steps ascend,
Piously faithful still unto her austere duty,
Will say, when she shall read these lines full of her beauty,
"Who can this woman be?" and will not comprehend.

A LEAF

FROM MY PARIS NOTE-BOOK.

BY H.T. TUCKERMAN.

Fresh from Italy, we enter the gallery of the Louvre with a feeling that it is but a grand prolongation of the glorious array of pictured and sculptured trophies, scattered in such memorable luxuriance, through that chosen land of art; but the sensation is that of delightful surprise when we have but recently explored the dim chambers of the National Gallery, or obtained formal access to a private British collection. To cross the now magnificent hall of Apollo, with its grand proportions flooded by a cloudless sun, expands the mind and brightens the vision for their feast of beauty. Here too, a magic improvement has been recently wrought, and the architectural renovation lends new effect to the ancient treasures, so admirably preserved and arranged. I stood long at one of the windows and looked down upon the Seine; it was thence that the people were fired upon at the massacre of St. Bartholomew; there rose, dark and fretted, the antique tower of Notre Dame, here was the site of the Tour de Nesle, that legend of crime wrought in stone; gracefully looked the bridges as they spanned the swollen current of the river; cheerfully lay the sunshine on quay and parapet; it was a scene where the glow of nature and the shadows of history unite to lend a charm to the panorama of modern civilization. And turning the gaze within, how calm and refreshing seemed the long and high vistas of the gallery; how happy the artists at their easels;—girls with their frugal dinners in a basket on the pavement, copying a Flemish scene; youths drawing intently some head of an old master; veterans of the palette reproducing the tints born under Venetian skies; and groups standing in silent admiration before some exquisite gem or wonderful conception. It is like an audience with the peers of art to range the Louvre; in radiant state and majestic silence they receive their reverend

guests; first smiles down upon him the celestial meekness of Raphael's holy women, then the rustic truth of Murillo's peasant mothers, and the most costly, though, to our

Page 17

mind, not the most expressive, of all his pictures—the late acquisition for which kings competed at Marshal Soult's sale; now we are warmed by the rosy flush of Rubens—like a mellow sunset beaming from the walls; and now startled at the life-like individuality of Vandyke's portraits, as they gaze down with such placid dignity and keen intelligence; at one point, we examine with mere curiosity the stiff outlines of early religious limning; and, at another, smile at the homely nature of the Dutch school; Philip de Champagne's portraits, Wouverman's white horses, Cuypp's meadows and kine, Steen's rural *fetes*, Claude's sunsets, Pannini's architecture and Sneyder's animals; David's melodramatic pieces, Isabey's miniatures, Oudny's dogs, Robert's "Harvest Home," all hint a chapter, not only in the history of art, but in the philosophy of life and the secrets of the beautiful—enshrined there for the world's enjoyment, with a liberal policy yet more aptly illustrated by the vast and lofty colonnades, the courteous custodes, and the provisions for students in the drawings of successive schools.

In order to exchange the fascinations of the moment for the lessons of the past, one cloudy morning we drove through the avenue of the Champs Elysees, by the triumphal arch of Napoleon, to the palace of St. Cloud, and from the esplanade gazed back upon the city, over the plain below, to the dense mass of buildings surmounted by the domes of the Invalids, and the Pantheon and the towers of Notre Dame. To the eye of contemplation it is one of the most memorable of landscapes; a stand-point for historical reverie, which attunes the mind for subsequent and less discursive retrospection. Enter the apartment where Bonaparte dispersed the assembly of five hundred—the initiatory act of his rule; it is now a conservatory, whence rising terrace walks, statues and fountains only are visible; in the fresh silence of morning, they offered a striking contrast to that eventful scene. In an adjacent room a picture representing Maria de Medici's interview with Sully after the death of Henry IV., carries us back to an earlier era. Here Blucher had his headquarters, and here was settled the convention by which Paris was yielded to the allies. The saloon of Vernet, the well-trimmed vine-trees of the garden, the vivid hues of the tapestry, the newly waxed floors, the hangings and couches of Lyons silk, the elegant Sevres vases, and Florentine tables of *pietra dura*, the velvet cushions of the chapel, and late publications on the library desks—all free of speck or stain—proclaim this summer palace as great a favorite now as when resorted to by the princes of Orleans. In this hall the two Napoleons were proclaimed; and the brilliant memory of those summer festivals that lately made St. Cloud dazzling with light and beauty, was reflected from mirror, cornice, and tinted fabric; from this gilt on the iron chain of usurped dominion, a glance through the window revealed its origin: a throng of people

Page 18

were on their way to mass and a regiment was on parade—the one illustrating the blind exaction of bigoted authority, the other the machinery of brute force—the church and the army, the mitre, and the sword, superstition and violence; with these, in all ages, have the multitude been subdued; and between these two representations of elemental despotism, clustered on a high wall, stood a crowd to watch the meek procession of worshippers, and the exactitude of the manual, or admire the spirited, yet controlled, evolutions of the officer on his noble charger. The whole scene typified France as she is; uneducated devotees, a military organization at the beck of its chief, and a surplus of curious, intimidated or acquiescent spectators.

To pass from St. Cloud to Versailles is like turning from the last to the first chapters of French history. The vast court of the palace is lined with colossal statues; and thus we enter the vestibule through a file of pale and majestic sentinels, summoned, as it were, from the tomb to guard the trophies of nationality. Our pilgrimage through such a world of effigies begins with Clovis and Charlemagne, and ends with Louis Philippe: the place itself is the ancient home of royalty; the gardens, visible from every window, have been trod by generations of monarchs and courtiers; the ceilings bear the arms of the noble families of the kingdom; while around are the faces and figures of the men of valor and of genius that consecrate her history. Through this panorama move peasants, workmen, citizens, and foreigners, gazing unrestricted, as upon a procession evoked from the inexorable past, in which are all those of whom they have heard or read as illustrious in France; they see the battles, the leaders, the kings, the poets, the human material of history. This grand conception, which has of late years been mainly realized by the last king, is certainly one of the most grand and significant of modern times. Even in this, our one day's observation, how many ideas are revived, how many characters brought into view; what events, associations and people throng upon our consciousness, as slowly gazing, we tread the interminable halls and scan the countless memorials of Versailles!

Taking up the thread of reminiscence when looking at the old moldy mortar that belonged to the knights of St. John when at Rhodes, the expiring chivalry of Europe gleams fitfully upon us, once more, to provoke a mortifying comparison with the not yet completed pictures of the capture of Abd-el-Kader and the last siege of Rome; thence turn to the "Jeu de Paume," where the ardent figure of Mirabeau represents the genius of the Revolution, and from it to "Louis XVIII. and the Charter," emblematic of the Restoration; how shines on this canvas the "helmet of Navarre" in the "Battle of Ivry," as in Macaulay's spirited lyric, and chastely beautiful in its stainless marble, stands the heroic Maid of Orleans; while, appropriately in the midst of these historic characters,

Page 19

we find the bust of that ideal of picturesque narrators, Froissart. The modern rule of France is abruptly and almost grotesquely suggested amid such associations, by the figure of De Joinville on the deck of a man-of-war, well described by Talfourd, as "the type of dandified, melodramatic seamanship." The cycles of kingly sway is abruptly broken by the meteoric episode of Bonaparte: first he appears dispersing the Assembly, and then in his early victories, wounded at Ratisbon, at the tomb of Frederick the Great, distributing the Legion of Honor at the Invalides, quelling an insurrection at Cairo, engaged in his unparalleled succession of battles, and at the altar with Maria Louisa. The divorce from Josephine and the murder of the Duc D'Enghien, are events that only recur more impressively to the mind of the spectator because uncommemorated. From the career of military genius which transformed the destinies of France, we pass to apartments where still breathes the vestiges of legitimacy as in the hour of its prime. The equestrian statue of Louis XIV. in the court-yard, his bed and crown, his clock and chair in the long suite of rooms kept sacred to his memory, typify the age when genius and beauty mingled their charms in the corrupt atmosphere of intrigue and profligacy. The noble expanse of wood, water, and meadow; the paths lined with stately myrtles and ancient box, spread as invitingly to the eye from this embayed window, as when the *grand monarque* stood there to watch the graceful walk of La Valliere, or the staid carriage of Maintenon. The abandonment and quietude of these chambers, mirrored, tapestried, and solitary, owe not a little of the spell they exercise over the imagination, to the vicinity of the galleries devoted to the men of the Revolution and the campaigns of '92; amid the smoke of conflict ever appears that resolute, olive face with the dark eye fixed and the thin lip curved in decision or expectancy. We mechanically repeat Campbell's elegy as we mark "Hohenlinden," and linger with patriotic gratitude over "Yorktown," notwithstanding the absurd prominence given to the French officers; Conde, Turenne, Moreau, Lannes, Massena, and Lafayette fight over again before us the wars of the Fronde, the Empire, or the Republic. The monotony of these scenes of destruction is only relieved by the individual memories of the chiefs; they link a certain individuality with the flame and shroud of war, the fragmentary conquests, and the struggles that make up so large a portion of external history; and we emerge from the crowd of warriors into the company of statesmen, wits, and poets, with a sensation of refreshment. Each single triumph of thought, each victory of imagination and memorial of character, has an absolute worth and charm that the exploits of armies can never emulate.

Page 20

Racine's portrait revives the long controversy between the classic and romantic schools; that of La Bruyere the art of character-painting now one of the highest functions of popular literature; that of Bossuet the pulpit eloquence of France and the persecution of Fenelon, and that of Saint Cyr the Jansenist discussion. A blank like that which designates the place of Marino Faliero in the Ducal palace at Venice, is left here for Le Sage, as the nativity of the author of Gil Blas is yet disputed. We look at Rousseau to revert to the social reforms, of which he was the pioneer; at La Place to realize the achievements of the exact sciences, and at St. Pierre to remember the poetry of nature. Voltaire's likeness is not labelled for the same reason that there is no name on the tomb of Ney; both are too well known to require announcement. How incongruous become the associations as we proceed; old Pere la Chaise cheek by jowl with the American Presidents; Cagliostro, who died before the word his career incarnated had become indispensable to the English tongue—the apotheosis of humbug; Marmontel, dear to our novitiate as royal leaders; and near to the original Pamela; Chateaubriand's ancestor the Marshal; Bisson going below to ignite the magazine, rather than “give up the ship;” and the battered war dog, with a single eye and leg, beneath whose fragmentary portrait is inscribed that Mars left him only a heart.

It is with singular interest that we look upon the authentic resemblance of persons with whose minds and career literature has made us familiar, and compare what we have imagined of their appearance with the reality. Of such characters as Gluck, Klopstock and Madame Le Brun, whose ministry of art has excited a vague delight, we may have formed no very distinct image; but associated as is the name of Madame Roland with courage, suffering and affliction, we naturally expect a more dignified and less vivacious expression than here meets us, until we remember the earlier development of her rare and sympathetic intelligence. Count Mirabeau has a look of mildness and *sang froid* instead of the earnestness we fancied. Who would have supposed the fair assassin of Marat such a thin, delicate and spirituelle blonde? The sensuous face of George IV. and the tragic one of Charles I., in the ever recurring Vandyke, with Sheridan's confident, handsome and genial physiognomy, seem grouped to make more elevated, by comparison, the noble abstraction of Flaxman. Talleyrand resembles a keen, selfish, humorous and gentlemanly man of the world, in an unexceptionable white wig. Richelieu is piquant and Madame de Stael impassioned and Amazonian. What decadence even in the warlike notabilities is hinted by glancing from Soult to Oudinot! I thought of the French fleet in the memorable storm off Newport, as I recognized the portrait of the Count d'Estaing; and realized anew the military instinct of the nation in the preponderance of battle-scenes and heroes, and marked the interest with which groups of soldiers lingered and talked before them.

Page 21

THE RETURN OF THE GODDESS.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Not as in youth, with steps outspeeding morn,
And cheeks all bright from rapture of the way,
But in strange mood, half cheerful, half forlorn,
She comes to me to-day.

Does she forget the trysts we used to keep,
When dead leaves rustled on autumnal ground?
Or the lone garret, whence she banished sleep
With threats of silver sound?

Does she forget how shone the happy eyes
When they beheld her?—how the eager tongue
Plied its swift oar through wave-like harmonies,
To reach her where she sung?

How at her sacred feet I cast me down?
How she upraised me to her bosom fair,
And from her garland shred the first light crown
That ever pressed my hair?

Though dust is on the leaves, her breath will bring
Their freshness back: why lingers she so long?
The pulseless air is waiting for her wing,
Dumb with unuttered song.

If tender doubt delay her on the road,
Oh let her haste, to find that doubt belied!
If shame for love unworthily bestowed,
That shame shall melt in pride.

If she but smile, the crystal calm will break
In music, sweeter than it ever gave,
As when a breeze breathes o'er some sleeping lake
And laughs in every wave.

The ripples of awakened song shall die
Kissing her feet, and woo her not in vain,
Until, as once, upon her breast I lie,
Pardoned and loved again.

ON POPULAR KNOWLEDGE.

BY GEORGE S. HILLARD.

Against all institutions for the diffusion of knowledge among the community, an objection is often urged that they can teach nothing thoroughly, but only superficially, and that modest ignorance is better than presumptuous half-knowledge. How frequently is it said that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." This celebrated line is a striking instance of the vitality which may be given to what is at least a very doubtful proposition by throwing it into a pointed form. If anything be a good at all, it is a good precisely in proportion to the extent in which it is possessed or enjoyed. A great deal of it is better than a little, but a little is better than none. No one says or thinks that a little conscience, or a little wisdom, or a little faith, or a little charity is a dangerous thing. Why then is a little learning dangerous? Alas, it is not the little learning, but the much ignorance which it supposes, that is dangerous!

Page 22

We also frequently hear it said, that the general diffusion of popular knowledge is unfavorable to great acquisitions in any one individual. This is a favorite dogma with those persons whose views are all retrospective, who are ever magnifying past ages at the expense of the present, and who will insist upon riding through life with their faces turned toward the horse's tail instead of his head. "We have smatterers and sciolists in abundance," say they, "but where are the giant scholars of other days?" Dr. Johnson once said, in reply to a remark upon the general intelligence of the people of Scotland, that learning in Scotland was like bread in a besieged city, where every man gets a mouthful, but none a full meal. He also observed in a conversation held with Lord Monboddo, that learning had much decreased in England, since his remembrance; to which his lordship remarked, "you have lived to see its decrease in England; I, its extinction in Scotland." The fallacy of views like these consists in taking it for granted that there is always just about the same aggregate amount of knowledge in the world, and that only the ratio of distribution is changed. But there is no such analogy between learning and material substances. The wealth of the mind is not like gold, which must be beaten out the finer, as the surface to be covered by it is more extensive. As to the alleged superiority of past ages, in anything essential, I am more than skeptical. I hold rather that of all good things, learning included, there is as much in the world now as there ever was—not to say more. The great scholars of Europe in our time are not inferior to the greatest of their predecessors. Even in classical literature and antiquities, the searching, analyzing and investigating spirit of our age has poured new light upon the remote past, and rendered the labors of former generations useless. By elevating the general standard, it is true that there is less distance between the common mind and the deeply learned. The scholars of the middle ages seem the higher, from the low level of ignorance from which they rise. They are like mountains shooting abruptly from the plain. Our scholars seem to have reached an inferior point of elevation, because the level of the general mind has come nearer to them, as mountain peaks lose somewhat of their apparent height when they spring from a raised table land.

ON RECEIVING A

PRIVATELY PRINTED VOLUME OF POEMS

FROM A FRIEND.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

A modest bud matured mid secret dews,
May yield its bloom beside some hidden path,
Full of sweet perfumes and of rarest hues
While few may note the beauty which it hath—



And yet perchance some maiden, wandering there,
May bend beside it with a loving look,
Or by the streamlet place it in her hair;
And smile above her image in the brook.

Page 23

A bird with pinions beautiful, and shy,
May sing scarce noted mid the noisier throng;
Or 'scaping earth, take refuge in the sky
And though concealed still charm the air with song.

Yet haply some enamored ear may hark,
And deem it sweetest of the birds that sing;
Or in his heart still praise the unseen lark
That leads his fancies toward its heavenward wing.

A star in some sequestered nook on high,
In its deep niche of blue may calmly shine,
While careless eyes that wander o'er the sky,
May only deem the brightest orbs divine.

But there are those who love to sit and trace
Between all these some shy retiring light,
For such, they know, shed through the veil of space
The general halo that adorns the night.

Thus many a poet's volume unproclaimed
By all the myriad tongues of Fame afar,
The few may deem as worthy to be named,
(As I do this) a Flower, a Bird, a Star!

THE PRINCE AT LAND'S END.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

Last from the church came the organist, Daniel Summerman. He was less hurried than others; to him it was not, as to people in general, a day of increased social responsibility. His great duty was now performed. Done, whether well or ill. He descended the stairs slowly, but with a step so light you might have taken it for a child's. No need for him to haste; the precious moments would go fast enough—he wished not to lose one.

In the porch he paused a moment, to draw on his woollen gloves, and button his great coat, and for something besides. Perhaps the person who laid the wreath of cedar leaves on his organ stool was somewhere about, and had some criticism to offer in respect to the choir's performance.

But he descended the church steps without having met even the sexton; somewhat disappointed, it was not with indifference that he saw a stranger standing in the churchyard among the graves; by the grave, it chanced, of a child who died in October,

five years old. When the organist perceived this, a purpose which he would have formed later in the day, anticipated itself, and led him to the little mound. He would leave the cedar wreath on Mary's grave.

He was not ashamed of his gracious purpose when he had drawn near. His gentle heart was glad to do this homage to the dead, in the presence of a stranger who had never seen the living child. Stooping down, he smoothed the frozen grass, and laid the wreath upon it; and when he saw the stranger watching him, he said:

"She was the prettiest child in the village; if she had lived, we should have had one singer in the choir. I would have taught her. She loved music so much."

Here was an introduction sufficient for an ordinary man. At least the organist thought so. But when he looked at the stranger he was sorry that he had spoken, for no genial sympathy was in that face, and still less in the voice that asked,

Page 24

"Will you leave the wreath here? Where did it come from?"

The organist replied as though he did not perceive the indifference with which the questions were asked:

"I found it in the choir," said he. "One of the children left it, may be. Any way this is the best place for it. Dear little girl! I should hate to think that she was really down there."

"Where, then?" asked the stranger.

"Up above, as sure as there's a heaven." As Summerman spoke, he stepped from the frozen ground to the gravel walk, and turning his back on the stranger he brushed a tear from his cheek.

The gentleman, whose name was Redman Rush, followed him. He was a well-dressed person; indeed, his attire was splendid, in comparison with the rough garments of the little organist. His fine broadcloth cloak was trimmed profusely with rare fur, and he wore a fur cap that must have cost half as much as the church paid Summerman for playing the organ a twelvemonth. He was a noticeable person, not merely on account of his dress. His bearing was elegant, that of a well-bred man, not indifferent to the eyes of others; that of a man somewhat cautious of the reflection he should cast in a region of shadows and appearances. But, moreover, the face of this Redman Rush was the face of misery. If ever a wreck came to shore, here was the torn and battered fragment of a gallant craft.

"Were you in the church this morning?" asked the organist, struggling with himself, speaking with effort; for, to his gaze, the aspect of the stranger was forbidding and awful; and yet it was beyond his power to walk by the side of any man cautious, cold, and dumb. This person was at least a gentleman, and perhaps understood music.

"Yes," was the brief answer.

"How did the singing go?"

"Tolerably."

"That's a comfort," said the organist, looking more pleased than the occasion seemed to warrant. But he was not a vain man; he merely supposed that the gentleman's reply promised criticism worth hearing.

"Didn't you hear it yourself?"

"Oh, yes, after a fashion. I play the organ. It isn't the best situation for hearing. I thought it decent. Particularly the *Gloria in Excelsis*. I was most anxious about that. How did it sound to you, sir?"

“Well.”

“But, after all, they didn’t understand it.”

“Understand what?”

“The meaning. It opens with the song of the angels, you know. ‘Glory be to God on high; on earth, peace, good will toward men.’ They couldn’t tell, coherently, what the Peace and Good Will meant. That’s the worst of it. How can they sing what they don’t understand?”

“Surely. Why don’t you teach them?”

“Why don’t I teach them!” exclaimed the organist. “I’m not a brain-maker; that’s the reason, I suppose.”

“Then, you’ve tried it?”

For a minute Summerman seemed vexed by this question; but for no longer than a minute.

Page 25

"What's the use? what's the use?" he said to himself, and his answer to the question was a laugh.

The laugh, though neither loud nor boisterous, but merely a mild evidence of good-nature that was not to be clouded by vexations, had a disagreeable sound to Redman Rush. He looked contemptuous, and felt more than he looked, so that it was really surprising to see him linger for such conversation as this of the organist, and to hear him ask,

"How do you teach your choir? Whose fault is it that they cannot learn?"

"Their own fault," answered Summerman. "They've got to learn more than the notes. So they complain. You can't make a singer out of a note-book. I've tried that enough. Now I try to show them that peace means a riddance of selfishness, and that selfishness is the devil's device for holding the world together. Not God's; for his idea is love, and was in the beginning. Wasn't the world given to understand, that the life which was born was the love, truth, and beauty of the world, and that by Him all truth and beauty must live? They can't see it. I can't make a man or woman understand that an idea must be the centre around which the life will revolve. They come to practise, not to hear preaching, they say."

It seemed as if at this, and because of this announcement, Redman Rush drew himself apart and up, loftily, and with a gloomy defiance looked around him. When Summerman's eyes turned toward him, he seemed gazing into distance, and gave no indication that he had heard a word of what had been said. The organist was disappointed. He had hoped again for criticism; but he went on, perhaps with some suspicion of the correctness of his convictions—at least he had not said all he wished to say.

"We must have a centre—an idea," said he. "And if that be self, then the devil's to pay. Christ is the only absolute idea—the only possible giver of peace, therefore. I mean by Him, His doctrine. He stands for that, *being* Truth, as he said, you know. They came out better on the 'good will to men,' if you noticed. It was easier for them to believe in the eternal good will of God, this morning. But they failed in the next line, 'We bless Thee, we give thanks to Thee, for Thy great glory!' If they knew more they would sing better. You know what was said, sir, 'Milton himself could not teach a boy more than he could learn.' That's the amount of it."

Now and then, during these last words, spoken so evidently by a man who liked to talk because he looked for sympathy, and hoped for it, the face of the stranger had changed in its expression; there seemed to be less fierceness, more sadness in his gloom. But the change was so slight as to be hardly perceptible, even to the eyes of Summerman. When he paused in speaking he had still no answer.

They walked on a few paces in silence, when suddenly the organist stepped up to the door of a house that opened on the sidewalk, and unlocked it.

Page 26

"This is my shop," said he; "won't you come in, and warm yourself? it is so cold in spite of the sun."

Redman Rush hesitated, with his foot upon the doorstep. He looked up and down the street. It was beautiful and bright without, but, oh, how bare and cold! homely enough within, but the glare of a hot coal fire suggested comfort, as the skylight did cheerfulness. Did he really wish for warmth and comfort, for cheerfulness and company? That was the point.

"Come in, I will show you something," said Summerman.

"He invites me as if I were another boy like himself," thought the man. Perhaps for the sake of that unimaginable boyhood he crossed the threshold, and allowed Summerman to close the door behind him.

This room was the organist's home. His household goods were all around him when he stepped into the shop. It was a little place, but so well arranged, that there seemed room, and to spare. Summerman was hospitable as a prince—the shade of Voltaire reminds me of the great Frederick's hospitality! yet, let the word stand.

This shop gave outward and visible signs of the versatility of its owner's mind. The front part was devoted to the clock and watch making business; before the large window stood a table, where the requisite tools were kept for conduct of that business. A few clocks, and frames of clocks, gathered probably from auction rooms, were ranged upon a shelf, and dust was never allowed to accumulate around or upon them. Never was housemaid more exact and scrupulous than the proprietor of this Gallery.

In the back part of the shop, which was lighted by the skylight, stood the instrument for daguerreo-typing, possession of which would have made the organist a proud man, if anything could have done so.

When he had invited Mr. Rush to sit down, and the invitation was accepted, it was by a device of Summerman's that the gentleman found himself directly facing the machine, and now, if he took an interest in any earthly thing, or was capable of curiosity, some good would come of it, thought the organist.

He had promised to show his visitor somewhat, and accordingly approached him with a miniature case in his hand.

Mr. Rush had removed his fur cap, and Summerman approaching him, was so struck by his appearance, the dignity, and pride, and trouble his countenance expressed, that he nearly exclaimed in his surprise, and quite forgot the intention he had, till Mr. Rush reminded him by extending his hand for the picture.

“This is little Mary,” exclaimed he, presenting the miniature. “I took it last summer. She died in October. Maybe you will understand now why I said that we should have had a singer, if she had lived.”

But Summerman was in doubt about this, as, from the point to which he immediately retired, he cast a glance at the face of the stranger, who took the picture, and surveyed it, with such a look.

Page 27

At first, it appeared as if a glance would suffice him. But he did not return it with a glance. Was it the brightness and innocence of the young face that won upon him, or did it for the moment take its place as the type of all beauty and innocence, and hold him to contemplation, as for the last time. Was it really into the face of *that* little child, dead and buried since October, that he looked? or was *he* really *here*, under the roof of this poor organist, shut up with the warmth of his coal stove this bright Christmas day, locked safe his secret thoughts, himself secure with them?

At last some word or sound escaped the organist. He had gazed at Mr. Rush till he seemed possessed of nightmare. So wild, so haggard, so awful, the man's face appeared to him, that the cry, an involuntary one, expressed better than any inquiry could have done, how much disturbed he was. The stranger heard, and seemed to understand, for at the sound he rose quickly, and laid the picture on the counter; not gently; at the same time he looked at Summerman and laughed; but without merriment.

"Come," said Summerman quickly, "let me take your portrait. I have quite a collection here, you see." And as he spoke he did not remove his eyes from the stranger—he had come to the conclusion that he was mad, or in some direful strait that made him almost irresponsible, and his first purpose was one of helpful commiseration.

Instead of quitting the shop straightway, as Summerman expected he would do when he made this proposition (and if he did depart he meant to follow), the stranger walked toward the instrument, and on his way picked up the picture he had thrown down with so little ceremony. He seemed to think he owed this courtesy:

"Do you find much patronage here?" he asked.

"Oh, considerable," replied Summerman. "Just now more than common. Your likeness is such a good present to make your friend!"

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly," was the emphatic response.

"You ask to take my likeness—what for?"

"I want it myself."

"Oh—for a sign. Well, young man, you don't know what it's the sign of, after all," and here Mr. Rush evidently set himself against the world.

"I hope it's the sign of a friend," answered Summerman, who was keeping up his spirits by an effort, for the mere presence of this man weighed on them with an almost intolerable weight. Yet he was sparing no effort to retain that presence.

“Why do you hope that?” asked Mr. Rush with a disagreeable show of authority.

“Because we met at the church door on Christmas day.” Simple answer—yet it was spoken so gently, so truthfully, it seemed to make an impression.

“Christmas day. So it is. But it’s getting late. How high is the sun yet?”

“Three hours, maybe.”

Hearing this, the gentleman turned away, and walked to the further extremity of the shop. Summerman’s eyes followed him with anxiety. But he went on polishing a plate, and seemed beyond all things intent on that.

Page 28

Presently Mr. Rush came back.

“You may take my likeness,” said he. “You are a good fellow. And it will help pass time.”

So the artist stepped quickly about, and looked pleased, but not too much so. The work was soon done. While Summerman was putting it through the process of perfection, the gentleman stood and watched him.

“How did you want your choir to sing ‘good will to men?’” he asked.

Summerman did not look up to answer—did not express any surprise, but the whole man was in the reply given:

“From the heart, sir. Full, confident, assuring. They owe that to God and man, or they’ve no business in a choir.”

“Do you suppose they could do it?” asked Mr. Rush, not immediately, but, as it seemed, when he had controlled the unpleasant influence the speaker’s enthusiastic mode of address had upon him. It seemed as if he were not merely speaking, and engaging the organist in speech for pastime—but rather because he could not help it. His questions, when he asked them, had a more surprising sound to himself than to the person who answered. And they vexed him—but not Summerman. When Mr. Rush asked him if he supposed it possible for them to sing in the way signified, he replied quite confidently:

“Yes, if they only knew what they were about.”

“But you explained that to them?”

“Well, then, yes, if they believed it; for after all, belief is of the heart.”

“You don’t think they believe it?”

“It’s a hard thing to say. But if they did, they would do better. They are not a happy set altogether. They whine—they talk one thing, and live another. One of them lost a little money the other day—pretty nearly all he had, I suppose—but what of that?”

“What of that!” exclaimed Mr. Rush, and he looked at the organist amazed.

“Yes, what of it? The man has his health and his faculties. What’s money?”

“What’s money!”



“Yes, sir, when you come to the point—what is it? Eyes, hands, feet—blood, brain, heart, soul? You would think so to hear him talk. It’s dust! I’ve seen that proved, sir, and I know ’tis true!”

“You don’t allow for circumstances,” said the stranger, sharply.

“Circumstances!” repeated Summerman, incredulous.

“Yes, the difference between your affairs and those of your neighbors. You seem to judge others by yourself?”

“My affairs! I haven’t any to speak of,” said the organist, with a grave sort of wonder.

“I suppose,” replied the stranger, almost angrily, “you are a human creature; things happen to you, and they do not. If you have any feeling at all you are affected by what happens.” He ceased speaking with the manner of a man who is annoyed that he should have been so far beguiled into speech.

Page 29

"Some things have happened to me," answered Summerman quietly, seeing everything, pretending to see nothing. "I lived ten years among the Gipsies. I belonged to them. That's where I had my schooling. I worked in the tin ware; and clock mending I took up of myself. I left my people on account of a church-organ. My father and mother were dead. I had no brother or sister; nor any relation. But I had friends, and they would have kept me; but I had to choose between them and the rest. I couldn't learn the organ in the woods and meadows; I was caught by the music as easily as a pink by a pin. But I kept to the clock mending. I used to travel about on my business once in a while, for a man can't settle down to four walls and a tread-mill in a minute, when he's been used to all creation. Then I learned to take pictures, and I travelled about for a time, carrying the machine with me. But for the last year I've lived in this shop and had the church organ. So you see how it is. I have all these things to look after, and I try to keep in tune, and up to pitch.

"You are a happy man," said Mr. Rush, who had listened with attention to this humble story. "But," he added, "you could not understand—for you have had no cares, no one dependent on you—how necessary to some persons money is for happiness. What ruin follows the loss of it. How many a man would prefer death to such a loss."

"I guess not," said Summerman, in a low tone. "I believe in the Good Will doctrine."

"What has that to do with it?" asked the stranger, impatiently.

To this Summerman replied, speaking slowly—humblest acquiescence sounding through his speech.

"When I settled down, and got the situation in the church, I was about to bring her here.... You understand.... She died about that time. I have not seen her picture. Her brother had died before. I was to be the son of the old people. We were sure that after awhile they would be attracted by our happy home, and by our fireside all their wanderings would end. They should be free as in the forests.... It is all changed now—but I am still their son, and I wish nothing better than to work for them. The old man is failing, and I think that I shall yet persuade them to come and live with me—we might be one family still—and it would please her. If I succeed, there are two or three rooms close by where we can be tolerably happy, all together. God is not indifferent. He sees all. And sure I am that He bears me no ill will. So it must be for the best. She used to wear this ribbon around her splendid hair. She was so young and gay! It would have done you good to look at such a face. Sometimes I catch myself thinking what a long, gay life we ought to have lived together—and I know there's no wickedness in that. It's more pleasant than bitter."

"So you support the old people," was the listener's sole comment. Not loss, but fidelity—not grief, but constancy, impressed him while he hearkened to this story.

Page 30

"I have adopted them," answered the organist. "Yes, they are mine now. Just as they were to have been. Just as she and I used to talk it over. Only she is not here."

"So you support them," repeated Mr. Rush. And he seemed to ponder that point, as if it involved somewhat beyond his comprehension.

The organist replied, wondering. And he looked at the questioner—but the questioner looked not at him.

"Yes, certainly," he said.

"I suppose they are moderate in their wants. They don't require suites of chambers with frescoed ceilings, and walls hung with white satin, rose color, lavender—and the rest. They don't need a four-story palace, with carpets of velvet to cover the floors from attic to basement. Do they?" All the scorn and bitterness expressed in these words the organist happily could never perceive. But he discerned enough to make him shudder, and he believed that the speaker was mad.

"I don't think I understand you," he answered, perplexed and cautious. He feared the effect of his words. But anything that he might say would produce now one sole result.

"Very likely you don't understand," said Mr. Rush.

"But," said the organist, "I wish I did."

"Why, man?"

"You look so troubled, sir."

"Troubled?"

"As if you—hadn't—tried out the Good Will doctrine. I mean—yes, I do! that I shouldn't suppose you believed in it," said Summerman, bravely.

Mr. Rush laughed bitterly. "I'll tell you a story," said he.

"No—no—I mean not yet—don't," exclaimed Summerman, quickly.

"Why, it's a short tale. I'm not going to trouble you much longer. A fine holiday you're having! But you'll never have another like it, I believe. I—I want your advice before I go. Besides, you have kept to your green, sunny love so long, I would like to give you a notion of what's going on the other side of the fence."



“Then we will walk,” said Summerman, “if it’s agreeable to you, sir, I mean, of course. I always walk around the lake at this hour.” The little man had put on his overcoat while he spoke, and now stood waiting the stranger’s pleasure, cap in hand.

“Dare you leave that face of mine among the other faces?” asked Mr. Rush, with all seriousness.

The organist looked nervously around as if he expected something to justify the trouble this question occasioned him.

“Yes—yes—I’ll take the risk,” he answered, but he spoke without a smile. One thought alone prevented him from heartily wishing himself rid of this companion, who, in spite of him, had cast such a gloom over his Christmas day. The man seemed to have more need of him than Summerman had of his dinner deferred.

They set out together to walk through the frosty air under the cloudless sky. The sun was near to setting. In half an hour a deep orange belt would unroll round the east, flaming signs would mark the heavens, and a great star hang in the midst of an amethyst hemicycle.

Page 31

They noticed that the sun was near to setting, and one of them saw the glory.

"I want you to tell me honestly," said the other. "You have taken my picture; what do you think it looks like? That is a fair question."

"Like misery," replied Summerman, promptly enough.

"Is that all? I thought worse. I thought it looked like a very devil's face. When I go back, I'll destroy it. But, then, it looks like me! Now, I can't afford to live a scarecrow. I believe I wasn't made to frighten others to death. I'd choose to die myself first." He dropped his voice to a whisper. "I've been trying to do that. Tried twice. Is there any particular luck in a third time, that you know of?"

Summerman did not answer, though Rush was looking full upon him; neither did he avoid the long and piercing gaze the stranger fixed upon him. He met that like a man.

"You think I'm mad," at last said Mr. Rush.

"Not exactly."

"Thank you. But you are a gipsy. Read my fortune."

Gravely Summerman looked at the fair, smooth palm that was suddenly stretched before him.

"You have been unfortunate," said he.

"Oh, no; you mustn't admit that. Only a little money lost, that's all."

"Is it all, indeed?" asked Summerman, and he dropped the palm. Then he shook his head. "I do not think it could have served you so. A little loss!" said he.

"That is because fortune never made a fool of you. Let me alone; I want to think." He spoke in the quick, peremptory manner of a man who is accustomed to command; but he came very near to smiling the next moment, as he looked down at the little person whom he had ordered into silence.

Then he broke the silence he had enjoined.

"Suppose you were in my case," said he, "how would you act?"

"I am not. How can I tell?" was Summerman's prudent answer.

These words, as indeed any words that he could have spoken, were the best that Redman Rush could hear; for now he was leaning with the whole weight of his moral

nature on the life of this strong-hearted, true-hearted organist. He liked the unassuming, modest, generous word.

"I'll tell you what you would be," said he, quickly. "A month ago worth half a million—to-day not a cent. Brought up like a fool, you would probably be one. Turned out of house, helpless as a baby. You have yourself—master of your wits and your hands. Look at these hands! And all my wits can advise me is, this life isn't worth the keeping."

"Oh, no; not to-day! They don't say that to-day!" exclaimed Summerman, speaking as if he knew. And he ventured further, boldly: "They advise you, go home to your wife and your child; live for them and yourself, and God's honor."

"Wife—child!" repeated Rush; and he blushed when he added; "you read fortunes. Your pardon."

"I saw it in your face," said the organist, quietly. "When you looked at our little Mary, I believed you were thinking of some other little child. And it reminded you of some other young lady, when I told you what I expected once. If it hadn't been for them, you would never have thought of destroying yourself; and I'm sure, on their account, what you ought to ask and hope is, that your life may be spared."

Page 32

It is said that drowning men will grasp at straws. This elegant stranger, who had emerged from mystery to disturb the Christmas day of a humble organist, now leaned on the friendly arm of the little man, walking along with him, *not* as he once sauntered through the promenade, a butterfly disdaining all but the brightest of sunbeams, the sweetest of flowers. Poor worm! he was half frozen in this wintry brightness, this exhilarating atmosphere, in which Summerman thrived so well.

“Are all the men that are born in woods and meadows, and brought up tinkers, like you?” he asked.

“No,” answered Summerman. “Some turn out fools, and some knaves, and some ten times better men and wiser men, than I shall ever be.”

“Like the rest of the world. Are men, men everywhere?”

“Pretty much. You talk about your wits. You were made to do a bigger business than I shall ever do. Go home and begin it. I’ve a mind to go with you, so you shan’t lose your way.”

“You know the way so well,” said Rush. He had not before spoken as he now spoke, almost cheerfully, almost hopefully. Here was this fellow that told fortunes, daring to prophesy good days for him! But then, was he not a bankrupt? And if he lived—a beggar still?

* * * * *

The sun had set, and the faces of the two men were again turned to the village. They had walked quite round the lake, and Summerman had concluded that he would invite the gentleman to dine with him when they came back to the inn; would he accept the courtesy? Summerman looked at Mr. Rush, that he might ascertain the probabilities, and thought that he could see a breaking of the black clouds which held this man a prisoner. He wanted to preach to him. He wanted exceedingly to launch out again on the Good Will doctrine; and at length he did, but not exactly in the manner he would have chosen, had he been left to himself.

As they walked along in silence, suddenly came and met them the sound of a quick clanging church bell; then rose a mighty cry, and a still more potent flame ascending heavenward.

“It’s a fire!” cried Summerman. And, true to his living impulse and instinct, which was forever—first and last, and ever—the good of the public, the little man set off on a run. His companion, the gentleman who had never, in his thirty years, run to a fire, with generous intent, followed on as fleetly. So they came together to the village street,

when, lo! the shop of Daniel Summerman, was making all this stir! drawing such crowds about it as never before the artist's varied powers had done.

There was neither door nor roof, wall or window, visible, but a pit of flame, and within, as everybody knew, the entire stock, sum total of the organist's worldly goods.

"Well! well!" said he, as, panting, he came to a stand-still in the middle of the street, his companion close beside him.

Page 33

"Curse God, and die!" was all that the wife of Job could think to say to him, in his extremity.

"Well! well!" was the comment Redman Rush could make on this disaster, repeating Summerman's words with an emphasis not all his own. It was evident that, for a moment at least, he had forgotten himself; his face was no longer dark with misery, but full of consternation, alive with sympathy. And still he said:

"Where's your Good Will doctrine, though?"

"Safe!" cried the organist, and he crossed his arms on his breast with a look of perfect triumph.

"You eat your words with a vengeance. You preach the best sermon I ever heard, / swear," said Mr. Rush, looking at him with amazement.

"Humph!" ejaculated Summerman.

"I believe, after all, 'twas my cursed picture that did it," continued Rush. He was not able to stand there in silence listening to the roaring of the fire, by the side of the man whose property was being destroyed in this relentless manner. He must talk; and no one hindered him, for the most of the working force of the village was busy trying to draw water from the frozen pumps of the neighborhood.

"I might have known such a face would raise the devil," muttered he.

"Then, they are both done for!" was Summerman's quick answer. "If you are burnt to death, it's clear you can't be drowned. So, it seems you're a new man altogether. Sir, your wife calls you! But, before you go, pray, take the Good Will doctrine in. A present from me, if you please."

Having said these words, the organist wiped his eyes, and laughed.

"If this is a dream," said Redman Rush, astonished into doubt of all he saw and heard, "let me get home before I wake up, for God's sake." And he turned away from the organist, and was hid in the crowd from the eyes that followed him.

He turned away, but would he ever lose the memory of a soft voice, saying:

"Mr. Summerman, my boys and I insist on your coming to spend the holidays with us."

Or, of a grey-haired gentleman's aspect, who came hurrying through the crowd till he stood face to face with the little organist, whose hands he grasped as he said:

“Never mind, lad; never mind. You’ll be a richer man before night than you ever were before. Here is a year’s salary in advance, from the church, sir. You understand. And we all want our daguerreotypes; so order an instrument.”

Or, of an agitated voice, that followed him like the voice of a spirit, mysterious and persuasive:

“Oh, believe in the Good Will Doctrine!”

SEA-WEED.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Not always unimpeded can I pray,
Nor, pitying saint, thine intercession claim:
Too closely clings the burden of the day,
And all the mint and anise that I pay
But swells my debt and deepens my self-blame.

Page 34

Shall I less patience have than Thou, who know
That Thou revisit'st all who wait for Thee,
Nor only fill'st the unsounded depths below
But dost refresh with measured overflow
The rifts where unregarded mosses be?

The drooping sea-weed hears, in night abyssed,
Far and more far the waves' receding shocks,
Nor doubts, through all the darkness and the mist
That the pale shepherdess will keep her tryst,
And shoreward lead once more her foam-fleeced flocks.

For the same wave that laps the Carib shore
With momentary curves of pearl and gold,
Goes hurrying thence to gladden with its roar
The lorn shells camped on rocks of Labrador,
By love divine on that glad errand rolled.

And, though Thy healing waters far withdraw,
I, too, can wait and feed on hopes of Thee,
And of the dear recurrence of thy Law,
Sure that the parting grace which morning saw,
Abides its time to come in search of me.

TREFOIL.

BY EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

"Hope, by the ancients, was drawn in the form of a sweet and beautiful child, standing upon tiptoes, and a trefoil or three-leaved grass in her hand."

Citation from old Peacham in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

Three names, clustered together in more than one marked association, have a pleasant fragrance in English literature. A triple-leaved clover in a field thickly studded with floral beauties, the modest merits of HERBERT, VAUGHAN and CRASHAW

"Smell sweet and blossom in the dust"—

endeared to us not merely by the claim of intellect, but by the warmer appeal to the heart, of kindred sympathy and suffering. True poets, they have placed in their spiritual alembic the common woes and sorrows of life, and extracted from them "by force of their so potent art," a cordial for the race.

Has it ever occurred to the reader to reflect how much the world owes to the poets in the alleviation of sorrow? It is much to hear the simple voice of sympathy in its plainest utterances from the companions around us; it is something to listen to the same burden from the good of former generations, as the universal experience of humanity; but we owe the greatest debt to those who by the graces of intellect and the pains of a profounder passion, have triumphed over affliction, and given eloquence to sorrow.

There is a common phrase, which some poet must first have invented—"the luxury of woe." Poets certainly have found their most constant themes in suffering. When the late Edgar Poe, who prided himself on reducing literature to an art, sat down to write a poem which should attain the height of popularity, he said sorrow must be its theme, and wrote "The Raven." Tragedy will always have a deeper hold upon the public than comedy; it

Page 35

appeals to deeper principles, stirs more powerful emotions, imparts an assured sense of strength, is more intimate with our nature, or certainly it would not be tolerated. There is no delight in the exhibition of misery as such, it is only painful and repulsive; we discard all vulgar horrors utterly, and keep no place for them in the mind. Let, however, a poet touch the string, and there is another response when he brings before us pictures of regal grief, and gives grandeur to humiliation and penalty. Nor is it only in the higher walks of tragedy, with its pomp and circumstances of action, that the poet here serves us. His humbler minstrelsy has soothed many an English heart from the tale of “Lycidas” to the elegiac verse of Tennyson. George Herbert still speaks to this generation as two centuries ago he spoke to his own. His quaint verses gather new beauties from time as they come to us redolent with the prayers and aspirations of many successions of the wives, mothers and daughters of England and America; bedewed with the tears of orphans and parents; an incitement to youth, a solace to age, a consolation for humanity to all time.

These have been costly gifts to our benefactors. “I honor,” says Vaughan, “that temper which can lay by the garland when he might keep it on; which can pass by a rosebud and bid it grow when he is invited to crop it.” This is the spirit of self-devotion in every worthy action, and especially of the pains and penalties by which poets have enriched our daily life. We are indebted to the poets, too, for something more than the alleviation of sorrow. Perhaps it is, upon the whole, a rarer gift to improve prosperity. Joy, commonly, is less of a positive feeling than grief, and is more apt to slip by us unconsciously. Few people, says the proverb, know when they are well off. It is the poet’s vocation to teach the world this—

—“to be possess’d with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet.”

The poet lifts our eyes to the beauties of external nature, educates us to a keener participation in the sweet joys of affection, to the loveliness and grace of woman, to the honor and strength of manhood. His ideal world thus becomes an actual one, as the creations of imagination first borrowed from sense, alight from the book, the picture or the statue once again to live and walk among us.

The resemblances which have induced us to bring together our sacred triumvirate of poets, are the common period in which they lived, their similar training in youth, a congenial bond of learning, a certain generous family condition, the inspiration of the old mother church out of which they sprung, the familiar discipline of sorrow, the early years in which they severally wrote.

A brief glance at their respective lives may indicate still further these similarities and point a moral which needs not many words to express—which seems to us almost too sacred to be loudly or long dwelt upon.

Page 36

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Herbert was the oldest of the band, having been born near the close of the sixteenth century, in the days of James, who was an intelligent patron of the family. The poet's brother, the learned Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whose "Autobiography" breathes the fresh manly spirit of the best days of chivalry, was the king's ambassador to France. George Herbert, too, was in a fair way to this court patronage, when his hopes were checked by the death of the monarch. It is a circumstance, this court favor, worth considering in the poet's life, as the antecedent to his manifold spirit of piety. Nothing is more noticeable than the wide, liberal culture of the old English poets; they were first, men, often skilled in affairs, with ample experience in life, and then—poets.

Herbert's education was all that care and affection could devise. "He spent," says his amiable biographer, Izaak Walton, "much of his childhood in a sweet content under the eye and care of his prudent mother, and the tuition of a chaplain or tutor to him and two of his brothers in her own family." At Cambridge he became orator to the University, gained the applause of the court by his Latin orations, and what is more, secured the friendship of such men as Bishop Andrews, Dr. Donne, and the model diplomatist of his age, Sir Henry Wotton. The completion of his studies and the failure of court expectations were followed by a passage of rural retirement—a first pause of the soul previous to the deeper conflicts of life. His solitariness was increased by sickness, a period of meditation and devotional feeling, assisted by the intimations of a keen spirit in a feeble body—and out of the furnace came forth Herbert the priest and saint. All that knowledge can inspire, all that tenderness can endear, centres about that picture of the beauty of holiness, his brief pastoral career—as we read it in his prose writings and his poems, and the pages of Walton—at the little village of Bemerton. He died at the age of thirty-nine—his gentle spirit spared the approaching conflicts of his country, which pressed so heavily upon the Church which he loved.

The poems of Herbert are now read throughout the world; no longer confined to that Church which inspired them. They are echoed at times in the pulpits of all denominations, while their practical lines are, if we remember rightly, scattered among the sage aphorisms of Poor Richard, and their wide philosophy commends itself to the genius of Emerson.

It is pleasant in these old poets to admire what has been admired by others—to read the old verses with the indorsement of genius. The name adds value to the bond. Coleridge, for instance, whose "paper," in a mercantile sense, would have been, on "change," the worst in England, has given us many of these notable "securities." They live in his still echoing "Table-Talk," and are sprinkled generously over his writings—while what record is there of the "good," the best financial names of the day? One sonnet of Herbert was an especial favorite with Coleridge. It was that heart-searching, sympathizing epitome of spiritual life, entitled

Page 37

SIN.

“Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then school-masters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers.

“Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises.

“Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness.
The sound of Glory ringing in our ears:
Without, our shame; within, our consciences:
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

“Yet all these fences and their whole array,
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.”

These poems, it should be remembered, are private devotional heart-confessions, not written for sale, for pay or reputation; they were not printed at all during the author's life, but were brought forth by faithful friends from the sacred coffer of his dying-room, in order that posterity might know the secret of that honorable life and its cheerful end. Izaak Walton has given a beautiful setting to one stanza from the eloquent ode “Sunday.” “The Sunday before his death,” his biographer tells us, “he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand, and said:

“My God, my God
My music shall find thee,
And every string
Shall have his attribute to sing.

And having tuned it, he played and sung:

“The Sundays of man's life,

Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sundays, heaven's door stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife;

More plentiful than hope.’

“Thus he sung on earth such hymns and anthems as the angels and he, and Mr. Farrer, now sing in heaven.”

As we have fallen upon this personal, biographical vein, and as the best key to a man’s poetry is to know the man and what he may have encountered, we may cite the poem entitled “The Pearl.” It is compact of life and experience: we see the courtier and the scholar ripening into the saint; the world not forgotten or ignored, but its best pursuits calmly weighed, fondly enumerated and left behind, as steps of the celestial ladder.

THE PEARL.

“I know the ways of learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the press, and make it run;
What reason hath from nature borrowed,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
In laws and policy; what the stars conspire;
What willing nature speaks, what forc’d by fire;
Both th’ old discoveries, and the new-found seas;
The stock and surplus, cause and history:
All these stand open, or I have the keys:

Yet I love thee.



Page 38

"I know the ways of honor, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit:
In vies of favor whether party gains,
When glory swells the heart and mouldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe'er it goes:
How many drams of spirits there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes:

Yet I love thee."I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot blood and brains;
What mirth and music mean; what love and wit
Have done these twenty hundred years, and more;
I know the projects of unbridled store:
My stuff is flesh, not grass; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:

Yet I love thee."I know all these, and have them in my hand;
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I fly to thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have thy love;
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through the labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
But thy silk-twist let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how, by it,

To climb to thee."

A splendid retrospect this of a short life: and with what accurate knowledge of art, science, policy, literature, of powers of body and mind. Herbert's poems are full of this sterling sense and philosophical reflection—the mintage of a master mind.

Addison's version of the twenty-third Psalm has entered into every household and penetrated every heart by its sweetness and pathos. There is equal gentleness and sincerity in Herbert's:

"The God of love my shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed.
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?



“He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

“Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy name.

“Yea, in death’s shady, black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

“Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,
E’en in my en’mies’ sight;
My head with oil, my cup with wine,
Runs over day and night.

“Surely thy sweet and wond’rous love
Shall measure all my days:
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.”

We might linger long with Herbert, gathering the fruits of wisdom and piety from the abundant orchard of his poems, where many a fruit “hangs amiable;” but we must listen to his brethren.

Page 39

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Henry Vaughan was the literary offspring of George Herbert. His life, too, might have been written by good Izaak Walton, so gentle was it, full of all pleasant associations and quiet nobleness, decorated by the love of nature and letters, intimacies with poets, and with that especial touch of nature which always went to the heart of the Complete Angler, a love of fishing—for Vaughan was wont, at times, to skim the waters of his native rivers.

He was born in Wales; the old Roman name of the country conferring upon him the appellation “Silurist”—for in those days local pride and affection claimed the honor of the bard, as the poet himself first gathered strength from the home, earth and sky which concentrated rather than circumscribed his genius. His family was of good old lineage, breathing freely for generations in the upper atmosphere of life, warmed and cheered in a genial sunlight of prosperity. It could stir, too, at the call of patriotism, and send soldiers, as it did, to bite the heroic dust at Agincourt. Another time brought other duties. The poet came into the world in the early part of the seventeenth century, when the great awakening of thought and English intellect was to be followed by stirring action. He was not, indeed, to bear any great part in the senate or the field; but all noble spirits were moved by the issues of the time. To some the voice of the age brought hope and energy; to others, a not ignoble submission. It was perhaps as great a thing to suffer with the Royal Martyr, with all the burning life and traditions of England in the throbbing heart, as to rise from the ruins into the cold ether where the stern soul of Milton could wing its way in self-reliant calmness. Honor is due, as in all great struggles, to both parties. Vaughan’s lot was cast with the conquered cause.

His youth was happy, as all poets’ should be, and as the genius of all true poets, coupled with that period of life, will go far to make it. There must be early sunshine far the first nurture of that delicate plant: the storm comes afterward to perfect its life. Vaughan first saw the light in a rural district of great beauty. His songs bear witness to it. Indeed he is known by his own designation, a fragrant title in the sweet fields of English poesy, as the Swan of the Usk, though he veiled the title in the thin garb of the Latin, “Olor Iscanus.” Another fortunate circumstance was the personal character of his education, at the hands of a rural Welsh rector, with whom, his twin brother for a companion, he passed the years of youth in what, we have no doubt, were pleasant paths of classical literature. How inexhaustible are those old wells of Greek and Roman Letters! The world cannot afford to spare them long. They may be less in fashion at one time than another, but their beauty and life-giving powers are perennial. The Muse of English poesy has always been baptized in their waters.

Page 40

The brothers left for Oxford at the mature age—not a whit too late for any minds—of seventeen or eighteen. At the University there were other words than the songs of Apollo. The Great Revolution was already on the carpet, and it was to be fought out with weapons not found in the logical armory of Aristotle. The brothers were royalists, of course; and Henry, before the drama was played out, like many good men and true, tasted the inside of a prison—doubtless, like Lovelace and Wither, singing his heartfelt minstrelsy behind the wires of his cage. He was not a fighting man. Poets rarely are. More than one lyricist—as Archilochus and Horace may bear witness—has thrown away his shield on the field of battle. Vaughan wisely retired to his native Wales. Jeremy Taylor, too, it may be remembered, was locking up the treasures of his richly-furnished mind and passionate feeling within the walls of those same Welsh hills. Nature, alone, however, is inadequate to the production of a true poet. Even Wordsworth, the most patient, absorbed of recluses, had his share of education in London and travel in foreign cities. Vaughan, too, early found his way, in visits, to the metropolis, where he heard at the Globe Tavern the last echoes of that burst of wit and knowledge which had spoken from the tongue and kindled in the eye of Shakspeare, Spenser and Raleigh. Ben Jonson was still alive, and the young poets who flocked to him, as a later age worshipped Dryden, were all “sealed of the tribe of Ben.” Randolph and Cartwright were his friends.

Under these early inspirations of youth, nature, learning, witty companionship, Vaughan published his first verses—breathing a love of his art and its pleasures of imagination, paying his tribute to his paternal books in “Englising,” the “Tenth Satyre of Juvenal,” and not forgetting, of course, the lovely “Amoret.” A young poet without a lady in his verse is a solecism which nature abhors. All this, however, as his biographer remarks, “though fine in the way of poetic speculation, would not do for every-day practice.” Of course not; and the young “swan” turned his wary feet from the glittering stream to the solid land. The poet became a physician. It was a noble art for such a spirit to practise, and not a very rude progress from youthful poesy if he felt and thought aright. There was a sterner change in store, however, and it came to him with the monition, “Physician, heal thyself!” He was prostrated by severe bodily disease, and thenceforth his spirit was bowed to the claims of the unseen world. The “light amorist” found a higher inspiration. He turned his footsteps to the Temple and worshipped at the holy altar of Herbert. His poetry becomes religious. “Sparks from the Flint” is the title which he gives his new verses, “Silex Scintillans.” After that pledge to holiness given to the world, he survived nearly half a century, dying at the mature age of seventy-three—a happy subject of contemplation in the bosom of his Welsh retirement, passing quietly down the vale of life, feeding his spirit on the early-gathered harvest of wit, learning, taste, feeling, fancy, benevolence and piety.

Page 41

Of such threads was the life of our poet spun.

His verse is light, airy, flying with the lark to heaven. Hear him with “his singing robes” about him:

“I would I were some bird or star,
Flutt’ring in woods, or lifted far
Above this inn
And road of sin!
Then either star or bird should be
Shining or singing still to thee.”

In this song of “Peace”—

“My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skillful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crown’d with smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend,
And (oh, my soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But one, who never changes—
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.”

Or in that kindred ode, full of “intimations of immortality received in childhood,” entitled, “The Retreat:”

“Happy those early days, when I
Shin’d in my angel infancy!
Before I understood this place,
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;



When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A sev'ral sin to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Oh how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlight'ned spirit sees
That shady city of palm-trees.
But, ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return."

Here is a picture of the angel-visited world of Eden, not altogether destroyed by the Fall, when

 "Each day
The valley or the mountain
Afforded visits, and still Paradise lay
In some green shade or fountain.
Angels lay lieger here: each bush and cell,
Each oak and highway knew them;
Walk but the fields, or sit down at some well,
And he was sure to view them."

Page 42

Vaughan's birds and flowers gleam with light from the spirit land. This is the opening of a little piece entitled "The Bird:"

"Hither thou com'st. The busy wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rain'd on thy bed
And harmless head;
And now, as fresh and cheerful as the light,
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that Providence, whose unseen arm
Curb'd them, and cloth'd thee well and warm."

How softly the image of the little bird again tempers the thought of death in his ode to the memory of the departed:

"He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown."

But we must leave this fair garden of the poet's fancies. The reader will find there many a flower yet untouched.

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Richard Crashaw was the contemporary of the early years of Vaughan; for, alas! he died young—though not till he had transcribed for the world the hopes, the aspirations, the sorrows of his troubled life. He lived but thirty-four years—the volume of his verses is not less nor more than the kindred books of the brother poets with whom we are now associating his memory. A small body of verse will hold much life; for the poet gives us a concentrated essence, an elixir, a skillful confection of humanity, which, diluted with the commonplaces of every-day thought and living, may cover whole shelves of libraries. The secret of the whole of one life may be expressed in a song or a sonnet. The little books of the world are not the least.

Crashaw, also, was a scholar. The son of a clergy-man, he was educated at the famed Charter-house and afterward at Cambridge. The Revolution, too, overtook him. He refused the oath of the covenant, was ejected from his fellowship, became a Roman Catholic, and took refuge in Paris, where he ate the bread of exile with Cowley and others, cheered by the noble sympathy—it could not be much more—of Queen Henrietta Maria. She recommended him to Rome, and the sensitive poet carried his

joys and sorrows to the bosom of the church. He lived a few years, and died canon of Loretto, at the age of thirty-four.

Though the son of a zealous opponent of the Roman church, Crashaw was born with an instinct and heart for its service. There runs through all his poetry that sensuousness of feeling which seeks the repose and luxury of faith which Rome always offers to her ardent votaries. It is profitable to compare the sentiment of Crashaw with the more intellectual development of Herbert. What in the former is the paramount, constant exhibition, in the latter is accepted, and holds its place subordinate to other claims. Without a portion of it there could be

Page 43

no deep religious life—with it, in excess, we fear for the weakness of a partial development. There is so much gain, however, to the poet, that we have no disposition to take exception to the single string of Crashaw. The beauty of the Venus was made up from the charms of many models. So, in our libraries, as in life, we must be content with parcel-work, and take one man's wisdom and another's sentiment, looking out that we get something of each to enrich our multifarious life.

Crashaw's poetry is one musical echo and aspiration. He finds his theme and illustration constantly in music. His amorous descant never fails him: his lute is always by his side. Following the "Steps of the Temple," a graceful tribute to Herbert, we have the congenial title, "The Delights of the Muses," opening with that exquisite composition:

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony,"

"Music's Duel." It is the story—a favorite one to the ears of our forefathers two centuries ago—of the nightingale and the musician contending with voice and instrument in alternate melodies, till the sweet songstress of the grove falls and dies upon the lute of her rapt rival. It is something more than a pretty tale. Ford, the dramatist, introduced it briefly in happy lines in "The Lover's Melancholy," but Crashaw's verses inspire the very sweetness and lingering pleasure of the contest. It is high noon when the "sweet lute's master" seeks retirement from the heat, "on the scene of a green plat, under protection of an oak," by the bank of the Tiber. The "light-foot lady,"

"The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,"

"entertains the music's soft report," which begins with a flying prelude, to which the lady of the tree "carves out her dainty voice" with "quick volumes of wild notes."

"His nimble hand's instinct then taught each string,
A cap'ring cheerfulness; and made them sing
To their own dance."

She

"Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note
Through the sleek passage of her open throat:
A clear, unwrinkled song."

The contention invites every art of expression. The highest powers of the lute are evoked in rapid succession closing with a martial strain:



“this lesson, too,
She gives him back, her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o’er her skill,
And folds in waved notes, with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thund’ring vollies float,
And roll themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, ’still’d out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar’d nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie

Page 44

Bathing in streams of liquid melody,
Music's best seed-plot; when in ripen'd airs
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, ploughed by her breath,
Which there reciprocally laboreth.
In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire,
Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre;
Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipp'd angel imps, that swill their throats
In cream of morning Helicon; and then
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their matins sing."

What wealth of imagery and proud association of ideas—the bubbling spring, the golden, waving harvest, “ploughed by her breath”—the fane of Apollo suggesting in a word images of Greek maidens in chorus by the white temple of the God, the dew of Helicon, the soft waking of men from beneficent repose. It is all very well to talk of a bird doing all this: we admire nightingales, but Philomela never enchanted us in this way; it is the sex with which we are charmed. The poet's “light-foot lady” tells us the secret. We are subdued by the loveliest of prima-donnas.

There is more of this, and as good. The little poem is a poet's dictionary of musical expression. Its lines, less than two hundred, deserve to be committed to memory, to rise at times in the mind—the soft assuagement of cares and sorrows.

A famous poem of Crashaw is “On a Prayer-Book sent to Mrs. M.R.” It breathes a divine ecstasy of the sacred ode:

“Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul; dear and divine annihilations;
A thousand unknown rites
Of joys, and rarefied delights.”

It is human passion sublimated and refined to the uses of heaven, but human passion still—the very luxury of religion—the rapture of earth-born seraphs, as he sings with venturous exultation:

“The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets,
Which with a swelling bosom there she meets,



Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures
Of pure inebriating pleasures:
Happy proof she shall discover,
What joy, what bliss,
How many heavens at once it is,
To have a God become her lover!"

Mrs. M.R., whether maid or widow we know not—in Crashaw's day virgins were called Mistress—has another poem addressed to her—"Counsel concerning her choice." It alludes to some check or hindrance in love, and asks:

"Dear, heav'n-designed soul!
Amongst the rest
Of suitors that besiege your maiden breast,
Why may not I
My fortune try,
And venture to speak one good word,
Not for myself, alas! but for my dearer Lord?

* * * * *

Your first choice fails; oh, when you choose again,
May it not be among the sons of men!"

Page 45

This is the language of devotional rapture common to the extremes of the religious world—Methodism and Roman Catholicism. Every one has heard the ardent hymn by Newton—"The Name of Jesus," and that stirring anthem, "The Coronation of Christ"—few have read the eloquent production of the canon of Loretto, a canticle from the flaming heart of Rome, addressed "To the name above every name, the name of Jesus."

"Pow'rs of my soul, be proud!
And speak loud
To all the dear-bought nations this redeeming name;
And in the wealth of one rich word proclaim
New smiles to nature.

* * * * *

Sweet name, in thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
A thousand hills of frankincense,
Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices,
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul that tastes thee takes from thence,
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercies there
In Pity's soft lap lie asleeping!"

Crashaw's invitations to holiness breathe the very gallantry of piety. He addresses "the noblest and best of ladies, the Countess of Denbigh," who had been his patroness in exile, "persuading her to resolution in religion."

"What heaven-entreated heart is this
Stands trembling at the gate of bliss.

* * * * *

What magic bolts, what mystic bars
Maintain the will in these strange wars!
What fatal, what fantastic bands
Keep the free heart from its own hands!
So, when the year takes cold, we see
Poor waters their own prisoners be;

Fetter'd and lock'd up fast, they lie
In a sad self-captivity;



Th' astonish'd nymphs their floods' strange fate deplore,
To see themselves their own severer shore.

* * * * *

Disband dull fears; give Faith the day;
To save your life, kill your delay;
It is Love's siege, and sure to be
Your triumph, though his victory."

His poem, "The Weeper," shoots the prismatic hues of the rainbow athwart the veil of fast-falling tears:

"Hail sister springs,
Parents of silver-footed rills!
Ever bubbling things!
Thawing crystal! snowy hills!
Still spending, never spent; I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene.

* * * * *

"Every morn from hence,
A brisk cherub something sips,
Whose soft influence
Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips;
Then to his music, and his song
Tastes of this breakfast all day long.

"Not in the evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the sun that dies,
Sits sorrow with a face so fair.
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

Page 46

“When Sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty,
For she is a queen,
Then is she drest by none but thee.
Then, and only then, she wears
Her richest pearls, I mean thy tears.

“The dew no more will weep,
The primrose’s pale cheek to deck;
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzled in the lily’s neck.
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.”

These are some of Crashaw’s “Steps to the Temple”—verily he walked thither on velvet.

“Wishes to his supposed Mistress,” is more than a pretty enumeration of the good qualities of woman as they rise in the heart of a noble, gallant lover:

“Whoe’er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me:

“Where’er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny:

“Till that ripe birth
Of studied fate, stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth:

“Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

“Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call’d my absent kisses.”

We are not reprinting Crashaw, and must forbear further quotation. It is enough if we have presented to the reader a lily or a rose from his pages, and have given a clue to that treasure-house—

“A box where sweets compacted lie.”

A generation nurtured in poetic susceptibility by the genius of Keats and Tennyson, should not forget the early muse of Crashaw. His verse is the very soul of tenderness and imaginative luxury: less intellectual, less severe in the formation of a broad, manly character than Herbert; catching up the brighter inspirations of Vaughan, and excelling him in richness—it has a warm, graceful garb of its own. It is tinged with the glowing hues of Spenser's fancy; baptized in the fountains of sacred love, it draws an earthly inspiration from the beautiful in nature and life, as in the devout paintings of the great Italian masters, we find the models of their angels and seraphs on earth.

MISERERE DOMINE.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

Thou who look'st with pitying eye
From Thy radiant home on high,
On the spirit tempest-tost,
Wretched, weary, wandering, lost—
Ever ready help to give,
And entreating, "*Look and live!*"
By that love, exceeding thought,
Which from Heaven the Saviour brought,
By that mercy which could dare
Death to save us from despair,
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
We adore, implore, entreat,
Lifting heart and voice to Thee—
Miserere Domine!



Page 47

With the vain and giddy throng,
FATHER! we have wandered long;
Eager from Thy paths to stray,
Chosen the forbidden way;
Heedless of the light within,
Hurried on from sin to sin,
And with scoffers madly trod
On the mercy of our God!
Now to where Thine altars burn,
FATHER! sorrowing we return.
Though forgotten, Thou hast not
To be merciful forgot;
Hear us! for we cry to Thee—
Miserere Domine!

From the burden of our grief
Who, but Thou, can give relief?
Who can pour Salvation's light
On the darkness of our night?
Bowed our load of sin beneath,
Who can snatch our souls from death?
Vain the help of man!—in dust
Vainly do we put our trust!
Smitten by Thy chastening rod,
Hear us, save us, SON OF GOD!
From the perils of our path,
From the terrors of thy wrath,
Save us, when we look to thee—
Miserere Domine!

Where the pastures greenly grow,
Where the waters gently flow,
And beneath the sheltering ROCK
With the shepherd rests the flock.
Oh, let us be gathered there
Richly of Thy love to share;
With the people of Thy choice
Live and labor and rejoice,
Till the toils of life are done,
Till the fight is fought and won,
And the crown, with heavenly glow,
Sparkles on the victor's brow!
Hear the prayer we lift to Thee—
Miserere Domine!

THE

KINGDOMS OF NATURE PRAISING GOD:

A SHORT ESSAY ON THE 148TH PSALM.

BY REV. C.A. BARTOL.

Surrounded as we are with the art and handicraft of man—almost everything we see bearing the mark of his finger, the house and the street, the market and exchange, every instrument and utensil—it is well, occasionally, to look forth from this little world of custom and convenience we ourselves have constructed, into that which bears the impress of the Almighty's hand—is still as it was left from His forming strength, and brings us into immediate communion with His Infinite mind. Let us, at least, listen to the notes of David's lyre on the creative Majesty.

After an invocation to the heavenly host, the Psalmist calls first on the forms of inanimate and inorganic existence. These things, of which he enumerates a few, praise the power of God. The crags and headlands, jarred and worn by the billows they breast; the granite peaks, bald and grey, under light and tempest, with the silent host of rocky boulders, swept, we know not by what convulsions, from their native seat, stand up as the first rank in the choir of the Maker's worship; and infidelity and atheism are hushed and abashed by their lofty praise.

Page 48

Organized, but still unconscious existence takes the next station in this universal chorus. The solemn grove lifting its green top into the heavens, beside that motionless army of ancient stones, adds a sweeter note than they can give to the great harmony. It is a note, speaking not alone of the Creator's power, but of His wisdom too. Here is life and growth. Here are adaptations and stages of progress. From the minutest germination, from the slenderest stem, from the smallest trembling leaf to the hugest trunks and the highest overshadowing branches, this vegetable organization, verdant, pale, crimson, in changeable colors, runs; stopping short only with Alpine summits or polar posts, swiftly and softly clothing again the rents and gashes in the ground made by the stroke of labor or the wheels of war—blooming into the golden and ruddy harvest on the stalk and the bough, even overpassing the salt shore, to line the dismal and unvisited caves of the deep with peculiar varieties of growth; and forth into our hands from the foaming brine delicate and strangely beautiful leaves and slight ramifications of matchless tints and proportions.

But the Psalmist summons a third order of beings to contribute its melodious share to this hallelujah; and that is the living and conscious, though irrational tribes. This sings not of power and wisdom alone, but more complex and rich in adoration, sings of goodness also. God has not made the world for a dead spectacle and mere picture for His own eye. How full and crowded with life, and happy life, His creation is! Go forth from inclosing city walls, and, in the summer noontide, stop in solitude and apparent silence and listen; and soon the sounds of this joyous life shall come to your ear: the chirp of the insects—the rustle of wings—the crackling of the leaves, as the blithesome airy creatures pass—the short, thick warble of the bird by your side, or its varied tune, clearer than viol or organ, from the thicket beyond—while, from time to time, the deep low of cattle reverberates from afar. Or if you are where the still and speechless creatures inhabit, open your eye to gaze and examine, and it shall be filled with the visible, as the ear with the vocal signs of living enjoyment. Walking at the edge of the ebbing tide, you tread on life at every step—shelly tribe on tribe of fish pressing together, while in the clear water, other tribes noiselessly swim and glide away. Every vital motion speaks of pleasure, whether in that restless current below, or in the air above, as the feathered songster passes, darting up and down his element, delight gushing from his throat at every buoyant spring—silence and sound, with double demonstration, declaring to the Creator's praise the great and limitless boon of life.

But there is one accent more, that of love, without which the hymn is not complete; and there is another human order of Being to speak that accent. Man includes in himself all the preceding orders of Being, with all the notes of their praise: the material clod, for is he not made of dust; the plant, for he has an outward growth and circulation—the animal, for he has instinct and feeling; while reason and conscience and spiritual affection he has peculiarly and alone; so that Power, Wisdom, Goodness and Love, all concentrated in him, complete the ground of his praise.

Page 49

Yet, as we look out upon this mighty sum of things in the external universe, the level earth stretching off to some ascending ridge in the horizon's blue distance—the boundless deep spread afar, till, at the misty edge of vision it bends, in mingling threefold circles, to embrace the globe, the impenetrable below and the infinite above him, how slight and insignificant a creature he seems! like a fly that clings to the ceiling, or a mote that swims in the sunbeam, one of the mere mites of nature, easily lost by the way or a frail figure ready to be crushed by any stroke of the ponderous machinery mid which he moves. When he reflects on his condition—his brief date, his speedy doom—how inconsiderable his existence appears! Or when he regards himself as not a compound of matter merely, but as a living soul, how easy it seems, as his contemplation runs out absorbed into the wondrous glory of the world, for all the vital energy which is for a moment insulated in his frame, when his frame dissolves, to pass into the general substance from which it came, the thinking creature ending as it began! But a voice from heaven cries to him and says, “Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him. I will set him on high because he hath known my name; with long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation.”

This love of God makes the society of all human affection. “God made the country, and man made the town,” is an oft quoted line; and not seldom it is implied that the open or thinly-peopled landscape is somehow a better and holier place for the soul than the thronged city. But let it not be forgotten that man himself is God's work and His highest work on earth. Would we sing our psalm now or hereafter with the sweetest relish, we must go forth from any little circle we may have drawn around us, of private ease and personal comfort, in friendly intercourse to hear the cry of the unfortunate, the sighing of the prisoner, the sob of the mourner, the groan of the sick, the appeal of the injured and oppressed. By our aid, consolation and succor, we must gather their voices into the chorus, before, with perfect satisfaction, we can mingle in it our own.

Upon a Sabbath day, I walked amid all those charms and fascinations, in which nature can bind us as in a spell. I passed through green aisles of woods, that were ever-shadowed and made fragrant with every various vegetable growth of this temperate northern clime; while the morning beam of the sun in heaven fell brightly aslant the leaves and branches; and the birds, that my lonely step startled from their perch or nest, flew from glen to glen, making with their song, save the murmur of the breeze in the boughs, the only sound I could hear. At length, the high-arched avenues of this immense forest-cathedral let me out upon the broad, open shore, where I saw and heard wave after wave break on the rocks, with shifting splendor and that mellow thundering music which so

Page 50

saddens while it delights. Solitude, verily, was stretched out asleep in the sun upon the length of sandy beach and beetling promontory; and I sat and gazed now over the boundless waters, now into the devouring abysses opened by the bending crests of the billows, and anon into the gloomy depths of the forest or the serene and measureless openings of the sky. What grandeur in every line transcendent! Yet what impenetrable mystery too, what menacing ruin to the small remnant of human life still spared from the generations in ages past, already swallowed up! Peering around in this pensive mood, in which the joy of being mixed with the uneasy doubt of its tenure, my eye fell at last on the spire of a little church, rising like a pencil of light to heaven, out of the fathomless waste. And there my soul alighted and found rest. Like some sea mark to the voyager, that slender shaft, reared by the social religion of the world, stood to tell me where in the universe I was; the common Christian consciousness reinforced my own, and dark queries and agitating uncertainties subsided from my spirit, as the deluge from the dove that Noah sent out to pluck the green branch of promise. From the illimitable reaches of the huge, but dimly responding creation around, the slight, frail temple for God's praise drew me to its welcome and peaceful embrace. As I approached it, the tolling of the bell struck on my ear in a touch of gladder tidings than I had received from all the melody of the great wind-harp of the trees, with all the soft accord of the tossing billows. Stroke after stroke, distinctly falling, seemed to bring to me the echoes of a million holy telegraphic towers all over the surface of the globe; and when I came to stand under the eaves of the small sanctuary, the measured turning, in the belfry, of the wheel, by revolutions such as I had seen long years ago in my childhood, filled my eyes with gracious tokens, that were not drawn from me by the sublime circling of the sun and moon, then moving east and west in their spheres. The final tone of praise in the great ascription to God is, in its fullness, supplied by a revelation greater than blessed the times of David. A new and sweeter string is strung upon the lyre his royal fingers so nobly swept, and the voice of thanksgiving is more highly raised for an "unspeakable gift." The kingdoms of nature are the chords on the harp we may sound to the Creator of all. There has been of late much discussion as to the place nature should hold among religious influences and appeals, some super-eminently exalting her, and others putting her in contrast and almost opposition with all spirit, beauty and truth. This is no place, nor has the present writer inclination, here, to take part in the grand debate, infinitely interesting as it is, on either side. He would only catch, or repeat and prolong the strain of an old and sacred ode—he would contribute a meditation. He would run the matchless ancient verse into a few particulars of fresh and modern illustration, content if he can make no melody of his own, to recall for some, perhaps not enough heeding it, the Hebrew music that has lingered so long on the ear of the world.



Page 51

TRANSLATIONS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES T. BROOKS

I.

TO GOD'S CARE I COMMIT MYSELF!

(FROM THE GERMAN OF ARNDT.)

Again is hushed the busy day,
And all to sleep is gone away;
The deer hath sought his mossy bed,
The bird hath hid his little head.
And man to his still chamber goes
To rest from all his cares and woes.

Yet steps he first before his door,
To look into the night once more,
With love-thanks and love-greeting, there,
For rest his spirit to prepare,
To see the high stars shine abroad
And drink once more the breath of God.

Mild Father of the world, whose love
Keeps watch o'er all things from above,
To Thee my stammering prayer would rise;
Bend down from yonder starry skies;
And from Thy sparkling, sun-strewn way,
Oh teach thy feeble child to pray!

All day Thou hadst me in Thy sight;
So guard me, Father, through this night;
And by thy dear benignity
From Satan's malice shelter me;
For what of evil may befall
The body, is the least of all.

Oh send from realms of purity
The dearest angel in to me,
As a peace-herald let him come,
And watchman, to my house and home,



That all desires and thoughts of mine,
Around thy heaven may climb and twine.

Then day shall part exultingly,
Then night a word of love shall be,
Then morn an angel-smile shall wear
Whose brightness no base thing can bear,
And we, earth's children, walk abroad,
Children of light and sons of God.

And when the last red evening-glow
Shall greet these failing eyes below,
When yearns my soul to wing its way
To the high track of endless day,
Then all the shining ones shall come
To bear me to the spirit's home.

II.

THE UNKNOWN.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF AUERSPERG.)

Through the city's narrow gateway
Forth an aged beggar fares,
None is there to give him escort,
And no farewell word he bears.

Heaven's grey cloud to no one whispers
Of God's message in its fold;
Earth's grey rock to no one whispers
That it hides the shaft of gold.

And the naked tree in winter
Tells not straightway to the eye
That it once so greenly glistened,
Bloomed and bore so bounteously.

None would dream that yon old beggar,
Tottering, bending toward the ground,
Once was clothed in royal purple,
And his silver locks gold-crowned!

Foul conspirators discrowned him,
Tore the radiant purple off,
Placing in his hands, for sceptre,
Yonder wormy pilgrim-staff.

Page 52

Thus, for years, now, has he wandered,
All ungreeted and unknown,
Through so many a foreign country,
Bowed and broken and alone.

Weary unto death, he lays him
'Neath a tree, in evening's beam,
Music in the twigs and blossoms
Sings him to an endless dream.

Men that to and fro pass by him,
Speak in softened tones of grief;
Who may be the poor old beggar,
That has found this sad relief?

But mild Nature, soft-eyed Nature,
Knows the aged sleeper there,
Obsequies of solemn splendor,
Meet for king, will she prepare.

From the tree fall wreaths of blossoms,
Floating down to crown his head,
And a sceptre's golden lustre
Sunset on his staff hath shed.

For a canopy above him
Rustling twigs a green arch throw,
And he wears a royal purple
In the evening's mantling glow.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NEANDER,

THE CHURCH HISTORIAN.

BY THE REV. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D.D.

In the spring of 1848, during the progress of the European revolutions, which promised so much and performed so little, I spent several weeks in Berlin, the capital of Prussia, and saw much, both in public and in private, of "the father of modern church history," whose name I had long revered, and whose image now is one of the choicest treasures of memory. Of all the Christian scholars I have ever known, he stands in my thoughts without a rival; a child in simplicity, a sage in learning, and in broad, catholic and fervent piety, a noble saint. In common with hundreds of my countrymen, I owe him a debt of gratitude, of which this humble tribute to his memory will be but a faint acknowledgment.

Of Neander's outward history there is but little to be reported; his life was the retired and uneventful one of a peculiarly intense and abstracted student. It is hardly a figure of speech, but almost exactly the literal truth to say that he was born, and lived, and died, beneath the shadow of the Universities. He was not, indeed, quite so much of a recluse as his fellow-countryman Kant, the renowned Koenigsberg philosopher, who, though he reached the age of eighty, and had a reputation which filled all Europe, was never more than thirty-two miles away from the spot where his mother rocked him in his cradle. But considering the ampler means at his command, and the greatly increased facilities for travelling, Neander's neglect of locomotion is nearly as much to be wondered at as Kant's; I doubt if he was ever beyond the boundaries of Germany.

He was born January 16th, 1789, in Goettingen, a city of some eleven thousand inhabitants in the kingdom of Hanover, the seat of a famous University, which, though now less prominent than formerly, has numbered amongst its professors such men as Blumenbach, Eichhorn, and Michaelis. His parents were of Jewish blood and the Jewish religion, and he inherited from them, in a strong degree, both the peculiar physiognomy and the distinguishing faith of that despised but most remarkable race. Nor was he a Jew only outwardly; from the beginning he was marked as an Israelite indeed, a true Nathanael soul.

Page 53

At an early period in his life, his father having suffered reverses and been reduced to poverty, he removed with his parents to Hamburg, a commercial city on the Elbe, and one of the four free municipalities of Germany. In the Hamburg gymnasium, corresponding in rank with our American academies, though prescribing a wider range of studies, he received his first public instruction. It is related of him, that he used frequently to steal into one of the book-stores, and for hours together sit buried in some rare and erudite volume. And here the original bent of his genius was early developed; subtlety, profoundness, and intense subjectivity of thought were noticed as the distinguishing characteristics of his mind. In a letter from Neumann to Chamisso, bearing date February 11th, 1806, when, of course, he was only seventeen years old, it is said of him: "Plato is his idol, and his perpetual watchword. He pores over that author night and day; and there are probably few who receive him so completely into the sanctuary of the soul. It is surprising to see how all this has been accomplished without any influence from abroad. It proceeds simply from his own reflection and his innate love of study. He has learned to look with indifference upon the outward world." Such was the beginning of his illustrious career. He was thoroughly a Platonist. And it happened to him, as to so many of the early fathers of the church before him; he was led from Plato to Christ. The honored walks of the Academy were exchanged for the manger and the cross; and so he passed from Judaism to philosophy, and from philosophy to faith. "Pray and labor," writes he in one of his letters, "let that be the bass-note, or rather praying merely; for what else should a human, or even a superhuman do than pray?" This was the dawning of the light. Of his progress in the Christian experience, we have no means as yet of tracing the steps. We only know, in general, from what he started, and to what he came.

In the April of 1806, he joined the University at Halle, where he came under the influence of Schleiermacher, whose learned and thrilling voice was the first to sound the return of infidel Germany to the truth as it is in Jesus. Schleiermacher was then thirty-eight years old, in the first bloom and vigor of his faculties, and made, of necessity, a very profound and durable impression upon the young and ardent Hebrew Platonist, who was already, in obedience to his own impulses, seeking the way of life.

He had been in Halle about six months, when the city was captured by the French under Bernadotte. The University was immediately suspended by Napoleon, and the students ordered to disperse. Neander fled, with one of his friends, to Goettingen, the place of his birth, where, joining the University, he came under the instruction of Gesenius, afterward the great Hebrew lexicographer, then but twenty years of age, and just commencing his distinguished career.

Page 54

The manner of their introduction to each other is a curious bit of literary history worth preserving. Gesenius was returning to Goettingen from his native place, Nordhausen, which was then in flames, having been set fire to by the French. The soldiers of the broken Prussian army were hurrying to their homes. In the general flight and confusion, Gesenius saw two young men on their way from Halle to Goettingen, one of whom had broken down, unable to go any further, and was entirely out of money. He procured a carriage for the unknown young student and conveyed him to Goettingen. That young student was Neander; and this little adventure led to a friendship which lasted for life, the gulf which subsequently yawned between them, in respect to matters of faith, abating nothing of their mutual respect and kindliness. "At first it was painful to me," said Neander, writing from Goettingen, "to be thrown into this place of icy coldness for the heart. But now I find it was well, and thank God for it. In no other way could I have made such progress. From every human mediator, and even every agreeable association, must one be torn away, in order that he may place his sole reliance on the only Mediator."

In 1809 he returned to Hamburg to become a pastor. But the city had a small fund to support one of its theologians as a lecturer at Heidelberg. This was wisely appropriated to Neander, who promised more as a scholar than as a preacher. Accordingly, in 1811, we find him established at Heidelberg as a teacher in the University, he having previously, on his public profession of Christianity, assumed the name of *Neander* deriving it from the Greek, [Greek: *nheos haner*], "a new man," to signify the entire change which had come over him. The family name was Mendel. The year following he was appointed Professor Extraordinary, which, in plain English, means a professor without a regular salary from government, and shortly issued his work on "The Emperor Julian and his Time," the first of those monographs which awakened the admiration of his learned countrymen, and paved the way for the great undertaking of his life, "A General History of the Christian Religion and Church."

In 1813, when but twenty-four years of age, he was called to a professorship in the then recently established University of Berlin, and signaled his removal thither by a work on "St. Bernard and his Age." Five years later, he published a work on Gnosticism, and in 1821, his "Life of Chrysostom;" besides some treatises of minor note, which we need not pause to enumerate. At length, in 1825, when of course he was thirty-six years old, the first volume of his General History of the Church appeared. And to say that this work put him directly at the very head of Christendom as the expounder of its inward life, is saying only what we all know to be true. After that, he turned aside occasionally in obedience to other calls of duty, at one time to write a history

Page 55

of the Apostolic Age, and at another the Life of Christ, but always returning to his General History, as the one great task appointed him of God to do. As I parted with him in the spring of 1848, my heart drawn out toward him with an admiring tenderness and reverence, such as I had never experienced toward any other living scholar, I could not forbear assuring him, that many prayers would go up for him in America as well as in Europe, that he might be spared to complete his work. "I hope it," he replied, "but that must be as God wills." But this wish of his heart was denied him. He died in Berlin on Sunday, July 14th, 1850, in the midst of his unfinished labors. He had published what brings us down to the year 1294, and was then at work upon the centuries which lie between that and the Reformation. The posthumous volume, edited by Schneider, still falls short, by nearly a hundred years, of that important epoch. Had he been spared to proceed thus far, we had been the better reconciled to his dying; although his countrymen were anxious to have him turn his peculiar powers upon the Reformation itself, and the world-wide movements which have grown out of it. But this was not to be. He died, leaving no one to take his mantle; died, too, somewhat prematurely, for he was only sixty-one years old.

Of his personal appearance, which was altogether unique, descriptions have frequently been given. He was small of stature, his height not exceeding five feet and four or five inches. He had studied so hard, exercised so little, eaten so sparingly and suffered so much from imperfect health, that his muscles seemed entirely relaxed and flabby. His hand, when he gave it in salutation or in parting, was like that of a sick child. But his hair remained as black as a raven. His brows were shaggy and overhanging, and his black eyes, when ever and anon the drooping lids were lifted away from them, shot forth a very deep and searching light. As one sat over against him, watching his words, he might easily imagine himself gazing through those glowing orbs back into the ages. His study, up two flights of stairs, overlooking one of the public squares of the city, was a place to be remembered. Its furniture was a plain round table, a standing-desk, an old sofa and two or three chairs. High up on the walls between the book-shelves and the ceiling, nearly all round the room, hung engraved portraits of distinguished men; and he showed his noble catholicity of spirit, in having the great men of his native land all there, without regard to their peculiar schools and sentiments. His library contained about 4,000 volumes. They filled the room; table, chairs and sofa were loaded with them; they lay in stacks upon the floor; and, in some cases, were piled, two or three tiers deep, into the shelves against the walls. To anybody else the library would have been a chaos; but he could lay his hand at once upon any book he wished for. It was in this room,

Page 56

thus crammed with books, that he used to entertain the little parties he invited to sup with him. The repast was always frugal; the conversation, on his part, such as might have gone into print. A man-servant brought in the refreshments on a tray; or, sometimes, one of his pupils officiated. His only sister, who kept house for him during the greater part of his life, never made her appearance at these exclusively masculine entertainments. He himself rarely paid any attention to the progress of the meal, but seemed to be as much a visitor as any of his guests. The little he needed was soon dispatched, and his thoughts were again afloat, sounding along from theme to theme.

He never married, and, at the time I speak of, was almost alone in the world. Neither father, nor mother, nor any other near relative remained to him, save his sister, Johanna, whose care of him had need to be almost maternal. Well-nigh every day in the year these two might be seen walking out together to take the air. They went always arm in arm, a beautiful embodiment of the tenderest affection. Hardly the king himself attracted more attention in the street. Scarcely a person he met failed to raise his hat and salute the venerable scholar with the heartiest good will. As he was both short-sighted and suffering from diseased vision, he had to depend upon his sister to know who bowed to him; and it was amusing to see his returning salutation bestowed, in almost every instance, a little too late. Many anecdotes were afloat in Berlin, and indeed all over Germany, going to illustrate his habits of abstraction and absent-mindedness, some of which no doubt were true, and all of which were likely enough to have been so.

An exact description of his manners in the lecture-room would, by any one who never saw him, be thought a caricature. He entered the room with his eyes upon the floor, as if feeling his way; a student stood ready to take his hat and overcoat and hang them up in their places; while he went directly to his stand—a high pine desk; threw his left elbow upon it; dropped his head so low that his eyes could not be seen; tilted the desk over on its front legs, so that you expected every moment to see it pitching forward into the lecture-room, with the lecturer after it; and, seizing a quill, always provided for the purpose, began at once to speak, and to twist and twirl and tear in pieces the quill. Sometimes, in the heat of his discourse, he would suddenly jerk up his head, whirl entirely round with his face to the wall and his back to the audience, and then as suddenly whirl back again, his words all the while pouring along in a perfect torrent of involved and fervent thought. Add to this a constant writhing and swinging of his legs, with a frequent slight spitting, produced by a chronic weakness of the salivary glands, and you have a picture of the outward man known in Berlin as John William Augustus Neander; to be known in history as one of the most learned, revered and beloved teachers of our century.

Page 57

While it is indispensable to our full and lively appreciation of Neander that these little things be known of him, no one will be so foolish as to let such accidents and eccentricities of the outward life divert his attention from the grand and rarely equalled manhood which lay behind and beneath them. To give anything like a just estimate of this manhood would be no easy task, however. His native endowments, the attainments he had made in the learning pertaining to his department, and the part he was called to play in the regeneration of German science and German faith, were all remarkable. From the first glimpse we catch of him, when, at 17 years of age, he had given his head and heart to Plato, he strikes us as no ordinary character; and our wonder deepens at every step, till at last we behold him sinking exhausted amidst his labors, and all Christendom gathered in sorrow around his grave.

His native instincts, tastes and sympathies were all singularly pure and generous. His family attachments were strong. In the latest periods of his life, when she had long been dead, the name of his mother could not be mentioned by him without a visible gush of deep and tender emotion. The loss of his favorite sister, some years before his own departure, almost shattered him. For days he drooped and mourned amongst his books, and could do no work. Only the thought that God had taken her to Himself, and that He doeth all things well, finally availed to quiet him. So of all his friends; he never forgot and was never false to them. But his special care was bestowed upon the young men of the University, who had gathered about him, in the spirit of a most enthusiastic discipleship, out of all Germany, and indeed out of nearly all Christendom. To the last he continued to be a young man himself, as fresh, impulsive and eager, and with as entire a freedom from all appearance of assumption and authority, as though his pupils and he were merely peers. There was at once a warmth, a blandness and a child-like simplicity of manners, which made him the idol of every heart. And he carried the same amenity of temper into all the theological controversies of his life. He never stooped to ungracious personalities, and never seemed to be in pursuit of victory at the expense of truth and fairness. The result was that he was never assailed with personalities in return. Through all the bitterest contentions which raged around him, he was uniformly treated with respect and deference. Not that men were ignorant of his opinions, or thought him neutral, but because he was felt to be an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. He committed himself to no clique, and allowed no clique to be committed to him.

In his personal habits he was temperate and frugal in the extreme; though not for the sake of accumulation. His income from his books and lectures must have been considerable; but he gave it nearly all away. Hundreds of indigent students could testify to his generosity, while amongst the poor of the city, there were many pensioners upon his bounty.

Page 58

In regard to his intellectual gifts and powers, their peculiar cast has already been intimated. The dominant feature of his genius was its deeply subjective and spiritual character. The accidents of a subject never detained him for a moment from his search after the essential and the abiding. Outward circumstances were of little interest to him. And in this direction lay the main defect of his mind; it was too exclusively Platonic, subjective and spiritual. Had his profound Germanic intuitiveness of vision been tempered with a little more of our homely Anglo-Saxon common sense, the combination would have been well-nigh perfect.

What has just been said of his intellectual peculiarities will help us to understand also his religious life. It was preeminently an inward life; a fire in the very marrow of his being. As it was his own solitary and independent reflection which first turned his feet toward Nazareth and Calvary, so was it by deep and steady communion with his own heart that he advanced in sanctity. The natural and unchanging atmosphere of his life was that of faith and prayer. His religious experience was rooted in peculiarly deep and pungent views of sin. Not that he had gross outward offences to be ashamed of; but he felt the law of evil working within him, disturbing his peace; and he longed for the serenity of a child of God. Thus did he learn his need of Christ. His pupils relate with much interest how, on the evening of one of his birth-day festivals, when they were gathered at his house, he spoke to them of his own spiritual infirmities, and with trembling voice confessed himself a poor sinner seeking forgiveness through atoning blood. Theologically, he was comparatively indifferent in regard to minor points; but he clung with the tenacity of a martyr's faith to the great essentials of the Gospel. His religious life was therefore at once very fervent and very catholic. Loving Christ with all the ardor of a passion, he loved with a generous latitude of heart all those of every name in whom he discerned Christ's image. The motto adopted by him as best describing his own aim and method, was that of St. Augustine: "Pectus est quod facit theologum." *It is the heart which makes the theologian.* It was a Divine Form, for which he was ever seeking, while he walked about amongst men, as he walked up and down the centuries of our Christian faith, murmuring to himself: "It is the Lord."

As a writer of church history, his first great claim to gratitude is on account of the living pulse of faith and love which beats through all his pages. He traces the golden thread of Christian life through the darkest centuries. He does much to save the church of God from reproach, and God's own gracious promise from contempt, by showing how much there has been of Christian grace and truth under the worst forms and in the worst ages. He has thus made his History what he said it should be, "a speaking proof of the Divine power of Christianity, a school

Page 59

of Christian experience, and a voice of edification and warning sounding through all ages for all who are willing to believe." Of the original sources of history, particularly for the earlier centuries, his knowledge was profound, and his use of them masterly. How thorough and how fair he is, can be fully appreciated only by those who explore for themselves the fountains from which he drew his materials. His chief defect is in the matter of form. He had but little dramatic power. He gives us the inward life, but not the outward stir and shock of history. Nor is he remarkable for analytical sharpness in his delineation of the growth of Christian doctrine. It is in the sphere of experience and life that he succeeds the best. His own doctrinal views were not, at all points, quite up to our English and American standards of orthodoxy. But these points were of minor importance. All that is cardinal was precious to him. With peculiar fidelity did he cling to the Head, which is Christ, and was full of that faith which conquers the world and saves the soul.

His last days, as described by his friends and pupils, were in marked keeping with his whole career. On Monday, the 8th of July, at 11 o'clock, he lectured at the University. But he had been for some time back much feebler than usual, the weather was sultry and debilitating, and his system was out of tune. His voice failed him two or three times in the course of the lecture, and it was only by a desperate struggle that he got to the end; his strength barely sufficing to bring him home. The impression upon his class was such, that one of the students, turning to his neighbor, said: "This is the last lecture of our Neander." Immediately after dinner, which he scarcely tasted, his reader came. He dictated on his Church History three hours in succession, repressing by force of will the rising groans, his debility all the while increasing. At 5 o'clock the symptoms of a dangerous illness appeared; but he would not abandon his work. His sister, who came to expostulate with him and warn him against further effort, was sent impatiently away. "Let me alone," he said; "every laborer, I hope, may work if he wishes; wilt thou not grant me this?" At seven he was compelled to pause. His reader gone, his first thought was to call back his much loved sister, and say to her: "Be not anxious, dear Jenny, it is passing away; I know my constitution." But his physicians were agreed in the opinion that the very worst was to be feared. They succeeded, however, in subduing the symptoms of the disease, which was a violent cholera, and began to hope. The next morning, having hardly got breath from this first furious attack, he inquired with touching sadness, "shall I not be able to lecture to-day?" When answered in the negative, he distinctly demanded that the suspension should be only for that one day. In the afternoon of Tuesday, he called out vehemently for his reader, desired him to go on with Ritter's Palestine,

Page 60

with which he had been occupied, and impatiently blamed the anxiety of his friends who had dismissed his assistant too hastily. He then, according to his daily custom, had another of his pupils read to him the newspaper. He followed the reading with lively attention, making his remarks now of agreement and now of dissent, till at length he fell asleep, and so ended the day's work. Later in the afternoon, while racked with pain, it occurred to him that his sister might think of foregoing sleep on his account, which he begged her not to do. Wednesday he had the newspaper read to him, and made his comments, as usual. Thursday night brought with it a convulsive hiccup. Friday, his spirit was clear, peaceful and full of love. But Friday night extinguished the last hopes of his friends. The pains he endured were excruciating. With an indescribably affecting and deeply tender voice, before which no eye remained tearless, he exclaimed, "Would to God I could sleep." Saturday he was clamorous for the servant to bring him his clothes, that he might dress and go about his work. His sister came: "Think, dear August, what thou hast said to me when I have rebelled against the directions of the physician, 'It comes from God, therefore must we acquiesce in it.'" "That is true," answered quickly the softened voice, "it all comes from God, and we must thank him for it." During the day he asked to be taken into the study. The sweet sunlight, streaming on his nearly blinded eyes, refreshed and gladdened him. After this, a bath of wine and strengthening herbs was administered, which seemed to do him good. Finding himself amongst his books again, he rose upon the cushions which supported him, and, to the astonishment of all, began a lecture upon the New Testament, and announced for the coming term a course of lectures upon the Gospel of John. At half-past nine, having inquired the hour, he fell asleep. When he awoke, it was Sunday. There came back a gush of bodily strength, the last leaping of the light before it flickered in the socket. Taking up the thread of his history where he had dropped it two days before, he began to dictate for some one to write. The passage was about the mystics of the 14th and 15th centuries. The concluding sentence was: "So it was in general; the further development is to follow." Then turning to his sister, he said: "I am tired; let us make ready to go home;" as though they were somewhere on a long and wearisome journey. And then rallying his last energies in one parting word of tenderness to her who was bending over him with a breaking heart, he murmured, "Good night," and died.

Thus he died with his harness on, not aware, probably, that he was so near his end; else he might have uttered some dying testimony, which would have passed into the literature of the church to be the comfort of other saints in their mortal agony. But, on his own account, no such dying testimony was required. For thirty-seven years he had stood his ground gallantly in Berlin, witnessing for Christ in the face of a learned skepticism, and he could well afford to pass directly, without an interlude, from the toils and conflicts of earth to the joys and triumphs of the redeemed in heaven.



Page 61

His labors had been prodigious. He usually lectured not less than fifteen times a week, published twenty-five volumes, and left behind him several other volumes nearly ready for the press. His health was never firm. A rheumatic disease lurked in his system from the time of his illness at Goettingen. Three years before he died, this disease settled in his eyes, and made him nearly blind. But against all impediments, he struggled on, fighting the good fight of faith, patient and resolute, till suddenly his course was finished, and he took his crown.

POEMS.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

I.

THE BEE'S SONG

Do not tie my wings,
Says the honey-bee;
Do not bind my wings,
Leave them glad and free.
If I fly abroad,
If I keep afar,
Humming all the day,
Where wild blossoms are,
'Tis to bring you sweets,
Rich as summer joy,
Clear—as gold and glass;
The divinest toy
That the god's have left,
Is the pretty hive,
Where a maiden reigns,
And the busy thrive.

If you bar my way,
Your delight is gone,
No more honey-gems;
From the heather borne;
No more tiny thefts,
From your neighbor's rose,
Who were glad to guess
Where its sweetness goes.



Let the man of arts
Ply his plane and glass;
Let the vapors rise,
Let the liquor pass;
Let the dusky slave
Till the southern fields;
Not the task of both
Such a treasure yields;
Honey, Pan ordained,
Food for gods and men,
Only in my way
Shall you store again.

Leave me to my will
While the bright days glow,
While the sleepy flowers
Quicken as I go.
When the pretty ones
Look to me no more,
Dead, beneath your feet,
Crushed and dabbled o'er;
In my narrow cell
I will fold my wing;
Sink in dark and chill,
A forgotten thing.

Can you read the song
Of the suppliant bee?
'Tis a poet's soul,
Asking liberty.

II.

LIMITATIONS OF BENEVOLENCE.

"The beggar boy is none of mine,"
The reverend doctor strangely said;
"I do not walk the streets to pour
Chance benedictions on his head.

"And heaven I thank who made me so.
That toying with my own dear child,
I think not on *his* shivering limbs,
His manners vagabond and wild."

Good friend, unsay that graceless word!
I am a mother crowned with joy,
And yet I feel a bosom pang
To pass the little starveling boy.

Page 62

His aching flesh, his fevered eyes
His piteous stomach, craving meat;
His features, nipt of tenderness,
And most, his little frozen feet.

Oft, by my fireside's ruddy glow,
I think, how in some noisome den,
Bred up with curses and with blows,
He lives unblest of gods or men.

I cannot snatch him from his fate,
The tribute of my doubting mind
Drops, torch-like, in the abyss of ill,
That skirts the ways of humankind.

But, as my heart's desire would leap
To help him, recognized of none,
I thank the God who left him this,
For many a precious right foregone.

My mother, whom I scarcely knew,
Bequeathed this bond of love to me;
The heart parental thrills for all
The children of humanity.

EARTH'S WITNESS.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

That Poet wrongs his soul, whose dreary cry
Calls "winds" and "waves," and "burning stars of night"
To bring our darkness nature's clearer light
On that just sentence, "Thou shalt surely die;"
To track the spirit as it leaves its clay
To bring back surety of its future home,
Or echo of the voice that calleth "come,"
To prove that it is borne to perfect day.
Say rather, "winds," who heard the Master speak,
And "waves," who by His voice transfixed were stayed,
And stars that lighted Christ's deep shade—
Your confirmation of our trust we seek.
Ye know how shadowy Death's dreary prison,
Because ye witnessed Christ our life, up risen.

THE WILLOWS, 1858.

THE NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING.

BY THE REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D.

When cellar and barn and storehouse were filled with food for the coming winter, our pious New England forefathers used their first common leisure to make public and joyful acknowledgment of their blessings to the God of sunshine and of rain; to Him, who clothes the valleys with corn, and the hills with flocks. Almost universally, they placed the meeting-houses, where these thanks were rendered, on the hill-top commanding the widest view of the fields from which their prosperity sprung, and nearest to the sky, whence their blessings came. Their modest homes were sheltered from the winds by the barns that held their wealth and overshadowed their low dwellings. The earth was precious in their eyes, as the source of their living. They could spare no fertile or sheltered spot, even for the burial-ground, but economically laid it out in the sand, or on the bleak hill-side; while they threw away no fencing on the house of God, but jealously preserved that costly distinction for their arable lands and orchards. They were farmers; and it

Page 63

was no unmeaning thing for them to keep the harvest feast. They had prayed in drought, with all faith and fervor, for the blessing of rain; in seed-time, for the favoring sunshine and soft showers; and in harvest, that blight and frost might spare their corn; and when in the late autumn, all their prayers had been heard, and their hands and homes were crowned with plenty, their thanksgiving anthem was an incense of the heart, and their honored pastors knew not how to pour out a flood of gratitude too copious for the thankful people's "Amen." A full hour's prayer wearied not their patient knees; and the sermon, with its sixteenthly, finally, and to conclude (before the *improvement*, itself a modern sermon in length), did not outmeasure the people's honest sense of their grounds of thankfulness to God.

The landscape appropriate to thanksgiving is not furnished by brick walls and stone pavements. It is a rural festival. The smoke from scattered cottages should be slowly curling its way through frosty air. As we look forth from the low porch of the homestead, the ground lightly covered with snow, stretches off to a not distant horizon, broken irregularly with hills, clothed in spots with evergreens, but oftener with bare woods. The distant and infrequent sleigh-bells, with the smart crack of the rifle from the shooting match in the hollow, strike percussively upon the ear. Vast piles of fuel, part neatly corded, part lying in huge logs, with heaps of brush, barricade the brown, paintless farmhouses. Swine, hanging by the ham-strings in the neighboring shed; the barn-yard speckled with the ruffled poultry, some sedate with recent bereavement, others cackling with a dim sense of temporary reprieve; the rough-coated steer butting in the fold, where the timid sheep huddle together in the corner; little boys on a single skate improving the newly frozen horse-pond—these furnish the foreground of the picture during the earlier hours of the morning. Later in the day, without, the sound of church bells, the farmers' pungs, or the double sleighs, with incredible numbers stowed in their strawed bottoms, drive up to the meeting-house door. An occasional wagon from the hills, from which the snow has blown, with the crunching, whistling sound of wheels upon snow, sets the teeth of the crowd in the porch on edge, as it grinds its way to the stone steps to deposit its load. Great white coats, with seven or eight capes apiece, dismount, and muffs and moccasins—each a whole bearskin—follow. Long stoves, with live coals got at the neighboring houses, occasionally join the procession. Few come afoot; for our pious ancestors seemed to think it as much a part of their religion to fill the family horse-shed as the family pew; and in good weather would send a mile to pasture for the horses to drive a half mile to meeting. But, meeting out, the parson's prayer and sermon said, the choir's ambitious anthem lustily sung, the politics of the prayer, and the politics of the

Page 64

sermon, both summarily criticised, approved, condemned, partly with looks and winks, and partly with loud words in the porch, there is now a little space for kind inquiries after the absent, the sick, and the poor; a few solitary spinsters, and one old soldier, lame and indigent, are seized on and carried off to homes, where certain blessed Mothers in Israel, are wont to keep a vacant chair for a poor soul that might feel desolate if left alone on this sociable day. Some full-handed visits are paid on the way home to scattered and rickety houses; but by one o'clock, all the people are beneath their own roofs, never so attractive as on this glorious day. The married children from the neighboring towns have come home, and the old house is full.

The great event of the day is at hand. It is dinner-time. The table of unnatural length, narrower at one end, where it has been eked out for the occasion, groans with the choicest gifts of the year. There is but one course, but that possesses infinite variety and reckless profusion. For one day, at least, the doctrine of an apostle is in full honor. "For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving." The long grace sanctifies the feast with the word of God and with prayer. The elders and males are distributed to front the substantial of the board—the round of *a-la-mode*, the brown crisp pig with an apple in his mouth, the great turkey who has frightened the little red-cloaked girls and saucy pugs for months past, the chicken-pie with infinite crimping and stars and knobs, decorating its snowy face. The mothers and daughters are placed over against the puddings and pies, which have exercised their ambition for weeks—vying with rival housekeepers in the number and variety of sorts—and which, after the faint impression made on them to-day, shall be found for a month, filling the shelves of spare-closets and lending a delicious though slightly musty odor to the best wardrobe of the family. Children of all ages—to the toddling darling, the last babe of the youngest daughter—fill up the interstices, while the few books in the house are barely sufficient to bring the little ones in their low chairs to an effective level with the table. Incredible stowage having been effected, the sleepy after-dinner hours are somewhat heavily passed; but with the lamps and the tea-board, sociability revives. The evening passes among the old people, with chequers and back-gammon. Puss-in-the-corner, the game of forfeits—blind-man's-buff entertain the young folks. Apples, nuts and cider come in at nine o'clock, and perhaps a mug of flip—but it is rather for form's sake than for appetite. At ten o'clock the fire is raked up, and the household is a-bed. Excepting some bad-dreams, Thanksgiving day is over.

SONG OF THE ARCHANGELS

(FROM GOETHE'S FAUST.)

BY GEORGE P. MARSH.



Page 65

RAPHAEL.

E'en as at first, in rival song
Of brother orbs, still chimes the SUN,
And his appointed path along
Rolls with harmonious thundertone;
With strength the sight doth Angels fill,
Though none can solve its law divine;
Creation's wonders glorious still,
As erst they shone, eternal shine.

GABRIEL.

The gorgeous EARTH doth whirl for aye
In swift, sublime, mysterious flight,
And alternates elysian day
With deep, chaotic, shuddering night;
With swelling billows foams the sea.
Chafing the cliff's deep-rooted base,
While sea and cliff both hurrying flee
In swift, eternal, circling race.

MICHAEL.

And howling TEMPESTS scour amain
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And, raging, weave around a chain
Of deepest, wildest energy;
The scathing bolt with flashing glare
Precedes the pealing thunder's way;
And yet Thine Angels, LORD, revere
The gentle movement of Thy day.

TRIO.

With strength the sight doth Angels fill,
For power to fathom THEE hath none.
The works of Thy supernal will
Still glorious shine, as erst they shone.

A NIGHT AND DAY AT VALPARAISO.

BY ROBERT TOMES.

As night came on, the steamer doubled the rocky cape, and, steaming with all its engine force, stood right for Valparaiso. Her speed soon slackened, and she began to feel her way cautiously, going ahead, backing, turning, and coming to a full stop. "Let go the anchor," was now the word, followed by a hoarse rumble of the chains and a noisy burst of steam. A fleet of shadowy ships and small craft surrounded us, and ahead glimmered the lights of the city, which, irregularly scattered about the dark hill-sides, appeared in the night like so many stars dimly twinkling through a broken rain cloud. With the quick instinct of the presence of a stranger, the dogs became at once conscious of our arrival, and began a noisy welcome of barks and yelps, which continued throughout the night. The port officials in tarnished gilt came alongside the steamer, had their talk with the captain and pushed off again. Two or three gusty-looking sea-captains boarded us, gave their rough grasps of welcome, drank off their stiff supplies of grog, and pulled back to their ships. Some few of the more impatient of our comrades turned out from the bottom of their trunks their "best," and went ashore in glossy coats and shining boots. Most of us, however, awaited the coming of the morning.

Page 66

I was up on deck at the earliest dawn of day. The steamer was at anchor close before the city, and I looked with no admiring eyes upon its flimsy white-washed houses and wooden spires, scattered about the base and sides of the cindery, earth-quaky hills upon which it is built. There was hardly a blade of grass or tree to be seen anywhere, except where the thriving European and American residents had perched themselves on one of the acclivities. The dwarfed trees here, moreover, all in a row before the little painted bird-cage-looking houses, appeared to have no more life of growth and color in them than so many painted semblances in a toy village. Familiar looking shanties, of the tumble-down sort, built of pine wood and shingles, crowded the ground by the water side, and indeed the low land seemed better suited to their staggering aspect than the steep acclivities. Painted signs with English names and English words, stared familiarly from every building. The universal "John Smith" there conspicuously posted his name and his "Bakery." Mine host of the "Hole in the Wall" invited the thirsty in good round Saxon to drink of his "Best Beer on Tap," or his "Bottled Porter," as "you pays your money and take your choice."

The steamer was enlivened from the earliest hour by the native fishermen, who, with their fleet of canoes, had sought the shades of our dark hull, to protect them from the hot sun, which seemed to be fairly simmering the waters of the bay. They were making most miraculous draughts of fishes. I watched one little fellow. He was hardly a dozen years of age, but he plied his trade with such skill and enterprise, that he nearly filled his canoe during the half hour I was watching him. It was terrible to see with what intense energy and cruelty the little yellow devil, with bared arms blooded to the shoulders, pounced upon his prey. With a quick jerk he pulled his fish in, then clutching it with one hand and thrusting the fingers of the other with the prompt ferocity of a young tiger into the panting gills, he tore off with a single wrench the head, and threw the body, yet quivering with life, among the lifeless heap of his victims lying at the bottom of his boat. The sea gulls, hovering about shrieking shrilly and pouncing upon the heads and entrails as they were thrown into the water, fighting over them and gulping them down with hungry voracity, seemed to heighten this picture of the "Gentle art of angling."

The return of the steward and chaplain with a boat load of "marketing" was a welcome surprise. The parson, whose unquestionable taste in the aesthetics of eating had been wisely secured by the steward, dilated with great gusto upon the juicy beefsteaks, the freshness of the fish, and the richness of the fruit. When, at breakfast, we enjoyed as salt-sea voyagers only could, the stores of fresh meat, fresh eggs, fresh butter, fresh milk, juicy grapes, white and purple, with the morning's bloom still upon them, the peaches, the apples, the pears, the tumas (prickly pear fruit), the melons, musk and water, we acknowledged his reverence's judgment, and gratefully thanked him for his services.

Page 67

On landing to take a look at the town, I made my way through a throng of boatmen, of picturesque native fruitsellers and loitering sailors, to the chief business street, which ran along the shore. The stores, which were mainly under the proprietorship of the foreign merchants, had a rich, thriving look, being crammed full of miscellaneous goods, while the sidewalks were heaped with bales and boxes. Odd-looking carts moved slowly along with their drivers in picturesque costume lying in full length upon their loads, smoking their cigarettes, and looking wondrously lazy and happy. Stately Chilians from the interior, dressed in genuine Fra Diavolo style, rode by on their prancing horses, all glistening and jingling with silver. There were abundant loungers about, in the cool shade of every corner and projecting roof. The listless men with the universal poncho—an oblong mantle of variegated cotton or woollen, through a hole in the centre of which the head is thrust, allowing the garment to hang in folds about the person—looked as if they had been roused suddenly from their beds, and not finding their coats at hand, had walked out with their coverlets over their shoulders. The women, too, in their loose dresses and with shawls thrown carelessly over their heads, had a very bed-chamber look. They were mostly pretty brunettes, with large, slumbering black eyes, which, however, were sufficiently awake to ogle effectively.

Having a letter of introduction to present, I entered the counting-house of the merchant whose acquaintance I sought. I found him boxed off at the further end of his long, heaped-up warehouse. He had closed his ledger, lighted his cigar, and had just filled his glass from a bottle of wine which stood on the window-sill, when I entered. I was not surprised, under such provocation to good fellowship, to receive a warm welcome. My mercantile friend was in the best possible humor, for times, he said, were very good. Every one at Valparaiso was making his fortune. It was the epoch of the gold excitement. Large fortunes had already been made. The contents of the shops and warehouses had, as soon as the gold discovery became known, been emptied into every vessel in the harbor, and sent to San Francisco. The lucky speculators had gained five or six hundred per cent. profit for their ventures of preserved and dried fruits, champagne, other wines and liquors, Madeira nuts and the most paltry stuff imaginable. In five months some of the Valparaiso merchants had cleared five hundred thousand dollars. The excitement was still unabated. Shippers were still loading and dispatching their goods daily for San Francisco. Many were going there themselves, and hardly a clerk could be kept at Valparaiso at any salary, however large.

Page 68

The day was brilliantly bright, and the air so pure and bracing that it did the lungs good to breathe. So I made my way out of counting-house and street for a walk. I ascended the dry, crumbling hills which with long, deep gullies and breaks in them, and friable soil, looked as if they were ready to tumble into pieces at the first shake of one of those earthquakes so frequent in the country. On the road, chained gangs of surly convicts were at work, and some smart-looking soldiers, in blue and white, came marching along! Caravans of mules, laden with goods, produce and water casks, trotted on, and here and there rode a dashing Chilian cavalier on his prancing steed, or a dapper citizen on his steady cob. In a ravine between the dry hills there trickled the smallest possible stream. Above, some water carriers were slowly filling their casks, while the mules patiently waited for their burdens; below, was a throng of washerwomen, beating their clothes upon the stones, just moistened by the scant water which flowed over them, and interchanging Spanish Billingsgate with each other and a gang of man-of-war sailors.

Frightened away by the stony stare of the English occupant from an imposing-looking residence on the top of the hill, I crossed the road and entered the private hospital. Around a quadrangle, laid out in gardens beds there was a range of low two story buildings. Some bleached sailors, in duck trowsers and blue jackets, were about; one was reading a song-book, another his Bible, and a third was busily making a marine swab out of ropes' ends. Among the convalescents, out on the balconies to catch a breath of the pure air, was a naval officer in a gilt cap, reading a novel; and all looked snug and encouraging. On entering, I asked the attendant, a gaunt-looking Englishman, who in his musty black suit, was not unlike a carrion crow or a turkey buzzard, whether there was any serious case of illness in the hospital. "There are two consumptives," said he, "who've been deceiving us for the last two weeks." He seemed to think it a very base fraud that these two consumptives had not died when he and the doctor thought it was their duty to do so, some fortnight before.

Coming from the one hill to another, I reached a miserable quarter of the town, called by the sailors the "foretop." It was composed of rude mud hovels, stuffed with a population of half-breeds, a half-naked gipsy-looking people, grovelling in the dirt, and breathing an atmosphere reeking with the stench of filth, garlic and frying fat. I was glad to escape, and get to the "Star Hotel," where, refreshing myself with a chop and brown stout, I could fancy myself, with hardly an effort of the imagination, taking my dinner at an ordinary in the Strand.

TRANSLATIONS.

BY THE REV. THEODORE PARKER.

I.

TWO LOVERS.

Page 69

(FROM THE GERMAN OF MOHRIKE.)

A light skiff swam on Danube's tide,
Where sat a bridegroom and his bride,
He this side and she that side.

Quoth she, "Heart's dearest, tell to me,
What wedding-gift shall I give thee?"

Upward her little sleeve she strips,
And in the water briskly dips.

The young man did the same straightway,
And played with her and laughed so gay.

"Ah, give to me, Dame Danube fair,
Some pretty toy for my love to wear!"

She drew therefrom a shining blade,
For which the youth so long had prayed.

The bridegroom, what holds he in hand?
Of milk-white pearls a precious band.

He twines it round her raven hair;
She looked how like a princess there!

"Oh, give to me, Dame Danube fair,
Some pretty toy for my love to wear!"

A second time her arm dips in,
A glittering helm of steel to win.

The youth, o'erjoyed the prize to view,
Brings her a golden comb thereto.

A third time she in the water dips.
Ah woe! from out the skiff she slips.

He leaps for her and grasps straightway—
Dame Danube tears them both away.

The dame began her gifts to rue—
The youth must die, the maiden too!



The little skiff floats down alone,
Behind the hills soon sinks the sun.

And when the moon was overhead,
To land the lovers floated dead,
He this side and she that side!

II.

THE FISHER-MAIDEN.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.)

Thou handsome fisher-maiden,
Push thy canoe to land;
Come and sit down beside me—
We'll talk, love, hand in hand.

Thy head lay on my bosom,
Be not afraid of me,
For careless thou confidest
Each day in the wild sea.

My heart is like the ocean,
Has storm, and ebb, and flow;
And many pearls so handsome
Rest in its deeps below.

III.

MY CHILD WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.)

My child when we were children,
Two children small and gay,
We crept into the hen-house
And hid us under the hay.

We crowed, as do the cockerels,
When people passed the road,
“*Kikeriki!*” and they fancied
It was the cock that crowed.

The chests which lay in the court-yard,
We papered them so fair,

Making a house right famous,
And dwelt together there.

The old cat of our neighbor,
Came oft to make a call;
We made her bows and courtesies,
And compliments and all.

Page 70

We asked with friendly question,
How her health was getting on:
To many an ancient pussy
The same we since have done.

In sensible discoursing
We sat like aged men,
And told how in our young days
All things had better been.

That Truth, Love and Religion
From the earth are vanished quite—
And now so dear is coffee,
And money is so tight!

But gone are childish gambols,
And all things fleeting prove—
Money, the world, our young days,
Religion, Truth and Love.

PAID FOR BY THE PAGE.

BY EDWARD S. GOULD.

The labourer is worthy of his hire. A man who produces an available “article” for a newspaper or a periodical, is as properly entitled to a pecuniary recompense, as a doctor, or a lawyer, or a clergy-man, for professional services; or, as a merchant or a mechanic for his transferable property. This is a simple proposition, which nobody disputes. The rate of such compensation must be a matter of agreement. As between author and publisher, custom seems to have fixed on what an arithmetician would call “square measure,” as the basis of the bargain; and the question of adjustment is simplified down to “how much by the column, or the page?”

This system has its advantages in a business point of view; because, when the price, or rate, is agreed on, nothing remains but to count the pages. Whether the publisher or the writer is benefited by this plan of computation, in a literary point of view, may, however, be doubted.

A man who is paid *by the page* for his literary labour, has every inducement but one to expand lines into sentences, sentences into paragraphs, and paragraphs into extravagant dimensions. An idea, to him, is a thing to be manufactured into words, each of which has a money value; and if he can, by that simplest of all processes—a verbal dilution—give to one idea the expansive power of twelve; if he can manage to

spread over six pages what would be much better said in half a page, he gains twelve prices for his commodity, instead of one; and he sacrifices nothing but the quality of his commodity—and *that* is no sacrifice, so long as his publisher and his readers do not detect it.

When a man writes for reputation, he has a very different task before him; for no one will gain high and permanent rank as an author, unless his ideas bear some tolerable proportion to his words. He who aims to write *well*, will avoid diffuseness. *Multum in parvo* will be his first consideration; and if he achieves that, he will have secured one of the prime requisites of literary fame.

In the earlier days of our republic, a discussion was held by several of the prominent statesmen of the period, on the expediency of extending the right of suffrage to others than freeholders. Some of the debaters made long speeches; others made short ones. At length, Mr. JAY was called on for his views of the matter. His brief response was: "Gentlemen, in my opinion, *those who own the country ought to rule it.*" If that distinguished patriot had been writing for the bleeding Kansas Quarterly, at the rate of a dollar a page, he would probably have expanded this remark. He might have written thus:

Page 71

"Every man is born free and independent; or, if he is not, he ought to be. *E pluribus unum*. He is, moreover, the natural proprietor of the soil; for the soil, without him, is nothing worth. He came from the soil; he lives on the soil; and he must return to the soil. *De gustibus, non est disputandum*. So much for man in his natural state, breathing his natural air, surrounded by his natural horizon, and luxuriating in his natural prerogatives. But this is a very limited view of the question. Man is expansive, aggressive, acquisitive. *Vox populi, vox Dei*. Having acquired, he wills to acquire. Acquisition suggests acquisition. Conquest promotes conquest. And, speaking of conquests, the greatest of all conquests is that which a man obtains over himself—provided always that he does obtain it. This secured, he may consider himself up to anything. *Arma virumque cano*. Owning the soil by right of possession; owning himself by right of conquest; and, being about to establish a form of government conformable to his own views of right and wrong; let him protect the right, confound the wrong, and make his own selection of subordinate officers. *Mus cucurrit plenum sed*."

This, by way of illustration. The Jay style sounds the best: the dollar-a-page style pays the best. But the dollar-a-page system is a very bad one for the well-being of our newspaper and periodical literature, simply because the chief inducement is on the wrong side. If an author receives twice as much pay for a page as for half a page, he will write a page as a matter of course; and, as a matter of course, the quality of what he writes will be depreciated in geometrical proportion. For the same thing, said in few words, is ten times more effectual than when said in many words.

No doubt, different subjects require different handling, and more space is needed for some than for others. An essay is not necessarily too long because it fills five columns, or fifty pages; but periodical and newspaper writing demands compactness, conciseness, concentration; and the fact of being paid by measurement, is a writer's ever-present temptation to disregard this demand.

The conceit of estimating the value of an article by its length and rating the longest at the highest price, is about as wise as to estimate a man by his inches instead of his intellect.

Certain names there are in the literary world, which carry great weight in a reader's regard, independently of the quality of the contributions. If a Sir Walter Scott were to write for the *North American Review*, he would temporarily elevate the reputation of the Review, however carelessly he might throw his sentences together. But, theoretically, the articles in our periodical literature are anonymous; and, practically, they stand on their intrinsic merits. And it is out of the question that a system which offers a money premium for the worst fault in periodical writing—to wit, prolixity—should not deteriorate the character of such writing.

Page 72

Much more might be said on this subject; but, to the wise, a word is sufficient. And it would ill become one who is endeavouring to recommend conciseness, to disfigure that very endeavour by diffuseness.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

I knew a sweet girl, with a bonny blue eye,
Who was born in the shade
The witch-hazel-tree made,
Where the brook sang a song
All the summer-day long,
And the moments, like birdlings went by,—
Like the birdlings the moments flew by.

II.

I knew a fair maid, soul enchanting in grace,
Who replied to my vow,
Neath the hazel-tree bough:
“Like the brook to the sea,
Oh, I yearn, love, for thee.”
And she hid in my bosom her face—
In my bosom her beautiful face.

III.

I have a dear wife, who is ever my guide;
Woed and won in the shade
The witch-hazel tree made,
Where the brook sings its song
All the summer day long,
And the moments in harmony glide,
Like our lives they in harmony glide.

“THE CHRISTIAN GREATNESS.”

(PASSAGES FROM A MANUSCRIPT SERMON.)

BY THE REV. ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.

THE OFFERING OF CONTRITION.

That deepest lowliness of all—the prostration before God, the prostration in penitence—is the highest honor that humanity can achieve. It is the first great cardinal requisition in the Gospel; and it is not meant to degrade, but to exalt us. Self-condemnation is the loftiest testimony that can be given to virtue. It is a testimony paid at the expense of all our pride. It is no ordinary offering. A man may sacrifice his life to what he calls honor, or conceives to be patriotism, who never paid the homage of an honest tear for his own faults. That was a beautiful idea of the poet, who made the boon that was to restore a wandering shade to the bliss of humanity—a boon sought through all the realm of nature and existence—to consist, not in wealth or splendor, not in regal mercy or canonized glory, but in a tear of penitence. Temple and altar, charity and pity, and martyrdom, sunk before that.

I have seen the magnificence of all ceremonial in worship; and this was the thought that struck me then. Permit me to describe the scene, and to express the thought that rose in my mind, as I gazed upon it. It was in the great cathedral church of the world; and it brings a kind of religious impression over my mind to recall its awfulness and majesty. Above, far above me, rose a dome, gilded and covered with mosaic pictures, and vast as the pantheon of old Rome;

Page 73

the four pillars which supported it, each of them as large as many of our churches; and the entire mass, lifted to five times the height of this building—its own height swelling far beyond; no dome so sublime but that of heaven was ever spread above mortal eye. And beyond this dome, beneath which I stood, stretched away into dimness and obscurity the mighty roofing of this stupendous temple—arches behind arches, fretted with gold, and touched with the rays of the morning sun. Around me, a wilderness of marble; with colors, as variegated and rich as our autumnal woods; columns, pillars, altars, tombs, statues, pictures set in ever-during stone; objects to strike the beholder with neverceasing wonder. And on this mighty pavement, stood a multitude of many thousands; and through bright lines of soldiery, stretching far down the majestic nave, slowly advanced a solemn and stately procession, clothed with purple, and crimson, and white, and blazing with rubies and diamonds; slowly it advanced amidst kneeling crowds and strains of heavenly music; and so it compassed about the altar of God, to perform the great commemorative rite of Christ's resurrection. Expect from me no sectarian deprecation; it was a goodly rite, and fitly performed. But, amidst solemn utterances, and lowly prostrations, and pealing anthems, and rising incense, and all the surrounding magnificence of the scene, shall I tell you what was my thought? One sigh of contrition, one tear of repentance, one humble prayer to God, though breathed in a crypt of the darkest catacomb, is worth all the splendors of this gorgeous ceremonial and this glorious temple.

VIRTUE IN OBSCURITY.

And let me add, that upon many a lowly bosom, the gem of virtue shines more bright and beautiful than it is ever likely to shine in any court of royalty or crown of empire: and this, for the very reason that it shines in loneliness and obscurity, and is surrounded with no circlet of gazing and flattering eyes. There *are* positions in life, in society, where all loveliness is seen and noted; chronicled in men's admiring comments, and perhaps celebrated in adulatory sonnets and songs. And well, perhaps, that it is so. I would not repress the admiration of society toward the lovely and good. But there is many a lowly cottage, many a lowly bedside of sickness and pain, to which genius brings no offering; to which the footsteps of the enthusiastic and admiring never come; to which there is *no* cheering visitation—but the visitation of angels! *There* is humble toil—*there* is patient assiduity—*there* is noble disinterestedness—*there* is heroic sacrifice and unshaken truth. The great world passes by, and it toils on in silence; to its gentle footstep, there are no echoing praises; around its modest beauty, gathers no circle of admirers. It never thought of honor; it never asked to be known. Unsung, unrecorded, is the labor of its life, and shall be, till the heavens be no more; till the great day of revelation comes; till the great promise of Jesus is fulfilled; till the last shall be first, and the lowliest shall be loftiest; and the poverty of the world shall be the riches and glory of heaven.

Page 74

THE BABY AND THE BOY MUSICIAN.

BY LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

A cherub in its mother's arms,
Look'd from a casement high—
And pleasure o'er the features stray'd,
As on his simple organ play'd
A boy of Italy.

So, day by day, his skill he plied,
With still increasing zeal,
For well the glittering coin he knew,
Those fairy fingers gladly threw,
Would buy his frugal meal.

But then! alas, there came a change
Unheeded was his song,
And in his upraised, earnest eye
There dwelt a silent wonder, why
The baby slept so long.

That polished brow, those lips of Rose
Beneath the flowers were laid—
But where the music never tires,
Amid the white-robed angel choir
The happy spirit stray'd.

Yet lingering at the accustom'd place
That minstrel ply'd his art,
Though its soft symphony of words
Convulsed with pain the broken chords
Within a mother's heart.

They told him that the babe was dead
And could return no more,
Dead! Dead!—to his bewildered ear,
A foreign language train'd to hear—
The sound no import bore.

At length, by slow degrees, the truth
O'er his young being stole,
And with sad step he went his way



No more for that blest babe to play,
The tear-drop in his soul.

City of Washington, May 24, 1858.

THE ERL-KING.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.)

BY MRS. E.F. ELLET.

By night through the forest who rideth so fast,
While the chill sleet is driving, and fierce roars the blast?
'Tis the father, who beareth his child through the storm,
And safe in his mantle has wrapped him from harm.

"My son, why hid'st thy face, as in fear?"
"Oh, father! see, father! the Erl-king is near!
The Erl-king it is, with his crown and his shroud!"
"My boy! it is naught but a wreath of the cloud."

"Oh, pretty child! come—wilt thou go with me!
With many gay sports will I gambol with thee;
There are flowers of all hues on our fairy strand—
My mother shall weave thee robes golden and grand."

"Oh, father! my father! and dost thou not hear
What the Erl-king is whispering low in mine ear?"
"Be quiet, my darling! thy hearing deceives;
'Tis but the wind whistling among the crisp leaves."

"Oh, beautiful boy! wilt thou come with me!—say!
My daughters are waiting to join thee at play!
In their arms they shall bear thee through all the dark night—
They shall dance, they shall sing thee to slumber so light?"

Page 75

"My father! oh, father! and dost thou not see
Where the Erl-king's daughters are waiting for me?"
"My child! 'tis no phantom! I see it now plain;
'Tis but the grey willow that waves in the rain."

"Thy sweet face hath charmed me! I love thee, my joy!
And com'st thou not willing, I'll seize thee, fair boy!"
"Oh, father! dear father! his touch is so cold!
He grasps me! I cannot escape from his hold!"

Sore trembled the father, he spurs through the wild,
And folds yet more closely his terrified child;
He reaches his own gate in darkness and dread—
Alas! in his arms lay the fair child—dead!

THOUGHTS UPON FENELON.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D.

Fenelon died at Cambray, January 7, 1715, aged 64, some years after the death of Bossuet, his antagonist, and shortly before the death of his royal patron and persecutor, Louis XIV. The conscience of Christendom has already judged between the two parties. Never was the spirit of the good archbishop more powerful than now. Whilst ambitious ecclesiastics may honor more the name of Bossuet, the heart of France has embalmed in its affections the name of his victim, and our common humanity has incorporated him into its body. When Fenelon's remains were discovered in 1804, the French people shouted with joy that Jacobinism had not scattered his ashes, and a monument to his memory was forthwith decreed by Napoleon. In 1826, his statue was erected in Cambray, and three years after, a memorial more eloquent than any statue, a selection from his works, exhibiting the leading features of his mind, bore witness of his power and goodness to this western world. The graceful monument which the wife of Follen thus reared to his memory was crowned by the hand of Channing with a garland that as yet has shown no trace of decay.

To any conversant with that little work, or with the larger productions of Fenelon's mind, need I say a single word of tribute to his character or gifts? Yet something must be said to show the compass of his character, for common eulogium is too indiscriminate in praise, exaggerating certain amiable graces at the expense of more commanding virtues.

He was remarkable for the harmony of his various qualities. In his intellect, reason, understanding, fancy, imagination, were balanced in an almost unexampled degree. The equilibrium of his character showed itself alike in the exquisite propriety of his

writings and the careful and generous economy of his substance. He died without property and without debt. Some critics have denied him the praise of philosophical depth. They should rather say, that his love of prying analytically into the secret principles of things was counterbalanced by the desire to exhibit principles in practical combination, and by his preference of truth and virtue in its living portraiture to moral

Page 76

anatomizing or metaphysical dissection. He could grapple wisely with the fatalism of Malebranche and the pantheism of Spinoza, as his controversial works show; he could hold an even argument with the terrible Bossuet on the essence of Christianity. He preferred, however, to exhibit under forms far more winning than controversy, his views of human agency, divine power, and Christian love. The beautiful structure of his narratives, dialogues, and letters, is not the graceful cloak that hides a poverty of philosophical ideas. It is like the covering which the Creator has thrown around the human frame, not to disguise its emptiness, but to incase its energies, and to ease and beautify its action. With this reservation, we will allow it to be said that his mind was more graceful than strong.

His heart was equally balanced with his intellect. Piety and humanity, dignity and humility, justice and mercy, blended in the happiest equilibrium. His gentleness never led him to forget due self-respect, or forego any opportunity of speaking unwelcome truths. Bossuet and Louis, in their pride, as well as young Burgundy, in his confiding attachment, had more than one occasion to recognize the singular truthfulness of this gentle spirit. Measured by prevalent standards, his character may be said to lack one element—fear. His life was love. The text that the beloved disciple drew from his Master's bosom was the constant lesson of his soul: "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love."

His active powers were great, for he filled with efficiency posts of duty so various as to call for different orders of ability. Priest, preceptor, prelate, as well as statesman, poet, orator, theologian, he was eminent in every capacity, and in each sphere took something from his distinction by being rival of himself in other spheres. Take him for all in all—allowing to other men superior excellence in single departments—where can we find a man on the whole so perfect as he was?

I am well aware that he has not escaped disparagement, and that the animadversions of his contemporary, St. Simon, have been more than repeated in the suspicions of the over-skeptical historian Michelet. True, that the courtesy that won the hearts alike of master and servant, the high-born lady who sought his society and the broken-spirited widow who asked his Christian counsel, has been ascribed to a love of praise that rejoiced in every person's homage, or a far-sighted policy that desired every person's suffrage. True, that his self-denial has been called a deep self-interest that would win high honors by refusing to accept the less rewards. True, that his piety has sometimes been called sentimentalism, and an alloy of baser emotion has been hinted at as running through some of his letters to enthusiastic devotees. True, that he has been called very politic and ambitious. We claim for him no superhuman perfection. Nor do we deny that he was a Frenchman, whilst we maintain that he was every inch a man.

Page 77

But let him be judged not by a skeptical suspicion that doubts from the habit of doubting of virtue, but by the spirit of his whole life. That life, from beginning to end, was an example of the virtue commended by our Lord in his charge to his apostles. Sent forth like a lamb in the midst of wolves, he blended the wisdom of the serpent with the gentleness of the dove. Whatever failings he may have had he conquered. His course was ever onward to the mark whither he deemed himself called of God.

We probably have often felt, on reading Fenelon, as if his sweetness of temper were sometimes at the expense of his manliness, and we could easily spare some of his honeyed words for an occasional flow of hearty, even if bitter, indignation. To his credit, however, be it said, that with him gentle speech was often but the smooth edge of faithful counsel most resolutely pointed and sharpened at the consciences of the great whom rudeness would offend and inelegance disgust. Recent discoveries have given ample proof of his unflinching boldness to the French Court. During his banishment (1694-97) he wrote that masterly and fearless letter to Louis XIV., which was not discovered until 1825, and which the most earnest of his eulogists, not even Channing, we believe, seems to have noted. Than these intrepid words, Christian heroism cannot further go.

Would that there were time to speak of his works in their various departments, especially those in the departments of education, social morals, and religion.

No name stands above his among the leaders in the great cause of education. None surpass him in the power with which he defended the mind of woman from the impoverishing and distorting systems prevalent in his day, and by his example and pen taught parents to educate their daughters in a manner that should rebuke vanity and deceit, and blend grace with utility. None went before him in knowledge of the art of taming obstinate boyhood into tenderness, and with all modern improvements our best teachers may find in his works a mine of knowledge and incentive both in their tasks of instruction and discipline.

In social morals he was a great reformer; not, indeed, so remarkable for being engrossed with some favorite innovation, as for urging the constant need of applying Christian truth and duty to every social institution. He rebuked the passion for war, by his own demeanor disarmed the hostility of combatants, and by his instructions struck at the root of warfare in the councils of princes. We may well be amazed at his political wisdom, and taught more emphatically than ever that we are to look for this not to the hack-politicians who think only of the cabals of the moment, but to the sage men who interpret the future from the high ground of reason and right. His political papers embody the lessons that France has since learned by a baptism of blood. Hardly a single principle now deemed necessary for the peace and prosperity of nations, can be named, that cannot be found expressed or implied in Fenelon's various advice to the royal youth under his charge. Well may the better minds of France and Christendom

honor his name for the noble liberality with which he qualified the mild conservatism so congenial with his temperament, creed and position.

Page 78

As a theologian, he constantly breathes one engrossing sentiment. With him, Christianity was the love of God and its morality was the love of the neighbor. Judged by occasional expressions, his piety might seem too ascetic and mystical—too urgent of penance and self-crucifixion—too enthusiastic in emotion, perilling the sobriety of reason in the impassioned fervors of devotion—sometimes bordering upon that overstrained spiritualism, which, in its impulsive flights, is so apt to lose its just balance and sink to the earth and the empire of the senses. He has written some things that prudence, nay, wisdom, might wish to erase. But, qualified by other statements, and above all, interpreted by his own life, his religion appears in its true proportion—without gloom, without extravagance. To his honor be it spoken, that in an age when priests and prelates eminent for saintly piety sanctioned the scourging and death of heretics, and enforced the Gospel chiefly by the fears of perdition, Fenelon was censured for dwelling too much on the power of love, that perfect charity that casteth out fear. It may, perhaps, be a failing with him that he had too little sympathy with the fears and passions of men, and appreciated too little the more sublime and terrible aspects of Divine Providence. His mind was tuned too gently to answer to all of the grandest music of our humanity, and we must abate something of our admiration of him for his want of loyalty to the new ages of Christian thought and heroism. He evidently loved Virgil more than Dante, Cicero more than Chrysostom, and thought the Greek Parthenon, in its horizontal lines and sensuous beauty, a grander and more perfect structure, alike in plan and execution, than Notre Dame or Strasbourg Cathedral, with its uplifting points and spiritual sublimity. He was a Christianized Greek, who had exchanged the philosopher's robe for the archbishop's surplice.

Viewing him now on the whole, considering at once his gifts and graces of mind, and heart, and will; his offerings upon the altar of learning, humanity and religion, we sum up our judgment in a single saying. He worshipped God in the *beauty* of holiness. His whole being, with all its graces and powers so harmoniously combined, was an offering to God that men cannot but admire and the Most High will not despise.

We may not take leave of Fenelon without applying to our times the teachings of his spirit, the lesson of his life. However rich the topic in occasion for controversial argument, we defer all strife to the inspiration of his gentle and loving wisdom. Let an incident connected with the tomb of Fenelon furnish us an emblem of the spirit in which we shall look upon his name. His remains were deposited in the vault beneath the main altar at which he had so often ministered. It would seem as if some guardian-angel shielded them from desecration. Eighty years passed and the Reign of Terror came upon France in retribution for her falsity to her best

Page 79

advisers. The allied armies were marshalling their hosts against the new republic. Every means must be used to add to the public resources, and the decree went forth that even the tombs should be robbed of their coffins. The republican administrator of the District of Cambray, Bernard Cannonne, in company with a butcher and two artillerymen, entered the cathedral and went down into the vault which held the ashes of so many prelates. The leaden coffins with their contents were carried away and placed upon the cars; but when they came to the inclosure whose tablet bore the name of Fenelon, and lifted it from its bed, it appeared that the lead had become unsoldered and they could take away the coffin and leave the sacred dust it had contained. Years passed, and the reign of Napoleon bringing a better day, rebuked the Vandalism that would dishonor all greatness and spoil even its grave. The facts regarding the acts of desecration were legally ascertained and the bones of the good archbishop triumphantly reserved for a nobler than the ancient sepulchre. There was a poetical justice in the preservation of them from violence. It was well that the bloody revolutionists who went to the tombs for metal to furnish their arsenals, were made, in spite of themselves, to respect the ashes of one whose counsels of duty heeded would have averted that revolution by a system of timely concessions and benignant legislation.

Now that we virtually draw near the resting-place of this good man, let it not be to furnish material for bullets of lead or paper to hurl against theological antagonists. Appreciating the beauty of his spirit, let us learn and apply the rebuke and encouragement it affords. A genius so rare we may not hope to approach or imitate. Graces still more precious and imitable are associated with that genius and create its highest charm. Our time has been worse than thrown away, and our study of his works and his biographies has been in vain, if we are not better, more wise, and earnest, and gentle for the page of history, the illustration of divine providence that has now come before us. Placed in the most perplexing relations, he never lost hold of the calm wisdom that was his chosen guide. Exposed to the most irritating provocations, he never gave up the gentle peacefulness of his spirit.

Our age is not peculiarly ecclesiastical, yet we have not done with the church and its teachers. Many a time of late we have had cause to think with regret of the persuasive eloquence of the Archbishop of Cambray, of the sacred Art that could make truth lovely to wayward youth, and religion beautiful to hard and skeptical manhood. Has it not sometimes seemed as if ambitious prelacy had forgotten the purer example for the baser, and copied Bossuet's pride instead of Fenelon's charity? Nay, has not priestly assumption coveted the talons and forgotten the wings of the Eagle of Meaux and lost sight wholly of the Dove of Cambray? What government or ruler in Christendom would not be the better for a counsellor as eloquent and fearless as he who dared rebuke without reserve the great Louis of France in words like these:

Page 80

"You do not love God; you do not even fear him but with a slave's fear; it is hell and not God whom you fear. Your religion consists but in superstitions, in petty superficialities. You are like the Jews, of whom God said: *'Whilst they honor me with their lips, their hearts are far from me.'* You are scrupulous upon trifles and hardened upon terrible evils. You love only your own glory and comfort. You refer everything to yourself as if you were the God of the earth, and everything else here created only to be sacrificed to you. It is you, on the contrary, whom God has put into the world only for your people."

POEMS.

BY MRS. GEORGE P. MARSH.

I.

EXCELSIOR.

The earnest traveller, who would feed his eye
To fullness of content on Nature's charms,
Must not forever pace the easy plain.
No! he must climb the rugged mountain's side,
Scale its steep rocks, cling to its crumbling crags,
Nor fear to plunge in it's eternal snows.
And yet, if he be wise, he will not choose
To find the doubtful way alone, lest night
O'ertake him wandering, and her icy breath
Chill him to marble; not alone will risk
His foot unwonted on the glassy bed
Of rifted glacier, lest a step amiss
Should hurl him headlong down some fissure dark,
That yawns unseen—thence to arise no more.
But, furnished with a trusty guide, he mounts
From peak to peak in safety, though with toil.
Once on the lofty summit, he beholds
A glory in earth's kingdom all undreamed
Till now. The heavy curtains are withdrawn,
That shut the old horizon down so close;
And, lo! a world is lying at his feet!
A world without a flaw! What late he held
But as discordant fragments, now show forth,
From this high vantage ground, the perfect parts
Of a harmonious whole! He would not dare
To change one line in all that picture marvellous

Of hill and vale, bright stream and rolling sea,
O'erhung by the great sun that gildeth all.

And thou! If thou would'st truly feast thy soul
Upon the things invisible of Him
Who made the visible, fear not to tread
The awful heights of Thought! not to thyself
Sole trusting, lest thou perish in thy pride;
But following where Faith enlightened leads,
Thou shalt not miss or fall. The way is rough,
But never toil did win reward so rich
As that she findeth here. At every step
New prospects open, and new wonders shine!
Mount higher still, and whatsoe'er thy pains,
Thou'lt envy not the sleeper at thy feet!
Visions of truth and beauty shall arise
So multiplied, so glorified, so vast,
That thy enraptured soul amazed shall cry,
"No longer Earth, but the new Heavens I see
Lighted forever by the throne of God."

Page 81

II.

FABLE.

A widow, feeble, old and lonely,
Whose flock once numbered many a score,
Had now remaining to her only
One little lamb, and nothing more.

And every morning forced to send it
To scanty pastures far away,
With prayers and tears did she commend it
To the good saint that named the day.

Nor so in vain; each kindly patron,
George, Agnes, Nicolas, Genevieve,
Still mindful of the helpless matron,
Brought home her lambkin safe at eve.

All-Saints' day dawned; with faith yet stronger,
On the whole hallowed choir the dame
Doth call—to one she prays no longer,—
That day the wolf devoured the lamb!

A STORY OF VENICE.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

I.

When I was in Venice I knew the Marchesa Negropontini. Many strangers knew her twenty and thirty years ago. In my time she was old and somewhat withdrawn from society; but as I had been a fellow-student and friend of her grand-nephew in Vienna, I was admitted into her house familiarly, until the old lady felt as kindly toward me, as if I, too, had been a nephew.

Italian life and character are different enough from ours. They are traditionally romantic. But we are apt to disbelieve in the romance which we hear from those concerned. I cannot disbelieve, since I knew this sad, stern Italian woman. Can you disbelieve, who have seen Titian's, and Tintoretto's, and Paolo Veronese's portraits of Venetian women? You, who have floated about the canals of Venice?

I was an American boy; and my very utter strangeness probably made it easier for the Marchesa Negropontini to tell me the story, which I now relate. She told it to me as we sat one evening in the balcony of her house, the palazzo Orfeo, on the Grand Canal.

II.

The Marchesa sat for a long time silent, and we watched the phantom life of the city around us. Presently she sighed deeply and said:

“Ah, me! it is the eve of the Purification. My son, seventy years ago to-day the woman was born whose connection with the house of Negropontini has shrouded it in gloom, like the portrait you have seen in the saloon. Seventy years ago to-day my father’s neighbor, the Count Balbo, saw for the first time the face of the first daughter his wife had given him. The countess lay motionless—the flame of existence flickered between life and death.

“‘Adorable Mother of God!’ said the count, as he knelt by her bedside, ‘if thou restorest my wife, my daughter shall be consecrated to thy service.’

“The slow hours dragged heavily by. The mother lived.

“My brother Camillo and I were but two and four years older than our little neighbor. We were children together, and each other’s playmates. When the little neighbor, Sulpizia Balbo, was fourteen, Camillo was eighteen. My son, the sky of Venice never shone on a more beautiful girl, on a youth more grave and tender. He loved her with his whole soul. Gran’ Dio! ’tis the old, old story!

Page 82

"She was proud, wayward, passionate, with a splendor of wit and unusual intelligence. He was calm, sweet, wise; with a depthless tenderness of passion. But Sulpizia inherited her will from her father, and at fourteen she was sacrificed to the vow he had made. She was buried alive in the convent of our Lady of the Isle, and my brother's heart with her.

III.

"Sulpizia's powerful nature chafed in the narrow bounds of the convent discipline. But her religious education assured her that that discipline was so much the more necessary, and she struggled with the sirens of worldly desire. The other sisters were shocked and surprised, at one moment by her surpassing fervor, at another by her bold and startling protests against their miserable bondage.

"Often, at vespers, in the dim twilight of the chapel, she flung back her cape and hood, with the tears raining from her eyes and her voice gushing and throbbing with the melancholy music, while the nuns paused in their singing, appalled by the religious ecstasy of Sulpizia. She was so sweet and gentle in her daily intercourse that all of them loved her, bending to her caresses like grain to the breeze; but they trembled in the power of her denunciation, which shook their faith to the centre, for it seemed to be the voice of a faith so much profounder.

"While she was yet young she was elected abbess of the convent. It was a day of triumph for her powerful family. Perhaps the Count Balbo may have sometimes regretted that solemn vow, but he never betrayed repentance. Perhaps he would have been more secretly satisfied by the triumphant worldly career of a woman like his daughter, but he never said so.

"Sulpizia knew that my brother loved her. I think she loved him—at least I thought so.

"The nuns were not jealous of her rule, for the superior genius which commanded them also consoled and counselled; and her protests becoming less frequent, her persuasive affection won all their hearts. They saw that the first fire of youth slowly saddened in her eyes. Her mien became even more lofty; her voice less salient; and a shadow fell gently over her life. The sisters thought it was age; but Sulpizia was young. Others thought it was care; but her duties could not harass such a spirit. Others thought it was repentance; but natures like hers do not early repent.

"It was resolved that the portrait of the abbess should be painted, and the nuns applied to her parents to select the artist. They, in turn, consulted my brother Camillo, who was the friend of the family, and for whom the Count Balbo would, I believe, have willingly unvowed his vow. Camillo had left Venice as the great door of the convent closed behind his life and love. He fled over the globe. He lost himself in new scenes, in new

employments. He took the wings of the morning, and flew to the uttermost parts of the earth,[A] and there he found—himself. So he returned an older and a colder man. His love, which had been a passion, seemed to settle into a principle. His life was consecrated to one remembrance. It did not dare to have a hope.

Page 83

[Footnote A: I use, here, words corresponding to the Marchesa's.]

“He brought with him a friend whom he had met in the East. Together upon the summit of the great pyramid they had seen the day break over Cairo, and on the plain of Thebes had listened for Memnon to gush with music as the sun struck him with his rod of light. Together they had travelled over the sea-like desert, breaking the awful silence only with words that did not profane it. My brother conversing with wise sadness—his friend Luigi with hope and enthusiasm.

“Luigi was a poor man, and an artist. My brother was proud, but real grief prunes the foolish side of pride, while it fosters the nobler. It was a rare and noble friendship. Rare, because pride often interferes with friendships among men, where all conditions are not equal. Noble, because the two men were so, although only one had the name and the means of a nobleman. But he shared these with his friend, as naturally as his friend shared his thoughts with him. Neither spoke much of the past. My brother had rolled a stone over the mouth of that tomb, and his friend was occupied with the suggestions and the richness of the life around him. If some stray leaf or blossom fell forward upon their path from the past, it served to Luigi only as a stimulating mystery.

“‘This is my memory,’ he would say, touching his portfolio, which was full of eastern sketches. ‘These are the hieroglyphics Egypt has herself written, and we can decipher them at leisure upon your languid lagunes.’

“It was not difficult for my brother to persuade Luigi to return with him to Venice. I shall not forget the night they came, as long as I remember anything.”

The Marchesa paused a moment, dreamily.

“It was the eve of the Purification,” she said, at length, pausing again. After a little, she resumed:

“We were ignorant of the probable time of Camillo’s return; and about sunset my mother, my younger sister Fiora, and I, were rowing along the Guidecca, when I saw a gondola approaching, containing two persons only beside the rowers, followed by another with trunks and servants. I have always watched curiously new arrivals in Venice, for no other city in the world can be entered with such peculiar emotion. I had scarcely looked at the new comers before I recognized my brother, and was fascinated by the appearance of his companion, who lay in a trance of delight with the beauty of the place and the hour.

“His long hair flowed from under his slouched hat, hanging about a face that I cannot describe; and his negligent travelling dress did not conceal the springing grace of his figure. But to me, educated in Venice, associated only with its silent, stately nobles; a child, early solemnized by the society of decay and of elders whose hearts were never

young, to me the magnetic charm of the young man was his youth, and I gazed at him with the same admiring earnestness with which he looked at the city and the scene.

Page 84

"The gondolas constantly approached. My brother lay lost in thoughts which were visible in the shadow they cast upon his features. His head rested upon his hand, and he looked fixedly toward the island on which the convent stands. A light summer cloak was drawn around him, and hid his figure entirely, except his arm and hand. His cap was drawn down over his eyes. He was not conscious of any being in the world but Sulpizia.

"Suddenly from the convent tower the sound of the vesper bell trembled in throbbing music over the water. It seemed to ring every soul to prayer. My brother did not move. He still gazed intently at the island, and the tears stole from his eyes. Luigi crossed himself. We did the same, and murmured an Ave Maria.

"Heavens! Camillo!" cried my mother, suddenly. He started, and was so near that there was a mutual recognition. In a moment the gondolas were side by side, and the greetings of a brother and sisters and mother long parted, followed. Meanwhile, Camillo's companion remained silent, having respectfully removed his hat, and looking as if he felt his presence to be profane at such a moment. But my brother turned, and taking him by the hand, said:

"Dear mother, I might well have stayed away from you twice as long, could I have hoped to find a friend like this."

"His companion smiled at the generosity of his introduction. He greeted us all cordially and cheerfully, and the light fading rapidly, we rowed on in the early starlight. The gondolas slid side by side, and there was a constant hum of talk.

"I alone was silent. I felt a sympathy with Camillo which I had never known before. The tears came into my eyes as I watched him gently conversing with my mother, turning now and then in some conversation with Luigi and my younger sister. How I watched Luigi! How I caught the words that were not addressed to me! How my heart throbbed at his sweet, humorous laugh, in which my sister joined, while his eyes wandered wonderingly toward mine, as if to ask why I was so silent. I tried to see that they fastened upon me with special interest. I could not do it. Gracious and gentle to all, I could not perceive that his manner toward me was different, and I felt a new sorrow.

"So we glided over the Lagune into the canal, and beneath the balconied palaces, until we reached our own. The gondolas stopped. Luigi leaped out instantly upon the broad marble pavement, and assisted my mother to alight, then my sister. Then I placed my hand in his, and my heart stood still. It was a moment, but it was also an age. The next instant I stood free upon the step. Free—but bound forever.

"We were passing up the staircase into the palace, Luigi plucked an orange bud and handed it to me. I was infinitely happy!

“A few steps further, and he broke an acacia for my sister: ah! I was miserable!

“We ascended into the great saloon, and a cheerful evening followed. Fascinated by these first impressions of Venice, Luigi abandoned himself to his abundant genius, and left us at midnight, mutually enchanted. Youth and sympathy had overcome all other considerations. We had planned endless days of enjoyment. He had promised to show us his sketches. It was not until our mother asked of my brother who he was, that all the human facts appeared.

Page 85

“Heavens!’ shouted my younger sister, Fiora, laughing with delight, ‘think of the *noble* Marchese Cicada, who simpers, *per Bacco*, that the day is warm, and, *per dieci*, that I am lovelier than ever. Viva Luigi! Viva O il pittore.’

“My daughter,’ said my grave, cautious mother, ‘you are very young yet—you do not understand these things. Good night, my child!’

“Fiora kissed her on the brow, and darted out of the room as if she were really alive.

“When she had gone, Camillo smiled in his cold, calm way, and turning to me, asked how I liked Luigi. I answered calmly, for I was of the same blood as my brother. I did not disguise how much superior I thought him to the youth I knew. I was very glad he had found such a friend, and hoped the young man would come often to see us, and be very successful in his profession.

“Then I was silent. I did not say that I had never lived until that evening. I did not say how my heart was chilled, because, in leaving the room, Luigi’s last glance had not been for me, but for Fiora.

“Camillo did not praise him much. It was not his way; but I felt how deeply he honored and loved him, and was rejoiced to think that necessity would often bring us together; only my mother seemed serious, and I knew what her gravity meant.

“Do not be alarmed, dear mother,’ I said to her, as I was leaving the room.

“My daughter,’ she answered, with infinite pride, ‘it is not possible. I do not understand you. And you, my daughter, you do not understand yourself nor the world.’”

“She was mistaken. Myself I did understand; the world I did not.”

Again the Marchesa was silent and tears stood in her eyes. She was seventy years old. Yes, but in love’s calendar there is no December.

“The days passed, and we saw Luigi constantly. He was very busy, but found plenty of time to be with us. His paintings were full of the same kind of power I felt in his character. He never wearied of the gorgeous atmospheric effects of which Titian and Paul, Giorgione and Tintoretto were the old worshippers. They touched him sometimes with a voluptuous melancholy in which he found a deeper inspiration.

“Every day I loved him more and more, and nobody suspected it. He did not, because he was only glad to be in my society when he wanted criticism. He liked me as an intelligent woman. He loved Fiora as a bewitching child.

“My mother watched us all, and soon saw there was nothing to fear. I sought to be lively—to frequent society; for I knew if my health failed I should be sent away from



Venice and Luigi. He had given me a drawing—a scene composed from our first meeting upon the Lagune. The very soul of evening repose brooded upon the picture. It had even an indefinable tone of sadness, as if he had incorporated into it the sound of the vesper bell. It had been simply a melancholy sound to him. To the rest of us, who loved Camillo, it was something more than that. In his heart the mere remembrance of the island rang melancholy vespers forever.

Page 86

"This drawing I kept in a private drawer. At night, when I went to my chamber, I opened the drawer and looked at it. It lay so that I did not need to touch it; and as I gazed at it, I saw all his own character, and all that I had felt and lived since that evening.

"At length the day came, on which the parents of Sulpizia came to my brother to speak of her portrait. Camillo listened to them quietly, and mentioned his friend Luigi as a man who could understand Sulpizia, and therefore paint her portrait. The parents were satisfied. It was an unusual thing; but at that time, as at all times, a great many unusual things could be done in convents, especially if one had a brother, who was Cardinal Balbo.

IV.

"It was a bright morning that Camillo carried Luigi in his gondola to the convent. He had merely said to him that there was a beautiful abbess to paint, an old friend of his; and Luigi replied that he would always willingly desert beautiful waters and skies for beautiful eyes. They reached the island"—

The Marchesa beat the floor slowly with her foot, and controlled herself, as if a spasm of mortal agony had seized her.

"They reached the island, and stepped ashore into the convent garden. They went into the little parlor, and presently the abbess entered veiled. My brother, who had not seen her since she was his playmate, could not pierce the veil; and as calmly as ever told her briefly the name of his friend, said a few generous words of him, and, rising, promised to call at sunset for Luigi, and departed."

The Marchesa now spoke very rapidly.

"I do not well know—nobody knows—but Sulpizia raised her veil, and Luigi adjusted his easel. He painted—they conversed—the day fled away. Sunset came. Camillo arrived in his gondola, and Luigi came out without smiling. The gondoliers pulled toward the city.

"'Is she beautiful?' asked Camillo.

"'Wonderful,' responded his friend, and said no more. He trailed his hands in the water, and then wiped them across his brow. He took off his hat and faced the evening breeze from the sea. He cried to the gondoliers that they were lazy—that the gondola did not move. It was darting like a wind over the water.

"The next day they returned to the island—and the next. But at sunset, Luigi did not come to the gondola. Camillo waited, and sat until it was quite dark. Then he went through the garden of the convent, and inquired for the painter. They sought him in the



parlor. He was not there. The abbess was not there. Upon the easel stood her portrait partly finished—strangely beautiful. Camillo had followed into the room, and stood suddenly before the picture. He had not seen Sulpizia since she was a child. Even his fancy had scarcely dreamed of a face so beautiful. His knees trembled as he stood, and he fell before it in the attitude of prayer. The last red flash of daylight fell upon the picture. The eyes smiled—the lips were slightly parted—a glow of awakening life trembled all through the features.

Page 87

"The strong man's heart was melted, and the nuns beheld him kneeling and weeping before the portrait of their abbess.

"But where was she?

"Nobody knew. There was no clue—except that the gondola of the convent was gone.

"Camillo took the portrait and stepped into his gondola. He returned to the city, to the palace of Sulpizia's parents. Slowly he went up the great staircase, dark and silent, up which his eager steps had followed the flying feet of Sulpizia. He entered the saloon slowly, like a man who carries a heavy burden—but rather in his heart than in his hands.

"‘It is all that remains to you of your daughter,’ said he in a low voice, throwing back his cloak, and revealing the marvellous beauty of their child's portrait to the amazed parents. Then came the agony—a child lost—a friend false.

"Camillo returned to us and told the tale. I felt my heart wither and grow old. My mother was grieved in her heart for her son's sorrow—in her pride for its kind and method. Fiora did not smile any more. Her step was no longer bounding upon the floor and the stairs, and the year afterward she married the Marchese Cicada.

"The next day, Camillo returned to the island. The abbess had not returned, nor had any tidings been received. Only the gondola had been found in the morning in its usual place. The days passed. A new abbess was chosen. The church did not dare to curse the fugitive, for there was no proof that she had willingly gone away. It might be supposed—it could not be proved. Camillo hung in his chamber the unfinished portrait, and a black veil shrouded it from chance and curious eyes. He did not seem altered. He was still calm and grave—still cold and sweet in his general intercourse.

"My friendship with him became more intimate. He saw that I was much changed—for although pride can do much, the heart is stronger than the head. But he had no suspicion of the truth. People who suffer intensely often forget that there are other sufferers in the world, you know. Camillo was very tender toward me, for he thought that I was paying the penalty of too warm a sympathy with him, and often begged me not to wear away my health and youth in commiseration for what was past and hopeless. I cultivated my consciousness of his suffering as a defence against my own. We never mentioned the names of either of those of whom we were always thinking; but once in many months he would call me into his chamber and remove the veil from the portrait, while we stood before it as silent as devotees in a church before the picture of the Madonna. Camillo pursued his affairs—the cares of his estate—the duties of society. He assembled all the strangers of distinction at his table. Yes, it was a rare and great triumph.

Page 88

“For myself, I was mistress of my secret, and I reveal it to you for the first time. Why not? I am seventy years old. You know none of the persons—you hear it as you would read a romance. My heart was broken—my faith was lost—and I have never met since any one who could restore it. I distrust the sweetest smile if it move me deeply, and although men may sometimes be sincere, yet sorrow is so sure that we must steer by memory, not by hope. In this world we must not play that we are happy. That play has a frightful forfeit. Society is wise. It eats its own children, whose consolation is that after this world there is another—and a better, say the priests. Of course—for it could not be a worse.

V.

“Suddenly Sulpizia returned. My brother was in his library when a messenger came for him from her parents. He ran breathless and pale to his gondola. The man was conquered in that moment and the wild passion of the boy flamed up again. When he reached the Balbo palace he paused a moment, despite himself, upon the stairs, and the calmness of the man returned to him. Nature is kind in that to her noble children. Their regrets, their despairs, their lightning flashes of hope, she does not reveal to those who cause them. Every man is weak, but the weakness of the strong man is hidden. He entered the saloon. There stood Sulpizia with her parents.

“Death and victory were in her eyes. They were fearfully hollow; and the strongly-carved features, from which the flesh had fallen during the long struggles of the soul, were pure and pale as marble. It seemed as if she must fall from weakness, but not a muscle moved.

“Nothing was said. Camillo stood before the woman who had always ruled his soul, to whom it was still loyal. The parents stood appalled behind their daughter. It was a wintry noon in Venice—cold and still.

“‘Camillo,’ said Sulpizia at length, in a tone not to be described, but seemingly destitute of emotion—as the ocean might seem when a gale calmed it—‘he has left me.’

“Child, I have not fathomed the human heart; but after a long, long silence my brother answered only, I know not from what feeling of duty and of sacrifice:

“‘Sulpizia, will you marry me?’

* * * * *

“Cardinal Balbo arranged the matter at Rome, and after a short time they were married. I was the only one present with the parents of Sulpizia, who were glad enough so to cover what they called their daughter’s shame. My mother would not come, but left Venice that very day and died abroad. The circumstances of the marriage were not

comprehended; but the old friends of the family came occasionally to make solemn, stately visits, which my brother scrupulously returned.

“You may believe that we enjoyed a kind of mournful peace after the dark days of the last few years. I loved Sulpizia, but her cheerfulness without smiling was the awful serenity of wintry sunlight. She faded day by day. It was clear to us that the end was not far away.

Page 89

“Two years after the marriage, Sulpizia was lying upon a couch in the room behind us, where you have seen the veiled portrait which hung in my brother’s chamber. All the long windows and doors were open and we sat by her side, talking gently in whispers. I knew that death was at hand, but I rejoiced to think that much as he had suffered, there was one bitter drop that had been spared him.

“Sulpizia’s voice was scarcely audible, and the deadly pallor deepened every moment upon her face. Camillo bent over her without speaking, and bowed his head. I stood apart. In a little while she seemed to be unconscious of our presence. Her eyes were open and her glance was toward the window, but her few words showed her mind to be wandering. Still a few moments, and her lips moved inaudibly, she lifted her hands to Camillo’s face and drew it toward her own with infinite tenderness. His listening soul heard one word only—the glimmering phantom of sound—it was ‘Luigi.’

“His head bowed more profoundly. Sulpizia’s eyes were closed. I crossed her hands upon her breast. I touched my brother—he started a moment—looked at me, at his wife, and sunk slowly, senseless by the couch.”

VI.

Think of it! The birds sing—the sun shines—the leaves rustle—the flowers bud and bloom—children shout—young hearts are happy—the world wheels on—and such tragedies are, and always have been!

I sat with the old Marchesa upon her balcony, and listened to this terrible tale. She tells it no more, for she is gone now. The Marchesa tells it no more, but Venice tells it still; and as you glide in your black gondola along the canal, under the balconies, in the full moonlight of summer nights, listen and listen; and vaguely in your heart or in your fancy you will hear the tragic strain.

THE TORTURE CHAMBER.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

Down the broad, imperial Danube,
As its wandering waters guide,
Past the mountains and the meadows,
Winding with the stream, we glide.

RATISBON we leave behind us,
Where the spires and gables throng,
And the huge cathedral rises,
Like a fortress, vast and strong.



Close beside it, stands the Town-Hall,
With its massive tower, alone,
Brooding o'er the dismal secret,
Hidden in its heart of stone.

There, beneath the old foundations,
Lay the prisons of the State,
Like the last abodes of vengeance,
In the fabled realms of Fate.

And the tides of life above them,
Drifted ever, near and wide,
As at Venice, round the prisons,
Sweeps the sea's incessant tide.

Never, like the far-off dashing,
Or the nearer rush of waves,
Came the tread or murmur downward,
To those dim, unechoing caves.

Page 90

There the dungeon clasped its victim,
And a stupor chained his breath.
Till the torture woke his senses,
With a sharper touch than death.

Now, through all the vacant silence,
Reign the darkness and the damp,
Broken only when the traveller
Comes to gaze, with guide and lamp.

All about him, black and shattered,
Eaten with the rust of Time,
Lie the fearful signs and tokens
Of an age when Law was Crime.

And the guide, with grim precision,
Tells the dismal tale once more,
Tells to living men the tortures
Living men have borne before.

Well that speechless things, unconscious,
Furnish forth that place of dread,
Guiltless of the crimes they witnessed,
Guiltless of the blood they shed;

Else what direful lamentations,
And what revelations dire,
Ceaseless from their lips would echo,
Tossed in memory's penal fire.

Even as we gaze, the fancy
With a sudden life-gush warms,
And, once more, the Torture Chamber,
With its murderous tenants swarms.

Yonder, through the narrow archway,
Comes the culprit in the gloom,
Falters on the fatal threshold—
Totters to the bloody doom.

Here the executioner, lurking,
Waits, with brutal thirst, his hour,
Tool of bloodier men and bolder,
Drunken with the dregs of power.



There the careful leech sits patient,
Watching pulse, and hue, and breath,
Weighing life's remaining scruples
With the heavier chance of death.

Eking out the little remnant,
Lest the victim die too soon,
And the torture of the morning
Spare the torture of the noon.

Here, behind the heavy grating,
Sits the scribe, with pen and scroll,
Waiting till the giant terror
Bursts the secrets of the soul;

Till the fearful tale of treason
From the shrinking lips is wrung,
Or the final, false confession
Quivers from the trembling tongue;

When the spirit, torn and tempted,
Tried beyond its utmost scope,
By an anguish past endurance,
Madly cancels all its hope;

From the pointed cliffs of torture,
With its shrieks upon the air,
Suicidal, plunging blindly,
In the frenzy of despair!

* * * * *

But the grey old tower is fading,
Fades, in sunshine, from the eye,
Like some evil bird whose pinion
Dimly blots the distant sky.

So the ancient gloom and terror
Of the ages fade away,
In the sunlight of the present,
Of our better, purer day!

Page 91

THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

A PASSAGE FROM A DIARY.

BY W. FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

“Such shrines as these are pilgrim shrines—
Shrines to no code or creed confined;
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.”

HALLECK.

The date is September 5, 1857. I am at Haworth, whither I had walked from the Bradford Station, some ten or twelve miles distant. This Haworth—a place but a few years since quite unknown to any but the few residing in its immediate vicinity—is built upon the side of a hill, and, with its long line of grey houses creeping up the slope, seems like a huge saurian monster, sprawling along the hill-side, his head near the top and his tail reaching nearly to the vale below. At the summit, in the very head of our saurian, stands Haworth Parsonage, and the church near by, with the square old tower rising above the houses that cluster about it. I well remember my first view of this place. It was an autumn afternoon, and near sunset. The sky had been cloudy, but as I stopped to take my first long look at the little village, so hallowed by the memory of the Bronte sisters, the declining sun sent through a breach in the clouds a few spears of dazzling light, that played about the old church and parsonage with an ineffable glory. It lasted but a few moments, the sun went down, and darkness and night gradually settled over the scene. The little incident seemed almost like a type of the life of the gifted woman chiefly to whom Haworth owes its fame; for her life, like this very day, had been dark and wearisome, overshadowed by clouds of cares, tears falling like rain-drops upon new-made graves, until near its close, when there came a sweet season of bright domestic happiness, that lasted too shortly, and then gave place to the darkness and night of death.

Strolling through the village, after my quiet meal at the Black Bull Inn, which poor Branwell Bronte had so often frequented, I stopped to make some trifling purchases at a stationery store, and casually asked the proprietor—a small, delicate-looking man, with a bright eye and a highly intellectual countenance—if he remembered the Bronte sisters. It was a fortunate question, for he knew them well, and was a personal friend of the authoress of *Jane Eyre*, to whose handsomely-framed portrait he proudly pointed. He had provided her, as he said, with joyful delight, with the paper on which she wrote the manuscripts of most of her novels; he is referred to in one of Miss Bronte's letters to Mrs. Gaskell, as her “one friend in Haworth,” and is the “working-man” mentioned in her memoirs, who wrote a little *critique* on *Jane Eyre*, that came to the notice of the

authoress and afforded her great pleasure. To talk of the Bronte girls—to express his admiration of them to one who had come from America to visit their home and grave, was to him a great gratification.

Page 92

He told me how he used to meet them on the moors—how they were accustomed to stroll all three together, and talk and gather flowers; then how Emily died, and Anne and Charlotte were left to pace the familiar path arm-in-arm; then how they took Anne away to the sea-side, whence she never returned, while Charlotte would take her lonely moorland walk, rapt in sad contemplation. Sometimes he would meet her on these occasions, and if he passed by without attracting her attention, she would chide him when told of it afterward. She was always so kind, so good-hearted, and with those she knew, so really sociable.

Sunday, with my new friend, I attended the church. The storm of the day before had cleared away, and even the place of graves looked bright and cheerful. The churchyard was crowded with country people from miles around, who sat carelessly on the long, flat stones that so thickly covered the ground, waiting for the opening services, while the parish bell kept up a merry peal. Everything seemed simple and happy, and I do not wonder that the Brontes loved their home, with its little garden of lilac bushes, the old church in front, and the sweeping moors stretching far behind. On many a Sunday morning like this they had trodden the very path I then was treading, and had entered the church-door; but how few of these simple villagers knew the treasures of genius showered on these quiet, reserved sisters!

The church inside is old, and quaint, and simple; it can neither be called elegant, comfortable, spacious nor antique. Old Mr. Bronte was to preach, and the Rev. Mr. Nicholls read the service. As a compliment to a stranger, I had been invited by the organist of the church to play the organ—a neat little instrument of some eight or ten stops; and it was while “giving out” the familiar tune of Antioch that I noticed, in the reflection of a little mirror placed above the keyboard, that Mr. Bronte had entered the church, and was passing up the aisle. He wore the customary black gown, and the lower part of his face was quite buried in an enormous white neckcloth—the most monstrous article of the kind I had ever beheld. The reflection in that little mirror I shall never forget. The old man, walking feebly up the aisle, shading his eyes with his right hand, and supporting himself with a cane, the quiet congregation, and the singular dress and venerable bald head of the old preacher, all formed a character-picture, that is not often seen. His sermon was extempore, and consisted of a series of running paraphrases and simple and touching explanations upon a few verses selected from the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

* * * * *

Page 93

After church, my friend the stationer walked with me on the moors. Charlotte Bronte's experience of the world was so very limited, that in drawing the characters in her novels, she had to select the real, living people in the vicinity. Thus, my friend pointed out one house and another to me as being the residence of many of the originals of many of the characters in her works, especially in "Shirley." Soon, however, our path across the moors took us out of human habitations, and among the moorland solitudes the Bronte sisters so fondly loved. Cold and desolate as they appear from a distance, a nearer examination proves them to be replete with exquisite beauty. Delicate heather-blooms carpet the immense slope, and bend like nodding plumes, in graceful waves, to the breezes that play heedlessly down the hill-side. Gay yellow buttercups, bright purple heath-flowers, and dark bilberries, vary the general violet tint, while the tiny stems of these gentle plants spring from rich tufts of emerald moss, and are pushed aside by the spray-like leaves of the wild fern. The hum of bees imparts a half busy, half drowsy sound to the scene, while far down the long easy slopes are little valleys, through which trickle talkative brooks, that sometimes peep between the low foliage on their margins, and are the next moment lost to sight behind the crowding bushes. It is no wonder that Charlotte and her sisters loved their quiet walks along the moors.

The next day I bade farewell to Haworth. It is now frequently included in the route of American tourists, by many of whom the memory of Charlotte Bronte is as fondly cherished as by her own countrymen and women; and Haworth is no longer the quiet, unknown Yorkshire hamlet that it was a few years ago.

THORWALDSEN'S CHRIST.

BY THE REV. E.A. WASHBURN.

Silent stood the youthful sculptor
Gazing on the breathing stone
From the chaos of the marble
Into godlike being grown.
But a gloom was on his forehead,
In his eye a drooping glance,
And at length the heavy sorrow
From the lip found utterance:

"Holy Art! thy shapes of beauty
Have I carved, but ne'er before
Reached my thought a faultless image,
Still unbodied would it soar;
Still the pure unfound Ideal
Would ensoul a fairer shrine;



In my victory I perish,
And no loftier aim is mine."

Noble artist! thine the yearning,
Thine the great inspiring word,
By the sleepless mind forever
In its silent watches heard;
For the earthly it is pleasure
Only earthly ends to gain;
For the seeker of the perfect,
To be satisfied is pain.

Visions of an untold glory
Milton saw in his eclipse,
Paradise to outward gazers
Lost, with no apocalypse;
Holier Christ and veiled Madonnas,
Painted were on Raphael's soul;
Melodies he could not utter
O'er Bethoven's ear would roll.

Page 94

Ever floats the dim Ideal
Far before the longing eyes;
Ever, as we travel onward,
Boundless the horizon flies;
Not the brimming cups of wisdom
Can the thirsty spirit slake,
And the molten gold in pouring
Will the mould in pieces break.

Voice within our inmost being,
Calling deep to answering deep,
Midst the life of weary labor
Thou shalt waken us from sleep!
All our joy is in our Future
And our motion is our rest,
Still the True reveals the Truer,
Still the good foretells the Best.

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH, EIGHTEEN FIFTY-NINE.

BY CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

To talk about the weather is the natural English and American mode of beginning an acquaintance.

This day—the one that glares upon us at our present writing—is eminently able to melt away what is called the frost of ceremony, and to induce the primmest of us to throw off all disguises that can possibly be dispensed with. It is a day to bring the most sophisticated back to first principles. The very thought of wrapping anything up in mystery, to-day, brings a thrill like the involuntary protest of the soul against cruelty. We are not even as anxious as usual to cover up our faults. We hesitate at enveloping a letter.

The shimmer that lives and moves over yonder dry fallow, as if ten thousand million fairies were fanning themselves with midges' wings, fatigues the eye with a notion of unnecessary exertion. Wiser seems yon glassy pool, moveless, under heavy, not melancholy, boughs. That is reflecting—keeping one pleasant thought all the time—satisfying itself with one picture for a whole morning, as we all did while the “Heart of the Andes” was laid open to our longing gaze. The pool has the advantage of us, too; for it receives into its waveless bosom the loveliness of sky and tree without emotion, while we, gazing on the wondrous transcript made by mortal man of these measureless glories, felt our souls stirred, even to pain, with a sense of the artist's power, and of the amount of his precious life that must have gone into such a creation.

By the way, if we had energy enough to-day to wish anything, it would be to find ourselves far away amid flashing seas and wild winds, hunting icebergs, with Church for our Columbus, his banner of *Excelsior* streaming over us, his wondrous eye piercing the distant wreaths of spray, in search of domes and pinnacles of opal and lapis lazuli, turned, now to diamonds, now to marble, by sun and shade. One whose good fortune it was to be with the young discoverer at Niagara, came away with the feeling of having acquired a new sense, by the potent magic of genius.

Page 95

But to-day, Art is nothing—genius is nothing—but no! that is blasphemous. It is we that are nothing—if not stupid. Dullness is the universe. The grasshoppers are too faint to sing, the birds sit still on the boughs, waiting for the leaves to fan them. Children are wilted into silence and slumberous nonentity; boys do not bathe to-day—they welter, hour after hour, in the dark water near the shaded rock. Even they and the tadpoles can hardly be seen to wriggle. The cow has found a shade, and, preferring repose to munching, lies contented under the one great elm mercifully left in the middle of her pasture.

A hot day in June is hotter than any other hot day. It finds us cruelly unguarded. After we have been gently baked awhile, the crust thus acquired makes us somewhat tortoise-like and quiescent. If we were condemned to suffer thirty-nine stripes, or even only as many as belong to our flag, would it or would it not be a privilege to take them by degrees, say one on the first day, two on the second, four on the third, *etc.*, in the celebrated progression style, until the whole were accomplished? Or were it better to have the whole at once, and so be done with it? In either case, or in present case, what a blessing to be made pachydermatous! (a learned word lately acquired by ladies, though doubtless long familiar to lords).

But words beginning with the sound of *ice*, are more agreeable for to-day—such as icicle, isolation, Islip.

Some unhappy critic has said that the “icicle that hangs on Diana’s temple” is not colder than other icicles. We pity him, and would like to try the comparison to-day. We have already tried “thinking on the frosty Caucasus,” and quite agree with Claudio—was it, or Romeo, or who?—that this is of no service in case of fire.

Delicious music for to-day—the tinkling of ice in the pitcher, as Susan, slowly and carefully, brings up-stairs the water we wait for. It were really a loss to have the way shorter, or the servant a harum-scarum thing who would dash in with her precious burden before one knew it was coming.

We might try, to-day, the latest novelty in cookery, a ball of solid ice wrapped in puff-paste, and baked so adroitly that the paste shall be brown while the ice remains unmelted.

Akin to this, is an antique achievement culinary, as old as Mrs. Glasse, at least—the roasting of a pound of butter, an operation not unlike the very work we are engaged in at this moment—indeed so like it, that the remembrance has occurred several times. Your pound of butter is to be thoroughly crusted in bread-crumbs to begin with, and then put upon the spit and turned before a very hot fire; the unhappy cook standing by to dredge on crumbs continually, to prevent the slippery article from running away. When the crumbs (and cook) are quite roasted, the thing is done.

Page 96

And so should we be, but that here comes a thunder storm, fit conclusion for an intense day, and very like the sudden and terrific blowings up which terminate the most ferocious kind of friendships. Thick clouds, shaped like piles of cannon balls, have slowly peered up from behind the horizon, and rolled themselves hither and thither, spreading and gathering as they went. Now and then a thunder-whisper is heard, so faint, that if we were conversing, we should not notice it; and an occasional flash of lightning seems, in the sun's glare, like the waving of a curtain by the fitful breeze that begins to touch the pool here and there. The cloud masses gather fresh and fresh accession as they move on, like revolutionary armies marching up to battle. Looking overhead, there seems a field-day in heaven; great bodies of artillery in motion, forming themselves into solid phalanx, and giving more and more dreadful notes of preparation. Volleys tell when divisions join, and the light that announces them is as if the adamant arch were riven, disclosing dread splendors unspeakable. Most grand, most beautiful storm! New music—that of the delicious rain, and in such abundance that it washes away the very memory of the parched and burning day. No wild commotion, no terror! Sublime order and an awe which is like peace. One more proof of the unfailing, tender love of our heavenly Father.

NO SONGS IN WINTER.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

I

The robin and the oriole,
The linnet and the wren—
When shall I see their fairyships,
And hear their songs again?

II.

The wind among the poplar trees,
At midnight, makes its moan;
The slim red cardinal flowers are dead,
And all sweet things are flown!

III.

A great white face looks down from heaven,
The great white face of Snow;



I cannot sing or morn or even,
The demon haunts me so!

IV.

It strikes me dumb, it freezes me,
I sing a broken strain—
Wait till the robins and the wrens
And the linnets come again!

THE BENI-ISRAEL.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Crammed—lobbies, galleries, boxes, floor;
Heads piled on heads at every door.
The actors were a painted group,
Of statue shapes, a “model” troupe,
With figures not severely Greek,
And drapery more or less antique;
The play, if one might call it so,
A Hebrew tale, in silent show.

Page 97

And with the throng the pageant drew
There mingled Hebrews, not a few,
Coarse, swarthy, bearded—at their side
Dark, jewelled women, orient-eyed.
If scarce a Christian hope for grace,
That crowds one in his narrow place,
What will the savage victim do,
Whose ribs are kneaded by a JEW?

Close on my left, a breathing form
Sat wedged against me, soft and warm;
The vulture-beaked and dark-browed face
Betrays the mould of Abraham's race;
That coal-black hair—and bistrated hue—
Ah, cursed, unbelieving Jew!
I started, shuddering to the right,
And squeezed—a second Israelite!

Then rose the nameless words that slip
From darkening soul to whitening lip.
The snaky usurer,—him that crawls,
And cheats beneath the golden balls,
The hook-nosed kite of carrion clothes—
I stabbed them deep with muttered oaths:
Spawn of the rebel wandering horde
That stoned the saints, and slew their Lord!

Up came their murderous deeds of old—
The grisly story Chaucer told,
And many an ugly tale beside,
Of children caught and crucified.
I heard the ducat-sweating thieves
Beneath the Ghetto's slouching eaves,
And thrust beyond the tented green,
The leper's cry, "Unclean, unclean!"

The show went on, but, ill at ease,
My sullen eye it could not please;
In vain the haggard outcast knelt,
The white-haired patriarch's heart to melt;
I thought of Judas and his bribe,
And steeled my soul against his tribe.
My neighbors stirred; I looked again,
Full on the younger of the twain.



A soft young cheek of olive brown,
A lip just flushed with youthful down,
Locks dark as midnight, that divide
And shade the neck on either side;
An eye that wears a moistened gleam,
Like starlight in a hidden stream;
So looked that other child of Shem,
The maiden's Boy of Bethlehem!

And thou couldst scorn the peerless blood
That flows untainted from the Flood!
Thy scutcheon spotted with the stains
Of Norman thieves and pirate Danes!
Scum of the nations! In thy pride
Scowl on the Hebrew at thy side,
And, lo! the very semblance there
The Lord of Glory deigned to wear!

I see that radiant image rise,—
The midnight hair, the starlit eyes;
The faintly-crimsoned cheek that shows
The stain of Judah's dusky rose.
Thy hands would clasp His hallowed feet
Whose brethren soil thy Christian seat;
Thy lips would press His garment's hem,
That curl in scornful wrath for them!

Page 98

A sudden mist, a watery screen,
Dropped like a veil before the scene;
I strove the glistening film to stay,
The wilful tear would have its way.
The shadow floated from my soul,
And to my lips a whisper stole,
Soft murmuring, as the curtain fell,
"Peace to the Beni-Israel!"

BOCAGE'S PENITENTIAL SONNET.

From the Portuguese of Manoel de Barbosa do Bocage.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I've seen my life, without a noble aim,
In the mad strife of passions waste away.
Fool that I was! to live as if decay
Would spare the vital essence in my frame!
And Hope, whose flattering dreams are now my shame,
Showed years to come, a long and bright array,
Yet all too soon my nature sinks a prey
To the great evil that with being came.
Pleasures, my tyrants! now your reign is past:
My soul, recoiling, casts you off to lie
In that abyss where all deceits are cast.
Oh God! may life's last moments, as they fly,
Win back what years have lost, that he, at last,
Who knew not how to live, may learn to die.

* * * * *